

Derbyshire Family History Society



*Castleton Cottages
near the Peak
Cavern*

*See the article on
Castleton St
Edmund on pg 42*

Mar 2018

Issue 164

SOCIETY CONTACTS

Website: www.dfhs.org.uk
Email: bch@dfhs.org.uk
Secretary: Ruth Barber, 6 Field Lane, Alvaston, Derby DE24 0GP
Email: ruth.barber55@ntlworld.com
Membership: Catherine Allsop-Martin, 9 Barnstaple Close, Oakwood,
Derby DE21 2PQ. Email: membership@dfhs.org.uk
Editor: Helen Betteridge, 16 Buxton Road, Chaddesden, Derby
DE21 4JJ. Email: betteridgehelen@sky.com
Email for contributions: editor@dfhs.org.uk
Chairman: Professor S. Orchard, Old Dale House, The Dale, Bonsall
DE21 2AY
Treasurer: Mike Bagworth, 233 Ladybank Rd, Mickleover DE3 0RR
Email: m.bagworth@ntlworld.com
Book Sales: Linda Bull, 17 Penrhyn Avenue, Littleover, Derby
DE23 6LB.
Wills: Kathleen Mason, 54 Breedon Avenue, Littleover, Derby
DE23 1LR
Trip Organiser: Helena Coney, Dale House, 11a Dale End Road, Hilton
Dbys DE65 5FW,. Email: helena.coney@yahoo.com

SOCIETY REFERENCE LIBRARY

Bridge Chapel House, St Mary's Bridge, Sowter Rd, Derby DE1 3AT

Opening Hours: 10 a.m.—4 p.m. TUESDAY and THURSDAY

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

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

MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTIONS

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

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

BRITISH ISLES per family [at one address] £15

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

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

OVERSEAS—OTHER COUNTRIES £19 [magazines sent by air mail]

For both the above payment in dollars or currency other than sterling please add the equivalent of £4 to cover the exchange charge. Alternatively payment may be made by PayPal with no extra charge incurred. Standing orders are also still accepted.

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

I start this time with the sad news that South Normanton meeting group has closed its doors. They have been having problems for a while but now, with only 6-8 members attending each month it is impossible to carry on. The Society still has to pay a fee for the room and another one for the speaker and it is a little embarrassing for a speaker to turn up to a room of 6 or 8 people. Special thanks must go to Averil, however, who has carried on against the odds and done all the jobs that 3 or 4 people used to do. If anyone feels like organising this group or another one elsewhere in the county, please let us know. The Society will give you all the backing we can. All clubs are struggling as people prefer to sit at home in front of a computer, but there is something to be said for a social night out and it is only once a month after all.

A bit of good news to follow that. I have been muttering about the new website for quite a long while and you probably all thought it was just a dream. However, as I am sure you have found out, it is now up and running and we are thrilled with it. We are hoping to put loads of records in—in fact we have already started—but bear in mind it takes time and volunteers [sorry, that nasty word again!] so it won't happen all at once. Just watch that space and if you have any ideas about what you want to see, let us know. Inevitably there have been a few teething problems, notably with rejoining, but we are getting there, just email us if you hit a problem.

The AGM takes place in April and we have been lucky enough to get Maxwell Craven to give us a talk. He is going to be telling us about St Helen's House, very timely really as many of us, along with half Derby no doubt, were convinced the council were intent on destroying it as they have with most of our city heritage. Should be an interesting evening.

Finally, I have managed quite well this time, but I really could do with some articles to put in the magazine. I rely quite heavily on one or two major contributors, but I am sure some of you have an interesting story to tell. Please think about sending me something and you just might get some feedback from a relative you didn't know existed. It has happened, and more than once.

See you next time

Helen

CONTENTS

	<u>PAGE NO</u>
From the Editor	2
Society Meetings 2018	4
Meeting Reports	5
Buckinghamshire Open Day	7
The Countryman of the Hungry Forties	8
Burying in Woollen	11
The Case of the Absconding Town Clerk	12
Apt Name	19
The Warners of Mickelover & Beyond Part 4	20
A Cautionary Tale	28
Box or Woodville—Which?	29
Finding Mr Wright or Hunt the Cowkeeper Part II	31
Age is Just a Number	38
Charlesworth Coroners Inquest	39
Shock and Horror in Derby	40
Churches of Derbyshire—No 49 Castleton St Edmund	42
The Origins of the Johnsons in Tibshelf Part 3	44
Sinfin Moor	48
The Cope Family Ventures in Buxworth	50
Hampshire Rambles	62
Salem Methodist Independent Chapel, Wingerworth	66
Whats Behind a Derbyshire Lad	68
Research Centre and Library Update	72
dfhs.org.uk revitalised	73
Searching for Graves	75
New Members joined by 1 Feb 2018	76

MEETINGS 2018

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

- | | |
|----------|---|
| 13th Mar | Pictures in Glass—The History & Construction of Stained Glass Windows [including Demo] - Tony Waldron |
| 10th Apr | Society AGM followed by
The Story of St Helens House - Maxwell Craven |
| 8th May | Dissolution of the Monasteries—Superstition, Scandal and
Dodgy Dealings - Julia Hickey |
| 12th Jun | The Life & Adventures of Henry Walker, R.N
- Stephen Flinders |
| 10 Jul | Old Non-Conformist Families—Stephen Orchard |
| 11 Sep | Women in the English Civil War—Helen Chambers |
| 9 Oct | What is it—Gay Evans |
| 13 Nov | In Pursuit of a Peak District Pensioner Criminal—Tim Knebel |
| 11 Dec | Christmas Social |

SOUTH NORMANTON

Owing to lack of support and also any volunteers to help run the meetings, it has been decided to disband. It is a great pity, but seems to be the way of things nowadays. Our thanks go to Averil for all her hard work—often on her own—in running this group.

**Society Annual General Meeting
Tuesday 10 April 2018 at 7 pm
Quaker Meeting House, St Helen's Street, Derby**

**Followed at 7.30 pm by Maxwell Craven who will
present a talk on "The Story of St Helen's House"**

**If you are attending the AGM please be in your
seats by 7 pm as latecomers will have to wait
until the conclusion of the AGM to be admitted.**

DERBY MEETINGS

Oct 2017

What is it? - Gay Evans

Gay arrived with an assortment of gift bags containing various items for identification. We were arranged into teams and were given the bags in turn. Some of the things were recognisable as household items and were easy to identify, like laundry tongs and a tuning fork, and others more difficult, like travelling heated hair tongs and an ice cream shaper. It got everyone talking and reminiscing about their younger days.

Nov 2017

An Elizabethan Christmas—Helen Chambers

As on a previous occasion Helen arrived in full Elizabethan costume and introduced us to Elizabeth Mundy. Elizabeth lived in the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth I in London. She was related to William and his son John Mundy, who were well known composers of the day. She resided in the Cheapside area of the city. It was a fashionable area with a variety of shops, where all manner of Christmas items could be bought.

Saturnalia or Winter Solstice was a pagan festival to celebrate the shortest day and had many elements of Christmas, feasting, merrymaking and entertainment. Christmas Day on the 25th was fixed by Pope Julius around 4th Century.

Elizabeth Mundy's home would have been decorated with evergreen to bring luck and ward off evil spirits and to look forward to spring. The Yule log would burn for the twelve days of Christmas set alight using a small piece remaining from last year's log and there would also be holly, laurel, ivy and mistletoe. Frankincense would be burned to perfume the air.

Feasting might have consisted of goose, swan, peacock, suckling pig, venison, roast beef and a boar's head. These would have been accompanied with sauces and bread.

Mincemeat, unlike today's, contained meat, mutton or venison with prunes, raisins and dates and a variety of spices. The mixture went in to a pastry crust.

