

Derbyshire Family History Society



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1928 Style**

Warney Mill

**The Story of
William Drakefield**

**Reminiscences of a former
Derby Journalist**

**Little Eaton
from an old
postcard**

Dec 2016

Issue 159

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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

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

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

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.

FROM THE EDITOR

It is the end of another year and I hope it has been successful for most of you. We have had a bit of an upsurge in membership and are hoping to get a lot more records onto our website, as this seems to be the way everyone prefers it. Are there any bright sparks out there with some ideas on what to put on our website to make it more interesting, or do any of you have any preferences as to what sort of material you would like to see. Just records, or perhaps more social history, or photographs—please talk to us so we can get some idea of your preferences. These will then be available to our members to browse and research.

Talking of which, a reminder please to renew your subscription by 1st February so that our printers get the full up to date members mailing list. Otherwise there will be a delay in your getting the March magazine and access to the website will be limited. I know it seems a bit early but the magazine goes to the printers the first week of February and they usually manage to get it out by the third week of that month. They are very efficient and I have to say they do a brilliant job.

I hope you enjoy your magazine this time. So far I have managed to avoid cutting down on the pages—which I really don't want to do—thanks to some of you sending in your articles and other bits, which are most gratefully received. I also found one or two interesting bits myself, so for now we are sticking at 80 pages, but believe me it takes some filling. So keep your articles coming—no need to concentrate particularly on Derbyshire. If you have a research problem that you have solved using particular records or by looking at something that you have only just thought of, write it down and let our members know. You just might solve someone else's problem too. I have recently been looking for a child born in 1910. She certainly existed, because I have a photograph, but she isn't registered. She married but I don't know who to, and had two sons, but I don't know when. One day I shall solve it, but for the moment I content myself with tearing my hair out. Regardless of what all these programmes and websites tell you, it isn't all straightforward!!

Finally, even though I am writing this in October, may I wish you all a very Happy Christmas. Have a nice relaxing time and we hope to see you in the New Year.

Helen

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MEETINGS 2016/17

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

13th Dec <u>2017</u>	Christmas Social
10th Jan	Cheers, The History of Pubs and Drink—Danny Wells
7th Feb	Those Were the Days Weren't They—Alan Hiley
14th Mar	Pleasure Palace—Ian Morgan
11th Apr	The Plague Doctor—David Bell
9th May	The Victorian Fair—Ann Featherstone
13th Jun	The Life and Travels of Robert Bruce Napoleon Walker - Stephen Flinders

UNFORTUNATELY DUE TO LACK OF SUPPORT GLOSSOP MEETING GROUP HAS NOW FINISHED

SOUTH NORMANTON—POST MILL COMMUNITY CENTRE SOUTH NORMANTON—Friday at 7.30 p.m.

16th Dec <u>2017</u>	Christmas Social
Jan	No Meeting
17th Feb	The Pomegranate Queen—Mrs Toni Elston
17th Mar	A Tour of the A60 Road—Angela Morris
28th Apr	To be announced
19th May	The Stories behind Nursery Rhymes—Paul Newsham
16th Jun	Purse-glove of the Panama Canal—Roger Purseglove

DERBY MEETINGS

Jul 2016

Bishop Legg—Dr Stephen Orchard

Our chairman Stephen Orchard gave us another excellent talk. This time he gave us a insight in to the life of Arnold Henry Legg.

Arnold was born in 1899 in Derby, the son of John and Elizabeth Ann Legg. His grandfather and father both worked for the Midland Railway. Arnold attended the local council school and was awarded a scholarship to Derby School. On leaving school at 17 he took a job as a clerk with the Midland Railway.

The family were members of Ashbourne Rd and Victoria St Congregational Churches. Arnold became interested in the idea of service with the London Missionary Society and after the war he obtained a place at Cheshunt College. His college career was successful, being awarded several prizes and scholarships. He undertook a student pastorate in Wirksworth. In 1924 he was ordained at Ashbourne Rd.

Later that year he set sail for Rangoon with his final destination being the LMS station at Trivandrum, capital of Kerala, South India. He met Mary Hewitt and eventually proposed marriage whilst she was on furlough in England. Permission was required from her father and the LMS, both readily agreed. Arnold met her in Colombo on her return and they married and honeymooned there before returning to Trivandrum. They were to have three children whilst in India.

His daughter described him as a handsome man, a good speaker and his sermons were thoughtful, pithy and cogent. He had a keen and mischievous sense of humour and could be good company. He was a hard worker and an excellent administrator. This opinion seems to be accepted by everyone.

The family were on furlough in England at the start of the war and soon returned to India. He became one of the first bishops of the Church of South India, the only LMS missionary to hold such an office. His work there continued through the struggle for independence. He then became Bishop of Travancore and was elected as Moderator of the Church of South India, the highest office to which a bishop may rise in the CSI, by his fellow bishops in 1962. He received an illuminated address from the Mateer Memorial Church in Trivandrum showing their admiration and great respect for him. As Moderator he attended the Second Vatican Coun-

cil several times.

He returned to England in 1966 and continued to serve as a minister until 1973 and died in 1980.

A tribute to Arnold and May Legg was found in the minutes of the South India LMS Missionaries Fellowship in 1966 when they left India. A section reads “ Arnold, our Bishop proved himself a scholar, a wise councillor, a notable preacher, a wise and efficient administrator, and a true friend and pastor. He has a wide knowledge of Malayalam and speaks it fluently. One of the few people whose judgement everyone trusted, and came to rely on, known to be absolutely just in all his dealings, respected and loved by all, he is truly a man of God.

Aug 2016

No Meeting

Sep 2016

I went in Search of an Indian Princess and found Jamaica—Anne Powers

Family stories can sometimes lead us down all sorts of paths. Is there an element of truth in them or stories made up to amuse children and grandchildren?

In this case the family story was that of an Indian Princess but where was she from, India or the Americas and at what point in time did she enter the family. Anne had in her possession letters and documents mentioning family members. One of the surnames was LEE. Working her way back through several generations on all sides of her family, she found no connections to either continent until she came across a Richard Lee in the 1851 census. He was 85 years old, living in Kent but born in Jamaica. He was the son of Robert Cooper Lee.

Robert Cooper Lee was born in 1735 in London, the son of Joseph. He was one of four children, his siblings being John, Joseph and Mary Charlotte. Robert went to sea at 11 years of age and saw action until peace was declared and the navy stood down. In 1749 he left England to join his brother John in Jamaica. Initially he trained as an overseer at a sugar plantation but eventually went on to train as an attorney. He fathered several children with Priscilla Kelly who was of mixed race origins. Joseph at some point also arrived in Jamaica, leaving their sister Mary Charlotte in England. She married and had children but her life was not good. Her brothers continued to support her from Jamaica. Joseph returned to England and died in 1773. Robert also returned and a marriage licence was issued in 1771 for him to marry Priscilla.

They went on to have two more children.

Due to the shortage of white women in Jamaica a lot of children were born to slaves and free mixed race women. The Private Act of the Jamaican Assembly was passed restricting how much money could be left to these children. In 1776 Robert had to apply for authorization to leave his wealth to his children.

He continued as a prominent attorney, respected throughout Jamaica and among the West Indian lobby in London, he had built a fortune that enabled his children to mix with royalty. He died in 1794 and Priscilla in 1797.

What of the parcel of ribbons and the Indian princess? Robert arrived in Jamaica penniless with a parcel of ribbons and sold them making him his first money in a new country. Anne has the receipt for these ribbons bought before he left England and the princess? She never found her except for a letter to "Dear Prissie". Was this misheard for princess or perhaps Robert called her his princess? Probably one of those stories that will never be solved but it led to a fascinating book with a wealth of social and family history.

RUTH BARBER

SOUTH NORMANTON

Jul 2016

Sir Walter Raleigh and His Connections with Derbyshire—Maureen Taylor

Dressed in a beautiful Elizabethan noble woman's costume, Maureen announced herself, not as Queen Elizabeth, but as Bess Throckmorton who had married Sir Walter Raleigh secretly. The Queen preferred her favourites to remain single so when the marriage was revealed, on the birth of their first child, all three were sent to the Tower for a while.

Raleigh was born in the early 1550's at Hayes Barton, near Budleigh Salterton in Devon. As a teenager he fought for the Huguenot side in the War of Religion in France, then attended Oriel College, Oxford, and three years later attended the Middle Temple Law College.

Next he went to Ireland to fight against the rebels in Munster and soon he became a favourite of Queen Elizabeth. She rewarded him with gifts of land and trade monopolies. He had official appointments in Devon and Cornwall, sat frequently in Parliament, was knighted in 1587 and his final appointment was a Governor of Jersey in 1600.

Raleigh's relatives had connections to many influential nobles, including Bess of Hardwick's various husbands. Raleigh was a frequent visitor to Hardwick and eventually he acquired the ownership of Codnor, Crich, etc. in

Derbyshire, and also a piece of land in Nottingham. Maureen/Bess told us that centuries later a factory was built on that piece of land and in that factory, bicycles were made—Raleigh Bicycles!

When out of favour with the Queen, Raleigh went to sea. He tried to establish a colony near Roanoke Island and named the mainland area Virginia in honour of the Virgin Queen. He sailed up the Orinoco River in Venezuela, and with the Earl of Essex he fought against Spain.

Eventually, after the accession of James VI, Raleigh was again imprisoned in the Tower and was executed in 1618.

Maureen ended the evening by removing the ruff from around her neck, explaining how it was made and laundered. She had also made her panniered skirt, which contained 7 yards of heavy curtain material.

During the week she walks round Hardwick Hall in costume, explaining her costume to visitors.

Aug 2016

No Meeting

Sep 2016

Some Thoughts on Families—Averil Higginson

As a very young child, family was mother, father and me. My paternal grandmother came to stay for a month, on doctor's orders, to rest, so when I was 3 years old my family had increased by one. Eventually I became friends with two cousins of my age, but my older cousins were married before I left junior school. I knew of them and, with age, began to know them as individuals.

Our new council house estate provided nearly twenty children in my age group. Three little boys were my closest friends who attended my birthday and Christmas parties. We lost touch in our teens, but when my mother insisted on having a special 21st birthday party, I insisted that Dan, one of the three, must be invited. He accepted and asked if he could bring his new girl friend. Several decades later, I joined a Living Memory Group, and mentioned my three little friends. At the end of the meeting a lady came to me and announced that she was the 'new girlfriend' and subsequently his wife.

Meanwhile several of the friends at Junior School are still living nearby and we meet at regular intervals. Junior School was followed by a year at a Higher Standard School. At the first family history meeting that I went to at Shir-

land, the first person I met was Kathleen who had been in the same class at the latter school. She stayed there, but after one year I went to the nearby Grammar School. The friends I made there are still my friends now.

I had know the local library staff from the customer side of the counter, but after school ended I was able to become a member of that staff. Though most of those staff have now died I still keep in touch with their successors. Several of the customers were added to my family of friends.

On retirement I joined Newton Women's Institute and one of the first people I saw was a former library customer. My family of friends rapidly increased then and some years later I joined appreciation societies for three children's authors. In attending the annual meetings I have made new friends. One of those authors, E.J. Oxenham, made most of her characters interested in Folk and Morris dancing.

In the winter of my first year at work, a schoolfriend asked if I would join a class with her. That class ended about five years later and she became interested in other things. I returned to the dancing and made many more friends. Though we are all now too old to dance, our friendship is still strong.

So I maintain that families of friends with shared interests and memories are just as important as people who share the same D.N.A.

AVERIL HIGGINSON

On the 23rd December 1811 John England, Percival Cook and James Tomlinson [alias Fruze on account of his whiskers], were charged with committing a burglary at the house of Mr Samuel Hunt at Ockbrook Mill early in the morning. They were all in their mid to late twenties and were described as at least 5 ft 9 in in height and 'fine looking young fellows'. They were part of a gang that was headed by England, but also included 22 years old Thomas Draper, Scotsman Andrew Scott, and a man named Howett; all except England were army deserters. The burglary had been premeditated with the 6 men having met up beforehand at England's home where they were given, by the woman England lived with, four black crapes for face cloths and a flannel cap for Tomlinson to cover his whiskers. On this occasion England, who was described as a 'brewer, labourer and petty huckster', went on the robbery with them. Usually he would stay at home and send his associates. All were found guilty of the crime.

White's History & Directory of Derby, 1857

THE JOURNAL OF NICHOLAS CRESSWELL

Due to my research into family history in New Zealand, not mine I might add, inevitable my path crossed with Judy Bradwell an English journalist with personal ties to the High Peak but married to the Editor of a NZ newspaper. Judy was motive driven to the extent, that I sighed when a thick envelope with a New Zealand postmark occasionally dropped with a thud through the letterbox at No 10. A memory of a 2 month stay in New Zealand was watching a live New Zealand versus England Rugby Union match on NZTV, whilst through a window of her bungalow at Lowry Bay, Eastbourne, North Island, across the bay, we could see the floodlights ablaze at the match venue, known as the Cake Tin Stadium, Wellington. Magic !!! Sadly a few years ago Judy lost her memory and all contact has now been lost. I have often wondered where her research mountain now resides. The following article "The Journal of Nicholas Cresswell 1774-1777" is based on her research. She gave me open-ended usage.

Nicholas Cresswell came from Edale, Derbyshire, and as a young man spent 3 years of his life in America, in Virginia and nearby states, at that time the War of Independence was underway. During this time he kept a diary. It opens on 1 March 1774 when he writes about his wish to go to America, and ends with his return in September 1777 when, as a somewhat shabby and weary prodigal son, his is directed back to work on the family farm to shear and bind corn.

Judy writes "The diary published in 1924, was handed down in the Cresswell family of Crowden-le-Booth (*Edale*) and eventually published by a descendant of a Samuel Thornley. Somehow I found an old copy of it on the internet, via Abebooks. There are still issues (*in 2006*) for sale at \$US 88 and \$US 200 though I paid just \$US 15 for mine. The book is a delight for anyone interested in this period of North American history, and contains more than a few crumbs for those more interested in the people of Derbyshire who Nicholas knew. "

According to the preface Nicholas was the eldest son of Thomas Cresswell and born at Crowden-le-Booth, Edale in December 1750. However a journal note in America for 5 January 1775 says that this was his birthday. Nicholas was 24 when he left for America.

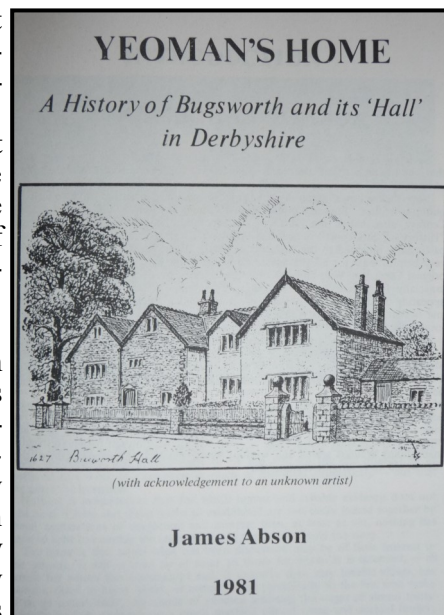
His mother -- quoting from the preface to the journal -- was Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Oliver of Smalldale in Bradwell, and the Cresswell family originally came from Cresswell in Northumberland. The diary is detailed. In America he was known to be doing copious amounts of writing and as a re-

sult was believed to be spying for the British and was lucky not to be jailed. He had in fact little time for those seeking Independence, and was proud of his British Heritage. He was profoundly shocked by the slave trade and the treatment and condition of the slaves. He formed a deep respect for the Red Indians in particular and affection for the Red Indian Squaw who became his mistress. His observation was "How base it may appear to conscientious people, it is absolutely necessary to take a temporary wife if they wish to travel amongst the Indians." A James Kirk of Leesburg is one of his mentors (though Nicholas admits that they do not see eye to eye politically) Samuel Thornley in his preface suggests this Kirk was the son of a blacksmith of Edale who had settled in Virginia. Nicholas in the last pages of his journals identifies him as Robert Kirk.

Among the possessions Nicholas ships to America is a sea chest which was commissioned from and made by John Braddock of Chapel-en-le-Frith. It was also brought back from America and in 1924 at the time the preface was written was still with the Nicholas's descendants. Clothes had been ordered from Edward Ford at Chapel-en-le-Frith.

It is to a James Carrington though that Nicholas appeals for support in his determination to make a "Voyage to Virginia." Nicholas notes on Tuesday, 1 March 1774 "I am sorry I dare not do it myself; I believe he may have some influence with my father, if anyone has." (There was a concentration of Carringtons living in Edale and Bugsworth at his time)

On Wednesday James Carrington agrees that he will come and Nicholas writes: "I confess I have no great opinion of his oratorical abilities, but I believe he will be honest and do me every service in his power, as he finds I am resolutely bent upon it." On Thursday evening Mr Carrington came and "by his aid and assistance" Nicholas was granted his father's consent and three days later Mr Cresswell senior visits Mr Hall to obtain a letter of introduction to a Mr Latham of Liverpool.



The above book mentions Chinley Houses and also the Braddock family

The name of Mr Carrington's house is not given, and this leaves, as elsewhere, a difficult problem in identifying who is who in the diaries. This may be James Carrington, the last of a line from Chinley Houses (Bugsworth) whose year of death is unknown. Chinley Houses was inherited by the son of James's sister Ellen, his name was a John Braddock. Did this John Braddock make the sea chest for Nicholas. The Mr Hall is similarly vague but he may be Jacob Hall of Hope.

Nicholas doesn't spell out his reasons for wanting to leave Edale and his family in such a hurry, but by 9 March he is in Liverpool. More Derbyshire names creep up. He meets up with Tom Middleton and spends an evening with him. No passage is available for a fortnight so Nicholas, not over-endowed with wealth, returns home where he notes that he believes "The Parson made a sermon for me – the text from the parable of the prodigal son."

