

*Derbyshire Family  
History Society*



The New Inn  
Codnor  
in the 1920s  
  
See Page 2

*Dec 2020*

*Issue 175*

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The Society will give advice on the telephone [01332 363876 OPENING HOURS ONLY] and also by e-mail. Research can be carried out by post or by e-mail, both in our own library and also at Derby Local Studies and Matlock County Record Office. We ask for a donation of £5 and if more extensive research is required we will advise you before carrying out the work.

## **MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTIONS**

The Editor will accept contributions both by post and by email. Large articles covering more than 4/5 pages will possibly appear over two issues. If sending by email please remember to include your name, address and membership number. Contributions must be received at least two months before the publication of the magazine because of our printing schedule.

## **ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS**

The Society subscription is due on joining and thereafter on 1st January each year and renewal notices will be sent out at the beginning of December with that quarter's magazine. At the moment rates are as follows:-

BRITISH ISLES per family [at one address] £15

Please pay either in person at Bridge Chapel House, by cheque or postal order addressed to the Membership Secretary, or by using PayPal via our website.

OVERSEAS—EUROPE £16 [magazines sent by air mail]

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For both the above payment in dollars or currency other than sterling please add the equivalent of £4 to cover the exchange charge. Alternatively payment may be made by PayPal with no extra charge incurred. Standing orders are also still accepted. All cheques should be made payable to Derbyshire Family History Society in full NOT just DFHS or Derbyshire FHS as the bank will not accept cheques made out in this manner.

Please Note! Our website now offers the facility to renew your membership online, using PayPal [an account or debit/credit card needed]. If you are unsure of your membership number please look at the address label on the bag in which your magazine arrived and you will find it the top corner. It would be helpful to quote this in any correspondence with the Society.

**Please renew your subscriptions promptly.** Due to the steep rising rates of postage no magazines will be sent out unless your payment is with us by the start of February. Sorry for the inconvenience but, as you can appreciate, the Society cannot afford to stand the cost of posting magazines that may not be wanted.

We are now offering the option of magazine in PDF format, sent by E-mail. Let us know if you are willing to receive it this way when you renew.

Thank you for your understanding and co-operation.

### **PLEASE KEEP YOUR SOCIETY INFORMED!**

Any changes in your postal or email address etc., please let us know so that we can keep our records up to date. Many magazines come back to us as the intended recipient has moved house without letting us have the information.

## MEETINGS 2021

**DERBY—FRIENDS MEETING HOUSE, ST HELEN'S STREET,  
DERBY—Tuesday at 7.30 p.m.**

Jan 12th	Social Event—Welcome Back
Feb 9th	Bits and Bobs—Bob Neil
Mar 9th	The Tercentenary of James Brindley—Cliff Lea
Apr 13th	Maidens, Murderers and Monsters—Ann Featherstone
May 11th	The Mistresses of Henry VIII—Maureen Taylor
Jun 8th	Vic Hallam, One Man & His Company—Robert Mee
Jul 13th	Knitters, Nailers and Traitors—David Skillen
Sep 14th	Peak District Paupers—Tim Knebel
Oct 12th	The Lumsdale Valley—Julian Burgess
Nov 9th	Catherine Crompton's Diary—Stephen Flinders
Dec 14th	Christmas Social

### Front Cover Picture—New Inn, Codnor

The distressing accident which occurred in the deep hard coal seam of the Tunnel pit, belonging to Messrs Oakes and Co, at Pye Hill, on Wednesday, whereby a Codnor miner named Ferdinand Burgin, aged 41, of Tanners lane met his death, was inquired into at the New Inn, Codnor last Friday.

The chief witness was the deceased man's son, Ernest, aged 16, a pony driver, whose first day it was at work in his father's stall, although he had been engaged at the pit some time. The boy explained that the pony refused to start and deceased came to give the tubs a push. He had just got between the tubs when the pony started with a rush. Deceased could not get out of the way and in the darkness, his lamp having gone out, caught his head on the projecting roof, dislocating his neck. He died immediately without uttering a word.

The jury returned a verdict of accidentally killed.

*Derbyshire Courier, 23 Nov 1907*

## **FROM THE EDITOR**

Welcome to the last issue of a very peculiar year indeed. Most of us have had more than enough of the problems that have beset us all and are only hoping for a better 2021. Certainly can't be much worse!

We are still unable to welcome visitors to BCH, but being optimists we are hoping to do so next year and Brian has also arranged meetings to start in January. The Quaker House is open with certain measures in place, so fingers crossed we will be able to at least have some sort of get together going on, even if we do have to sit six feet apart.

Most important this time. Postage costs are rising all the time and including several extra pieces of paper with your magazine, most of which are thrown away, is not an option. Therefore renewal forms, bankers orders and gift aid are no longer included. Please turn to page 7 for instructions to renew this year—and we certainly hope you will do so. Incidentally this will also help the environment, a cause which is very close to my heart.

With no visitors I am taking the chance of catching up with my filing and various other jobs that frequently get left. Our shelves are groaning with all sorts of articles on villages, trades, people, diaries, various histories, family trees, and basically anything you can imagine. If you fancy sitting and having a browse through our library contents and find something that you might be interested in, please let us know. We can either scan it to you by email or post it out, depending on what it is. There is a real treasure trove of information there.

Well I think that is all for this time, this year in fact. Please think about writing something for your magazine, you just never know what it might yield. All of you take care, stay safe and have the best Christmas you can under the circumstances.

All the best

*Helen*

**IMPORTANT:** Just before this mag went off to the printer came the news that we are going into lockdown again. If you are renewing by cheque, follow the instructions on Pg 7, but please send them directly to the Membership Secretary at her home address. This will help us enormously, thank you all so much.

## CONTENTS

	<u>PAGE NO</u>
Society Meetings 2021	2
Front cover picture—New Inn, Codnor	2
From the Editor	3
The Tale of Two Letters	5
Renewals	7
Childhood Memories of Christmas in Old Risley	8
A Puzzle Answered	12
Welsh Ramblings	13
Lace Mills	22
Two Japanese Headstones—Part 2	26
You Tube Video	30
An Attempted Suicide	31
Chairman’s Report 2020	32
Society Accounts	34
Most of us are Descended from Slaves	36
Caroline Ann Smedley	40
Derby Borough Court	43
The Cokeyne Family	44
Difficulties with Registers	48
Derbyshire in the 1861 Census	50
The Talbot Papers	51
A Story from the Blitz	52
What’s In a Name?	57
Sixty Years On	58
Chapel en le Frith Primary School	63
Derby Victims of an Air Disaster	64
Members Interests	67
Churches of Derbyshire—61 Codnor St James	68
An Old Fashioned Country Funeral	70
Death by Drowning	72
Derbyshire Home of the Past	74
Research Centre and Library Update	75
New in the Library	76
New Publication	Inside Back

## **The Tale of Two Letters or A Pandemic Tale**

My Father's Mother died in the flu pandemic just days before the end of World War One.

After my sister died just before Christmas, I recovered from her home an unbelievable amount of information in the form of photographs, letters, notebooks paintings and other random jottings much of which was Family History related. There was so much that I am still working through it today. One afternoon in August I was working my way through a photo album while researching my Great Aunt Margaret Walker Bevan when I came across a letter written to her in pencil. It was far from easy to decipher. Before I go on I must very briefly outline part of my Family Tree.

John Bevan married Harriet Sarah Walker and they had two daughters before John died 13<sup>th</sup> July 1885 aged just 26. Harriet married John Cranfield, a widower with two children. John and Harriet went on to have three children together (as if trying to make my Family Tree more complex). The first daughter born in 1882 from Harriet's first marriage was the above mentioned Margaret Walker Bevan. During the Great War (1914-1918) was Margaret worked as a nurse in Mesopotamia not returning to the UK until 1919.

The second daughter from the first marriage was, Sarah Jane Bevan; she was born in 1885. She married Charles Wesley Gordon in 1908 and had three children; Francis Charles (my father), born in 1909, Donald Henry in 1912 and Margaret Amy in 1916. Sarah Jane's mother Harriet Walker wrote the letter I had found to her eldest daughter Margaret Walker.

*Nant y gorse Villa  
Llangyfelach  
Nov 9<sup>th</sup> 1918*

*My dear Maggie,*

*I have been trying all week to write this to you and failed, as I know it will really break your heart as it has mine. Oh Maggie our poor Jennie passed away. ~~Monday~~ Tuesday Nov 5<sup>th</sup> she took flu and in her weak state she had no chance to pass it off. We are burying her Monday Nov 11 at Cwmgelly. I am too upset to write more this time. Will next time Charlie and Amy both lying*

*very ill at the time, but are better now. The boys had it first but are getting on nicely now, we don't quite know yet what Charlie [my Grandfather] is going to do. Nellie [one of his sisters] in there at present. Excuse more this time. We hear today the war may be over soon so perhaps we may see you soon. Much love from all at home*

*I remain your  
poor sad  
Mother*

About half an hour later I discovered a second letter, also written in pencil but this time more legibly. This second letter was written by my Grandmother Sarah Jane to her sister Margaret not long before she died.

*25, Manor Road,  
Manselton  
Swansea  
Oct 11<sup>th</sup> 1918*

*My Dear Maggie,*

*I have had several letters from you since I have been ill, but have not been able to answer them. I am writing this in bed, I cannot even sit up yet. Of course Mother has told you about me; she was here for three weeks with me but her poor legs got so bad she had to go home. Now Nell is here. Of course I am getting better but still I am not able to move much. Nurse got me out of bed this morning to make the bed, so that is a good start; the Nurse still comes twice a day. It is nearly 5 weeks now since it happened. The cause of all the trouble was a large abscess somewhere on the Pelvic Bone. It has broken now but I have suffered agony with it. Baby had been dead about a fortnight before it was born. I have been very near death and oh how I wished you were here, but enough about me. How are you, it will be your Birthday in a few days time [22<sup>nd</sup> October]. 2 years ago I had Amy Christened on your Birthday. Annie has taken Amy ever since I have been in bed. She is a darling too, and tells all the people that Mammy is not bad "she is only tired" and the way she says it is so quaint. Frank and Dan are quite well except of course Frank's head. He is home from school again, but he is just like an old man in the house. I suppose it will be almost Christmas before you get this. I hope you will have a good time. I wonder where you will be, One of your letters came yesterday, you were still in Amara then. [Amara in Mesopotamia - now Iraq]. Aunty Rachel and Margaret Ann are often here; they send their love. Johnny Gordon has just come home from France. He has been to see me this afternoon and wishes to be remembered to you. There is great excitement today about the war. They seem to think that the end is not very far off. I shall be glad*



*because you will not be long before coming home. Well Dear I cannot write much more this time. I hope you are all right, Nell sends her love. Charlie is quite well. With fondest love from all, your loving sister  
Jennie*

My Father Francis Charles, being the only one able to attend his mother's funeral had to lead the funeral procession on Armistice Day while presumably everyone else was celebrating. My Mother told me following his death that the trauma of that day lived with him all his life. The loss of a fourth child was never mentioned.

Margaret finally returned to England via Suez and Marseilles, landing at Dover at Christmas at 1919. Demobilized in January 1920, Margaret worked briefly at the Borough of Hornsey Isolation Hospital before being offered the job of Matron at the Farnborough and Cove Memorial Hospital then being set up to honour the local residents who had laid down their lives in the Great War. The hospital was opened by Earl and Lady Haig on 12<sup>th</sup> July 1921.

*Dave Gordon [Mem 7241]  
E-mail: [d.e.gordon@ntlworld.com](mailto:d.e.gordon@ntlworld.com)*

## **RENEWALS 2021**

### **IMPORTANT—PLEASE NOTE THE CHANGES**

If you have a STANDING ORDER for this Society you do not need to take any action. If you do not have an existing standing order and wish to set one up for the future, please email the DFHS and we will send you the relevant details.

If you pay through the website by Paypal or card, please go online, follow the instructions and renew for next year.

If you pay by cheque and post, please send your subscription to Bridge Chapel House [address inside front cover] and enclose details of your membership number, address and email. If you are a taxpayer and wish us to recover Gift Aid on your subscription, please indicate this.

Thank you for your co-operation. There are no separate forms with the mailing this year, we are saving costs and helping the environment.

## CHILDHOOD MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS IN OLD RISLEY

*[The following was written by Teresa Hooley [1888-1973] the daughter of Basil Hooley and his second wife Mary. They lived at Risley Lodge in early years. Teresa later made her name as a poet. This was probably written in the 1960s.]*



*Risley Lodge. It later burnt down when in the process of being demolished*

“In all of my childhood memories of Christmas in old Risley I can never recall an unwhite Christmas, always the picture comes of a sunlit, sparkling, snowbright village scene. Yet during those years there must have been an occasional unseasonable Yuletide, because I can remember our old gardener saying lugubriously “*There’ll be no snow come till after Christmas, more’s the pity;*

*a green Christmas makes a full churchyard”.* Churchyards, anyhow, were the last thing to occupy a childish mind at that particular time; there were so many other exciting and glorious things.

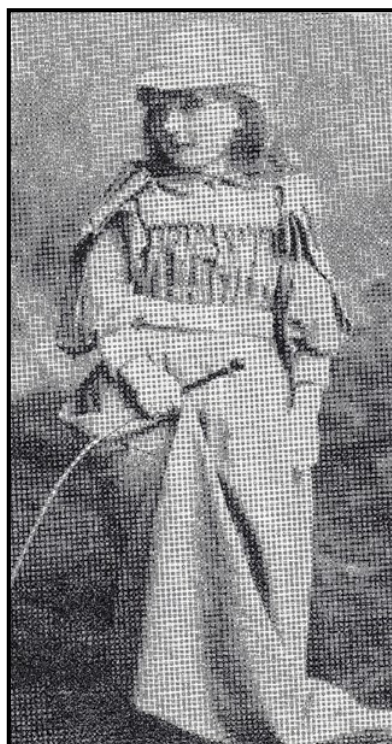
For days before Christmas my mother would be busy packing up parcels on the big dining-room table; toys and oranges for the village children, tea and “woollies” for their mothers [always my father sent joints of beef to his tenants and employees, and always the coachman’s wife, who used to open the drive gates, received a tweed or serge dress length from my mother – my father paid the dressmaker’s bill when it was made up]. These parcels we children used to take round the village on Christmas Eve, feeling a rush of love for everybody, not only for those recipients who would ask us inside and offer us a mince-pie or a sip of home-made dandelion wine.

The village was like one big family, we all knew one another and took a great interest in each other’s doings, not from nosiness or inquisitiveness, but because of a warm feeling of belonging to a parish community. Today enthusiasts of the Welfare State are apt to sneer at what they are pleased to call “the bad old days”, nevertheless, in spite of some undeniable abuses, wrongs and exploitations, many people were happier then, thrown on their

own country resources, than they are in these times, with the “blessings” of the cinema, press, radio and commercial television. Certainly they seemed happier at Christmas.

After trotting round the village distributing gifts during the morning and afternoon of Christmas Eve, we decorated the house with holly and evergreens brought in by the gardener, plus mistletoe brought from Derby by mother. To get to Derby we had to walk or drive to Draycott Station [2½ miles away] or drive eight miles in an open dog-cart, or [if the weather was bad] in a closed brougham, with the coachman in top hat and overcoat trimmed with large metal buttons bearing the family crest. He had a habit of working his right elbow up and down and to while away the tedium of the long drive, we children used to play a game counting how many times he performed this trick in five minutes. The total was quite incredible. The brougham used to be parked in the yard of the St James’ Hotel, and to there the parcels were sent [no-one dreamed of carrying their own packages away from the shop].

Following the decoration of the house [one large bunch of mistletoe in the hall, another for the staff over the kitchen door] and the frenzied sending off of last minute cards and parcels by post, came the thrilling ritual of present giving by and to the occupants of the house. My mother held the theory that it was better to do this on the eve of Christmas, as by spreading the thrills over two days small minds were less likely to get over excited. Then came bedtime and the hanging out of stockings over the rail at the bottom of the beds. The present habit of hanging out pillow cases would not have been tolerated, especially as we had had our big gifts already. Moreover I am sure someone would have remarked that Santa did not like greedy children and that, failing to find the time honoured socks and stockings he would go off in a huff with his reindeer and very likely leave nothing for us at all.



*Teresa aged 5 in her riding outfit*

After ‘grown up’ dinner, the children safely asleep in bed, would come the

Waits, the authentic village Church Choir, singing carols outside the house in the still cold air. Guerilla bands of small children had, of course, been coming sporadically for pennies many evenings before, but this was the real thing. All the old favourites – “Good King Wenceslas”, “Away in a Manger”, “Good Christian men, rejoice”, “Once in Royal David’s City”, and then, stamping snow off their boots and blinking in the lamplight [no electricity or even gas, when I was a little girl] the men and women and boys would come into the big kitchen, where they would be regaled with beer and mince-pies. I still remember little Tommy D., who was “walking out” with our housemaid, refusing beer because he was “teetotal”, then saying that he “could do wi’ a sup of old port!”. There was nothing for my father to do but to look pleasant and produce a decanter of his treasured ’84. This reception over, off they would all go to the next port of call [not probably the ’84 vintage] and we would all go sleepily to bed.

Sometime after midnight, when we were just dropping off, would come a loud brassy blare – “Christians, awake, salute the happy morn” – from the Sandiacre or Stanton by Dale brass band, whichever happened to get there first. My father would climb out of bed, feeling, as he afterwards observed, never less like a Christian, and toss a golden sovereign through the window to the sound of “*Thank’ee sir, Happy Christmas*”, and off they would go. Santa Claus never seemed to fill the stockings till after the Waits and the bands had been, probably he knew that the cheerful noise would wake us up prematurely.