A Banquet or sweetmeat course on a grand scale would complete the feast. This would comprise of marchpane, crystallized fruit and fruit and gingerbread decorated with gold leaf. Syllabub and spiced wine would be drunk along with 'lambswool' that was made from hot cider, sherry or ale, spices

and apples which, when hot, exploded to create a white woolly top.

Between courses there would have been games and dancing and Helen demonstrated a variety of musical instruments, harps, flutes and horns and we ended by accompanying her in some Christmas carols.

A good evening was had by everyone and hopefully put us in the mood for Christmas shopping.

Dec 2017

Christmas Social

Everyone enjoyed an evening of good food and entertainment. Helen organised two quizzes that got everyone's brains working and got us all in to the Christmas spirit.

RUTH BARBER

SOUTH NORMANTON MEETING

Oct 2017

Hymns, Their Authors and Composers—Mrs M. Thorne

Mrs Thorne gave a presentation about the origins of some well known hymns. Wherever possible she included a picture of the author, brief biographical details and the first verse of the hymn. She began with Fanny Crosby. At the age of only six weeks she caught a cold and mustard poultices were applied to her eyes to clear the discharge. Some people thought the poultices had damaged the optic nerve and Fanny went blind. A few months later her father died and she was brought up by her mother and grandmother. They helped her to remember long passages from the bible and brought her up in the Methodist church of Manhattan. Starting as a poet she wrote thousands of songs and hymns included "Blessed Assurance, Jesus is mine". The hymn was a great favourite with my father and I learnt it from the many times that he sang it.

A year before Fanny Crosby was born in 1820 the author of another of my family favourites was born in 1819. Joseph Medlicott Scriven wrote "What a friend we have in Jesus".

Cardinal John Henry Newman [1801-1890] repenting of his time spent as a slave trader, became a Christian and wrote many hymns. We were given the first verse of "Praise to the Holiest in the heights and in the depths be praise".

She told us about the Reverend Augustus Montague Toplady, who wrote "Rock of Ages cleft for me". She had formed the opinion that the legend of

its composition was only a legend not a fact. The words were supposed to have come into his head while sheltering in a cloven rock from a violent storm.

Especially for her benefit and mine, she told us about John Milton and his Pilgrim's Song—Who would True Valour see. We both attended Sutton in Ashfield Girls Grammar School, me in the 1940's and Mrs Thorne in the late 1950's. Each year we had a Speech Day and prize giving ceremony and Milton's Hymn always was an important part of the proceedings.

Mrs Cecil Frances Alexander wrote "All Things Bright and Beautiful", which took me further back in time to my infant schooldays. Finally I was returned to the present with "Jerusalem" with the words written by William Blake and the music by Hubert Parry. I learnt it at Grammar School and now sing it at our Womens Institute Meetings.

Her audience enjoyed learning more about so many old friends.

AVERIL HIGGINSON

This will be the last report from South Normanton as the group has had to disband due to lack of support

**Buckinghamshire Family History Society Open Day
Saturday 28th July 2018, 10am to 4pm
The Grange School, Wendover Way, Aylesbury, HP21 7NH**

Research facilities including our names database (over five million entries), Parish Register, People, and Places libraries. Parish Register transcripts and other research aids will be on sale. Expert advice; guest societies from around the country; local history and heritage groups; suppliers of data CDs, maps, software, archival materials and much more.

Admission is free, with free parking at the venue. Refreshments area for teas, coffees and snacks, also mobile catering offering burgers hot dogs etc.

Further information, including a full list of organisations attending, can be found at www.bucksfhs.org.uk

The Countryman of the Hungry Forties

Derbyshire Advertiser and Journal, 4 May 1923

On this page from time to time I have tried to give a rough outline of communal life in our villages years ago, but have written little or nothing about the peasantry, so it is my intention this week to present honest John Hodge as he lived and moved and had his being three quarters of a century back. Those familiar with the novels of the period [and Charles Kingsley's 'Yeast' particularly] will not need to be told the rustic did not lie upon a bed of roses, nor was his lot cast in the idyllic sphere blind worshippers of 'the good times' could sometimes have us believe. The picturesque thatch too often covered poverty and disease, while morality and thrift could not help but be virtues come by only with superhuman effort where large families and small means met. Sanitation, too, was an almost unknown quality in those outwardly charming dwelling places dear to the artist's heart. Hodge, in our graphic modern phrase, was 'up against it' from the hour of his birth to the day of his death.

At the time I am writing of a farm labourer in regular work rarely exceeded 9s a week as the sum total of his weekly wage. Even the squire's bailiff got no more than 10s and a free cottage, while boys were paid anything between 6d and 6s, according to age and ability, to toil from light to dark through all seasons and every sort of weather. Women and girls had to turn out as well to bring a trifle home to keep the pot boiling, and as far as agricultural labour was concerned no Acts of Parliament existed to define their hours of employment, or to provide for their welfare.

Adults chiefly lived on bread and cheese, washed down by skim milk, the children's fare usually only running to bread and treacle, but very occasionally the rustic household had a treat in the form of a small joint of pork when a neighbour happened to kill a pig. In the Western counties, at any rate, beef was tasted but once a year – when the Squire gave his harvest supper – and mutton in most cases not at all. Perhaps the lads and lasses who 'lived in' came off a little better, especially if their employer was a substantial yeoman with a managing wife.

Once at least Hodge boasted a good coat to his back – for his wedding day – and till the hour came when clothing troubled him no more he wore it on all great occasions carefully covered up by a smock frock against possible contamination. Education, represented by the village school, left off as soon as the child was old enough to earn a few coppers as a bird-scarer or at hoeing, nor during its continuation was the curriculum very extensive, seldom reach-

ing beyond an elementary knowledge of ‘the letters’ and ciphering on a cracked slate to the accompaniment of cuffs and admonitions. Some teachers, of course, were capable and conscientious enough, though as a rule the school money, about four pence per week, gave a fair index of the dominie’s abilities. One ancient dame who taught school not a hundred miles from Bristol herself found some difficulty in mastering the longer words in her reading primer, although she saved her face at crucial moments by saying to the pupil “That’s Latin, dantie [dearie] passon”.

The two main holidays of the year were the club feast and the harvest supper, the only other properly organised entertainment being occasional readings from standard authors by the squire or parson, interspersed with songs from the ladies of the neighbourhood. On these eventful evenings the room was lighted by a few tallow dips, the heating coming from peat, the smoke whereof has an annoying tendency to linger with the company instead of going up the chimney as all well conducted smoke ought to do. The club walking always took place at Whitsuntide, the members marching to dinner with flower garlands, banners, and blue poles surmounted by brass ornaments, called club-tops, each parish possessing its separate design, as jealously guarded as ever the Roman standard was. Many of these devices may still be seen in the museums of Western towns, or in the collections of private persons interested in decaying customs. I fancy the real old village clubs are almost extinct, but as branches of our great Friendly Societies have taken their place for the most part, the spirit of co-operation and self-help has not been allowed to die out. The last of the old order, I can personally remember, was held at Rocester, in Staffordshire, up to quite recent days.

Part II – 11 May 1823

Last week I carried on my account of the rustic’s occupations and rare diversions to the annual “club walking” at Whitsuntide, a much looked for festival which many of your older readers with rural associations will remember well. Later in the year came the other great feast. When the crops had been gathered the great event was the harvest supper, usually provided by the chief landowners or bigger farmers, to which every man and woman in the place received an invitation to sup off beef and pudding, the festival ending in a dance, where the performers vied with perspiring fiddlers in feats of physical endurance. Nearly twenty years ago the writer of this article carved the sixth plate of meat for one hearty rustic at a similar beanfeast and afterwards our guest went on to put away three helpings of plum pudding without turning a hair.

The countryman was ever a hardy wight, trusting doctors as little as he trusted bankers, or the then new steam engines which were beginning to clatter

through his valleys spreading hot cinders and maledictions in their wake; for most ordinary ailments he had a rough remedy at hand, for rickety bones he brewed snail broth, for an inflammation he concocted a poultice out of rotten apples, and on the tongue of his croupy child he placed a live frog in sure and certain belief the creature would draw out all evil humours.