He visits Castleton on his return to thank Mr Hall for his trouble; he goes to New Smithy (Chinley) for direction to James Kirk in Virginia. He writes, "It will be absolutely necessary to have some acquaintance on the other side of the Atlantic." He dines at Mottram (*North Derbyshire/ East Cheshire boundary*) with an aunt, dines at Sheffield with a Mr Fernis (*Furniss?*) and makes "very merry." On the evening of the 22 March, John Braddick (sic) brings the (sea) chest to Edale. Next day the chest is packed and on the wagon to Liverpool. The following day he rides out to Hope and his horse falls sick. He notes he borrows one from Jacob Hall, though he doesn't indicate whether this was Mr Hall who obtained the letter of introduction but it seems very likely.

On the 27th, a Sunday, Mr Bray, John Bore, John Hadfield and Michael Bradbury come to bid him farewell. John Hadfield wants to send along his son, but Nicholas declines. The next night the foursome are back to spend an evening with Nicholas and on the Tuesday a letter from Tom Middleton arrives to tell him the ship will sail on Friday next. There is a worthy Mr Champion to farewell, and finally on 31 March he sets off. He calls at Stockport to see Nat Pickford "but he has got a Girl with child and will not be seen". On 1 April he reaches Liverpool, where the date of sailing has again been postponed. On 5 April, "The Burrows" under a Captain Bostock, from Guinea, came into dock and Nicholas goes on board to see Bob Middleton, who is the steward of her, "but he was so disguised with dirt and sickness I did not know him. Indeed I never saw such a Scene of Sickness and Confusion before." Nicholas's own ship The Molly finally sails 9 April. (The Molly, like so many ships that sailed to America via Liverpool was used in the slave trade, Nicholas doesn't mention the cargo so this voyage was unlikely

to have carried slaves – usually transported directly from Africa to America.)

Virginia is not devoid of Derbyshire people. It is one of the surprises of the book that people from this small area of North Derbyshire are to be found doing business in areas well away from their Peak District homes. In Virginia, Nicholas parties with among others, Mr William Sydebottom (sic) of Marple. Indeed it is Mr Sydebottom and Mr Kirk who offer him the chance to take shares in a large purchase of land in Illinois. It comes to nothing, but enables him to set off to explore at least some of America.

On 22 March 1775, a certain Richard Taylor from Tideswell comes to town – Leesburg – where Mr Kirk was trading. On 23 March, Nicholas is buying a gun, powder and lead in preparation for his journey to Illinois. A Mr John Green married to a Nancy Worthington crops up early in 1777. Mr Gee is Captain of the town's militia – Leesburg, he is also from Derbyshire.

Nicholas finds America “one of the worst countries in the world. It abounds with every necessary of life, and almost every luxury that the most voluptuous epicure could desire.” (So nothing changes). However, the War of Independence changes things. Nicholas, as a supporter of the English side, is too easily cast as a spy by those fighting for independence. Towards the end of his stay in America he is ordered not to leave Virginia, and eventually makes a somewhat daring escape to New York. His diaries are full of sufficient detail to have him executed if they had fallen into the wrong hands, something that he admits.

Back in London, in August 1777, he finds himself “a ragged, shabby weather-beaten mortal.” Nicholas makes the best of his last adventures and becomes an early tourist. There are visits to St Dunstan's Church, St James's Park, Vauxhall Gardens and Bartholomew Fair. But as well as dancing and dining, he learns of his uncle's death from Robert Needham junior. He borrows money from Mr John Ellis jnr, whom he will meet and repay back home in Chapeltown (Chapel-en-le-Firth) Nicholas goes to the Old Bailey to hear trials with Mrs Dixon (another member of a Chapel family). After dinner with Samuel Dixon they go to see Newgate Prison – “such another place I never wish to see”, to Sadler's Wells and Chelsea with its “noble hospital” for disabled and superannuated soldiers. Finally leaving London having asked his father to meet him at Ashbourne. No horse arrives for him so he is forced to hire one from the Backmore's Head (Blackamoor's) and make his own way home. One of his observations on life is expressed thus “Never to have anything to do with my Relations. I know their disposition only too well.”

Nicholas Cresswell marries Mary Mellor, the younger daughter of Samuel

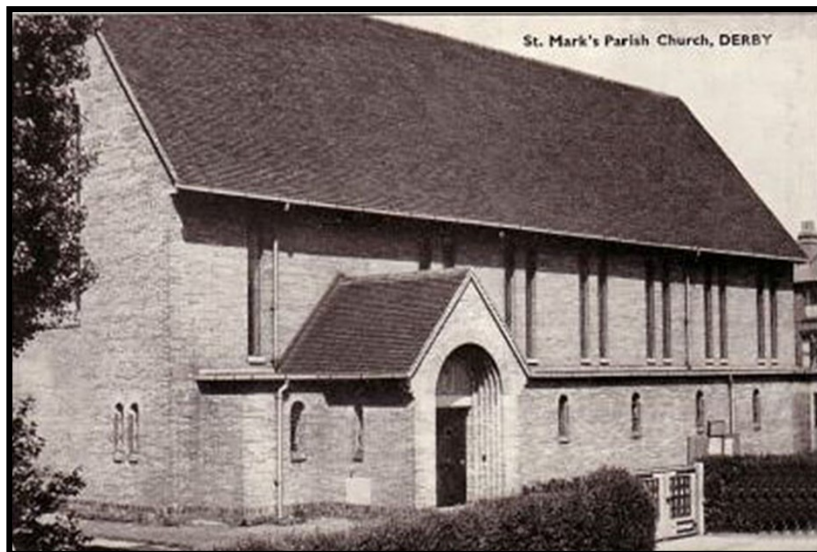
Mellor of Idridgehay on 21 April 1781 at Wirksworth. The Reverend Mr Bennett takes the service, Mr Robert Poole “stood father”, Mr Samuel Mellor. Jnr and Miss Hannah Dawson were present at the ceremony. The final sentence at the end of the journal reads; “My ramblings are now at an end.”

The Cresswell farm at Edale is inherited by Nicholas's son Robert along with his property at Idridgehay. Nicholas died aged 53 in 1804.

KEITH HOLFORD

CHURCH TROUBLE

The following letter was printed in the St Mark's [Derby] church magazine in April 1939 by the retiring vicar and must have raised rather mixed feelings. Evidently he met with a few difficult parishioners during his time there.



“Stokesay Vicarage, Craven Arms, Salop

My dear friends,

First let me say how sorry I am that this magazine should be so late; that is entirely my fault, due very largely to the upset of a removal. By now we are settled into our new home and very nice we find it. The people of my new

parish have given us a very hearty welcome, and so far as one can say on so short an acquaintance, we look like being very happy here for a long time.

For nearly five and a half years I worked amongst you, and happy years they have been, and both you and I have learnt a lot during that time. The one great weakness of St Mark's as I see it is a tendency to fall out amongst yourselves upon the slightest provocation and this has been instanced over and over again during my life with you. This is a real flaw in your Christian life, because instead of being united against non-Christian influences and all pulling together for the furtherance of the Kingdom of God, there creeps in a feeling of jealousy of one another, and a lot of good work is paralysed by this tension within the body of the church.

This is all the greater pity because I never knew such a splendid lot of people for working as St Mark's. Whatever I have asked should be done has found some volunteer to do it, and not just once or twice, but over and over again.

It is only human, I suppose, to let a feeling of annoyance get the better of us at times, but if we could remember that we are part of a much larger whole, that our little effort is only a fraction of the work that is done in God's name for God's Church all over the world, then perhaps we should not let this jealousy come in to spoil our service of the Master and the harmony of our congregational life.

You must watch this matter in the future or your Church life will suffer irreparably.

Both Mrs Frost and I want to say a word of thanks for all your kindness to us. Though we have left you, yet the Church of St Mark's will always have a warm place in our hearts, and wherever we may be we can never forget you.

Finally may I commend you into the safe keeping of our Heavenly Father, Who will supply all your need, giving you grace abundantly for your difficulties in answer to your prayer and my prayer for you. May God bless you now and always.

Your first Vicar and constant friend, S. Norman Frost"

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING 1928 STYLE

More novelties than ever will be seen in the Christmas shops this season. There is something new in every field that is utilised for the production of gifts. Success in Christmas shopping this year will depend on finding out where this newness lies – and taking advantage of it. Prices, on an average, are lower than last year. It is anticipated that keen shoppers – armed with the inevitable list and primed with information obtained beforehand by judicious window gazing – will get satisfying value for money laid out.

Seven out of ten Christmas shoppers visit the toy department first. This year they will notice that British toys – always the best – compare very favourably in price with toys of foreign manufacture. British toys are designed and manufactured on common sense principles. Hygiene is studied. Easily washed fabrics are used. Elements that are likely to cause harm to tiny children – such as nails, or wire, or tin – are eliminated, or rendered harm proof.

Quaint nursery rhyme heroes and heroines have superseded to a great extent the pink cheeked, blue eyed dolls that once delighted the small famine heart. Mother Goose – dressed in soft and colourful felt – is mounted on her famous bird. The goose itself is gay and wooden – the paint “unsuckable”. Dick Whittington is accompanied by his cat. Little Boy Blue possesses a real horn – it blows three notes. Jack and Jill make a brave and colourful pair, and their historical pail is not forgotten.

Children love animals instinctively, and a quick way to a small heart would be made by the presentation of one of the delightful furry rabbits, or puppies, or cats, that abound in the shops this season. Most of them have the advantage of being washable. All of them are certainly cuddlesome.

Real originality in Christmas gifts may be secured by buying unfinished articles and decorating these at home. Those who like to assemble their seasonable gifts in this manner will be interested in the displays of unpainted wooden articles seen in the shops. A comprehensive selection of articles, ranging from match boxes or candle sticks to larger objects like coffee tables and quaintly shaped chairs is at the service of the selector. These are painted in some gay colour to suit the individual recipient. If one is clever at hand-crafts, some may be further decorated with gesso or barbola work. This is a particularly modish way of decorating mirror frames and various other accessories of the dressing table.

Motoring accessories will be interesting gift seekers this season. Lovely

leather cushions – scientifically shaped to give greatest comfort – are to be had. One novelty cushion opens, to disclose in its well padded interior a motoring “wash and brush up” set. Felt, leather and painted wood are favourite materials for motor window mascots. Newer still are beautiful mascots of illuminated glass – these claimed to be of lasting quality, in spite of the doubtful nature of the material from which they are made. Novelty light shades are another kind of “motoring” gift that should interest those who have motoring friends.

The vogue for coloured glass continues to grow. This year many novelty cocktail and lemonade sets are to be had in glass that is jewel coloured. Usually, these are sold with a tray to match. The seeker after practical gifts will probably turn at once to the transparent casseroles and cooking utensils that continue to arrive in new and useful shapes. Made of synthetic glass that does not burn or crack, they serve a double purpose. Food is both cooked and served in them. Teapots are also made of glass. A novelty teapot recently invented retains heat indefinitely, and also possesses a removable infuser, a welcome gift for a confirmed tea drinker.

The amusing vogue for octagonal china is seen in the new early morning tea sets. Sandwich sets consisting of tiny plates shaped in the approved eight sided manner and decorated with modernistic bands of colour or flower and fruit motifs, with dish to match, will interest the Christmas hostess as much on her own behalf as because of their possibilities as gifts. For the children the fashion for “nursery rhyme” china has now spread to cruet sets. An example is a group made to represent drummer soldiers in bright scarlet coats – these in excellent contrast to the yellow drum, in which shape the mustard pot is fashioned.

Gold has returned to vogue. Much of the new jewellery is set in gold, real or synthetic. Many useful ornaments for rooms are made of carved and gilded wood. New lampshades are seen in wood thus decorated. Gilded book-ends are included among the many other colours and designs in which these useful room accessories are fashioned. Dressing table sets made of gilded matting are very attractive, especially if used on one of the new glass topped dressing tables. Gold cord and applique are on the new cushions. The new “gold note” is a point to remember when on Christmas shopping expeditions.

One does not give an umbrella nowadays – but an “umbrella set”! Some of these sets are made up of no less than four umbrellas in silk – or silk and cotton mixture, which is better wearing – of different shades. Jade, scarlet, grey and orange brown are the colours shown in one set. The exquisitely carved ivory tip and handle are removable, and screw on to whichever of the um-

brellas one desires to use. In spite of all this colour in umbrella fashions, there is now a tendency to return to black! But your black umbrella should be dressed up – as, for instance, a smiling negro head topping one new umbrella, which wears a gay cap fashioned from striped silk. The tip of this umbrella is carved to represent the negro's feet! Other new models show animal heads covered with real fur.

A raincoat is a desirable gift. The new waterproofed satin is such a pleasure to wear that it compensates for a rainy day. A good deal of black is being sold in this type of raincoat, though the lighter colours are seen as well.

Gaiters are a useful gift to the woman who travels about a good deal, but to be successful they must fit extremely well. Elasticity is said to be the factor that renders gaiters well fitting and the new types are made of a stout stockinette that stretches or shrinks according to the surface it is required to fit. Zipper fastenings on gaiters are new, and a great improvement on the rather laborious method of buttoning.

English knitwear is very fashionable, not only in this country, but also in America and Paris. Goods knitted in England are considered to be the best all over the world. Those having friends abroad will find that sweaters, suits, scarves and other articles of English knit will be accepted with great joy.

New artificial silks in the season's approved designs are used to make the useful tie and kerchief gift sets for the masculine recipient. The width of colourings is especially wide, though the favoured greys and blues predominate. There is a return to the all white linen handkerchief for men, and many manufacturers are packing their half dozens and dozens in beautiful gift boxes.

Those with busy housewife friends will not forget to visit the apron department. Gay colours and practical shapes are outstanding points in the display this year. All the new "modernistic" designs are used on the new aprons. The latest type of apron is one that needs no ironing after washing. Handkerchiefs have never been replaced as "the gift useful". This year, beautiful white and coloured linen handkerchiefs are supplied in special gift boxes. For children there are many handkerchief novelties.

One solution of the "what to give" problem lies in the florist department. Flowers are a delicate and tactful gift. Better still, perhaps, because more lasting, are the quaint box trees in tubs that are now ready in the shops. It is in vogue to adorn the front door with one or two of these "sentinel" shrubs. The flat-dweller, with little or no garden of his own, would welcome this extra decoration.

Fruit should be sent in a container that will be useful when its contents have gone. A basket umbrella stand designed to fit the shorter umbrellas was recently seen packed with choicest apples and tied with ribbon in the approved way.

Rubber covered fountain pens are new. They make interesting gifts. So do the “ensembles” of pen and pencil in charming jewel coloured coverings. All the reputable cosmetic firms now issue charming gift sets of powder, face cream and perfume in miniature. There is a delightful element of the personal in such a gift.

Shoe buckles that glitter are demanded by the mode. They will satisfy many a “what shall I give” question this season. The same applied to hair slides and tiny bags for evening. Novelties in coat hangers and shoe trees will intrigue the Christmas shopper. The hangers each have their doll’s head, and the trees are padded – those for evening shoes even perfumed! Hat trees are a distinct novelty. They are delightful when fashioned in the shape of a comical kitten or puppy dog or parrot.

The packing department deserves a visit by the Christmas shopper. Its gay wrapping papers, hollid string and neat labels are the very thing to turn one’s gifts into those delightful packages of mystery that are best liked at the Christmas season.

High Peak News, 8 Dec 1928

My co-author Rhonda Clark and I have just published a new book called *Fostering Family History: A Guide for Librarians, Archivists, and Volunteers*. This is not a how to genealogy title, rather a guide for those of us who work with other genealogists. A variety of topics are covered including how to conduct a genealogical reference interview, planning programming, oral history projects, dealing with old photographs, providing good collection access, digitization projects, and more. This is the first book to cover this subject.

Further information on the book can be found online and a short video explaining how this writing project began can be found here: <https://www.facebook.com/fosteringfamilyhistoryservices/> A review from Library Journal is here: <http://reviews.libraryjournal.com/2016/05/books/nonfic/soc-sci/professional-media-social-sciences-reviews-june-1-2016/> Excerpts can be found both on Amazon and Google Books. If you have any questions, please don't hesitate to ask!

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A Baker Family History Tour of Derby

Using the census returns together with birth, marriage and death certificates I have been able to build a good picture of where my Baker ancestors lived in Derby over the course of some 125 years – starting with my great-great-grandparents George (from Uttoxeter) and Mary Barber (from the Melbourne area). Maxwell Craven's book "*Street by Street Derby*" has proved invaluable in providing information about some of the locations.

George and Mary's first child, Ann, was born at Woodhouses near Melbourne in 1838 – I assume that Mary had followed the tradition of the time and gone to stay with her own mother for the birth. When their second child, Joseph, was born in 1840 the address of his mother was given as **John Street** in Derby (running between Park Street and Siddals Road). In the 1841 census the family were recorded as living in adjacent **Liversage Street** (which ran from London Road); I had struggled for some time to identify the exact location as the census return stated "Ormes Square" or something like that, but despite several searches I was unable to find this until the DFHS sent me a copy of an 1852 Board of Health Map clearly showing that **Ormes Square** was between the north ends of Liversage Street and John Street, parallel to Siddals Lane (later Road) behind Albert Place (*Maxwell Craven refers to Ordish's Square in this location*).

I have found an article, which may relate to the family, in the "*Derby Mercury*" of Wednesday, 16th July 1845:

"FIRE – A little before 10 o'clock on the night of Tuesday, a fire broke out upon the premises of Mr. George Baker, a green grocer, residing in John-street, Derby. Mrs. Baker had sent a little girl upstairs for the child's night clothes, and shortly afterwards the fire burst out in the bed-room, and destroyed everything in it before the flames could be extinguished. An engine was got to the spot, and the fire brigade and neighbours succeeded in fully allaying the devouring element, before it had time to extend to the adjoining rooms and buildings. There is no doubt that the fire was caused either by a spark falling from the candle which the girl took upstairs, or by the blaze coming in contact with the bed curtains or some article of dress."

