

Reflections of Southwick

From

The year 1847.

Luke Crown.

Introduction.

This transcription is of a hand-written work, of which a photocopy is kept in Sunderland Local Studies Library. It has been transcribed, with their permission, from a copy of a copy of that copy, which may account for the difficulty in reading some words. The whereabouts of the original is not known.

Luke Crown was a shipwright, born about 1839 in Monkwearmouth. He wrote this around 1893; it seems the reference to 1847 was probably referring to the year in which his father moved the family to Southwick.

Luke wrote with a very flowery prose style, which is very dated, and suggests that he intended to publish the work. However, there are places where he had left out names or dates, as though he intended to check these and insert them later, giving the impression that he had decided not to pursue the project. His wife died in 1895, and he remarried in 1896, which may account for a lack of interest in completing it. This is reinforced by the lack of a proper ending to his reminiscences.

The handwriting starts as very careful copperplate, but gradually deteriorates. The last few pages are noticeably more careless than the first, but throughout the work both spelling and punctuation are very variable, as is the variable use of capital letters. The most confusing punctuation is where he attempts to write down conversations. The transcription reproduces, as far as possible, the original with all its errors, and some of it makes little sense to modern ears unversed in the Wearside accent or terms used in the Shipbuilding trade. There are a few places where the original is indecipherable and these are indicated.

Do not be put off by the opening pages – he eventually gets around to imparting really interesting information.

As always, spellings in the work should not be relied on – there are several instances of the same name being spelled differently; his dates are also a little approximate, although he was only about 54 when he wrote it, but contrives to give the impression that it was all a very long time past.

Adrian Abbott. February 2007. adrabbott@aol.com

The Reflections.

Southwick originally called Suddick is now (at the time present) a village of no mean proportion. Its population numbers about 10,000 souls and it is beautifully situated on the North bank of the Wear about 2 miles from Sunderland. From the old Mill hill, now Gordon Terrace built by Mr. George Harper shortly after the Egyptian War of 1882 And named in memory of that great and noble man, who was sent out to Kartoum and there left as a sacrifice through the aberrations of a blundering, blatant, flustering Government then in Office (my remarks are rather off a little) but I cannot refrain from giving vent to my indignation at that calamity (_____) threw my country into such shame and (_____). Well from the old Mill Hill or now Gordon Terrace (as I said before) commands one of the most beautiful views the eye can dwell upon, both East, West, North and South.

Looking west the view that is spread before you is one of the most charming and lovely aspects you can see the high land far about to Durham. The scenery of this delightful Panorama is composed of Hill and dale, Rock and crag, Tree and shrub, Castle and Cottage, River and burn, In fact everything that has a tendency to beautify a landscape is there. The village of Hylton, Penshaw with its monument standing out against the sky in the distance. Washington, Usworth, and other rural places are to be seen nestling among the trees and shrubs that surround them. The view at sunrise or sunset need only be seen to be appreciated. To the East, you have splendid views of Roker. The mouth of the harbour, the docks and its ships, which in the time of the old wooden walls appeared like a pine forest stripped of its leaves, but now, since the introduction of steam vessels looks as if it had been lopped.

(Indecipherable) the land is quite plain to the sight and makes delightful the horizon to the South East. The view to the North from the Beacon Hill (as we call it) Castle and cottages the villagers gardens on the top of the of the quarry a thing that is no less beautiful. The whole country for miles and miles lays stretched before you. The river Tyne can be traced from its mouth almost to Newcastle. The picturesque and sequestered villages of East and West Boldon, Cleadon, Whitburn deck the scene, (____) them. The many Gentlemens mansions lay half concealed and only be seen hind the clumps of trees that here and there mark the background. The Cheviots too I am told can be seen upon a very clear day like ships under full sail. On the South side where wallspear we have the H____ledon Waterworks standing out like a large fortress in the distance, then Tunstall Hill rearing its head high upon the horizon and overlooking the suburbs, and town of Sunderland in which many of the principal buildings can be discerned. From this vantage ground it is a most magnificent sight to witness the Sun rise (as it were) out of the Ocean dispelling with his darting rays the gloom and surrounding darkness, until heaven and earth become like a glittering mirror of silver, lighting the distant objects as if they were burnished with gold. The passing ships seem as if floating in mid air. Canny Auld Suddick; few of thy natives seem to appreciate the beauties that can be seen around thee!

Often have I stood admiring and ruminating upon thy lovely charms. And in my youth wandered the lanes and fields seeking birds nests, or in search of blackberries, or

standing upon thy shores, watching the ships that teemed from thy banks, rushing to kiss their native element followed by the crowd that loosed their bonds shouting "Hurrah, Hurrah" wishing God speed. The river wear in the time of the wooden-walls was considered second to none, in which Southwick played no inconsiderable part. Some of the most famous builders of the day launched from her banks those beautiful vessels that have added in no small degree to the maritime glory of England, whose sails are spread upon every Ocean of the Globe. I remember from Ravens- Wheel to Hylton Dene almost every available space was taken up with every kind of craft, from the keel to the East-Indiaman. And many a yarn could be spun about the eccentricities of the various builders, and the many incidents that occurred during the daily routine.

If I remember rightly Mr. T. Stonehouse, or Auld Tommy as he was commonly called, was building at Ravens-Wheel, and many handsome vessels he launched from this small and seemingly insignificant place, and which I may add proved a pretty fair Wheel of fortune to auld Tommy, who was a very kind-hearted convivial old man, fond of his pipe and fond of his glass. He lived up to the good old rule, "eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow you die". And die he did at a ripe old age greatly respected by a large circle of friends. His sons Thomas, Richard and James continued the business for a considerable time after his decease, eventually they gave up. Richard died, Thomas is now (up to the time I write) employed at Mr G. Clark Engine Works. James follows the occupation of a Joiner, and as a little property (a house or two) in the village. There was another son Andrew, a sailor, who rose rapidly in his profession and is now a Captain of a large Steamer. There was (also) a daughter Mary, a very fine and accomplished young Lady, but what became of her I don't know.

Next to Ravens-wheel comes the Lime Kilns worked by Mr. Burdus, a bluff and John Bull sort of man, who might be seen at any time during work hours with his long pipe going his rounds amongst the workmen, who I might say were almost to a man Irish. He kept the Halfway House adjoining the Kilns, and many a spree, and many a row there has been after pay-time, many a Paddy as well as a coat tail has been trod upon, and many a hogshead of whiskey has been swallowed to wash down the dust. I don't know whether it was the lime, or the whiskey, that made Pat so healthful looking (probable both). As a medicine both are highly praised for their preservative qualities. The most notable amongst this Irish colony was the Hoy family, old Larry Hoy, Tim Cassidy, Pat Smith and the Raffertys fair specimens of the Irish portion of humanity, full of mother wit and that dancing gait which marks the son of Erin in their walk.

The whole lot were proper lime-baskets (as the saying goes) and took no small quantity to slake them. One look was almost a side-splitter to see them in their cups, their ludicrous attitudes, their ridiculous gestures, and their native brogue was laughable in the extreme. Often I have seen them on all fours, trying to get home, but compelled to put back to sleep off the effects of the booze on the flags on the kitchen floor. Mr Burdus had many Sons, one a sailor named Tom, who was lost at sea. Another the name of Ned, he married a Miss Rennison a farmer daughter, and went on to a farm near Durham. The other sons Robert and William were (up to the time I write) somewhere about the district. I may also add that Miss Burdus kept the house for many years after the death of the old gGentleman, then retired into private life.

The Halfway House was pulled down in the beginning of '89 and a more commodious one built in its place. The landlord following Miss Burdus was a Mr. Cuthbertson from

M.Wmouth Colliery. We pass on to the space now the site of the Cornhill Dock. This was a large bight, or bend in the River, with a very good beach on which the fishermen kept large mussel beds for bait. It was also a favourite place to catch small fish. Often have I plodged about gathering mussels, and catching small fish which were very numerous, until weary and tired, with my clothes wet through, gone home to have them wrung out with the broomstick, which the old mam could manipulate very well, then dried off with the clothes line. There was afterwards a boat-house built close to the rock. It stood upon piles about 9ft. high with a landing stage sloping down to the water. Boats were let out on hire, from the skiff to the jolly-boat, and many a afternoons pleasure we have had, upon the river racing with each other. There was also a small ship or two launched from the beach by William Worthy. I remember at the last launch the bailiffs were in, and quite a battle took place for psession, with tree-nail, gores, and other weapons, eventually Worthy and (his) Worthy sons came off victorious and she was put into the water amidst great rejoicing.