At last the morning of Christmas Day would dawn. Before it was really light I would crawl on the quilt to the bottom of the bed, and grope with fearful excitement for the stocking. Yes it was knobbly and bumpy, Santa Claus had been! Very quietly, so as not to wake Nanny, I would undo the safety-pin that held the black cashmere horror to the rail, and lift it on to the bed “just to feel, only to feel”. You could at least tell the shapes of apples and oranges in the dark, and even sugar pigs – white ones, or pink, with a twist of darning wool for the tail. Then I would snuggle down until light came to the window, and perhaps, or perhaps not, fall asleep till Nanny came to wake me. Before I dressed I was allowed fully to empty the stocking. These were pre-Woolworth days, but the joy I derived from penny toys, sticks of chocolate and sugar-covered biscuits featuring animals in white icing, plus a cracker of two, was immense. Perhaps, too, there would be pencils, slate and otherwise, and one of W.T. Stead’s “Books for the Bairns” covered in pink paper. O, happy, happy morning.

Down to breakfast and off just before eleven down the long drive with mother to the service at the little village church, with dear old Canon Massey

preaching and lovely white chrysanthemums on the altar. There would be Holy Communion after the service, but this time mother would not stay as she usually did. She had her own rather odd reasons. Though a very good churchwoman she used to say: *“No my dear, I am not staying for Communion. I like to think of the Baby Jesus on His first birthday without any thought of His coming Crucifixion. Also with all the excitement of Christmas my mind is not properly concentrated on the Sacrament.”* Which was at least sincere.

After “Good Mornings” and “Happy Christmases” to fellow worshippers on coming out of church, back again up the drive to home and to the regulation Christmas dinner; turkey with stuffing and sausages, bread sauce, sprouts, potatoes, plum pudding – with the thrilling possibility of finding, in the portion on one’s plate, a silver sixpence, a silver thimble, a silver elephant or other charm – and then dessert – oranges, almonds and raisins, nuts, crystallized fruits, Elvas plums, grapes [the gardener always managed to save a bunch for Christmas day out of the vinery], and a sip of the aforementioned ’84, to feel grown up.

After dinner, a good look at the Christmas gift books. Probably one or two of the Andrew Lang Fairy Tale books, Yellow, Red, Blue or Green; or a story by Mrs Molesworth or L.T. Meade [I always liked these, because they were about dashing, naughty schoolgirls – *“Such a pity they are always about bad girls”* said my disapproving governess], or an annual like “Chatterbox” or “Little Folks”. Then a walk with the dogs *“to get an appetite for tea”*, and after tea, before bedtime, a hymn or two, with mother at the piano and us choosing our favourite hymns or possibly carols again.

The next day, Boxing Day, would see the advent possibly of yet another brass band, from somewhere else, it might be Ilkeston. A visit to the pantomime, at Nottingham for preference, would be a great event on one of the succeeding days; and there would be parties, with Christmas trees or even a daytime return visit of Father Christmas. On Twelfth Night or by Twelfth Night, all the decorations would have to be taken down. They should not really have been burnt, since mistletoe was sacred to the Druids and there were also pagan superstitions about holly, but sometimes they were indeed incinerated. Then, all too soon, back would go the brothers to their prep school at Spondon House, where the Rev Mr Priestland ruled, and back would go the little sister to the schoolroom and to lessons with her governess, whom she truly loved. Always I doted on long and mellifluous sounding words, and once, feeling particularly affectionate, I gave her a smothering squeeze and breathed emotionally *“Oh you darling demoralised Miss Smith”*.

And Christmas was over for another year, when again might be heard the children singing the Beggar's Rhyme:

“Christmas is coming, the geese are getting fat,  
Please put a penny in an old man's hat.  
If you haven't got a penny a ha'penny will do;  
If you haven't got a ha'penny, well, God bless you.”

I shudder to think what would happen if we put a ha'penny or even a penny, in an old man's hat today.”

### A PUZZLE ANSWERED



I was delighted to read the article “Who Do You Think They Are” from Val Brown Sept. Issue 174.

The photograph includes 2 of my great uncles, James Archibald Hearnshaw [Archie] second left back row and Leonard Hearnshaw far right middle row. The family were from Brimington.

I was curious about the Australian style hats, but had not been able to find anything about the uniform. If I had just googled ‘slouch hats’ the answer was there, explaining the Derbyshire Yeomanry serving in Salonika during WW1 and the wearing of the Australian slouch hats.

Thank you for solving a puzzle

*Stephanie May [Mem 8219]*

## Welsh Ramblings – Grundys and Powneys

I am back on trying to identify old photographs – the frustration of not knowing whom a photograph is of, being occasionally eclipsed by the satisfaction of being able to put names to faces. Even more so when it sets you off on further research and provides material for an article! (In this case, much of what I have found is not directly related to my family, but once I get my teeth into something.....!).

This particular photograph has escaped my attention for too long – I did take a look at it some time ago but had no idea who the people in it were. However, while having another look during a lockdown tidy up, I had an inkling that I had seen the adults somewhere else. And, lo and behold, in an old album they had been identified in separate photographs as my great-grandmother's sister Emma Smith and her husband Henry (Harry). And the young girl? More of her shortly.



**Henry Smith** and **Emma Allen**, both aged 27 and both of 47, Stockbrook Street, were married in the Parish Church of St Luke in Derby on 28th March 1891.

Henry was a carter and Emma was a servant. One of the witnesses was my great-grandfather John Baker. In the census soon after, Henry and Emma were at the same address, with two lodgers and a servant. Henry was now shown as a Laborer (sic) and from Derby; however in the 1901 census he was shown as being from Morley in Derbyshire and on that basis, and knowing from their marriage certificate that his father was Henry, I think I have found him in the earlier 1871 census with his parents Henry and Eliza and siblings Anne and George in Morley. (In the 1881 census I think the 18-year old Henry was a servant at Rectory Farm in Breadsall).

Back to the 1901 census, and Henry (now a caretaker) and Emma were living at the Caretakers Lodge (Poor Law Offices) in Bramble Street. (They must have moved there by 1895 as Emma's mother, Eliza Allen, died there in June

of that year). They also had a daughter, Mary (sic) who was born c1890 in Derby. Once again, I was helped by my Uncle Peter's notes, which stated that Harry and Emma had an adopted daughter, May, who married Sydney Powney. I assume therefore that May is the girl in the photograph – taken by *The Portland Photo Co.* of Bramble Street which ties in very nicely with where the family were living.

(According to “*Keene's Derby*”, edited by Maxwell Craven and published by Breedon Books in 1993, there were three professional photographers who worked in Bramble Street – Thomas Battersby, whose studio went to – Edward Smith, who was succeeded by – Francis Birch).

**May Gertrude Grundy**, a bank clerk of 12, Bramble Street, married Sydney Harry Powney, a “Sapper Royal Engineers (Railway Clerk)” in Osmaston Road Baptist Church on 3rd April 1916 – so that gave me May's surname as well as her father; Thomas Grundy, a “Traveller” (presumably a travelling salesman). May was born on 10th February 1890 at 134, Abbey Street to Samuel Thomas Grundy and Mary Ann (nee Routledge). The birth was registered by her father (stated as T Grundy) who was a commercial clerk and his address was given as 11, Lea Road, Gainsborough, Lincolnshire. In the following year's census May and her mother were visiting Mary Ann's widowed mother, also Mary Ann, at 15, Drewry Lane in Derby. The younger Mary Ann (born c1862) was shown as married – so where was her husband? Perhaps, as a “Traveller”, he was only ever “passing through” Derby?!

(Drewry Lane was close to Stockbrook Street, where Henry and Emma Smith were living in the same census, so did the two families know each other?).

Well, **Samuel Thomas Grundy** and Mary Ann Routledge had married in Derby in 1887 – so at least we know that they did marry! However, Samuel Thomas Grundy or Thomas Samuel Grundy has proved very difficult to track down. Given his address on May's birth certificate, I did think I had found his birth – in Lincoln – in 1868, but that Thomas Samuel died the following year.

There was a birth of a Samuel T Grundy registered in Derby in 1866 (mother's maiden name Thompson) and in the 1871 census a Thomas Grundy, born in Derby c1866, his parents William (born in Dale Abbey) and Charlotte (born in Burton), and siblings John (born c1860 in Liverpool) and Susan (born c1865 in Derby) were living in Matlock Green. Ten years later they were in Stretford in Lancashire – and Thomas's siblings were Frances



(the Susan from the previous census – Frances Susanna), Gertrude and Frederick. Then, in 1891 a Thomas Grundy, born in Derbyshire c1866, was living in Peterborough with his sister Gertrude (a housekeeper) – but interestingly he was shown as married, so was his wife the Mary Ann back in Derby with the young May?

By 1901 it looks like this Thomas Grundy had married (again?), to Louise, and they were living in Burton (Thomas Grundy married Louise Kitson Hill in Stoke in 1900) – Thomas was a “clerk, money lenders”. In 1911 they were living in Boston in Lincolnshire and had a son, Reginald – Thomas was still a “Clerk (Money Lenders)”. In the 1939 Register Thomas, Louise and Reginald were living in Barnsley. It looks like Thomas and Louise both died in 1944. I can’t be sure that this is May’s father, or even if it is the same person through the years, but if so, he certainly seems to have moved around a lot.

Assuming it is the right Thomas; it looks like his mother Charlotte had been married before; a Charlotte Thompson married Gervase Beard in Derby in 1855, but he died in 1859 and in the 1861 census the young, widowed Charlotte was a servant at Vernon Street Ladies Boarding School. A Charlotte Beard married William Grundy in Derby in 1863. As for Thomas’s father William, in the 1861 census he was a Barman in Liverpool – but was shown as married, so who was his wife and where was she? (Interesting that in the 1871 census William and Charlotte had a son who was born in Liverpool c1860 – maybe William’s son from his first marriage?).

Even the two Mary Ann **Routledges** looked like they were going to be a mystery too, until I found them as **Rutledge** in the 1881 census living at 134, Abbey Street – where May Grundy was born in 1890. The older Mary Ann was already a widow, but her sister, Harriet Chester being at the same address helps identify her marriage – Augustus Rutledge married Mary Anne Chester in 1854, but Augustus died in 1864. Also there in 1881 was the younger Mary Ann’s sister, Jane (born c1856).

In the 1871 census the two Mary Ann’s were at the same address, but living with Mary Ann senior’s parents Thomas and Mary Chester, their children Susan and Harriet and the younger Mary Ann’s older brother John (born c1856 – or should this have been Jane?). In 1861, while the Chesters were in Abbey Street, Augustus, Mary Ann, Jane, and Marian (sic) were lodging in Stockbrook Street. Both Jane (1855) and Mary Ann’s (1859) births were recorded as Rutledge/Chester!!

In the 1901 census Mary Ann Rutledge was living at 3, Devonshire Place and I think she died aged 78 in 1907; the death notice in the paper just gives the date as 19th December and the address as Bramble Street – was she staying with her granddaughter and her adoptive parents? But what of her daughter, Mary Ann Grundy? I cannot find her in the 1901 census, and she may have died aged 47 in 1907 – the same year as her mother? Again, the notice of death gives few details other than the date, 31st March, and the address, 46, Belgrave Street and so I cannot be sure that this is the right person. Given that her husband may have remarried before 1911, perhaps Mary Ann had died before then, or even remarried?

So, let us leave the loose ends of the Rutledges (or however it is spelt!) and the Grundys and return to Harry and Emma Smith.

In the 1911 census **Harry Smith** and May were still in Bramble Street and Harry was still a caretaker – but there was no record of Emma. I think I have speculated before in these pages as to whether Emma was one of those women who refused to take part in the census in protest at the Government's refusal to grant women the vote. Or perhaps I just can't find her.

Just in case it was the former, it had been reported in "*The Derbyshire Advertiser*" of 10th March 1911:

*"On Wednesday evening, a suffragist meeting was held at the Derby Temperance Hall, under the auspices of the Women's Social and Political Union. It was announced as a mass meeting, but the attendance barely numbered a hundred. The principal speaker was Mrs. Brailsford of London. There was only one dissentient in the meeting, a man who occasionally commented upon the speech of Mrs. Brailsford. Referring to the holding up of the Conciliation Bill, Mrs. Brailsford, who is the wife of the hon. secretary of the Conciliation Committee, declared that if it did not pass in the present session, women would use every means of protest in their power....."*

*As to the census boycott, Mrs. Brailsford, while admitting that it would be unwomanly action and would spoil the returns, contended that the step was justified by the end in view, that of proving to the Government that women were in earnest in demanding the vote. She did not think it would have an adverse effect upon the fortunes of the Conciliation Bill."*

I have also mentioned before that I have been unable to find Emma Allen's

birth certificate – although she was an Allen on her marriage certificate and in the 1871 census (where she was shown as born in Nottingham), both her older sister and brother’s birth certificates gave no father, and show their mother with her maiden name of Jennison. In 1881 there was an Emma Jennison, born in Nottinghamshire, who was an inmate in a Penitent Females Home in Lincoln.

Sometime post-1911, Harry and Emma moved to Chapel St. Leonards in Lincolnshire and Emma Smith, wife of Henry Smith a retired caretaker of offices, died aged 75 on 22nd January 1936 at Hewson Lodge, Chapel St Leonards. In the 1939 Register the widowed Henry Smith, born 12th October 1862 and a “Caretaker (Retired)” was living on his own at Hewson Lodge, Skegness Road. I think Henry died in 1941, aged 78.

May Grundy’s husband **Sydney Harry Powney** was born in Derby in 1891. His parents Walter and Sarah Ann (nee Rice) had married in Coventry in 1871. The 1901 census shows them living in Brighton Road in Alvaston; Walter and Sarah Ann were both from Coventry and Sydney’s older sister Beatrice had been born there (1876) while another sister, Winifred, had been born in Derby (1883). Walter was a watch maker and jeweller, working at home. In 1891 the family were living in Freehold Street in Derby.

In the 1911 census Walter (now an Institute Manager), Sarah Ann, Sydney and his younger brother Cyril (1895) – both railway clerks – were living at the Welcome Institute, 158, Brighton Road. (The census return states that there had been eight children of which one had died. As well as Beatrice, Winifred, Sydney and Cyril there were Florence (c1871-1873), Nellie (1873), Edith (1875) and Walter (1879)).



*The Welcome on Brighton Road. Was it a Temperance Hall [see below]*

Interestingly in the 1881 census, when the family were living at 45, Crosby Street, there was an older son shown – Arthur, aged 14. However, this would mean that he was born four years before Walter and Sarah Ann were married. Arthur Rice Powney married Ellen Mary Kniveton late in 1884. One of my contacts, Michael Kniveton, has discovered that he was born Arthur Kelsey Rice – Sarah Ann’s father Edward being named as the father. So, presumably Walter and Sarah Ann adopted Arthur? (Michael has traced the Powney family back to James Powney, who was born c1780 in Warwickshire and christened in Coventry).

Regarding the Welcome - in “*The Derby Daily Telegraph*” of 31st December 1901 under “*Derby Borough Transfer Sessions*”:

*“At the ordinary transfer sessions for the borough of Derby, held at the Town Hall this (Tuesday) morning, Mr. W. Blews Robotham made an application on behalf of Walter Powney for a music and dancing license for the Welcome, Crewton. The magistrates present were the Mayor (Ald. A. Woodiwiss). Messrs W Hall, R Hudson, R Jefferson, J W Gandy and A Ottewell. – Mr. Robotham said his application was for an ordinary dancing and music license for unlicensed premises, the Welcome, which was a working man’s and temperance club, and was situated on the Brighton-road, Crewton, and up to November last was in the county, and not subject to the regulations and requirements of the Derby Improvement Act. The premises were owned by Mrs. Blews Robotham, and Mr. Powney had charge of them. He had a photograph of the room, which was 18 feet by 30, and was used twice a week during the winter months for a private dancing class, and fortnightly for a social entertainment. He (Mr. Robotham) had doubts whether the license was necessary, but in order to be on the safe side he made the application. At the musical entertainment no paid talent was employed, and the dancing class was not open to the public, but only to members of the class. If it was necessary to make the application he hoped the Bench would grant it. – The Mayor: Is the application necessary? – Mr. W. H. Whiston (the magistrate’s clerk): Yes, I think it is. – The Mayor said the license would be granted. – Mr. Robotham undertook that no refreshments should be served after ten o’clock, and the Bench granted the license till 10.30. The Chief Constable pointed out that there was a public bar, but Mr. Robotham said that it was closed at ten o’clock. They would be*

*pleased to serve their Worships there if they came before that time. (Laughter.) – Mr. Robotham then applied for an extension of the dancing license that night until two o'clock, there being a New Year's Eve dance. – The extension was granted."*

Walter Powney died in 1920, as reported in "*The Derbyshire Advertiser*" of 21st February:

*"The Late Mr. W. Powney. – Amid many manifestation of sorrow, the funeral of the late Mr. Walter Powney, of Baker-street, took place at Boulton Church on Saturday. The deceased, who was taken ill on Tuesday, and passed away on the following day, was for upwards of 27 years in the employ of Messrs. Johnson and Son, jewellers, afterwards becoming manager of the Welcome Institute. He was one of the founders of the Baptist Chapel and Sunday school at Alvaston, and worked with untiring zeal and devotion for the cause he had so much at heart. All his life he had been an enthusiastic temperance worker, and was instrumental in the organisation of the Derby Division of the Sons of Temperance, being the deceased was regarded in the locality was evinced by the attendance at the church, where, in addition to many old friends, deputation were present from the Sons of Temperance and the Derby Temperance Society. The mourners were: Mrs. Powney (widow), Mr. W. J. Powney, Mr. S. H. Powney, Mr. C. B. Powney, Mrs. G. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Poyser, Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, Mr. Wood, Mrs. W. J. Powney. Floral tributes were sent by: Wife and Cyril; Walter and Jeannie; Beat, Dick and Hilda; Winnie, Bob and Kathleen; May and Sid; Edie, George and the kiddies; Bert; Mona and Bob; Ena; Edna; Ald. and Mrs. W. B. Robotham; Mr. Pegg, Mrs. Woodward, Beatie and Alsie; Mrs. and the Misses Ryley; teachers and scholars of Alvaston Baptist Sunday School; Alvaston Baptist Chapel; Sons of Temperance; Nellie and family (Beeston); Stanley and Ronald. A memorial service was held in the Baptist Chapel at Alvaston on Sunday afternoon, when the pulpit was occupied by Mr. J. Pritchard (Derby), who made touching reference to the life work of the deceased, testifying to the inspiration derived by the example he had always set before them."*

I think Sarah Ann died in 1926.