(Although in the 1841 census George's occupation was shown as being a fireman and in the 1851 census as a gardener, on his daughter Ann's birth certificate of 1838 his occupation was stated as "grocer" and in 1870 on his daughter Sarah's marriage certificate, George's occupation was stated as hav-

ing been a “green grocer”. I think therefore that this must refer to my great-great-grandfather.)

When another child, George, was born in 1847 the address of his father was given as **Park Street** (which ran parallel to London Road, from Traffic Street to Midland Road). In the 1851 census the family were recorded as living in **Back Castle Street** (I can find no reference to this road, but Castle Street ran from London Road into Rivett Street). A year later when daughter Sarah was born the address of her father was given as **Canal Street** (also running from London Road to Siddals Road). George and Mary’s final child, John, was born in 1858 when the address of his father was given as Ct. 2 **Albion Street**. (*The cover of Maxwell Craven’s book shows “Court No. 3 looking towards Albion Street” thus giving an idea of the sort of housing in which they lived*). When Joseph married Rebecca Peters in 1860 his address was given as **Devonshire Street** but in the 1861 census, while George, Mary and family were still in Albion Street, Joseph and Rebecca were in **Albion Place** (off Albion Street towards Cockpit Hill). When Joseph and Rebecca’s son Joseph was born in 1863 their address was given as 21, **Eagle Street**.

(Eagle Street and Devonshire Street were adjacent and parallel to each other, both running from London Road; Eagle Street was connected to London Road by a walkway and ran through onto Cockpit Hill while Devonshire Street connected directly to London Road at one end and cranked round at the other to enter Eagle Street just short of Cockpit Hill).

When the younger George married Mary Fisher in 1865 his address was given as Eagle Street and when George senior died in 1870 his address was given as 67, Eagle Street. Eagle Street was also Sarah’s address when she married Herbert Hunt in 1870.

In the 1871 census Mary and John with Sarah and Herbert were still at 67, Eagle Street, while Joseph, Rebecca and family were at 60, Eagle Street. By then, George and Mary had moved to Halifax.

When my great-grandfather John Baker married Eliza Ann Allen in 1879 his address was 85, Devonshire Street but when their first child was born in 1880 they were living in Littleover.

In the 1881 census John and Eliza’s entry comes on the same page as the vicarage in Littleover. My uncle believed that the family actually lived in **Shepherd Street, Littleover** and he thought that Rose Cottage might have been the name of the house. Mary Baker and her daughter Sarah Hunt and

family were at 85, Devonshire Street and while Joseph had moved to Rochdale, Rebecca and their daughter were lodging at 17, Albion Place. George and Mary were now settled in Halifax.

John and Eliza Ann were still in Littleover when their next two children were born in 1883 and 1885. When Mary died in 1884 her address was given as 76, **Bridge Street** (running from Friar Gate to Lodge Lane) – a completely different area of town for the Bakers. (I think this was the address of relations of Mary's daughter Sarah's husband Herbert Hunt).

John and Eliza Ann were still in Littleover in the 1891 census, while Rebecca had joined Joseph in Rochdale. The Hunts were now at 32, Eagle Street – which was where Sarah died in 1892. When Sarah and Herbert's oldest child Mary Elizabeth married John Smith in 1897 her address was 52, **Abbey Street** (running from Curzon Street to Burton Road) – which was also Herbert's address when he remarried in 1899.

When my great-grandfather's brother Henry's wife died in 1899 their address was Court 3 House 6 Eagle Street.

In the 1901 census John and Eliza Ann were living at 16, **Wilmot Street** (running between Osmaston Road and Normanton Road); Henry was at 55, Eagle Street and Herbert Hunt was at 103, **Parker Street** (in the West End of town, off Kedleston Street). When John and Eliza Ann's daughter Mary Elizabeth married in 1905 her address was 16, Wilmot Street and that is where her and her husband Harry Moore's daughter was born in 1909. When my great-grandfather John Baker died in 1910 his address was 26, **Byron Street** (in the New Normanton area, running from Lower Dale Road to St Chads Road).

In the 1911 census Eliza Ann and her two unmarried children were at 26, Byron Street, with the Moores at 16, Wilmot Street. Mary Elizabeth and her husband John Smith were at 87, **Longford Street** (off Kedleston Road on the north west edge of town).

Mary Elizabeth Moore died at 16, Wilmot Street in 1918 but she had been visiting her mother; I think by then the Moores had moved to Ripley and the Bakers had returned to Wilmot Street – that being my grandfather George's address when he married Clara Hicks in 1919. Their first child was born there in 1920, but my father was born at 29, **Olivier Street** (in Peat Tree, running between Cambridge Street and Holcombe Street) in 1922. My uncle was born back at Wilmot Street in 1925.

The Bakers remained at 16, Wilmot Street until November 1962 when my grandmother and my uncle moved to Mickleover.

When my grandparents married, Clara Hicks' address was given as 22, **Whitaker Street** (running between Rose Hill Street and Corden Street) which is where the Ashby family were living in both the 1911 and the 1901 census. In the 1891 census their address was No. 11, **Malt House Row, Babington Lane** (*according to Maxwell Craven, Malthouse Row was a row of 28 cottages built in the 1820's for malting workers; the cottages were built facing south on the east side of Babington Lane with windowless backs to Babington Lane and the malting floors above them*). In 1886 my grandmother had been born at 1, **Wards Yard, Sitwell Street** (running between Babington Lane and Sacheverel Street and into which Malthouse Row ran) and when her parents were married her father Joseph's address was 66, **Shaftesbury Street** (running off Osmaston Road).

Before settling in Wilmot Street, presumably in the 1890's, my Baker ancestors certainly moved around. I wonder if this was the norm for the time. Did they move according to how much rent they could, or couldn't, afford to pay? For much of the time they were living in the Castlefield area of town which, Maxwell Craven tells us, had a housing density of 50 houses per acre.

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MELLOR REGISTER

Found in the Mellor register at the bottom of the page recording entries for December 1773 was the following:

"The rest of this page was almost defaced by a little boy of my daughter's being about 3 years of age and knowing no better, but I can assure ye generations that are to come after there was no design but his childish folly—As witness my hand being a lover of truth it can never alter the same day these children were baptised."

John Hadfield, Minister of Mellor

What a kindly vicar and grandad, at this time one would have expected him to give the child a good hiding for his own good.

RESEARCHING IN DERBY

Having built my family tree, with photographs, on Ancestry I was originally contacted by someone in the USA who had been on an 'ancestry trail' trip to the UK. They had found a tombstone which they believed belonged also to my family. Having researched further I decided that Yes the tombstone belonged to MY family but not to theirs! A couple of years later I was contacted by a volunteer, Diane Moss, from the Derby Six Streets History group who had seen the photograph I had placed on my Grandfather's tree 'tablet' wearing his WW1 uniform.

The result of the above meant that my husband and I spent a long weekend in Derby last year- over the exhibition weekend which showed the impact WW1 had on the people living in the six streets. Many thanks go to Diane who researched my Grandfather, finding the house in Park Grove (which I remember as a child) and 3 other houses he and my Grandmother had lived in in Statham Street before buying back the Grove Park house.

Grandfather, Ernest Hallam, who came from a family of skimmers, became a teacher at Trafford St Board School, Gerard St Council School and St Paul's before becoming Headmaster at St Paul's (with three years fighting in France and Italy. His wife Alice had been an Assistant Teacher before they married and I often wonder if they met either Trafford St or Gerard St school. I have not been able to find out – perhaps someone reading this article will know.

The enquiry to the Derby Records Office brought up other information I did not have. The tombstone (in Old Uttoxeter Cemetery) of George and Mary Hannah Hallam (my great-grandparents) also contained the names of two of their sons. George (buried in 1919) and Edward buried in 1922. Edward had been the publican at the Horse and Trumpet in Fuller Street - which unfortunately is no longer there (being a car park) but we met a stranger who remembered the pub! Thanks to the photograph sent from America I was able to find the tombstone (with the flash of a squirrels' tail in the sunlight pointing it out in the middle of the cemetery), and add wives names to the Tree.

We followed up the trail by visiting the Derby Railway Roundhouse as my Grandmother's father had worked on the railway as a Vice Man. A wonderful weekend spent in Derby in the sunshine 'down memory lane!!'

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Who was Elsie Fleming?

When my father HAROLD JOHN LAMBERT was a boy of eight years he was knocked down by a motor cycle as he crossed the road on an errand to the shop. The injury left him with a slight permanent limp and he was upset when it prevented him from joining the Royal Navy in World War 2.

I remember him telling me that he was in hospital for a long time, possibly the Royal Infirmary. During his stay he was given two children's books by a fellow patient, who I think was being discharged at the time. Her name was ELSIE FLEMING.

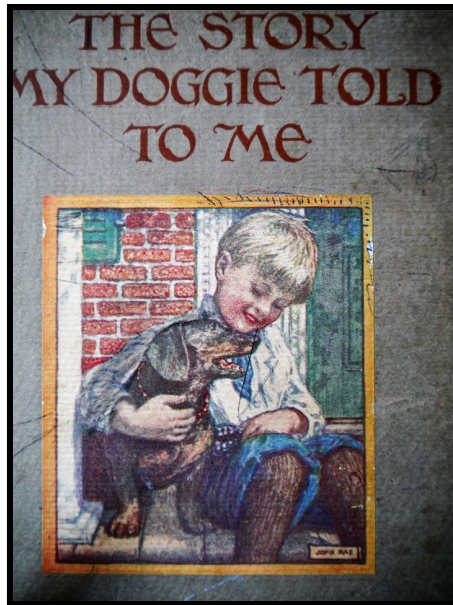
I loved reading the stories when I was a child, and still have the books. He had obviously treasured them. In both books Elsie signed her name. In 'Happy Days and Bright Ways' she wrote simply 'from Elsie Fleming.' The second book, which was my favourite was called 'The Story my Doggie Told to Me, and in that she wrote;

'To the little boy with a broken thigh from Elsie Fleming. May 23 1919.'

I would love to know if there is anyone out there who is descended from Elsie, or may even recall hearing the story of her generosity to a little boy. I don't know where she was born or lived. I have found one Elsie Fleming in Derby, aged just 1 in the 1911 Census. This would make her the same age as my father. Would she have written 'little boy?'

I'd love to meet up and show the books to any family members. Some of the illustrations have been coloured in; I think by Elsie. And in the 'Happy Days' book a picture of a dog has been carefully cut out.

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A follow-up to an article about my French ancestors

Some of our members may remember that I submitted an article on this topic for the September 2014 issue. At that time, I expressed some doubts about the validity of two baptismal records; both of which clearly assign Felicité Gueriot as the mother of both Martin Landragin (1795) and Lewis Gueriot (1799). Lewis is certainly my direct ancestor. Felicité was an émigré from the French Revolution, living in London on a pension provided by the British Government. The first certificate was for Martin's adult (age 30) baptism. Felicité had married Jean Landragin (a Catholic Priest) in London eight months prior to the alleged date of birth. This record is easy to discount; the description of his parents looks like a direct crib from their published marriage record which may have prompted Martin, who was in some doubt about his parentage, to "adopt" them. The second certificate was even more suspect. Felicité Gueriot (also known as Landragin) was listed as the mother; the father was listed as Timothy Oliver; Landragin was still alive and was obviously the legal father. The question of the parentage of both boys is obviously undetermined. To further complicate matters, incontrovertible evidence tells us that Felicité and Jean abandoned their sons (age five and one respectively) in Bethnal Green, where poor Oliver Twist grew up, and made their separate ways back to France sometime before 1802. Parents typically show some degree of attachment to their children; they do not abandon them. Jean and Felicité should be held to moral standards higher than most; he was an ordained priest and she had recently authored a book (280 pages) of advice to young ladies. I suggest that nephews are easier to abandon than sons.

So much for the background. In September 2015 my correspondent in Australia found a very interesting document, a copy of a letter dated 24 July 1800 from "George R" to "Portsmouth". Let's put this into perspective. George R is none other than King George III of England (the one who was careless enough to lose thirteen whole Colonies in 1776). The Duke of Portsmouth was the Home Secretary, a top Cabinet appointment with responsibility for Transportation, Public Health, Homeland Security etc. etc. *"Dear Portsmouth; It has come to my notice that a lady called Felicité Gueriot is in one of your jails - Please let her out"*. No clue other than the side note that she was serving a one year sentence for "a misdemeanor". Further research revealed that *"At 6 PM on 25 January 1800 at Orchard Street in Marylebone, a male bastard child was abandoned to the great danger and peril of the said Male Bastard Child to the great Burthen and Damage of the said Parishioners, to the great scandal of nature, the evil example of all others in the like case, offending and against Peace of our said Lord the King his Crown and Dignity"*. Felicité was indicted the same day and her trial took place on 22 February 1800. The Jury returned a verdict of "Guilty"; Felicité was sen-

tenced to one year in the House of Correction at Clerkenwell and committed accordingly. This sheds a new light on Lewis' baptismal record (5 March 1800); Felicité was in jail at the time!

Then we discovered another court record! On 5 June 1800, the Marylebone magistrates judged a Mr. Charles Gabron to be the father of the illegitimate son of Felicité Gueriot Landragin, widow, and ordered him to pay the sum of £3-1-6 for the maintenance of the child in the Orphanage for nineteen weeks (between the dates of 25 Jan 1800, when he was admitted and 5 Jun 1800, when the judgment was made). This computes to about three shillings per week. Gabron was also ordered to pay five shillings per week thereafter. This was obviously beyond the means of Felicité whose pension was only one shilling per day (usually rounded out to £1-1-6 per month). Gabron appealed the order and it was quashed in October of that year.

At this point, my undoubted ancestor Lewis Gueriot has three fathers: Jean Landragin, the husband of his officially documented mother, is obviously his legal father; Timothy Oliver is the father according to the baptismal record; Charles Gabron was the subject of a paternity ruling and it was not until October that the ruling was quashed.

Then, there is the question of Felicité's get-out-of-jail-free card. It is not everyone who gets a pardon from the King! Felicité must have had friends in high places. Maybe Mary Robinson ("Perdita"). Perdita was ten years older than Felicité, a successful actress, a courtesan, acknowledged mistress of the Prince of Wales, an intellectual, and, in her retirement, an author who had her poems published. There are three well known portraits of her in the Wallace Collection by Romney, Gainsborough and Reynolds. She was also a feminist and very much involved in the issue of the education of young ladies. Felicité was certainly involved in similar issues; she made many friends through this activity; her friends persuaded her to write a book about the subject and it was published in 1799. The first thing Felicité did on her return to Paris was to translate and publish Perdita's autobiography. I think it likely that Felicité was well acquainted with Perdita and her "Ladies Friend" masterpiece may owe something to Perdita's influence. I had always thought that they must have had a closer relationship than simply a shared interest in "women's issues". Felicité's release from jail points in the same direction. Perdita had been the acknowledged mistress of the Prince of Wales (the future King George IV) and they continued to be close friends right up to her death in December 1800. The King, in his letter to Portland, is deliberately vague in his reason for ordering Felicité's release. My guess is that Perdita asked the Prince to go to his father and get her friend out of jail. Felicité owed Perdita a favor. Perdita died in December 1800; Felicité returned to France (her father had died in the same week as Perdita). Felicité translated Perdita's auto-

biography out of gratitude for the 'get-out-of-jail-free' card.

In his letter to Portsmouth, the King mentioned "*some favorable circumstances humbly presented unto us in her behalf*". What was this new evidence that convinced the King to grant her a pardon? If Felicité was indeed Lewis' mother, then she was obviously guilty as charged and the King would have been unlikely to overrule the verdict. To me, this is a strong indication that she was not his mother.

This confusion suggests that they are attempting to hide something about Lewis' birth. Felicité was certainly still married, Jean had returned to France and was known to be under arrest, maybe she thought she was a widow but either way her legal name was Landragin. I can see no reason why a married woman should deny paternity to her husband. My current hypothesis is that Lewis was the illegitimate son of Felicité's brother, an unmarried General in Napoleon's Army. The male bastard child was dropped off after his mother skipped back to France to rejoin her lover. Baby making is more fun than baby minding! The baptismal record was a total fiction designed to legitimize Lewis' claim to the family fortune (if anything of it survived the Revolution).

With this somewhat plausible scenario in mind, I try to see the situation from the viewpoint of Jean and Felicité just after Lewis' birth in January, 1800:

- Napoleon seems to be in control but who is to say that Napoleon's regime will be any better than Robespierre's; only time will tell.
- Jean's family seem to have survived the terror; the family business is intact but his father is seventy and not likely to live another year. Jean is the oldest son. He ought to be in Wasigny.
- Jean has a nephew, Martin, in his care, brought over when he fled from the Revolution.
- Felicité's father is in ill-health (he died in December of that year).

Her brother, Nicholas Louis, has not had a spectacular military career, he spent most of the decade (1790-1799) on leave. On the other hand, he was a classmate of Napoleon's at artillery college; maybe his career prospects are looking better. On the other hand, he has women problems. His illegitimate son, Louis is in London and Felicité has some degree of responsibility for his care. General Gueriot died of yellow fever in Haiti in 1802.

The situation is not good for either of them. Jean hops on a small boat bound for France, is arrested and bailed out by the family. He advises Felicité to "wait and see".

Felicité continues to draw her pension; fakes a baptismal record for her illegitimate nephew, publishes a book of moral advice to young, upper class ladies and, in June 1801, follows Jean to Paris where they live happily ever after. The boys both lived long and relatively successful lives but the record is a total blank until their respective marriages. They may have had only very vague ideas of the circumstances of their birth.

What lessons can we take from this ongoing (twenty-one year) project?

When you get back to the year 1800 the number of documents available may be very few; in this case I have counted only fifteen (plus another five that relate only to Jean Landragin and his family).

Data comes in intermittently. Sometimes as a reward for inspiration and hard work. Sometimes from collaborators.