Immemorial custom prescribed four infallible cures for whooping cough, though the first of the series would seem a trifle difficult to operate, as it necessitated getting on the back of a live bear, this might be avoided, however, in cases of emergency by giving the patient a ride on a piebald horse, following which the symptoms would immediately abate. Snails again came in – stewed this time – for the third recipe, though those with a queasy stomach would probably prefer the fourth prescription which only enjoined a visit to the coast and a look at the tide when it was on the turning point. It is rather hard to credit these things surviving as lately as Queen Victoria's advent to the throne, but the source of my information is quite reliable, and the facts are also vouchsafed for by an old gentleman – a native of the Peak, by the way – who has made a study of such matter for years in the mendip country. I am interested to learn on the same authority North Derbyshire and the Western Uplands formerly held many such superstitions in common.

Readers may recollect I have pointed out on this page more than once the mischief caused by a change in the spirit of the poor law during the first part of the 19th century: to Hodge this tightening of the rein came as nothing less than a calamity as it coincided with the low water mark of his fortunes, which had been steadily declining ever since the finish of the Napoleonic Wars. Now, do what he might, nothing but the hated Bastile, as he had learned to call the Poor House, seemed to offer for the time when he was past earning the pittance he just managed to keep body and soul together with while he was in employment. Without knowing it he became a Fatalist, to the detriment of his work and the loss of his self respect. Why toil to save the farmers' rates, he excusably argued, let me eat and drink and be merry while I can. As for afterwards I am afraid poor Hodge had been listening to the agitators and forgot on what side his bread was buttered, that scanty crust for which so many little mouths gaped during the lean years. Ricks began mysteriously to take fire, stock was let out of a night, and yeomanry man-hunts were afoot, followed by magisterial severities. It is a page of agricultural history I do not love to dwell upon. In despair of keeping a roof over their heads, many land workers emigrated to America, thereby giving cute Uncle Sam the chance to lay the foundation of his export trade in foodstuffs. Many people are still alive whose fathers saw with their eyes the passing of the old regime and the birth throes of the new era.

CHAS S. WIGFULL

Burying in Woollen

“In 1666 an Act of Parliament was passed ordering “Burying in Woollen only, for the encouragement of the Woollen Manufacturers of the Kingdom and preventing of the exportation of money for the buying and importing of linen”.

Up to the end of the 18th century, in the great majority of burials the corpse was simply in its shroud and was lifted out of the coffin, belonging to the parish, at the edge of the grave. Thus the importance of the shroud, which was in future under penalties to be of wool. The accounts of many parishes given particulars of the certificates which had to be obtained before interment was allowed. In the accounts of St Werburgh’s Parish, Derby, are the following items – 1678 pd for a regester booke for burying in woollen 3s 8d; 1678 pd for a blanket to buy her [Widow Mansfield] 1s 4d; pd for a certificate yt Wid Mansfield was buried in Woollen 2d; pd for a warrant to distraine of Mick Okers goods for not certifying that his child was buried in woollen 1s; 1681 pd for flanell to bury her in 2s 6d.”

The above was printed in the Derbyshire Advertiser in 1923 and the following week a letter appeared from Philip Lyttelton Gell of Hopton Hall, which added to the information as follows:

“As a supplement to your note upon the Act of 1666 which for “the good of trade” enforced the burial of the dead in woollen, it may be added that disobedience to the Statute was punished by a fine which was payable to the person who laid an information against the executors, if the woollen shroud had not been used.

There was a curious aversion to this use of wool, especially amongst ladies who apparently imagined that they would lie more comfortably in linen, and testators frequently directed that, in spite of the Act, they should be buried in linen shrouds, that the fine should be paid out of their estates, and that a specified person should lay the information and receive it. This curious custom appears in the will of Mistress Temperance Gell, of Hopton Hall, the sister and heiress of Sir Philip Gell, and foundress of the Carsington Endowed School, who died unmarried in 1730 and was buried in the Gell vault at Wirksworth. She charges her kinswoman, Mrs Cassandra Gell, of the Gatehouse, to arrange that she shall be buried in linen, and to see that the information is forthwith laid by a special woman servant who is to receive the fine from the executors.”

The Case of the Absconding Town Clerk

One sentence in the letter made me curious. On the table in front of me at the Derbyshire Record Office in Matlock was a box of letters and other items, surviving records of the Thornset Turnpike Trust, a nineteenth century organisation responsible for a number of roads in and around New Mills. The letter was written in 1844 by Edward Reddish, clerk to the trust, to Ebenezer Adamson, treasurer. Reddish mentions a “hiatus” in the books between 1840 and 1843 “following the absconding” of the previous clerk, John Kenyon Winterbottom. What was his story?

John Kenyon Winterbottom was born in Stockport, Cheshire, in 1789. His father Henry Winterbottom was a cotton manufacturer who no doubt envisaged a prosperous future for his son. Henry Winterbottom saw his son articulated to a successful local solicitor, James Antrobus Newton. Partnership followed and the firm became Newton and Winterbottom. Thus when James Antrobus Newton died in 1823 John Kenyon Winterbottom found himself well placed to become a leading solicitor, participating in the public life of Stockport. Furthermore in 1832 he married Lucy Ann, daughter of James Antrobus Newton, just a year after she had come of age to inherit a substantial sum from her father’s estate. The couple had two daughters.

John Kenyon Winterbottom’s position enabled him to accumulate a large number of public offices. In 1823 in partnership with three others he established a bank in Stockport, known briefly as Christy Lloyd Winterbottom and Company and then as the Stockport and Cheshire Bank: John Kenyon Winterbottom’s name was printed on bank notes. The partnership was dissolved in 1829 after the bank had been merged with the Manchester and Liverpool District Banking Company. John Kenyon Winterbottom became clerk to a number of turnpike trusts, including the Thornset trust. He served two terms as mayor of Stockport and later as town clerk. He was clerk, registrar and presiding officer of Stockport Court of Requests, a court which heard cases involving debt.

John Kenyon Winterbottom was a staunch advocate of the Conservative cause but by 1836 in a changing political climate he was replaced as town clerk by a nominee of the Whig persuasion. Local Conservatives responded with a dinner attended by 170 supporters. John Kenyon Winterbottom was presented with eleven pieces of silver plate, including tureens, salver and bread basket “subscribed for in small sums as a public testimonial of the estimation in which Mr Winterbottom is held” at a cost of some £350.

But John Kenyon Winterbottom was soon to face the fact that for whatever reason his financial circumstances had become precarious. Ironically it was the Manchester and Liverpool District Banking Company that in 1840 initiated bankruptcy proceedings, asserting that John Kenyon Winterbottom was substantially in debt to the bank. Up to forty further creditors attended the first creditors' meeting and by the end of a second meeting creditors had given evidence of debts amounting to almost £30,000. More seriously it became known that while dealing with the estate of a man named John Isherwood of Marple Hall John Kenyon Winterbottom had forged signatures, received a payment of £5,000 from a life insurance policy and not transferred the money to Isherwood's widow and daughters.

John Kenyon Winterbottom absconded. (He would later say that he left having "accidentally heard" about the imminent bankruptcy and that he did not then know about the forthcoming forgery charge.) An arrest warrant was issued and a reward of £200 was offered. Rumours were rife: he had been seen on the quayside at Liverpool about to board a ship for America; alternatively he was thought to have gone to France and a police officer was despatched in pursuit. John Kenyon Winterbottom's wife took their daughters to stay with her married sister in the Isle of Man and later moved to Liverpool.

