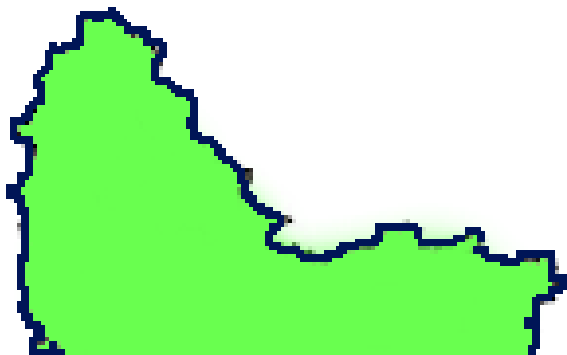


# *Derbyshire Family History Society*



Former Howard  
Arms Public  
House at Cubley

See Page 2

*Dec 2021*

*Issue 179*

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10 a.m.-4 p.m. SATURDAY BY APPOINTMENT ONLY

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 our website.

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

OVERSEAS—OTHER COUNTRIES £19 [magazines sent digitally]

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 on the website 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 no accept cheques made out in this manner.

Please Note! Our website now offers the facility to renew your membership online. 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 2022

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

**COULD WE PLEASE HAVE YOUR THOUGHTS ON NEXT YEAR'S MEETINGS. IT SEEMS VERY FEW ARE WILLING TO ATTEND MEETINGS IN PERSON—IS IT WORTH US DOING THEM ON ZOOM. WILL ANY OF YOU ATTEND? COULD YOU PLEASE LET US HAVE YOUR THOUGHTS ON THIS SO THAT WE CAN ARRANGE SOMETHING IF IT IS WANTED. THANK YOU**

### Front Cover Picture—Former Howard Arms, Cubley

The Howard Arms was originally called the Chesterfield Arms, then the Cubley Inn. It is known locally as the stoop, because of the mounting block which can still be seen at the roadside.

In the early 1800s it was known as the Chesterfield Arms and was run by Thomas Jackson who established a Friendly Society at the pub. After he died John Mear took over and in 1854 his daughter Mary committed suicide by hanging herself in the pub at the tender age of 22. The inquest took place at the pub itself with no reason being found for why she did it or in what state of mind she was in.

In the 1850s Henry Lane took over the pub and by the 1870s John Lees was the pub landlord of what was now called the Howards Arms. The Goodall family had it for many years, when it seemed to be known simply as the Cubley Inn before again being called the Howards Arms. It remained thus until the 1990s when the inn was bought by Roy Wood of Wizzard fame, who turned it into a private house and lives there still.

## FROM THE EDITOR

Welcome to the last issue of 2021—I swear the years are passing quicker than ever. My age, no doubt.

I start with the bad news. The Society is having to move. Bills are rising, membership is falling and Bridge Chapel House is costing far too much to run when we don't have the visitors. Our chairman has written a piece, but if any of you can suggest somewhere, please let us know. It will be a wrench to leave this lovely building, but needs must and on the bright side, it will be nice to say goodbye to all the stairs.

Christmas is on the horizon and if anyone would like to buy a Christmas present, then we have a few odd bits that we can post out to you, namely Notepads [£2], Pens [£1.50], Memory Sticks [£5] and bookmarks [£1]. We can also make you up a welcome pack to give to someone if you wish to make them a member of the Society. Membership will last the year and they will get four magazines, plus access to our website, which is having more data put on all the time. Please contact BCH if you would like to know more.

Talking of the website I am struggling to keep it up to date. Would anyone like to take it on. It just means putting on the latest news, perhaps altering the pictures now and then and generally making sure people know the latest news. Again please contact me if you are interested. I have a nasty feeling the next bit of the Society to go on offer will be the magazine. Something else I am struggling with; I will keep it going for now, but if anyone fancies it .....!!

After all the doom and gloom, we will close for our usual fortnight at Christmas and during that time there might be a bit of a delay answering your emails. If you really need an instant answer, please contact myself or Ruth on our home emails and we will do our best to help you out.

Finally to help Catherine out, please could you renew as soon as possible after 1st January to avoid delays with the magazine. Thank you for that and don't forget we now offer an e-mag to help with the environment and our costs. Your support is really appreciated.

With all best wishes for a Happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

*Helen*

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## THE MYSTERIOUS LUCY SWIFT

One day in 1997, whilst sitting at my desk in what used to be the Museum's Antiquities Office overlooking The Wardwick, the 'phone rang and, in answering, I heard a familiar voice: it was Desmond King-Hele, the biographer of Erasmus Darwin, and day-job astrophysicist.

We had been frequently in touch for some ten years by that time, he helping me with the science behind some of John Whitehurst's theorising for my monograph on Derby's great natural philosopher, and me assisting with local research relating to Erasmus Darwin. Desmond had originally written his life of the good Doctor back in 1977, and had also completed editing a volume of Darwin's collected letters. A further donation of letters in 1990 prompted a revised and largely completely re-written monograph by him.

On this particular morning, he asked me if I could chase up references to Lucy Swift (1771-1835), her husband John Hardcastle and her background. This is particularly relevant currently, as we are currently raising money to acquire an unique botanical and topographical MS of 1825 by Lucy. When I asked Desmond why, he said that he had picked up a hint that Mary, Lucy Hardcastle's daughter, was a natural (that, is illegitimate) grand-daughter of Erasmus Darwin.

Whilst this hardly shocked me, bearing in mind that, although faithful in marriage, he did sire two natural daughters in the period after the death of his first wife Polly Howard in summer 1770, after a liaison in Lichfield, where he then lived. Indeed, he set them up running a school in Ashbourne using his (then revolutionary) curriculum.

We know from Darwin's letters that he was frequently in Derby, mostly to see his friend John Whitehurst, and thus a third natural daughter seemed perfectly possible. The impetus for this research was that, in a letter from Charles Darwin to Joseph Hooker (1817-1911) he avers that Lucy's daughter Mary was an illegitimate grand-daughter of Erasmus. Desmond considered that this family legend was strengthened by four pieces of circumstantial evidence:

- Lucy was baptised at Shirland (where her parents are given as William Swift, woolcomber, and Luci[a]na or Lucinda Turner) 29<sup>th</sup> July 1771, and would thus have been conceived in September 1770, more than two months after Polly's death, when we know that Erasmus was still seeking comfort in the arms of others! That Luci[a]na would have

been in Derby is perfectly possible, as her first cousin, Lamech Swift, was then manager of the Silk Mill.

- Erasmus Darwin personally supervised Lucy's education, according to her daughter Mary, in another of Charles's letters to Joseph Hooker written later in 1864.
- Thirty years later, we find Lucy running a school in Derby, just like her two half-sisters were in Ashbourne.
- She became a leading botanist, publishing *An Introduction to the Elements of the Linnaean System of Botany* in 1830, the MS of which is held at the Natural History Museum.

We have recently learnt that a descendant, researching the family history has 'discovered' that Lucy was the daughter of Lamech Swift, whose sister Anne (otherwise Hannah) married our very own Joseph Wright in 1773. This arises from the fact that, as I pointed out to Desmond in 1997, she gave Lamech's name as her father, albeit rather as an afterthought, on the certificate of her marriage 11<sup>th</sup> January 1792 to Brummie tea dealer John Hardcastle. Quite possibly the couple were introduced by either Darwin who, as a Lunar Society stalwart, was frequently in Birmingham hob-nobbing at Soho Hall with Matthew Boulton. Lucy is recorded on the page, almost as an afterthought, as a minor (she was 20 years and six months), and to be married with the consent of her cousin Lamech Swift. Clearly the parish clerk realised, rather late in the day that she was under age, added the information above the line and then needed proof of consent, which Lamech (there as witness) guaranteed, and the word 'father' was added in the margin, although her mother's husband was still alive.

[ The Year 1792 ]		Page
N <sup>o</sup> 1148 { John Hardcastle Tea Dealer of the Parish of Birmingham in the County of Warwick Bachelor and Lucy Swift of this Parish were		
Married in this Church by Licence by us with the consent of Lamech Swift her		
this eleventh Day of January in the Year One Thousand seven Hundred		
and twenty two By me J. Hardcastle		
This Marriage was solemnized between Us {		
In the Presence of { Lamech Swift		
Pedro Wilson		
N <sup>o</sup> 1149 { John Mason Gardiner of the Parish of St. Peter's		

It was perfectly normal for natural children to be accepted into the family and baptised with the name of the mother and of her husband (when not the



father) on the certificate as parents. Indeed, William and Luci[a]na were to have another child in 1773 before Luci[a]na died in childbirth in 1774, and for all we know William Swift had no inkling that his second daughter was anything other than his own.

To make sure that there was not a second Lucy Swift born to any member of this somewhat extended family Desmond and I both diligently searched the records, and found no other Lucy Swift that could have been Mrs. Hardcastle, nor was there any record of William's 'daughter' Lucy having died young. Clearly the Lucy born in 1771 was one and the same as the Lucy married in 1792. The choice of parish is also instructive: All Saints' was the parish in which Dr. Darwin's house, 3, Full Street, lay. And, one might reasonably ask, why was the marriage not solemnised in Shirland? The likelihood is that Lucy was part of Darwin's Household at the time for, had she been living with Lamech, the marriage would have been at St. Michael's.

The Hardcastles set up home in Derby, John as a tea-dealer and grocer. Their daughter Mary grew up and met another Botanist – a friend of her mother's and the son of a Derby-born Bostonian – Francis Boott FLS, elder brother of Kirk Boott II, co-founder and creator of the cotton mill town of Lowell, Massachusetts. Francis was also a Bostonian, but was living at 25, Gower Street in London, which was how Lucy came to know him.

Kirk Boott II too, married a Derby girl, Anne, daughter of Dr. Thomas Haden, who had succeeded to Darwin's medical practice. The marriage, later on, of Kirk Boott's daughter Eliza to his cousin Francis Horrocks Boott, Mary Boott's son, brought the complex series of Derby-centered inter-relationships full circle (and was par for the course with this family).

But as Desmond wrote in *Erasmus Darwin: A Life of Unequalled Achievement* (1999): 'However, suspicions do not add up to proof. Perhaps Lucy was not christened until she was a year old. Perhaps Mary Bott's hearsay about her mother's education was exaggerated.'

Nevertheless, knowing what we do about the good Doctor and his propensities for copious reproduction (these days he would have been struck off by the GMC amidst a tabloid sensation!), my feeling is that the family belief was pretty sound. Furthermore, we now know that there was only one Lucy, and that the father (or alleged father) was without doubt William Swift of Shirland ((1730-1801) – probably a patient – and not cousin Lamech, who was clearly present as a witness to the wedding and was shanghaied into masquerading as the father on the spur of the moment, when the clerk realised that Lucy was still under age.

One suspects, too, that Lucy had spent most of her formative years in Full Street and, whatever her parentage, was a chip off the old block when it came to both botany and education. Furthermore, the whole saga explains why Joseph Wright – a member of the Swift family from 1773 – painted some of these people who, without this connection, might not have come his way as sitters at all.

*Maxwell Craven*

## *Accident at Heath*

### *Derbyshire Times 2 Aug 1935*

Sympathy has been expressed with Mrs Whitlam of Heath, in the death of her husband, which occurred on Saturday, at the age of 64 years. Mr Whitlam was employed as signalman at Heath Station Box on the L.N.E. Railway and on Saturday evening he had been extinguishing a fire that had occurred outside his box, which necessitated his coming down a large flight of steps. After extinguishing the fire, he was returning up the steps when he collapsed and before assistance could be obtained had expired.

Mr Whitlam, who had been on the railway about 40 years, was due to retire at the end of November this year and a sad feature is that Mr and Mrs Whitlam were to leave on the following Monday for their annual holidays at Bridlington.

Mr Whitlam was removed in the ambulance to his home and from there the funeral took place on Tuesday. Heath Parish Church was packed with sympathisers, Mr Whitlam, along with his wife, having been ardent church workers both at Heath and at Holmewood Mission Church, from where Mrs Whitlam has only recently retired as Sunday School Superintendent, a position she has held since the Mission Church Sunday School was built.

The Rev W Dick, vicar of Heath, officiated. Mr w. H. Goodwin, organist and choirmaster at Heath Parish Church, played the Funeral March and O Rest in the Lord as the cortege entered and left the church. The hymn Abide with Me was sung.

Bearers were Messrs R Earnshaw, T. Short, A. Thompson, P. Ballington, W. Hardwick, V. Hardwick, H. Gibson and J. Gollings.

## SOME FAMOUS CHRISTMAS DAYS

The great season of Christmas has always been associated with feasting and rejoicing, but here and there, scattered through the centuries, we find records of a Christmas which, for some reason, stands out prominently in history.

Right back in the year 800 Charlemagne was crowned Holy Roman Emperor. The son of King Pepin the Short succeeded his father as King of the Franks in 768. Over the next three decades, he conquered Northern Italy, Northern Spain and much of Central and Eastern Europe, converting the defeated tribes to Roman Catholicism. He promoted art, culture and education, inspiring the Carolingian Renaissance. In 800 Charlemagne helped restore Pope Leo III to power after a rebellion had forced him from Rome. In gratitude, the pope crowned Charlemagne Emperor of the Romans at a Christmas Day Mass.

One of the most famous Christmas Days in history was that of 1066 when William the Conqueror was crowned King of England in Westminster Abbey. The Archbishop of York performed the ceremony and after exacting a promise from the King that he would govern the country righteously, he asked the Saxon nobles if they would accept him as their overlord. The response was so hearty that the soldiers outside, mistaking it for a refusal, rushed among them with uplifted swords. The confusion spread throughout the surrounding streets and furious fighting ensued. Many lives were lost and countless houses burnt and looted.

A memorable Christmas feast was given by King Stephen to celebrate his coronation in 1135, when he entertained all the people of London to a free banquet. Long tables, laden with food and wine, were set out in the streets and people came from far and wide to enjoy his lavish hospitality. This was the last season of peace which England was to know for many years and was always remembered during the stormy years that followed as “Stephen’s Good Christmas”.

The foundation of the famous Order of the Garter dates from the Christmas Day of 1350 when Edward the Third was celebrating Christmas right royally at Windsor Castle. He gave a great banquet to which the captive Kings of France and Scotland were both invited, and welcomed his guests in a rich crimson satin mantle, and white velvet tunic embroidered with rubies. French chefs were brought from France to honour their King and provide his favourite delicacies. They produced jellies, tarts of all kinds, custards and other elaborate foods – the like of which had never been seen in England before. The English cooks soon copied them, and this Christmas dinner marks a very definite change in the cuisine of our ancestors.

Then there was the Christmas of 1663, famous as the coldest ever known in England. The Thames was frozen so hard that coaches and horses could drive over it in safety. Oxen were roasted whole on the ice, wrestling and boxing matches, sledge drives, skittles and other diversions were enjoyed to the full, while swings, dancing booths and refreshment tents abounded everywhere. Charles the Second, with his Court, came down on Christmas morning to share in the revels of his subjects and the day ended with a wonderful display of fireworks.

Citizens of London long remembered this Christmas and contrasted it with the tragic Christmas of 1665, when the Great Plague devastated the city. The epidemic reached its height during Christmas week, when the deaths averaged over 300 victims. On Christmas Day all the houses were shuttered and the streets deserted, except for the constant procession of funeral carts to collect the dead and bury them in hastily prepared graves.

In 1654 was the famous “Silent Christmas” when Cromwell and his Puritans formally abolished all the Christmas festivities, and ordained the day should be spent in prayer and fasting. Suspected houses were rudely searched for hidden delicacies, all music and singing were forbidden and a “most strange and sad silence” brooded over the city. Brave old London did not take it altogether lying down! In many districts the people rose up in rebellion against such extreme measures, soldiers were sent to subdue them, and there was a “world of skull cracking” on Christmas afternoon. The trouble spread to the provinces and was repeated year after year with increasing violence. Indeed it is probable that nothing helped the cause of the banished Stuarts more than this ill advised attempt to abolish Christmas.

On the night of Christmas Day 1776 in America George Washington launched a daring attack on a Hessians garrison. He led 2400 troops across the Delaware in frigid, windy conditions and marched south to Trenton, where they defeated the unsuspecting Hessians in the early morning. They won several other battles over the next 10 days, turning the tide of the war.

Also in America in 1868 Southern Democrat Andrew Johnson became president following the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, less than a week after the Southern army had surrendered. Johnson held sympathies for the South and clashed with Republicans in Congress who wanted to impose harsh measures on the South, leading to his impeachment in February 1868. Surviving the Senate vote to remove him from office Johnson contentiously pardoned all common men who were willing to take an oath of allegiance. Finally on Christmas Day 1868, as outgoing president, Johnson issued a full pardon to all Southerners who participated in the war.

One of the most memorable Christmas Days occurred in 1914, during the First World War, when the British and German troops suddenly made their own unofficial Christmas truce. The bitter trench warfare had raged furiously during December 24<sup>th</sup>, with the ceaseless roar of guns and explosions of shells. Then on the morning of the 25<sup>th</sup> came a strange silence, broken only by the sound of carol singing from friends and foes alike. Presently heads appeared cautiously above the tops of trenches and voices cried “We do not shoot at Christmas”. Soon, all were out in no mans’ land, singing, laughing, exchanging gifts of cigarettes and sweets, even playing football together. It was not until darkness fell that the men went back reluctantly to their own trenches, and at midnight the shooting began again. This fraternising was sternly frowned down by both Governments and was not allowed to occur again.