In the 1939 Register May and Sydney Powney and their son Derek (born

19th August 1922 at 19 Commerce Street in Derby) were living in Crewe. Sydney was a chief clerk in the railway wagon department. Sydney died in Crewe in 1950 and May died in Birkenhead in 1974.



*May and Sydney Powney – a another photograph from a family album*

In Crewe's "*The Chronicle*" of 18th March 1950:

*The funeral took place on Friday of Mr. Sydney Harry Powney, aged 58, of "Sunnyside", Crewe-rd., Haslington, who died on the previous Sunday. Mr. Powney, who was a native of Derby, gave 43 years' service to the Railway Co. He moved to Crewe in 1935, being employed as chief clerk on the carriage and wagon staff at the Station. He moved to Haslington in 1939. For several years he was personal assistant to the Vice-President of the former L.M.S. Company. Mr. Powney was a keen amateur photographer.*

*The Rev. J. Lloyd Jones conducted a service at Haslington Parish Church, at which the mourners were: Mrs. S. H. Powney (the widow), Mr. D. W. Powney (son), Mr. and Mrs. C Powney (brother and sister-in-law), Miss E. Baker (cousin), Mr. S. M. Dodd, Mrs Lloyd Jones, Mr. and Mrs. R. Bates, Mrs. And Miss Grundy, Mr. F. Wright, Mr. F. Basford, Mr. S. Mason, Mr. W. A. Rowe, Mrs. L. J. Cox, Mr. W. Goodwin, Mr. J. G. Robson, Mr. P. Proudlove, and Mr. J. E. Dean.*

*Wreaths were sent by Mother and Derek; Cyril, Lilian, David and Mrs. Nourse; Beattie, Dick and Hilda; Winnie and Kathleen; Winnie, Stan, Gladys and Ron; Emma and Kathleen; Rob and Mrs. B. Lloyd Jones; Stan and Joan Jean, Roy, Anne and Judith; Mrs. Grundy and Thelma; Mrs. Leach and Nellie; Mrs. Plant and Edwina; Mr. and Mrs. Robson; Mr. and Mrs. D. Taylor; Mr. J. E. Spink and staff of Divisional Outdoor Assistants' Office, Crewe Station; Mr. and Mrs. Bignell (Southsea); all at Sandfield House Farm, Haslington."*

(The Emma and Kathleen who sent a wreath were my grandfather's sister Emma Baker and their niece Kathleen Moore – Emma and Kathleen, along with Emma's mother Eliza Ann, had lived next door to Harry and Emma Smith in Chapel St. Leonards. The photograph that began this article was in an album that belonged to Emma, given to her as a 21st birthday present in December 1903).

**Derek Walter Powney** continued to live on the Wirrall but never married. Michael Kniveton sent me several pieces of information concerning Derek, including this photograph of him. He served in the R.A.F.V.R. from 6th June 1942 to October 5th 1946. He died in March 1993.



The name **Grundy** reappears in the family history in my father's 1944 diary. Not only does it contain May and Sydney Powney's address, but my father makes references to "Aunty May and Derek" and to a Thelma Grundy, who also lived in Crewe. Thelma was born in 1921 and her parents were Marsden Grundy and Nellie Hallmark who married in 1918, but I have not yet worked out the relationship between these Grundys and May Grundy's natural father (if, indeed, there is one). Note that in the above newspaper report of Sydney's funeral, Thelma and her mother sent a wreath.

I think I had better stop there for this time. As always, do please get in touch if any of the above has any interest to you.

*Simon Baker [Mem 7958]  
E-mail: S-BAKER1@sky.com*

## LACE MILLS

*A report printed in the London Evening Standard, 20 Oct 1840*

Extract from “the second report on mills and factories, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed 13<sup>th</sup> of April 1840”.

**R.J. Saunders, Esq., Inspector of Factories.**

Have you many lace mills in your district?

*I have about 30 mills. Derby and Nottingham have always formed a portion of my district, and there, of course, is the great body of the lace trade.*

What are the usual hours of work in those mills?

*The usual hours of work about Nottingham, 20 hours a day, being from four o'clock in the morning till 12 o'clock at night. About Chesterfield, the report I have had from my superintendent is that they work 24 hours, all through the night, in several of the mills there.*

Are there many children and young persons in those mills?

*The proportion of children and young persons is less in lace mills than in others, but it is necessary to have some of them. The process of winding and preparing the bobbins and carriages requires children and young persons; those that I saw so employed, were from 10 to 15 years of age.*

Are the children detained in the mills during a considerable period of the day and night?

*I can speak from information derived from two or three mill owners, and also more extensively from reports of one of the superintendents of my district, whom I directed to visit some of the mills, and I should say, that in most of the mills they do detain them at night, in order to be ready when wanted; the hours at which they are at work are not excessive, because they may in eight hours do what is wanted for keeping the machinery at work for a great many more hours.*

Are those mills in which the children are detained all night, mills worked by hand, or by power machinery?

*The power factories are the only ones I have had an opportunity of entering into, but the parties that have given me the information about this, assure me that it is more frequent in mills where the machinery is worked by hand.*

Are the children that are so detained liable to be detained throughout the day, and do they sometimes begin their work at 12 o'clock at night?

*In the mills at Nottingham, there are owners that make it a rule that*



*they will not keep the children after eight or nine, or ten o'clock, according to the inclination of the mill occupier.*

Where are those children during the time they are detained in the mill?

*When detained at night and not employed, I am told they are lying about on the floor.*

Consequently those young children are detained very many hours indeed from their homes?

*They are in some mills.*

Is it customary to close on Saturday evening, in lace mills?

*I think it is.*

How then do they compensate for the loss of those four hours' work in those mills?

*By working all night on Friday; those are the mills in which they pay so much for their power; but Fisher and others, who have their own steam engines, do not make an habitual practice of doing so.*

Must there not be a considerable wear and tear upon the physical constitution of children who are kept in this state?

*I think there must be; I think it self evident.*

Is there any possibility of their obtaining education under those circumstances?

*None whatever, except on Sundays.*

But after 120 hours' work in the week, is it possible that they can have much capacity for study on the Sunday?

*It is not always that the same children are kept 24 hours, because some mills have two complete sets of hands for their machinery, and they work the same set of hands only 10 hours.*

But even under those circumstances, it must frequently happen that the same children are employed during the night twice or thrice in the course of a week?

*The practice generally is, that they take the night work for one week, and then the next week the morning work.*

So that during one whole week they are employed in the night work?

*Yes*

At the end of a week during which they have been employed in the night, do you think they have much capacity left for study on the Sunday?

*No, their hours of work are very great; my own opinion is, most decidedly, that either turning out at four o'clock in the morning, or being kept out of bed at night, must be most injurious to children, both to their physical constitution and their mental powers.*

Do you recollect this passage in one of your reports: "These factories consist of buildings in which persons of all ages and sexes are congregated together; the young persons and children are removed from the protection and control of their parents, and are thus subject to all the evils of the factory system?"

*Exactly so. The effect of the hand mills at Norwich is exactly the same; in fact the steam engine and the water wheel do not injure the child, they benefit it, inasmuch as they propel the machinery at one regular speed throughout the day, which cannot be secured by machinery propelled by hand.*

Have you made any calculation of the proportion which the machines worked by hand bear to the machines worked by power?

*From the best information I can get, the number of hand machines very much exceeds those worked by power. There are about 800 or 900 lace machines worked by power and between 2200 and 2300 by hand.*

Would it be consistent with the general principle of the Factory Act to apply its provisions to machines worked by hand?

*It depends a good deal upon the meaning of the term 'general principle'. I deem the general principle of the Factory Act to be protecting children from improper labour and giving them every advantage necessary for their health and their education; and taking that as the general principle, I should say it would.*

Would there be any difficulty in including within the provisions of the act, all those children that attend upon machines worked by hand?

*I do not think there would if the hand factories were described the the number of persons employed in them at one time.*

The law, as it stands, does not prevent the children from being employed even 20 hours?

*It does not apply to lace mills.*

Therefore the period of duration which the child is employed depends upon the varying humanity of the individual proprietor of the mill?

*Yes*

If a child is kept in winter till 12 o'clock at night, and has then to go home and return to the factory in the morning, a distance of two miles, does not she undergo fearful hardships?

*Certainly*

Is that the case?

*It is the case, as I am informed.*

Is not it the practice in the more respectable factories, to have two sets of bobbins to each machine, so as to enable the children employed in winding the cotton upon the bobbins, to do it at the most convenient time of day while it is light?

*I only know one factory that I visited where that is done; that is at Derby. Boden and Morley do so. Where they have two sets of bobbins, putting the children employed in those mills under the same restrictions, and giving them the same education as in a cotton mill, would not, in my opinion, interfere with the labour in such mill, or injure the mill occupier at all. Having two sets, they can then prepare one set while the machine is going on with the other.*

Then, where this great abuse exists of keeping children at work very late hours at night, or very early hours in the morning, it arises from the necessity of so employing them, in consequence of there being only one set of bobbins attached to each machine?

*Exactly.*

Then a legislative enactment would be useful to the masters who provide two sets of bobbins?

*Decidedly.*

The children are obliged to be in attendance, even though they are not at work?

*Yes.*

To what extent are they worked beyond 10 hours?

*How long they are actually employed in those mills is not stated.*

If you cannot say how long they are obliged to work, can you say how long they are in attendance at the mill?

*I am told that they are in attendance as early as four or five in the morning, and at other times kept up till 10 or 11 at night. If a piece of goods happens to come off at 9 o'clock, it takes three hours to prepare it and the children cannot leave till 12 o'clock.*

## TWO JAPANESE HEADSTONES [part 2]

Back in Japan, Dan went back to the cemetery and took the photographs for us and also made enquiries at St Mary's church where the Sowers were parishioners.



Elizabeth's headstone, in a traditional style was probably ordered by Edith, whereas Edith's was erected by the pupils of the Second Commercial School. They were buried in a section outside the Doshisha Cemetery, not actually within its perimeter. St Mary's still pays a small annual tax on the graves and once a year on All Saints Day, they go there to pray for their long since passed flock.

Dan found an article that originally appeared in the St Mary's newsletter and now on the church website published in 2001 about a gentleman who had memories of the Sowters and mainly concerned Annie Elsie Sowter, who disappeared from English records after 1881. The website also corrects the relationship as aunt and nieces.

*Contribution by Sh ōzō (Joshua) Tateishi*

Annie Elsie Nancy Sowter

Near the grave of Nijima Jō , the esteemed founder of Doshisha University, can be found the Wakaōji Cemetery of St. Mary's Church of Kyoto. Within lay the graves of families associated with St. Mary's, the Iwaki family, the Nakayama family, and the Hayami family. Laying alongside them you will also find a monument to Bishop Channing Moore Williams of the Williams Theological Seminary, and the graves of Edith Sowter (passed Nov 13th 1921) and Elizabeth Sowter (passed Mar 14th 1913). The two sisters were well known parishioners of St. Mary's, and in truth they had another younger sister who from 1909 to 1938 (from the age of 31 to 60) taught at the Kyoto First Municipal School of Commerce. That person was Annie Elsie Nancy Sowter.

One day in 1992 Reverend Haruo Kotani was visited by a Mr. Tokujiro Kai of Nashio, in the Miyazaki region of Hyogo Prefecture. Though now advanced in years the former students wished to hold a joint ceremony at St. Mary's for the 3 Sowters. Rev. Kotani, knowing that I (the author) had often travelled overseas, lightly entrusted the matter to me.

According to Mr. Kai, Annie was born of Scottish descent in Blackheath, London in 1879. She graduated from Cambridge South Kensington. Having been at one point married to a young aristocrat and then widowed. Some time around 1907, relying upon her sister she came to Japan. In 1902 Japan and the UK entered into an alliance ushering in a prosperous era for both nations. Perhaps it was the promise of such prosperity during these 'honeymoon years' that led the Sowters to Japan.

In 1926 Annie was commissioned by the Kyoto Municipal Government to take charge of the English Conversation program at the Kyoto First Municipal School of Commerce (where she had been teaching since 1909). By this point her monthly salary was 300 yen. If one considers that Hyakken Uchida, an author, academic, and former student of the acclaimed author Natsume Souseki, allegedly earned only 83 yen a month while teaching German at a Naval Academy, 300 yen does seem quite the princely sum. (nearly 500,000 yen in today's currency)

July 1937 brought the onset of the Second Sino-Japanese War. Following the attack by the Japanese Navy on the HMS Ladybird and other ships during the Fall of Nanking in December of the same year, suspicion arose that the Chinese would now be backed by the Americans and the British. From 1938 to 1940 a movement of foreign exclusion swept through the nation, scattering the hopes of a life and career in Japan for even the harmless and kind-spirited Annie Sowter. In April of 1938 Annie was ultimately forced to return to Great Britain.

Back in the present day Mr. Kai, having travelled all the way from Miyazaki in Hyogo Prefecture and being so obliging of my (the author's) busy schedule, also entrusted me with newspaper clippings from his youth and letters he received from Annie, back in England.

**\*most of what follows outlines the charitable works of a Mr. Noel Crockett (sp?) and therefore has been abridged\***

Having shared Annie's story with him [Mr. Crockett] he took on the task of searching for a death certificate overseas. He first checked at offices in Great Britain, and then following hearsay that Annie may have crossed the pond to California, inquired with an office in Sacramento. Both inquiries came back empty.

**\*the remainder is the author waxing poetic about how due to the war, not only Ms. Sowter but many of her students left Japan, never to return\***

Dan also visited St Mary's church and spoke with the pastor there. He was very helpful, searching through various records finding only the burial record. Death in each case was listed as heart failure but a later addition to Edith's suggests she died from influenza. Post WW1 Japan was hit pretty badly by the "Spanish Flu" epidemic. He was also able to contact the author, Joshua Tateishi Shozo of the above article, now quite aged and suffering from memory loss, he was unable to recall these events or the documents that were passed on to him.

This was unfortunate as they might have offered so much more information but I have managed to piece together a probable history for the three Sowter ladies.

From the Japanese records it would suggest that all three were somewhat economical with the truth. In a foreign land, who was going to contradict them. Elizabeth, the only one to keep the name she was baptised and

registered with died in 1913 aged 69 whereas she should have been 74. Emily Edith Jane reversed her first two Christian names and dropped the third, died in 1921 age 41 (according to the Consulate records) whereas she should have been 52 and Annie Elsie adopted the alias Nancy, died in 1946 in Hampstead age 78. This age is correct but all information in Japan has her 10 years younger. The idea that she had married into aristocracy and been widowed seems somewhat fanciful. Would she have reverted to her maiden name rather than impress with a title? I found no such marriage. It is possible that there was a Scottish connection some generations back.

It is also possible that the article was wrong in some respects written after their deaths by someone who was Japanese.

As previously mentioned, all three ladies disappear from the English records after 1881, when they were all in Derby. Elizabeth and her mother, Hannah have provided Emily Edith and Annie Elsie with some education but they were not trained as teachers. The article has Annie graduating from Cambridge South Kensington but where was that? I have looked in Cambridge Alumni but she was not there and there doesn't appear to be a South Kensington college nor was there a Cambridge college in South Kensington. Another story or a misunderstanding. Again from the article, it appeared that Annie went to Japan with the help of her sister, was she already out there? I have found no early passenger list that included any of them and I am not sure which of the Doshisha schools they taught at as names appear to have changed. The Doshisha English School for boys was founded in 1875 followed in 1876 by a girls school.

In 1930 when Annie travelled to San Francisco her contact in Japan was given as Miss Florence Denton of Doshisha Girl's School Kyoto. She also travelled there in 1937 and stayed with her sister-in-law, Amy Lizzie Sowter. Was she perhaps thinking of living there when she retired? Annie was employed at the school from 1909 until 1938 when hostilities against foreigners were increasing. Her pupils went to Kyoto station to say good bye to her. She was on a passenger list bound for London in 1938 with an proposed address in Haringay given. In 1946 she was living in Hampstead where she died. Her will gave her name as Annie Elsie otherwise Nancy Sowter. In one place she was listed as the younger sister when in fact she was just one year older than Edith and they appear to have spent much of their life together. I am disappointed not to be able to find them between 1881 and 1909 and it would have been nice to find out more about their life in Japan but the Kyoto Records Office is being refurbished at present. Perhaps Dan will be interested enough to go there when it reopens. Who knows there might be Part 3.

I would like to thank Dan for his interest and contributions, Dan's wife and his friend for translations and also thanks to the Pastor of St Mary's for his input.

This is an extract from one of Dan's emails.

“Yes it is strange how I kind of dropped into all this, genealogy isn't something which I really gave much thought to in the past, but when I came across those ladies graves I was caught by the bug. I suppose if it were just some names I probably wouldn't have taken any further action. However it was the "A native of Derbyshire" which gave them a bit more of a personality, if that makes sense. And I'm glad I did find them because what I have learnt so far has been fascinating. Although my wife is slightly perplexed that I'm so interested in the history of some ladies that I have no actual connection. I think it is that they are from relatively close to home and they would have been pioneers of their time, some of the first foreigners coming to teach in Japan after it opened up to the international community. And here I find myself a hundred plus years later following in their footsteps as an English teacher.”