The Cornhill Dock was constructed by Mr. (*left blank*) about the year (*left blank*). It was afterward sold and came into the possession of Mr. James Laing and was lengthened considerably and the embankment properly secured with a concrete wall. A liitle higher up we come to the yard of Mr. John Candlish who was afterwards elected as MP for Sunderland in the Liberal Cause. My Candlish was e gentleman highly respected, and in memory of his inestimable qualities, a monument now stands in Mowbray Park. There was a Patent slip attached to this yard, and the ships were drawn up with horses, which was a slow and laborious method. Mr. William Pile, waggoner and horse dealer, had the work generally. This slipway did a very fair amount of repairs and halped the profits of the yard no little. I remember when quite young an accident (which might have been attended with very serious results to life) took place in launching a large ship about 800 tons (A vessel of this tonnage was considered large at that time). In having the warps too broad, They were almost out of the bilge. Many of the Builders in the locality told him (Mr. Candlish) so, but he differed in opinion, and thought it would be safer to have them broad so to steady her better, but such was not to be the case, for after the blocks had been knocked out, and she had started about 40 ft. on her journey, the ways flew out in all directions. She rolled the rest of the distance until she balanced the quay, and toppled into the water. The damage, and strain to the hull was so great that she had to be put into dock for repairs which cost upwards of £1000 (a rather expensive experiment).

The Southwick yard which it is now called since coming into the possession of Mr. R. Thompson and Sons has been second to none in the construction of ships both wood and Iron. Some of the most beautiful for design, and of superior construction, have been launched from the stocks. If I remember rightly, about the year 1881, there was launched no less than 12 ships with the space for only 4 berths, this made them third on the list for tonnage. And I may say, it's a pleasure to state that Mr. And Mrs. R Thompson never forgot their less fortunate fellow creatures. In adverse times, many empty bellies they have filled, and many bare feet they have covered at the board Schools, and other places. Let us hope the people of Southwick will appreciate to the full such philanthropic and generous actions. Long may the family live to carry out the works and may prosperity always be at their heels. Something to the contrary means poverty and distress to the village. Before leaving this subject I may say that the Southwick yard since coming into the possession of Mr. R. Thompson and Sons has been greatly extended and many improvements introduced to facilitate the work. They

have also the Bridge Dock which gets a good share of repairs. Mr. R. Thompson has able representatives in his Sons James, Charles, and Joseph, who are energetic and fair dealing gentlemen.

Next to the Southwick yard comes Mr. A. Scotts Pottery, an old established firm, having been in the family for upwards of 100 years. I remember the old gentlemen Mr. (left blank) and kind, benevolent generous-hearted men, ready at any time with open heart and open pocket to assist the poor and needy, and its most pleasing to say that the Son Anthony inherits all their good qualities. The present head of the firm is a man of herculean build, strong as samson, and of a kind and generous disposition, ever ready like his father, to assist his fellow creatures. I have noticed him from his youth up, From the young stripling, to the stalwart man, and I have always found him a most consistant and unassuming man. A true conservative and a thorough gentleman, I do not flatter I can assure you, for he is all my fancy paints him. He married a Miss Abbs, a beautiful and accomplished young Lady and now has a very fair sample of Genus Homo. I remember the time when the Pottery business was a flourishing trade on the banks of the Wear, about 35 years ago, but now it is almost obsolete due to foreign competition. Many of the old Potters that I knew are gradually dying out like their trade, but let us hope the day is not far distant when a better state of things will exist, and a once prosperous trade will once more revive and flourish amongst us.

Joining Mr Scott, comes the firm of Mores Co., a Pottery of a more recent date. The business was conducted under the heading of this Firm for a number of years, and at last fell into the hands of Mr. Wilkinson a man of plenty shrewd business qualities, and eccentric manners. The works were carried on for a time under the management of a Mr. Sydens, eventually it was sold to Mr. R. Thompson and Sons, Pulled down, filled up, and leveled, with the exception of the buildings on the East side, which are very substantial, and would do for machinery or other purposes. This Pulling down and levelling process came ata very opportune time. The village was in sad straits, through the depression in 1885 up to 1887 and part of 88. Mr Thompson kindly considered to commence the work. A very large hill consisting of thousands of tons of ballast was removed and deposited in the large vacancies that were about the yard. This gave employment to a fair number of men belonging to the village, principally his own workmen from the ship yard. Mr. Webster timekeeper acted as foreman. Although the wages were not big, this work relieved many families and kept the wolf from the door. I know at this time hundreds of families were receiving relief, and by the time this work was done, things began to revive again, and the village once more assumed its normal Position.

Opposite these works on the South, and close to the River, stood the old lime kilns, Jacky Brunton lime kilns as they were termed. Often when a boy I have gone down to the little hill as we called it to bask in the sunshine, and watch Paddy pelt the smoke with the big stones from the waggons. "Pelt the smoke" was a term given by Pat when asked one day if he had got a job (Och an shure) replied Pat, I've got a Job at Jacky Brunton to Pelt the smoke. Many droll sights I have seen amongst them, both at the quarries and the kilns. There was Jimmy Duggins, Big Harry, Mickey Dwyer, Jimmy Green, Pat Rafferty, the O'Briens, The Wins, The Maguires, The Lappies, all gems of the Emerald Isle, full of native wit and fond of the poteen. Jimmy Duggins lived in a row of cottages that stood in Mr. Thompson's ship yard along the high end, some of the caves, or coal-houses are there yet, they run under the road that leads along by

the Potteries. Duggins was a droll and funny made man, like a half circle in one leg and a perpendicular in the other, and as he walked along, centre gravity would be a hard problem to solve. Big Harry and (I would think) a dozen more of the boys, lodged with Duggins. We often wondered how they got stored away, because they had only three small rooms. Duggins was also the fortunate possessor of a buxom wife, and two big fine smart lasses, which increased the stowaway mystery still more.

When lads, often on mischief bent, we would wander through the village seeking some victim for a practical joke, sometimes coming home from the Theatre or rather late from the town, would be prepared to salute our worthy friend Mr. Duggins, with a squib, cracker, or a shot from a small pistol through the keyhole, then run for our lives with the Boys on our trail with language not very pleasant flowing in our wake. Strange to say, we always evaded their clutches, and got safe away. We often plagued them for their cowardly actions towards some of the natives. They were very clannish, and in their raids for beers or bent on a row would sometimes set on a villager, and badly use him. This often led to battles, almost approaching a riot. Debaring the boots, Pat mostly got the worst of it in a fair stand up fight, many of the natives were clever at the fists and of the bulldog courage. These rows often occurred on Saturday night when Pat had got some booze, and begun to feel the weight of his boots. But upon the whole they were pretty quiet when off the beer, and would fraternise with the villagers in their games. Most of them (I should think) are now either in purgatory, or bliss, let us hope in the latter state with plenty of saints, Beer and Poteen.

I remember the waggonway, from Brunton's quarries, came down alongside the field called the Marley-Pots, then down through the church trees. These trees were above a dozen in number and stood where the palisading now stands, they were very tall and beautiful, and inhabited with rooks for a long time, until decay set in and they lost their foliage, were at last felled, or blown up with powder and taken for firewood. The waggonway continued along the back or Grey Street, passing the end of Clockwell Street, down by the side of the ballast-hill, past the National School, then on to the gears over the kilns. A large bell stood near the end of Clockwell St. or where the foot of Mallaburn Terrace is now, to give warning of the approach of the waggons. Next to the lime kilns stood Noah Ark Hill (named from the public house that stood upon the top) behind which the Pile Brothers were building ships. I remember (though young at the time) taking two of my Aunts who were from the Country on a visit to see the Polka, a small vessel, launched from this yard. When the shout was given "There she goes" they both turned their heads away, afraid to look. This caused much laughter, and banter by my father at the tea-table, and many "Sist this" and Lauks this" from my country Aunts who were from canny auld Ayrton in Yorkshire. A few years after this hill was taken away to make room for the bottle-works built by the Scott family, the four cones on this hill were named The Pearl, Emerald, Ruby and Diamond. The other two, the Topaz and Jasper were built later on, and stand where the Lime Kilns stood. These works added another stream of wealth to canny auld Suddick, causing many houses to be built for the workmen, in Brougham St., Victoria St., and other places, increasing greatly the number of inhabitants.

At Adelaide St. (fronting the Bottle-works) the Queen Head, and the Brown Jug stand conspicuously. There was a very great deal of traffic, Carpenters, Blacksmiths, Glassmakers and other tradesmen, passing to and from their work. It was then the nearest route to M.Wmouth and other Parts of the Riverside. A person the name of

Metcalf kept the Queen Head, and at certain times in the year, had sports, or a sort of Hopping, Sack-racing, Climbing the Greasy Pole for a leg of mutton etc. The night generally wound up with a study of the arts and sciences, such as the manipulation of terrestrial bodies, Finding the centre gravity of a biped beer elevator, portrait painting with surrounding furnishings and Planatory observations in a horizontal position, with aqueous applications, or a painless somnolent transition to a peerless (or rather Peelers) abode, there to await the answer to the various problems by the bodies magisterial.