A very different Christmas Day was the one in 1941, during the second World War. Hong Kong fell on that day, and this was one of the most brutal and costly tragedies of the entire campaign, a Christmas of bloodshed and terror. The invasion by Japan was overseen by Emperor Hirohito, who had ascended the Chrysanthemum Throne, by coincidence, also on Christmas Day. Hirohito would rule Japan for the next 62 years, the longest reign in Japanese history, albeit marked by the brutal military invasion of China, followed by his country’s most disastrous war, then its unprecedented foreign occupation, and finally Japan’s transformation into the world’s second economic super power.

Lastly, on Christmas Day 1950, a group of Scottish nationalist students decided to reclaim the stone of Scone for Scotland. The stone, also known as the Stone of Destiny, was used as the coronation stone of Scottish Kings from the ninth century to 1296, when it was taken by King Edward I and placed in London to serve as England’s coronation stone. The students broke into Westminster Abbey and took the stone, which they managed to crack in two during the heist, to Arbroath Abbey in Scotland, where it was discovered by authorities on April 11 1951 and returned to England.

Not strictly Christmas Day, but the tsunami of 2004 happened on Boxing Day and is known as the Christmas tsunami. The magnitude 9.1 quake ruptured a 900 mile stretch of fault line causing several 100 foot waves to hit the shoreline of Banda Aceh, killing more than 100,000 people. Then successive waves rolled over coastlines in Thailand, India and Sri Lanka killing tens of thousands more and finishing in South Africa where it claimed its final casualties. All in all nearly 230,000 people were killed.

Let us hope for a happier Christmas this time!!

## SAMUEL HENRY MIDDLETON

On revisiting my Middleton ancestors, I have come across the above person. Samuel was born in Albert Village, South Derbyshire on 12<sup>th</sup> January 1884, the fifth child of Joseph Henry Middleton (1855–1886) and Priscilla Green (1855–1894). By the 1891 Census he was living at The Union Workhouse in Ashby de la Zouch aged 6. In 1901 he was living with his brother William (1876–1958) and his wife Sarah Ann (nee Nichols) (1880 - ?) in Albert Village aged 17 and was employed at a local Pipe Yard as a Fireman.

He emigrated to St John's in Canada on the "SS Lake Manitoba" on the 11<sup>th</sup> April 1905 aged 21.



*The SS Lake Manitoba was a passenger cargo ship launched in June 1901 and made at the Swan & Hunter Ship Yard*

He had been asked to go to Canada to look for a ranch for his uncle Charles HARRAD (1861–1939) and his wife Eliza (formerly Middleton) (1864–1933) to buy a ranch. He shows his occupation as being a painter. The ranch he found was named Starlight Ranch about 6 miles east of Pincher Creek, near Brocket. Charles followed Samuel, liked what he saw and returned to Burton on Trent to collect his wife and their six children.

Charles Harrod was born on 5<sup>th</sup> May 1861 in Burton on Trent and was baptised on 23<sup>rd</sup> May of the same year. In the 1871 Census he was living at 4 Abbey Street, Burton Extra, aged 9 and a scholar. By the 1881 Census he was still living at 4 Abbey Street was now aged 19 and was employed as a coach builder. He married Eliza Middleton on 5<sup>th</sup> Aug 1887 at Emanuel Church in Swadlincote and was living at Branstone, Burton on Trent again his occupation was shown as a coach builder. The 1891 Census shows them living at Branstone Road, Burton on Trent and he was still a coach builder but by the 1901 Census they were living at The Carriage Works, on Branstone Road, was aged 39 and a coach builder employer. He emigrated to Canada during 1907.

A story which we have found written on the Pincher Creek History Group website by Grace Harrad Dennis (daughter of Charles and Eliza) (1900–1976) states the following:

*'The trip took more than three weeks by boat and train and everyone was seasick. We finally arrived about one quarter of a mile from Brocket railway station in a snowstorm, a very bad snowstorm. There was no one there to meet us because Samuel was late due to the weather, nor was anyone else around. Father banged on the station agent's door and the agent in his night shirt wondered what we wanted. Father told him we had just got off the train and wanted to come in out of the storm. Samuel finally arrived about 8.30 am in a wagon. One look at the wagon and Mother wondered if this was what we had to ride in. Soon we were settled in the wagon (we kids thought it was funny) but Mother didn't. We had to go over a creek which still had ice on it and the wagon would go up and down. Mother didn't like it and started to cry "Let's go back". We arrived at the Starlight Ranch to find the couple who were just staying until we came still in bed playing with a dog. This was not a very pleasant beginning. Mother desperately wanted a cup of tea and there was no milk. We kids went outside that first day to explore and found the exterior of the house was plastered with mud and manure. That did it, this only added to my mother's discomfort and unhappiness at being in such a place compared to the comfortable house she had in Burton on Trent. It was more than a week later before our furniture arrived from England and in the meantime we children had to sleep on the floor. The day that Father and Samuel went to get the furniture Mother and one of her daughters Elsie, neither of whom knew too much about keeping a stove going, managed to set the chimney on fire. The younger kids started to cry but the family finally got the fire out. Not the happiest start to life in Canada.'*

Grace goes on to say that her father bought three horses and a carriage from England and that the carriage was a long one with a seat at both sides and a door at the back. They were quite put out for when they went into Pincher Station in the carriage the children would make fun of them and say "Here comes the English family in the soap box".

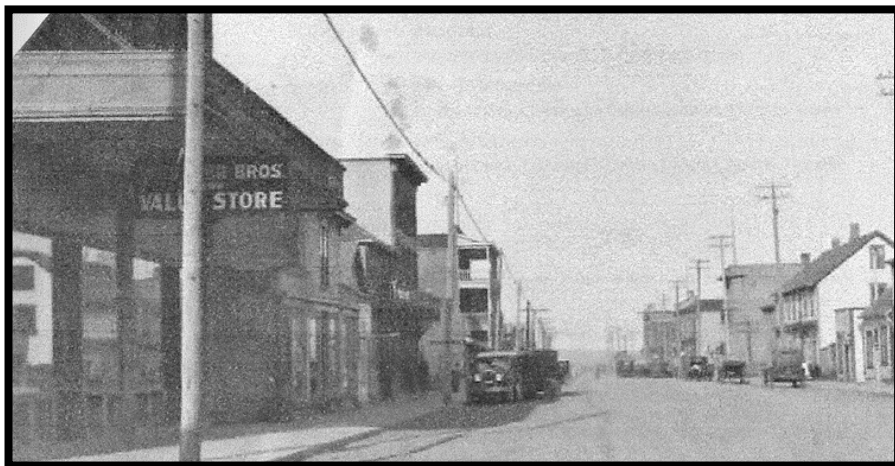
A sandstone quarry was located on the Starlight Ranch, this was often known as "Harrad's Quarry", it was in operation for several years prior to the outbreak of WW1 and it was from here that the building blocks for the Lebel Store, old Union Bank and two or three pioneer residences in Pincher Creek are constructed. The quarry site was located just south or upstream of the Canadian Pacific Railway and spanned the Pincher Creek and the massive stones weighing as much as nine tons were transported west as far as Pincher City on the C.P.R. line.

An 8 tonne piece of stone and one of the railcars which brought the stone to Pincher City is on the grounds of the Kootenai Brown Pioneer Village. See photograph below.



*The large piece of stone and railway line can be clearly seen*

They had real hard times for years, working hard but never seeming to get anywhere. Her mother and father eventually retired in 1924 and went to live on Bridge Avenue in Pincher Creek, where they were well known for his large “Strawberry Red” rhubarb patch. Her mother, who had been an active member of the Pincher Creek United Church passed away on the morning of Friday, 3<sup>rd</sup> November 1933 and Charles on Thursday, 27<sup>th</sup> July 1939.



*Pincher Creek Main Street during the 1930's*



**Anyway, back to Samuel** - by the 1906 Canadian Census he was living in District 16, Alberta, Canada. Samuel worked for four years at a school on the Peigan reserve, west of Fort MacLeod, then in 1909 he moved to the Blood Indian Reserve and became headmaster of St Paul's School. He was made headmaster of St Paul's school on 18<sup>th</sup> October 1909 and introduced a traditional English education that was based on self-discipline and a sense of duty. The Indian people were not endeared to Samuel since the previous headmaster was not particularly liked by the powerful chief 'Red Crow'. Games were introduced to make the curriculum more appealing and teachers' salaries were finally increased to attract more competent individuals to the job. By 1910 with an increase in annual grants the buildings were sanitary and in a good state of repair, hospital accommodations were well lit and ventilated for the isolation of students of infectious diseases and each student was provided with a minimum of 500 cubic feet in dorms, 250 cubic feet per seat in the classroom and sixteen square feet per student. In 1911 regulations were put into place regarding the disposal of garbage and refuse and the control of flies which were believed to cause the spread of diseases that were ravaging the residential schools. Hygiene was to be taught for at least 20 minutes each day to the students.

Under Samuel, the school began to take on a military ethos with both boys and girls regularly drilled. He continued to promote agriculture through the teaching of judging and comparing of livestock, introduced carpentry for the boys and dairying for the girls.

The Bishop of Calgary ordained him a priest of the Church of England in 1911, this being the same year he married Kathleen Underwood, who had been the matron at the school for six years previous to his arrival there. Kathleen served as a nurse at St Paul's for 21 years although it seems as if she had no formal training.

Between 1912 – 1913 the average attendance at St Paul's dropped to 35, this may have been due to some part in the lack of school age children coupled with the hesitation and apathy of the parents. The Indian population had been dropping rapidly since the early 1880s due to the prevalence of tuberculosis and a number of epidemics (measles, mumps, pneumonia and small pox).

By the late 1910s a Cadet Corp was introduced and the school was asked to be the honour guard for the Prince of Wales. Samuel felt the Corp fostered self discipline and loyalty and was a means of travel for those children who followed the rules. The Indian children on the reserve were allowed to travel which most children on the reserve wouldn't be allowed to do.

One of the pupils named Albert Mountain Horse or Flying Angel was the youngest of three brothers and was nineteen when the First World War broke out in mid 1914. In August 1914 Albert Mountain Horse became one of the first Indians to enlist and he was shipped out with the first army contingent destined for Europe. Albert was badly gassed three different times and as a result, he soon afterward contracted consumption and died in November 1915. Soon after Albert's funeral both his brothers, Mike and Joe enlisted and were also sent overseas but unlike their brother both returned safely to the reserve.

By 1916 they were living at the District of McCloud in Alberta Samuel aged 31 was Principle at St Paul's Mission and chaplain to the Bishop of Calgary.. In the 1921 Canadian Census his salary was 430 Canadian Dollars per annum.

Samuel dreamt of a new school at its present site but the department of education decided to move the school since its location was prone to drought and flooding. The new site was chosen 4 miles south west of Cardston where a new brick structure would be erected bringing both classrooms and dorms under one roof. Samuel organised a brass band during 1923 and on dedication day he hung a very large Union Jack over the main east entrance where a stone lintel read St Paul's Indian Residential School. The doors of the new school were opened by an Indian boy and girl.

From 1924 to 1943 he was Rural dean of Lethbridge and he became Archdeacon of Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada. In 1943 he became Rural Dean in Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada and also Archdeacon of Lethbridge. He worked and prayed with the Blood Indians from 18<sup>th</sup> October 1909 until 31<sup>st</sup> May 1949 when he retired.

At the time of his retirement from his position as rector of St Paul's Anglican Church for the Indians at Cardston, of St Thomas' church at Cardston and of All Saints' church in the town of Waterloo Archdeacon "Canon" Middleton was already a legend. Indians knelt on the grass beside a running stream to hear their retiring friend and fellow tribesman preach his last official sermon to them on the Blood Indian Reserve in 1949.

He told them of his first days as a missionary amongst them saying "*What's the use and throwing in the sponge, discouraged and heartsick he had wandered down to a stream and watched a beaver fight its way against the current to place a log on the dam. There was my lesson, I was to follow the example of the beaver and go upstream to build something for my people, the Blood Indians. Since that time I have never turned back, whether I have*

*failed I do not know but we have become a family. I am not leaving here and forgetting all about you, I could not."*

He studied language from the Indians and became an authority on the Blood Indian dialect and produced several books on Indian lore and history which he had gathered listening to members of the Blood tribe. He was a leading figure in the creation of the Waterton Glacier International Peace Park and in July 1958 a plaque was unveiled in front of the East Glacier resort hotel in honour of him. The school motto read Mokokit Ki Aekakimat – Be Wise and Persevere.

Samuel died on 22 March 1964 in Calgary and was buried on 27<sup>th</sup> March 1964 in the Waterton Glacier International Peace Park. It was, in the words of Chief Joe Bull Shields, awfully hard to see him go. Samuel considered his greatest lifetime tribute to be his appointment in September 1951 as life member of the Head Chiefs and Tribal Council of the Blood Indians. It was the first time this honour had been conferred on a white man.

Samuel received many honours in his life which include the King's Jubilee Medal in 1935, he was created commander of St John of Jerusalem in 1937 and received the Canadian Efficiency Decoration in 1936. He was a fellow of the Royal Empire Society of England, a member of the famous Explorers' Club of New York City and a member of the Ranchmen's Club of Calgary. In 1945 he was awarded a Doctor of Divinity Degree at St John's College, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg.

We have obtained a copy of Samuels Last Will and Testament dated and signed on 16<sup>th</sup> February 1960 in which he states that he wishes for his three children to inherit all his worldly goods and possessions including more than one thousand volumes. He states that the LONG LANCE painting, the SHOT-BOTH-SIDES painting, also CALF CHIEF and BAD BOY, GISSING painting and all other paintings from his Indian collection to be split between his family and friends.

He asks that the Pall Bearers to be Senator Jas Gladstone, Chief Mike Mountain Horse, Chief Fred T Fethers, Chief Michael Eagle Speaker, Dick Soup, George Davis and David Healy carry him into Christ Church, Fort MacLeod. He states that he wishes for Chief Mike Mountain Horse carry my Indian Head-dress during the service and place the same on the coffin. He bequeaths that my Indian Head-dress to his grandson Charlie and requests that Mike Mountain Horse crown him the name of 'CHIEF Mount-AIN' – thus retaining the historic name within the family.



*“Canon” Middleton*  
*date unknown*



*“Canon” Samuel Middleton in his Indian Head-dress*

He also requests that members of KAINAI CHIEFTAINSHIP attend the Service as a body.

I hope that you have enjoyed reading about my first cousin twice removed. We didn't realise when we first starting to look at his life from Workhouse to Archdeacon what a journey it would be.

*Gill & Alan Hiley (Mem No. 1774)*  
*E-mail: gillhiley09@btinternet.com*

On 1 November 1866 George Rickman, a 62 year old stationmaster, was killed near Derby railway station after being run over by a train. He had gone down to the South Junction to supervise the departure of some trains before walking back along the line just as the 3.10 Nottingham train was nearing Derby station. The engine driver whistled and several people shouted to him, including a porter who was only a few yards away, but he did not hear them. Rickman was struck by the buffer in the spine and the train ran over him. He died instantly. An inquest was held in the waiting room and the jury returned a verdict of 'accidental death'. He had worked for the Midland Railway for 28 years and nearly 15,000 people attended his funeral at the New Cemetery.

## HELP WANTED

Does anyone know what happened to Ann Shore [nee Walker]? Do you have her on your family tree?

Ann Walker was baptised on 16 August 1818 at Chapel en le Frith, the daughter of Zachariah Walker and his wife, Sarah Jowle, of Crossings, Chapel en le Frith. She had ten younger siblings and an elder half brother, Robert Jowle, who was the illegitimate son of her mother, Sarah Jowle. She presumably grew up in Crossings, where her father and maternal grandfather were shoemakers.

By 1840 she was in Stockport Moor, where she had an illegitimate son, Miles Walker, born 17 December 1840. No father was given, but the birth was recorded by William Hallworth, occupier. She may have been a servant to the Hallworth family. By 1841 Ann and her son Miles were living back in Chapel en le Frith with her parents.

On 21 Mar 1843 she married James Shore, a widower, and a farmer, in Mottram in Longdendale. One of the witnesses was Robert Jowle, her half brother. James Shore's first wife and baby son were buried in Chapel en le Frith, although he came from Norbury, Cheshire.

Her son Miles seems to have been brought up by relatives, because in 1851 James and Ann Shore were living at 53 Edward Street, Stockport, where he was a beer seller. They had four children, Samuel [aged 8], John [aged 6], Elizabeth [aged 4] and Sarah [aged 2], all born in the Norbury area.

I can find no further mention of Ann Shore, nee Walker. Her husband James Shore died on 15 December 1853, aged 39, in Hazel Grove, and was buried in Chapel en le Frith. Their son Samuel died in Stockport Infirmary in 1856, aged 13, and was also buried in Chapel en le Frith. Anne Shore did not register either of these 2 deaths.

I can find no death or burial for Ann. Re-marriage is more difficult because of the relatively common name, but it seems unlikely, because the family was split up by 1861. Samuel had died, John was in Chapel en le Frith with his grandparents, training to be a shoemaker, and Elizabeth was in Norbury, as a lodger [silk hand-loom weaver]. I have not found Sarah in 1861, but by 1871 she was a servant to a family called Smith in Chapel en le Frith. If anyone has any information on this family, please contact me.

*Diana Moilliet [Mem 8509]*

*E-mail: [andrewmoilliet@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:andrewmoilliet@hotmail.co.uk)*

## THE REAL GUY FAWKES

Few characters in history have been so consistently misrepresented as the Prince of Bonfires – Guy Fawkes. Even today his name suggests a black browed blood thirsty Spaniard, or an embittered Catholic fanatic, or a turbulent arch rebel. Yet in reality he was a gentleman, a man of honour who would not betray his comrades, and he has been misrepresented throughout history.