*Ruth Barber*

### **YOU TUBE VIDEO**

The secretary of the Midland Railway Society, Dave Harris, has produced a 25 minute video called Spirits of the Midland Railway, which is now available on You Tube. Filmed in Nottingham Road Cemetery it tells the story of many railwaymen who are now buried there. Having shown it at the recent AGM for the Spondon Society, they asked him for permission to send the link in to us. Thank you Spondon.

I found it fascinating and I hope you enjoy it as much as I did.

The link is as follows:

<https://youtu.be/5slwQUCqQv0>



## AN ATTEMPTED SUICIDE

Once upon a time – in the tradition of all the best stories – a baby was baptised in 1738, in the village of Stoney Middleton, daughter of William and Joan Baddeley. She was named Hannah and grew into a lovely young woman. She developed an infatuation for a youth named William Barnsley, who was quite the womaniser, but for a time the couple were close and everyone expected that it would end in marriage, as was the natural order of things at that time.

However William didn't see it that way and his attitude began to change. From eagerly seeking Hannah out, he now began to turn away from her, his words to her became cold and it was soon clear that he wanted nothing more of the relationship. Poor Hannah found herself unable to endure the consolations of comforting friends and jibes of unsympathetic neighbours, instead she brooded over her grief for months.

By 1762 the burden had become unbearable and Hannah decided on suicide. Climbing the steep grassy slopes to the west of the village, she reached the highest point overlooking the chasm of the Dale. She laid her hat, scarf and gloves on grass at the top of the rocks and calmly leaped over the precipice. But instead of crashing headlong to her death, she found her fall arrested by bushes and brambles growing from projecting ledges of rock, in addition to which her crinoline skirt formed a parachute, and she finally rolled into a dry saw pit at the bottom.

Several spectators hurried to the scene, expecting to find the mangled body of the girl, but were surprised and relieved to find her dazed and uninjured, except for a few cuts and bruises. Tattered shreds of her clothing clung to the brambles above.

The shock of her fall was such that Hannah was completely cured of her infatuation and survived the experience, but unfortunately not for long. She died two years later having never married and left a fortune of £180. Her sole memorial is the entry in the parish register that reads "Hannah Baddeley, buried 12 December 1764". One has to wonder if she had some sort of injury that day which contributed to her early death.

The building near where Hannah landed on that fateful day was a hostelry, which was renamed Lovers Leap and which stood there for many years until magistrates refused to renew its licence, when it became a private dwelling. In the 1960s it eventually became a café and once again was renamed as "The Lovers Leap Café" and it is still a popular stopping place today.

### Chairman's Report 2020

On behalf of your committee I have pleasure in submitting the Annual Report on the activities of the Society in 2019. The committee has met formally on five occasions in Derby and kept up informal consultation between meetings. We welcomed Brian Slack, who was elected to the committee at the 2019 A.G.M and has undertaken the organisation of a programme for the Derby meeting. We urge members to keep in mind the possibility of nominating others to serve, or volunteering themselves. The committee are trustees of the Society's funds and responsible for policy and its implementation.

The main activity of the Society continues to be the transcription and processing of data and the upkeep of our extensive collection of family and local history. In the year under review this work was partly done at Bridge Chapel House, where people enjoyed each other's company as they entered the data from the records of parishes and institutions. The bulk of our transcribing is done at home by members who are not easily able to come to our library. Some of this work is still posted out, or collected from the Library but electronic transfer of data has made an enormous difference over the years. Gone are the days when a meeting was given over to filling in slips for our huge paper index. In the light of events in 2020 this has been providential, since it has enabled us to continue our work through lock-down.

Postal queries have all but disappeared and email queries have shrunk. People seem to turn to us when all else fails. Here the experience of our volunteers comes into play, for they often know facts which are not evident on-line. Although we can push people into new research, beyond the dead end they have reached, we sometimes have to share the sad news that there is no more data, because of missing registers or relatives who chose to disappear for their own reasons. As always, the library saw a handful of visitors from the other side of the world, on pilgrimages to their ancestral homes in Derbyshire, and we have tried to make them welcome and encourage them.

The flood defences have been completed and we now have a different set of contractors to admire, as the former Silk Mill buildings are revitalised as a museum. It will be good to have more footfall near our own building, especially as the museum will attract people who have interest in history. We have renewed our lease here for another three years on the same terms as before. At the time of preparing this report we have implemented various measures to protect our volunteers and have remained closed to visitors.

We have continued the Derby meeting at the Friends' Meeting House in St Helen's Street. Helen and Ruth have kept the meeting going but have now stepped down and Brian Slack has taken up the running of it. Brian put

together an excellent programme for 2020 but that had to be suspended once the lock-down came into effect and the hope is that it can be resumed in 2021. Amongst the casualties was the April meeting, which was intended to incorporate the Annual Meeting. Having waited for a few months to see if it could be held the committee have abandoned it for 2020 and have agreed this Report to be circulated amongst the members. We hope to resume in 2021.

Helen again produced four excellent issues of our magazine in 2019 and has kept up publication in 2020, in spite of the difficulties. This is our main link with members near and far, although we now also have a following on the new web site, to which we keep adding data. The magazine is now available electronically to those who request it. Members may always ring us on Tuesday or Thursday and get advice with any problem, or email us. Although the Library is still closed to visitors at the time of preparing this report a few volunteers are now able to offer a service there. Lost membership numbers, or wrong email addresses, are usually the cause of problems with our web communications. Thanks to Nick Higton we also now have a Facebook page. We encourage those living at a distance to use social media to promote the conversations we are not able to have in person. Like all organisations we have to observe data protection legislation. At the 2019 AGM we updated our constitution to take account of changes since 1989 when it was adopted. The main details remain the same but we have reduced the quorum for meetings, to reflect our present attendance, and updated references to the Federation.

Our Secretary, Ruth, has kept the minutes and correspondence but also worked with Helen in keeping the Library up to date and running. In 2019 they were often working at Bridge Chapel House when the rest of us believed it closed. Mike Bagworth, our valued Treasurer, has prepared the Annual Accounts, which will be circulated with this report. Catherine Allsop-Martin has made regular reports as membership secretary, reminding us that the recruitment of new members lags behind the loss of old ones. She deals with the complications of data protection and assists members who find access to the website a problem. Linda Bull continues to look after our publications, though sales have now shrunk to a new low, as so much of our data is available online. Without such volunteers there would be no Society.

The special circumstances of this year mean that we have not been able to carry through the routines of nomination and election of the officers and committee. As the trustees of the Society we have decided it is our responsibility to remain in post until the emergency has passed, in the hope that we can resume meetings and elections in 2021. On behalf of the membership I extend thanks to all our committee members for their continuing service.

**DERBYSHIRE FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY**

**BALANCE SHEET as at 31st DECEMBER 2019**

	2019		2018	
			£	
<b>FIXED ASSETS</b>				
Furniture, Fittings and Equipment :				
Opening Net Book Value	1,602.15		1,862.57	
Add Assets Purchased in year	760.79		739.58	
Deduct Depreciation in year	1,000.00		1,000.00	
Closing Net Book Value		<u>£1,362.94</u>		<u>£1,602.15</u>
<b>CURRENT ASSETS</b>				
Charities Official Investment Fund - Deposit account	20,326.40		23,198.29	
Lloyds TSB Term Deposits	<u>20,000.00</u>	40,326.40	<u>20,000.00</u>	43,198.29
Cash & Bank : Lloyds TSB Current Account	4,122.67		6,174.97	
Floats in Hands of Officers	<u>305.00</u>	4,427.67	<u>305.00</u>	6,479.97
Pay Pal		2,043.45		50.28
		<u>£46,797.52</u>		<u>£49,728.54</u>
<b>NET ASSETS</b>		<u>£48,160.46</u>		<u>£51,330.69</u>
<b>REPRESENTED BY:</b>				
ACCUMULATED FUND Brought forward		51,330.69		59,322.61
ADD SURPLUS (DEFICIT) FOR YEAR		-3,170.23		-7,991.92
ACCUMULATED FUND Carried forward		<u>£48,160.46</u>		<u>£51,330.69</u>

Michael Bagworth  
Treasurer

**ACCOUNTANT'S REPORT**

I have examined the foregoing financial statements, which are in accordance with the books maintained by the Society. In my opinion, the financial statements give a true and fair view of the Society's affairs as at 31st December 2019.



**S J WELLS & Co**

Chartered  
Certified Accountants

82a Vestry Road, Oakwood  
Derby DE21 2BN

**DERBYSHIRE FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY**

**INCOME AND EXPENDITURE STATEMENT for the year to 31st DECEMBER 2019**

	2019	2018
	£	£
<b>INCOME</b>		
Subscriptions	13,036.68	11,096.00
Income Tax recovered through Gift Aid	1,536.80	1,578.71
Donations and Members Contributions	2,160.14	324.00
Sale of Publications	90.95	208.32
Interest on Investments	349.32	595.52
Postal Research	881.55	562.82
FFHS Pay per View	9,058.12	10,066.14
Pay as you Go on Website	140.00	185.00
Sundries	6.10	17.06
Meetings, Open Days, Coach Trips etc	-	-
	<u>£27,259.66</u>	<u>£24,633.57</u>
<b>EXPENDITURE</b>		
Sundries	-	-
Stationery, Postages etc	537.12	1,711.68
Meetings, Open Days, Coach Trips etc	1,606.02	596.02
Journal	9,558.05	9,445.83
Reference Library	26.44	35.00
Insurance, Fees, Charges & Affiliation to FFHS	1,499.55	726.51
Equipment, Maintenance, including photocopier	440.00	83.98
Examining Accountant's Fee	480.00	470.00
Bridge Chapel House	14,886.71	14,236.47
Website	396.00	4,320.00
	<u>£29,429.89</u>	<u>£31,625.49</u>
<b>NET INCOME (DEFICIT) against EXPENDITURE for the year</b>	<u>£( 2,170.23)</u>	<u>£( 6,991.92)</u>
<b>ACCUMULATED FUND</b> Brought Forward	£51,330.69	£59,322.61
<b>Add SURPLUS (DEFICIT) for the year, as above</b>	£( 2,170.23)	£( 6,991.92)
<b>Ddt Depreciation</b>	£( 1,000.00)	£( 1,000.00)
<b>ACCUMULATED FUND</b> Carried Forward	<u>£48,160.46</u>	<u>£51,330.69</u>

## **MOST OF US ARE DESCENDANTS OF SLAVES: THE CASE OF THE ALLESTREYS**

Whilst it is relatively easy to trace the descendants of very grand Norman families from the 12<sup>th</sup> century, it is exceedingly rare to be able to do so for the posterity of less significant players in the upheavals which followed the Norman settlement. Yet it is possible (bar two short lacunae) in the case of at least one Derby family. This is the Allestreys [*sic*], more or less traceable from the late eleventh century to the present day.

Furthermore, in these rather challenging times, when the spectre of slavery is continually being raised, it is salutary to realise that the present day descendants all appear to descend from a man who was a slave or, as it was termed in the 13<sup>th</sup> century, a villein or serf: an unfree individual, wholly owned by his feudal lord and who rendered service and produce in return for subsistence and a roof over his head. The institution was ended (topically enough) by a plague, in this case, the Black Death of 1347-49 which decimated the countryside and effectively manumitted all persons then remaining in servile bondage.

The Allestrey family emerge in the late-twelfth century as humble villeins of the Abbot of Darley, and took their surname from the then vill of Allestree immediately north of the town, over most of which the very grand Touchets of Markeaton were the feudal lords, holding the estate from the Earls of Chester. The earliest whom we can identify is Richard de Alardestre, who witnessed a charter concerning land at Sandiacre in the 12<sup>th</sup> century.' It may be his father or grandfather had been installed as a sub-tenant of Joscelin de Touchet of Markeaton sometime after the estate was confirmed to the latter by the Earl of Chester in 1073, as a reward to a follower, or for an existing Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Norse tenant already in possession and not tainted by adherence to Harold II. The second of the two *Domesday Book* entries for this holding actually names a sub-tenant, Colle, a man probably of Norse heritage, who paid rent of 10/8d (53p) to Joscelin. Richard de Allestrey, who witnessed a charter in the early years of the twelfth century, was probably his son. Thus, as was the convention, when Colle's posterity needed a diacritical name (an identifying second name), it was derived from the place where they held land. As Allestree is an unique place-name, we may be sure we are dealing here with a single family with a common ancestor.

Yet something must have gone awry in his life or that of his heir, whether it was a son or a nephew, for the next member of the family on record was Thomas de Allestrey and Alice his wife. Somewhere in the late 1240s, Robert

de Tuchet of Markeaton gave to the Abbot and Canons of the Abbey of Darley, for the good of his soul, William son of Alice de Adelastre *nativum meum cum tota sequela* ('my villein with his whole brood') along with the land upon which he lived and that which he toiled. Probably his father had got into debt of some kind, and the person to whom the debt was due – one of the Tuchets no doubt – enslaved him, rendering his progeny unfree as well. The majority of the people in Allestree then would also have been unfree. Elias, the only son, was slightly later recorded as belonging to the church at Mackworth as the villein of the parson, another Tuchet.

Yet all was not lost: something over a decade later we find Abbot Walter of Darley granting this William (son of Thomas and Felicia his wife) three acres of land at Allestree, referring to William as 'whom we have liberated' – so, thanks to the munificence of the Abbot and Canons, William had gained his manumission and had become free. William also had a brother, Robert, who must have also been manumitted (granted his freedom) at some similar period (the record is lost), for his son Richard was also free and holding land at Breadsall.

Yet it was not the last benison bestowed upon Elias and his family for by 1307, his second son, Henry had become 'Lord of Allestree' – an astounding case of social mobility. He, though died without issue, whereas the eldest son left only a daughter, Ellen who married William de Dethick of Dethick asnd Codinton (Cotton's Farm, Derby). Elias' descendants, through another of his three sons (Richard) are clearly traceable for a further century to William, holding land in chief at Allestrey and Alvaston in 1347. His brother Henry was in 1323-1326 living in London as one of the four clerks and auditors of the exchequer. Thereafter the detail of the descent becomes obscure for two or three generations until Thomas de Allestrey is discovered as MP for Derby in 1466 and holding the same parcel of land in Alvaston. No doubt Nicholas de Allestrey, MP for Nottingham in 1393 and living in 1422 was also a descendant, and he and his wife Emma left posterity in that town which survived for some generations.

From this Thomas Allestrey MP we skip to his grandson William, holding land at Alvaston and Turnditch, which it is presumed he acquired by a marriage, the record of which is lost. Glover's *History of Derbyshire* tells us he acquired the estate in Alvaston, one of a number, for the manorial estate had been divided and part given to the Abbey of Dale, which founded a grange there. Glover was unaware that the family, as sub-tenants of the Abbey of Darley had probably managed to buy their holding from the Abbey's sequestrators. William was also MP Derby in three Parliaments 1541 -1555, and served as bailiff of Derby five times before his death at a great age

in 1581 (Derby was governed by a pair of bailiffs from the fifteenth century until 1635 when a mayoralty was granted.) It is William who is at the head of the pedigree submitted to the heralds at the Visitation of Derbyshire in 1634.



*William Allestry M.P.  
[Lithograph from Cox & Hope,  
1883, the Chronicles of All Saints]*

From this point the family became very prolific, leaving cadet branches at Turnditch (from which the estate passed to the Gregsons), Coventry, London and Ault Hucknall. Meanwhile, the great-grandson, William Allestry (1588-1655) was elected to the Long Parliament in 1640. A barrister, he acquired the former College of All Saints' and St. Alkmund (dissolved 1549) from the Suttons as a town house (still there, much rebuilt), for he served also as Recorder of Derby. He was a zealous Royalist, however, isolated in a Parliamentary-supporting ocean, come the Civil War and, in 1643 he was deprived of the Recordship and his seat in Parliament. When his first wife Sara Smith died, he caused to be erected an impressive mural monument to her in the north aisle of All Saints' church (now the Cathedral, and one of the very few in England with a coffin integrated within it) in which he touchingly described her as 'beautifull dust'. He

died in 1655, impoverished by Parliamentary sequestrations.

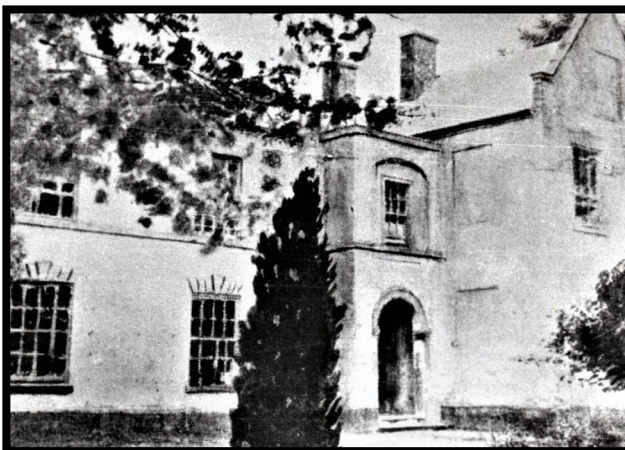
His children by Sarah all died without issue, but by his second wife, Mary, daughter of William Agard of Foston (and widow of his first wife's brother) he left issue with whom the Alvaston Hall estate remained until his grandson Henry died, leaving it to his nearest male heir. Unfortunately, his will was successfully contested by his daughter's husband, John Tempest Borrow (of the Castlefields family) and the cousins, Messrs. Allcock, Dexter and Shaw, had not the resources to contest the legal case. The MSS relating to this piece of legal sleight of hand came up for sale at Neale's salerooms in Derby in November 1990; I read them all but was both unable to secure them for the museum nor copy them properly.