John Kenyon Winterbottom managed to avoid arrest for several years. He would later claim that after having spent time abroad he returned to England in May 1844, wanting to see his wife. On a September day in 1844 two men were walking along Great Howard Street near the river in Liverpool when they saw a miserably clad emaciated man whom they recognised. Mindful of the reward they gave chase, enlisting the assistance of a policeman they met during the chase. John Kenyon Winterbottom was found trying to hide between a farmhouse and cowshed. Subsequently at Chester Assizes John Kenyon Winterbottom was found guilty of forgery. The facts seemed indisputable so why did he plead "Not guilty"? He had for several years been authorised as the confidential agent of the Isherwood family. Perhaps he saw his actions as legitimate within that role. But it seems he was unable to appreciate how it would appear to others that he had signed in the names of Mrs Isherwood and her daughters; had received and used the money; and had given a false explanation of why they were having to wait for payment.

Sentence was delayed for several months to allow the Exchequer Chamber to consider points of law raised by the case. At Chester Assizes in April 1845 John Kenyon Winterbottom was sentenced to be transported for life. An observer noted that John Kenyon Winterbottom "appeared deeply affected, as also did many others in the court." After a time in the prison at Chester John Kenyon Winterbottom was held with other criminals at Millbank prison situ-

ated close to the River Thames in London. John Kenyon Winterbottom may have been taken out of sight of his family and associates but he was certainly not out of mind. There was widespread disquiet at the severe implications of the sentence; disquiet which generated action. While ever John Kenyon Winterbottom remained at Millbank his supporters sustained the hope that his sentence might be reduced to involve imprisonment in England. In accordance with the practice at the time pleas for mitigation were considered not by the judge at the time of passing sentence but subsequently by the Home Secretary and his officials. Within two weeks of the sentence the Cheshire MP John Tollemarche presented a petition signed by eminent men of Stockport and district, including almost every magistrate and clergyman. George Chappell, chairman of what was now known as the Bank of Manchester lost no time in putting forward the bank's interest. The bank had made loans to John Kenyon Winterbottom of some £16,000, secured in part by a life insurance policy the premiums of which were being paid by the bank. The policy would become void if John Kenyon Winterbottom were to travel beyond Europe or to die at sea. So the sentence of transportation would bring the bank a loss of some £5,000. The implications of transportation for John Kenyon Winterbottom's wife and daughters were immense. His wife Lucy Ann Winterbottom was by now living in Chester where she was assisted by Charles Tayler, rector of Chester. He had never met John Kenyon Winterbottom but responded to Lucy Ann Winterbottom's plight. He added weight to her immediate letter to the Home Secretary. She emphasised that in punishing her husband "the severity of the law will fall with dreadful weight upon us." Perhaps sourly she ended her letter with a prayer for God's blessing on Sir James Graham, the Home Secretary, as a father and husband. The force of her appeal was strengthened in a remarkable way. Her letter was accompanied by a letter from Elizabeth Isherwood, who could be said to have been the victim of the forgery. She, a widow, wrote in an attempt to save Lucy Ann Winterbottom and her children from the permanent loss of a husband and father.

None of these pleas achieved any mitigation of the sentence. But further efforts on John Kenyon Winterbottom's behalf were already under way. On 22 April about 200 people gathered at the Bull's Head in Stockport Market Place as part of a campaign to raise a public petition: Stockport was divided into canvassing areas; separate petitions were promoted for men and for women; contributions were expected from Manchester and Liverpool. Three weeks later the three leading petitioners set off to address the Home Secretary in London. Robert Grundy, Thomas Cartwright and John Hamer carried petitions holding more than 20,000 signatures: they also held a letter of introduction from Edward Alderson, a senior judge. He had recommended them to accept that transportation was inevitable and to plead that John Kenyon Winterbottom should be spared the horrors of the penal colony of Norfolk Island

in favour of a period of imprisonment on Van Diemen's Land (Tasmania). Alderson envisaged that it would then be feasible for John Kenyon Winterbottom's wife and daughters to settle there. But that appeal was rejected.

Time was running out: on 19 August an eye-witness watched as 200 prisoners, John Kenyon Winterbottom amongst them, were marched down steps from Millbank prison to two river steamers fancifully named Nymph and Fairy. Several of John Kenyon Winterbottom's friends were present to take what would be a last sight of him. "His appearance was better than might be expected in the circumstances; and he seemed pleased when he was recognised by some who did not forget his kindness when he was placed in a different situation." At Woolwich the prisoners were transferred aboard the ocean-going ship Mayda.

Separately Charles Tayler and Robert Grundy made further attempts to secure some mitigation. Robert Grundy wrote "Surely it is not too late to withdraw him from the ship?" Charles Tayler submitted a medical report from Richard Flint, formerly John Kenyon Winterbottom's doctor, who described inflammation of the kidneys: John Kenyon Winterbottom was totally unfit for severe labour. On 26 August William Baly, medical officer of Millbank prison, under instruction from the Home Office, examined John Kenyon Winterbottom on board the Mayda. He declared John Kenyon Winterbottom fit for transportation. Mayda set sail on 29 August. In November the ship called for provisions at the Cape of Good Hope and reached Norfolk Island, Australia on 8 January 1846, despite having lost her top masts a few days earlier. Norfolk Island lies in the Pacific Ocean, almost 900 miles east of the mainland of Australia and at this time was occupied solely as a penal colony. Daniel Jones, a corporal on military duty in Hobart, wrote to his father Thomas Jones, a carpenter living in Chester. His account of John Kenyon Winterbottom being robbed of £180 on arrival at Norfolk island found its way into newspapers in England. There is some evidence that John Kenyon Winterbottom was spared some of the harshness of the colony's hard labour regime, being required to work as a clerk in the engineer's office: a benefit which generated resentment amongst some of his fellow convicts. He remained at Norfolk Island until March 1847. His exemplary conduct was noticed by a number of those in authority; and when he along with 300 other prisoners boarded the sailing ship Pestonjee Bomanjee for transfer to Tasmania he carried with him important testimonials: from Thomas Rogers, chaplain, an outspoken critic of the Norfolk Island regime; John Ison, chaplain; George Bolt and Henry Blackford, superintendents, and perhaps most significantly an endorsement from John Price, civil commandant. During the voyage John Kenyon Winterbottom acquired a further testimonial from Colin Arrott Browning, surgeon superintendent of the Pestonjee Bomanjee.

John Kenyon Winterbottom's new home was the Cascades probation station, housed in a collection of recently built brick and stone buildings situated on the north coast of the Tasman peninsula. There the principal activity of convicts was cutting timber, but as a result of a recommendation from Colin Arrott Browning, John Kenyon Winterbottom was immediately made a monitor in the school maintained on site. As on Norfolk Island his exemplary conduct was noticed by a number of those in authority. In particular Francis Brownrigg, a Hobart clergyman who worked at Cascades station as a religious instructor was moved to offer assistance. Three months after John Kenyon Winterbottom's arrival at Cascades Francis Brownrigg wrote to Thomas Nolan, incumbent of St Barnabas church in Liverpool: he enclosed the testimonials brought from Norfolk Island and asked that they be forwarded to John Kenyon Winterbottom's wife to support a further application for mitigation. Brownrigg reported that John Kenyon Winterbottom had received a letter from her, written a year earlier, and intended to write to her through the proper channels. He was in moderate health and "expecting to hear from her every post." It seems that Lucy Anne Winterbottom received the testimonials and sent them to Charles Tayler, who had by now moved from his parish in Chester to that of Otley near Ipswich. In May 1848 Charles Tayler sent the testimonials to the Home Office: "though I cannot hope at present for any commutation of the convict's sentence the testimonials may produce a favourable impression." A Home Office official made dismissive note on the papers: "Nothing is asked at present." In parallel John Kenyon Winterbottom addressed his own appeal to Queen Victoria. He challenged the legality of his sentence. He had been the authorised agent of the individuals concerned. Furthermore the sentence was invalid because it had been passed by a judge who had not heard full details of the case, the trial judge having died before the sentencing hearing. This appeal was forwarded by William Denison, lieutenant governor of Tasmania; and then by Herman Merivale, permanent under-secretary for the Colonies. It was not until May 1849 that a decision was reached to reject the appeal.