Born in 1570 in the old city of York, he was actually baptised in a Protestant church and educated at the school of St Peter's in York. It is for this reason that Guy Fawkes' Day has never been observed at this school. No fireworks, no bonfire, no burning of the guy, has ever been allowed. "We never burn our old boys" is a strict tradition that is strictly upheld.

Guy's father died early and his mother later married a Catholic gentleman, Dionis Bainbridge, and went to live with him at Scotton Hall near Knaresborough, which still stands and is actually supposed to be haunted by the ghost of Guy Fawkes, carrying his dark lantern.

When Guy came of age he embraced the faith of his stepfather and went abroad to join the Spanish Catholic Army in their battles against the Dutch Protestants, but being of a mild and gentle disposition, the life did not appeal to him, so he returned to England in a most unlucky moment for himself. The famous gunpowder plot was already planned and the three original conspirators, Robert Catesby, John Wright and Tom Winter, were just then looking out for a trustworthy confederate. Fawkes was well known to them as a devout Catholic and a man of honour. They persuaded him to join their dangerous scheme. Hiring a tenement, whose cellars adjoined the Houses of Parliament, Guy was directed to disguise himself as the caretaker. Indeed he seems to have been merely the obedient tool and catspaw in the hands of his so called friends.

Eventually he was entrusted with the task of actually firing the gunpowder, but on the great day the secret had leaked out and the King's officers arrived to search the cellars. There was just one man to be found – Guy Fawkes himself with a watch, slow matches and dark lantern in his hands. He was seized, bound and dragged into the presence of the King and with a pleasant smile told him that the one great wish of his life was to blow the Scottish Court back to Scotland. That can't have helped his cause much, but in any case he was already a dead man walking and was condemned to death, the charge against him being *"of such vile treason that never has the tongue of*

*man uttered, the ear of man heard, the heart of man conceived or the malice of earthly devil imagined such a hell of wickedness”.*



When the plan of the entire plot was revealed the three original conspirators were soon captured and executed, but the story of Guy Fawkes, caught red handed in the cellar among the piles of wood and barrels of gunpowder, with his guilty implements about him, and dragged at midnight into the very bedchamber of the King, appealed to the popular imagination and to the public. He and he alone was regarded as responsible for the plot. The names of the real culprits, Catesby, Wright and Winter, were soon forgotten, but every year the effigy of Guy Fawkes has been burnt with shouts and jeers in almost every town and village in England, regardless of the fact that he played only a minor part in the great conspiracy.

No other man in the world has been more loudly remembered! Powerful Emperors have upheaved nations, mighty warriors have changed the face of Europe, statesmen and dictators have ruled, single handed, over the destiny of millions, but not one has caused so much noise in the world as this quiet little Yorkshireman.

## HENSTOCK (and derivations) EMIGRATIONS

It was a delight to discover finding more than one of my ancestors had emigrated to the USA in 1869, 1870 and to expand my tree with their families. However, when some names would not fit into my tree time scales it made me wonder if they belonged to another branch.

Further investigation revealed that these non-fitting names were in fact not of my branch but of another that happened to be in the same vicinity at the same time. This then prompted the thought, just how many other Henstock branches, not linked to mine, were in the USA? More interestingly, where did that family originate in the UK?

Some families in the USA had originally emigrated to Canada and it was their descendants who migrated to the USA, places like Ridgeway, Wisconsin, Twin Falls, Idaho.

The following are those discovered, in chronological order of emigration. I'll hasten to add that there are others proving to be difficult to trace.

1. William Augustus Hemstock (1791 – 1867) East Drayton (Nottinghamshire). Arrive, Canada, between 1830 -1838. Destination : Sullivan, Gray County, Ontario.
2. William Hempstock (1800 – 1882) Ragnall (Nottinghamshire). Arrive, Canada, between 1841 – 1851. Destination: Hamilton, Ontario.
3. William H Henstock (1827 – 1856) Crich (Derbyshire). Arrive New York, 1848, ship: Louisiana. Destination: Montrose, Susquehanna, Pennsylvania.
4. William Henstock (1856 – 1922) Chesterfield (Derbyshire). Arrive USA, 1885 (1900 US census). Destination: North Braddock, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.
5. George Henstock (1808 – 1890) Crich (Derbyshire). Arrive New York, 1857, ship: Southampton. Destination: Ridgeway, Wisconsin.
6. Frederick Henstock (1844 – 1912) Holloway (Derbyshire). Arrive New York, 1869, ship: City of Baltimore. Destination: Steubenville, Ohio.



7. Joshua Henstock (1841 – 1918) Holloway (Derbyshire). Arrive New York, 1869 /1870, ship unknown. Destination: Steubenville, Ohio.
8. Thomas Henstock (1838 - 1906) Holloway (Derbyshire). Arrive New York, 1880, ship: SS Bothnia. Destination: Steubenville, Ohio. Returned to England, date unknown.
9. William Henstock (1852 - 19240) Tipton (Dudley, Birmingham). Arrive USA 1890 (1900 US census). Destination: Oakland, Susquehanna, Pennsylvania, USA.
10. Anthony Henstock (1885 – 1940) Hyson Green (Nottingham). Arrive New York, 1904, ship: Campania. Destination: Wellsville, Ohio.
11. Enoch Henstock (1883 - 1952) Hyson Green (Nottingham). Arrive New York, 1905, ship: Campania. Destination: Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

As for my descendants, even today, they stayed mainly in the Pittsburgh vicinity. However, Anthony Henstock, who was originally from Hyson Green, Nottingham, is documented as heading to Wellsville, Ohio to meet up with his uncle, Joshua Henstock.

He did not remain in Wellsville, he was next found in Seattle, on the west coast of the USA. He had enlisted in the US Navy. He had engineering skills as the 1901 census record of Heage indicates, he was a 'fitter' at the Iron Works. Anthony's US Naturalisation document, while in the US navy, shows that he held the position of, Chief Machinist Mate.

After service with the US Navy he became a Marine Engineer, serving on various US merchant ships.

Anthony's retirement was not to any family members at Pittsburgh or back to England but to the Sailors Snug Harbor on Staten Island, New York. This was a retirement home for retired US sailors founded by Robert Richard Randall and was opened in 1833.

Here he remained until he passed away and is buried in the Sailor Snug Harbor cemetery. Unfortunately the home did not identify burials with headstones, so it is impossible to know exactly where he is buried.

And finally, some identity photographs of Anthony, who was always single.

35561  
78 3558

**DUPLICATE** 35560

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF DEFENSE  
WASHINGTON, D. C. 4800

NAME Anthony Henstock SEX M  
 ADDRESS 1701 Kensington Avenue, N. York, N. Y.  
 PLACE OF BIRTH Brooklyn, N. Y. DATE OF BIRTH June 21, 1904  
 BIRTH (or citizenship) of the U. S. A. of the U. S. A.  
 LAST PLACE OF RESIDENCE at Long Beach, Calif. from 1940 to 1948  
 PLACE OF RESIDENCE at Long Beach, Calif. from 1940 to 1948  
 WAS REGISTERED BEFORE THE 1st of October 1940  
 IN Long Beach, Calif. under number 10894  
 AGE 31 years 12 mo. 19 days HEIGHT 5 7  
 LAST VESSEL USS USS USS USS USS  
 DUTY VESSEL USS USS USS USS USS  
 VESSEL AND RATING CONFIRMED by USS USS USS USS  
 COMPLETION July 1948  
 PHYSICAL NOTES Good Good Good Good Good  
 IDENTIFYING TAG Not out

I do solemnly swear that the above facts are all true and that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I will bear my part in peace or war as I may be required by law; and that I will do all these things freely without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion.

SUBSCRIBER A. Henstock  
 WITNESSES A. Henstock  
 LAST PHOTO TAKEN 1948



**John Henstock [Mem 2558]  
 E-mail: henstock1925@outlook.com**

## FOLLOW ON

I noted the article on the families taking their name from Lomax/Lumhalgs (Lancs) in the September magazine. The author might like to know that there was a bunch of them living in the vast parish of Hartington at the time of the Hearth Tax:

Edward (1)  
George (1)  
Henry (1)  
Henry (4)  
Thomas (3)  
Thomas (1) &  
William (1)

The number of separate households there in 1670 suggests a longstanding community of people belonging to this kinship group, and the three and four hearth entries would have been reasonably substantial farmers or village-dwelling tradesmen/merchants. No doubt the author's Nicholas of Hartington (BN p.85) belongs to them.

Henry Lomas, assessed on four hearths is probably the father of William Lomas of Haslin House, Hartington Upper Quarter (now in Harpur Hill) married at Hartington 25/2/1687 Mary Hill and had five children, Henry (d. 1758), George of Hartington yeoman (1690-1776), Revd. John MA (1694-17320 died unmarr., William b. 1706 and Mary (1689-1690). Of these, Henry was at Haslin House and was ancestor of the Lomas family of Cornborough, Devon, recorded in some detail in Burke's *Landed Gentry* (1952) pp. 1554-1555.

Professor Cameron also notes Lomas's Farm, Chinley in the Parliamentary Survey of 1650; no doubt John and several others of the name recorded at Chapel-en-le-Frith must be associated with him. The Lomases at Alstonefield may also belong to the Hartington kinship group.

Incidentally there have been Lomas pedigrees in the Society magazines nos 43, 52 and 72, which all apparently link into the Hartington ones and one of the articles specifically links a Chapel en le Frith man to Hartington parish.

*Maxwell Craven*

*Email: maxwellcraven@btinternet.com*

## PHOEBE, THE MATLOCK AMAZON

At the beginning of the 19<sup>th</sup> century a traveller to Derbyshire visited Cromford and Matlock, where he stayed at the Old Bath. This traveller, in the company of several ladies, a Gentleman from Leicester, and a Captain of the Guards, walked out to a cottage near the hotel to see a very extraordinary young woman named Phoebe Brown. It was claimed that Phoebe *“breaks and shoes horses, bleeds and Physicks them, rides them without a saddle, standing upon them as at Astleys, plays upon the violin, violincello, flute, harpsichord and staccado, all which instruments she is possessed of; writes always in verse and considers herself a great poetess, she never sings as she says her voice is ungovernable, it being strong like a man’s; indeed the greatest compliment you can pay her is to tell her she is like a man”*.



The following afternoon the party went to visit Phoebe to see her in her ‘working dress’, having seen her previously in her Sunday clothes. On this occasion the Matlock Amazon was supervising the building of a Captain L....s house. She was dressed as a man wearing a blue waistcoat and trousers.

William Hutton made her acquaintance in 1802 and recorded: *“..in person five feet six, is about thirty, well proportioned, round-faced and ruddy, a dark penetrating eye. Her step is more manly than a man’s and can cover forty miles a day. She can lift a hundredweight in each hand and carry fourteen score. She can sew and knit, cook and spin, but hates them all.....she is fond of Milton, Pope and Shakespeare, also of music....her chief food is milk which is also her drink, discarding wine, ales and spirits. A gentleman at the New Bath had recently treated her rudely; she had a good mind to have knocked him down. She assured me ‘she never knew what fear was’. She gave no affront, but offers to fight any man who gives her one. If she never fought perhaps it was owing to the insulter being a coward; for a man of courage would disdain to offer an insult.”*

Mr L. Jewitt, F.S.A., added a few particulars of her home, saying *“It consisted of one room only on the ground floor, but a lady having presented*

*her with a harpsichord, Phoebe, mainly by her own hard labour, built another room to the cottage for its reception."*

When she died in May 1854, aged 86, the Derbyshire Courier printed this tribute:

*"Last week Phoebe Brown, aged 86, died at this village. Phoebe, until within these last few years was considered a perfect character, eccentric to the verge of positive insanity; she was perfectly harmless, unless grossly and purposely irritated. She was a tolerable performer on the flute, violincello and harpsichord; and in her younger days was reckoned a capital judge of cattle and an excellent horsewoman. She had a great predilection for warlike weapons, and for many years had a miniature armoury of most formidable muskets, pikes, daggers and many nondescript but frightful looking martial instruments, the whole of which, with the exception of her firearms, had been manufactured with her own hands, indeed Phoebe could make a deadly weapon of anything from a brag nail to a scythe blade.*

*For the last years of her life old Phoebe was very infirm, and she could not frequently leave her bed. Until some years since, she possessed a little competency, but, through a train of circumstances, was reduced to poverty; and this coming to the knowledge of a humane and liberal nobleman [NB the Duke of Devonshire] in the High Peak, he kindly ordered a weekly pension to be paid her, so that in the evening of her life she was placed above want, and her latter days passed in comparative comfort."*

At her request the curate of Matlock, a Mr Gaunt, wrote the following epitaph:

Here lies romantic Phoebe,  
Half Ganymede, half Hebe,  
A maid of notable condition,  
A jockey, cowherd and musician.

[For anyone interested Phoebe was buried on the 20<sup>th</sup> May 1854, but her entry in Matlock Parish Register is transcribed as 'Bown' and her age is given as 85. I thought the vicar had got it wrong, but in actual fact all the above extracts that I have quoted are incorrect as Phoebe BOWN was baptised in Matlock in 1771, daughter of Samuel and Phoebe. Yet another instance of not believing all you read, though I can be forgiven in this case as it included six newspapers, William Hutton's book and Llewellyn Jewitt's book. Whatever the truth of it, she must have been one fascinating lady - Ed]

## Welsh Ramblings – More Miscellany

One thing I have learnt over the past few months is that when you come to an apparent dead end it is sometimes worth taking a bit of a gamble and, while you may subsequently find that you haven't managed to solve a mystery (and wasted a bit of time), you might actually make a breakthrough in your research.

Such was the case with my 4 x great-grandmother Mary Warner (nee Oakden). The transcript of the 1851 census stated that she was born in Waterford in Staffordshire (and to be honest, that seems to be what it says on the image of the original document). Presumably this should be Waterfall; a village just north of Waterhouses which is on the modern day A523 about halfway between Ashbourne and Leek.

That transcript also gave Mary's age as 59, but examination of the image suggests that it could have been 69 (i.e., she was born c1782). That would tie up with the age given on her death certificate and burial record from 1854 – 74 (i.e., born c1780).

Unfortunately, I found three possible baptism records for a Mary Oakden in Waterfall (in the church of St James and St Bartholomew) – one on June 7th 1771 (parents Ralph and Sarah), one on March 24th 1782 (parents John and Elizabeth), and one on October 15th 1786 (parents William and Hannah). The one in 1782 was closest to what I believed was my Mary's actual year of birth, but how could I be sure that it was the right one?

A John Oakden married a Betty (Elizabeth?) Beresford in Grindon, Staffordshire on October 13th 1781. (Grindon is a few miles north of Waterfall, and the marriage register entry does state that John was "of the Parish of Waterfall"). So, had I found my 5 x great-grandparents? Not with any certainty at this point. However, one of the witnesses named on the parish register for Mary Oakden's marriage to Job Warner in 1809 (also in Waterfall) was a William Beresford. Coincidence, or did that indicate that there was a family connection?

An Elizabeth Oakden ("Abode, Waterhouses in Waterfall") was buried in Waterfall on August 8th 1841, aged 84 (i.e. born c1757). Was this the right person? Again, I cannot be sure (particularly as there had been another marriage of a John Oakden to an Elizabeth – maiden name Boulton – in Ellastone, a few miles to the south, in 1784)

A John Oakden was buried in Waterfall on 10th May 1823. His “Abode” was Calton in the Parish of Mayfield; not too far from Waterfall and therefore it could be the John I am looking for. However, his age was given as 87 (i.e., born c1736) which would make him quite a bit older than Elizabeth. Not impossible, though. Interestingly, a John Oakden (“of the Parish of Ilam”) married Mary Massey in Waterfall on 17th October 1761 and a Mary Oakden was buried in Waterfall in 1863. So, perhaps I found the right John Oakden, and he had he been married before?

Even more interesting; my 8 x great-grandfather John Warner may have married Ann Massey in Boylestone in 1711 – so again; is there some sort of family connection here?

Returning to my 5 x great-grandparents; other baptisms in Waterfall with parents being John and Elizabeth were: John (1784), William (1784), Betty (1785), Sarah (1789) and Anthony (1799). In the 1841 census in Waterhouses the (presumably) widowed Elizabeth was living with Anthony (presumably unmarried), a farmer. There was also a William Oakden and his wife Hannah – William Oakden (a widower) had married Hannah Oakden (a spinster) in Waterfall in 1818 (the 1851 census shows that Hannah was born in Grindon).

So, I did indeed make that elusive breakthrough in my research and may have identified my 5 x great-grandparents as John Oakden and Elizabeth Beresford, although I cannot be 100% sure. And in any case, the trail goes cold at that point – at least for now! (Unless any of you reading this can help?!). So as is so often the case, a small step forward opens up a further area of research!

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Proof that sharing a problem can also help to solve a dilemma follows on from me mentioning in my previous article that I had been unable to find any trace of my wife’s 2 x great-grandmother Bridget Daley prior to her 1880 marriage. Sometimes a fresh pair of eyes is all that is needed and Ruth, who seems to like a challenge, provided just that by finding a tree on Ancestry that had Bridget – and a lot of information – in it. (Why I hadn’t found it myself is a mystery). Anyway, I made contact with the tree’s owner who, it turns out, had purchased a CD of baptisms, marriages and deaths for St Mary’s Roman Catholic Church in Newport from Gwent FHS. (Ruth informs me that RC records are not generally available on the internet). Included on that was Bridget Daley’s baptism in 1861 with her parents given as Daniel Daley

and Mary Sullivan, who were married in 1856. As to why there seems to be no GRO record for Bridget's birth – I am beginning to think that the one for Richard Daley, in the right year and quarter, in the right registration district and with the right mother's maiden name, might (possibly) be a mis transcription for Bridget.