Mr. Metcalf, after a successful career, removed to Sunderland and kept the Eagle Music Hall, near the Town Hall. The Brown Jug was also a noted House kept by Mr. Thomas Thursfield, auld Tommys was much frequented by the shipbuilders and owners to get their glass of grog. Many launches were drunk at auld Tommys, and many hours have been spent on the light fantastic to the strains of old Foster fiddle, far into the small hours of the morning. Launches in the old wwooden days differ much from launches at the present time. They were not so plentiful, consequently more novel. There was always a day or two holiday after the launch, with renewed efforts to raise the wind (or rather get more beer). The plans adopted were, a few of the oldest apprentices would pay a visit to the Brewers, the Carvers, Block & mast makers, and other places, these subscriptions added to the colour money would, once more, get the pot going. Of course these things will have an end, and after being well tired out would resume work again with their wonted ardour, until the next launch came round.

After many years of public life the family went to live privately in Camden St. They had a daughter Maria I think was her name. She married a Mr. Errington, a brass-founder of Ayers Quay. I think they must have all joined the great majority by this time. Perhaps Mr. Errington may be alive but I have not heard of him for a long time.

Next the Bottle-Works comes Mr. Petries (old Dolly as he was named) Ship Building Yard. He was a very Kind quiet inoffensive man. He had many Sons John, William, James, Phillip, and a daughter named Elisebeth. I was more acquainted with Phillip than some of the others as we were boys together, but poor fellow he died early, deeply lamented by all his companions. James went off the roads in a small boat to sail and was never heard of afterwards. This was a very sad affair, hope lived in the breast of the family for months and months thinking that he might have been picked up by some passing ship, but such was not to be. There is no doubt that he was overwhelmed and lost not far from the Harbour as the wind was very squally at the time. This painful incident cast a gloom not only over the family, but over the whole village, as he was a fine promising young man. John and William have made their mark. John got an inspectorship at Jarrow if I am not mistaken and William was foreman Shipwright at Middlesbrough the last time I heard about him. The daughter married Mr. George Worthy, Joiner, Son of Cuthbert Worthy, and resides in the village up to the time I write.

Next in order comes the Ferry-Boat landing & Shipyard, now the site of Mr. George Clarks Engine Works. There was a public house in the yard kept by a person the name of Keith, he was also the boatman. This house was afterwards kept by Mr Blakie. Mr. George Mills and several other brothers lived with her. Mrs Blakie was a very kind and motherly woman. Many time when I have gone or taken my Father box money, she has smuggled me behind the door, where there was a little table stood,

and brought out cold Pie and other things, and after I had got well stuffed, given me coppers to come home with. There was a brother named Joe, an imbecile lived with them, and worked in the Shipyard. Although daft, was not quite insensible till he had got too much of a drop of grog. He used to watch his brothers when going to get their refreshments and follow them in, and would not stit until he got his glass, then he would laugh and away to work, and tell the men what he had done and how he taken them in.

The yard upon the Quay was, after a shipbuilding yard, used for a timber yard. My father, when he came to Southwick, built upon this ground for Mr. Carr, and afterwards went higher up when he joined partnership with Mr. Wm. Doxford, which firm went by the name Doxford and Crown. There was a road from Adelaide St. and Colin Place straight down to the beach and the Ferryboat, also along the foot of the Shipyards to the Glass-Works, where there was a cart road led down from the Crown road to the beach, where coals were landed for the village, and where several old craft were broken up. I remember one that was broke up by Jacky Wandle supposed to have been a smuggler. There were several small cannon aboard, which were taken to his property beside the Church.

The next builder was Mr. R. Pace a very quiet, sedate, religious person, a leader of the free Church, that stands next to the National School.. He was not many years building, the stream was not very strong in his favour, and rather shallow, he struck the gound at last and failed. But it was not for want of perseverance for he was ably represented by his Son William who acted as draughtsman and joiner and Son Robert & Thomas looked after the other work. The old Gentleman, like a good many of the old builders had not become a millionaire was obliged once more to take to his tools. He was in his latter days employed at Mr. J.L.Thompson and Sons North Sands. His son William married a Miss Burdon and lives in his own house Dean Terrace. He is now house-builder and constructor. The other sons are (up to the time I write) somewhere in the village.

The next yard went by the name Austin & Mills at that time considered second to none in the Port in the construction of Ships. Large and very beautiful vessels were launched from this yard. I remember the Scindia, a Ship about 800 tons was built here, and on Sunday before the launch she was open to the public. Hundreds came from far and near to look at her which brought a rare harvest to the ferry boat. A great many more Ships of similar size were built, but I forget the names. I know that the firm stood high in the estimation of the Public for good, honest work. Mr George was considered even more careful than the inspector himself for if the work or the material did not suit he condemned it directly. Mr. John was not so scrupilous he could rough it a little at times There were many clever shipwrights made in this yard. Many of them are still to the fore and working in different parts of the river. Mr Phillip Laing served his time in the yard and stuck tohis work in such a manner that many of his less favoured fellow creatures might have envied. He was very attentive, and lost very few quarters during the whole of his apprenticeship. I remember it was the custom of the lads to be ducked at their first launch. If they did not do so of their own free will, they were carried in by the rest of the lads, and properly soused. Mr. Laing chose the voluntary plan, he walked in, took a dive and floundered to the shore like a drowned rat. Mr George gave him a glass of whiskey to keep the cold out and he took off home as quick as he could go. Many good old native hands were employed by this Firm.

John Richardson (Jacky Tarry as he was called) the bellringer Storekeeper and general knock-about, was a man fond of a Joke and fond of a dram, he was with Mr. Mills for a great number of years. Jacky Stonehouse (or the little sawmill) as he called himself was another old hand. He was a sawyer to trade, and when in his cups would mount the chair or table and make his hands go up and down and say "The little sawmill, the little sawmill, Je B____ 'aws worth five shillings a day te lurk at ah dawnet be paid off" and when on his way home or about the streets would shout and sing like a salvation Captain, followed by all the lads in the village, which he would now and then scatter in all directions.

The Cock of the North (Bily Fewster) another sawyer, a little light bantam sort of a fellow equally fond of his beer, and just as noisy, they were hale fellow well met when on the spree together. In latter years I think they removed to somewhere about Stockton, as I have not heard of them for a number of years, perhaps they may taken the licence for beer off (or rather Bier off). If so well then I hope that their throats will not be so dry as they were before they drank off their last pot. There were many other local celebrities connected with this Firm. But peace be to their bones, for I think they are about all at rest. After retiring from business Mr George with Mrs. Blakie and her son removed to Camden St. from which he was removed to his last resting place. John Blakie, Mrs. Blakie's son lived a few years after their decease and in his latter days took much to drink and competely ruined his constitution, he was left with a small annuity upon which he lived up to his death.

Mr. John Mills suffered much from Paralysis before he died. He lived in Wear St. in a cottage of his own and had a family of 3 or 4 children, if I mistake not, a Son and 2 Daughters. I don't know what became of the Son, one of the daughters married Capt. Sharp. Capt. Sharp left the Tyne in the teeth of a gale, which during the night increased to a hurricane, and was supposed to be lost off the Tees. Great alterations have taken place on this ground. The ferry was shifted to where it now is. Mr. George Clarks large Engine works now stand upon the ground once the site of Mrs Blakie public house and I may say withouth fear that these works are second to none in the country and turn out engines both large and small of very superior construction. Many large vessels such as the Mexican, the Mombasa were engined by the Firm. The old Gentleman Mr G. Clark suffered for many years from chronic asthma, and at last succumbed to that malady. In all his suffering he still possessed a very energetic and enterprising mind. And I may say, there was no difficulty but what he could surmount. Through a determined perseverance, a clear foresight and iron will. He established a large business, and accumulated an immense fortune, for himself and family, also added greatly to the wealth and comfort of a great number of his fellow creatures. Very great credit is also due to his sons George, William, and Harry for the very able manner in which they have carried on the works, and brought them to such perfection. Mr William died (*left blank*)

He was considered a clever, and very generous man and would, I am certain, be a great loss to the Firm. The Works are now carried out by Mr George, his Son and Mr Harry with a large and very efficient Staff of Officials. These works have also, added greatly to the wealth of Southwick, and brought another influx of inhabitants, and extended the village considerable.