Recorder William had a third brother George, a lawyer of Inner Temple and a



fourth, Roger, who succeeded his elder brother William as MP Derby at the restoration. The latter was succeeded as MP by his son, William, of Allestree Hall, who acquired Whitton Hall, Warwickshire through his second wife; their posterity became extinct in the 1730s. There were also uncles: Richard a ‘celebrated astrologer’, Robert of Uppington-on-Tern Salop. (whose younger son, Revd. Dr. Richard Allestrey was a memorable Provost of Eton) and James, a London goldsmith.

The disenfranchised branch of the family, deprived of the Alvaston estate, remained as farmers at Allestree but moved to a farm at Morley in the 1720s. Two daughters of William Allestrey of Morley (1720-1793), Patience and Elizabeth, married, the elder to Henry Shaw, whose descendants moved to Smalley and Derby and where they are still



*Alvaston Hall*

flourishing, whilst the younger married William Dexter, whose family moved to Derby too, leaving numerous descendants including the well-known Derby family of Moulton, of which the most memorable member was the late Ted Moulton of The Scaddows, Ticknall. Another even more remote branch farmed at Ambaston and have distaff descendants in London, one of whom, Anne Allestree (*sic*) published a delightful volume of diaries about fifteen years ago, *Seize the Day: Diaries 1969-1999* (Sinclair-Stevenson, London 2006). The Morley branch also threw off cadet lines settled in relatively humble trades at Oundle, Northants, Wisbech, Cambs. (one of whom, Levi was in 1845 transported to Australia and reputedly left issue there, too), and Romford, Essex.

All of which is not bad for a family reduced to serfdom in the twelfth/thirteenth century only to be fortuitously freed, to rise to the landed gentry and some considerable eminence!

*Maxwell Craven*

## CAROLINE ANN SMEDLEY

*Mrs Smedley was the wife of John Smedley of the Hydro fame. Born in 1822 as Caroline Ann Harward, she married John Smedley in 1847 and died in 1892. She was an interesting character in her own right as shown by the following article, written about 1965 and taken from our library shelves.*



“If you should think we have grumbles with the National Health Service, rest assured that our ancestors fared much worse. Ignorance, groping medical experiments and guesswork all took their toll of health and life. It was not unheard of for the patient to feel and be worse after the treatment than he or she was at the beginning. At least patients suffered the most incredible discomfort and, very often, with little remedy to their ills.

Doctors in those days – even up to the later part of the nineteenth century – were not the educated established men of today. nor were assistants or anyone who had to do with health. If you were ill and sought advice, it was all largely a question of luck – on the value of the treatment and on the integrity of the person who was advising you.

Trial and error abounded, but in some cases they did manage to use their common sense to great effect, even if, by today’s standards, the methods they used were unethical. One woman who used this common sense to very great advantage was a Mrs Smedley who, with her husband, ran the Hydropathic Establishment in Matlock and who for years carried on a crusade against the ‘doctors’ of her day. Among other things, she wrote *Mrs Smedley’s Ladies’ Manual*, in which she describes unequivocally the ‘*doctor’s murderous practise*’ in long and painful descriptions and explains her own methods. Her and her husband’s cures were all based on warm water treatments ‘*without Medicine of any kind, or Cold Water, of any Shocks to the System*’. She offered, she says ‘*certain Relief for every Ailment, Disease or Injury the Human Frame is liable to.*’

Among the major illnesses Mrs Smedley claimed to be able to cure were smallpox, cancer, rheumatic fever, consumption, and she also dealt with more

minor ailments like carbuncles, headaches and the itch.

Her manual was divided into three parts for married women, single women and children of all ages. One of the common sense things she advises is for mothers to get up as soon as possible after childbirth. This was in 1877 and yet not so long ago modern mothers were kept in bed for a fortnight. Only very recently has her idea been adopted into modern midwifery, though whether it was as a result of her book is very doubtful indeed.

Stories she relates of medical practices in those days are hair raising. One case of a Highland shepherd says how he accidentally swallowed a bullet. His 'doctor' ordered him to be strapped in a chair and he was hung downwards from the rafters of a roof and his chest systematically jerked. After a third suspension he cried 'Thanig-a, thanig-a' in Gaelic [and one can hardly blame him] and out came the bullet. Mrs Smedley's treatment for drunks was to cut them off from the liquor and give them instead a little spirit of ammonia in water.

To her thought, vaccination was no protection against smallpox, and writing at a time when 200 were dying of it each week in London she declares it a detestable and unnatural practice.

Smoking and tobacco which has concerned so many in recent times did not escape her eagle eye either. Smokers, she decided, were in a state of half narcotism, half anaesthesia, and was sure it had led to a young man being found in a condition of rigid contraction. Snuff takers, too, won her condemnation. She knew one minister who described himself as a 'skinny misery' as a result of this habit and she felt strongly that Ministers of the Gospel should relinquish their offices if they had not the moral courage to give up tobacco. She quotes the case of one patient who lost the use of an arm through smoking tobacco. It must be said, though, that she also warned against the dangers to the chest.

A great believer in baths of all kinds, Mrs Smedley's book illustrates weird and wonderful versions, including a head bath [used when there was too much excitement of the brain and thought to extract the heat from the head], hand, arm and leg baths. Patients were sometimes encased in a wet pack, completely covered except for the face in wet sheets. They had steam boxes the patients could sit in with their heads poking out of a hole at the top.

As she obviously had a great number of patients who were suffering from over-eating, diet had taken up a lot of her attention. As a result she recommended a simple plan of diet, which was as follows:

BREAKFAST – Scotch oatmeal porridge, with little sugar and milk, brown bread and butter [on no account hot buttered toast]; light boiled eggs with cocoa made from the stewed nibs. A glass of water, with brown bread and butter and a light boiled egg is, however, far more wholesome. Some cannot do with brown bread.

DINNER – A moderate quantity of animal food, with simple vegetables, rice etc., puddings and fruit. Water.

EVENING MEAL – Weak black tea, cocoa, brown bread and butter, or Scotch oatmeal porridge.

It is interesting to compare this with modern day diets, remembering that this was her common sense, and that it was all those years ago. No doubt today's dieticians would eliminate the porridge.

Mrs Smedley attempted the impossible with her water cures. No doubt she had little or no effect on major illnesses, but she did manage to make patients comfortable, which was apparently more than the official profession of her day were able to do. Perhaps all the 'doctors' she condemned were not as bad as she made out, but they were certainly times of uproarious medical treatment.

Mrs Smedley's Advice.....

**Cold feet**

An invariably successful and perfectly safe remedy in all cases is to put on a pair of cotton socks!

**Braces**

Tend to cause the wearers to stoop.

**Marriage**

Avoid everything either just before or just after marriage, either walking, riding, eating or drinking [or any exercise] which will overheat the body or cause fatigue.

**Naked arms**

Twenty thousand children have been carried to cemeteries – a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms naked.

**Broken hearts**

Mrs Smedley had about seventeen ways of mending them, one where the patient had a 'mustard plaister on brown paper', which reached the length of the spine and the patient was wrapped entirely in blankets.

**Sleep**

After going to sleep let the body take its own position.

**Iodine**

This terribly destructive drug is to be dreaded. One patient lost a leg by having it painted with iodine.

**Chapped hands**

Keep covered with damp gloves night and day.

**Sore throat**

Many a valuable life amongst ministers of the gospel and public speakers would be preserved by the use of a compress, saving them from bronchial disease or consumption.

**DERBY BOROUGH COURT**

Wm Perceval, 11; Samuel Wood, 8; Henry Stone, 12; Charles Checkley and Henry Hickton, about the same age, were charged with stealing 1lb of pepper on January 26th, value 1s, the property of Messrs Bennett and Bothamley.

Police constable Hambley said that on Friday night he was called to Bill's fishshop in Green Lane and here found two of the prisoners offering for sale a pound of pepper. He questioned them and the only answer he could get was that two more boys had given it to them outside the shop. Witness went outside to look for the two boys in question, but could not find them. He went back with Sergeant Waldron and took the boys to the lock-up. From what Perceval and Stone said, he apprehended Checkley at his mother's house in Devonshire Street and Hickton in St Luke's Street. John Fellows, an assistant to Messrs Bennett and Bothamley, said he missed the pepper on the Friday night from a cart in Siddals Road. Wood and Perceval were discharged. Stone and Checkley were ordered to be sent to an industrial school until they were 16 years of age and Hickton was sent to gaol for 14 days with hard labour and afterwards to be sent to a reformatory for five years.

*Derby Evening Telegraph, 30 Jan 1883*

## *The Cokayne Family*

Why did the senior branch of the Cokaynes become poorer during the latter part of the fifteenth century?

Like all fifteenth century gentry the Cokayne's source of wealth was primarily land, often acquired as a result of military or civilian services. Land could also be inherited, or obtained by marriage to a rich heiress. Once owned it was farmed or let, hopefully, at a high rent. English gentry were usually intent on preserving the eldest son's inheritance, but widows, younger sons and daughters could not be ignored. The situation was not improved by the Wars of the Roses.

In the picturesque town of Ashbourne in Derbyshire is one of the finest churches in the county famous for its monuments and there is a great array of monuments to the Cokaynes. With one exception all the heads of the family from 1372 to 1592 are portrayed. Member of Parliament and chief steward of the Northern parts of the Duchy of Lancaster, John, who died in 1372, *'wears a short tunic and a long hose with a purse hanging from his belt, his long mantle reaching to the lion at his feet'* [Mee]. His wife had been a Vernon girl.



*John Cokayne's tomb in Ashbourne Church [died 1372]*

In 1402 John's son Edmund married a wealthy heiress Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Herthull and Alice Astley of Pooley in Polesworth in Warwickshire. Edmund was knighted and slain at the Battle of Shrewsbury the following year leaving his elder son Sir John Cockain to inherit properties in Ashbourne and Pooley. [Sir John is often confused with his uncle, Judge

John Cokayne, who died in 1429, his father's younger brother, one of the very successful men of the fifteenth century—the profits of office and royal patronage enabled Uncle John to lay the foundations of a gentry family that was prominent in Cokayne Hatley in Bedfordshire for three hundred years.] Interestingly Maurice Keen in 'Gentry Culture in Late Medieval England' says '*The great family and individual success stories of the fifteenth century are most often those of judges and sergeants*'.

Although like his father knighted as a result of military service, nephew John's success was as a result of his civilian services. He was one of the social elite that dominated Derbyshire's administration. He was a justice of the Peace [J.P.] from June 1431 to December 1437—four sessions a year were held. To justify their '*important judicial and political role*' [Wright], J.P.s and Sheriffs had to own land worth £20 a year. They had rights of arrest and trial and jurisdiction over economic matters as well as crimes. However the King's chief officer in the county was the Sheriff. Most Derbyshire sheriffs were experienced administrators, having served as a J.P. Sir John, however, was Derbyshire Sheriff in 1428 as well as 1434. Although, as now, service was only for a year, it was a very burdensome job. Fleming writes '*they normally presided over the county court, they supported the royal justices when they held court in the shire, they were keepers of the county gaol, and were expected to service royal writs. They oversaw elections to parliament and the appointments of lesser officials. They could be ordered to raise troops and the posse, a group from the county to aid in the arrest of wrongdoers*'. It was a highly profitable position as bribery of sheriffs was commonplace.

Parliamentary representation was another important job for the gentry—income from land had to be £40 per year. Derbyshire, like most counties, returned two Members of Parliament [M.P.] elected in the court of the county town. Usually the gentry had decided beforehand, but occasionally there was a contested election. Sir John Cokayne was M.P. in 1431 and 1433. The latter year the normal collusion between the powerful Grey of Codnor and Sir John's friend and kinsman, Vernon of Haddon, evaporated. Grey brought two hundred men to Derby, but the Sheriff delayed the election until the next day. This favoured Vernon and Cokayne who came that day with three hundred men and were returned in person to the Commons. Sometimes gentry were also prepared to hold lowly offices if the rewards were great enough. Sir John Cokayne was master forester at Duffield—this enabled him to exploit the grazing and woodland for his own benefit.

Throughout her book Wright emphasises the very strong permanent alliance between Sir Richard Vernon and Sir John Cokayne. This was of great

benefit to both of them and must have been a contributory factor to Sir John's increasing influence in the county. Although not nobility the Vernon family were the premier Derbyshire gentry family and Sir Richard Vernon was Speaker of Parliament in 1426. Why were they such close allies? Was it just because they were kinsmen and like each other—Sir John's grandmother was a Vernon and then he and Sir Richard arranged a marriage between his heir, also John, and Sir Richard's daughter, Agnes. Wright states '*Vernon lost his chief local ally when John Cokayne died in 1438*'. Certainly the Cokaynes lost their power and wealth from that date: Sir John's tomb at Ashbourne was still elaborate.

Sir John had married as his second wife, Isabel Shirley, a member of another wealthy gentry family. Probably in an attempt to protect the estate from wardship he left her the majority of the Cokayne inheritance for life, and she was still alive thirty years later! This action, which was to have such a severe effect on the fortunes of his son, grandson and great grandson, was exacerbated when she remarried and there were serious disputes between her son and second husband, who acquired a lot of the Cokayne lands, including the Warwickshire inheritance.

Financial stress resulted in neither Sir John's son or grandson being knighted. Son John lived to a great age, and did not die until 1505. According to Wright he arranged a political alliance [in Derbyshire this was very unusual] for his son Thomas, who married Agnes Barley of Barlow in Derbyshire. Her father, Robert Barley, was M.P. in both the Yorkist parliament of 1455-6 and the Lancashire Parliament of 1459.

In the lawless time of the late fifteenth century Thomas Cokayne was murdered, in the lifetime of his father, in Pooley Park, the Warwickshire inheritance of his great grandmother. He died in a fight on the way to Polesworth Church. Needless to say the quarrel was with a neighbour over property—a family marriage settlement. Despite his ignominious end and the reduced straits of his family he has a magnificent tomb in Youlgreave church. '*In the middle of the chancel is one of the loveliest things in the church, an exquisite alabaster tomb only three and a half feet long, whose workmanship is a joy to see. Its sides and ends are adorned with angels holding painted shields [the arms of his Cokayne parents, grandparents, great grandparents and great great grandparents] and on it lies a knight in plate armour. Round his neck is a collar of suns and roses; his feet are on a lion and his head is on a helmet with a cock's head, the crest of the great Derbyshire family of Cokayne. He is Thomas Cokayne, who lived at Harthill Hall close by and died in 1488*' [Mee].





*Thomas Cockayne's tomb in Youlgreave Church*

Certainly John Cockayne's finances worsened after his son's death—the cost of an alabaster tomb must have exacerbated an already serious situation. Indebtedness was endemic at this time, but the habitual mortgaging of lands as security could lead to their permanent loss. In 1494 John Cockayne was forced to avoid this by agreeing, in consideration of £143, that Barbara, the daughter of an exchequer official, John Fitzherbert of Etwall, should marry Thomas, his grandson and heir apparent. In addition Fitzherbert was given all the Cockayne lands [apart from a tiny portion retained to maintain his wife and illegitimate daughter], during Cockayne's lifetime plus five years, before it reverted to Thomas. Fitzherbert then discharged John Cockayne's debt to him of £500. John Fitzherbert paid £66 13s 6d a year to John Cockayne by weekly instalments in the church porch at Etwall.

John Cockayne survived into the sixteenth century, but he did not hold public office, so without the perquisites of being a M.P., J.P. or Sheriff as well as a minute income, he must have been a very poor man. [It is interesting that he was exempted from being a J.P. in 1482, but he was already in his sixties]. His patrimony had been diluted almost to the point of extinction by the claims of widows, daughters, the tragic early death of his son, and lack of

opportunity to prosper in difficult political times. *'The Vernons.....with their allies The Cockaynes, had become political outsiders in the 1460's'*. Wright's comment links the Cockayne's lack of power directly with the fall of the Vernons.

*See Family Tree on opposite page*

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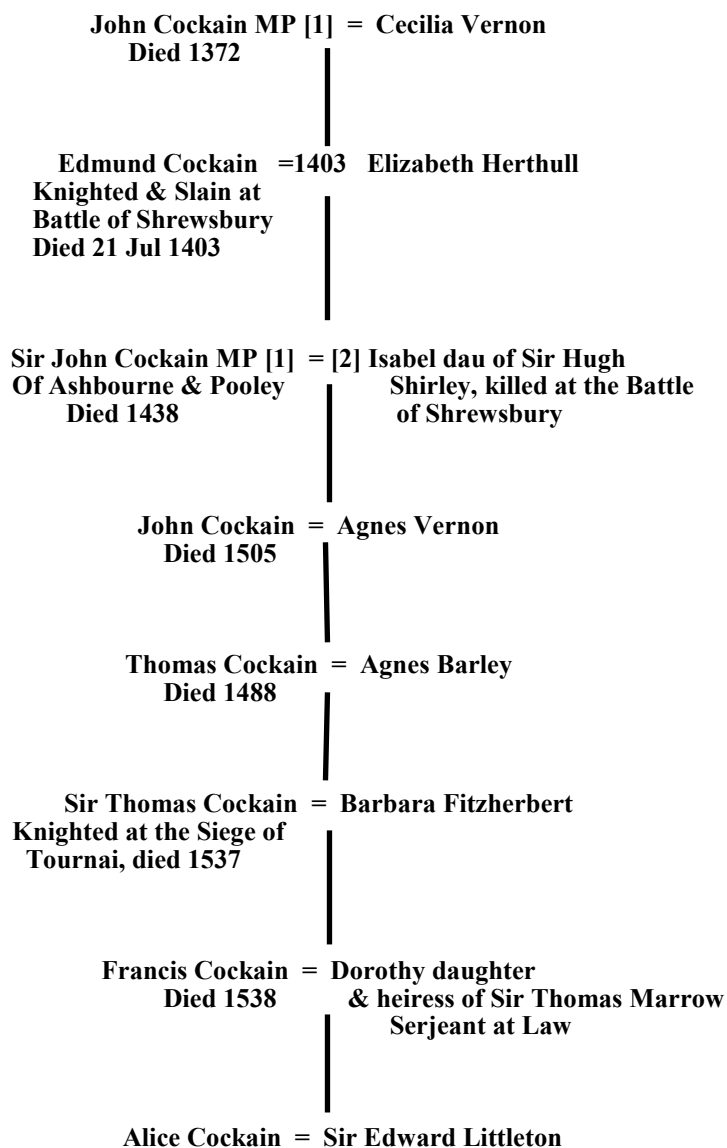
#### **DIFFICULTIES WITH REGISTERS**

Thirty years ago, working with the IGI microfilms, I was often at a difficulty deciding whether a child was being baptised or buried. Transcribing the early St Michael register recently I felt some sympathy for the people who did those early indexes. It is not always clear whether you are dealing with a 'Bapt' or 'Sept' and the formula 'x the dau/son of y' is often the same for both.