So, not only had I made an incorrect assumption about who Daniel Daley had married, but from the same tree owner I now know the parents of Bridget's husband Daniel Sullivan (who had also been something of an enigma). He had also been baptised in St Mary's (in 1852) – parents Eugene Sullivan and Catherine Glusheen (or maybe Glashin, as per the GRO record for their 1849 marriage).

So now I have some corrections to make to my own tree, but with a lot of help I have made yet another step forward and paved the way for some more research (although both the Daley's and the Sullivans seem to originate from Ireland).

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Although none of my immediate family live in Mickleover now, on the second week in September we all came together there for the wedding of my eldest son. It was my first extended return to Mickleover for over 3 years (so many new houses!). The groom and his bride had decided to get married at All Saints' Church there, as they wanted to wed in a church with a family connection. Those of you who have read my previous articles may recall that my parents were married there in 1949 and on my mother's side (the Warners) my grandparents were married there in 1920, my great-grandparents in 1895 (they were "serenaded" by the Mickleover Brass Band) and my 3x great-grandparents in 1831. The earliest family marriage I have found there (so far) in that of my 5x great-grandparents Thomas Storer and Elizabeth Lowe in 1748.

In addition, there have been numerous family baptisms there (the earliest I have identified being 1752) and many burials (1795 is the earliest one I have found). Unfortunately, the vast majority of the burials seem to have been in unmarked graves, although the grave of my 3x great-grandparents John Warner and Mary (nee Harlow) is marked with a rather fine cross and is located at the bottom of the church drive.

When we had previously gathered there, for the interment of my mother's ashes back in 2018, I had led a brief and impromptu walk around the



churchyard and so in the long build up to my son's marriage it became a family joke that I would be doing a "Graveyard Tour" after the reception in the Church Centre. (Perhaps not the most enticing of titles!). Just in case anybody took the suggestion seriously I prepared some brief notes and, lo and behold, on the day there was a group of a dozen or more guests waiting for my (apparently much anticipated) tour. So, all my years of family history research have not been a waste!

\* \* \*

The more astute among you may have realised that I am running out of things to write about, so unless I have some inspiration in the next couple of months this may well be the last of my regular articles (sorry Helen!). However, I have no doubt that as my research continues, I will come across something that may be worth sharing with you. Until then; happy researching!

\* \* \*

*Simon Baker [Mem 7958]  
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### **THE STRIKE IN DERBY**

In November 1833 the first recorded strike took place in Derby. Locals had formed a union paying in money to form a strike fund, and when Mr Frost, a silk manufacturer, discharged one of his workers it gave them a reason to strike. Unionists left their machines, causing the mill to come to a stop, and other workers joined the protest such as silk-throwsters, weavers, twisters, framework knitters, tailors, shoemakers, painters, etc. The masters retaliated by sacking the unionists and in a fortnight 1300 people were idle, being replaced by workers from other part of the country to keep the mill going. A troop of dragoons and special constables were drafted in to keep the peace when the original workers tried to stop their replacements from working. Eventually the strike fund, paying 7s a week, ran out of money and the protest collapsed. Some 600 people lost their jobs, although some were taken back. This first ever strike became known as the Silk Trade Lock Out.

## DUMP DISASTER RECALLED

An inquiry, believed to be without precedent, was held at Tutbury on Friday, when at the Dog and Partridge Hotel, Mr J.L. Auden, East Staffordshire Coroner, issued an order for burial in respect of a body found at Hanbury on Tuesday week, which was identified as that of Stephen West, who worked at Castle Hayes Farm, Hanbury, and who was killed by the ammunition explosion at Fauld, in November 1944

In that explosion, which devastated thousands of square yards of land, and which completely obliterated Castle Hayes Farm, 68 people lost their lives. Forty nine bodies were recovered and 19 were listed as missing and presumed killed. The inquest on the victims was concluded in February 1945 and Mr Auden returned a verdict of "Accidental Death" on them all. He had obtained permission from the Home Office to bring in a verdict on the 19 missing, in view of the fact that their bodies were considered irrecoverable.

At Friday's proceedings, he referred to the Coroner's Amendment Act of 1926, this being a new law whereby if a body was known to be in a place and completely irrecoverable the Coroner concerned wrote to the Home Secretary who gave permission for an inquest to be held on such a body, on the undertaking that it was, in fact, irrecoverable. He had tried to find a precedent, but thought that since 1926 no similar thing had happened, and in today's case he had obtained permission to presume that the body concerned was one of the 19 missing after the explosion. He therefore proposed taking evidence that the body was the one they thought it was, and subsequently issued an order for burial. No death certificate would be issued, as the inquest had already been held. After the inquiry he would write to the Home Secretary, in order that the name could be deleted from the official record of those still missing.

The first witness was Joseph James West, aged 35, a farmer of Mill Farm, Cubley, brother of deceased, who told the Coroner that he saw his brother on the evening before the day of the explosion. He described how he heard of the explosion and of going to look for his two brothers, but could find no trace of the farm. Last Wednesday, at Tutbury Police Station, he identified two tobacco pipes, a tobacco pouch, a belt from a waterproof coat and a leather belt as belonging to his brother. He was certain that that was the clothing his brother was wearing on the day of the explosion.

A personal friend for 16 years of the deceased, Horace John Edwards, of Cottage Farm, Boylestone, also said he identified the clothing, and added that

West was also in the habit of wearing the tops of a pair of Wellington boots as leggings. One of these tops was identified by him at Tutbury Police Station.

Cassius Peyman, staying at the Swan Inn, Draycott in the Clay, employed by the Air Ministry Works Directorate as a general foreman of trades in charge of restoration of the land known as Hanbury Fields [the area devastated by the 1944 explosion] told of the finding of the body after a farm tractor had been unearthed by a bulldozer. The discovery was made about 200 yards from the edge of the main crater, within a few yards of where the body of another, brother of deceased, was found 10 days after the explosion.

The Coroner said he was completely satisfied as regards identification and he added a tribute to the work of the prisoners from Stafford Gaol, who were carrying out the restoration work. He said that their help in recovering the body was worthy of commendation, and he would write to the Governor of Stafford Gaol to that effect.

Present at the inquiry was Squadron-Leader J.E. Slator, the only officer now at Fauld who was there at the time of the explosion, and who was representing the Commanding Officer of 21 Maintenance Unit, R.A.F.

*Burton Observer, 21 August 1947*

**Note:**

The funeral of Stephen West took place a few days later at Cubley St Andrew, the service being taken by the Rev H. Barber and the chief mourners being his mother, six sisters and five brothers. Amongst the rest were several representatives of the Royal Air Force.

He was buried in the churchyard at Cubley, his final resting place being marked by a headstone.

## *The Old Derby Charities*

The history of Derby's almshouses goes back to the 16<sup>th</sup> century and they owe their origin to the dissolution of the monasteries. A wealthy man, who before the dissolution left his money to his neighbouring monastery, now left it for the building of almshouses and for distribution to the poor.

Two of the earliest known almshouses, in Derby, have long since disappeared and their estates vanished. W. Hutton, in his book 'The History of Derby up to 1791', remarks '*Charitable institutions, like men, have their rise, their meridian, decline and extinction*', and of vanished estates makes this observation, '*Thus the expiring saint who is climbing to heaven upon his own charities had better consign his property to his next-of-kin, than turn it adrift to wreck in the wide ocean of Fraud*'.

Evidence supports the belief that both the original almshouses stood in Walker Lane, now Cathedral Road. One was a house belonging to Mr Johnson, a Dean of All Saints' Church, who in his will dated July 1526, said he wished it to be used '*for evermore*' as an almshouse. Henry Kemp describes in his book, 'The History of Derby Charities' published in 1861, the existence here of an old and superior brick building, being used as a lodging house, with five upper and five lower rooms and appears to be convinced, although he could find no record, that it was the original almshouse. The second one was known as the Greycoat Hospital, so called from the uniform supplied. Little is known of it except that at one time it was well endowed; even the date when it ceased to exist is lost.

The earliest almshouses in the town of which there is record were in Full Street. The Countess of Shrewsbury, better known as Bess of Hardwick, founded a charity in Derby called the Shrewsbury Hospital in 1599. Although of humble origin Bess became rich from four successive marriages to wealthy men. The money enabled her to satisfy her craving for beautiful architecture. She built fine houses at Bolsover, Worksop, Hardwick and Oldcotes of which, today, only one remains – Hardwick Hall. Her belief in a prophecy that she would die when she ceased to build would appear to explain her insatiable desire to build 'stately' homes. The odd fact is that she actually died during a cold spell that held up the building of her manor house at Oldcotes.

The houses in Full Street were not worthy of her talents. They were erected behind the chancel of All Saints, each house having a parlour, a kitchen and a bedroom. Gardens led down to the river. They were ugly and at one time

were the only two storey building in Derby. There was accommodation for eight men and four women who wore on their dark gowns a silver badge with E.S. stamped on it, the initials of their benefactress. The lucky inhabitants had to be “*the most aged poor or needy persons within the said town of Derby, being of good and honest conversation and not infected with any contagious disorder*”. They also had to attend service in the church daily and would receive £1 13s 4d every quarter with an extra £1 to buy a gown in the livery of the Cavendish family. No drink or overnight visitors were allowed either.

The hospital later became known as the Devonshire Almshouses when the Devonshire family became responsible for the administration of the Trust. This transfer came about through an earlier marriage of the Countess to William Cavendish, of Chatsworth, which produced a son, William, who later was made Earl of Devonshire by James I. About 1777 the 5<sup>th</sup> Duke of Devonshire built new almshouses in place of the old.

This time more attention was paid to their architecture for ornate stone columns gave dignity to the entrance over which was placed the Duke’s crest. The design must have appealed to the architect of the Full Street Baths, built alongside in 1858. From a comparison of line drawings of these two buildings it can be seen that the entrance to the baths was also enhanced by supporting stone pillars and surmounted by the town’s coat of arms.



*The new Almshouses on Full Street*

This time, instead of living directly onto the road, the inmates were settled in two wings parallel to the road, with an arch through to the gardens which still led down to the river. The new houses were built in just over 10 months and during this time the twelve elderly paupers were housed elsewhere, with no cost to themselves.

The Trustees decided, in 1893, to sell the property. It was auctioned by a Mr W.B. Delacomb on September 22, in the Bell Hotel, and bought for £1,622.5.0 by the Derby Corporation. By 1895 the houses had been pulled down and part of the Power Station stood on the old site. This was closed in

1969 and by 1972 had been demolished. For a long while the site was a splash of green, but now the building is starting again. This time it looks as though it might be shops and flats.



*The Black Almshouses on Bridge Gate*

Twelve houses in Bridge Gate, known as the Black Almshouses or Black's Hospital, were the next to be built, which were said to be as black as their name implies. Robert Wilmot, the Elder, of Chaddesden, left money for them in the will he made in 1638. He stipulated that his son and his heirs should, out of the rents and profits from his manor in Denby, pay ten poor people [six men and four women] 12d each weekly, these people already being placed in the houses in Bridge Gate. They would also receive a

black gown every year at Christmas or 10s, with the men also getting a red cap every two years, with their Christmas dinner [or 8d for the same] being provided each year. The rents and profits would also repair the said houses as often as needed. The only touch of colour to all this black came from the red caps worn by the men and the red piping on the black uniform. The houses stood for about 200 years and were eventually replaced by a row of cottages.

Incidentally the Wilmot Charity also had six almshouses built around 1638 that stood near the door of Chaddesden church. These were eventually demolished in 1963, a great loss.

*The Wilmot Almshouses in Chaddesden,  
this picture believed taken in 1959*



Edward Large, who lived at the beginning of the 18<sup>th</sup> century, was concerned with the welfare of poor clergymen and their widows. With money obtained from land he owned in Nuns' Green he had built, in 1716, five almshouses in the nearby Ashbourne Road, with a wash house at one end, a small court in front, and a garden behind. Each inmate received £15 every six months. This became known as Larges Hospital and was rebuilt in 1880, by order of the Trustees.



*Larges Hospital, Friar Gate*

Today Derby's richest charity is the Liversage Trust founded by Robert Liversage, a master dyer, who lived in the town at the beginning of the 16<sup>th</sup> century. His house was by St Peter's Bridge, built over the Markeaton Brook and with a well from which he drew water for his business. On his death he left money from property and land he owned in Derby for two purposes. One was to pay for daily masses to be said in St Peter's Church for his soul and that of his wife, the other was for its distribution weekly, in the form of silver pennies, to 13 needy people of the parish. The trustees have the original will of 1529 which, although yellowed with age, is remarkably well preserved. His wishes were faithfully carried out until the Trustees considered the Charity rich enough to provide almshouses. Then the masses ceased but the distribution of money continued and today is given as pensions to those who are known as the 'Liversage Out Pensioners'.

In 1722 twelve almshouses were erected in St Peter's Churchyard by the Trust at a cost of £120 and remained in use for over 100 years until the widening of St Peter's Churchyard necessitated them being knocked down. 10 years later, in 1836, more were built, this time in London Road. They consisted of thirteen brick houses, each having a front room, small kitchen, pantry, one bedroom and closet, with gardens at the back and a grass lawn in front. If a couple occupied a house they would receive 4s per week and one ton of coal yearly. If two widows occupied a house, each received 4s a week and one ton of coals, plus a gratuity of a cloak or coat. In this group today are 21 houses and two bungalows converted from a small private hospital. They are old but pleasing to look at and in excellent repair.



*Liversage  
Almshouses  
in London  
Road*

On Nottingham Road was a small estate, of which only one or two buildings survive including the Peacock Inn, originally built in the 1700s plus a couple of cottages of the same sort of date. In the 1890s the Liversage Trust built a number of houses, a parade of shops and a couple of pubs in an arts and crafts style to replace the original estate, all maintained by a small estate workhouse who have an onsite workshop. Now the houses here are kept as traditional Alms Houses for the elderly of the city who can show that they are in need.



*Liversage Houses  
on Nottingham  
Road Estate*

As well as all these, which are fairly well known, and in some cases can still be seen around the city, there were several other small charities to help out



the poor and needy in Derby. The Ladies Charity was begun in 1815, for the relief of poor married women in child-bed, who not only received medical assistance, but the use of bed linen, food and other necessaries that their situation required. This institution was supported by ladies of respectability and its affairs conducted by a committee. No public building is connected with this charity as the women were helped out in their own homes, and it was considered superior to any relief provided by a hospital.

The Society for the Relief of the Families of Distressed Clergymen catered for the relief of the widows and orphans of clergymen within the deaneries of Derby, Ashbourne, Repinton and Castillary and was instituted at Derby in 1721. Linacre's Charity was begun by George Linacre, whose will of 1703 left the rents from a messuage and a piece of land in Findern to put forth two poor boys, who were the sons of honest inhabitants in the town of Derby.

These are just a few I have found mentioned. No doubt there are many more to be discovered – indeed just a look in any church usually reveals a charity board, many of which are still going.

**FELONY:**

Ann Warren, a married woman residing in Brook Street, was charged with stealing three metal images and a pawn ticket. Harriet Henchcliffe, of Brook Street, said the prisoner came to her house three weeks ago and asked to be allowed to remain on her sofa for the night, as her husband had been ill treating her. She stayed there all night and went away the next morning. Some time afterwards she missed the images and the pawn ticket. Other evidence was given by two women to whom the prisoner had sold the articles and the case was clearly proved. The prisoner elected to be summarily dealt with and hoped that the Bench would deal leniently with her for the sake of her six children. Mr Hilton said the prisoner was addicted to using considerable quantities of opium and sold anything so that she might obtain it. The Bench sentenced the prisoner to two months imprisonment, with hard labour.

*Derbyshire Advertiser, 5 Feb 1864*

## **An Unexpected Derbyshire connection**

My wife and I joined Derbyshire FHS as part of our research into my mother's family; her maiden name was Tunaley, and we believed the family came from Nottingham. And, yes, this had been the case in recent times, but we quickly found that earlier generations had been in Derby, as silk weavers and dyers. More of this another time, if only because we came to a full stop in the early nineteenth century; when we were unable to find any birth information, which would have given us a chance of going further back.

What I had not expected was to find a distant cousin in my own family, several generations back, in Derbyshire. My own family line comes from Gloucestershire, emanating from Stow on the Wold in the eighteenth century, and moving to Cheltenham in the early nineteenth century. Among many families, there was a John Acock, who was a substantial builder in Cheltenham in the mid-1800s. Typically, he had a large family, which began with two daughters, both of whom are recorded at different dates as Harriet. Initial searching revealed the births/baptisms/census of at least three babies called Harriet Acock in the Cheltenham area. On one census John's daughters were recorded as Edina and Harriett. After some searching, I now know that they were Eliza Harriet (born 1842), and Harriette Sarah (born 1843). I have yet to find Birth Register entries for either of them. There is a Birth Register entry for a Harriet Haycock born in 1843 in Cheltenham, but this is not one of them. It turns out that this is another family, which is not linked to my own line - not yet anyway, but it certainly caused some confusion.