It is always good to have a working hypothesis. But new evidence may suggest a better hypothesis. I must have flip-flopped a dozen times over whether Lewis was or was not Felicite's son.

With as few as twenty documents available, I was reluctant to declare two critical baptismal records both works of fiction. I am still not totally convinced but it does seem like the only way to reconcile the contradictions.

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In 1554 the Corporation of Derby paid £260 13s 4d to Queen Mary I so that she would issue a royal charter granting them ownership of several properties and endowments that had belonged to Darley Abbey, but were now up for grabs following the dissolution of the monasteries. The estate included *"some suppressed chantries and gilds, for the foundation of a Free Grammar School, for the instruction and education of boys and youths in the said town of Derby for ever."* The school was situated next to St Peter's Church where it remained until 1863 when it moved to Helen's House in King Street. The school supported a scholarship of £50 a year at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, which was given to one boy of the school. When attending the Free Grammar School, parents had to provide books, quill pens and wax candles for lighting. In the early days most of the schoolmasters were Puritans and astronomer John Flamsteed was a pupil there in the 1660s.

WARNEY MILL

In 1847 JOHN ELSE became the tenant of Warney Mill and Warney House in Darley Dale. There had been a water corn mill at Warney since at least the beginning of the 19th century; the house was built or rebuilt in about 1820. John kept copious books, letters and documents relating to his time at the corn mill at Darley that have passed down through the family. One particular book is a Time Book that gives a wealth of information about the people who worked at the mill, their daily work and sometimes even how much they were paid. This article uses the Time Book, censuses and other sources to describe the work and times of some of the people involved at the mill.

JOHN ELSE was born 3 June 1827 in Dethick, the youngest son of WILLIAM ELSE (1780–1850), a miller in Lea, and ELIZABETH nee LOMAS (1782–1861). John was educated at the Study in Bonsall and in 1841 he was a boarder there. In April 1847, aged only 19, John became a tenant of Warney Mill and went to live in the adjacent Warney House. His parents moved there with him, so possibly his father who was “independent” in the 1841 census helped him initially with the financing and running of the mill.

In 1851 John asked his landlord JOHN ALSOP for repairs to the mill, and by 1858 he had negotiated with the landlord for the mill to be rebuilt, and this was done between 1858 - 1860. In August 1860 John Else bought the mill, house and some land for £4,200. A small stone engraved over the entrance door to the mill bears the initials JE and the date 1860. The first flour came from the new mill in April 1860.



Carved stone above door of the mill

In 1854 John Else married ANN NAYLOR (1827–1909), who was the illegitimate daughter of MARTHA NAYLOR (1797–1879) and MATTHEW NALL (1806–1873). Although there are no evident records of Matthew's relationship with his daughter during his life, he acknowledged her in his will. John and Ann had six children with five surviving to adulthood. By 1865 John had become a master miller but in 1869 he died at just 42 years of age.

The Time Book covers the period March 1859 to January 1866. At the beginning of the book John was involved in building a new mill to replace the old one while he was still a tenant. The book contains details of all the different labourers and skilled professionals employed in building the mill, the work they did daily and the amount they were paid each fortnight. This was presumably so that John could keep his landlord informed about the progress and cost of the work. There is sometimes a mismatch between the pay for apparently similar work done by different men; there is no explanation for this in the book; maybe higher payments included materials or additional services provided by the workmen. Entries recorded after John bought the mill contain less detail about payments usually just noting "pd" at the end of each two weeks. After the new mill had been built at Warney, John repaired a mill at Darley Bridge owned by MR FOGG of Hartington and later records in the book show that John and his employees also worked at Darley Bridge. The entries over the period January to April 1861 when John was repairing Darley Bridge mill only recorded work done there and give less detail than the rest of the book.

Darley Bridge Mill in acs with J.E. for repairs & new		
Cast Iron Pipes to Turbine also Cistern & Shuttle complete		
Aug 1861	Waterfall acs for work at Spar Wheel & Turbine	3 0 0
	R. Thos. Wilson - Iron work & d	4 6
	J. E. - for Iron 32 lbs	2 8
Nov	Smedley Bros for Cast Metal Pipes & d	15 0 0
Dec	Barnford bill for Iron work	1 4 3
	Chas. Potters for wood d	1 6 4
	J. E. d	4 0
	Mr. Heathcote - Glazing windows & d	8 5
	Geo. Fowler - 1 day assist & Millwright	2 3
1861 April 6	Geo. Fowler - 2 Horses & Carts 1 day	12 0
	Lead & Stone (8 lbs) x C. Young	
		22 4 8

Records for the repair of Darley Bridge Mill

A total of nearly 80 workmen were recorded in the book. They were divided into different roles such as team work, labourers and masons. Some were recorded as working for just a few days or weeks while others worked almost continuously throughout the period of the book. John Else and his men worked six days a week; they had Christmas Day and Good Friday off work, and from 1864 they also had Boxing Day – the book notes “This day a gen-

eral holiday". There are various jottings and asides throughout the book, but most notably in relation to the building of the mill on 24 August 1859 John wrote that he had a "*rearing*" when he bought "*30 dinners for workmen*" costing £3 and also "*ale to 7 men at Mrs Pidcock's*" (ELIZABETH PIDCOCK b1785 was the publican at the Nags Head in Darley in 1861) at a cost of 7s. Because the book covers the period of the 1861 census it has been possible to identify and track many of the employees through the censuses and gain a brief insight into their daily lives.

Team Workers

It is not clear why John kept separate lists for team workers and labourers during the building of the mill, as they appear to have been doing similar work; however most of the team workers had more regular work at the mill and continued to work there once the new mill had been built.

EDWARD FAWLEY was born 1825 and lived in Bridgetown when he was working at the mill. In 1861 he was described as a miller's carter. His father had been a farmer and before becoming a carter Edward had been an agricultural labourer (1841). By 1861 he was married and had five children; WILLIAM FAWLEY, his eldest son b1848, also worked briefly as a labourer at the mill in November 1859 at the age of 11, but by 1861 he was working in the local lead mines. After John Else died, in 1871 Edward was recorded as a labourer and farmer with 3 acres, and then in 1881 he was working as a labourer in the stone quarry. According to the Time Book, Edward did a variety of jobs; in June 1860, during the building of the mill, he worked coping the walls and laying paving; he was paid 10s for 5 days work. In April 1861 on different days he worked in the mill garden setting potatoes, drove the cart to Bakewell, Wirksworth and Minster, and did some harrowing for Mr Hallowes. From 1861 to January 1866 when the records end he worked regularly for the mill, mainly carting to various local villages but also working on the farm and the mill garden. In November 1864 he took corn to the station on several days but on 6 November he assisted in killing 4 pigs.

JOHN HAWLEY was born 1831, the son of a labourer. In 1861 he was listed as a "*carter at cornmill*" and he lived with his wife Eliza and daughter Mary Ann in the butcher's shop in Darley. By 1871 after John Else's death he was still a "*millers carter*", possibly still working at Warney mill. By 1881 he was a farmer with 30 acres living in Monyash. John Hawley joined the mill team in October 1859, when he did two days work carting 5 loads of slaven (*some sort of stone?*) and was paid 12s. On 2 January 1860 he went to Alfreton to collect 2 millwrights and paid 1s 6d in tolls on the journey. He did little more work in February but in March he went with Edward Fawley to collect mill stones from Shelling and Lea Mill. By late 1860 he was working

regularly carting corn to or from several local villages or stations including Bakewell, Snitterton, Wirksworth and Minster. From April 1861 he was working daily at the mill, including some farming work such as sowing, ploughing and farrowing, mainly carting corn but also sometimes moving lead, stones and slack.

EDWARD HARDY was born 1822 in Hartington. In the 1851 census he was recorded as “*miller*” in Two Dales and in 1861 he was a “*labourer*”, unmarried. He was first listed as a team worker in early 1860. He was recorded doing a variety of jobs including clearing thistles from the mill garden, carting coals from the station and felling trees. From 1861 to 1866 he was a regular employee and did various work including salting pigs, thatching and grinding malt. Because all the records in the book for 1859 and 1860 refer to the building and not the running of the mill, it is possible that Edward had been working as a miller at the old mill during the 1850s.

Other team workers were:

A BOWRING, JOHN BOWLER, JOSHUA BROUGH, JAMES CROWTHER, FRANCIS LOWE, THOMAS PIDCOCK (Grandson of Elizabeth Pidcock above), JAMES WAIN, JAMES WARD, WILLIAM WARD, JOSHUA WRAGG and THOMAS YATES

Masons

During the summer of 1859 there were several masons working on the mill.

RICHARD WILDGOOSE. There were several Richard Wildgooses living in Darley in 1861. In the Time Book John listed Richard Wildgoose snr and Richard Wildgoose jnr suggesting a father and son relationship, and the most likely match is Richard Wildgoose b1799 and his son Richard b1827. Both Richard snr and jnr were listed as stonemasons in the 1861 census. The two Richards were first recorded in the book 5 April 1859 and worked regularly at the mill until 6 October. They were both paid 2s a day. The book records them building, setting stones, and hewing large stones.

THOMAS WILDGOOSE worked at the mill from November 28 for about a month building walls. He was paid 2s 6d a day. He returned to work for John briefly in January 1863, undersetting the corner of a stable and “rebuilding a pig sty with a fowl roost over”. He was paid 5s for 15 days work.

FRANCIS R WAIN b1822 lived at the Post Office in 1861 with his wife and two children and he was listed as a stone mason. In 1841 he was listed as an engraver living at Darley Bridge, in 1871 a builder and in 1881 a parish rate collector. He worked a total of just 2 days in July 1859 and was paid 7s 4d. It

is possible he engraved the stone over the door at this time. Francis returned to work at the mill in 1863 and again in 1865, each time for a few weeks. He built a greenhouse and worked "*at the chimney and wall to the front*", and pointed the pigsty.

CHARLES WALL b1841 d 1914 worked only very briefly at the mill. In 1861 he was living with his father a stone mason, and was a "*stonemason (app)*". Charles was listed working with the masons for two weeks in early July 1859 when he spent two half days hewing and laid "*22 yds wall st scapling*" then was listed separately as working as a "*scapler*" on 25 July 1859. He was not recorded again in the book. Charles went on to become a successful builder living in Chelsea in 1891 and Bishops Stortford in 1911. In 1904 he donated to a church Hall to the village of Takely and at the time he was living in a house called Darley Dale in Great Canfield, Essex. He died in 1914 leaving £53,000.

(*To **scapple** a stone is to reduce it to a straight surface without working it smooth*)

Other Masons who worked on the mill in 1859 were:

SAMUEL BARKER, J GLADWIN, JOHN GOODALL, MARK GOODALL, THOMAS TWYFORD and FRANCIS and HENRY WILMOTT.

Labourers

During the summer of 1859 there were sometimes as many as 10 labourers working on the mill. Their names were listed but the detail of their work was not always given. They were paid on average 2s a day - similar rates to the masons. ADAM TRAVIS b1832 was paid £1 10s for 12 days work for "*assisting masons*" in July 1859, while JOHN WALTERS b1833 Galloway, Ireland, was paid £1 for 10 days work which included mixing mortar, in June 1859. WILLIAM TOMLINSON b1844 noted as "*boy*" in the book was paid £1 2s 6d for 10 days work and WILLIAM FAWLEY b1848 (son of Edward) also noted as "*boy*" was paid 3s 4d for 5 days work, in November 1859; on 30 November both boys were "*wheeling stone*".

Note – Readers may remember the name ADAM TRAVIS from an article about the Three Horseshoes Public House in Matlock in DFHS Sep 2016. Adam was charged with being quarrelsome in the pub. If it was the same Adam Travis, and if he was paid 2s 6d a day then the fine was the equivalent of just over 6 days work.

Other labourers who worked regularly at the mill from April to September 1859 were:

JOHN CHARLESWORTH, THOMAS GREATOREX, ELIAS MARSDEN, JOSEPH POTTER, JOSHUA STONE, JOHN TWYFORD (son of Thomas Twyford above), ISAAC TRAVIS, JOHN WALTERS, JOHN WILD-GOOSE, JOHN WISHER, A WHITE and C WHITE.

Half page from the Time Book showing Team Workers, masons and labourers in July 1859

Worker	July 25	July 26	July 27	July 28	July 29	July 30
John Charlesworth	1	1	1	1	1	1
Thomas Greatorex	1	1	1	1	1	1
Elias Marsden	1	1	1	1	1	1
Joseph Potter	1	1	1	1	1	1
Joshua Stone	1	1	1	1	1	1
John Twyford	1	1	1	1	1	1
Isaac Travis	1	1	1	1	1	1
John Walters	1	1	1	1	1	1
John Wildgoose	1	1	1	1	1	1
John Wisher	1	1	1	1	1	1
A White	1	1	1	1	1	1
C White	1	1	1	1	1	1

Carpenters

Although there are occasional notes about payments to the carpenters, for most of the book their pay was not listed.

CHARLES POTTER b1831 Bridgetown was living with his parents in 1861 and was recorded as a "carpenter". He worked at the mill in 1859 when, along with JOHN BAGSHAW, he spent 2 days repairing the old water wheel; together they were paid 14s. He then continued working regularly at the mill, sometimes with his father JOHN POTTER b1795 and brother GEORGE POTTER b1832. They worked in the kiln and on the spars on the roof. By October 1859 Charles was laying floors in the lower part of the mill. In January 1860 he bought 400 ring head nails for the trap doors in the top floor of the mill and oak boards for the battens for doors and he continued making machinery for the mill throughout 1860. At the end of the year he then moved to do some work at Darley Bridge Mill for four months, but then is not listed again except for the odd days work such as in 1865 when he spent two days "altering the bearing of the upper shaft in Darley Bridge Mill". Charles Potter went on to become a successful wheelwright and coach builder. He died in 1908 leaving £1903; his final address was Mill House, Darley Bridge, Wensley.

JOHN BAGSHAW b1842. He may have been related to John Else's wife Ann whose mother married WILLIAM BAGSHAW b1810. In 1861 John was an apprentice carpenter living with JOHN POTTER. He was the son of John, a millwright, and by 1901 he was a wheelwright working in Wimbledon. During the building of the mill he worked alongside Charles Potter,

probably as his apprentice.

Millwrights

HENRY WATERFALL b1813 d Dec 1898 and HENRY WATERFALL jnr b1839 appear frequently throughout the book. Henry snr was a mechanic in 1841 and 1851 and farmer and wheelwright 1871. In May 1859 he was paid £3 for 12 days work for "*making waterwheel patterns and taking them to the foundry*", and £3 again in August for 12 days work. His sons Henry and JOHN were paid 2s 6d a day for the work at the wheel. In total during 1859 the three men spent at least 171 days working at the waterwheel and cistern, although John Else notes that 10 days were spent at the old wheel. From January to March 1860, and again in November and December Henry Waterfall worked making various machinery for the mill. From 1861 to 1866 he worked occasionally repairing and adjusting various bits of machinery. Where only one Henry was working at the mill it is not recorded whether it was Henry snr or jnr.

Other employees

Glaziers: MR HEATCOTE snr and MR HEATCOTE jnr

Painters (decorators): HENRY GIBBONS and WILLIAM FEARN

Other employees unspecified - possibly labourers:

H BARKER, EDWARD BIRD, W DAVENPORT, G DUNN, JOHN EVANS, BEN EVANS, JOHN MARSHALL, JOHN MONK, JOHN SMITH, JOHN THOMPSON, JOHN TOMLINSON, JOSHUA TOMLINSON, WILLIAM TRAVIS, JOHN TWYFORD, MATTHEW WAIN, FRANCIS WHITE, ALEX WOOD

Millers

The Time Book does not record a miller working at Warney mill before April 1861, yet the mill was in operation and selling flour. Presumably although John Else had to account for the building work to his landlord he did not have to record men he was employing personally to assist in operating the mill. In 1851 John was recorded as "*miller employing 2 men*" and in 1861 as "*miller and farmer (master) employing 5 men and 2 boys*".

JAMES HARGREAVES b1817 Clifton, Derbyshire, the son of WILLIAM HARGREAVES b1798, miller at Matlock Mill. James was first recorded in the Time Book on 19 August 1861 as a miller, and then continued until the record ends. The censuses show that he was a miller throughout his life from 1841 until at least 1891. From 1861 to the end of the book FRANCIS LOWE b1840 and SAMUEL LOWE b1844 were also recorded working at the mill.

In 1861 they were living with their father SAMUEL LOWE b1817 a boot and shoemaker in Two Dales, and both were recorded as apprentice millers. Francis lived in Two Dales all his life; he was listed in later censuses as miller journey man 1871, grocer and corn miller 1881 and grocer in 1891 and 1901. He died in 1903 leaving £803. SAMUEL WARD b1808 and his son WILLIAM WARD b1843 were also recorded working at the Mill (possibly Darley Bridge Mill); Samuel is not recorded after 1861 but William continued to be recorded through to the end of the book. William was recorded in all censuses from 1861 to 1911 as a miller but probably worked in different locations around Matlock. By 1911 he was recorded as "*miller in flour mills*", presumably by then he was working in a large industrial rolling flour mill.

JOHN ELSE only recorded his own daily work at the mill from April 1861 after he had bought it. He, like all his men, worked six days a week. It is often not clear what exactly he did; most weeks he recorded days "*at mill*" and sometimes "*at mill, books*" presumably keeping the accounts, but at other times there was merely a location such as Derby, Nottingham or Matlock. In September 1862 he visited South Kensington Museum and an Exhibition at The Crystal Palace. On 10 October 1863 he worked at the mill, but also recorded "*Ann's funeral*"- his fourth child who had died aged 1 month.



The original mill, now part of a DFS warehouse

Warney Mill and House can still be seen today in Darley Dale, just west of the A6 road. They are now the warehouse and training centre for DFS. The carved stone with John Else's initials is still over the door into the warehouse. The mill building had later additions but it is still possible to make out the original mill built by over 80 workmen over 150 years ago.