Next to Austin and Mills comes Mr John Crown, a builder of no small repute. His yard was considered an open, or non Union yard. Many of his apprentices, and workmen were Scotchmen some came from the Orkneys. John Robertson landlord of the North Star served his time with John Crown, and married a Miss Graham and settled down in the village. James Robson another apprentice, married a Mrs Bell, a widow, landlady of Fulwell Inn. Jimmy Coulson $\frac{1}{4}$ inch as we called him, and many others, all from the land of the Thistle, settled down amongst us. Many of them were bordering upon manhood when they came to serve their time, which was only for three or four years, and quite confirmed the old carpenter's phrase, that if they were big enough, they were strong enough. Which meant to infer, there was very little brain power in the art. Well, many handsome vessels were launched from this yard The Maria Nay, 1000 tons, The Rose, The Crown and many other beautiful vessels. The Rose, The big Crown, and the little Crown (as they were called) belonged to himself. He also built a large house in Camden St. in which he lived for a number of years. It is quite evident, by this, that he massed a considerable fortune with Ship-building. He did not live long to enjoy it, he was cut off in his Prime, with Cholera, during a visit to London on business in the year 1854. His remains were brought to M.WMouth Station, the train arriving at midnight. The Hearse, and mourners were there to receive it. He was buried in Southwick Church yard beside his wife. Their only son John, a wild lad came into possession. He courted and married Miss E Herdman, a fine young lady became thoroughly domesticated, and the father of a large family of Sons and daughters. The oldest daughter Mary a fine accomplished young lady, married Mr John Pratt, Son of Mr. William D. Pratt of Hylton, and resides in the Southwick House called Camden House.

Mr. John Crown (or Jacky, his sobriquet) commenced building shortly after he was married about the year (*left blank*) on the old yard. He built many fine and swift vessels. The Empress, The Satsuma, The Southwick, The Boldon, The Penshaw, The Venora and others too numerous to mention. The Penshaw, he Boldon, and The Southwick all belonged to himself. They were all swift sailers, and made some very quick voyages. He sold all his wood ships and his now amongst the Iron. For character and ability he can hold his own with any of his compeers. A good indulgent master, and a proper go-ahead. He left Southwick about the year (*left blank*) to live at Roker in a house he built there. Fond of the sea, and a great lover of yatching in which pleasure he spends most of his leisure time. He is now managing ownwer of the Strand Shipbuilding yard, his sons John and Harry are with him in the yard and are promising fair to make good men.

Next comes Mr George Worthy yard. Old George was one of the old school of builders, steady, dour and sure wins the race sort of man, Seldom had more than one Ship on at a time, rather antiquated in the construction something of old Noah style. After the Keels were laid, and the floors across, they would put a section up here and there, and put the ribbons round, then spile the rest of the timbers off, and so on until they got to the top-height. The remainder would be finished the same as the last. The whole of the draughting consisted of a midship section, that is a futlock, and a mal-timber mould, which they would contract, or expand according to the dimensions required. After these were done with, they were carefully wrapped up, and put away until the next Ship, Sometimes in spiling off the timbers the Foreman would say "Here, Boy, what ye dean', 'come en ad this mould here" (taking the boy's hand and placing it where he wants) he would say now adall there "till aw gan an see an hev a luke"

(away he goes perhaps a few yards off.) “are ye rete there me man” (no answer) ‘ony 6 inches on there, 3 inches on there’, ‘1 inch on there’ ‘off at nawt there’, “Thatll de me lad” ‘aw hav her all in me eye now’, away he goes and takes down the mould, and goes to the sawpit. There working out with some kind of hieroglyphics the required shape, to the no small wonder, and admiration of the operatives. Before he leaves he might say, “Why aw dinna naw” ‘ye might by round a quarter ta help that Bit sap’ (of course a couple of inches was a nigh shave) These primitive appliances might puzzle a more scientific individual, but the good old carpenter is quite at home amongst them, and prides himself in the knowledge of his art.

Mr Worthy was also noted to have a great aversion to a crane, he thought they were a very dangerous thing. All the timber to the sawpits, and to other parts of the yard were drawn up with horses, If not to be had at the time when wanted. Then by the men, which caused some fun, especially in the winter season when there was much snow, and Ice. Sometimes when they had got the bulk almost to the top of the bank, their strength would suddenly colapse. Away the timber would go, and pull them down amongst the mud, some on their backs, and some on their bellies, to the no small amusement of the lookers on. One day after an accident of this kind, a local builder said aw wonder Mr Worthy ye dinna get a crane. ‘A crane’, ‘a crane’ (replies Mr Worthy) ‘What ta de’, ‘What ta de’, ‘ta Kill men’, ‘ta Kill men’, ‘na na’, ‘na na’, aw de naw better than that’

The blacksmith Shop and Joiners Shop, and the other shops were all in one, one above the other, and built of wood. At the end of the blacksmith shop stood an old cask whereon the wages were paid. This old tub also served as a table at allowance time. The allowance in winter time consisted of Rum, whiskey etc. We might consider this a more advanced Idea, than the other methods that were adopted. Most decidedly better than cold beer in winter. But I have heard many an old carpenter remark ‘it’s a poor belly that cannot warm a pint o yale’. Well with all these drawbacks and antiquated Ideas, Mr Worthy with steady perseverance, and indominatable will was very successful in his business brought up a large family, and at his decease left a handsome sum to each of his children, which builders of more advanced ideas might have envied. His son George acted as foreman. The other sons William, Cuthbert, Robert and their sons and many relations were all employed in the yard. The other son Peter supported by his son George have a Tailor and drapers establishment in Clockwell St. So much for a worthy family.

Next in turn comes Mr C Wm. Crown (Billy Crone) as he was termed, About whom I fear I know less than I do of the other builders, although I am a chip off the old block. Well I believe he had the name of being a honest, hard working man. If I remember rightly after he was done building for Mr Carr on the quay end, he went to work for his brother John. Afterwards joined partnerships with Mr Wm Doxford, which went by the name of Doxford & Crown. After being many years together they dissolved partnership, and he commenced to build for himself. He made some clever improvements both in the drafting and building. I have heard him say that he was the first to put up close frames. He also put up the stern fram with transoms, Fashion-timbers, countre-timbers, and Harpin all together which was considered a clever piece of work. He also made many improvements in the construction for which he was highly complimented by Loyds inspectors. He built some very fine vessels such as The Duke of Northumberland, The Hope, The Ruth, The Hannah Park, and many

others. In the first part of his career, his efforts were so far successful but adversity crossed his bows, and carried away his head-gear, and broached him too, and left him helpless on the ocean of life. He remained almost Idle for a long time, now and then getting repairing work. He reclassified the Sorocco belonging to Mr James Hay, at the Wreath-quay and did some work for Mr Wm Nicholson and Sons, he finally commenced to build for the above Firm and added many fine ships to their fleet. After the decease of Mr Wm. Nicholson, he continued a short time under the sons, until they opened another yard at the potato Garth not far from Mr Bloomers. Not long after this the high yard, or Southwick yard was given up, and he was once more tossed adrift. A short time after he was employed by his nephew John Crown, as foreman, but his bolt was shot, he was getting old, not as active as he used to be. At last he once more (like the old horse) turned into the Connin of life, to crop the scanty herbage of adversity. Nothing daunted, for he was a man of Iron will, he took a large House and shop in Creswell Terrace, BWmouth, and started the grocery business. After a seven years lease was up, he removed to Worcester St adjoining, altered the house, and put in a shop front and carried on the business for a number of years, at last his sight gave way and he was obliged to give up. He went with his Son George to reside in Hartington St MWmouth and died there in the year 1889 deeply lamented by his Wife and family and a large circle of friends.

Next comes Mr Briggs Yard, under the management of Micheal Clark a man of fair ability and perseverance. he built many fine ships, and was much respected by his master, but he fell in evil's way, took to drink and brought discredit upon himself, was finally discharged and had to work with his tools afterwards. He was superceded by Mr James Mills. I remember an incident that occurred during the time Micheal was manager. It was winter time and they were going to caulk. The men had to go into the loft to spin where the oakum was generally kept, being dark mornings (for work commenced at 6 oclock at that time) they required a light. The blacksmith shop being underneath one of the men shoved the candle through a hole in the floor, and coming in contact with the oakum, in an instant the whole place was in a blase, and in a very short time was burnt to the ground. I know my Father, myself, and many more had a harassing time of it running about the yard with buckets of water drowning out the small fires that were kindled by the sparks flying about our yard. Luckily the Ship was framing at the time, or the consequences would have been serious. Mr James Mills, Mr Clark successor was another clever man, and stood high in the estimation of his fellow men he continued for awhile until Mr Briggs gave up the yard then went into the Public line, afterward retired into private life and resided in Camden St, and was buried from there after a long illness, leaving a family of three, two sons and a daughter. The eldest son John is a Chief Engineer, the other Gorge, a Boilersmith, and the daughter still remains at home with her mother at the time I write.