In the course of these searches for Harriet Acock, I came across a burial for a Harriet Haycock in Sudbury in 1840. At first, because I could not find anything else and the date didn't fit, I put this to one side. Eventually curiosity prevailed and I came back to it. More searching using more surname variants (Acock has many variants e.g. Acocks, Haycock, Ecock, etc.), I found more references to the death and burial of a Harriett Haycock. With the burial being in Sudbury, I decided to visit and check this out. After methodically searching almost every corner of the churchyard, I found the grave, prominently in front of the East Window. This clearly gave not only her name, as Harriet Acock, but helpfully named her parents as well – Edward and Elizabeth Acock of Cheltenham.

So there was a link to the John Acock, whose daughters had given me so much trouble. John was the son of Edward and Elizabeth, so he and Harriet were brother and sister, and therefore Harriet is a distant cousin of mine, who I hadn't found before!

This Edward Acock (There are many others!) is a brother to Thomas Acock (1782-1824), my three times great grandfather, which makes Harriet my first cousin, four times removed. (I think!)

The gravestone was in excellent condition (see photo taken in 2012). It also told me that she was a teacher at the School in Sudbury. This fitted with what I had picked up on earlier when I found the entry for Sudbury in Pigot's 1835 Directory for Derbyshire. In common with virtually every other item relating to Harriet in Sudbury, this referred to her as Harriet Haycock; in fact, the Directory listed four members of staff, two of whom were incorrectly named! It listed:

*"Elizabeth Chawner, head governess; Dorothy Beverley, Mary Yarnold and Harriet Haycock, teachers"*

Elizabeth Chawner was the wife of a local farmer, Henry Chawner, who was listed in the 'Nobility, Gentry and Clergy' of the village. Dorothy Beverley was the wife of a local plumber. Mary Yarnold, actually Mary Yarnall, was the daughter of the Postmistress in the village. The Directory also stated that *Lady Vernon has also erected a commodious and handsome school-house for the instruction of girls in the common branches of female education, and in the art of plaiting straw for making bonnets; the children are likewise clothed chiefly at the expense of her ladyship and Mrs Anson; several other benevolent ladies taking an active part in the superintendence of the establishment.*

Harriet was only 23 when she died in 1840. Her Death Certificate, in the name of Haycock, was registered by her fellow teacher, Dorothy Beverley, and gave her death as due to 'Fever in Brain', which I believe may have been meningitis or encephalitis.

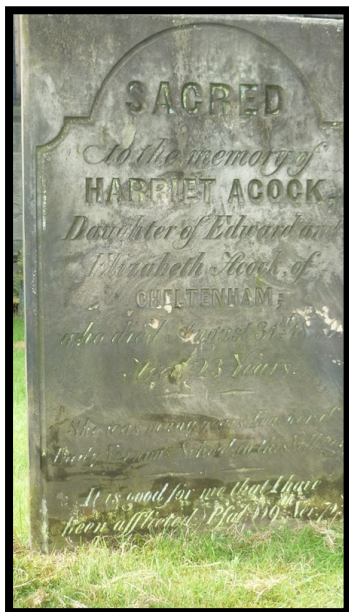
The grave adjacent to Harriet's is for Mary Yarnall, Harriet's fellow teacher; and the inscription includes:

*"This stone to the memory of MARY YARNALL has been placed by ISABELLA CAROLINE, Lady VERNON as a mark of her sincere regard."*

Given the prominent position occupied by these two graves, it seems very likely that both their burials were arranged by Lady Vernon. When checking further I found that the M.I. records at Derbyshire FHS include both graves, so I need not have gone to Sudbury.

All this was researched several years ago, my visit to the grave being in 2012. I did eventually piece together the stories for Eliza Harriet and Harriette Sarah, but I have yet to finish the story of this Harriet to my satisfaction. She

had two siblings; the above mentioned John, who was born in Cheltenham in 1819, and an elder sister Sophia, born in Stow on the Wold in 1815. These two siblings were well known to me, mainly because they lived longer, and so appeared in later Census documents, etc.. Harriet was someone completely new, who did not appear in any of the records upon which I had concentrated my researches, i.e. parish records for Stow on the Wold and Cheltenham, and of course, she did not appear in any Census. Based on her Death Certificate, Harriet was born in 1817, but I have yet to satisfactorily find a birth or baptism record for her; certainly there isn't one in Stow on the Wold or Cheltenham. There is a baptism (on IGI) of a Harriet Haycock in the expected year (1817), the daughter of Edward and Elizabeth, but it's in Stratford on Avon. I have not found any other records to link Edward and Elizabeth to Stratford, although I think it is possible that with his trade as plasterer, the family could have moved around looking for work; he certainly moved from Stow on the Wold to Cheltenham. Given the extent to which Harriet is recorded as Haycock elsewhere, this baptism may well be hers.



Inscription copied on 16<sup>th</sup> August 2012

*SACRED*  
*to the memory of*  
*HARRIET ACOCK*  
*Daughter of Edward and*  
*Elizabeth Acok, of*  
*CHELTENHAM;*  
*who died August 31<sup>st</sup> 1840,*  
*Aged 23 Years*  
*She was many years Teacher of*  
*Lady Vernon's School, in this village*  
  
*It is good for me that I have*  
*been afflicted, Psal 119<sup>th</sup>, Ver. 71<sup>st</sup>.*

It would be good to know how Harriet came to be in Sudbury. A very helpful lady in the Matlock Record Office sent me a folder of Vernon items. I have searched this in vain for anything relating to Lady Vernon setting up the School, records of the staff, etc.

More recently, the Derbyshire Parish Records have been added to

Ancestry.co.uk. Ever eager for corroboration of my facts, I searched for Harriet's burial. No sign of it in a search on surname, even with Haycock. But by going directly to the Sudbury register for the correct year, it was easy to find. The Ancestry transcription had interpreted her name as "Harriett Acock Cheltenham" because the vicar had helpfully included the names of her parents and their home town as part of the name entry! At least the vicar had her surname correctly as Acock. And further proof that diligence in searching is vital for researching even records that have been put on line!

*Derek Acock [Mem 7213]  
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## **THE 1921 CENSUS RELEASE**

The 1921 census for England and Wales will be published online by Findmypast on 6 January 2022. Taken between two world wars, during a period of economic turmoil and at a time when women had just won the right to vote the 1921 will provide some fascinating insights about society and how it has evolved over the past 100 years. For the first time our ancestors enjoyed commercial flights, crosswords and rollercoasters and the BBC started broadcasting in 1922. Families were getting smaller and children stayed in school longer. Overcrowded Victorian terraces and newly built two up two down council houses were the norm.

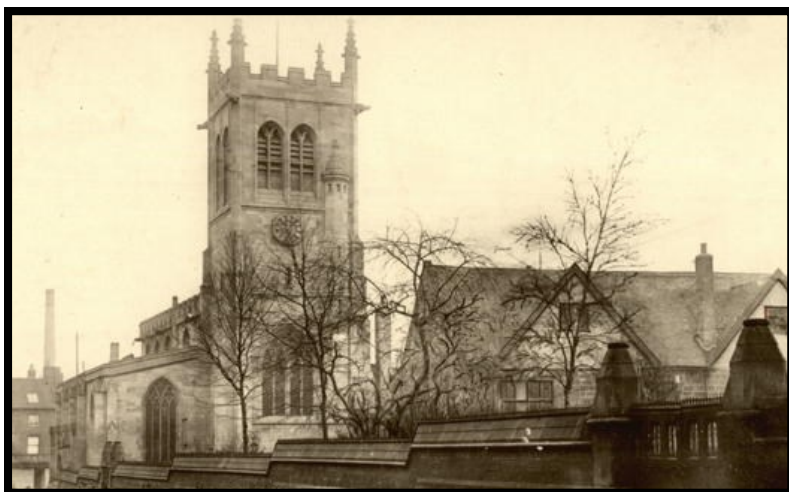
In preparation for publication a team of hundreds of conservators, technicians and transcribers have worked for almost three years to complete the invaluable task of getting the census ready. It is the largest project ever completed by the National Archives and Findmypast, consisting of more than 30,000 bound volumes of original documents. What makes this even more vital is that it will be the last census release for 30 years, with the 1931 lost in a fire and the 1941 never taken because of the war.

There will be a cost of course, even for subscribers. Each record transcript will cost £2.50 with £3.50 for every original image. This will cover the cost of digitising and transcribing the images from the records supplied by the National Archives.

You can find out more about what to expect from the 1921 Census by visiting [www.findmypast.co.uk/1921-census](http://www.findmypast.co.uk/1921-census)

## Transcribing the Registers

Moving into Derby St Peter's registers reminds us of all the issues around transcription. Many people putting their family history together rely on the transcriptions they find online and never consult the original entry. This is a risky way of proceeding. Derbyshire parish registers can be consulted on the Ancestry site, which offers facsimiles of all the Church of England registers, though not the Nonconformist and Roman Catholic. Our transcripts are as accurate as we can make them but they are only a signpost to the real information. The same is true of all transcripts. Making a transcript involves matters of judgment which may lead to errors.



Take the vowels 'a', 'e', and 'o'. It is not always possible to distinguish them from each other. In particular, the 'e' and 'o' are not distinct in many sixteenth and seventeenth century scripts. The heart lifts when a scribe uses a distinctive 'e'. Otherwise 'Tailor' may be 'Tailer' or 'Bott' 'Bett'. The confusion with 'a' is less common but as the very name Derby suggests a surname may use either and still make sense, as in 'Sergeant' or 'Sargeant'. This is not a problem when looking at the register but may distort an index or lead to overlooking some entries for a family. Another letter to look out for is lower-case 'c', often confused with a lower-case 'r'. A casual reading of St Peter's renders the Bucke family all Burkes. Upper-case 'C' is often confused with upper-case 'O' or even 'S'. The florid capitals that some scribes use can be very hard to distinguish from each other. One St Peter's scribe uses a conventional double 'f' to represent the upper-case letter but goes on to shape his upper-case 'H' in the same way. Combined with the uncertain vowel

shapes the transcriber has to make a judgment as to whether this family is Followes or Hallowes.

It is obvious from most of these early parish registers that the vicar or parish clerk kept notes which were subsequently copied up in the register. Sometimes the register is a copy of a copy. Add the transcription process to this and we have arrived some way from the original event. When notes were lost, especially when a vicar died in office, there are gaps in the record. This is not to mention the confusion which arose during the Civil War, when whole years might be missed and marriages were made civil ceremonies, to be entered in a separate register. There are often out of sequence entries after 1660 as families tried to make sure their births and marriages were recorded in what was now the only legal record.

One other bugbear from this period is the use of Latin, the language of lawyers. After 1600 some vicars, usually of a Puritan persuasion, made a point of using English in the register. After 1660, with the restoring of old systems in the Church of England, vicars reverted to Latin once more. So William became Gulielmus again and the transcriber is left wondering whether Jacobus is a Jacob or a James.

One frustration for the transcriber is that the work is never complete because some entries will defy the best techniques of unlocking them. Text has become smudged or obliterated by water damage or the rubbing away of a page edge or corner. If you are successful in tracing your family line back to the seventeenth century be prepared to be disappointed in your search because your ancestor may not be recorded in what survives. You will be nearing the end of where registers can lead you in any case. An early will may help, especially in defining relationships between all the Williams and Johns you may find, but other records become sparse. Evidence becomes circumstantial and erratic. Even those handsome aristocratic pedigrees into which you may be able to find a link are suspect, often devised to please the person who commissioned it rather than to find the true facts.

Take heart! The arrival of anonymous sperm donation produced a generation who have many extra hurdles to overcome in tracing a family line. It soon became obvious that the practice needed regulation, if only to combat genetic illnesses. Even the apparently reliable information on certificates and in census returns is dependent on the knowledge and honesty of the person supplying it. 'Who do you think you are?' may not be quite so simple a question to answer as appears on television or your computer trawl.

*Stephen Orchard*

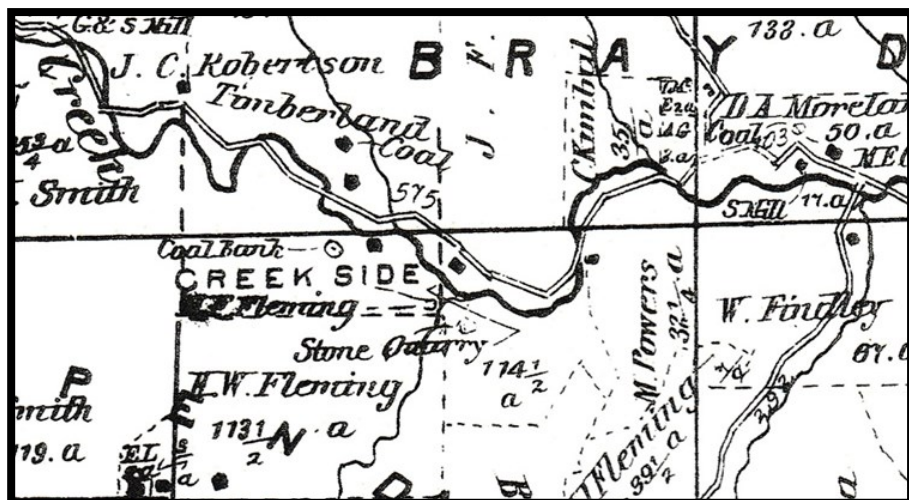
## A MINING TALE

Joshua and Frederick Henstock were two of my ancestors who mined coal here in the UK and like so many others at that time, emigrated to the USA in 1869 and 1870.

Being miners, their abilities in coal mining was highly desirable as Frederick was found in the US 1870 census for Island Creek residing with a farmer called Henry Fleming. It was on Henry's land that there was coal outcrop. Ten years later both Frederick and Joshua appear in the US 1880 census, married and Joshua with a child. Their older brother, Thomas has now joined them and the census indicates that he was residing with Joshua.

Island Creek is in the county of Jefferson, Ohio and comes within the steel industry that was developed in and around Pittsburgh.

A section of the 1871 map indicating land ownership details the area of interest. It shows the outcrop (coal Bank) and Henry Fleming (although Henry's name is a little smudged).



Having this much detail, a descendant of Joshua enquired if it was possible to discover the name of the mine where they may have worked. Here in the UK many mines that have been closed have been landscaped and can be difficult to see what was there previously. My great grandfather was employed at the William Thorpe pit, near Holmewood, Heath (just south of Chesterfield) and today it is the Williamthorpe Nature reserve with ponds and some light



industrial buildings. The idea of finding the name of mine appeared slim.

Stuebenville is the county seat for Jefferson County and its library has a genealogical section. Contacting the librarian with what I was attempting and the details from the map and census, some mining records for that area was sent to me. These consisted of a list of abandon mines, with one ticked as a possibility. A map of that mine and contour map of the mines position. An internet link for Island Creek satellite mapping.

Public Library  
of Stuebenville and Jefferson County  
Stuebenville, Ohio 45227

3 2157 00158 8094

## Abandoned Underground Coal Mines Jefferson County

Data Compiled By

Regional Geology Section  
Ohio Division of Geological Survey

Abandoned Mines On File At Division Of Mines As Of 1981

Information reprinted and edited by Alan Hall, Director, Public Library of  
Stuebenville and Jefferson County, Stuebenville, Ohio, 1991

Divide. of Mines & U.S. Bureau of Mines	Mine name & owner, operator, or lessee	Date Last Surveyed or abandoned	Geology	Seam or Bed Identification		Land Subdivision	7 1/2 - minute quadrangle	Remarks
				ONS	Mine Map			
<b>ISLAND CREEK TOWNSHIP (cont.)</b>								
111 316265	Haskins W.C.P. Coal Co.	1950	coal		8	Sec. 25		strip mine
127 316371	Cashner Mirell Coal Co. (Jefferson 1030)	1955	coal	6A	6	Sec. 21, 22, 1, 2	Knorrville	drift; coal elev. 620'; coal ident. on 6A to 7 35, p.77
177 316420	Talard Creek Island Creek Mfg. Co.	1961	coal	7A		Sec. 35	Knorrville	drift; coal elev. 765'; coal ident. by elev. 0 35, p.110
183 316429	Lotsch Grove Locust Grove Coal Co.	1925	coal		5A	Sec. 30	Wairton	drift
191 316434	Maragos Maragos, Gus G. Talard Creek Coal Co. (Jefferson 1032)	1959	coal		7	Sec. 3	Knorrville	drift; coal elev. 740'
265	McCoy Stewart C. McCoy	1960	coal			Sec. 19	Rowsville	drift
372	Hinkle Clay American Sewer Pipe	1903	clay			T381 Sec. 28	Wairton	shalt
273	Hinkle Coal American Sewer Pipe	1903	coal			T381 Sec. 29	Wairton	drift
195 316438	Crawford Magrave, Jesse	1937	coal			Sec. 16, 15		drift; coal elev. 1192'; not located
<b>WARRINGTON TOWNSHIP</b>								
15 316257	Evans & O Clay American Sewer Pipe	1913	clay			Sec. 27, 33	Wairton	drift; clay elev. 683' Tozer Estimating by elev.

Henry Fleming put his land up for sale in 1879 and the address given was at Jeddo which now appears to be called, Costonia. If Joshua and Frederick were living there, it is only about a mile to the mine along the road designated, County Road 56.

From these two documents the last owner of the mine was, Gus G Maragos and operated by the Island Creek Coal Company and the mines later name was, Maragos.

The contour map showing the mines position on the land, it also indicates that coal was extracted using ‘strip’ mining that is removing the top surface of the land to access the coal. This would suggest that coal was abundant.

Joshua and Frederick would have gained their knowledge and experience from the ‘pit’ mine which is similar to the ‘drift’ except the drift mine is sunk horizontally into the land (or hill side).