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MORE ABOUT THE HORSESHOE

Skimming through the latest edition of the magazine I spotted the article about the Horse Shoe on Matlock Green. Apart from passing it every day on the way to school—primary and secondary—from 1966-1973, my grandmother was a barmaid there and was actually killed, being hit by a car in Matlock Green returning to her home after a shift one night.

I can still remember being bundled into the car unexpectedly late one night with my younger sister and dumped unceremoniously [to my young mind] on my other grandmother overnight, while my parents and aunt and uncle drove to the hospital where she had been taken.

It was quite big news in Matlock at the time [not much happened there in the early 1970s]. She never recovered from the coma, but I never did know if the car driver was charged.

Tim Lomas
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PETERBOROUGH & THE GREAT WAR

Did you have an ancestor who served in the First World War and could have travelled through Peterborough by train in 1916 or 1917. If so they may feature in a project taking place at the moment.

Peterborough used to have two railway stations. The present station was known as Peterborough North and there was also a Peterborough East. An organisation called the Women's United Total Abstinence Council ran a coffee and tea wagon in Peterborough city centre to try and keep men away from the pubs. During WW1 they transferred to the railway station to provide refreshments for servicemen travelling through. Visitors were invited to sign a guest book and two of these books, from 1916 and 1917, survive from the East Station.

An award from the Heritage Lottery Fund has enabled these guest books to be digitised, indexed and a website created.

Although mainly soldiers, some entries were from sailors and a few women

also feature. Some just signed the book, others wrote messages or poems and there are also drawings. The people came from all over the country, so this is not just a local project.

The main aim is to find out about the servicemen and record anything that might be known about them, so bringing to life the person who wrote in the book. It is interesting generally to browse the entries on the website, reading the messages, seeing the different handwriting and the places people came from.

There is a project officer, but most of the transcribing and research has been carried out by volunteers. They hope that anyone who recognises a name will be able to provide more information including photographs. They would be delighted to hear from you if one of your ancestors featured in the book.

The website www.peterboroughww1.co.uk has images of the pages, an index of names and any information that they already have about a serviceman. More up to date information is available on social media. It is a fascinating social document and well worth looking through.

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MORE ON TRESAYLE

The 'Tresayle' word on page 41 of the September magazine caught my eye. In French the 'aieul' [Latin Avus] is the grandfather. The 'bisaieul' is naturally the father's grandfather or great grandfather. The 'trisaieul' [we are getting there] is therefore the grandfather's grandfather: the great great grandfather. An altogether different spelling of course to the 'tresayle' of the article by Peter Butt.

It might be interesting indeed to know if there is a word for a tresayle's wife. Quoting French again the feminine version is 'aieule' [grandmother], 'bisaieule' [great grandmother] and 'trisaieule' [great grandmother]. Not necessarily the wife of....

So can anyone else help, I wonder

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EVACUATED FOR THE WAR

I was particularly interested in the article “If War Should Come” in the Issue 158, September 2016 of the Society Magazine. My own sister was “evacuated” by her parents, but quickly returned home. The following account is based on the Family History that I am writing.

My sister is Meirwen Gordon. (Meirwen is a welsh name; it is pronounced **mire** as in mud and **wen** as in Wendy.) She was born in Leeds in June 1936, the first and only daughter of my parents, Francis Gordon and Ceinwen Eustis. In early 1939, before the outbreak of war with Hitler’s Germany, the family moved from Worcester to Melton Avenue in Littleover, Derby as my father had been “poached” by Rolls-Royce.

Shortly before the outbreak of war, possibly during the RR holiday fortnight, Meirwen went to live with her Grandparents in Swansea. It was thought that Derby was an obvious target for German bombers so by the time of the 1939 Registration, she was living with her Grandparents, Daniel and Mary Eustis. Recently she wrote about this period saying

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

My parents thought that Swansea was probably safer than Derby, so they decided to leave me there when they returned to Derby. They sneaked off when I wasn’t around.

As it turned out, Swansea was bombed far more than Derby - I recall my grandmother bringing me down from bed to hide in the enclosed space under the stairs, and complaining about ‘the wicked Germans’. After a little while, Mum and Dad came down to take me back to Derby.”

The Germans started bombing the Swansea docks in June 1940, continuing through to February 1943 and including a three night “Blitz” that began on Wednesday 19th February 1941. At some point my parents clearly thought my sister would be safer in Derby with them. We know she was living in

Derby long before I was born in January 1943; I strongly suspect she returned during 1941, again possibly during the RR summer fortnight.

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[Still on the subject of WW2, I am interested in discovering the locations of anti-aircraft guns and barrage balloons in and around Derby. Does anyone have any information on the subject that they would be willing to share? Thank you—Dave Gordon]

MARSHALL

Is there anyone researching Zephania & Mary Eliza Marshall, Ilkeston around 1920-30? They were my maternal Grandparents and sadly I did not know them. Their daughter Ethel was my mother, she died when I was four, I do not have a memory of her only a photograph. Ethel married Herbert Archibald Fretwell in 1918. I would dearly like to know more about the family especially photographs.

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RILEY/MUSGROVE

I am looking for information on Hannah Musgrove and Thomas Riley, who married in Marston on Dove church in 1844. Hannah was born in Hilton around 1821, the daughter of Joseph and Ann [nee Astle]. Thomas came from Hungerton in Leicestershire [or, at least, he was living there at the time of the marriage]. The vicar has omitted the fathers for both bride and groom, presumably an oversight rather than pointing the way to both of them being illegitimate. So there are no clues to his father and mother. Witnesses include one of the Astle family, but no Riley. Thomas and Hannah eventually emigrated to the United States, where they settled and raised a family. It seems that other members of their family remained in England.

Can anyone help with further information on these families, especially with the parents of Thomas? With grateful thanks in advance.

Elaine Kuhn
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Two Anomalies

I have done articles for the magazine before about my ancestors who I have been researching for some years. I hadn't investigated my husband's side of the family as I really didn't know very much about them. Especially on the Barber side I would have to buy several certificates to get started but a chance remark by an aunt led me to look in to my mother in law's side.

Her name was Dorothy Irene Tipping and she married John Maggs Barber in 1941. She was the daughter of Frederick Tipping and Florence nee Smith and was one of eight children, or so I thought, Percival Henry 1907, Kenneth Arthur 1910, Leslie 1911, Stanley 1914, Ernest William 1916, Dorothy Irene 1918, Norman Alan 1922 and Constance Grace 1925.

When chatting to the aunt, she mentioned another child who died young and her husband, Ernie could remember this child running around. I began investigating. After 1911 the mother's maiden name is given on the birth index and there were no Tipping/Smith children registered other than the ones already mentioned. In the 1911 census Frederick and Florence are living in Derby. They have been married 5 years and had two children, both still living but they are not with them on this night. Percival H age 4 is in the Isolation Hospital and Kenneth A age 1¼ is in Nottingham with his aunt and uncle. However Kenneth had a son Dennis in 1932 that died in 1933 age 19 months and I wonder if this nephew might have been the one he remembered and the aunt misunderstood. Then by chance when doing one of our Nottingham Rd Cemetery look-ups, I found the burial of a stillborn child of Frederick Tipping in 1906. This must have been their first child, so there would have been nine not eight children if it had survived.

Having started on this trail I decided to continue to follow the Tipping family. Frederick's marriage certificate gives his father as James. Frederick was born in 1884, the son of James and Fanny Orme. He was one of ten children. From the census records James Tipping was born in 1850 in Derby and married Fanny Orme in 1871 at Tutbury. It was possible to follow James back through the census records to 1861 where he appears to be with his parents James born circa 1813 in Devon and Ann and five siblings, Mary 1840 born Manchester, John 1843 Macclesfield, Susannah 1845 Macclesfield, Martha 1848 Derby and Robert 1853 Derby, prior to that the family seemed to have disappeared. James and Ann were obviously moving around the country as their children were born in several different counties but at the time of the 1851 census they look as if they ought to be in Derby. I decided to look for just any Susannah born 1845 Macclesfield living in the Derby registration

district and one came up for a Susannah Bralley. On examination of the original record the children were all there, born in the right places and the right ages. James 38 born Sampford Devon is with wife Jane. In 1841 James Bralley and wife Jane are living in Macclesfield with four daughters, Elizabeth 1832, Ellen 1834, Jane 1836 and Mary 1841. All were baptised at Manchester Cathedral. James Brierley married Jane Berry in 1831 also at Manchester Cathedral. So where did wife Ann fit in to it? Jane Bralley died in Derby on 7th February 1855 age 44 of meningitis and James married Ann Whitehurst on 25th June 1855. In 1851 the Whitehurst and Bralley families were living next door to one another. Ann was 42 in 1851 and 41 when she married in 1855!!!!

Intrigued by this change of name I turned my attention to Devonshire where James Bralley was supposed to be born.

James Bralley baptised 31/01/1812 at Sampford Peveral Devon son of James and Grace.

James Bralley married Grace King in Sampford Peveral on 6/02/1811 by banns. They were both of this parish but James' occupation is given as sojourner, which means he could have come from anywhere.

Grace King is baptised in Sampford Peveral on 12/09/1790 daughter of John and Joan.

On 26/12/1814 Grace Bralley marries John Tipping at Sampford Peveral. I have not found a death for James Bralley but I can not imagine that the vicar at Sampford Peveral would have married them knowing that her first husband was still alive.

John Tipping and Grace went on to have five more children

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CHURCHES OF DERBYSHIRE

44. Burbage Christ Church

The name Burbage is interpreted as the valley of a stream or mountain stream and from a distance you can see where the stream flows through the fields from the Axe Edge. The area was originally agricultural. Later lime burning, lead and coal mining, as well as stone quarrying took over the area. There are remains of a Roman road and remains of a burial ground, indicating that possibly the Romans also quarried there for stone.



The first lime workers occupied little houses situated within the hillside and built from the ashes of the lime burning. The quarry workers preferred the Methodist Church and built a Chapel at Ladmanlow in 1888, which was dismantled and moved to Burbage when the Duke of Devonshire gave land for a church to be built. The Methodist was then relocated across the road nearly opposite Christ Church.

Poole's Cavern [or Solomon's Temple] was located under Grinlow Tower and the cave cavern has a long history. Over 3000 years ago cave dwellers sheltered in the entrance chambers. The cavern was named after a medieval outlaw called Poole who, according to local legend, was rumoured to have sought refuge within and buried his treasure deep inside the caves. In 1582 Mary Queen of Scots was the first recorded visitor to the cavern and in 1683 Charles Cotton named it as "The Wonder of the Peake". The cavern has spectacular crystal formations and today is a popular tourist attraction.

Bronze and Iron Age finds in this area indicate that a considerable population once dwelt in this remote part of the country and it is thought likely that quarrying here began over 2000 years ago. The ever changing landscape and wildlife in this beautiful part of Derbyshire is visited by walkers and picnic parties. Climbers seem to appreciate the breath taking views from the top of the heather covered Edge.

Today the main road to Leek intrudes through Burbage. There is still one

original public house—the Red Lion—the church and part of Macclesfield Old Road. There is only a muddy track to Dog Hole, which is frequently churned up by the modern 4 x 4, and there are only a few original cottages remaining.

The parish church of Hartington was about ten miles away and marriages took place there or at Earl Sterndale, and burials at Fairfield. It can be quickly seen, therefore, that there was a real and pressing need for a church in the neighbourhood. When the Duke of Devonshire built the schoolroom in 1859 he also provided a parsonage and introduced the Rev Walters, who held services in the schoolroom until the new church was built in 1860. In order that the vicar could be close to the church and in the midst of the people, a new vicarage was later built and occupied by 1897. The Old Parsonage was destroyed by fire in 1907.

The Duke also provided the ground for the present church and graveyard, and a donation of £350. The estimate, including bells, was £2,600 and the sum of £1,600 having been raised the foundation stone was laid by the Duke on 29 August 1860, further money being realised by donations, fund raising and various contributions. The building was erected by Messrs Vickers and Turner from designs by Mr Henry Curry and is finished externally with local grit quoins to doors etc. The five bells for the tower were cast by Messrs Taylor of Loughborough and were not in place for the consecration. Wood was used extensively in the interior on account of it being less expensive and also warmer than stone.

The font is of Caen stone with Derbyshire black marble pillars. The widows were painted by Mr Wilmhurst of London and the heating was a hot air system. The first baptisms and burials were in 1861, the first marriage not until 1869.

The Registers

The original registers are with the Derbyshire Record Office and comprise of baptisms 1859-1944, marriages 1869-1953, banns 1869-1960 and burials 1861-1967. Copies of the registers can be viewed on film by booking a reader at the Record Office.

Derbyshire Family History Society have the registers transcribed up to 1910 and also the memorial inscriptions. Both are available to browse at our headquarters in Derby. Feel free to drop in.

OLD AND NEW

News from the North

Chinese crackers? Russians fleece a man of 2 million dollars at Sheremetyevo airport. Alas it could be curtains for Punch and Judy. A Cumbrian hill becomes a mountain says the Ordnance Survey. Do you or don't you take this man's name? The double indemnity. Oxford City Council plan to drop Mr and Mrs. Exporting UK names to China, but bye-passing Oxford. A bizarre relationship with a deep freeze that is likely to end in the cooler. A spot of autumn decorating causes a problem with a name but ends with a happy ending. Once again, another mixed bag of odds and ends not in any order of importance but garnered for your delectation.

Beau Jessup, age 16, has set up a website that helps parents in China to choose British names for their children, earning herself more than £48,000 since May 2016. She set up her website after a visit to China with her father who has business interests there. Having a GCSE in mandarin and with several visits to China in the past 4 years the request by one her father's work colleagues "What English name should I call my daughter?" gave her the idea. The Chinese explanation is that an English name is vital because you can't use a Chinese name on an email or university application to the UK. Chinese parents have imaginatively chosen Gandolf, Cinderella and even Rolex for their children. Armed with a loan from "The Great British Teddy Bear Company, and help from a web developer, she tested the idea on a couple of Chinese web sites before launching her Specialname.cn website. The database contains around 4,000 names and about 40 names a month are being added. The choice is achieved by choosing 5 characteristics out of a list of 12, that they would like for their child. The website has helped to name more than 220,000 Chinese babies. Boo ooh !

Continuing with my far East slant, in the Chinese city of Changsa the manager of a hairdressing salon angry with the poor performances of eight of his hairdressing salon staff decided that a spot of humiliation might spur an improvement. Photographs of the eight, reduced to their underpants, running around town went viral, prompting renewed online debate about the tough motivational methods employed in China. A bank manager has shaved men's heads, cut off women's hair and spanked workers who under performed. In July the Communist Party in China celebrated its 95th birthday, in full command of a one party system that never troubles its citizens with EU referendums or elections. Zang Dinghu, a party secretary is quoted as saying "The Communist Party leads China and the ordinary people support the party." Mr Whu not Dr Who could be employed at Hinkley Point.

It could be curtains for Punch and Judy in Weymouth after 130 years of puppeteering, where ill-mannered and violent exchanges compete for an audience. Throwing stones, hurling abuse interrupting the show, that is just the children, have caused puppeteer Mark Poulton to consider bringing down the curtain for good. There has been a Punch and Judy on Weymouth beach since 1880. Mr Poulton, at 43 is one of the youngest puppeteers. He claims that there has always been refusniks who refused to pay, claiming that it is a public beach. People sunbathing, refusing to move, street performers are adept at dealing with the public, but drunks and yobs have forced him to seek Weymouth and Portland Borough Council permission that he only runs Punch and Judy for 6 weeks in 2017. The first recorded Punch and Judy was at Convent Garden in 1662. The 1960's was the heyday for seaside performers but cheap package tours killed off "bucket and spade family" holidays. Glyn Edwards, from the Punch and Judy College of Professors claims that there are fewer than six full-time professional entertainers left. Perhaps employing supervisory staff from China could help this dire situation.

More worrying for future family researchers is the report that a third of married women in their twenties are choosing to keep their maiden name rather than adopt the surnames of their husband. According to research for Facebook conducted by the Sunday Times, 62% of women in their twenties have adopted their husbands surnames, for those in their thirties the figure is 74% and those in their sixties it is 88%. Facebook which has 33 million users in Britain, analysed all the women on its site who identified themselves as being married. Angela McRobbie, Professor of Communications at Goldsmiths, University of London, author of "The Aftermath of Feminism, Gender, Culture and Social Change" claims that a new generation of young women were engaging with feminism and questioning social norms. Rachel Thwaites of the University of York says that the norm of name changing is still prevalent and that there remains cultural and social pressure on women to change names. She adds that many women who intended to keep their maiden name feel that they should use their husband's name when they have children if only to avoid confusion at school, the doctor's and travelling abroad.

If that were not enough to consider Oxford City Council is raising the stakes in their proposal to call time on the titles --- Mr---Mrs --- Ms --- Miss--- saying that it is a tool used by the binary forces of gender stereotypes to crush the spirit of the transgender community and the barbarism should be stamped out immediately. Now come up gasping for air! This follows after Brighton and Hove City Council four years ago considered dropping Mr and Mrs from official council forms. I type this with a straight face, but the panel chairman or woman was Phelim MacCafferty! Reminds me of a fleeting acquaintance with sobriquet of—Sue Flaye.

That brings me nicely to my personal gender solving quandary with regard to G. White. Recent minor house improvements downstairs at the Holford abode eventually resulted into an unplanned decorating exercise up the stairs onto the landing bringing G. White literally into the frame. A cartographer of nearly 40 years cannot ignore maps, indeed one stair wall at No 10 displays old maps of Derbyshire---Saxton --- Morden to name but two and G. White, 1950. In the late 70's to early 80's there was a second hand junk shop



almost verging on antiques at the corner of Bath Street and London Road, Buxton. In the window was framed a bespoke hand coloured map. It was described as "Illustrated Map of Buxton, the Spa of Blue Waters." My attention was originally drawn to the map both as a cartographer and the pen portrait depiction of historic Buxton buildings. My octogenarian memory records that the price was right, all of £12.