In the meantime John Kenyon Winterbottom was confined and occupied at the Cascades station. In January 1849 he became eligible to work for a civilian employer. He was assigned to successive employers in Hobart, including William Turner, proprietor of the Bowling Green Hotel, and John Watts, proprietor of a private academy. There appears to be no surviving evidence of when the news reached John Kenyon Winterbottom that in March 1849, in Stockport, his wife had died.

One of her brothers, James Newton, continued to be mindful of John Kenyon Winterbottom's circumstances. Together he and William Newland Welsby, a Cheshire barrister who had earlier represented John Kenyon Winterbottom,

submitted a fresh petition to the Home Office. This petition was signed by some 150 leading Stockport men, headed by John Boothroyd, mayor and Charles Kenrick Prescott, rector. With the petition were enclosed testimonials of John Kenyon Winterbottom's exemplary conduct as a convict, including a commendation from William Turner of The Bowling Green Hotel and reports from Cascades station by two visiting magistrates, a convict superintendent and a chaplain. Yet again the Home Secretary and his advisors saw no reason to amend the original sentence: "The respectability of the persons signing the petition and the testimonials is undoubted but the case remains the same." This, numbered by the Home Office as the ninth submission, would prove the last appeal on John Kenyon Winterbottom's behalf.

In December 1853 John Kenyon Winterbottom was assigned as an assistant to Arthur Perry, a solicitor active in the public and commercial life of Hobart. Perhaps John Kenyon Winterbottom saw parallels between his earlier life in Stockport and Arthur Perry's position and range of interests. In March 1855 Arthur Perry was elected a member of the Tasmanian Legislative Council. In August John Kenyon Winterbottom was granted a conditional pardon: the main condition being that he did not return to England. He now held the formal status of solicitor's clerk. But not for long. In November Arthur Perry suffered a sudden fatal illness. John Kenyon Winterbottom was involved in dealing with Perry's immediate financial affairs, as it became clear that Perry's estate was insolvent. He then appears to have secured employment with Frederick Robert Lees who combined private practice as a solicitor with the office of town clerk. The post of assistant town clerk of Hobart became available in January 1856: John Kenyon Winterbottom was one of 34 applicants, but was not successful. It was not long before he saw a further opportunity. The post of town clerk of Hobart, with an annual salary of £300, became vacant. In July 1857 against competition from fourteen other applicants, including Henry Wilkinson who had earlier beaten John Kenyon Winterbottom to the post of assistant town clerk, John Kenyon Winter-



*John Kenyon Winterbottom
With permission of the Tasmanian
Government*

bottom was successful. He then appears to have secured employment with Frederick Robert Lees who combined private practice as a solicitor with the office of town clerk. The post of assistant town clerk of Hobart became available in January 1856: John Kenyon Winterbottom was one of 34 applicants, but was not successful. It was not long before he saw a further opportunity. The post of town clerk of Hobart, with an annual salary of £300, became vacant. In July 1857 against competition from fourteen other applicants, including Henry Wilkinson who had earlier beaten John Kenyon Winterbottom to the post of assistant town clerk, John Kenyon Winter-

bottom was appointed. A newspaper editorial claimed that the appointment was irregular: as town clerk Frederick Robert Lees had attended the private selection meeting, but he was also John Kenyon Winterbottom's employer. John Kenyon Winterbottom had produced testimonials from six local worthies and a seventh testimonial signed by a number of Stockport residents, including solicitors, recommending him as "a person of great legal attainments."

In England a number of newspapers reported the appointment: the Chester Chronicle added the headline "Good Luck at Last." It is tantalising to wonder whether John Kenyon Winterbottom's two daughters learned this news. Following their mother's death in 1849 Frances Mary and Lucy Anne Winterbottom were cared for by their mother's sisters, settling in Southport, where they remained, unmarried, living together throughout their adult lives. From Frances Jones, one their mother's sisters they inherited investments in the Thornset Turnpike Trust and the surviving records of the Trust at Derbyshire Record Office include impeccably polite letters written by one or other of the sisters on behalf of them both, asking about and acknowledging the payment of interest on their investment.

In Hobart John Kenyon Winterbottom held the office of town clerk for ten years. By 1867, by which time he had reached his late seventies, his performance at work was causing some misgivings. How might aldermen confront the deteriorating competence of a venerable senior employee? At the end of a meeting of Hobart council in July 1867 the oldest alderman, David Lewis, grasped the nettle. He proposed that John Kenyon Winterbottom should be given a period of leave, after which he might be able to return to duty. This was enough to allow the unspeakable to be voiced. Newspaper reporters were excluded and discussion continued in private. The council resolved that John Kenyon Winterbottom should be asked to resign by the end of the month: in return he would be paid a year's salary. But there was more that could now be voiced. The mayor was now told about a financial irregularity. Two years earlier John Kenyon Winterbottom had re-issued council debentures, made no record of the transaction and received £400 which he had not paid into the council's accounts. John Kenyon Winterbottom explained that there had been some confusion at the time and that he would repay the money. But no repayment was made; John Kenyon Winterbottom was dismissed from his post and charged with embezzlement. At his trial in September, in an uncanny reflection of his earlier trial in Chester he accepted the facts of his actions but pleaded not guilty. His advocates spoke in court of the difficulty they faced in representing him, but suggested that the issue was more to do with the inadequate state of the council's records than about misappropriation of funds. One of those who gave prosecution evidence was Henry Wil-

kinson, John Kenyon Winterbottom's long serving assistant who by the time of the trial had been appointed town clerk. The jury found John Kenyon Winterbottom guilty. The judge said that in determining the length of a prison sentence he was mindful that John Kenyon Winterbottom might not live long enough to complete the sentence. A sentence was passed of two years imprisonment.

John Kenyon Winterbottom served the full length of his sentence in Hobart prison. He was released in September 1869, a few weeks after his eightieth birthday. No record has been found of the last years of his life. He died in Hobart in May 1872. Did his daughters learn of his death? Perhaps not. Frances Mary died in 1894 and Lucy Anne in 1919. Following Lucy Anne's death her estate was the subject of a case in the Chancery court. The court felt it necessary to guard against the possibility that John Kenyon Winterbottom had heirs in Tasmania. In 1922 an advertisement appeared in a Hobart newspaper: John Kenyon Winterbottom "went to Tasmania in 1845 and is believed to have lived in Hobart Town until the date of his death. The date of his death is not known, nor is anything known of his relatives."

***Roger Jennens (member 3799)
1 Horseshoe Mews,
Matlock, DE4 3SY
E-mail: jennens@hotmail.com***

A detailed list of references is available from the author

APT NAME??

In the baptisms for Derby St Luke in 1910 was the following- Evelyn Mildred, dau of Harold John Batterham and Eva Mildred of 53 Arundel Street.

Nothing strange about that you may be thinking. Well, true, except that father was a police constable – can you just imagine standing in court and saying your name, perhaps he really did "batter em" when he caught a criminal.

The Warners of Mickleover (and Beyond) – Part 4

It now only remains for me to look at the family of my great-grandfather Joseph Warner; eldest child of Job and Elizabeth (nee Bamford).