The next that followed on the same yard was Rawson & Watson proper go a heads, work flew together like magic. So eager were they to get on, they used to strip off themselves, and wire-in like niggers. I remember once in putting up the forecants, Mr Watson (Harry flash as he was called) was at the crane and in his eagerness to see how it looked (as I have remarked before 2 inches was a nigh shave) he let go the handle, and down came the cant to the ground 'Dear me', 'Dear me', (he reply) 'there nee body at the crane', 'wad ye believe'. At other times if any of the workmen asked him about a piece work, or to come and see it, he would say ('aw hev'n't time, man, or hev'n't time) 'dist fit (if the answer was very or nearly so near) he would say ('nail him'

my man 'nail him my man') They built a lot of Ships for foreigners, Frenchmen generally. It was quite a common saying among the lads, 'Harry gason ta launch ta day' Then we would swarm like as many Ants until the yard was almost full. Any & most the lads on the opposite of the water. Well the last launch carried out at last, and with all their struggles and cares, fortune had only smiled faintly upon them. After they had had their ropes coiled away for a time, they were compeled to get them out again, and try another voyage, this time with more succes for Mr Watson. He bought some property in BWmouth somewehre beside the new Congregational Church Stockton Road; Rebuilt it into shops, and is now I may say worth a fortune. Mr Rawsons next voyage (I am sorry to say) was not so prosperous he got entangled somewhat, and left the district for fairer fields and pastures new, somewhere (if I am not mistaken) about Stockton Hand.

I can also remember since Mr Hemsley built on this yard, on the west side there was a thorn hedge and a cart road down to the beach between the Glassworks and the yard where Keels discharged coals and other things. The adjoining yard, or a portion of the same, was occupied by the Firm Pickersgill & Miller. Just being out of my apprenticeship and a companion of Mr Miller son Robert, I got a situation as under foreman in place of John Coxon, who got on the spree, and was discharged. This was during the time of the strike, and I had 6d per day to pay to the Society my first experience of Society with I have found a rather expensive friend. The yard was kept going with a lot of big strong lads, and queer boys they were too, full of devilment and mischief but fairly attentive to their work. But long before the time I speak of, when I was serving my time, they built some colliers (if I mistake not four or five, all black, coal-tared from Keel to Gunwhale. I remember great does at the launch brass-bands, and all the rest out, they launched two vessels down one set of warp, and got them off very cleverly. A short while before I went to Mr Pickersgill, Mr Miller had gone to Gloscester to build and had a very fair prospect before him. At the first launch there was thousands of People there some of the nobility and a great banquet was held. So highly was Mr Miller toasted and complimented that it quite turned his head (he was a person that could'nt bear prosperity) He gave way to high, and fast living, which soon told it's tale, causing Mr Pickersgill to break partnership, and not before time, or they would have broke altogether. My father went to Gloscester to value stock for Mr Pickersgill, and after all was squared up, was very handsomely recompensed for his labour. Mr Miller still continued to build and repair. Robert the son carried on the yard that launched into the canal, and lived in a beautiful cottage called Southwick Cottage. He might have been very comfortable if he had minded his eye but they slid lower and lower until they were almost destitute. Poor Bob took to his cups, and death was the sequel. About the other portion of the family I have heard nothing more.

Mr Pickersgill continued the yard at Southwick and prospered. Towards the end of the wood-ships (which he was about the last to give up) He made up his mind to alter the yard, and start the Iron. At first he had many dificulties to encounter, but with perseverance, a characteristic of the man, he overcame them all and established a Firm worthy the trust and respect that is reposed in them and I am only sorry to say that he was not long spared to share in the prosperity and esteem in which the firm was held. For I may say that his zeal, and attention to duty cost him his life. It so happened that his attention was drawn to some of the Iron floors, and while performing that duty, a large wooden shore which had not been secured fell and crushed his head against the frame and killed him. I may say this was severe blow

not only to his family but to the whole village, for he was held in very high esteem. His sons William, Charles, and Fred carry on the business with marked success, and have once more extended the yard considerably, and taken in the area where the Southwick Bottle Works stood, occupied at one time by Mr G Worthy the Shipbuilder. This extension has greatly facilitated the building and launching of larger Ship by angling the berths down the river. Long may they be spared to build and launch is my worst wish. It means increase to the village, and bread to the inhabitants.

The next on turn comes the Crown Glass Works belonging to Mr C Attwood, under the management of Mr Wm Harper father of Mr Geo. Harper of Gordon Terrace. He had many Sons and daughters. Old Billy was a stern bluff old fellow, a strict disciplinarian. A go on, or get out of the way sort of disposition, I remember the lads were a terrible pest to him. We often went along with our companions at nights with the supper, and various were the strategies used to get past Old Tarra the lodge-keeper. Sometimes one would carry the can, or wrap a brick in a handkerchief as if we had a portion of the supper to decieve the old boy. Tarra was his sobriquet, his real name was Wilson. A little short man, with a still shorter temper. After having past the sentry, we had a far greater terror to face in Old Billy he didn't say much if we kept apart from each other, but boys will be boys, do what you like. They were sure to get together and lark with each other or sometimes play at marbles by the light of the fires, for it was almost as light as day. Then quite unexpectedly we would hear the crack of the whip which he carried with him similar to a huntsmans. Then 'tally ho' 'tally ho' round and round the works to the great amusement of the men, seeking cover where we could find it, behind the casks, boxes, crates, or anything that came to hand. Woe betide the one who was caught, for he did not forget to whack out your share, many a time we have done this for devilment on purpose for a chase, for we considered it glorious fun especially in recounting afterwards our hair-breadth escapes to one another.

There were many local celebraties employed in this factory. Mr Jos Fawcett afterward Shipowner, Mr R Terry the renowned singer, and music dealer (if I am not mistaken) served their times as Glass cutters. Also Mr Sam Yates and Mr Geo. Harper, Mr Yates was a good double bass with a thorough knowledge of music, and I might say was my tutor on the violin. Mr Geo. Harper, Southwick's noted Tenor, is a man of great musical ability, and was Precentor in the village church for many years, and has been Clark for upward of 40 years and is still so up to the time I write and as a member of The Choir, many happy days I have spent under his _____ship happy thoughts round upon me when I think of the many pleasures we have enjoyed under the care of himself and his generous wife to Lumly Castle Finehall Abbey, Ravensworth and on our beautiful river but these Pleasures (as Burns says) are like popies spread, you should seize flowers its bloom is shed or like the snow flake in the river a moment white then melts forever.

Mr R Graham once landlord of the Smith Arms the famous Draughts Player was another fine sample of the Genus Homo he was for a considerable time before his decease in the Public line. There were also other Gentlemen of repute whose biography I am not so well acquainted with.

The Crown Glass Workers were a steady industrious class of men, who devoted a good deal of their leisure time in the cultivation of gardens, of which there were many beautifully laid out on the ballast-hill close to the works, and great was the competition

in producing the best berries, flowers etc. amongst them. Many were clever florists, and had beautiful hot-houses or conservatories attached to their gardens. The hillsides were very prolific in the production of many kinds of herbs, such a Cranesbill yarrow, Eye-bright and other useful herbal plants. Many happy hours I have spent basking in the sunshine or chasing the wild bees and butterfly about its grassy slopes but now, (this once little Paradise) is desolate and deserted. As the song says years have wrecked those ships of joy.

These works eventually fell into the hands of the Maddisons, and continued to prosper under their able management. Afterwards a great improvement was made in the manufacture of glass by the French, and was introduced into this Country, consequently the works were altered for the adoption of the new order of things, and a number of French workmen imported. The most prominent names I remember was Victor Stanger (*left blank*)

During the time they were at work no one was allowed inside the doors. The greatest secrecy was observed, and not even the officials were allowed to go near. Of course they could not work without the assistance of boys who in time became equal if not better in the art than the Frenchmen themselves. Heaps of money were easily made, and I dare say as liberally spent. I have heard it said as much as £9 and £10 per week has been earned. Sometimes they would fetch it home in their Tin-cans. They were gentlemen, courteous, humourous, and full of fun when initiated into the company of their English neighbours, but I rather disliked their partiality for reptilian edibles, such as frogs, snails, etc. Often have I seen them frying snails on the fire-shovel at the face of the glory-hole. This term (glory-hole) is a fire of extreme white heat about breast high where they heated the cylinder and burst the end before swinging in the Pit.