From my original scepticism of finding a mine, let alone its name, the details from the library suggest that this was where Joshua and Frederick worked as miners.

Like the UK’s abandoned mines very little remains, however, there are some clues.

Follow the following link, [gisjeffersoncountyoh.com](http://gisjeffersoncountyoh.com) which should display a map of the county, with Island Creek text just visible. As zooming in each squares reference will be displayed. Look for the boundary between T07R02S04 and T07R02S05. Set the layers so that only ‘Jefferson OH Aerials 2017’ and ‘Tax base map’ are enabled.

The shape of the county road should be very similar in shape to the one in the 1871 map.

To the left of the ‘U’ shape of the road are two dark parallel lines, the site of the mine? The detailed drawing of the mine indicates that the entrance was higher up the hill side, possibly above these dark lines.

Places like Newcastle-Upon-Tyne loaded coal into ships from a sort of tramway above the ship and on the mine plan, it indicates at the road end there was a device called a ‘tipple’. This is a structure that allows the mine truck to be rotated to tip the coal from the truck into another container for transportation.

Follow these dark lines across the road to the river (Creek?). There appears to be some cuttings in the creeks bank. Before mechanical transportation became widely available the only way of moving heavy materials en mass was by barges, just like the canal system here in the UK.

If so, it answers my question of how did the coal dug by Joshua or Frederick get transported to where it was needed.

*John Henstock [Mem 2558]  
E-mail: henstock1925@outlook.com*

PS I wonder if all these black areas on the map are the remnants of the coal field?

### HELP WANTED



The above photo is believed to be of the two oldest children of Thomas and Ann Mellor.

Elizabeth [Mellor] Boothby and Martha [Mellor] Hallam married and stayed in England when the rest of the family emigrated to the USA in the 1850s. I wonder if any of the current generation of the Boothby or Hallam families can identify them for sure.

*Roger S Nichols [Mem 453]  
E-mail: rngnichols@aol.com*

## A VISIT TO DERBYSHIRE IN 1782

*Charles Moritz was a young Prussian pastor who arrived in England for a seven week stay. He described his experiences in a series of letters to a friend, these have survived and been translated. In a print of 1886 the introduction described him as “simply religious, calmly enthusiastic for the freer forms of citizenship which he found in England and contrasted with the military system of Berlin”. He came to England in 1782 with little in his purse and Paradise Lost in his pocket, which he meant to read in the land of Milton.*

“In the afternoon I saw Derby in the vale before me. Derby is but a small and not very considerable town. It was market day when I got there and I was obliged to pass through a crowd of people, but there was no such odious curiosity, no offensive staring, as at Burton. At this place I took notice that I began to be always civilly bowed to by the children of the villages through which I passed.

From Derby to the baths at Matlock, which is fifteen miles. On my way thither I came to a long and extensive village which, I believe, was called Duffield. Here I dined on cold victuals. The pictures that I have generally seen at these inns are prints of the royal family, or sometimes a map of London or, but not seldom, a portrait of the King of Prussia. You also sometimes see the droll prints of Hogarth.

At night I stopped at an inn about five miles from Matlock. I was not fortunate at this inn. The kitchen was full of farmers among whom I could not distinguish the landlord whose health I should otherwise immediately have drunk. The landlord drank twice to my health sneeringly as if to reprimand me for my incivility and then began to join the rest in ridiculing me. The landlady seemed to pity me and so she led me into another room, where I could be alone, saying “what wicked people”. I left this unfriendly roof early next morning and quickly proceeded to Matlock. The extent of my journey, I had now resolved, should be to the great cavern at Castleton in the High Peak, about twenty miles beyond Matlock.

The situation of Matlock itself surpassed every idea I had formed of it. On the right were some elegant houses for the bathing company and lesser cottages, suspended like birds’ nests in a high rock. To the left, deep in the bottom, there is a fine bold river, almost hid from the eye by a majestic arch of trees which hung over it. From Matlock Baths you go over the bridge to the little town of Matlock itself which, in reality, consists of but a few

miserable houses. There is here, on account of the baths, a number of horses and carriages and a great thoroughfare.

From thence I came through some villages to the small town of Bakewell, a place far inferior to Derby. I now came through a little place of the name of Ashford where two men offered to walk with me. One was a saddler and wore a short brown jacket and apron with a round hat. The other was very decently dressed but a very silent man whereas the saddler was quite talkative. I listened with astonishment when I heard him begin to speak of Homer, of Horace and of Virgil and still more when he quoted several passages from memory, pronouncing the words and laying the emphasis with as much propriety as if he had been educated at Cambridge or Oxford.

He advised me not to go to Wardlow, where I would find bad accommodation, but rather to Tideswell, where he lived. This name is pronounced Tidsell. He showed me a row of trees near the town, which he said his father had planted. Tideswell consists of two rows of low houses built of rough grey stone. My guide bade me take notice of the church which is, indeed, very handsome. He then took me to a public house and recommended me to their care. The people here did accommodate me most magnificently and, for this purpose, gave me some toasted cheese, which was Cheshire cheese roasted and half melted by the fire. This in England it seems is reckoned good eating but, unfortunately, I could not eat a bit of it. I therefore invited my landlord to partake of it and he did indeed seem to feast on it.

The next morning my landlady did me the honour to drink coffee with me, but helped me very sparingly to milk and sugar. It was Sunday and I went with my landlord to a barber on whose shop was written 'Shaving for a Penny'. I then made my way to Castleton where I soon found an inn and dined. After dinner I went to the cavern, a little rivulet which runs through the centre of the town led me to the entrance. Here I stood, full of awe at the amazing height of the steep rock before me. At the summit are the decayed walls and towers of an ancient castle while, at its foot, the monstrous aperture where it is pitch dark even at midday.

As I was standing here, a man of rude appearance asked me if I wished to see inside and told me what sum I must pay. I agreed to his demand and he told me all I must do was to boldly follow him and thus we entered the cavern. We had not gone far when I was astonished to perceive a whole subterranean village where the inhabitants, it being Sunday, were resting from their work and sitting at the doors of their huts along with their children.

We then came to a large number of large wheels on which, on weekdays, these human moles make ropes. We went on until we came to a little door where an old woman came out of a hut and gave us each a candle. My guide opened the door; the roof here was so low that we were obliged to stoop very much for some steps to get through. How great was my astonishment when I stood upright again and perceived, as well as the candle would permit, the amazing length, breadth and height of the cavern.

After we had wandered here for more than an hour, on level sandy soil, we found ourselves at the edge of a broad river where a small boat was moored, with straw in its bottom. My guide desired me to lie in the boat, quite flat, while he jumped into the water and drew the boat after him. The rock came down until it nearly touched my face and I could scarce hold my candle upright. After this we came to a second stream where my guide carried me across on his shoulders and then to a piece of water with a path at the side, so slippery that one could scarcely walk. All at once, something like music sounded in my ears and ere long I saw and felt a violent shower of rain falling from the roof.

At length we entered what might easily be taken for a majestic temple in the structure of which no human hand has borne a part yet, which surpasses all the most stupendous buildings in the world. Here, in the innermost recesses of nature, I saw the majesty of the Creator displayed. I now followed my guide through a large opening and we ascended to an amazing height. He then carried me down again on his shoulders and, leaving me below, ascended yet again. He let his candle shine through an opening in the rock and it was as if a bright star shone down on me, a sight which, in point of beauty, far surpassed all that I had seen. Our journey was now ended and we returned, not without difficulty.

I paid no more than half a crown for all this with a trifle for the guide, for it seems he does not get the half crown but is obliged to account for it to his master who lives very comfortably on the revenue he derives from the cavern. My shoes now scarce hung to my feet and when I returned to the inn I sent for the shoemaker. He came immediately and undertook to mend them as well as he could.

They reckon they have in Derbyshire seven wonders of nature of which Eldon Hole, a pit of monstrous depth, Mam Tor and the great cavern I have described, are the principal. The others are Pool's Hole, which is similar to Elden; St Anne's Well where there are two springs, one boiling hot and one as cold as ice; Tide's Well, which flows underground and then, all at once,

rushes forth with a mighty rumbling; and lastly, Chatsworth, a palace belonging to the Dukes of Devonshire.

When I took my leave of Castleton I proceeded to Wardlow where I found but one inn and in it only a landlady who told me that he husband was at work in the lead mines, and that the cavern at Castleton was as nothing compared to the lead mines. When I had passed through Matlock I took the road to the left to Nottingham. Towards noon I found an inn where I dined on cold meat and salad, for which they brought me all the ingredients. I was always obliged to dress myself. This, I believe, is always done in England.

I have often met people who, as they passed me, kindly asked “How do you do?” To which unexpected question from total strangers I have now learned to answer “Pretty well, I thank you, how do you do?” This manner of address must needs appear very singular to a foreigner, who is all at once asked by a person whom he has never seen before, how he does.

I came at last to an inn called The Navigation because it is the depot, or storehouse, of the colliers on the Trent. A ruder, rougher set of people than these colliers I never yet saw with their cursing, quarrelling, drinking, singing and fighting, yet they seemed to be so pleased and to enjoy the evening. Towards noon next day I came to Nottingham. This, of all the towns I have yet seen, except London, seemed to me the best and certainly the cleanest.”

As well as Derbyshire Charles Morris wrote accounts of other parts of his journey. He was fascinated by the rumbunctious nature of the British Parliamentary debate, impressed by Ranelagh Gardens, but not by Vauxhall. He enjoyed a gentle journey in a coach to Richmond, but on the way from Northampton he was terrified by the incredible speed at which the coach bounced down the road. He complained he was ‘*covered in dust, rained on and cooped up with a bunch of Hogarthian characters*’. He preferred to walk, being received in many places with great kindness although some innkeepers refused to serve him or offer him accommodation for the night. He eventually realised that only the poor and disreputable travelled on foot. He found the English cuisine expensive and unpalatable, his main complaint being that he could not get a decent cup of coffee. As a Pastor himself Charles was not overly impressed with the piety of English clergyman, stating they are noticeable, and lamentably conspicuous, by a very free, secular and irregular way of life.

*[Charles walked from Nottingham to Leicester and then by stage coach to London, where he had to wait eight days for a fair wind for Hamburg.]*

## *Death of Mrs Strutt of Bridgehill*

The death of Mrs Strutt of Bridgehill cast a gloom over this district that has completely overshadowed everything else. It is the one sole regretful topic, because the deceased lady was so greatly loved and respected by everyone.



We have been informed that Mrs Strutt left home on May 7<sup>th</sup>, accompanied by her granddaughter Miss Agnes Irwin, a courier named Batzli, and a ladies maid named Woffenden. On May 22<sup>nd</sup> Miss Isabel Strutt joined her grandmother at Baveno. The programme was to travel about a little and finally to see the Passion Play at Oberammergau. All went well until they reached Verona on May 20<sup>th</sup> and then Mrs Strutt caught a cold, but quite a slight one; she decided to abide by the plans she had made, and to go on to Garmisch in Bavaria, hoping that the pure mountain air would soon restore her to the vigorous state of health she had been enjoying up to the time she reached Verona.

Mrs Strutt travelled by way of Botzen, Innsbruck and Munich, and arrived at Garmisch on Friday June 1<sup>st</sup>. She at once went to bed, suffering from sickness, but she strictly forbade her granddaughters to write and tell anyone she was ailing. The next day [Saturday] she consented to see a doctor [a German of high reputation] who at once inspired her with confidence, and who seemed thoroughly to grasp the case. All Saturday she felt very poorly and suffered some pain, but on Sunday she felt much better, and was quite cheerful. She sent the young ladies to church and everything seemed to point to a speedy recovery. On Monday Mrs Strutt was again ailing and at the urgent request of the young ladies she consented to their telegraphing for Mrs Irwin, who was in Jersey. At this time [Whit Monday P.M.] the doctor said there was absolutely no danger.

On Tuesday 5<sup>th</sup>, when the doctor came he said he found the heart very weak and that he would like to consult another doctor, who happened to have come from a distance to attend his own mother in the village; and left to fetch him. Almost at once Miss Isabel Strutt noticed a change and sent her cousin to call



the doctor back, and Miss Irwin could hardly have got down stairs when Mrs Strutt breathed her last in Miss Strutt's arms.

Mr and Mrs Herbert Strutt at once left for London, but on arriving at St Pancras [4.37 p.m.] were met with another telegram saying that Mrs Strutt had passed away. They continued their journey, travelling night and day, and at cologne accidentally met Mrs Irwin, who had experienced great difficulty in getting away from Jersey on Bank Holiday. They all went together, and reached Garmisch at 11.30 on Thursday morning June 7<sup>th</sup>. Having satisfied themselves that all had been done that could be done, they again left, travelling night and day, having the body with them for the greater portion of the journey, and arrived with the coffin at Belper, 5.30 p.m. on Saturday 9<sup>th</sup>.

Throughout her brief illness Mrs Strutt was tenderly nursed by her granddaughters and the maid. An English clergyman and his wife, who were staying in the same hotel, were most kind in their attention, and the people of the house were unremitting in their care; the doctor also appears to be a most capable man, and there were no alarming symptoms whatever until the heart showed its weakness quite a few minutes before Mrs Strutt's death.

The body of Mrs Strutt was brought to Belper station on Saturday, and was conveyed upon the deceased lady's private carriage to Bridgehill, amidst signs of deep sorrow and bereavement. Shops closed and blinds were drawn on the line of route in respect for the deceased lady. On Monday morning at 8 o'clock the remains were conveyed to Christ Church, where a plain celebration of the Holy Communion was held, at which the whole of the family were present. The Rev Tufnell C. Barrett, vicar of Christ church, officiated. At 11.30 the funeral service was conducted by the Bishop of Southwell, assisted by the Rev T.C. Barrett and the Rev F.A. Friend.

The coffin was of a Continental make and was made of black polished metal, with a coped top, surmounted with a crucifix of aluminium. At the head of the coffin was the following inscription: Agnes A. Strutt, born June 30<sup>th</sup> 1827, died June 5<sup>th</sup> 1900.

Thousands of people attended the funeral, which was the largest ever seen in the town. When the first carriage had reached the cemetery the last conveyance had scarcely left the church. The weather was very oppressive, although at one period a sharp shower of rain fell. Mrs Strutt was buried with her husband in the family vault, which is a very plain one with short grass mounds, rough marble head crosses and enclosed by a low coping of rough marble. The wreaths were most beautiful and required a special carriage to convey them to the cemetery.



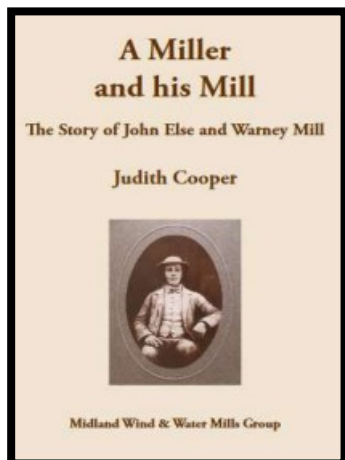
*The Strutt Vault*

The late Mrs Strutt was the only daughter of Mr Edward Ashton, of West End, Prescott, Lancaster, and married Mr Strutt in September 1846. Her loss to Belper will be incalculable. She was a very sympathetic and practical friend to the poor. Nobody was ever turned away unhelped, if clergy or the medical men recommended anything the applicant applied to Bridge Hill and got what was wanted. Mrs Strutt was very systematic in her charities. She maintained a cottage convalescent home, a kitchen for the poor, dinners all the year round were sent out to a great number of poor families, clothing was distributed to widows at Christmas; in fact the deserving poor of Belper got all they wanted by applying to Mrs Strutt. The deceased lady was in her 74<sup>th</sup> year.

# A Miller and his Mill

by Judith Cooper

The Midland Wind & Water Mills Group has published a new book about the life and times of John Else, miller at Darley, and the mill he rebuilt in 1860 and ran for 22 years.



The author, Judith Cooper, is the great-great grand daughter of John Else and her book draws on the evidence found in the papers left by John Else that have survived through the generations and have passed into her possession. The book paints a picture of the life of a rural miller and the craftspeople he worked with in the mid-19th century. It details the work not just of the mill and its farm but also of the people who helped rebuild the mill and fit it out.

The unique material presented is drawn from the Time Book that John Else kept to record the rebuilding of mill, showing how much he paid for materials, what he paid the craftspeople who hewed and carted the stone and the firms and specialists who provided the machinery and fitted out the mill. The Time Book also describes the people, some of them famous like Sir Joseph Whitworth, and the inns and other establishments, some still trading in the area, who bought flour and other products from the mill and farm.

Family historians as well as local history buffs will find a wealth of new material about the people, places and firms working in the area of Derbyshire north of Matlock, revealing the life and times of the rich, poor and those in between in the mid-19th century. John Else's role as Tax Assessor and pillar of the local community adds fascinating extra detail. Although John Else died at the age of 42 in 1869, his descendants continued to work the mill until after the Second World War and the mill building still stands today, although it no longer operates as a mill.

You can order the book for £15 plus postage and packing through the MMG website at [www.midlandmills.org.uk](http://www.midlandmills.org.uk) or from the author at [warneymill@gmail.com](mailto:warneymill@gmail.com) If you personally have any interesting insights into life in North Derbyshire, or have a business that would like to sell the book, please contact the author.

## Make Your Mark

Have you got old family photos, documents and objects that were handed down to you? The task of sorting them out can seem daunting and often we never get round to it before they are passed on again.