Joseph was born in Mickleover on August 31st 1873 when his father was a railway labourer, and he was baptized on March 14th 1875 in All Saints. He married Sarah Jane Storer in All Saints on May 25th 1895; their marriage certificate shows that his brother Samuel and his future wife Mary Annie Elmes were the witnesses. Sarah Jane was the daughter of William Storer and Ann (nee Mansell, from Minsterley in Salop) who had married on June 13th 1876 – just 11 days before Sarah Jane was born when William (a widower) was aged 64 and Ann was aged 29. William died on October 22nd 1876 and so they were married for just over four months. William had made his Will on August 17th of that year, in which he directed that the money obtained from the sale by public auction of all his “*goods, stock in trade, farming stock, farming implements, crops...*” should be put out to interest for the maintenance and education of Sarah Jane until she was 16 – when the money invested was to become the property of Ann. William made provision for what should happen if Ann died before Sarah Jane was 16; but he didn’t make any provision for what should happen if Ann remarried. (Ann did remarry – to Nathaniel Smith, in November 1880.) Only if both Ann and Sarah Jane died before Sarah Jane reached 21 was William’s money to be divided among the children of his first wife.

In the 1901 census Joseph, a bricklayer, and Sarah J had three young children; Joseph H (5), Emily M (3) and Job E (1). They were living at Sebastopol Terrace – next door but one to the Masons Arms.

There was an article in “*The Derby Daily Telegraph*” of Friday, March 20th 1903, and repeated the following day, under “*To-day’s Police News*” and headed “*Anti-Vaccinations in Mickleover*”:

“Ephram Clark, stoker, of Mickleover, Joseph Warner, bricklayer, of Mickleover, John Henry Holbrook, joiner, of Mickleover, John Pym, labourer, of Mickleover, William Fram, joiner, of Mickleover, and Arthur Tilley, of the Spread Eagle Inn, were summoned by Frank Payne, the vaccination officer for the Burton-on-Trent Union for not having their children vaccinated. None of the defendants appeared, and Mr. Richardson (Burton-on-Trent) appeared to prosecute on behalf of the vaccination officer. Mr. Richardson said that the proceedings were taken under Section 31 of the Vaccination Act of 1867. Although there were six cases, since the summonses had been served four of the defendants had had their children vaccinated. The defendants in

question were Warner, Pym, Tilley and Fram and he asked that the cases against them might be withdrawn on their paying the costs."

At the time of the 1911 census Joseph and Sarah J were living at Sebastopol Terrace in Mickleover with their seven oldest children. Joseph was a bricklayer at the asylum (Pastures Hospital).

In the 1939 Register Joseph and Sarah Warner were living at 47, Station Road in Mickleover; Joseph's occupation was stated as "Bricklayer retired". (Next door, at 49, were Thomas and Annie Warner and their children Dorothy and Joseph – Thomas was the grandson of my great-great grandfather Job's brother William. At no. 51 were Victor and Elsie Knight – when I was a boy they ran the grocers shop in the village. At no. 57 were Horace and Gladys Horner; he was a hairdresser and I recall my visits to his shop to have my haircut!

My great-grandfather Joseph's retirement was the subject of an article in the "Derby Evening Telegraph" headed "On His Retirement – Gift For Foreman Bricklayer at Mickleover" on Friday, November 5th 1937. He was 64:

"Mr. Joseph Warner, for 32 years foreman bricklayer on the maintenance staff of the County Mental Hospital, Mickleover, was presented, at the Concert Hall of the Hospital yesterday, with a wallet and notes from colleagues to mark his retirement. Dr. E.L. Hopkins, the Medical Superintendent, made the presentation, on behalf of the 176 subscribers, and among those present were Mr. J.J. Shortle, the resident Engineer. Dr. Hopkins stated that Mr. Warner was leaving behind many friends, who had learned to appreciate the sterling qualities that he had displayed throughout his career. Expressing his thanks, Mr. Warner said that he had always tried to work in unison with everybody, because to make work a success, friendship was necessary. Mr. Warner, who has lived in Mickleover all his life, was secretary of the Mickleover Band, which is now defunct, for 40 years, and has won many prizes at horticultural shows in the county."

There was an article in the "Derby Evening Telegraph" on Friday, May 25th 1945 headed "Queen Victoria's Visit a "Golden" Memory":

"Chief among the memories of their married life, recalled by Mr. And Mrs. Joseph Warner, of 43, Havenbault-lane, Mickleover, on their golden wedding day to-day, are a visit by Queen Victoria to Derby, their garden, and the happiness of their 50 years' partnership. "I can remember standing in Victoria-street by the Lord Nelson Inn and seeing a queenly little old lady in a black lace shawl and a mob cap with black roses on it, passing by" Mrs. Warner told a "Telegraph" representative. Mrs. Warner, not content with bringing up 10 children, nine of whom are living, and taking a hand with her 18 grandchildren and

four-months-old great-grandchild, has, in her spare time reared families of chickens, and she was "recognised" with a bedlam of cheeps and cluckings from her happy brood when she proudly showed me round. Of Mr. and Mrs. Warner's six boys, two served in the last war, and the youngest, Jack, is a company clerk in the Sherwood Foresters with five years' service to his credit. He is home on leave. On their wedding day (they were married at All Saints' Church, Mickleover), Mr. and Mrs. Warner were serenaded by the Mickleover Brass Band (now defunct), of which Mr. Warner was secretary for 40 years. Mr. Warner, who has won hundreds of prizes at horticultural shows in the county, was for 32 years foreman bricklayer on the maintenance staff of the County Mental Hospital, Mickleover, retiring in 1937. He returned to work two years ago because of the shortage of skilled men. The pride of his life is his garden, in which he spends every moment of his spare time. In every room of his house is a prized memento of his many successes. Two months ago, when they moved from 47, Station-road, Mickleover, the long back garden of their new home was part of a field. To-day, as the result of one pair of hands, luxury as well as ordinary vegetables are showing their green heads above the soil. There is also well-flowered bed of strawberries and a greenhouse holding a healthy crop of tomatoes – and Mr. Warner is 71 years of age. Mrs. Warner has always done her own cooking, baking and washing, and judging by the piece of cake I tasted she is as successful as a cook as her husband is a gardener."

In the same edition of the paper there was an entry under "*Births, Marriages, Deaths, Etc.*":

"Golden Weddings. Warner-Storer. At All Saints' Church, Mickleover, Joseph Warner to Sarah Jane Storer – Present address, 43, Havenbault-lane, Derby."

Joseph died at 43, Havenbault Lane on April 18th 1953 aged 79. Sarah Jane died at the same address on February 24th 1960 aged 85. They had ten children.

Joseph Henry - my grandfather. He was born in Mickleover on March 8th 1896 and was baptized in All Saints on April 12th 1896. In the 1911 census he was an errand boy for a newsagent.

Joseph formally enlisted with the Territorial Force, for the duration of the War on August 5th 1915; although it seems that he was already enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery (Territorial Division) as a letter from Walker & Slater, Contractors, of Uttoxeter Old Road (where he was "an Apprentice to the Joinery") dated January 4th 1914 stated that they had no objection to this. His Embodied (full-time) Service had begun on January 5th 1915 when he was

posted as a Gunner in the 4th North Midland (Howitzer) Brigade, and he was then posted to 295th Brigade on July 9th 1916. He did not go to France until embarking from Southampton on March 13th 1917 (disembarking in Le Havre the following day), but I think I have found an explanation for this.

According to information both on the internet and in “*59th Division 1915-18*” a “collection of reminiscences” originally published in 1926, the 295th was a Royal Artillery Brigade in the 59th Division which was a Territorial second-line division (2nd N Midland) that came into existence in January 1915 when 10,000 men of all ranks were sent from their counties in ten days and were received and billeted in the Luton area, moving to St Albans in July 1915. After inspection in the autumn the Division was reported as organised for war – the first of the second line divisions to be ready for service. It was detailed as the Mobile Division for Defence of the Coast but drafts had by then begun to leave for France, being replaced by new recruits. These second-line divisions all suffered greatly from lack of equipment of all sorts, and training was inevitably affected. In April 1916, following the Easter uprising, the Division had been sent to Dublin when it became apparent that additional forces would be required to put down the rebellion. After suppressing the troubles the Division was sent to the Curragh where it engaged in war training for the rest of the year, again being called upon to supply large drafts for the first line divisions. In January 1917 orders were received to move to Salisbury Plain and train for overseas and by the end of the month the Division was based at Fovant, near Salisbury.