The other striking thing is the infant mortality in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A few days pass from the baptism to the burial. Of course some of the mothers also die in the course of these testing childbirths. This in a time when there is no standard spelling of names. The same name can be spelt two different ways in the same entry. One clerk seemed to work by phonetics, or why did he arrive at the 'Baradbury' family. Then there are the Woodcoks and all those boys called Georg and girls called Marey. Then there is Josewa, which should of course be Joshua. Not to mention the troubles with Susannah and Isaiah, various spellings of all kinds for those. Hence the first rule of one name studies, never rule out any rogue spellings as not being one of ours.

*Stephen Orchard*

## FAMILY TREE OF THE COCKAINS



## DERBYSHIRE IN THE 1861 CENSUS

*This article was written in 1961 and I thought it might be interesting to see what was thought at the time.*

“In April 1961 a census of the population of this country will be taken. This has happened every tenth year since 1801, except in 1941. To some this may seem an elaborate way of finding out how many people there are in an age when all births, marriages and deaths have to be registered. The census, however, tells us much more than this. Today it records in what industries people work, what they do, where they were born, in what kind of houses they live, and gives us the answers to a large number of questions beginning with “how many people”. The census has become more detailed over the years, but the compilations of information relating to previous years are of interest to us today.

A hundred years ago there was a census. What does it tell us of our ancestors in Derbyshire? The census of 1861 was the seventh to be taken and showed the population of the county to be 339,327, which was more than twice as much as it had been in 1801. Since 1851 there had been an increase of 42,243, the largest decennial increase of the century and only nine other counties had grown faster in this period. The increase was particularly great in Chesterfield, where the rise from 7,101 to 9,835 was attributed to the growth of coalmining and ironworks. Then, as now, Derby with 43,000 inhabitants was by far the largest town, but the recent increase in the county town was small compared with that in the coal and iron areas. Glossop, which had long been a cotton town, was the second largest town with a total of 19,000 inhabitants, a sensational increase from the total of 2,750 recorded at the beginning of the century and almost as great as that of the present day. Belper with 9,500 inhabitants was almost the same size as Chesterfield. Alfreton had 4,000 people, Ashbourne and Clay Cross 3,500 each, Ilkeston 3,300 and Bakewell, Wirksworth, Staveley and Melbourne from 2,000 to 3,000 each.

The population was not growing everywhere in the county. Between 1851 and 1861 in two of the seven districts into which Derbyshire was then divided for the purposes of administering the Poor Law there had been a slight decline. The districts were Ashbourne and Shardlow and some of the causes of the decline were noted, the main one being the migration of agricultural labourers to the mining districts. This was also the case in Morley and Kirk Ireton. A sharp decline in population in the parish of Aston upon Trent was attributed to the loss of traffic on the Trent and Mersey Canal, while the increase at Alvaston, Normanton and Littleover was

ascribed to the residence of a number of railway servants employed at Derby.

At Osmaston the decrease in numbers was put down to the temporary absence of the family from the manor hall and to the removal of labourers employed in building the hall in 1851. On the other hand the population at Long Eaton had increased by over 50% to 1,550 in the last decade because of, as the census put it, the facilities of railway communication and the erection of steam factories. Derby had been a railway town for twenty years, but now the building of the line to Manchester meant that the presence of railway labourers inflated the population of Bakewell, Great Longstone and Chapel en le Frith, and probably accounted for the fact that there were over 250 Irishmen in the Bakewell area.

There were marked differences in the industrial pattern within the county. In the Hayfield and Glossop area nearly 6,000 of the 17,500 persons over 20 were employed in cotton, over half of them being women. Many more under 20 must have been employed. Apart from the town of Derby this area, containing the cotton industry and the barren land of the Peak, had the smallest proportion of agricultural labourers, farmers and grazers of any of the county's seven districts. The highest proportion was in the Ashbourne district where 2,000 of the 5,600 adult males were so described. In the Belper and Chesterfield districts coalmining was predominant. In the latter area over a quarter of the men were coalminers and there were also many iron-ore miners. Hosiery at Belper and silk at Derby were other industries employing a large number.

Since 1851 the number of coalminers in the whole county had nearly doubled from 5,400 to 10,600. The number described as railway labourers had quadrupled, although as we have seen some of this increase was due to the construction of new lines. Bargemen decreased from 500 to 375, but those engaged in iron manufacture had increased by 1,200 to 2,750 in the fifties.

The population was of course much younger than that of today. About half the people in Derbyshire were under 20 and 70% were under 35. 4,000 of the 11,000 persons engaged in the cotton industry in the county were under 20, as were 2,000 of the 10,600 coalminers. 200 of the boys and girls described as being employed in the cotton industry were under 10. In many respects the county was taking its modern shape; many Derbyshire men and women live in the same places and work in the same industries in 1961, but we live longer."

## *A Story from the Blitz*

About three years ago my sister eventually succumbed to my persuasion (bullying) and wrote an account of her childhood as she remembered it at the time. Although it contained some technical and factually errors it is an integral part of this story.

On 17<sup>th</sup> April 1939 my Father joined Rolls-Royce as a Designer in the Marine and C. I. Design Office. He had been poached from Heenan & Froude Ltd in Worcester. At that time the family consisted of just my Mother, Father and their three year old daughter and they had to move from Worcester to Derby. They rented a newly built house on Melton Avenue, Littleover; a house they rented until he retired from Rolls-Royce about 30 years later. Knowing that war against Germany was a real possibility my father wouldn't buy the house in case it was bombed, while the builder, Mr. Woodlands, wanted to sell it for the same reason; my father won. For the same reason my parents couldn't sell their house in Worcester so had to rent that one out, again for many years

Sometime towards the end of August 1939 they visited their home town of Swansea to visit their families. They stayed with my mother's parents in Treboeth which was less than three miles from Swansea docks. My sister's account included the following:

*I was three-and-a-quarter years old when the war began. My parents and I were in Swansea staying with my mother's parents. [On September 1<sup>st</sup>] I was in the back yard of my grandparents' house. . . . The back door was open and the radio was on. I heard the famous words announcing that we were now at war with Germany. I had heard the grown-ups talking about the Germans invading a country called Poland and expressing concern about the situation so I felt concerned too, though of course my understanding of the situation was minimal.*

*My parents thought that Swansea was probably safer than Derby, with Rolls-Royce (where Dad worked) designing [and manufacturing] aero-engines, so they decided to leave me there when they returned to Derby. They sneaked off when I wasn't around.*

As we now know, Derby in general and Rolls-Rolls-Royce in particular got off relatively lightly with only a few casualties and limited physical damage but not so Swansea. Bombing raids there started on 27<sup>th</sup> June 1940 and continued intermittently until the last raid on 16<sup>th</sup> February 1943, although

most of the raids were in the first twelve months. Parts of Swansea were totally destroyed and in one raid even my Grandparent's house was hit by an incendiary bomb. Luckily they managed to suppress the fire. Needless to say my parents were quick to fetch their daughter home to Derby. My sister's account read:

*As it turned out, Swansea was bombed far more than Derby - I recall my grandmother bringing me down from bed to hide in the enclosed space under the stairs, and complaining about 'the wicked Germans'. After a little while Mum and Dad came down to take me back to Derby. I later heard that my grandfather helped put out a fire in someone's roof using his overcoat.*

The incident did happen, but clearly not understood by my sister at the time. Incendiary bombs were extremely difficult to suppress so using a coat would not have worked although his coat may have been suffered burns while tackling the resultant fire.

Back in Derby steps were taken by Rolls-Royce to safeguard both the production of Merlin engines, and the staff who supported the engine's development. To this end, the Company started dispersing its facilities and people. My Father ended up in the boarded over swimming pool in Belper, working on Merlin performance and reliability. He told me of three events from that time are worth relating.

One morning two of Frank's colleagues failed to turn up for work; no explanation was given. The following day two men turned up, covered the desk of one of the missing workers and took it away. I understand it was not seen again. Sometime later, the other man did return to work. He said he had been detained, presumably by either special branch or military police, and interrogated, presumably by the Security Services – MI5. They wanted to know why he spent time in the evenings with the other man. His explanation was simple; they were both in digs in Belper and knew no one locally and so socialised simply for company. Was the missing man simply an alien or was he a German agent. We will probably never know.

With petrol virtually unavailable for normal use, Rolls-Royce provided a bus to transport their staff to and from Belper, a round trip of some 25 miles. In summer, this probably added an hour to an already long working day; in winter, and with vehicle headlight blanked off to give virtually no light, the journey would have been considerably longer. The driver, knowing how keen the workers were to get home, drove as fast as he could under the circumstances. The workers naturally appreciated his efforts. Unfortunately, one night he hit and killed a cyclist, who would also have been riding with

very dim lights. Without exception, his passengers told the police that he had been driving in a manner “appropriate to the conditions”.

In winter, the building was very cold and people were trying to work in their coats and gloves. There were radiators but these were never more than slightly warm. At different times, various people tried to understand the problem with the heating, but failed to find the problem. The caretaker, an elderly gentleman, was keeping the furnace well stoked but the hot water somehow failed to warm the radiators. Eventually someone spotted the problem; the caretaker had shut the valve feeding the water to the radiators. It transpired that his son was in the forces and was fighting in very cold conditions. He thought it was wrong that these Rolls-Royce employees should not share the same deprivations.

*Dave Gordon [Mem 7241]  
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**Reading the above got me thinking and so I went around asking the volunteers who come in [not very many unfortunately] whether they had any stories from the second World War that they had heard from their parents or grandparents. One or two came up with something, so read on—Ed.**

From John Lockett [Mem 7321]

*These stories are as I remember them being told to me when I was a young boy – I hope I have remembered correctly!*

#### **Grandmother**

My paternal Grandmother, Alice, was walking down Abbey Street in Derby during the Second World War. Where she was going I do not remember being told. The Air-Raid sirens were sounding and she could hear enemy planes overhead.

One plane was getting closer and for some reason she side-stepped into an entry between two buildings – this saved her life as, only seconds after taking cover, this plane (presumably a fighter), opened fire and machine-gunned Abbey Street.

Just as is seen in war films, the bullets stitched a path down the pavement where she would have been walking had she not side-stepped! Shaken, (but not stirred!), she continued on her journey after the “All Clear” was sounded – a close shave indeed.

#### **Father**

My Father (Tom, Alice’s son), worked for the Railway, in Derby, in a reserved occupation – I believe the Locomotive Works were producing cockpits for Lancaster bombers. Tom was in charge of a group of women



who were wiring the cockpits. When not at work he was in the local Home Guard (the real “Dad’s Army”).

At this time there was a staff footbridge between the Railway Station and the main office block in the works. His section was posted in a ground floor office (which later became the Work’s Staff Office) at the base of this footbridge. This office was their Guard Room and it was from here that they patrolled the Works and the adjoining land leading down to the River Derwent. There was also a Lewis gun emplacement on the footbridge.

One day Tom was manning this machine gun whilst an Air Raid was in progress. Suddenly a low-flying enemy plane appeared, following the Railway line from the North. Tom aimed the gun and was about to open fire when his officer appeared and yelled not to fire at the plane. Tom refrained from firing and the plane rapidly disappeared towards the South.

On querying with the officer why he was ordered not to fire the officer replied: - “If you had hit the plane it could have crashed into the Works causing death and destruction. If you had missed the plane the pilot may have strafed the Works anyway out of spite!”

Another “Dad’s Army” story concerns the inevitable joker in any group of men spending time together. Apparently one of the Guardsmen, returning from his patrol of the Works, flung the Guardroom door wide open and, very noisily and theatrically, marched in shouting out “Left, Right, Left, Right, Left, Right, About Turn, Halt, Atten - shun!”. And with this last self-imposed command he slammed his rifle butt on the ground. Unfortunately he forgot that he had a bullet “up the spout” and that the safety was off! The result was that the rifle fired – the bullet going straight through the ceiling and the floor above and lodging in the underside of the Works’ Managers’ desk!

What the outcome of this was is not known, except that my Father was adamant that the bullet stayed lodged in the desk until the Works were demolished, (presumably along with the desk), when Pride Park was built in the mid-to-late 1980’s.

From Helen Betteridge [Mem 3074]

Unlike the above two, my parents had no roots in Derby, but my mother was brought up in Burton on Trent which is not that far away. She was at school during the war, but remembers her two cousins being sent to live with her family. They came from Coventry and were bombed out during the horrendous bombing that destroyed the city. Their father remained behind as he was working in a factory and one can only imagine the horrors that they

had been through, not to mention the worries that they had for their father left behind. My mother went to school mornings one week and afternoons the next as the school also had to cater for those children who had been evacuated to the town, but overall they were lucky. Burton suffered very little damage.

By contrast my father, Gordon, spent the early years of the war in London. His father worked at the Woolwich Arsenal, many of the workshops being underground. In 1941 the Luftwaffe covered the area in incendiaries as well as bombs, trying to blow up the factory. My grandfather was buried alive, as the ground caved in and it was a long while before he was rescued, luckily in one piece. At which point, he declared he had had enough and was coming home to Burton. The Arsenal agreed to transfer him to their factory there and he brought his wife [my grandmother] and my father home before travelling back to London to clear their house. Unfortunately he was unable to do any such thing. While he was travelling to Burton a bomb had landed in the garden and blown the back wall of his house to smithereens. He recovered very little of their possessions, but was at least grateful to be alive, when, as he later said, the Germans seemed to have it in for him.

I don't think my father was at all pleased to be out of London. According to him he stood in the streets of London watching the Battle of Britain going on overhead and hoping that a piece of a German plane would drop off so that he could grab it. Apparently they were worth more as a swap than the British planes. He always blamed the war for his poor writing and spelling as many times he was unable to go to school, because of bomb damage or because he had been up all night unable to sleep as they had been rushed to a shelter. Unlike many children he was not evacuated and he seemed quite pleased about that.

Told by several people that either remembered it or were told about it:

Derby was relatively lucky during the war—it was never heavily attacked although several places round about were hit. Surprising really considering the railway works and Rolls Royce.

The morning of 27 July 1942 was a cold wet day with low cloud and just before 8 o'clock a single German aircraft skimmed over the roof of the Rolls Royce Factory with its bomb bay open and all guns blazing. It was flying so low that it had to bank round the factory water tower. One bomb hit the company's central stores, another destroyed No 4 gate and the houses opposite and the roof of No 4 shop collapsed from bomb blast. The plane then turned and machine gunned workers on Osmaston Road and the surrounding streets before shooting down the Babbington Lane barrage

balloon, strafing a corporation bus in Slack Lane and heading off in the direction of Markeaton Park. In all 22 people were killed and many injured. It was thought that the intended target was probably the LNER engine shed.

Another story concerned the railway station, although I can't get a fix on the date. Heavily bombed a huge piece of platform six was blown out, a train shed roof came down and a footbridge and luggage subway were badly damaged. Apparently it was a scene of total devastation, but I looked this up and found the casualties were quite light for the destruction carried out. Four passengers and two railwaymen were killed and eight people were injured.

Finally I was told that a bomb once landed in Melbourne and didn't explode. The gentleman who told me said he couldn't remember much about the bomb [he was only a young child at the time], but he could remember a lot of officials coming down to examine it and the rumour went round that it was a new type of bomb being tried out and it was a bonus that it hadn't exploded. It was taken away on a lorry after being disarmed so maybe that was a rumour that turned out to be true.

Hope the above bits and pieces are of interest. If anyone else has any stories please send them in.

#### **WHAT'S IN A NAME?**

The following is taken from a family history on Morten, which was donated to us. It was written quite a while ago, but the advice is as relevant now as it was then. Take note folks!

Of course many families love to believe that they have origins in the landing of the Norman Duke. These families rely heavily on the inclusion of their name in the register of all the companions of William who confronted the English at the Hastings. This register is called the 'Battle Abbey Roll'. It is now accepted that for vanity, the Custodians of the Roll were not averse to taking backhanders and interpolating names. Like the genealogies published in Burke's Landed Gentry, which a distinguished authority on the subject described as 'wild nonsense', the same professor called the Battle Abbey Roll a 'transparent fiction'. Well perhaps a bit severe, but it is a fact that the Roll appears to have been compiled some 400 years after the event."

## SIXTY YEARS ON

*This was written in the 1960s so the author [who is unknown] would be talking around the time of 1900-1910. She was obviously talking about her childhood in Bakewell.*

“Sixty years ago was the ‘good old days’, which older people speak about, and which today come in for both praise and blame. One thing, however, is certain – good taste and simplicity reigned supreme then.