But taking time to create a good family archive does a huge favour for future generations as well as social historians - and it's important not forget ourselves, too. The times we are living in will also fascinate people years from now and in the digital age, important information could just be deleted unless we make sure it's preserved.

Alison Smith has been researching family histories for years and she hears the same thing over and over again.

*"People have boxes of stuff they know won't make much sense to the next generation, particularly all those photos with no names on the back! They also long for more details of their ancestors' daily lives. Things that seemed so ordinary at the time but are fascinating today - how they shopped or socialised, what they had in their larder or shed.*

*Imagine how you would treasure something written by your great grandparents about how they celebrated their anniversary, or took a trip to the seaside. Well, why not write your own version and hand it on?"* says Alison.

A carefully chosen archive of a manageable size will mean that those who come next won't have to worry about what's important or feel guilty if they don't have room to keep everything. They will know what matters most.

Alison learnt so much by creating her own family archive that she's published her advice and ideas in a full-colour, step-by-step guide called Make Your Mark. With sections on documents, photos and objects, as well as tips on choosing wisely and storing safely, it gives you everything you need to get started on your own archive. Find out more at:

**[www.mym.company](http://www.mym.company)**

### **Alison's top tips?**

*Be very selective - choose the best, the most interesting and the unusual things*

*Caption all your chosen photographs - do it NOW!*

*Pass on small personal objects with their story - these will be kept longest*

*Record your own life with a mini biography, a letter to the future or a detailed diary of a single day*

*Store your archive well - follow some simple rules to keep paper and objects safe*

So, if you're looking for a project this winter, why not create the kind of well-organised family archive you wish someone had left **you!**

## CHRISTMAS DINNER

Our ancestors did themselves well at Christmas time, but their dinner tables, though laden, would have looked strange and rough to our eyes. Tablecloths were unknown and the plates, bowls and cups were fashioned roughly from wood or pewter. No forks were used, but large pewter spoons were in heaps on the tables and each guest brought his own knife.

For centuries the boar's head was the traditional fare, roasted, stuffed, garnished and carried to the table on a huge silver dish. Turkey was unknown until Tudor times when a young man bought some from North America and, thinking they came from the East, people called them turkeys. James I took a dislike to the boar's head and praised the turkey as "the bird of kings", hence it is now the national Christmas dish.

Other birds were peacock, roasted swans and storks, ducks, geese and chickens, all well seasoned with pepper and spices. Pigs' ears stewed in ale, seagulls, herons and cranes roasted in mustard furnished the dinner table, while fried whale, slices of badger, a "good fat porpoise" and "tartlets of plump snails" were popular delicacies.

Mince pies known as 'shredded mutton pies' were present and plum pudding, then called plum porridge. Home made wines and possets were freely handed round and the meal always concluded with the wassail bowl, consisting of hot ale, roasted crab apple and spices, all hissing hot. Our ancestors always added to it pieces of well toasted bread, which they said improved the taste. Hence the expression "to drink a toast", which we still use today.

# CHURCHES OF DERBYSHIRE

## 65. Cubley St Andrew

The earliest record of a church at Cubley is to be found in the Domesday Survey of A.D. 1085, where it is stated that Cubley was held by one Ralph, under Henry de Ferrers, and that there was a priest and a church on the estate. It is believed that there was a church here in Saxon times however, as there is a very small bit of herringbone masonry in the north wall of the nave, which is believed to be of Saxon origin.



When the present church was rebuilt about a century later than the Norman Conquest it is said that a difference of opinion arose amongst the villagers as to where the edifice was to be erected. One half of the residents wanted it to be built on its present site and the other half were in favour of it being built in a field called the 'calf crew', situated on a hill to the east of the Church.

Both parties were determined that neither side would give into the other. So they both commenced the building at the same time, but each party in a different place. Those that favoured the present site were working in the day time, while the 'calf crew' builders were pulling down the work of the day builders by night and rebuilding the church on their chosen ground under cover of darkness. The day builders had more time to do their work and eventually the night builders lost patience and gave up their attempt, leaving the building to be erected where it now stands. A lovely old legend!

The present church contains considerable portions of Norman architecture, with three arches in the nave with clerestory windows above. Restoration in the 1920s revealed, above the arches, quotations from the bible in Old English characters. It was found impossible to preserve these owing to the poor condition of the walls beneath. The large circular font is also of Norman workmanship, while the five lancet windows and the priest's door date from the latter half of the twelfth century.

The chancel was restored in the year 1872 and the five light east window is of the Decorated period and after a pattern that mostly prevailed about the year 1320. The very beautiful glass was inserted by the Rector and his family in 1874, to the memory of their father and mother. At the same time the old glass was put into four of the lancet windows. Some of this glass came from the old east window, where it had been dotted about in small fragments, so covered with ivy and the dust of centuries as hardly to be seen. Indeed some was found behind the front of the tomb on the south side of the chancel amongst broken bricks and rubbish.

The two tombs in the chancel have been intentionally mutilated – presumably in Puritan times – and at one time bore inscriptions. On the south side is the tomb of Sir Nicholas Montgomery III who died in 1494 and his wife Joan Haddon, while on the north side is that of Sir Nicholas Montgomery I, who died in 1435 which up to 1830 stood in the nave. It consists of a raised tomb of alabaster with angels carved in relief and holding shields. On the top rests the recumbent effigy of a knight in armour, having the legs and left arm broken off. The head rests on a helmet and the feet rest on a dog with a collar of bells. Although it is obvious that the legs have been broken off since its completion, the country folk have a legend that this Sir Nicholas lost both his legs in a great fight. Search for his body being in vain his lady's pet dog at last found it and as a result she caused the monument to be erected. The chancel screen was erected by parishioners in 1900 as a thank offering for peace after the Boer War.

The Tower is a fair example of the Late Perpendicular, built in the reign of Henry VIII, bears ten coats of arms representing various alliances of the Montgomery family. and restored in 1874. It contains a peal of four bells, which were installed after the Reformation and rehung in 1908.

The 1920s restoration consisted of a new roof, new south porch, walls cleaned of whitewash, new flooring, re-glazed windows and improvements to the organ and heating, all in all costing about £900.

In 1932 a new altar was dedicated, which is unique. It was, in fact, the old original altar slab which was debased about 1500. It was recovered and placed in position by the late Rev Cave Humfrey, but the ecclesiastical authorities ordered its removal. With the revision of regulations, opportunity was taken to reinstate it in memory of the Rev Cave Humfrey and his wife. It is believed that the stone of the altar itself was quarried in the parish untold years ago.

## Mental Health Care

The Derby County Asylum at Mickelover was built in the years 1848 to 1851 and was opened in the latter year. The Chaplain at the time was the Rev Joseph Sowter and the Superintendent Physician Dr Hitchman. It was run by a Visiting Committee under the chairman of Francis Hurt, Esq., who reported to the Justices of the Peace of the county.

The Asylum was built on an estate of 79 acres situated to the west of the village of Mickelover on a spur of land south of and close to the Uttoxeter Road. Of the estate of 79 acres, 32 acres were enclosed by a brick wall nearly a mile long and in this enclosure were the buildings, gardens and burial ground. The original building, although now bereft of its most striking feature, namely the large chimney over the boiler house, remains in its elevation and symmetry a monument to the vision and imagination of its designer and architect, Henry Duesbury.

The accommodation was at first designed to house 360 patients but was ruthlessly cut down to 300. There was much indignation in some quarters at the suggestion that there were 360 lunatics in the County of Derbyshire and the Justices were criticised severely for entering on such unnecessary expenditure. Incidentally when the County Council became responsible for the Asylum in 1889 the patients numbered 435 and had been as high as 451.

The first year of the County Council administration in 1889, introduced a new Committee to the management of the Asylum. The last Committee of Visitors, in handing over to the new one, pointed out the very efficient manner in which they had managed the Asylum and expressed the pious hope that in view of some admirable and well considered alterations recently introduced by themselves, the working expenses of the Hospital would be reduced. They weren't!!

As previously mentioned the original Hospital, built for 300 patients, soon proved inadequate to deal with the number needing treatment, and extensions have been in progress from time to time, since as early as 1865 when an additional ward added to each side of the Asylum, bringing the accommodation up to 399. The erection of the Chapel in 1869 filled a long-felt want and proved a spiritual blessing to many. No 8 Female Ward was built in 1872, but the Male side had to wait until 1884 before a similar extension relieved their overcrowding. The total beds were now 472, a total at which they remained until 1895.



Shortly after the County Council assumed control, it became evident that if Derbyshire was to care for its own patients a comprehensive building programme must be undertaken. Accordingly four modern and well designed wards were put under construction. At the same time the Medical Superintendent was given a separate residence. These buildings were occupied in 1895 and were followed by four additional wards in 1900, bringing the total number of wards up to 24 and the total beds to 776, equally distributed between the two sexes. There building stopped until after the war, because the available building sites were fully occupied. The Council had considered erecting a second hospital on a new site and had actually purchased a site at Thornhill when the War interrupted the project.

After the War the policy of the Council changed. It was decided to purchase more land adjoining the existing hospital grounds and to proceed with the building of a modern Reception Hospital with supporting Convalescent Houses or Villas, and such other treatment centres as the Committee would decide were necessary to provide proper amenities. At the same time the original building and services were to be completely reconditioned according to a scheme approved by the Board of Control.



*The Hospital at Micklegate in 1933*

In pursuance of this scheme, land was bought between the original site and the village of Micklever and on this ground a number of new buildings may be seen. They comprise a new Reception Hospital, containing a hundred beds, a new nurses' home, two convalescent villas and two larger villas for patients needing more prolonged treatment. At the same time the Medical Superintendent's house was converted to the use of female patients and the Head Male Nurse's house was given up to male patients. The beds provided by these additions bring the total to 1131, but still the overcrowding exists and the need for still further accommodation is urgent. Whilst these buildings were being erected the services were undergoing complete reorganisation. A new boiler house, a new bakehouse, laundry and stores have been built to meet the demands of the new development. Electricity replaced gas and a modern central heating plant was installed.

Originally the estate consisted of approximately 79 acres, of which 32 were occupied by the buildings and grounds. From the first it was the policy of the Committee to purchase such land as would improve the estate. The County Council pursued this policy and accordingly extensions to the estate occurred in 1899, 1918, 1926, 1929, 1936, 1938, until at the present time the hospital occupies 289 acres. Encouraged by the opportunity provided by a new cowshed, the Farm Committee decided to attempt to produce an attested herd. They are to be congratulated on attaining success in the Jubilee year of the Council, for in February of this year the certificate of Attestation was received from the Ministry of Agriculture.

The herd of 92 beasts has about 50 cows producing 33,150 gallons of milk annually and 12,000 lbs of beef. In addition the farm provided 33,500 lbs of pork, 63,000 eggs, 2,250 lbs of poultry, produce for feeding the cattle and a good variety of vegetables for the hospital.

In 1889 the Medical Staff consisted of the Superintendent and one Assistant to 447 patients. Today the Superintendent has the help of five assistants to care for 1,300 patients, but the treatment of nervous and mental disorders has extended outside the hospital and clinics are held at the Royal Infirmary, Derby, and at the Royal Hospital, Chesterfield. This work is to be extended as it is considered desirable to offer facilities for advice and treatment in each area in the county.

In 1889 the nursing staff consisted of 23 male attendants under a Chief Male Attendant and 22 female attendants under a chief Female Attendant. At this time there was no special training or standard of nursing, but in 1892 first aid lectures and ambulance classes were introduced and lectures on sick nursing and mental nursing were given in 1893. In November of that year the first

examination in Mental Nursing by the Medico-Psychological Association took place. Seven men and five women took the examination. These included the Chief Male Attendant, the Chief Female Attendant, and the Housekeeper. It is pleasant to record that all candidates passed the examination; probably the first and last occasion on which it has been possible to record a 100 per cent pass list. The nursing staff now numbers 104 females and 91 males. The Matron is assisted by a Deputy Matron and five Sisters; the Male Nursing Supervisor by a Deputy and three Head Nurses. Every nurse is now expected to pass the qualifying examination.

In 1889 the engineer's staff number nine. This has now increased to 38 and includes an assistant engineer, electricians, building repairs staff, fitters and stokers. These men have charge of approximately thirty five miles of hot and cold water heating and steam pipes, five miles of gas mains, and over fifty miles of electric cables, in addition to the care of the fabric of the numerous buildings.

By the Mental Treatment Act of 1930, the usefulness of the Hospital was extended. It became possible to admit patients without certification, either as temporary patients on the advice of two doctors, or as voluntary patients on their own signature.

In 1923 the name had been changed from Asylum to Mental Hospital, and now the term Mental is dropped from all but official documents.

In 1937 for the first time more patients were admitted under the voluntary and temporary forms than under certificate. In but a short time it is probably that two thirds of the admissions will be voluntary and the remaining third will be divided between the certified and temporary classes.

The outdoor and indoor recreations have been increased in number and variety. The patients' bowls, cricket and football teams have all had successful seasons. The County Librarian has improved the library with gifts of books that have been withdrawn from circulation in the county. The installation of wireless in every ward means that each patient can keep in touch with current events, but the most popular entertainment is the cinema, an up to date talkie apparatus having been purchased out of the canteen funds.

The change that has taken place in the Mental Hospital during the fifty years of control by the County Council will be evident to any visitor to the Hospital at the present time. Fifty years ago the patient was certified as a lunatic, came to the Asylum, and immediately became the object of the deepest

concern to the family, who spoke of the catastrophe with bated breath, and hoped that the knowledge of this event would not leak out. At the present time the patient enters the hospital, is met and treated by a carefully training and sympathetic staff, is regarded as a patient who can recover, and a feeling of optimism prevails.

*Taken from the Derbyshire County Council's Jubilee Year Book of 1939  
and just shows how attitudes have changed.*

***Belper News, 11 Jul 1902***

"A sad fatality occurred at Matlock Bath Station yesterday morning, the victim being a Belper man named Samuel Spencer, a fruit and poultry dealer, who was well known in the town and had carried on business between Belper, Derby and other places for a number of years.

Yesterday morning deceased journeyed to Matlock on business, and while there he had occasion to wheel a barrow over the wooden crossing at the Derby end of the station platform. At the moment an engine and brake were coming slowly down the line to get water at the tank near the platform. Spencer stood in the other line to wait while this engine and brake passed and then suddenly, and before he had time to see it, the 10.25 passenger train from Derby, which was pulling up at the station, ran into him, catching him on the head and throwing him twenty yards up the line. Deceased when picked up was found to have had the top of his skull completely taken off, and death must have been instantaneous. He was conveyed to one of the waiting rooms, and Dr Fox of Matlock, was summoned and pronounced life to be extinct. Deceased leaves a wife and one daughter."

At the inquest on Friday, evidence was given by two station porters who stated deceased did not seem to notice the train. He was looking the other way until they shouted when it was too late. The deceased usually crossed by the foot bridge. Railway employees said they had never seen him on the level crossing before and stated that if railway employees saw anyone like deceased using the level crossing they usually accompanied them and Mr Hetheridge, a juryman, said there was no need to anyone to carry their goods across. A verdict of "accidental death" was returned.

## TRACING YOUR IRISH ANCESTORS THROUGH LAND RECORDS

A practical introduction on various historic land records kept across the island of Ireland which explores the use of such documentation for genealogical research and house histories. It identifies the key archive repositories and online resources which host the relevant records and is packed with case studies and tips.

The history of Ireland is dominated by the question of land ownership, with complex and often distressing tales over the centuries of dispossession, colonisation, religious tensions, absentee landlords and more. Unfortunately with the destruction of much of Ireland's historic records during the Irish Civil War it is often within land records that evidence of our ancestors' existence can be found—indeed in some cases the only evidence when the relevant vital records may not have been kept or may not have survived.

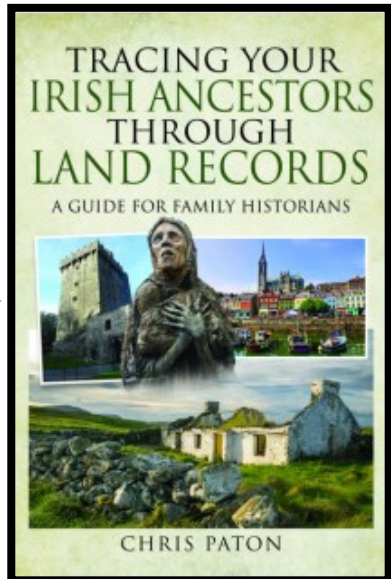
In this book genealogist and best selling author, Chris Paton, explores how the surviving records can help with our research, but also tell the stories of the communities from within which our ancestors emerged. He explores the often controversial history of ownership of land across the island, the rights granted to those who held estates and the plights of the dispossessed and identifies the various surviving records which can help to tease out the stories of many of Ireland's forgotten generations.

Chris points out the various ways to access the records, whether in Ireland's many archives, local and national, and increasingly through a variety of online platforms.

Published in paperback with 176 pages, the book is available from Pen & Sword books at £14.99. For more information visit the website

[www.pen-and-sword.co.uk](http://www.pen-and-sword.co.uk)

Or email [editing@pen-and-sword.co.uk](mailto:editing@pen-and-sword.co.uk)



## *Lady Curzon of Kedleston*

In September 1881 Mary Leiter, then just 11 years of age, sailed from New York with her family. Her father was a millionaire and her mother wished to prepare a position for her three daughters in European society. But they had to return to America, conscious that they had met nobody of importance and the visit had been a failure.