This would explain why Joseph’s Service Records show that he spent just over 3 months in Curragh hospital with a “Peri Nephric Abscess”; being discharged from hospital on February 7th 1917. The day after his arrival in France he was “Granted Class I Proficiency Pay”.

Following the Armistice Joseph attended “59 Div. RE School” from December 14th 1918 to January 29th 1919. He embarked from Dunkirk on June 9th 1919 and was “demobbed” on July 14th.

Joseph married Hilda Day from Luton in All Saints, Mickleover on September 25th 1920; the witnesses were Evelyn Kirkland, Joseph’s future sister-in-law (see Job Edward, below), and Arthur Smith.

Their daughter Joyce was born on March 21st 1926 at their home in Cedar Street in Derby. The family moved back to Mickleover, to 27, Station Road, about a year later. According to Peter Brown in “*Mickleover Born & Bred*” 16 houses on the east side of what was then Goosecroft Lane (later Station Road) had been built in the early 1920’s by Morley & Sons of Derby for a contract valued at £13,742.18s.11d with residents paying an initial rent of 10/

- (50p) per week. At one stage Warners occupied three of this row of council houses; as well as Joseph at No. 27 there was Samuel at No. 31 and Horace at No. 37.

In the 1939 Register Joseph and Hilda were recorded as living at 27, Station Road in Mickleover; Joseph's occupation was stated as "Carpenter, Building Trade" and Hilda's as "unpaid domestic duties". The closed record would be that of my mother, Joyce.

Joseph died aged 70 at his home, 32, Park Road in Mickleover, on February 27th 1967. I can clearly remember the day he died; he always used to come to our house for lunch on weekdays. His death was announced in the "*Derby Evening Telegraph*":

"WARNER – On February 27, 1967 (suddenly), at 32 Park Road, Mickleover, Joseph Henry Warner, aged 70 years, the beloved husband of the late Hilda and dear father of Joyce. Funeral Thursday. Cortege to leave 102 Station Road, Mickleover, for service and cremation Markeaton Crematorium at 1.15 p.m. Any flowers may be sent to the Derby Co-operative Funeral Service, Normanton Road."

There was also a report in the paper:

"A well-known Mickleover man, Mr. Joe Warner (70), of 32 Park Road, formerly a building worker, was found dead at his home yesterday. He worked at Pastures Hospital for many years and was yard foreman there. He and his father were members of Mickleover Brass band. Mr. Warner leaves a daughter, Mrs. Joyce Baker, of Station Road, Mickleover."

My grandmother Hilda Warner had died aged 64 in Derby City Hospital on February 7th 1962.

Emily Marion. Her birth certificate shows that she was born in Mickleover on September 4th 1897 – the same year that her father's youngest sibling was born! She was baptized in All Saints on October 10th 1897.

In the 1911 census she was a "nurse girl (domestic)". She married William Thomas Smith in All Saints, Mickleover on June 4th 1917. On their marriage certificate the witnesses were Joseph Warner (presumably Emily's brother, but could have been her father) and Ada Baldwin (presumably Emily's aunt, nee Warner). Emily was a domestic servant and William a chauffeur. Their son Arthur William had been born in Mickleover on May 23rd 1917 and they were married by the time his birth was registered on June 26th when William was recorded as being a private in the army.

In the 1939 Register Emily and William were living at 8, Hill View in Mudford, Yeovil with their children Arthur and Iris; one record is closed. William was a “general labourer at glove manufacturers” and Arthur also worked for a glove manufacturer.

According to my mother, my grandfather used to go and stay with his sister Emily and her family in Yeovil and I can recall at least one such occasion. An Iris Smith whose mother was a Warner was born in Yeovil in 1921.

Emily died in Yeovil in 1971. Her husband William died in 1968. Emily and William also had a son, Alec (c1932). My mother thinks that Alec attended her father’s funeral in 1967.

Job Edward. He was born in Micklegate on November 8th 1899 according to his birth certificate and he was baptized in All Saints on December 8th 1899. In the 1911 census he was still at school. He married Evelyn Kirkland in All Saints, Micklegate on June 24th 1922; he was an electrician according to their marriage certificate and she was from Moor Lane in Micklegate. The witnesses were Job’s brother Reg, his sister Hilda Maggie (although she would have been only 11) and Arthur Smith (again – I think he was Job’s mother Sarah-Jane’s step-brother). Job and Evelyn had two children; Jean (born in 1923) and Donald (born in 1928).

In the 1939 Register Job and Evelyn were living at 53, Vicarage Road in Micklegate. Two records are closed. Job was a “Foreman Electrician (with Borough of Derby) and an ARP Warden.

Reginald Arthur. His birth certificate shows that he was born in Micklegate on January 15th 1902. He married Lilian Irene Dunstan at Derby Register Office on May 11th 1925; according to their marriage certificate he was an engineer fitter and she was a hospital nurse from Heanor. Reginald’s address was given as 69, Cedar Street in Derby; this was where Reg’s niece Joyce was born in 1926; was he therefore living with his older brother Joseph and his wife? Neither of the witnesses appeared to be from either family. He and his wife had three children; Iris (born 1925), Sylvia (born 1929) and Laurence (born 1937). In the 1939 Register Reginald and Lilian were living at 2, Warner Street in Micklegate. Three records are closed. Reginald was a garage mechanic.

There was a report in the “*Derby Evening Telegraph*” on Tuesday July 14th 1942:

“Lilian Irene Warner (40), of 2, Warner-street, Micklegate, was bound over for 12 months for stealing from the store (Marks and Spencer’s in

Derby) on Saturday a pyjama suit, two pairs of socks, three pairs of knickers, and two torch batteries. Her husband was also bound over as a guarantor of her good behaviour."

George Percy. He was known as Percy and was born in Mickleover on March 16th 1904 according to his birth certificate. Percy George Warner married Gertrude Elsie Sampson in All Saints, Mickleover on July 20th 1929 according to their marriage certificate with his brother Joseph a witness. My mother was a bridesmaid. There was a report on their wedding in "*The Derbyshire Advertiser*" of July 26th 1929:

"Pretty Wedding. – On Saturday a wedding took place at All Saints' Church, the bride being Miss Elsie Samson, eldest daughter of Mr. Samson, Shelton Lock, and the late Mrs. Samson. The bridegroom was Mr. Percy Warner, fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. J Warner, of Mickleover. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. R.C. Bindley. Given away by her father, the bride was dressed in ivory crepe marocain trimmed with pearl embroidery. Her veil was caught with a wreath and she carried a sheaf of lilies. In attendance were Miss Hilda Warner (sister of the bridegroom), Miss Evelyn Samson (sister of the bride), and Miss Joyce Warner (niece of the bridegroom). The former two wore blue marocain, and the latter pale yellow silk. Mr. Cyril Warner acted as best man."

In an article in the "*Derby Evening Telegraph*" on Thursday, December 24th 1936:

"For failing to notify the Derbyshire County Council of the change of ownership of a motor-cycle, Percy George Warner, joiner, 28 Vicarage -toad, Mickleover, was fined 15s,"

In the 1939 Register George Percy and Gertrude were living in Silverhill Cottage in Radbourne. Two records are closed. Percy was a "Joiner & Carpenter Private Estate". They had Peter (c1930) and Pauline (c1940).

In "*Mickleover Born & Bred*" Peter Brown states that Percy was appointed caretaker of the Infants' School in 1959 and that he began his duties as the new school traffic warden on July 4th 1966. (I can recall my grandfather talking to Percy when he took me to school). Also, that in 1967 Elsie retired as Cook Supervisor at the Junior School after 22 years' service to Mickleover Schools. She had been appointed as cook in 1945 when the school canteen commenced serving dinners. She had won the award for the best cook in the Derbyshire Education School Meals Service three times in four year – being placed second in the intervening year, 1960. George Percy died in 1971 and Gertrude died in 1988.