But no matter they seemed as if their food agreed with them, for they were of a round, and robust aspect. Strong and stalwart, and pleasing to the view. After working many years amongst us, some returned to their country with the Pockets well lined, some married and settled in England and found rest in her soil. Their places being gradually filled by the natives of the village who had served under them. The works again changed hands to a Mr Preston a Slate Merchant a person of very little experience in the Glass trade. He continued on for a time. Manufacturing rough plate etc. but was at last compelled to give up a good deal lighter in pocket than in heart I regret to say. These works are now standing stripped and Idle which (at one time) were a fountain of revenue to the People of the village.

Next comes Mr. Willowbys shipyard. This yard was on the hill side close to the French house. You could see the work going on from the window. Ships of the Brig and Schooner type were the general run. They grew gradually less in size and number, at last disappeared altogether like the Phantom Ship. There was not many hands employed here, but every little helps (as the saying goes). It counted one in the industries of the Wear. Mr. Matthew Garrett Sen. was foreman, he used to stand on the saw pit and toss the timbers into the hold when sawn singing out wan there me lads. Strong man, very. Now, fish, coal, horse, Pigs, Rabbits, greens, in fact anything you like to mention is included in Matthew catalogue of sale and It's a pleasure to say

he is doing a very good stroke in his old days, and recognised by the villagers as a good old genial chip of a good old English block.

A little higher up we come to a piece of ground once occupied by Mr. Arrow Leithead Shipbuilders who launched a number of beautiful ships from this berth, with a space similar to Ravens-Wheel. I remember one beautiful day, A day set apart for a trip up the water, by the National Sunday School teachers and children in a Keel. On passing Mr. Leithead yard he came off in a boat and took off his two children remarking at the time that there would be a storm before the day was over. (This would be as near as I can tell about 11 am.) Of course it was thought that he was suffering from a delusion so bright was the prospect before us. But an hour after proved that there was some truth in his predictions, The storm gathered quickly in the Southwest, it turned quite dark. A brilliant flash, A sudden clap, and a downpour soon smartened us up to our situation. Umbrellas were out. Shawls and other paraphernalia were brought into requisition. But to poor us who were in a coble fast to the stern of the Keel, it was a sore trial. We were as wet as if we had been ducked in the River. Our Progress was very slow, owing to the early state of the tide, and the shallowness of the stream. When we arrived next to the Jolly Potters Public House, the Keel took the ground, and then the game began. Parents jumped into the water up to the knees, Children were tossed ashore from one to the other like unloading a Keel of bricks in their panic, they huddled together close under the quay from which the water was falling like a cataract, at last they were got on to the quay, and into the houses, where they received every kindness from the Hyltonians. The storm continued with great fury up till 5 PM when it moderated. But in the meantime, great damage was done to property. Some of the houses were struck by lightning. Chimneys fell, Soot was scattered over the women and children that were sitting drying themselves around the fires, which added no little to the misery and darkness of the scene. The crew of the coble (myself and companions) did not fare so badly after all, considering the state of affairs. We sought shelter in an empty Pigstye, quite willing to put up with the fragrance of the piggery for the little comfort it afforded. After the poor trippers had been half dyed, dried, and well steamed they were informed that the tea would be held in the Chapel. So we went with the rest of them, and had a pot of tea and a bun, which revived us very much. After 4 o'clock my father and uncle arrived wet to the skin, and glad they they were when they saw that we were all right and safe. After tea the Passengers were once more embarked, and the homeward journey began under a more favourable aspect. At last the eventful voyage was ended. If not delighted with our trip, we were at all events much pleased with our safe return. I may remark this storm was the most terrific that I ever witnessed. The lightning was one continual flash, and the rain a continual deluge. The storm (as near as I can remember) was about the year 1849 or 50 or about forty years ago from the time I write.

The next site the Hillend where the Mr. Hardy was building was another scanty nook. To look at it the present time you would say it was scarcely large enough to build a dog-kennel in. Jimmy was a ruddy, Bluffy, Rough sort of man, not over refined in his manner, but up to a thing or two. He launched some pretty fair vessels. I remember one that had a nude female for a figure-head. This caused quite a sensation among the Shipwrights, young and old, who took their wander that way at nights to have their pipes and ocularize a little. The exhibiting did not last long. It got to the authorities ears, and I was given to understand that he was compelled to take it off to make way for another with a little more shirt, or I ought to say a shift. He afterwards moved to

where Old Petrie was building close to the bottle-works, there building a large number of Ships. Ultimately he went to London and commenced Ship broking and lodging house keeping along with another woman, leaving his own Wife in Southwick. A wife too good for such company as Jimmys was.

The Ships on the hill-end afforded fine shelter under the quarter in the winter time when you were after the ducks and seagulls that flocked about the beach and the saltgrass. Manys the time I have been there from morn till night with nothing but a sandwich, and a pipe of baccy for a lunch. The saltgrass extended the full distance from the hill end to the Dene. In the River bed there was a large slake some acres in extent, on which in the winter time large blocks of ice would ground, and remain there for a long time, giving it an aspect like the Arctic region on a small scale. Flocks of aquatic birds, such as wild ducks, seagulls, occasionally wild-swans, Snipes, Pigeons, and other birds would feed upon this wild waste after the tide had left. I remember the channel was close to the South side, and not very broad. Sometimes we would ascend the River in a boat, but this was rather too cold a method. We preferred the land so that we could get our legs stretched a little, and many a good days sport we have had with the gun with the seeming risk and adventure of an arctic expedition. The margin of the River shore was a considerable distance farther in than the present quay-line, and was composed of a clayey soil about four or five feet high, and extended as far as to come on a line with the Eastards of the ballast-hill (This was what we called the salt-grass) and continued this way to the Dene. The top of which was covered with wild-grass, and rashers intersticed with pools and small burns over which the springs tides used to flow, Large quantities of timber were floated on with spring tides. If wanted during the Neaptides were got off with block and tackle. Many differences were settled here with hard Knocks and broken noses between those that had fallen out during the week. Many quoit matches, Jumping etc, were also decided upon its springy surface and many pleasant recolections awake to my mind when I think of the many happy days spent both in Summer and Winter on this part of the River shore. Later on Mr. Dodd Pratt built a wood quay a good part of the distance and filled it in with rubbish, A Portion of which is now occupied by Mr. J priestman Shipbuilder, Mr. Pratt would have bought the ballast heap if they could have agreed. I understand that only $\frac{1}{4}$ per ton separated them which was a great pity. If this ground had been properly laid out it would have been the best piece of ground for building purposes on the River Wear.

Mr Priestman is carrying out a very extensive business, and employs a large number of men, which greatly adds to the prosperity of the villagers. Midway between the Hill and the Dene Mr John Brown (or Jacky Brown as he was called) built a few Ships. His field of operations was (has near as I can remember) almost in the middle of the Bush. This was rather an outlandish place to build. Drinking water had to be brought from the Well-field, Water for the Steamer had to be brought from the River or anywhere they could get it. Long distance of warps had to be laid to launch with. These and other difficulties soon silenced the hammers and emptied the pockets. Once more the Birds built their tiny homes, and sang their sweet songs, and tended their tender young. The young leverets could rest with more comfort and security, and the wild bees and butterflys could suck the sweet nectar with more freedom undisturbed and in peace. While man the great dispenser of things had to seek fresh fields and pastures new. Mr Brown was much respected. He was employed in his early years by my father, and was held in high repute as a workman. His fresh pasture

was foreman for Mr. Pickersgill. Ultimately he went to Berwick to live, and die. He was a freeman of that town.

The large deposit of mud from the upper reaches of the River was a great obstruction to the traffic, often I have seen during the boating season Keels and boats take the ground on their return journey and cause a great deal of merriment. Men carrying women and children on their backs up to their knees in water, and another foot of soft mud at the bottom sticking every step, until quite exhausted had to drop their precious burden into the stream, there to flounder ashore the best way they could to the no small amusement of the People on shore. Many mishaps occurred in launching on both sides of the river, Mr. Watson builder on Pallion flat had no less than two or three ships on the slake. One of them a wood-screw-steamer built for Hudson Bay Co had to be launched back again. She had to be dug out, and ways put under before she would start. Which there is no doubt would incur a considerable amount of expence, and scrub off the gilt a good-deal. Mt Gulston whom I had almost forgot built where Mr. Priestman now is had several failures in launching owing to the non declivity of the ways. The vessels did not stand high enough on the stocks to give them sufficient velocity so that they would run afloat.