It is hard to imagine what it was like then to stand in the Square at Bakewell, now so prim and proper, for in dry weather it was almost a sea of dust. The only people to enjoy this were children, who revelled in ‘dust fights’ and often arrived at school looking very different from when they set out. When it rained heavy ruts appeared in North and South Church Street, and consequently sludge formed in the Square. Men were employed with wooden scrapers in making a path across the road. Since tarmac was unknown, the roads were metalled with limestone broken to one and a half inches in size, and rolled into the surface, while gutters were made of slabs of the same materials. They had been so worn by years of metal rimmed cart wheels that they shone like silver when the sun caught them. Footpaths were of handcut cobbles [the last one to be removed was in Bath Street], and the



roads leading into the town were dust tracks about a foot in depth, which, over the years, formed the foundations of present day roads.

The mud collected on a wet day was put to good use; builders used it for mortar, and, mixed with lime, for stucco, examples of which can be still seen on old buildings.

There used to be a cab rank at the station, waiting for fares in the form of day trippers who arrived by train, and on certain days, charabancs drawn by horses also appeared to take parties round to Chatsworth and Haddon Hall. One long trip was to Matlock Bath, another through Ashford, Millers Dale, Monsal Head and Buxton. As a horse and cab was the only means of getting to these beauty spots there was great importance attached to the horse, apart from its general use. As well as gigs, tradesmen's drays and wagons, a great sight was a timber 'drug' pulled by four heavy horses, and children had much fun riding on the pole at the back [a very dangerous practice]. Boys often found employment by riding on charabancs and drays to put the brake on by turning a wheel, which released an iron shoe, which in turn slowed down the actual wheels of the vehicle. Their reward of a few coppers was very acceptable.

A row of spikes was fixed to the back of broughams or cabs to stop children riding there. When the driver realised he had non-paying passengers he would lash out with his whip. One must not think that there was no speed in those days; the charabancs went along at a cracking pace, and apart from steep hills, where of course they slowed up, those horses could really travel. They often arrived back in Bakewell covered with foam, grateful to be stabled and fed.

Fair day in Bakewell was an experience; gigs and drays came into town very early from outlying farms and villages, carrying produce for sale, and loading up with groceries for the return. The stalls were set up all around the Square, and in the centre there would often be two or three caravans, belonging to stallholders. In winter, flares were lit over each stall, casting an eerie glow, and making the figures of people moving about look weird.

The horse sale was held at the end of Castle Street. This was an important day, and horses arrived early, being trotted up and down the road. The dealers seemed to be a rough bunch of men, and children always steered clear of that area on those days, as beer flowed freely and by lunchtime many arguments and fights had taken place. Although Bakewell could boast of two policemen, one could not remember seeing them on sale days.....

There must have been some law and order, though, for courts were held, and heavy were the fines for drunkenness. One day, the Chairman of the Bench had driven over from Eyam, and left his groom and buggy in Castle Street while he was busy in court. When it closed he came out to find his own groom lying stretched out in the cab, too drunk to drive him home. Needless to say, that groom had a very heavy fine.

Sometimes a roundabout stood in the Market Place, with a few coconut shies on fair days, and in fact it must have seemed much the same as Blackpool does to our youngsters today. The circus made a very grand day when it came to town, led by a clown on stilts [a feature of his progress came when he stopped to light his cigarette from the lamp in the centre of the Square]. Other processions featured the Bank of Hope and the Oddfellows, and there are beautiful banners somewhere in Bakewell still, which belong to these organisations.

Although Sunday School was not a 'must', nearly all children went. The yearly reward was a treat, sometimes held down Coombs Road, and sometimes up on Calton, when a dray was used to take the children up. This was led off by Bakewell Band and leading dignitaries of the town. Tea was served on long tables, sports were held and handsome prizes given. At that time Bishop Abraham was alive, and was well remembered by the huge ring he always wore. Clothes did not seem to matter so much to children in those days; shoes might be shabby and coats frayed, but collars were always white, and the poor could always count on the Church for help.

The shops in Bakewell seem to have altered most. It used to be a treat to have to go into a chemist's with its' beautiful smell of musks and spices. Thompson's of King Street stands out in the mind, as when the door was opened, a large bell clanged, and, on going to the counter, one was faced with a screen of drawers all bearing the description of its contents on the front in gold [what they were was unknown to the buyer – but not to the chemist]. It would be pleasant to know what happened to the recipes which they used to make up as medicines for common ailments. They would make interesting reading. Orme's was a very homely shop, where a tot of rum or whisky cost twopence in the Wine Vaults. This shop once belonged to Cox and Malin of Derby, and was sold by them to Robert Orme. In Matlock Street were many private houses, where the people kept servants and lived like gentry; a beautiful marble fireplace was removed from one when it was turned into a barber's shop.

Bridge House, near the river, was an interesting place; the gardens were magnificently laid out, and it was said that Paxton designed them, but

whether he ever lived there or not has never been investigated. From them it was possible to see right down to Haddon Hall.

Although train rides were only for people with money, when boys became 15 or 16 years old they would sometimes catch a train up to Miller's Dale in order to ride back to Bakewell, the train gathering speed through the tunnels and giving a wonderful thrill.

Bakewell was a compact little town and labourers and artisans lived very close together. Everyone seemed satisfied with Acre Wall, Arkwright Square, Diamond Court, Mill End, Dagnell Terrace and son on. But many people knew real poverty; families were much larger, as a small one would have seven or eight children, and possibly a wage of 15s a week coming in. If the father came out of work, there was no assistance and no dole. But even though they were poor, families seemed quite happy. Sunday was the day for walks, and when families met up Calton, a game would begin among the children, while parents joined in or had a gossip. Youngsters learned the names of trees and flowers, the fish in the Wye and which herbs to collect. Boys formed into little gangs – for example, those living in Cunningham were 'foreigners' to those in the bottom of the town, and arguments were high when they met. Some of them preferred to go for walks into Calton Woods, others, more worldly, used to go to Holme Bank Quarry for a game of cards by candle-light! It was quite a casino, particularly when someone blew out the candle, leaving everybody groping in the dark. Men had to work from dawn to dusk in order to make a decent living, and children could often be seen taking father's meals to him so that he would not have to waste time coming home.

The Union, now known as Newholme Hospital, used to be a place of interest. Vagrants were taken in. They stayed there for the night, then broke stones in the morning, which entitled them to tea and bread before going on their way again. Foundlings, children with no parents, were also brought up there, and sent to school in Bakewell. Always dressed in brown corduroy, these victims of fate were blamed for any pranks committed, and at school, teachers had a way of taking it out on them, like putting them in front of the class for petty things.

In those days the curfew was rung each night at eight o'clock, and woe betide any child arriving home later than this. Father's belt was the penalty.

Very few of the old gentry or their descendants remain – the Foxes from Haddon House, the Whiteheads, Fitzherberts, Gisbornes, Greaves's and Barkers. But there are many Bakewellians who are descended from the

servants of these people, to say nothing of many more whose start in business was due to the charity of these families.

Several old families could boast of craftsmen – Broomheads, Bradburys, Derbyshires, bousovers, and many more. These people seemed to inherit their craft as some people do the gift of gardening.

Dust carts were another feature of the town which is little known anywhere today. Flush lavatories were a luxury, they were of the earth type instead, and had to be emptied by a class of men on their own. One would wake up and hear buckets and spades clanging, and see men carrying lanterns. Another job was keeping the sewers clean by drawing a sledge along them, and this was done by Charles Mycock and William Pill. There was a surveyor, Mr Redfern, who had a hard task as he also collected rates, was foreman of works and did the office work. Another interesting job in its own way was stone breaking. Men would often be seen sitting on a sack at the side of the road, breaking stones for re-metalling. One man in particular, Mr Bond, used to sit by the cemetery, breaking stones all day and forming them into a heap a yard square and high. This was measured and duly paid for by Mr Redfern.

Since Bakewell was chiefly built of stone from the quarries nearby, masons were very distinguished men. They wore bowler hats, white aprons and cord trousers, and guarded their crafts secrets jealously, as it had been handed down to them. Their tools were priceless, and not to be used by anyone else, and painters and joiners came second to them. Mr Twyford was one example of a fine mason; it was he who carved the coat of arms on the Market Hall [now the Library]. These men all had their own nicknames, which followed them all their lives – names like Whippet, Smuffy, Pedlar, Ticker, Knocky, Slim, Jommy and Jolly, and old Flanagan Turner, a brother to Jim Turner and a mason to whom many owed their knowledge of this craft.

**Remember your membership is due by 1st January 2021. To save any bother and to give us time to sort out any issues, please renew as soon as possible.**

**Your continuing support is much appreciated.**

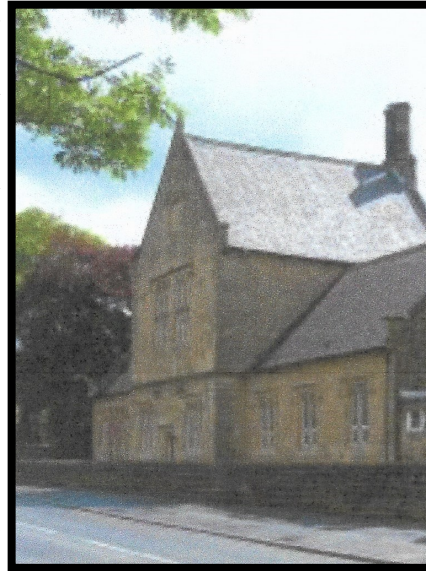


## CHAPEL EN LE FRITH PRIMARY SCHOOL

Philip Gibson[Mem 1148] has very kindly sent me some pages about the Chapel en le Frith Church of England Primary School.

The original building was built in 1831, then an extension added in 1891 and the pages he has donated cover the lists of subscribers that contributed to the building fund, raised under the New National Schools programme.

There are five pages of names that donated varying amounts from £100 [WHG Bagshaw] to as little as one shilling [William Hall]. In most cases the forename is given and also an address for a lot of them. Well, a street anyway, which is better than nothing.



Also included are five pages of persons who paid the voluntary rate on 28 March 1889. Not quite sure what that refers to although I assume it is something to do with the building fund, but again there are varying amounts and loads of names that would be of interest. Finally there is the statement of income and expenditure, showing just where all the money raised was eventually spent.

As a bonus Philip has sent an explanation of what a National School was and how it works, plus a photo of the school which he apparently attended in the 1950s.

A lovely addition to our library shelves. If you would like us to search the names for you if you have any interest in people around this area, then let us know.

## DERBY VICTIMS OF AN AIR DISASTER

While transcribing the Normanton Cemetery burials, Maureen Allan found the internment of Gordon and Ada Newman and, just like me, couldn't resist looking further. She then gave me the details, I accessed the newspaper and found the following, mostly in the Derby Daily Telegraph of 5 July 1948 from which this account is transcribed.

“A Derby man and his wife, who were flying from Helsinki to visit their parents, and a Derby officer, a member of one of their crews, were among the 39 victims of the air crash between a R.A.F. Transport Command York Aircraft and a Scandinavian Airlines Skymaster, near Northolt Airport yesterday.

They were Mr Gordon Charles Newman [31], son of Mrs Ada Newman of 73 Stanton Street, Derby, and his 29 year old wife, Irene, whose parents, Mr and Mrs A.E. Gaskin, live at 29 Stenson Road, Derby, and Flight-Lieut Cyril Ingleby, of 7 Parker Place, Parker Street, who was in the York aircraft's crew of six.

Mr Newman was a wireless operator at the British Embassy in Helsinki, and was returning to England to take up a new post. Mr and Mrs Newman, who were married four years ago, originally booked a passage in the Belloostrov, a Russian ship, which was delayed at the Surrey Docks because of the dock strike. Mr Newman served for six years in the Royal Corps of Signals. He joined the Foreign Office service when he was demobilised, and after a short period in Russia he was posted to Helsinki two years ago. His wife accompanied him there. They always spent their vacations at the home of Mr and Mrs Gaskin.

Mr and Mrs Gaskin told a Telegraph reporter today that they had no idea that Mr and Mrs Newman would travel by air, but at 1.30 am today they were advised by a police officer that their daughter and son-in-law had been killed. They informed Mrs Newman of the tragedy. Mr Gaskin is manager of Allenton Branch of Derby Co-operative Society.

Flight-Lieutenant Ingleby joined the R.A.F.V.R. in 1939 and was awarded the D.F.C. in 1943 after making 60 bombing trips over Germany, and volunteering for a raid on Dusseldorf. At the time of the award he was described as a fine leader and an inspiration to men in his charge.

While on operational flights he had a number of remarkable escapes from

death. In 1941 a bomber in which he was front gunner crashed into a tree while taking off. He escaped injury, but some members of the crew were killed. On a later trip the bomb racks of his aircraft caught fire on the way back from Essen, but the flames were extinguished.

Born at Ilford, Essex, Flight Lieut Ingleby was educated at Queen's Park Secondary School. His father died when he was only six months old, and he went to live with his grandparents, Mr and Mrs A. Hughes in Glasgow. He went to Derby a few years before the war with his grandparents, when Mr Hughes, a billiards saloon proprietor in Glasgow, took over the billiards room of the late Mr E.C. Breed, at Babington Lane and Normanton Road.



After managing the Billiards Rooms in Babington-Lane, Flight Lieut Ingleby, who was better known in Derby as Cyril Hughes, joined the firm of International Combustion Ltd., as a storekeeper. An expert billiards player he was a competitor in the Scottish boys' championship and played for Scottish boys against an English boys' team. While in Derby he played for the International Combustion works team. Flight-Lieut Ingleby was married in 1940 to Miss Constance Armroyd of 36 Longford Street, Derby.”

The funeral service for the Newman family was held at St Augustine's Church before interment at Normanton Cemetery, while Flight Lieut Ingleby was interred in Nottingham Road Cemetery after a service in the Cemetery chapel.

The Nottingham Journal of 5 July 1948 described the crash as follows:-  
“37 people were killed when a R.A.F. York transport and a Scandinavian Skymaster airliner collided in mid-air and crashed near Northolt Airport last evening. There were no survivors. It was the worst air disaster in British civil aviation history.

There were 25 passengers and a crew of seven in the Skymaster, and seven people in the R.A.F. transport. Both planes burst into flames on striking the

ground 1½ miles apart. A Ministry of Civil Aviation statement last night said that all bodies had been recovered.

The collision occurred almost immediately above the Mount Vernon Hospital, after the York had been circling Northolt Airport for an hour, unable to land because of poor visibility. It was raining heavily at the time with low clouds.

“There was a deafening crash. I saw a plane crash to the ground and there was a blinding sheet of flame”, said Dr A. Drucker, of Duck’s Hill Road, Northwood, behind which the Skymaster crashed in Park Wood. Dr Drucker rushed to the wood, but found it impossible to get near the airliner. “The heat was terrific. The plane was a crumpled mass and there was no sign of any of the passengers or crew.”

The Skymaster, owned by Scandinavian Airline System, had flown from Stockholm and Copenhagen. She carried two stewardesses. The York, stated to have split in two in mid-air, fell at Shrubs Corner, Harsfield Avenue, Northwood, in Battlerswells Wood. Pieces of both planes were strewn over ploughed fields and woods for almost two miles.

Flight-Lieut White, in charge of the York wreckage, said last night. “The bodies are so charred as to be unrecognisable. Among the wreckage we have found three pairs of women’s shoes and a lizard skin handbag. We don’t know whether there was a woman on board, or whether the crew were carrying presents for relatives.”

The full Ministry of Civil Aviation statement was:

“The Ministry regrets to announce that a collision occurred at approximately 4 pm between a R.A.F. York and a Swedish Skymaster over Batchworth Heath [Herts]. It is feared that all the occupants were killed. A list of casualties will be published when the identities have been confirmed.”

The airline office announced last night the names of British passengers as Mr G.C. Newman [31], his wife Irene [29] and Mr Rudolf Douglas Pobjoy [54], an engineer.

The Air Ministry issued the following official statement last night:

“The Air Ministry announce with regret that the York Aircraft MW 248 of Transport Command, arriving at Northolt from Malta, collided with a Skymaster SE/BDA, of Scandinavian Airline, about 4 o’clock this afternoon near Northwood, Middlesex. It is feared that all on board the Transport Command lost their lives. The Colonial Office announce with regret that Sir

Edward Gent, the High Commissioner for the Federation of Malaya, was a passenger in the York aircraft.”

A public inquiry was held into the accident on the 20 September 1948. It was found that four aircraft were in a stacking formation above Northolt, due to bad weather. The SAS aircraft was holding at 2,500 feet while the RAF plane was holding at 3,000 feet. At the time of the collision the DC-6 was ascending, as the pilots had minutes before decided to divert to Amsterdam and therefore leave the stacking. The York was above the DC-6 and the starboard wing of the latter penetrated the York on the starboard side and detached its tail unit. Both aircraft crashed into a wood, bursting into flames on impact. The court was satisfied that the air traffic control was satisfactory and there was no evidence of error by the Swedish crew. There was some evidence of a failure to adhere to proper radio communication, but it was not thought to be a factor in the accident. There was also reason to believe that the York’s altimeters were set a lot higher than they should have been, but again it didn’t seem to be a factor. In the end the only possible verdict was accident, although it was recommended that when in stacking formation the vertical separation of aircraft should be 1,000 feet, instead of 500, something which would be later made compulsory. The crash remains one of the worst mid air disasters in Britain.