Now after a lapse of 30+ years I was intrigued to discover the history of artist be it Mr, Mrs, Miss or Ms White? 1950. I visited the Artist Collective ensconced in the Buxton Pavilion Gardens and also Buxton Museum and Art Gallery to discover more. This course brought due admiration for both the style and the artist but brought me no nearer to the identity of G. White. I had a contingency fall back plan, I wrote to the "Letters to the Editor" column of the Buxton Advertiser. I had the answer within 12 hours of the next edition hitting the newsagents Buxton resident Ian White contacted me to say that the artist was his father Geoffrey White and so the decorating turned up trumps and an interesting biography.

Using the Derbyshire Family History Society Registrar's database I subsequently found that Geoffrey White was born on 13 December 1919 at "The Elms", the workhouse at Chapel-en-le-Frith, to Amy White described in the birth register as a domestic servant employed at the Sandringham Hotel, Buxton. At that time it was the usual practice for unmarried females to give birth in the Chapel-en-le-Frith workhouse. Geoffrey never met his father who he was led to believe was a Canadian serviceman. The Canadians troops arrived in Buxton due to WW1 and the frequent Zeppelin raids on the Kent ports

and hotels, used as convalescent homes for the wounded serviceman. Due to the war a huge slump was caused to Buxton's tourist trade and there were plenty of empty grand hotels that could be utilised for convalescent home and temporary hospitals

Geoffrey White was a self taught artist who started life as an electrician developing into a commercial artist employed at the HQ of the Central Electricity Board at Electricity Hall, London Road, Buxton. Electricity Hall was the former Haddon Hall Hotel. He designed brochures for conferences and technical drawings of electrical equipment. When the CEGB moved from Buxton to Manchester, Geoffrey White left Buxton for Didsbury, returning on his retirement to Buxton.

During WW2 he served in London with the "Searchlight Squad. " He was a talented musician playing the role of a "jazz fiddler" with a local jazz band in the style of Stephan Grappelli and Max Jaffa. His musical skill led to an appearance on "Opportunity Knocks." His son Ian is still in possession of his father's violin and the family have several examples of his artwork. We are to meet up at some future date.

Having endured, cum enjoyed 2 holidays in Russia and a Russia/Ukraine modification, but before Putin flexed his muscles, any activity emanating from Russia would not surprise me. One holiday was spent part in the port of Yalta, then Ukraine Even then in 1996 relations between the two countries were less than cordial. We flew down to Simferopol from Moscow Sheremetyevo airport. We had collective baggage problems at the airport due to the claim that the total weight of our group (a collective of 13, in itself not an ideal number) was 10kgs overweight. The Russian coach driver from our Moscow hotel to the airport entertained us by reeling off the names of every player in a British football team that had played in Russia. Sheer Heaven or Hell ?

On paper the internal flight was flagged in three triangular legs--St Petersburg to Moscow to Simferopol to St Petersburg. On the leg from Moscow to the Ukraine the Russians contrived to cut off the telephone links with Ukraine so in a tit for tat reaction Ukraine reduced the allocation of aviation fuel to Aeroflot, so thirteen lost souls ended in the big M again and it was not McDonalds. The walkways were lined with an assortment of itinerant sellers, the goodies mainly Russian military items and impedimenta. A quick flash of a rolled up sleeve would reveal watches galore, my reaction was to match their movement with a show of a string of Russian watches purchased much cheaper in Yalta.

So a recent story, according to the website livenews.ru -- is that armed thieves robbed a passenger of \$2.7 million at Moscow's Sheremetyevo airport, the second such incident in a fortnight. Another incident involved the stealing of 1million \$ when thieves turned up in an executive Audi A8 with the same official number plate as the Mayor of Moscow. Renaissance of the Moscow diner "Aragvi" that closed in 2003 is a chance to serve up a dish of nostalgia. It was once a rendezvous for spies, actors and communist bigwigs but it is now an example of the wave of nostalgia for Soviet chic. The brochure handed out to customers is a facsimile of the original menu, the famous house dish then on offer at 2 roubles is now 910. Mikhail Lyubimov, aged 81, a former KGB officer claimed that he took the British traitors Kim Philby and George Blake to the restaurant in 1974. Personal experience on my last visit to Moscow highlighted the opening of the first "Big Mac Emporium" and the news that Coca Cola were planning to build a plant in Moscow, both made the news headlines. I like to ponder that could this be some part of a cunning plan by a Russian Baldrick.

In September a hill in the Yorkshire Dales, Calf Top, near the village of Middleton Cumbria became a mountain, growing since it was last measured six years ago. Messrs Barnard Jackson and Phillips have devoted their spare time to turning hills into mountains using state-of-the-art surveying equipment. New techniques by the Ordnance Survey has increased its height from 609. 579m to 609. 602m using re-readings from new GPS satellites that take gravity into account above sea level. Employed on the task of re-levelling the entire region of Stoke-on-Trent, due to coal-mining subsidence, I was more impressed by logic, but not true reasoning, by the shop owner who had consented to a new benchmark being incised in the stonework of his shop. Gazing at the deep level groove with an upwards incised arrowhead beneath pointing to the groove, he logically expounded the wrong theory --- "I see now if the arrow points upwards to the groove it is above sea level and if it points down it is below sea level."

Qualifying for "Tales of the Unexpected" there was no lateral thinking about Italian Pierangelo Bussolera aged 63, who is destined to be given a spell in the "chiller" himself. He was detained by neighbours who became concerned at the disappearance of Irma his mother. She was often seen waving from the balcony of the house she shared with her son in Bellavista di Trivero, Northern Italy. She is not well, she needs to stay in bed was his explanation. Suspicions were given a ratchet up when he bought a large freezer. The police were called to find his mother propped up defrosting in the kitchen. At the time of her presumed death he had given up his job and continued to cash in her pension. The police are awaiting the result of a post-mortem.

I have advance news for the next issue, Captain Harold George Head, SOE, described as an “absolute gentleman” who spent his final days running a public house in Buxton, dying aged 94. Finally, and not personally I assure you, the professional genealogist who was so physically attached to the computer screen that a partner would call upstairs -- “Please if you could neglect the dead for a while, your living family would like supper.” Curtains until the next issue.

Keith Holford

Sergeant W. Showell

Born July 25th 1892

Killed in action September 20th 1914 in France

*“I have fought a good fight;
I have finished my course;
I have kept the faith.”*

It was with deep and sincere regret that we heard the sad news of the loss Mr Showell, our esteemed Sidesman, and his family, had sustained in the death of their son Willie, whilst fighting for king and country in France. This came as a great blow to us all, especially to his family.

Those of us who knew him well had been watching his career with interest. Had he been spared he would certainly have gained further promotion. He possessed in a marked degree those qualities which made him not only a fine soldier, but one who would never rest satisfied with present attainments. God has willed it otherwise and like many more he has died a hero's death.

For the family we feel deeply in their great loss. And we pray that the God of all consolation may be their strength and stay, and that in Him they may find that comfort which they need in this hour of their grief.

*Taken from a copy of the parish magazine for Chesterfield Holy Trinity,
October 1914*

The Story of William Drakefield

In the year 1837, a boy was born to John Drakefield and his wife Hannah. The family lived at Hemington, near to Castle Donington in Leicestershire. John was a Boatman, his boat carried goods between Shardlow and Gainsborough on the River Trent; he could walk from his cottage in Hemington, by a footpath across the fields to Shardlow, for in those days families lived on land and only the menfolk travelled on the boats. Between journeys they would return to the family home.



The boy was christened William at the parish church of Lockington, for the ancient church in Hemington had been ruined centuries before. He was the third child in the family: there was elder brother George, who was five and a sister Mary aged two. Two years later another boy, John, was born, followed in 1840, by a girl who was christened Hannah.

St Nicholas church, Lockington and Hemington. This is where William Drakefield and his siblings were baptised.

Sadly for the young family and their father, Hannah the mother died in May 1842. The family was motherless and father John had to go to work and be away for several days at a time. As was quite common under these circumstances, John remarried in October 1842, perhaps to give his children a mother. The new bride was Jane Shaw, a widow whose maiden name was Dakin, daughter of a Boatman of Hemington and possibly a relative of the late Hannah who was also a Dakin and of a Boatman's family from the same village.

There is a long period when there is, so far, no record of William to be discovered, but we find him again in 1859 when he married Sarah Muggleston at Castle Donington, he stated his occupation as 'Labourer' but he evidently had aspirations to 'better himself', for in 1862 he joined the Derbyshire Police force.

At the time of the census of 1861, William Drakefield described as a brewers' labourer was living in Victoria Crescent, Burton on Trent, with a lodger Samuel Fisher who was later to become his brother-in-law, when he married William's sister Mary. William's wife, Sarah was not at home for she was visiting William's father, John with his second wife Jane at Chilwell in Not-

tinghamshire. Perhaps she had taken the baby Harriet, aged 3 months to meet the family.

In the personnel descriptive registers of the Derby Borough Police Force, we learn that William Drakefield was aged 25, his height was 5' 11" and his trade was 'Labourer'. His date of appointment was 18th July 1862; we also discover that William had already served one year in the Chesterfield Borough Police force and was recommended by the ex-mayor of Chesterfield ; Joseph Shipton.

During his time in the police force, William appeared in the local newspapers several times. There was the incident of the assault on him by Patrick Kelly, an Irishman, in October 1861, as reported in The Sheffield and Rotherham Independent. The same newspaper reported another attack on William by a *'filthy rough Irishman'*

In October 1861, there was an 'Irish riot' in Chesterfield, PC Drakefield was assaulted by one, James Coughlin, as reported in the Sheffield and Rotherham Independent

When William resigned from the Police Force on December 12th 1864, his reason was given as *"I accepted an appointment at Allsopp's Brewery, Burton-on-Trent"*. As he was later recorded as having been chief watchman at the brewery, it seems quite possible that his service in the police had been a factor in the offer of employment at Allsopp's. He rewarded them by his vigilance which resulted in two cases that appeared in the columns of The Derby Mercury. In 1866 at Burton on Trent Petty Sessions, we read the account of the apprehension of an employee who had tried to steal no less than two pints of ale.

"Joseph Webster, on bail, was charged with stealing, on the 20th inst., two pints of ale, the property of Messrs Allsopp and Sons. Prisoner pleaded not guilty. By the evidence it appeared that Webster was a tunhouse man and employed in the union-room at the new brewery belonging to the prosecutors, and at six o'clock in the morning was seen leaving the premises with a tin bottle in his possession; he was stopped by a watchman named Drakefield, who examined the bottle and found that it contained two pints of newly brewed ale. The can was ultimately handed over to Mr Martin, brewer, who found that the contents exactly corresponded with the ale in the room where prisoner had been working. Mr Wilson ably addressed the Bench on behalf of the prisoner and Messrs Allsop not pressing for a heavy punishment in this case the prisoner was sentenced to 14 days' imprisonment."

The second mention in The Derby Mercury was dated January 27 1875

"Thomas Shepherd, labourer, of King Street, was charged with stealing, on the 13th inst., half a pint of bitter ale, the property of Messrs Allsopp and Sons, his employers."

The evidence went to show that the prisoner was employed in the new stores, and, in consequence of complaints, William Drakefield, watchman, secreted himself upon the premises. While in his hiding place Drakefield saw the prisoner go to a tier of casks and fill his can from a cask of bitter beer of first quality. He then went to him, took the can from him, and eventually the prisoner was handed over to the custody of Sergeant Gilbride. In consequence of his previous good character, the prisoner was sent to gaol for 14 days only."

The 1871 census finds the family residing at number 155 Victoria Crescent, Burton on Trent; father William, now 34, his wife Sarah aged 32 and their two daughters Harriet aged 10 and Alice who was 4.

In 1875, the Drakefield family must have been deeply distressed by the death of their elder daughter, fourteen year old Harriet, who died in May and was buried in the Woodville Methodist Burying Ground where her maternal grandmother, Ann Muggleston had been buried only three months before.



The census of 1881 records that the family had moved to number 149 Goodman Street in Horn-inglow, Burton. William now aged 44 had become a Brewer's Clerk, Sarah was 42, their daughter Alice was 14 although no occupation is given for her, it is probable that she helped in the shop, for William, according to local direc-tories had become the owner of a Gro-cers shop although he still worked at Alsopp's brewery, so doubtless the shop was mainly run by his wife and daugh-ter.



In 1891, the Drakefield family were still living in Goodman Street, but now at number 267; William declared himself to be a Grocer and Brewers fore-man, his wife Sarah is now described as a Grocer and daughter Alice as a Grocer's assistant.

On Christmas Day 1893, Alice Drakefield became the bride of Ernest John Hicklin, who lived in Edward Street, he was 30 years old and a Railway por-ter but he was soon to open a Commercial Hotel, Restaurant and Coffee

Rooms in Derby Street. Alice was aged 26, her father William Drakefield signed the Register as a witness, at Victoria Street Methodist chapel where the marriage took place.

Time went on; William was comfortably established as Foreman of the forwarding department at Allsopp's brewery, his daughter Alice, had made him a grandfather with the birth of Lily in 1894, a pretty golden haired child. In 1895, Ernest William was born to Alice and Ernest John Hicklin; then in 1897 another boy was born, he was christened Harry.



The year 1898 was a terrible year for the Hicklin and Drakefield families for not only did baby Harry die in February but the greatest shock was felt when William set off for work one Saturday morning, apparently his usual self and after an hour at the brewery, he suddenly died. He was sixty one.

"A painful sensation was caused at the offices of Messrs Allsopp and Sons this [Saturday] morning by the rumour—which unfortunately proved only too true—that Mr William Drakefield had suddenly expired in his office. From a conversation a representative of this journal had with one of the deceased's closest friend, who is also in the service of Messrs Allsopp and Sons, it appears that Mr Drakefield, who is about sixty one years of age, was a man of splendid physique and resided in Victoria Street, had been in the employ of the firm since 1859. For some years he was chief watchman, but some twenty three years ago he was made foreman of the forwarding department, a position he has held ever since. As was his usual custom he reached the office at about half past eight, when he appeared in his customary health, and even a hour later when our informant had occasion to speak to him there was nothing in either his appearance or manner to indicate that his end was so near. Just after half past nine he entered his little office, but for what purpose it is impossible to say, for almost immediately upon his crossing the threshold, and before he had time to tell anyone what he wanted, he fell backwards. Death seemed to be practically instantaneous, for he neither moved nor spoke afterwards. The deceased was at one time prominently connected with the U.M.F.C. cause at Victoria Street. He was greatly respected by his fellow workmen, and took a keen interest in the Saturday afternoon excursion, being one of those in charge of the arrangements. He accompanied the recent trip to Manchester, and had signified his intention of taking his wife—who is an invalid—to Blackpool at the end of the week for the benefit of her health. In addition to his wife Mr Drakefield leaves a married daughter to mourn his loss."

Ironically, Sarah, the 'invalid' outlived her husband by more than six years, for her death occurred in December 1904, at Market Street, Church Gresley.

The informant was her daughter Alice Hicklin.

William Drakefield's Will

The last will and testament of William Drakefield of 70a Victoria Street Burton-on-Trent

"To Sarah Drakefield my wife , all my household furniture, linen, wearing apparel, watch and guard, books and all and every sum and sums of money which may be found in my house or about my person or due to me at the time of my decease, and also my stock in trade, book debts and all sums due on policies of Assurance on my life, namely Policy no. 13,240 Prudential Assurance Company and Policy no. 770 in Liverpool Victoria Legal Friendly Society and funeral money due from my club: Hastings Lodge of Nottingham Ancient Imperial United Order of Oddfellows, held at Moira Arms, Castle Donington, and Messrs. Samuel Allsopp & Sons men's sick club held at the Brewery, Burton-on-Trent. All and every other items of Estate and effects etc. to her sole use and benefit absolutely"

Sarah was nominated to be the executrix. The will was dated 3 July 1877, signed by the Testator , in the presence of Robert Shercliffe, Victoria St. and Charles Steele, Wellington St.

6 September 1898, Probate was granted to Sarah Drakefield, widow.

That is the story of the life of William Drakefield, as far as is presently known.

From his beginnings as a country boy, his family having been village-dwellers for generations, the men of the family following the trade of boatmen; William made a success of his life, through hard work and ambition. From the small village of Hemington on the borders of Derbyshire and Leicestershire, via Chesterfield and the villages on the eastern side of Derby, to Burton-on-Trent which was flourishing during the heyday of the breweries, he progressed-a 'fine figure of a man', respected , convivial, prudent and kindly. We can only catch glimpses of his character from the evidence that has survived but the surmise seems valid. His fourth grandchild, Fred, was born the year following William's death and the family name was continued when the baby was registered as Frederick Drakefield Hicklin.

Rosemary Jefferson
E-mail: ro@rojeff.plus.com

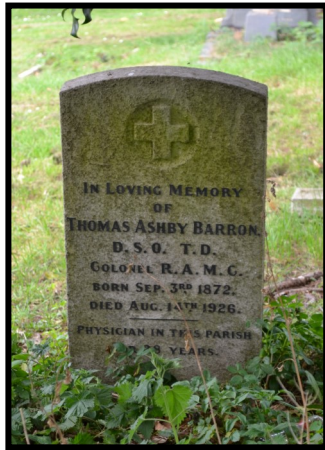
SOCIETY TRIP TO KEW

As many of you are aware we should have run a trip to the National Archives in September, due to the amount of people that requested one. In the event only ten people decided to book and we had to cancel, ironically at which point quite a few decided they wanted to go. This has caused some discussion as to whether it was worth running any more trips, in spite of people asking us to do so, as it seemed unfair to the coach company to book and then cancel. However we have decided to run one more next year—not decided when as yet—but could we please ask you to abide by the following rules. For your sake as well as ours!!