In launching you could scarce discern them move, and when they came to the shallow water, would stop. Then navvys with their spades, Steamboat men with their tugs, would have to finish the work to the disgust of the good old carpenter, who would exclaim d---- aw thawt se the feuls they dinnet naw nawt aw cud dime that mesel. Then he would have to content himself with little rest, and with being up to the waist with slump for a tide or two, till she was got afloat. At last the dredger made a clearance for launching on both sides of the River has far as Hylton. After this mishaps were at a discount.

The next, the Dene Yard. Auld Tommy Lightfoot Builder, was a very pleasant place to work in summer time. Many Southwick men were employed there, and seemed to like it well, regardless of the distance. And who in appearance (I may say) were the very embodiment of health. There is no doubt the pleasing aspect of the green fields, the woody banks, the blooming win-bushe, and the beautiful Dene, surrounded by the music of the birds and ever rippling River, would fill the heart with pleasant feeling and make their work a lightsome burden, and a benefit to their health. While the winters frost and snow would be no worse than it was on the village-banks, the invigorating walk would fortify them for their labour, and stimulate them to do their work with zeal and energy. I have often in my boyhood spent many happy hours fishing either from The Quay or boat and caught many a good fry for supper which not only filled our bellies but also our thoughts with delight to have the trouble to clean them. It seemed to inspire us with the thought of having done something towards helping mother a little.

Well, many very handsome vessels were launched from The Dene Quay, and added no little to the staple industry of the Wear. Auld Tommy was a person I seldom came in contact with, but nevertheless has far as I have heard he was a good old chip a good master, with a fair knowledge of his craft. I do not know whether fortune favoured these good qualities or not. But it is safe to say that its matterless to poor Old Tommy now, for its long since he dropped anchor in the great Ocean of Eternity. Let us hope he has found good anchorage.

About a little more than a quarter of a mile above the Dene we come to Barons-Quay at one time a beautiful sequestered spot, a complete fairy bower. A cottage covered with Ivy surrounded with blossoms, Honeysuckle, and scented flowers was the abode of the Wilson's family. Commonly called the Barons Quay-Lads, Keelmen and Shipwrights to trade A very industrious family they were. They built small craft, and repaired Keels, or anything that willing hands could find to do. Their little yard was in the middle of the bush, about a hundred yards farther down than their cottage situated amidst woody-bowers shaded by the wild-nut and bramble bushes. A little Eden (I might say) to work in. They had also a boat-house close to the water near the cottage and were always considered a rare crew at Regatta and often brought away the Prize. They were strong and stalwart fellows, well fed, and pleasantly held. I remember this cottage stood against the bank side close to the road that led down to the quay, and inside of a beautiful garden, all kinds of flowers, and fruit, such as apples, pears, strawberries peas, beans, etc. They were also licenced to sell beer etc. which made it a pleasant call, either on the journey up the River or coming down. Time the great leveller as worked a wonderful change. All is swept away the ever clinging Ivy, and loving friend the lot, are parted. The Sun has missed the beautiful flowers that once bid him welcome, the cotters-hands have lost their cunning and are now laid by their side. No more will their merry shout echo from the rocky cliffs all is hush to them now.

The River still rushes on. The Sun still sends his welcome rays. The birds sing merrily their songs, but upon a wild and dreary change like as does upon the just and unjust.

Directly opposite stands Claxheugh Rock whose rugged and weatherbeaten face grimly frowns upon the waters of The Wear, and whose steep and precipitous sides has been (for centuries) the refuge and meeting place of the Raven and the other wild birds. Near the East end of the rock, and close to the waters edge, stands a cottage and other wooden erections, which at one time was a Public House, and went by the name of Jack of the Rocks. This cottage with beautiful surroundings was often a place of call for Pic/nic, or boating parties. Many happy hours has been spent beneath the shadows of this huge piece of mother earth. I remember close to the rock there is a sweet and sparkling stream of fresh water cool and refreshing to the thirsty soul that should happen to wander that way. This wild and gloomy rock stands out to my mind as a remembrance of one of the most trying incidents in my life, I'm relating this incident. I remember it was a beautiful calm day. A day that no one would have doubted up to its last hour, but you never can tell, you should never prophesy till you know. Well my cousin John, brother William and self had occasion to go on the River for a sail. We left the shipyard after dinner in cousin John yacht a yacht between three and four tons, a very fast sailer, and carried a cloud of canvas, her ballast was carried inside in a box along the center and contained about 1-3/4 tons of scrap Iron. A short deck forward, and seats along each side and other conveniences completed a very handsome craft. We drifted up with the tide, for there was not a breath of wind astir. When we got to Claxheugh we went ashore to get some refreshment, and waited for a time, the tide to turn we proceeded to the boat, and saw that a great change had come over the scene. It was very black and just as we got aboard a bright flash, a loud report, and a heavy squall startled and struck us, and sent us like lightning through the water, Cousin seized the helm. I rushed to the hallyard to let go, but they were belayed turn over turn and could not be loosed in time Cousin tried to luff her but

somehow she would not come too. He then seized the main boom topping lift and hauled up the sail like a balloon, down she went aft. I jumped upon the fore-castle afraid I might get entangled among the ropes, My Brother and John came rushing forward but it was no use, down she went and sucked with her the whirling waves like one who grapples with his enemy, and strives to strangle him before he dies. I plunged into the water there to bob about till almost done for. At last after coming to the surface almost for the last time I saw a boat approaching not till then did I realize our almost hopeless position, to be saved or not to be, flashed through my mind. Thoughts of home, my parents, brothers, sisters, friends, perhaps never to see more. I could not see my brother or cousin, despairing thoughts perhaps they had sunk, courage once more, yet another effort I was determined to struggle on, and up I came to the surface. Just at that instant I was seized by the head, instantly I had hold of the boat, and was saved after being a quarter of an hour in the waters. The next one they caught was my dear brother, quite exhausted, and at his last gasp. My Cousin had his coat off and was not so encumbered and better able to keep afloat.

It was a nigh shave and a tremendous struggle for life. The appearance of the River when rowing ashore was a wild and storming. The wind had lashed the waves into a foam, and it was still blowing great guns. Well you may be sure my first thoughts was to thank God for his mercies, and the second to our rescuers who deserved great praise for their smartness, but for them and the assistance rendered by Jack of the Rock we would have been all drowned.

It was a mirical that we were saved our rescuers were employed on the Dredger Dredging above Claxheugh Rock. With only one oar to steer with the other man with his jacket opened to catch the wind did they attempt to save us (like as it were a forelorn hope). It was fortunate for us that we were all in a line or they never could have saved us all. After they got us on shore we were shown very great kindness by the people about Claxheugh. Many had congregated during the accident, and I am sure did all they could to alleviate our distress. After we had recovered sufficiently we were taken down in a boat, and landed upon the beach at the foot of the glass house hill. As we approached the shore, I could see several of my comrades sitting on the hillside. They had got to know that we were off with the yacht, and were anxious about our safety, little did they know who we were until we had to be assisted onto the barks. Then they saw that something was the matter and were soon down beside us they were naturally astonished to find that it was us for we had a rather comical appearance in the old clothes that our friends at The Rocks had decked us with. For myself I had a most symetrical and graceful look, something like a broomstick inside a sack, my habiliments were big enough for a twenty stone man. Well we were got home at last and great was the concern of my Parents, but great was their Joy also to see us alive. We were soon got to bed, and in a day or so were all right again, with the exception of my brother who never cast off the shock to his system which undermined his constitution and gradually helped him from the cares of this world in early youth while we have been left to struggle on through the clouds and sunshine of a precarious life (such is fate)

In returning to my recollection of the village, I may say a great many incidents have slid from my memory but many the aspect of the village 40 years ago are still green in my mind. Starting at the low part of Southwick, I remember at the foot of King Street, there was an Arch over which the waggons ran onto the Kilns, and underneath a road

led down to the beach between the bottle works and the little-hill as we called it, where Keels discharged coals and other things for the Villagers. A good many ships of various sizes and nationalities used to lie on this side of the river, from the Kilns extending as far as the Crown Glass Works. I remember seeing scores of them especially in the winter months, in which it was a general rule to lay up. I have also seen numbers of vessels in Quarantine on the beach near Mr Pickersgills Yard. Provisions and other necessaries were placed on the beach after the tide receded, and taken on board by the crew, who were not allowed to have any communication with the shore. The dead were dealt with in a similar way with those on shore. This was about the year 1854 when the cholera raged with such fatal effect in England. The corpses after been on the beach were taken to a bye path to the church yard. This was a dreadful visitation many families and friends were parted never to meet again this side of the grave. On the Quay close to this landing stood a wooden house belonging to Old Dickey Oglevie a dealer in old rope, scrap Iron, and rags, best price given etc. as well as a little barter in clagum. The clagum was a compound mixture of treacle, sugar, tar etc. of about the solidity as dough and just about as nice to swallow, when the rakings and ropes were of a superior kind. Old Dickey would say in a stentorian voice have another lick my lad, have another lick which he held out in an old spoon. It was necessary to hold your head at an angle of forty five to catch the contents with your mouth. Or you were safe to get it in your eye.

