

## The Autobiography of Henry Bateman

Dictated on death bed – only a few days before “passing away” and consequently never completed  
( *initialled by person unknown- cannot read initials – almost certainly his wife – 2<sup>nd</sup> Jan 2006* )

My life seems naturally to divide itself into the three following parts. - first from birth to nearly 5 years of age - secondly, from that period to about 9, thirdly from 9 to 14, fourthly from 14 to 19, fifthly from 19 to about 23, sixthly from that time to my marriage, seventhly from that time to the death of my first wife and termination of my widowhood, and eighthly from my second marriage to the present time ( June 25th 1879 )

I will first mention some particulars respecting my family

I was born on the 30th September 1806 in my father's house in the Churchyard, Burton-on-Trent. I was the 3rd son and the 6th child of Thomas and Jane Bateman (formally Jane Jordan). My father was a timber merchant born I believe at Burton-on-Trent April 28th 1768 and married my mother Jane Jordan at Abbot's Bromley November 26<sup>th</sup> 1795, of the firm of Parker and Bateman, who was thrown from his horse when about 40 yrs old about a mile from Burton-on-Trent on the Derby road. He was dragged in the stirrups. His skull was fractured, he was **??????** and died soon afterwards, I think on the 12th May 1808.

I have not the slightest personal recollections of my father, but know from family tradition that he was a clever (?) and industrious and prosperous man. At 17 years of age he was a schoolmaster, but afterwards became clerk to Mr. Clay the **?B...???**, who had a timber business also at Burton-on-Trent. In this, I believe, my father was chiefly occupied. He afterwards entered into partnership with Mr. Shellatt (**Probably Sherratt who was one of the Burton Brewers at this time**) one of the Burton brewers, and Mr. Parker, (**Probably Perks or Perkes according to AB and WH research**) who had married one of Mr. Shellatt's nieces. As timber merchant in a business which they founded in the Bond End, Lichfield Road, Burton.

This business was conducted by my father, who alone of the three understood it perfectly. He had I believe some compensation for his services, over and above his share as a partner - Mr. Shellatt was the most **?????** man of the three - and after he had ascertained that the business was going on prosperously, he generously divided his share between his nephew and my father, so that from that time the firm was "Parker and Bateman" - The following anecdote is related of my father as illustration of his industry and business capacity – He had purchased a cargo of timber, which was shipped from the Baltic to Hull and thence transmitted by the Thames Navigation Company to Shardlow – He had received information of its arrival there and rising at two in the morning, mounted his horse and rode then to Shardlow to see it forwarded to his wharves at Burton-on-Trent - In the interval between the purchase and its arrival, owing, I understand to the Napoleonic War, the price of timber had greatly increased in value and a man met him there who offered him £1000 for his bargain – my father accepted the offer on the spot and thus it was said "earned £1000 before breakfast !"

My father was fond of astronomy and left behind him calculations of eclipses for several years after his death - his love for my mother was "pure and undefiled" and was fully reciprocated by her in return - A regiment of about 1000 strong called the Burton Volunteers having been formed with the brother of the 1st Sir Robert Peel as its Colonel, my brother had a commission in it, as a Lieutenant and I still possess the sword worn by him.

My mother was the daughter of William and Anna Jordan and on her mother's side one of her

uncles was the Rev.Dr.Butt, another I assume that Dr.Butt was my grandmother's brother and Crumps and Salt the husbands of two of her sisters. Crumps surgeon at Albrighton, Shropshire, and a third (possibly by marriage ) - Mr.Salt the father of Henry Salt our Consul General in Egypt.

My mother had one sister Anna born November 18th 1762 and two brothers the older William Butt Jordan born June 27th 1764 and Robert born October 30th 1766, who died in childhood - my mother Jane Jordan was born August 31st 1771 and died on the 56th anniversary of her birth August 31st 1828 at Stratford-on-Avon, at the residence of her eldest daughter – she was not only the youngest child but appears to have been the favourite of the family - very pretty and attractive and much admired by her relatives at whose house she frequently visited.

My parents resided at Burton during their married life, first in a house in the High Street and afterwards in one of two houses in the churchyard, which were my father's property – the one we occupied was that nearest to the market place.