1. All bookings must be paid for in advance, via PayPal or cheque payable to Derbyshire family History Society. No money accepted on the coach.
2. Bookings taken on the basis of first come first served and places are 'booked' only when paid for in full and the organiser being in receipt of your payment, name, phone number and/or Email address [preferred].
3. All trips subject to enough interest to make the trip economically viable [usually 35 bookings] and a decision will be made 3 weeks prior to the trip, as to whether the trip will go ahead. Thereafter it is vital the organiser has your contact details.
4. If seats are available and the trip is viable, then final bookings are 2 weeks before the trip.
5. Any cancellations after this are non-refundable, except on medical grounds.
6. Bookings made on the basis of acceptance of these rules. The coach will pick up at Derby 7.30am and Kew 4pm and will leave on time. It is your responsibility to turn up at the right time so as not to inconvenience anyone else on the trip.

**KEEP WATCHING THE WEBISTE AND BOOK EARLY FOR KEW
IN 2017**

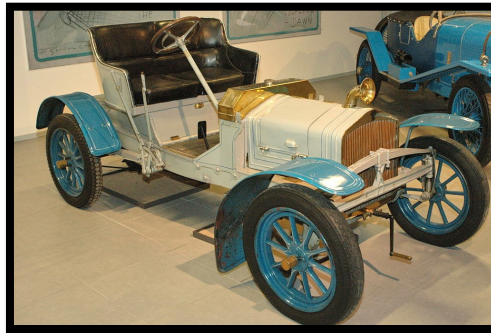
Dr. Thomas Ashby Barron DSO TD



Dr. T.A. Barron lies in Spondon Cemetery, his untended grave located towards the top end of the 'old' part of the cemetery, beyond where the Mortuary Chapel was. His memorial stone declares he was a Colonel in the Royal Army Medical Corps (R.A.M.C), had been awarded the Distinguished Service Order (DSO) and the Territorial Decoration (TD) and that he was Physician in this Parish for 28 years. was grandson of Scotsman William Barron (1805-1891) founder of the firm and previously landscape gardener for the 4th & 5th Earls of Harrington at Elvaston Castle. His mother Mary née Ashby (1845-1896) was born in Derby and lived in Spondon and later Borrowash. He went first to Ockbrook School, and then from age 9 moved to the St Andrew's Middle Class School Litchurch. So who was Thomas Ashby Barron?

He was born in Borrowash on 3rd. September 1872. His father was John Barron (1844-1906), proprietor of Borrowash Nurseries and in 1881 is with his elder brother, William (age 13). We next read of him in the 1891 census where he is a student of medicine, and from the press of the day see he graduated in April 1893 from St. Bartholomew's Hospital in Physiology, and in 1895 was Licensed by the Royal College of Physicians (LRCS), and became a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons (MRCS).

At some time around 1897 he became a physician in Spondon, where at the 1901 census he was living at 42 Oxford Street, Spondon with his 73 year old housekeeper, Lydia Rose. By 1912 he was living at 13 Potter Street from where one night had his car stolen from his garage. The car was a 12h.p. two seater Sizaire, registration LD8997 and valued at £250.



A 1906 Naudin-Sizaire motor car similar to the one stolen from Dr Barron

After sightings in Ashbourne, Hayfield and Chester it was finally recovered from Aberystwyth with the culprit apprehended.

As for his military career, in 1908 he joined the 1st Field Ambulance (part of the Territorial Force) as a Lieutenant and went overseas in February 1915 as a Major and second in command of a Field Ambulance. He served with the unit all through the Great War in France and Flanders, being mentioned in despatches and awarded the DSO in 1918. He came home after the armistice and was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel and officer commanding the Field Ambulance in 1918. When the Territorial Army was formed in 1920 by the reorganisation of all the volunteer forces, he raised the 137th (North Midland) Field Ambulance and held this command until promoted to Colonel and appointed A.D.M.S. of the 46th (N.M.) Division in 1924.

Due to failing health he was compelled to resign in 1925, and sadly died after a heart operation in Glasgow Royal Infirmary on Aug 14th 1926, aged 53. His funeral service was held in St. Werburgh's parish church on the 18th August and was attended by many uniformed Army officers and men and civilian dignitaries. His coffin was draped with the Union Jack and was borne on a gun carriage of the 245th (N Derby) Battery of the Royal Artillery to Spondon Cemetery through the streets of the village, followed by a large cortege of mourners. Hundreds of parishioners had also gathered at the church and at the cemetery to pay their last respects. The six pallbearers were fellow Army officers. RIP Spondon war hero.



*Paul Walpole [Mem 5856]
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Lines on leaving my native place

Adieu dear Pinxton! Oh my childhood home
From all my pleasures I am forced to roam
With grief alas must every bosom swell
To gaze on thee, and breathe a sad farewell.
Oh let me pause, one last fond look to take
This parting hour, sure my full heart will break
Can I no more thy verdant orchard pace
Where brothers buoyant with youth the butterfly did chase
Ah no! those joyous hours at length have flown
Pinxton we leave thee, thou art not our own.
Strangers will sing within our happy halls
Strangers will dwell within our peaceful walls
Strangers will cultivate our fertile lands
And own those trees train'd by our father's hand
Whilst we agree on all we hold most dear
Each eye is dimmed by sorrows silent tear
Each heart is fill'd with anguish and with pain
Wishing that Pinxton was but ours again
And Oh! How natural this wish must be
To all dear home, who have so long loved thee
'Twas here our family two hundred years have dwelt
That ancient church attended and in solemn worship knelt
But now those scene replete with joy are o'er
I may behold my mature home no more
Each tree, each plant, have known my father's care
We shall depart but they will still bloom there
The Chestnut o'er the arbour may the owner let It stand
'Twas carved there in boyhood and planted by his hand
And yonder in an apple tree the mistletoe is found
When last I look'd upon it 'twas on anothers ground

Catherine Coupe

Catherine Coupe b 1823 in Teversal was the daughter of John Coupe and Mary Platts. Although the poem says they have lived in Pinxton for two hundred years it is likely they had moved there from Upper Langwith in the late 18th century. Census records show that she lived in Hall Farm, Pinxton although a note at the bottom of the poem suggests she was living in Hill Top Farm.

Catherine married Joseph Watson in 1860 and by 1871 they were living in Stowe in Staffordshire where Catherine died in 1906.

It is thought that she wrote the poem in 1859, just before her marriage and gave it to a servant called Hannah Ball in 1898. She had at least three younger brothers.

Judy Cooper
E-mail: ann2020@europe.com

Pioneers of Esperanto in Derbyshire

Esperanto was first published in 1887 by an idealistic Polish man, Dr Zamenhof (1859-1917) and its first adepts lived in the then Russian Empire, but it began to gain adherents in Great Britain from about 1900 onwards. 2017 will see the 130th anniversary of the language and a century since the death of its founder.

The names and addresses of fourteen early speakers of Esperanto in Derbyshire, with their registration numbers are as follows in the *Adresaro de Esperantistoj* (collection of addresses of Esperantists) of January 1902 to January 1903 (Series XXIII) to January 1906 to January 1907 (Series XXVII). All of the following are listed in Derbyshire, Anglujo, i.e. England. Each individual is ascribed a unique number, which I do not reproduce here. Indeed, early users of the language frequently signed articles with that number alone, knowing that anyone wanting to contact them could easily find their address in the published *Adresaro*.

These listings contain occasional spelling errors because each individual filled in a pre-printed form in their own handwriting. I reproduce the addresses as they appear.

Here are the names of those Derbyshire pioneers of over a century ago:
Richard LEGGE, Asylum, Mickleover, Derby, Anglujo
(Series XXIV, 1903-01-14 to 1904-01-01)

John HADFIELD, 9, Hall Bank, Buxton, Derbyshire, Anglujo

Rev. R. C. BINDLEY, Vicarage, Mickleover. Derby, Anglujo

Thomas BARWICK, 4, Waterloo Place, Saint-Moulton, Derby, Anglujo
(Series XXV 1904-01-01 to 1905-01-01)

Alfred S. COLBORN, 119 Grange St., Derby, Anglujo

J. POTTER, jun., 4 The Strand, Derby, Anglujo

C. THORPE, c/o Mr. D. Farlton, 11. John St., Heanor, Derbys., Anglujo
(Series XXVI, 1905-01-01 to 1906-01-01)

L. W. DE GRAVE, M. I. M. E., A. M. I. E. E., 9, Iron Gate, Derby, Anglujo

Alfred JOYNES, Aston on Trent, Nr, Derby, Anglujo

S. GRIMWOOD TAYLOR, 36, St.-Marys Gate, Derby, Anglujo

Andrew SMITH, 51, Nottingham Road, Spondon, Derby, Anglujo
(Series XXVII, 1906-01-01 to 1907-01-01)

Jos. E. UNDERWOOD, Breedon View, Littleover (Derby), Anglujo

Archie DIXON, 14, Fleet Street, DERBY, Anglujo
(Series XXVIII, 1907-01-01 to 1908-01-01)

Raymond WALKER, Higher Cliff, Birch Vale, Derby, Anglujo
(Series XXIX, 1908-01-01 to 1909-01-01)

After about 1908, there was no longer any need to 'sign up' to Esperanto, and text books about Esperanto in a variety of languages, including English, were becoming more common. An increasingly large number of magazines catered for users of the language seeking contacts in other countries.

Not much is known to me about many of those listed, while others can be traced.

Lancelot W. DE GRAVE (1872-1938) was a mechanical, electrical and mining engineer and an employer in 1901. He served in the Sherwood Foresters (Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire Regt.) during the First World War and was demobilised in 1919.

Richard John LEGGE (1852 /54-1926) from Ireland was Superintendent at Derby County Asylum, now the Pastures Hospital, Mickleover. Rev. Reginald Canning Bindley M.A. was chaplain there. He was the Vicar of Mick-

leover from 1872 on.

Alfred Stockden COLBORN (1877-1955) was a railway Accounts clerk at the time of the 1911 census. He began work at the age of 14 in 1891. In 1901 he was a railway telegraphist, before transferring to the accounts office in 1907. He was a railway accounts clerk at the time of the 1911 census.

Alfred JOYNES appears in Kelly's Directory for 1891 as a tailor.

S. GRIMWOOD TAYLOR was a lawyer interested in all sorts of communication and a founder of Derby Wireless Club.

Clearly those interested in the language, although spread over the county, came together from time to time. According to an inside cover of *The British Esperantist* magazine for 1908 an Esperanto Society in Bedford was founded in January 1908. Its secretary in 1908 is given as J. POTTER and the president in that year was Richard Legge MD. The February 1908 edition of *The British Esperantist* reported that "*The Derby and District Methodist is publishing a monthly paragraph in Esperanto*".

The beginning of St John's Gospel as published in Esperanto



One wonders whether any of these early enthusiasts pass on letters or post-cards in the language to later generations?

Acknowledgement. I am grateful to my wife Patricia for her help in tracing some of the individuals involved.

Bill Chapman
patbillchapman@gmail.com

Chapel WW1 Story

I have had no luck so far in my researches to trace the full circumstances of the death of an infantry officer, Lieutenant Paul Hildebrand, 29 years of age, in the German Army, who was taken prisoner in WW1, sent to a POW camp at Chapel-en-le-Frith and subsequently lost his life in Dove Holes railway tunnel near Wormhill, Derbyshire. He was buried in the grounds of St Thomas a Becket Church, Chapel-en-le-Frith. Due to the war an inquest into his death was withheld from public scrutiny.

The registration of his death follows an inquest dated 3 April 1919. The bald details of the inquest relates --- *"Threw himself from a train in Dove Holes Tunnel, after an attack of severe neurasthenia."* The definition of neurasthenia for those not in the know or do not have in their possession a medical dictionary --- *"an obsolete technical term for a neurosis characterised by extreme lassitude and inability to cope with any but the most trivial tasks"*.

Little could be said at the time of his death due to the current Press censorship. In February 1929 the High Peak Reporter gave greater details regarding his burial, but not the full circumstances surrounding his demise. This came about by the following story, which states that in 1919 Lieutenant Hildebrand was buried with all the reverence of the Parish Church by the then Vicar, the Rev J. Clifford Stredder who also took care of his grave, refusing an offer of Government help in the work.

A Mrs Fox, whose son was killed in the war and whose grave was tended in a foreign land by a pastor's family, tended the German's grave as a return for what was being done to her son's grave. A stone was placed over the grave by his fellow German officers at Donnington Hall.

When the war was over the vicar's son took photographs of the grave and Chapel-en-le-Frith Parish Church, sending them over to Germany. Only then was it discovered that Paul Hildebrand was the son of a German clergyman and that his mother was a widow. His mother was so pleased with the care of her son's grave and copies of the photographs that had been sent to her in Germany that she promised the Vicar 50 marks for the poor. Owing to the rate of exchange the payment was deferred.

Mr W. H. McCrea of Derbyshire, a student at Gottingen, Germany, wrote the following letter to the Rev Stredder. *" I have pleasure of enclosing, at the request of Frau Hidebrand, a translation of a letter that she wrote to you. I fear that my translation lacks some of the cordiality expressed in Ger-*

man. She asks me to repeat how exceedingly grateful she is to you for what you did for her son. She sends her kindest thoughts. She was very interested to meet me here (Germany) since I came from Derbyshire, She showed me her treasured photographs of Chapel-en-le-Frith and her son's grave. She requests that she should be informed of any charges incurred by the sexton for keeping his grave in good order."

Mr McCrea's 1929 translation of the letter reads "*When you buried my dear son Paul, I promised to send you 50 marks for the poor of your congregation as a small gift of my gratitude. I am sorry to say that the rate of exchange was at that time so unfavourable that the promised payment had to be delayed. Today I am in a position to keep my promise, and it is with great joy that I do so. Yours gratefully Marie Hildebrand."*

In 1929 the 50 German marks amounted to around 50 English shillings. It is the kindly thought that after the lapse of so many years that makes a deep impression to this pathetic and sad story. I have recently visited the churchyard of St Thomas a Becket at Chapel-en-le-Frith to try and identify Paul's grave. It must be 20 years + since my last foray into that spreading northern hemisphere jungle, the chances of meeting King Kong is much higher than a local resident, dead or alive.

Keith Holford

In 1875 the managers of the Mickleover Lunatic Asylum put on a Christmas celebration and the materials used were described as of "a very superior quality". Dr Hltchmen put on extremely entertaining programmes and it was believed that the staff, visitors and patients enjoyed the festivities immensely. The performers returned every Christmas Eve, prejudice and class were set aside and "rollicking fun, good music and chatty communities" were said to make the day special. The performances were described as "of a very original and striking charater" and included both comedy and tragedy in the form of Shakespeare. In Julius Caesar the make-up and costumes were realistic, but the quarrel scene caused the patients to become anxious, quickly changing to pleasure when the "hasty spark was cold again" and the "reconciliation was perfected". It was described as a sight never to be forgotten.

[As reported in the Derby Mercury]

REMINISCENCES OF A FORMER DERBY JOURNALIST
Or
HOW I BECAME A DERBY MAN

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS by S.B. ECKETT

I think there is nothing more interesting in “The Life of William Hutton”, the historian of Derby and Birmingham, than the quaint “History of the Hutton Family”, with which he, not inaptly, precedes it. It is interesting, of course, to know that he “*was born September 30 1723, which will bear the name of the last day of summer, on Wednesday, at a quarter before five in the evening, at the bottom of Full-street in Derby; upon premises on the banks of the Derwent, now occupied by Mr Upton, an Attorney*”. But I think it adds a decided spice of romance to the Hutton History and imparts to it a genealogical halo peculiarly its own, to have it on authentic record that the historian’s great grandfather, Thomas Hutton, a Northallerton man, serving as a trooper in the Parliamentary Army, was marching over St Mary’s Bridge, Derby, on his way to Nottingham, in 1647, when he observed a girl of fifteen, a few yards below the bridge, lading water into her pail while standing on the bathing lag [*A beating log, upon which the dyer stands to beat*]. Some soldierly jokes ensued, when the trooper dismounted and cast a large stone with a view to splash her; but not being versed in directing a stone as well as a bullet, he missed the water and broke her head. The unknown consequences of this adventure hung upon the trooper’s mind. He left the regiment in 1658 when “*the world being all before him where to choose*” he fixed upon Derby, followed his occupation, courted a young woman, and in 1659 married her. In the course of their conversations he proved to be the very man who had cast the stone, and she the girl with the broken head. Her name was Catherine Smith, and they were married at St Alkmund’s Church in 1659. With a pretty little commencing story like this, Hutton, with characteristically happy tact, introduces himself and family to his readers. I cannot do better than follow him a long way after and ingratiate myself with Derby people by explaining how I became – what I am proud to be – “A Derby Man”.

Though I am Derby born, however, I can hardly claim to be Derby bred, if, indeed, that implies a preceding Derby ancestry. My father, John Eckett, was a Berkshire man, and my mother, Caroline Barton, was a member of an ancient Warwickshire yeoman family, who for centuries lived at Coleshill, seven miles from the spot where I am now writing. In 1844-5 my father, being then a young railway engineer – at a time when railways were as yet in their infancy – was engaged in the construction of the line from Birmingham to Gloucester, his headquarters being at Camp Hill. Going to and from his business, he daily met my mother, then a girl of fifteen [like Hutton’s], going to

and from school, and married here, at Aston Church, in October 1845. Soon after this the Birmingham and Gloucester Railway, the Birmingham and Derby – or rather the Hampton and Derby Railway – and the North Midland Railway were amalgamated into the Midland Railway Co., and my father, along with Mr [afterwards Sir James] Allport, Mr Needham, Mr Beck [who married a Warwickshire wife, and knew my mother's family well] and other of the earliest Midland officials were moved to Derby, the future headquarters of that now powerful company. At first he lodged in Railway-terrace – opposite to the station – with his great friend and colleague, Mr Frederick Campion, who told me, many years afterwards, that it was during this period that he knew my father to be guilty of the only *suppressio veri* of an otherwise most scrupulously honest and straightforward career.