Old Dickey was a queer eccentric man did anything to make money, had old boats to take the sawdust away from the shipyards, also to let out on hire for up the river trips etc., many of the builders hired Richard to take away the sawdust, where it went was a secret best known to himself. It was supposed to be taken to the old Kilns and burnt very little reached its destination, he likely thought it would make the fish more edible and marketable mixed with a little water so he thoughtfully carried out his aquatic philosophic Idea. Well through his scraping and parsimonious ways he built a double house in William St and other property, and had well lined money bags into the bargain. I remember when young men, meeting him in the Pit lane coming from the town followed by two large cods-heads attached to a string about 3 or 4 yards long trailing along the road, in the distance might be seen a number of boys whose inquisitive propensities had brought them to grief by a few well directed stones from the old man's manipulating catapult. In passing one of my friends gave a running Kick at the fish procession and sent them up the full length of the string which the old man held on with the tenacity of a Chinese [sic] Kite flyer until centre gravity returned the flying fish once more to their terrestrial duties, and another well directed stone reminded my friend that two bodies of different densities coming into contact with each other the one with the greatest density will prevail such was the proof between my friend body minus his wind and the stone (moral never interfere with your friends heads or anothers whether fish or flesh until after a careful examination of your own)

Well the old man with all his eccentricities brought up a very respectable family of Sons and daughters. John and Phillip were best known to me John went by the surname of Williams Phillip that of Ogelvie. a daughter married a Mr James Pearcey tailor and Draper from which spring the Preacey's family Doctors and other eminent professions. I recollect the road that comes through the fields passing the high end of cornhill docks approaching Mr Thompson yard was a good deal further south and ended in a very steep bank, at the foot stood a Public house Kept by Mr Thirlwell. The ground from this house to the top of Southwick was laid out in gardens. The upper

part was cultivated by a Mr Cowell. Ald Ralph cowl as he was called The space he cultivated was from where the Coffee Tavern is now to Gillespies ropery on the East. To the foot South Terrace on the South this was a fine and fruitful garden, and once opened to the public. 3d. to enter for which you got the value in fruit, flowers or anything you liked in his way. The ropery extended from the Southwick Road South to the top of Thirlwell bank and was worked by the Gillespie family for many years. The old Gentleman was of the Wesleyan persuasion a very good an devote man his Son Peter still works at the trade on a Piece ground along the wall in The Marley Pots field, but the old man has long since spun out the rope of life belayed to his faithful wife, and some of his family.

Proceeding along to Brougham St. in the low village there was a large Methodist Chapel stood at the top at the East side, which is now a marine stores, and butchers shop in which was held a day school where I spent a good deal of my youthful days pondering lessons under the stern tutoring of old Telford the school master of Scoth descent, he afterwards shifted his school to the top of Victoria St. in a chapel now converted into a public house called Noah Ark, opposite this now the site of Camden St., there was a large pond which was often made a receptacle by the stern old cane switcher for the various articles that lads delight to carry in their pockets. Knives, Tops, Buttons Kitty-cats, marbles, small rope etc., many a good cry we have had over their lose and many a wet foot we have had in trying to find them. I remember well, strict orders were given to attend school one Royal Oak day. This was a damper upon our intentions, however nothing daunted we sent for the key next day as usual, a good many of us got inside and locked the door when old grumpy turned up we all began to sing Royal Oak day the 29th of May if ye din'et give us halliday we'll all run away. of course, we were called upon to surrender and terms were spoken through the Keyhole promises to Let us march out with all the honours of war if we would only open the door, but no, we dare not trust him he had broken his word before, also his cane so we waited till we tired him out, then came out, locked the door and sent the key back with one of the little boys. The sequel was, Courtmarchaled the next day, and punished severely with the birch.

At the east end of this pond there stood some beautiful trees, which considerably added to the beauties of the locality. I remember in filling up the pond a great number of very large eels were caught both by men and boys. The house that is built over this pond was a Public house kept by a person the name of Thomas Farrer employed at The Crown Glass Works as glasscutter and stainer. The lower part of Victoria St. from about five doors from the top was a large square extending from the back of King St. to the back of Ogle Terrace where the knowing ones of the village held public meetings teetotal lectures etc. Often I have stood like the rest of boys before the Lecturer anticipating my share of the contents of a large dish of boiled barley mixed with currants and milk, which was produced to aid in proving and expressing the difference between barley brew, and barley stew, some of the bystanders would at times demure at not having the opportunity of tasting the brew as well as the stew, they thought it was scarcely fair that when asked to Judge between the two they had only one to taste. Roars of laughter would often be heard caused by the heckling of the speaker, sometimes they would have a tea with address after in some of the chapels and Schools but they gradually dimmished [sic] in number and volume, they did not seem to make much progress Suddickers in my judgement were always partial to the brew when they could get it. There was always a large vacant space in

Brougham St. from the front side East to the back side west of Collin Place, where stacks of timber were piled up, and was also a grand stretch for the clothesline. This place was built on for the Bottlemakers houses. The West side of Collin Place was occupied by Mr Hardie for his block and mast yard, and Joiners Shops etc. The Joiners shops stood almost upon the same sight as Mr Geo. Clarks Offices in the East and West direction. Many a keenly contested game of all fives has been decided against the walls. The Crown road was also a splendid piece of ground for pedestrian purposes many handicaps and matches has been run off there. There was a good high wall built on the North side the full length of the road. This road was well kept and laid with ashes and was a level a a [sic] bowling green. North of this and at the East end of this road was a large kitchen garden kept by Mr Ralph Wilson (Auld Ralphy) Cows and a grocers shop were the means of his living, he also had beer to be consumed on the premises, where the villagers could have a quiet gill in a quiet way with dominoes thrown in. Old Ralph had a large family, several of whom are still in the village, the named Samuel I believe the last of the sons I know very well, he married into the Gillespies family and lives almost alongside of me at the time I write 1893. The space West of this garden 39 or 40 years ago was open country under cultivation wheat potatoes and other produce. At the high end of the before mentioned Garden stood a very fine clump of trees just opposite the highest house in Ogle Terrace occupied at that time by the Rev James then Vicar of Southwick Church. In taking my friends further up the village to, I may say the space now covered by the Railway Hotel Police Station, Clockwell St., Albert Rows, Grey St., and West of that were all fields growing all kinds of produce 40 years or more since. Albert Row or Stoney Lane was a dreary road in winter time between the two villages, often enough people were knocked down and their weeks groceries taken from them as they came from the town there was no trams or anything of that sort in those days. The only mode was by Cab (which was rather too expensive) a luxury or shanking it. In transporting ourselves to high Southwick, I remember well the pond that stood opposite The Smith Arms and the Mill Inn, where the cattle quenched their thirst, great numbers of which came by road from Newcastle and outlying districts. It was the delight of the village lads to walk as far as the Castle to meet the drovers and assist them until they were out of the village. They sometimes would rest for half an hour or so to refresh. In dry and droughty weather covered with dust, with throats as dry as a tinder box they would stop at the Smith Arms or The Old Mill Inn and quaff their well earned pint of beer, while their faithful dogs and the boys kept watch. When ready to start once more much time would elapse before they could get the poor wornout creatures to leave the cooling and refreshing properties of the welcome water of the good old pond. This was the practice every Tuesday until good old King Coal with his Iron horse offered his leg saving, and comforting services no doubt with increased expense to the more modern biped. Should not be _____ at for all that I remember well going with my father to Newcastle races in what we might call Cattle-trucks with no cover, and wooden form for seats this as far as I am able to tell would be about the year 1845 or 7.

The road now named the Southwick or Sunderland road from the Pit to High Southwick was a long, dreary, and dangerous road at night time, there was another road by the fields which was entered by a stile rather to the North of the Half way house as we termed it. Through by the banking field where the gin stood to let the waggons down to Burdis kilns, down G. Thirlwell bank along by the poteries into the low town. This was the principal road for the working man who live in MonkWMOuth

and other parts of the town. There was a edge on both sides of the way from the half way house to 4 or five small cottages that once stood The Terrace now stands. I belive the front of the house mark almost the same place many persons were garroted on dark nights. Policemen were rather a scarce.....

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