The fruits of this marriage were

William Bateman,	born Oct.16 <sup>th</sup> 1796
Anne Bateman	born Dec 28 <sup>th</sup> 1798
Jane Jordan Bateman	born Oct 27 <sup>th</sup> 1800
Fanny Bateman	born July 24 <sup>th</sup> 1802
Thomas Bateman	born January 13 <sup>th</sup> 1805
Henry (myself) Bateman	Sept 30 <sup>th</sup> 1806 &
Maria Bateman	born November 3 <sup>rd</sup> 1808

William became a merchant in London and died at 27 Hamilton Terrace Jan 24<sup>th</sup> /68 leaving a large grown up family.

Anne conducted a Ladies' School at Stratford on Avon for several years and then married Mr.Bielby of Billingham. She died at Edgebaston April 30<sup>th</sup> 1857 leaving her husband and 2 sons.

Jane Jordan was married to Mr.Dalleshe (**should be James Vallack**) a solicitor first of Burton upon Trent and afterwards of Derby - She died at the house of her daughter Mrs.Byron of Newcastle on Tyne - . Fanny or Frances died April 6th 1824 unmarried - aged 20 - Thomas became a sailor, and afterwards harbour and portmaster in the Bay of Islands, N.Zealand. He died at his plantation Ovalau Fiji September 28th /74. Maria died at Torquay Jan 26th /68 Aged 59.

My earliest recollections are first being at a Dame school in the market place, Burton-upon-Trent, suffering from earache and sitting on a low form in a room lighted by a bright fire – also getting scolded for walking by myself from the Church yard to my Aunt Anna's (then Miss Jordan) to New Street - to get there I had to cross the Market Place and High Street, perhaps a distance of 1/4 of a mile, when I was under 5 years old - I remember being put in a dark cupboard as a punishment for a few minutes only - I also recollect my brother Tom having put Maria who was lame from birth, into a bed of nettles in the Churchyard and my standing beside crying till assistance came to get her out - Before I was 5 years of age my mother took me on a visit to my uncle William Butt Jordan at Nottingham; he had no children of his own, but had married a widow with one daughter - He was sufficiently pleased with me to desire that I should remain for a while with his good wife and himself – their daughter being absent visiting some maternal relatives in Oxfordshire, - I think my mother complied with their request and I was left remaining there for about 5 years with the exception of a single visit home with my uncle.

On this occasion my uncle returned without me and I stayed at home a few weeks. Such were the difficulties of travelling in those days that we had to take our chance of a coach at Burton going from Birmingham to Derby and then another coach to Nottingham or to travel by a covered waggon. This therefore was the way in which I returned to my uncle being only 7 years of age I could not be trusted to secure my place in the Derby coach and so went in the covered waggon travelling all night and at the time feeling very cold although embedded in straw - Another illustration of the difficulties of travelling is furnished by a visit to Mansfield, the residence of Mr.Jordan's sister - The coach travelled daily driven by a Mr.Wright, its proprietor, which occupied fully three hours and a half to travel the 14 miles. In passing over Sherwood Forest we were alerted at the spot where on the preceding ?????? a poor girl had been murdered and thrown into a ditch - The body had been removed but the place was still stained with blood. The murderer was taken and stated that a voice impelled him when walking behind the girl to "kill her" He then took a hedge stake that was to hand and hitting her from behind murdered her easily - He was arrested and afterwards hanged at Gallows Hill, the only booty he obtained being the pair of shoes the girl wore and a few pence - For the shoes he obtained 3/- which occasioned his detection. **(This is the infamous murder of Elizabeth 'Bessie' Shepherd of Papplewick on 7<sup>th</sup> July 1817 by Charles Rotherham, a scissors grinder from Sheffield, there is a stone marking the spot at the side of the A60. So Henry would be at least 11 when passing this spot).**