In 1890 Mary had come out, her beauty was attracting attention and she was acclaimed deb of the year. She was just 20 and paid her second visit to London, this time becoming an immediate success with the English aristocracy and meeting Gladstone and Chamberlain. She was introduced to the Kaiser and at the Duchess of Westminster's ball, she danced with the



Prince of Wales. At the same ball was George Curzon, heir to Lord Scarsdale of Kedleston, a Member of Parliament and an author of many books on the East. Incurable curvature of the spine caused him constant pain throughout his life.

Soon after the ball George met Mary again at a house party and they fell in love. They saw each other daily and when she returned to America she gave him a pearl from her necklace, symbolising the tears she was shedding. George, however, only wrote to her spasmodically and when visiting America didn't try to contact her.

At length they met in Paris and, to his own surprise, he proposed. He stipulated that their engagement must be kept secret until he returned from an expedition to Asia and it took him a year before he would agree that she should tell her parents. Miffed at his brief and unromantic letters she hinted that she was finding it difficult to resist other suitors for her hand, including the Grand Duke of Russia, but the hints were met with indifference.

On his return to Kedleston George told his father, expecting obstacles to be

put in their way. To his surprise old Lord Scarsdale was quite happy with the marriage and gave his son the Kedleston diamonds so that Mary could wear them on her wedding day. This took place in Washington at Easter 1895 and was a brilliant event. Mary's father settled a million dollars on her and promised a similar sum to each child of the marriage. He also gave her an annual income of £6000, thus relieving Curzon—a relatively poor man—of money worries.

Landing in England, the couple travelled straight to Kedleston. At Derby station they were met by Lord Scarsdale and his daughter Geraldine. The streets were decorated, church bells rang out and 35,000 people lined the road to Kedleston, cheering them all the way. There Mary was introduced to five more sisters, three brothers and 550 tenants, and wrote home that the house delighted her. Their London house, on the other hand, she found appalling, with awful sanitation and untrustworthy servants. Curzon kept the household accounts and budgeted to the last farthing. The women she met couldn't forgive her for being American and despised her for showing deference to her husband.

In June Curzon was appointed Under Secretary of State at the Foreign Office and in July Mary helped in canvassing in his constituency, Southport. She hated it all, but played her part well, and it was said that his success owed far more to her winning smiles and irresistible graces than to his speeches. On her part Mary wrote home to her parents telling them how she loathed the miserable seaside resort.

Returning to Kedleston for a few days she found her father in law "*the most tyrannical old man I have ever seen*". She felt sorry for his spinster daughters whom he scolded from morning till night for not being married, yet never allowed a young man to enter the house. Lord Scarsdale was a clergyman and Rector of Kedleston and Mickleover, but Mary thought him "*an old despot of the 13th century.*"

In London, missing society life, Mary became increasingly bored and querulous and her letters were full of complaints. They moved to a new house in London but George arranged all the decorating and furnishing [with her father's money] and Mary continued to find fault with the climate, her husband's friends and the servants. On January 20th 1896 their first daughter Irene was born. This girl inherited her father's subsidiary title and became Baroness Ravensdale. She died unmarried in 1966.

In the summer of 1898 Mary was again expecting when everything changed. Curzon was appointed Viceroy of India and was created Baron, later Earl and

finally Marquess Curzon of Kedleston. They were given the Freedom of the City of London, attended a Court Ball at Buckingham Palace and were “*treated like grandees*”.

In August Mary’s second daughter was born. Called Cynthia, she became a Member of Parliament and first wife of Sir Oswald Mosley before dying in 1933 aged 35.

Before sailing to India George and Mary were invited to Windsor, where the Queen presented Mary with jewels and congratulated Curzon on his wife’s beauty. The voyage took three weeks and they reached Bombay on 30th December. They entered Calcutta under a gold umbrella, ancient symbol of Indian royalty.

Government House had been modelled on Kedleston. The rooms were enormous and food had to be carried from the kitchen across a garden “*full of flying foxes, jackals and civet cats.*” Curzon attempted to modernise the place, but it was years before a bathroom with running water was installed. Mary coped with pomp and protocol easily. Tall and slim and infinitely beautiful, she wore the most wonderful clothes and jewels. In public she treated her husband with respect, even reverence, and reproved her sisters for addressing him in too familiar a manner. Along together they were ‘Pappy’ and ‘Kinkie’.

The Viceroy could not leave India during his five years in office, but in March 1901 Mary took the children to England for six months. She was entertained by the King and Queen but wrote disparagingly about the new form of court life under “*Edward the Caresser*”. She wrote to her husband daily, repeating every flattering remark she heard about him, but failed to notice that there was much criticism in England of his policies. On her return to India she began to promote medical training for women, but had to overcome much prejudice although it was taboo for an Indian woman to be touched by a male doctor.

In January 1903 Mary presided as Vicereine at the Coronation Durbar to acclaim King Edward as Emperor. It was said that Curzon staged it more for his own glory than the King’s, and they made an entry into Delhi in a silver howdah seated on a gold covered elephant. The celebrations lasted for two weeks and ended with a State Ball when Mary wore a breathtaking dress of gold embroidered with peacock feathers.

In 1904 she sailed to England for the birth of her third daughter, Alexandra, who was to become the wife of Major Edward Metcalfe, later best man to the



Duke of Windsor. Soon afterwards Mary was taken ill. She had two operations, developed pneumonia and was on the point of death. "I am worn out with anguish and suspense" Curzon wrote and spent hours at her bedside. Mary gave him instructions about her funeral, said farewell to the children and made him promise to give their nurse a house at Kedleston.

Surprisingly she recovered. As soon as she was out of danger Curzon left for his second term of office in India and in February 1905 Mary embarked from Tilbury to join him with three little girls, two nurses and a live cow in the hold to supply fresh milk for the baby. A thousand people welcomed her at Government House and she entered the room looking radiant in a dazzling white dress.

She was soon restored to complete health, but they had not been long in residence when she and her children nearly lost their lives under falling masonry caused by an earthquake. Later that year Curzon resigned after constant quarrels with Kitchener, who was C-in-C India.

In England Mary's health began to once more break down. "*I fear I will never be well again,*" she wrote, but was looking forward to a planned visit to America. During the summer she became gradually worse and died suddenly of a heart attack in London. She was just 36 years old. As she had requested she was buried at Kedleston, and tributes at the funeral came from the King and Queen and from the President of the USA. Mourned in three continents, "*she left me with three motherless children and a broken life*" wrote Curzon.

He built an annex to the church at Kedleston in the form of a memorial chapel. There, side by side, are their effigies in marble, her hand clasped in his. On a shield was inscribed "Mary Victoria, Lady Curzon of Kedleston. Born 27th May 1870. Died 18th July 1906. Perfect in Love and Loveliness".



## The Vampires of Drakelow, c. 1090

*This text comes from an account of the life and miracles of Saint Modwenna, a mysterious saint whose bones were kept at Burton Abbey (founded in 1008). The account was written by the monastery's abbot, Geoffrey, probably between 1118 and 1135, and certainly before 1150 when Abbot Geoffrey died. For Saint Modwenna's life, Geoffrey relied on an earlier written text, but for her miracles at Burton he depended mostly on stories passed on orally. This particular episode probably took place during the abbatiage of Geoffrey Malaterra, 1085-94.*

*Text adapted by Charles West from Geoffrey of Burton, *Life and Miracles of St Modwenna*, ed. and tr. R. Bartlett (Oxford, 2002), pp. 192-8.*

There were two villagers living in Stapenhill under the jurisdiction of the abbot of Burton who ran away to the neighbouring village called Drakelow [in Derbyshire], wrongfully leaving their lords the monks, and wishing to live under the authority of Count Roger called 'the Poitevin'. The father of the monastery ordered that their crops, which had not yet been taken out of the barns, should be seized and taken to his own barns, hoping in this way to bring them back, and to recall them to their own dwellings. But these men went off and lied deceitfully, and brought a troublesome charge before Count Roger, stirring him up and speaking wickedly so that the count's deep anger was aroused against the abbot, so much that he threatened to kill him wherever he might find him.

Eventually, violently angry, the count gathered a great troop of knights and peasants with weapons and carts and sent them in a great company to the monks' barn at Stapenhill and had them seize by force all the crops stored there, those belonging to the abbey on which the monks depend, as well as those of the wicked fugitives we mentioned.

*[Count Roger also sends a group to knights to fight the monastery's ten knights, who however with the help the monks' prayers defeat their more numerous opponents].*

The very next day, at the third hour, the two runaway peasants through whom and because of whom this evil had arisen were sitting down to eat, when they were both suddenly struck down dead. Next morning they were placed in wooden coffins and buried in the churchyard at Stapenhill, the village from where they had fled. What followed was amazing and truly remarkable. That very same day on which they were interred they appeared at evening, while the sun was still up, at Drakelow, carrying on their shoulders the wooden coffins in which they had been buried. The whole following night they walked through the paths and fields of the village, now in the shape of men carrying wooden coffins on their shoulders, now in the likeness of bears or

dogs or other animals. They spoke to the other peasants, banging on the walls of their houses and shouting to those listening inside “Move, quickly move! Get going! Come!” When these astonishing events had taken place every evening and every night for some time, such a disease afflicted the village that all the peasants from it fell into desperate straits and within a few days all except three (whom we shall discuss later) perished by sudden death in a remarkable way.

The count, seeing these remarkable occurrences, was stunned and absolutely terrified. He immediately repented and came with his knights to the monastery, where he begged humble pardon, made a firm concord with the abbot and monks, and entreated them with prayers that they should placate God and the virgin [*Modwenna*] whom he had offended. Before them all, with faithful devotion, he gave a command to Drogo the reeve of the village that there should be double restitution for all the damages he had inflicted, and so, in peace of mind, he left the monastery and hastened without delay to his other lands. Drogo then quickly returned and restored double to the abbey as he had been ordered and, after seeking pardon yet again, he too left for other parts with all haste, desiring to escape that lethal scourge.

The two peasants who still remained in the village (Drogo was the third) fell sick and languished for a long time. But some people, greatly afraid of the already-mentioned dead men who fantastically carried their wooden coffins on their shoulders every evening and at night as has been described, received permission from the bishop to go to their graves and dig them up. They found them still intact, but the linen cloths over their faces were very stained with blood. They cut off the men’s heads and placed them in the graves between their legs, tore out the fleshly hearts from their corpses, and covered the bodies with earth again. They brought the fleshly hearts to the place called Dodecrossefora and there burned them from morning until evening. When as if greatly compelled they had at last been burned up, they cracked with a great sound and everyone there visibly saw an evil spirit in the form of a crow fly from the flames. Soon after this was done, both the disease and the haunting ceased. The two peasants sick in their beds recovered their health as soon as they saw the smoke rising from the fire where the hearts were burned. They got up, gathered together their children and wives and all their possessions, and, giving thanks to God and to the holy virgin [*Modwenna*] that they had escaped, they departed very hastily to the next village, which was called Gresley, and settled there. Drakelow was thus abandoned and for long thereafter no one dared to live there, fearing the vengeance of the Lord that had struck there and wondering at the prodigies that God omnipotent had worked through the holy virgin

## WE ARE MOVING

The Executive Committee have reluctantly decided that the Society will leave Bridge Chapel House when the current lease expires and have informed the trustees of the building. This is the end of an important chapter in the history of the Society.

When we moved from the church room in Alfreton 25 years ago our paper records were already overflowing the storage capacity. We envisaged them expanding for years to come, and so they did until quite recently. We offered a search room with fiche readers, a local history library and our growing sets of parish register and memorial transcripts. We started collecting family histories and charts devised by members. Our volunteers toiled over each census as it appeared, producing a local index. Much of this work was made available to distant members by an extensive publications programme, which generated additional income for the Society. We had a volunteer in Reception to welcome visitors, lockers for personal belongings and a room to eat food and make a hot drink. One room was given over as a bookshop.

Now we still have all the rooms but hardly anyone in them. Our one fiche reader rarely comes out from under its dust cover. So few visitors come that we have no need to sit anyone in reception. Book sales have dwindled away and we hold surplus stock for disposal. What has overtaken our library and research facility in the last decade has been Family History on the internet. The former fiche room is given over to five computers, which we use to receive email queries and carry out research. A small group of volunteers meet round them for a morning to input data, but a larger group do the same task in their own homes. The data goes to feed Findmypast and generates an income for us, but not as much as publications used to do. Our membership numbers shrink each year, not because Family History is less popular, but because people no longer see the need to join a society to pursue it. People working on their own peer at the screen and make elementary mistakes because there is no-one to share their research. Occasionally they turn to us for help and are disappointed to find they have barked up the wrong tree. Fifteen years ago we logged the weekly queries coming by post. That then became a log of emails. Now we only get one or two email enquiries each week, all from people who have hit a brick wall in their research. At least they know that they are in difficulty. There must be an awful lot of family lines out there which are mistaken.

So what does the Society do in an age of virtual Family History? Not only is Bridge Chapel House no longer appropriate for our current work the cost of

running it far exceeds our income. We have to cut our costs by a significant amount as well as trying to recruit more members. It may be that there are people in the Society who know of an unused space that would be available to us at a modest cost. We are currently using about 600 sq ft of the space in Bridge Chapel House, but might manage with less if we could move bookcases into the middle of the floor without risking damage to the building. We would like to continue to store the local history collection, the members' family histories and other paper material not available elsewhere or on line. We envisage that groups of members might still like to gather round our computers for workshop sessions and boost our income by preparing data for the internet. That probably needs to be in Derby, which has the largest pool of potential volunteers. We shall need more of the members who are techno-savvy to help us take the work forward. We are looking into on-line meetings, which have worked well for our sister society in Nottinghamshire. We need to keep on adding to the resources on our own web site as well as Findmypast. But we also need a base, if only to keep what belongs to the Society, which is rather larger than a corner of the living-room, or even the garage.

Send us your ideas so that we have more imaginations at work than the committee alone. We have begun to explore some options but we need more. And thank you for supporting the Society as you do.

**Stephen Orchard**

### **NEW HOME WANTED**

The people who do visit us obviously do so for research and don't sit down and read books while they are here. For that reason we are disposing of several books that are never looked at—apart from me sometimes. We have the first 10 volumes of "The War Illustrated", which is fascinating stuff for anyone interested in the First World War. Loads of pictures, facts and stories all bound in red covers. They look lovely but are also very heavy. If anyone would like to give them a home and give us a donation, then please contact us [E-mail and addresses inside front cover]. You will have to pick them up, they are far too heavy to post.

# RESEARCH CENTRE AND LIBRARY



## BRIDGE CHAPEL HOUSE DERBY

### Acquisitions at 1 Nov 2021

Barlborough:	Barlborough Hall School
Biggin:	The Village
Carsington:	A Walk Around
Cutthorpe	The Village
Dalbury Lees:	The Church of All Saints
Derby:	Exeter House Restoration of the Railway Cottages 1981
Doveridge:	St Cuthbert's Church
Glossop:	Gateway to the Past
Hartshorne:	The Enclosure Award of 1765
Lullington:	The Village
Smisby:	The Church of St James
Tideswell:	The Village
Tintwistle:	The Village
Youlgreave:	The Village
Derbyshire People:	Canon Alfred Ainger; Robert Bakewell; William Bass; Richard Crowshaw; John Whitehurst, Clockmaker;
Family Histories:	Coke of Trusley Shore

# **DERBYSHIRE FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY**

**IS DELIGHTED TO ANNOUNCE THEIR**

## **OPEN DAY**

**WEDNESDAY JUNE 8TH 2022**

**AT THE MUSEUM OF MAKING, ITALIAN MILL, DERBY  
FROM 10 AM TO 4.30 PM**

**STALLS, RESEARCH HELP FROM OUR EXPERIENCED  
VOLUNTEERS, RAFFLE [WITH PRIZES DONATED BY FIND  
MY PAST ETC], AND TALKS IN THE RIVER ROOM FROM  
STEPHEN FLINDERS AND LUCY BAMFORD**

**STALLS INCLUDE THE DERBYSHIRE RECORD OFFICE,  
MIDLAND RAILWAY SOCIETY, ALAN GODFREY MAPS,  
ROYAL CROWN DERBY, REDFERNS COTTAGE MUSEUM  
OF LIFE, THE NATIONAL BREWERY CENTRE, DERBY  
ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY, THE MAGIC ATTIC, DERBY  
MUSEUM, DERBY & SANDIACRE CANAL TRUST,  
SPONDON HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND WINTERS  
PHOTOGRAPHY. OTHERS TO BE ANNOUNCED**

**REFRESHMENTS AVAILABLE AND THERE WILL BE AN  
OPPORTUNITY TO LOOK AROUND THE REST OF THE  
MUSEUM**

**SPECIAL OFFERS ALSO AVAILABLE TO THOSE WHO  
WOULD LIKE TO JOIN OUR SOCIETY ON THE DAY AND  
EXTENSIVE HELP FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO MAKE A  
START ON DELVING INTO THEIR FAMILY HISTORY**

**FURTHER DETAILS WILL BE ON THE WEBSITE IN DUE  
COURSE AND IN THE MARCH MAGAZINE. HELP WOULD  
BE MUCH APPRECIATED ON THE DAY IF ANYONE  
WOULD LIKE TO VOLUNTEER**

# Derbyshire Family History Society

Dec Quarter 2021



**The above picture was taken at the back of Bridge Chapel House and shows the remains of the old bridge visible in the water, just in front of the modern St Mary's Bridge that carries traffic into Derby from Chester Green.**

**If you could draw a straight line from the old bridge it runs directly under St Mary's Chapel and House. These old stones are only visible when the River Derwent is low.**