It came to pass in this way: My father, being as yet a very poor man, had not then seen his way to furnish a home in Derby, and his first wife remained with her relations in Warwickshire. Yet the observant eyes of Mr Campion noticed the frequent letters which, in a feminine hand, came addressed to my father, and once even came across a letter addressed by him to “Mrs Eckett”. Mr Campion at once tackled my father as being “a sly old fox, with a wife in hiding at Birmingham”. But the moment for avowal was not opportune, and my father led it to be believed that it was his mother who was the constant object of his correspondence and solicitude. Mr Campion retained his own opinions about the matter, and it was not very long before that gentleman and his wife, living in Litchurch-terrace, Osmaston-road, became neighbours and great friends of my mother, when my father set up housekeeping at 63 Wilmot-street.

At about this time my father enjoyed also the friendship of three families whose business relations with the Midland Railway Co. brought them into more or less intimate contact with himself, viz. those of Swingler [the iron-founders], Wood [the builders, of London-road] and Bemrose. In those days, and indeed up to the time of his death, my father attended Christ Church, hard by, where the various members of the family – including myself, though very belatedly, as will be related hereafter – were baptised in due course. But a pleasanter residential quarter, nearer to the Station Offices, sprang up about this time. Mr Joseph Strutt had given the Arboretum to the town in 1840. The chief entrance to it at that time was in Grove-street, near to what used to be known as “The Garden” – formerly Mr Strutt's own private garden, and in a cottage of which, in my boyhood, lived, as Mr Strutt stipulated that she should do for the term of her natural life, Miss Brown, an old lady who had kept the tea house for him in earlier days. And almost opposite this entrance – nearer the top of the street – was a public house, “The Old English Gentleman” which, it may not be generally known, was so called after Mr Strutt,

and whose signboard contained an excellent portrait of that worthy benefactor. But somewhere about the year 1850 – [to be precise, I believe it was in 1852] – the nursery gardens which adjoined the Arboretum on the Osmaston-road side [opposite Regent-street] were cut up into streets – Arboretum-street and Morleston-street – and a row of pleasant houses at the top of the former, as you go up on the right hand side – for Arboretum-square had not yet been built by Mr Charles Humphreys – was built by my foster father, Mr Jacob Mayer, Master of Holy Trinity Schools, and into one of these my father came to live, next door to his landlord.

It was in this way that I came to be born at No 14 Arboretum-street, on the 20th July 1854 – nearly 57 years ago – and am by birth, at any rate [and a good deal more, as I shall relate further on] a Derby man. But it was a sad time for my mother and the family. My father, only then little more than 30 years old, was on the threshold, as it seemed, of a most promising career. He had, as I have already shown, been in at the very making of the Midland Railway, he was abundantly trusted and much liked by its directors, was the private secretary and assistant of Mr W.H. Barlow, the then Chief Engineer of the Midland, and was not only the intimate friend of its chief officials [notably of Mr G.N. Brown [Secretary of the Way and Works Committee, and afterwards Secretary to the Company], but of those of all the chief railways of the country, on which – as, of course, on his own railway – he had a first class pass. It was predicted by those in the know that, in a few years, had he lived, my father would have been Secretary of the Midland Railway Company. But alas it was not to be. “Whom the Gods love, die young”; of, as it is even more quaintly put on the tombstone of my wife’s great great grandfather in All Saints Churchyard.

*God takes the good,
Too good on earth to stay,
And leaves the bad,
Too bad to take away.*

Anyhow, my father, who had rather overworked himself earlier in the year – collecting the Income Tax for the Litchurch district [a good thing in those days when the Midland Railway Co paid their Income Tax in at this end and the collector had a commission on it] and writing letters at Mr Barlow’s private house, The Field, Osmaston-road, till late every night – fell ill about June 1854. He went to Whitby to recuperate, but there caught a chill, was on his deathbed when I was born, and – notwithstanding the assiduous attentions of Doctor Jones [Jones and German], succumbed to rapid consumption on September 25th 1854. He was buried in Holy Trinity Churchyard, and his funeral, attended by many of the leading officials of the Midland Railway Company, afforded – so I was afterwards assured – a remarkable testimony

to the respect and affection which were entertained for him by his colleagues. My mother, left with five young children, almost entirely unprovided for, struggled on for four years, sitting up till late at nights [or, rather, till early mornings] to do fancy wool and chenille work for the Misses Eyre, of The Wardwick, and taking in lodgers. Amongst these was a Mr Yeo, an officer of the County Police Force at Derby, and who I well remember used, without any regard for the conventionalities – though Arboretum-street was then a cul de sac even for foot passengers – to sit, with one or two gentleman friends, smoking the pipe of peace, and dangling their legs incontinently out of our front parlour window.

Another lodger – an invalid widow lady, who died with us – was a Mrs Smith. She was a relation of the late Mr Henry Boden [of the firm of Messrs Boden, Smith and Co., lace manufacturers, of Castle-street], and also the mother, I believe, of Mr William Joseph Smith, J.P., afterwards [in my reporting days] Mayor of Derby, and of Mr Horace Smith [who became a distinguished barrister on the Midland Circuit and is now one of the Metropolitan Police Magistrates. Mr Boden at that time lived little more than a stone's throw away, at the Grange, Grange-lane – to the grounds of which there was access by a private door which led from the Arboretum playground – and great was the quantity of hothouse fruit and other delicacies which constantly came from there to Mr Smith, as I can abundantly testify, for that by that lady's goodwill I, being also myself very delicate, partook of not a few of them.

How vividly it all comes back to my mind, albeit more than half a century has elapsed. It was my first acquaintance with death, and how timidly, with my little brothers, I crept into the front parlour, to look at the coffin, as it lay behind the door, ready to be taken to its last resting-place. Not the polished [or unpolished] oak coffin of today, with its almost cheerful panoply of floral tributes from relatives and friends, testifying eloquently to the sorrow that is not without hope, and to the brightness of a joyful resurrection. But a gloomy, funereal-looking casket of the true old coffin shape, covered with black cloth, and studded with a border of brass nails, whose refulgency only served to accentuate the surrounding gloom. The mourners, for convenience, assembled at the Arboretum Hotel, then a very quiet, homely hostelry, kept by my good old friend, the late Mr Edward Williamson – and I peeped through the bedroom window to see the sable-plumed hearse take away all that was mortal of our kind lodger, dear old Mrs Smith. At least, old she seemed to me. I wonder if anyone in Derby still remembers her? I little thought that but a few months longer would elapse before another funeral would take place from the same house, and that it would be that of my own mother. But this was to be preceded by a tragic event, which I shall relate in

my next article.

Erdington, Birmingham, January 1911

Derbyshire Advertiser & Journal, 13 Jan 1911

PART TWO—Continued from the above

When I closed my last article – none too dramatically, I hope, in view of the terribly sad and far reaching effects which ensued to myself and my family – I said that at the time spoken of, viz; the closing month of the year 1858, our family were on the eve, though we little dreamed it, of a dreadful calamity. I ought to explain, at this point, that we were living at what was then No 14 Arboretum Street – now occupied by my friend Mr Goodwin of the Midland Railway Co., and on the nursery window of which my name may still be seen scratched with a diamond. The house belonged to Mr Jacob Mayer, headmaster of Holy Trinity Church Boys' School, London-road, and a better and more considerate landlord – and her poverty at that time needed and received consideration in the matter of deferred rent – my mother could not possibly have had. With him lived an equally kind lady, Mr Mary Mayer, the head mistress of Holy Trinity Girls' School, and at their house, next door, I was a constant and always welcome visitor. And this was Providential in the extreme, for with Mr and Mrs Mayer I was to find a future home. But to resume my narrative.

On Friday evening, December 10th 1858, assembled, as was their frequent wont, in the cosy sitting room at the back of No 15 Arboretum Street, was Mr and Mrs Mayer and my mother, and this alas was to be the last of those pleasant meetings. The talk was of the following day, when Mrs Mayer was to visit a friend to whom she was deeply attached, Mrs Martha Baker, the schoolmistress of Brownhills, in Staffordshire, who was at that time dying from consumption, to which she soon afterwards succumbed. Whether my mother had a premonition of impending death, it is impossible to say, though I think such things are possible. But, at all events she seemed greatly troubled at the prospect of Mrs Mayer being away from home on the following day, and made her promise to call for her on her way to the station on Saturday morning – a promise which was faithfully fulfilled. And so my mother, after a particularly affectionate farewell, took leave of her old friend, on the platform of Derby Station that Saturday morning. Of the day itself I know nothing – I suppose it passed like most other Saturdays in our happy little home.

Saturday evening came. My mother, as was her wont, bathed her little ones, put us to bed and kissed us goodnight. A little later, she went into her bedroom to change her dress, and going to the dressing table in the window – it was at the rear of the house – had to pass between the end of a large tester bed and the fire grate, in which a bright fire was burning. At that time, crino-

lines – those ugly balloon like structures – were all the fashion, and my mother was wearing one of them. It unfortunately pushed my mother's dress into the fire, and before she realised it, the flames were rising beneath her. Now it is, of course, easy to be wise after the event, and one cannot help thinking what an excellent thing it would have been had my mother wrapped the hearth-rug round her body, or rolled on the bed, or what not. But who shall answer for anybody's presence of mind – much less a timid woman's – at such a trying juncture. As fate would have it, my mother did the very worst thing she could possibly have done under the circumstances. She rushed downstairs out into the open air, and the wind of a breezy December night effectually served to quicken the flames, and to envelop her from head to foot with the devouring element. She uttered a piercing scream – neighbours have told me they never should forget its agony – which was heard and recognised by Mr Mayer, who, with his old friend, Mr Henry Cummings, headmaster of the National Schools, in Curzon-street, was smoking and chatting in his study next door. Mr Mayer flew to my mother's assistance, carried her to bed, and fetched Dr Lindley, who lived in Strand-terrace, hard by. Dr Lindley did all he could to alleviate the dreadful sufferings of the patient, who was covered from head to foot in cotton wool, saturated with olive oil. But the injuries had been too terrible – the shock and consequent exhaustion too great – to permit of my mother's recovery, and she expired in the arms of Mrs Mayer – who had returned from Brownhills that night, just in time to minister to her dying friend – at about eight o'clock on Sunday morning, December 12th, in the 30th year of her age.

My poor mother's chief thought during the night was not of her own sufferings – terrible though they must have been – but of her five children, almost entirely unprovided for. Mr and Mrs Mayer, noticing the sufferer's anxious distress, enquired the cause of it, and my mother's heartbroken reply was "Oh my poor children; what will become of them, and especially of Sidney?" She specially mentioned me, I supposed, because I was the youngest [four years old] and most helpless of them. Mr and Mrs Mayer, after conferring together for a moment, said "Oh we will take care of Sidney", and, a happy smile lighting up my mother's face, she relapsed into unconsciousness, and died soon afterwards. We children, in the attic above, had heard nothing and seen nothing of the dire proceedings of that eventful night, but I remember – as well as if it were but yesterday – the servant coming to call us on the Sunday morning and saying "Your mother is dead." Alas we never saw her again, and what, but 24 hours before, had been a bright happy home for a united little family, was broken up for ever. So quickly and surely and suddenly can such things be done, for, in this case, at all events, truth was stranger than fiction.

Mr William Whiston held an inquest on my poor mother's body, at the Arboretum Hotel, on the Monday, and the interment took place at the Nottingham-road Cemetery on the following Thursday. The grave – in what is now the prettiest part of the cemetery – belongs to me, and in it my eldest child was buried. The week before Christmas the household effects of my mother were sold by Mr William Pool, auctioneer, of Albert-street, and it was characteristic of his kindness of heart that he waxed eloquent on behalf of the orphan children, made every penny he could out of the lots he sold, and did not charge a penny for his trouble.

For myself, I went, on the morning of my mother's death, into the house of Mr and Mrs Mayer. I lived with them, in the best of homes, for a quarter of a century, was present at the death of both of them in Arboretum-street, and buried them in the God's Acre adjoining the beautiful old parish church of Astbury, near to their native home of Congleton in Cheshire. From all this story – I hope not too much drawn out by any means without pathos and interest – this much may be gathered by way of moral. Notwithstanding the deep cynicism of some critics of human nature, there is undoubtedly a lot of good in this world. How faithfully my good foster-parents kept their promise to my dying mother to take care of me. And I can at least claim that in spite of some tempting offers of promotion in other towns [and that was in my young days, when I could have moved further afield with advantage to myself], I did not desert those who, in my helpless, orphaned childhood, befriended me. I closed their eyes in death, and gratefully pay this last tribute to their memory. God rest their souls!

Derby Advertiser and Journal, 20th Jan 1911

On 7th December 1684 George Sorocold, an engineer born in Derby, was married to Mary Franceys. They went on to have 13 children, although only eight survived. Sorocold can be considered Britain's first civil engineer, being the first non-military person to be styled as an engineer. In 1687 he rehung the bells in All Saints Church, became involved with the water supply to Macclesfield and in 1692 developed Derby's first water-works, also patenting the boring machine that was used. He went on to construct water works in many major towns, improved drainage systems for mines and built iron forges and atmospheric engines. He also built the first silk mill in Derby. It is uncertain when he died but it is believed around 1738.

CANADIAN PACIFIC ~



LANDS FOR SETTLERS.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway passes through the richest agricultural land in Western Canada. It also passes through the richest coal and petroleum regions, so that the farmer along the line of the Canadian Pacific is sure to have the best markets for his produce.

The lands now being opened for settlement in Central and Southern Alberta are particularly suitable for British Farmers. The climate is delightful, with a comparatively mild winter, and the land lends itself especially to mixed farming, stock breeding, sugar beet, potatoes, growing crops, etc. At Strathmore the Canadian Pacific has a demonstration farm to illustrate the best methods of applying irrigation to agricultural land in that neighbourhood.

READY-MADE FARMS.

A number of Ready-Made Farms have been prepared for British farmers only, with house and barn, built, fence erected, well dug, and land broken. They cost less than you can buy elsewhere.

Conducted parties to inspect these lands, with a view to purchase will leave Great Britain at regular intervals during 1911.

For information about these conducted parties and about the Canadian Pacific lands in Western Canada, whether irrigated or non-irrigated, apply to the

Canadian Pacific Lands Department,
22-23, Charing Cross, London, S.W., or Local Agents everywhere.

From the Derby Advertiser and Journal, 20th January 1911

RESEARCH CENTRE AND LIBRARY



BRIDGE CHAPEL HOUSE DERBY

Acquisitions at 1st October 2016

Derby: Walk Round Guide to the Catholic Church of St Mary

Draycott & Church Wilne:
Accidents and Mishaps
Public Houses
Bits and Bobs
Register of Apprentices 1804-1816

Misc: Unearthing Family Tree Mysteries—Ruth A. Symes

Religion: Ministers and Probationers of the Methodist Church

CHRISTMAS BREAK

The Society will be having its annual vacation in December so Bridge Chapel House will close to visitors from 4 pm on the 15th December 2016, reopening at 10am on the 3rd January 2017. During the break please be patient if you email us, we will get back to you but it will probably be slower than usual.

Staff and volunteers of Bridge Chapel House wish you all a very Happy Christmas and an excellent [and prosperous] New Year.

**We welcome new members who have
joined the Society by 20th October 2016**



- 8035 Mr A. Pearce, 3 St John's Court, Formby, Liverpool, L37 3QL, UK
E-mail: apearce50@hotmail.com
- 8036 Ms C. Gill, 2 South Close, Porthcawl, Bridgend, CF36 3DS, UK
E-mail: caryl Gill@lineone.net
- 8037 Ms G. Bryan, 106 Rupert Street, Lower Pilsley, Chesterfield, Derbys
S45 8DE, UK. E-mail: gaysbryan@gmail.com
- 8038 Ms J. Strand, Blacksmith Cottage, Blacksmith Yard, Stoke Golding,
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- 8039 Mr M O'Brien, Tomohon Heights Close, Logon Village, Queensland,
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ASHMOLE	Findern	1500+	7535
BAKER/BECKER	Derby	All	7394
BRASSINGTON	Derbyshire	All	8038
BREWIN	Ashby, Leics	1700-1800	8024
BRINDLEY	Derbyshire	All	8038
BROOMHEAD	Derbyshire	All	8038
BULMAN	All	All	8038
CHOUINARD	All	All	8038
CURTIS	Swadlincote	1840-1900	8024
CUTLER	Lount, Leics	1700-1800	8024
CYR	All	All	8038
DARLING/DERLING/ DYRLING	All	1066+	7994
ELMORE	Alvaston/Derby/Suffolk	All	7394
FEARN	Church Gresley	1800-1920	8024
FROST	Derbyshire	All	8038
HERVIE/HARVEY	Ilkeston	1500-1700	7994
KNIGHTON	Eastwood, Notts	1750-1900	8024
LEMIRE	All	All	8038
LINEHAN	All	All	8038
LOVATT	Findern	1500+	7535
MORRIS	Derby/Liverpool/Brisbane	All	7394
NOTON	Bakewell	1500+	7535
PEARSON	Leicester, Leics	1840-1950	8024
SHIRLEY	All	All	8038
SMEDLEY	Swadlincote	1750-1900	8024
SWAN	Findern	1500+	7535
WILCOCKSON	Biggin by Hlland	1500-1700	7994
WOOD	All	All	8038

**Please note that if you would like your interests to
appear in the Magazine please
send them to the Editor**

Please note that you can now update your interests online by logging in to the website and going to the Members Interests section.

New/Updated interests may be sent by email to membersinterests@dfhs.org.uk

**Changes of address to be sent to
the Membership Secretary at
Bridge Chapel House**

Derbyshire Family History Society

December Quarter 2016



John Lockett, one of the BCH volunteers, has kindly lent me this photograph of the first petrol driven engine owned by the Derby Borough Fire Brigade. John's great grandfather Thomas Newman is driving