On first arriving at Nottingham and before my mother left I recollect spelling out as well as I could the signs in the Market Place; on one occasion a few days afterwards seeing a hunchback under the Long Row, (could this read Tong Row ?) I had the inhumanity to strike the hump with my hand and was very properly reprov'd for it. After my mother had returned to Burton I was sent to a boys' school in Bolite Lane, Nottingham where I learned reading writing and arithmetic - a specimen of my writing at seven years of age is ... (??????).... by my wife - one of my most vivid recollections connected with my schooldays there is of a snow balling match between the "town boys and the country boys" on the school Bolite Lane was on a rising ground and the county boys took their station on the summit of the hill, whilst we town boys occupied the upper part of the ascent - they as a rule were older and stronger than ourselves, but were not quite as active - our leader was named Hardy and under his captaincy we speedily exhausted the snow immediately around us - We then retired a little lower on the hill that we might be possessed of fresh ammunition and the country bumpkins followed us, thinking they had gained the victory - To their dismay, we halted and actively plied them with snowballs to which they could not reply, because standing on over exhausted ground; So they speedily broke and fled ! and thus we, tho' apparently the weaker party gained a decisive conquest - Whilst at Nottingham I saw a bread riot on Burton Lees, the mob being dispersed with some little bloodshed by the military. I also heard a good deal of the Luddite proceedings, breaking machines etc. - and recollect the celebration of the victory of Salamanca - and at Waterloo

When I was about nine my aunt was attacked with typhoid fever and died - My uncle also took the same disease but happily recovered. - This illness gave me the first fancy for medical studies - and was the cause of my returning to my mother at Burton - My uncle left Nottingham for a while, and spent part of his time at my mother's and part at my aunts, who during my residence at Nottingham had become the wife of Mr.Moss of Beech Farm. Mr.Moss was a widower with three sons; he owned Beech Farm and also rented another farm in an adjoining parish - He superintended both farms himself, riding about on a large pony or Galloway, and was assisted in his farming operations by his two older sons - Joseph the eldest was the chief shepherd and Thomas, the second, the chief agriculturist. The farm was well stocked with about 36 cows, a considerable flock of sheep and plenty of pigs, geese, ducks, fowls and pigeons. There was a good stockyard well supplied with corn and hayricks, excellent farm buildings and stables and a blacksmith's shop on the premises -

In none of my visits did I see this last in use, but no doubt it was employed for shoeing horses. The house was a plain but very comfortable one. Its principal front was on the garden side - the kitchen and dairy being at the back and abutting on the farmyard. There was a well stocked orchard and I have never seen more beautiful apples than one of its trees produced - The garden was of good size and well planted with shrubs, flowers and fruit trees - its approach from the carriage drive was through a shrubbery which contained both filberts and hazel nuts. There was a thickset hedge well grown and well kept on each side and at the bottom a lower hedge separating the flower from the kitchen garden. The beds were arranged in parallelograms with box bordering and gravel paths on the outer side the outer beds were chiefly occupied by flowers amongst which I remembered roses and the roses white, damask roses (?) bayandas (*perhaps bayands ?*) and chinese roses – there were fine rhododendrons, peonies, lavender canterbury bells, bachelor's buttons, sweet williams, polyanthus and auriculas.

The house had 2 reception rooms that on the left the dining room and that on the right the best sitting room, there was a very convenient passage lighted from without, used as a storeroom and opening into the kitchen behind.

Although my aunt had been unaccustomed to it she became a capital farmer's wife and personally superintended the making of butter and cheese.

Mr. Moss understood veterinary surgery and I believe never employed a vet always prescribing for his cattle himself. He also on one occasion showed himself a capital surgeon. One of his labourers falling from the top of a rick on his head, dislocated it from the spine and was to all appearances dead – my uncle placing his knees against the man's shoulders, pulled the head into its place and the man did well.

Beech Farm was in the parish of Coldwell (**Caldwell**) Derby and was a very pleasant house to visit at. – there was abundance of all things necessary without extravagance – not only delicious brown bread and butter but honey from their own hives - plenty of cream etc for our tea. Our half holidays were frequently spent there, the distance from our home being two miles and a half on foot - and included a walk over the Black stones then crossing the Trent in a ferry, thence up Love Lane, through Stapehill to about a mile beyond on the **Greatham (Probably Gresley)** road whence we turned off by some meadows to Beech Farm. **Possibly the farm is Breach Farm in Caldwell - old spelling Cauldwell – same place. Thomas Moss was a farmer there in 1827 Directory and you can see it on the map. This all ties in with Stapehill and Gresley Road if you look at the map.**

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Michael T. George-Powell – January 2006.

Comments in blue by SMGP Oct 2007.