### **MEMBERS INTERESTS**

The following members have asked me to print their interests:

Clare Jakeman—sjakeman51@aol.com

Annesley, Babington, Barley, Cockain, Dolphin [Long Eaton], Kniveton, Orchard, Port, Shirley, Stanhope

Bill Calladine—billcalladine@hotmail.com

Calladine in the are of Denby, Horsley and Crich

Diane Hemsley—22 Savile Street, Retford, Notts DN22 6ET

Godfrey [North Wingfield, Heath, Temple Normanton, Holmewood, Brampton

Hemsley [Budworth, Notts, Heath]

Polin [Budworth, Heath]

Dannatt [Lincolnshire, Heath]

# CHURCHES OF DERBYSHIRE

## 61. Codnor St James

Codnor is listed in the Domesday Book of 1086, and a mill and church were mentioned, but this must have vanished long ago as the nearest church to Codnor was in the parish of Heanor. It was a place that had a long history of coal mining, which caused subsidence damage to buildings, and even today opencast mining is still going on in the area.



A report in 1836 identified the need to build more churches in deprived districts, one of which was Codnor which, together with the nearby hamlet of Loscoe, contained about 2000 souls, most of which were between two and three miles distant from any place of worship. It was also pointed out that there was no Day School nor

Sunday School, leading to a state of spiritual destitution.

It was decided that a committee would be formed to raise enough money to build a church and school and secure an ecclesiastical parish. The church was to be built on land at Crosshill donated by members of the Clarke family. The total cost of building came to just over £2043, most of which was raised through donations, grants and bazaars. The Lichfield Diocesan Church Building Society gave a grant of £300 and Dowager Queen Adelaide, widow of William III, gave £20.

The church was consecrated on 10 October 1844. Built of stone in the gothic style, it consisted of chancel and nave with an embattled western tower, with pinnacles, containing one bell. The bell came from the old church of St Mary's in Eastwood, Nottinghamshire. It is inscribed with the words 'God Save the Queen 1713'. The church could seat 400 people, which was increased in 1890 when the gallery was altered.

In the same year of 1890 it was decided to make improvements to the church.

This meant adding a chancel, vestry, and north porch, and improving the chancel arch, pulpit, reading desk, choir stalls and the whole of the seating in the body of the church. The district connected with this church was a poor one, consisting mainly of miners and iron workers, so that the amount required to do the works was collected in small sums by the vicar. The new foundation stone was laid by Sir Thomas William Evans of Allestree Hall and a time capsule was deposited under the new chancel. This consisted of a glass bottle, inside of which was a copy of the parish magazine, a newspaper, plans of the church, several coins and a document containing details of the ceremony.

The original seating was in the form of old fashioned, high oak and walnut closed in pews, lit by oil lamps and candles on each side of the pulpit. These were all cleared away and replaced by modern open pitch pine seating. According to some at the time, this spoiled the whole interior of the church.

In 1875 an enormous explosion was heard and it was found that the boiler used to fire the heating had burst. The force of the explosion blew out the window and door of the church tower and the iron work was twisted into every kind of shape. The people responsible for the care of the heating had only just left a few minutes before or it could have been worse. It was believed that if the arch over the boiler had not been so well built then the roof of the church could well have given way. The damage was considerable and, what was worse, the boiler had only been in place for a few days.

In 1876 the organ underwent considerable repairs and enlargement, causing special sermons to be preached in December 1876 and a collection made after each one to complete the organ fund, the renovations having cost £70.

As always the registers are available to search; the early ones on Ancestry and the later ones at the Derbyshire Record Office. You must book in advance of course. The DFHS has MIs for the church and also burials for the Codnor cemetery [available also on our website]. We also have a range of books and leaflets on the area, which may be of interest. Although we can't accept visitors at the moment, we are always willing to scan things in from our extensive library or post them out if preferred.

## AN OLD FASHIONED COUNTRY FUNERAL

While researching the church of St James, Codnor [see previous pages], I came across an account of Codnor Village and was fascinated by the description of a funeral in olden days. It comes from the book 'My Village' by J.M. Severn, and is a brilliant read for anyone interested in Codnor. It is on our library shelves and is full of names and local information.

"It may be interesting to describe a country funeral at this period. Usually the coffins were carried on the shoulders of a relay of bearers, generally distant relatives or friends 'Bid' to the funeral. The pall was an immense, heavy, dark velvet covering, thrown over the coffin, which came down below the knees of the bearers, whose feet could be seen underneath, keeping in step; a weird sight and a distinctly uncomfortable position for them; unbearably hot and decidedly insanitary; though a hearse could be hired by those able to afford the expense.

The hearse of that period was far different from those seen nowadays. It looked like a big black sepulchral tomb on wheels than anything else, drawn by a black horse with nodding plumes, and four more stately plumes, one at each corner of the hearse. Accompanying the hearse were funeral mutes carrying long draped poles, and as the hearse came to a standstill, these mutes stood with solemn dignity on each side of the door. The followers of the coffin were all in deep black, and the men wore tall hats with immensely long silk hat bands trailing down their backs.

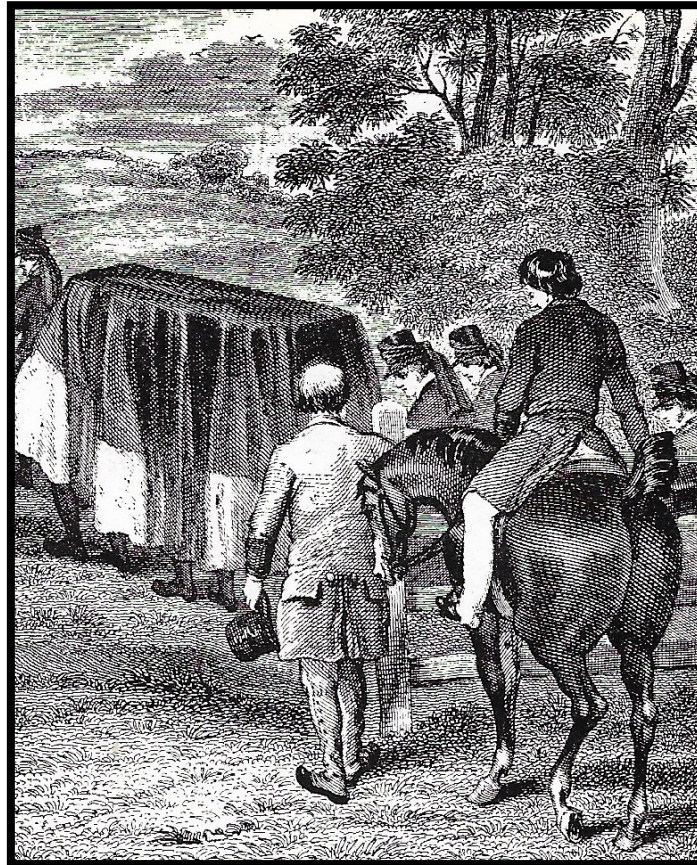
On the occasion of the funeral of a country squire, or other wealthy or notable personage, or members of their families, there would be a long following of relatives and friends, and considerable amount of money was spent on the broad silk hat bands and black kid gloves. A midwife would generally have the arrangements for what is called 'bidding' the funeral, that is, arranging for the bearers and followers; and the hat bands and gloves, in cases of well to do people, were gifts to the undertaker's men and those who followed. These hat bands were sometimes kept for the purpose of lending to poorer people, who were unable to buy or hire them from a local draper, though they were generally collected and preserved until there was a sufficient number to make a black silk dress for a female member of the family, and whilst the hat bands did not always match in respect to quality, this was not accounted any great detriment in the make-up of a silk dress.

Gloves were usually placed in a heap on the table, and persons attending would each pick out a pair which fitted them best. After the burial, the



family, friends and funeral attendants would return, and have cake, wine or tea; but the whole ceremony, so far as the public display of it was concerned, was an awesome spectacle, and very depressing, especially for young people, to witness. The first funeral I ever saw as a child filled my mind with dread and haunted me for a long time afterwards. Even now the conditions associated with funerals are deplorably depressing, but they were a great deal worse in those days. The illustration which is reproduced from the frontispiece of 'My Uncle the Clockmaker' is somewhat characteristic of an old-time funeral proceeding to the burial ground.

An interesting custom still prevails for the mourners to attend the church services the Sunday following the funeral.”



## *Death by Drowning at Derby*

The body of the boy Smith, who was drowned in the River Derwent, near Prince's works, on the 13th ult., was recovered on Monday at Wilne. Through the kindness of Messrs Strutt, Messrs Evans and Mr Towle, the river between Derby and Borrowash was kept very low on Sunday week, and a very careful search was made by about 20 persons, between Derby and Borrowash, but without success. An inquest was held on Monday at the house of Mr Gill, at Draycott, by W. Harvey Whiston, Esq., Coroner.

Henry Smith said—I am a weaver by trade, and live at 12 Castle Street, Derby. I identify the body just viewed as that of my son George Smith. I recognise him by his shirt, his shoes and a portion of his features; he was eight years old. I last saw him alive on Saturday fortnight, the 13th Sept., and I heard that he was drowned about four o'clock the same afternoon. We have dragged the river continuously for nine days. I had two boats at work. This morning I was at the Derwent side, and I heard that he was dead.

James Harvey said—I live at 5 Castle Street, Derby. I knew George Smith. About three o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday fortnight he went with me into Oakes' field by the river Derwent. We went with a boy name dFaulkner to take his father's dinner. There were three planks in the river; deceased got on to one of them and was splashing a stick in the water, as was also Faulkner. Faulkner got off and we told Smith to get off. As he was getting up off his knees to turn round to come off he slipped backward into the river. He cried out for a man, who was about twenty yards off him on the same side of the river, to hold out his fishing rod to him. I went to the man to ask him to hold out his fishing rod, and told him a boy was in the water. He said he was not going to spoil his fishing rod. Deceased went down three times and I saw him no more. There was a strong current on, and when Smith rose the first time he was a long way off th plank; he floated towards the place where the man was; the second time he rose he was still nearer the man. The platform on which the man was standing was a long way in the water, and I think if we had had the fishing rod we could have saved Smith; he struggled a good deal in the water. After deceased had gone down a third time I ran home to tell his parents. Just as deceased went under the last time a boy came from the other side the field, undressed and got into the water after the deceased, but he did not get to him. A young man came up, but he said he could not swim or he would jump in.

John Sherwin, a labourer at Draycott, stated that he saw the body floating down the river that morning. He at last succeeded in getting it to the bank.

The body was floating with the face downwards and the clothing, with the exception of the hat, was all on the body. The face was much bruised.

The jury, in returning a verdict of “Accidental Death” strongly censured the man who was fishing in the river at the time, and who refused to render any assistance.

*Derbyshire Times, 4 Oct 1879*

***And from the same paper—do you know who these people are and did they marry in the end? Why didn't the paper name at least one of them to give us a clue.***

“The Liverpool Landing stage was the scene of considerable and protracted excitement on Sunday. In the morning there were rumours afloat that ‘an eloping couple’ would come from the Rock Ferry boat, and in the afternoon a young man, who in the company of two young females, was arrested by his father whilst leaving the Rock Ferry boat.

The youth was given into custody for what the father termed a felony; but he was liberated in the afternoon, the father relenting and refusing to press the charge. It was reported to the police, however, that the young man had run away from his father’s farm, near Chesterfield, and had met with a young lady in New Ferry, who had won his unsophisticated heart in three brief days. It was planned that they should be united in the bonds of holy matrimony on Sunday morning and, with the object of frustrating their design, the indignant father turned up. He was so far successful, but to show that his love, although brief, was nevertheless sincere, the youth openly avowed, on the landing-stage, that he had fully made up his mind to marry ‘Annie, who alone had won his affections’. The young lady, who had waited outside the Detective Office until her sweetheart was released, was heard to utter similar sentiments.

The incident on the landing stage in the morning caused a great deal of excitement and amusement, which was revived in the afternoon, when the young man walked between his lover and her sister on to the Rock Ferry boat.”

## A DERBYSHIRE HOME OF THE PAST

In the year 1888 the Midland Railway Company acquired for an extension of their Carriage & Wagon works, the Osmaston Hall and Estate, and the figure paid for it was £90,000. The estate in all comprised 236 acres. Part of the park was used for an extension of the Carriage and Wagon works as they then existed, and the laying down of sidings; also for a horse hospital and convalescent paddocks. For a short while the Hall itself was leased to the Derbyshire Golf Club, and later on it was used as a storehouse for the Company's correspondence files. Seventy years ago there was a great expanse of tree-studded country between Osmaston Hall and the borough boundary, and really served as one of the lungs of the town and was very popular with Derby people. In 1938, however, the hall, farm and stables were completely demolished and instead of bird voices the clang and clash of railway wagons could be heard.

Osmaston Hall was built by Robert Wilmot, one of whose two sons was Secretary of State for Ireland for thirty years, and was created a baronet in



1772. The other son, John Wilmot, was educated at Lichfield and among his schoolmates were Johnson and Garrick. He was a great pleader before the House of Commons and was made Lord Chief Justice of England.

Osmaston Hall was founded in 1696 and was built partly of

brick and partly of stone, in the early 1800s the brickwork was stuccoed. It had two fronts, south and north, that to the south measuring 192 feet in length and that to the north 217 feet. The grounds were laid out by Emes and contained an ornamental fish pond. It was once one of the most attractive stately homes of Derbyshire, but now, like most of old Derby, is just a memory.

## RESEARCH CENTRE AND LIBRARY



### BRIDGE CHAPEL HOUSE DERBY

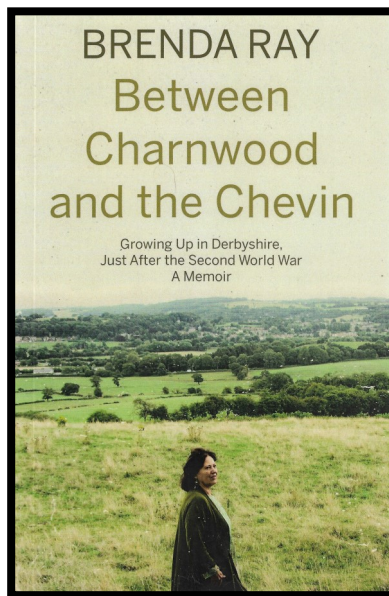
#### Acquisitions at 1 Oct 2020

Ashbourne:	Okeover Hall A Georgian County Town 1725-1825
Bamford:	A Peakland Village
Chapel en le Frith:	The Church of England Primary School
Derby:	Take a Walk with the Derby Ram Little Chester—Maurice Brassington 1993 Normanton—A Glimpse of the Past
Derbyshire:	Old & New—Frank Rodgers
Duffield:	St Ronan's School
Fenny Bentley:	The Village of
Lower Pilsley:	Parkhouse School Admission Register
Mackworth:	Guide to All Saints
Mugginton:	The Parish Church of All Saints
Renishaw:	Renishaw Hall
Memoirs:	The Good Old Days [Brailsford, Coxbench & Ripley] Between Charnwood & The Chevin
Religion:	My Ancestors were Methodists
Staffordshire:	An Illustrated History of Burton on Trent

## NEW IN THE LIBRARY

### BETWEEN CHARNWOOD AND THE CHEVIN

By Brenda Ray



A snapshot of the time between Post-War austerity and the start of the Swinging Sixties, the narrative covers Derby, Belper, Allestree and Quarndon, as well as some material on Burton and the outlying districts.

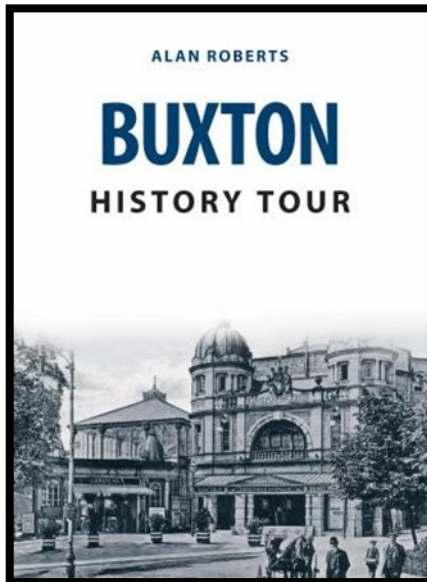
The author grew up in a developing suburb of Derby, which is described as “an uneasy cross between The Stepford Wives and Royston Vasey”. Her family was ordinary enough, but could still boast a silent movie actress, a world famous philosopher, several strange family disappearances, a lot of railway folk and involvement in two civil wars. Her ancestors came from the flat lands of Lincolnshire and the far south of Staffordshire, amongst others. In search of work they settled in Derbyshire and Derby itself.

An account filled with warmth and humour and an example of how to put your own family history into print. Thoroughly recommended, you can order a copy from the author using email [brendarayauthor@gmail.com](mailto:brendarayauthor@gmail.com) At £9.99 plus £3.10 p&p, I consider it a bargain.

**Unlike other years I don't need to inform anyone of when we are closing. Most of the volunteers haven't come back and a lot of us are working from home. So I shall just wish all of you a Happy Christmas and a New Year free from plague, something I am sure we are all praying for.**

**Please have a peaceful Christmas and stay safe  
From all of us at Bridge Chapel House & the DFHS**

## NEW PUBLICATION



Published in paperback by Amberley Publishing on 15 October 2020, priced at £7.99.

A pocket sized book of 96 pages and 50 illustrations, ideal for taking with you on a walk round this well known town.

### ***Buxton History Tour***

Alan Roberts

*Buxton History Tour* offers an insight into the fascinating history of this Derbyshire spa town. Author Alan Roberts guides us around its well-known streets and buildings, showing how its famous landmarks used to look and how they have changed over the years as well as exploring its lesser-known sights and hidden corners. With the help of a handy location map, readers are invited to follow a timeline of events and discover for themselves the changing face of Buxton.

## Derbyshire Family History Society

Dec Quarter 2020



The above is a copy of an original painting done by Reginald Tivey many years ago and given to us, along with several others by a relative. There are only one or two of Derbyshire, the rest are from all over England, but they are lovely nevertheless. This one is Blackpool Lane, Melbourne. No idea what date it was painted.