Cyril Walter. He was born on October 21st 1907. His birth certificate gives both the place of birth and the residence of his mother as Warner Street. The family must therefore have been one of the first to move into Warner Street; in "*Mickleover Born & Bred*" Peter Brown states that plans to build fourteen "cottages" just off Goosecroft Lane in what became known as Warner Street were submitted in 1905 with the rest of the terraced houses being built in 1908.

Cyril married Eileen Keenan, who was from Stoke-on-Trent, in Newcastle-under-Lyme on April 13th 1936. Their marriage certificate shows they were married in the Roman Catholic Chapel there and that Cyril, of 13, The Square, Mickleover, was an "Iron Foundry Fettle". Eileen's brother Jack was one of the witnesses. Their children were Kathleen (born c1938), Ian (c1942) and Ivan (c1946) – all born in Derby.

In the 1939 Register Cyril and Eileen were living at 20, Mathews Street in Alvaston, Derby. One record is closed. Cyril was an "Iron Fettle".

My mother thinks that as a very little girl she stayed one night with Cyril and Eileen – before they had any children. Eileen died in Alvaston in December 1973 (Cyril having died on December 13th 1956, aged 49).

Hilda Margorie. She was born in Mickleover on August 29th 1910 according to her birth certificate and baptized in All Saints on December 11th 1910. Hilda married William Gibbs, from Winshill near Burton, in All Saints on June 8th 1935. According to their marriage certificate her sister Lily was a witness and Hilda's address was given as 13, The Square in Mickleover.

In the 1939 Register Hilda and William Gibbs were living at 45, Siddalls Street in Burton with their son Roderick. Two records are closed – presumably their other children Brian (c1937) and Anthony (c1939); they also had Pauline (c1943). William was a joiner.

Jack Leslie. His birth certificate shows that he was born in Mickleover on December 16th 1913. He and his wife Nancy did not have any children. They lived in a bungalow on Havenbault Lane or Avenue when they were first married (next door or close to Jack's sister Lily and her husband) before moving to a house on Jackson Avenue. Jack kept budgerigars and my grandparents went to stay to look after the birds when Jack and Nancy went away. Jack and Fanny Whittaker were, according to their marriage certificate, married on October 9th 1937 in Church Gresley. Jack was a "Grocer's assistant" and his brother Cyril was one of the witnesses.

In the 1939 Register Jack and Fanny were living at 38, Haven Baulk Lane. Jack was a "Shop Assistant, Grocery Dept."

Lily Doreen. She was born in Mickleover on March 24th 1916 according to her birth certificate and was baptized in All Saints on August 13th 1916. Lily married Joseph Alfred Henry (Harry) Hudson, a delivery man of 3, Pastures Lodge, in All Saints on March 29th 1937. On their marriage certificate her address was given as 13, The Square.

In the 1939 Register Lily and Joseph were living at 40, Haven Baulk Avenue. Joseph was a "Bread & Grocery Van man". They had Terence (c1941) and Colleen (c1946).

Wilfred Frederick. He died on May 10th 1919 at the age of 4 months from vomiting and convulsions. His death certificate shows that his death was registered by his brother R (Reg) Warner of Warner Street who had been present at the death and would have been barely 17 at the time.

I do have more information on some of the younger generations of the above families and would be happy to share this with anyone who has an interest.

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

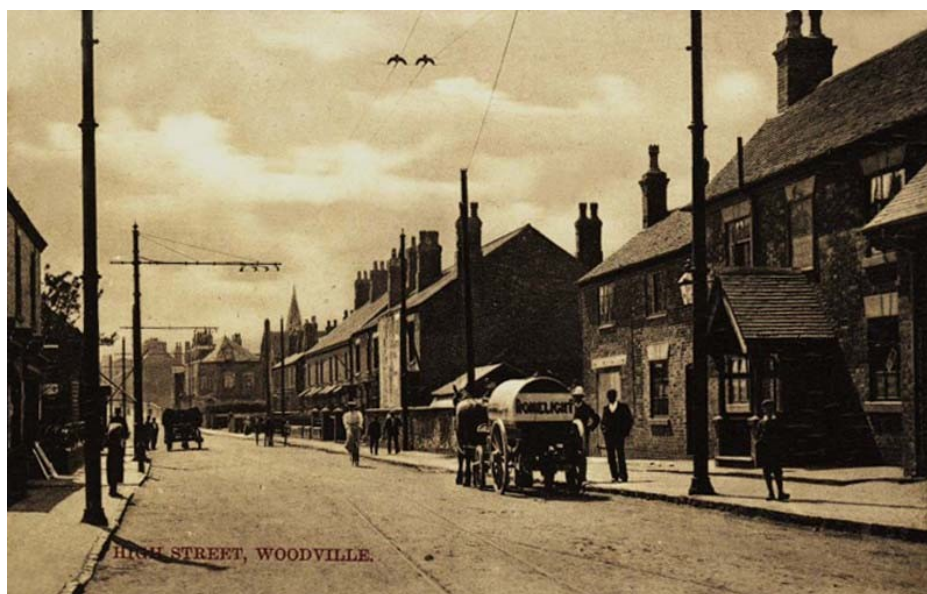
A CAUTIONARY TALE

The following will surely operate as a caution to dram drinkers.

Two young men assisted in unloading a waggon of some casks of spirits at Stoney Middleton one day last week, and for their trouble were liberally paid by libations of the destructive liquor. Not satisfied, however, with what they had drank, they rode in the waggon up Eyam Dale, and by staving the casks that were yet in the waggon, or by means provided by the waggoner, they received such farther supplies of the baneful liquid as caused them to fall down drunk by the way side, where they remained all night. In the morning, when they were found, one of them was dying, and the life of the other is despaired of!

Derby Mercury, 16 Apr 1789

Box or Woodville. Which?



Most people finish life in a “Wooden Box”, but there was a time when people started life at “Wooden Box”, as I discovered whilst researching William Eardley (1824-1904) in my family tree. His birth record shows his place of birth as Box in Derbyshire. I had no idea where Box was so I searched on the internet and found the following extract in Derbyshire Life and Countryside dated 1 Feb 2010.

“Mike Smith takes a walk round this settlement on the county’s southern border that’s turned from a Box to a town and is now part of a Forest, was a place called Box. It was so small that its only significant structure was a box where a toll-collector could take refuge when he was not collecting money from users of the Burton-Ashby turnpike.

According to local historian Stuart Allen, the toll collector’s shelter probably resembles a sentry box with a seat inside it, although one legend has it that the refuge was nothing more substantial than a port wine butt with one of its sides removed.

In 1774, Derby Mercury reported that the box had been broken open by some

villains who burnt it to the ground when they could find no money inside it.

As a local farmer called James Onions discovered, Woodville's real fortune was to be found in the ground. In 1790, he founded a pottery to make good use of some clay deposits that had been discovered in the area. Thanks to the success of his venture, exploitation of the seams of clay began in earnest and many more pot works sprang up. By 1835, there were no fewer than six manufacturers of ironstone and coarse earthenware in the district.

Wooden Box grew and grew. Collieries began to appear on the rim of the settlement to unearth the coal that had been found alongside the clay deposits. Crate manufacturers sprang up to produce secure containers for the brittle pottery products; rope making business were set up to manufacture the strong cords needed to bring clay and coal to the surface; a breweries and public houses were established to fortify the workers. By this time, the toll-gate had become a hub at the intersection of five roads and the toll-collector had been provided with something rather more substantial than a wooden box.

In 1845, the Anglicans of the district decided that it was time for the growing community to have a parish church and they set about raising funds to bring their plans to fruition. They also suggested that a village with a nice new church deserved to have a name with a rather more 'euphonious' ring to it. As a result Wooden Box became Woodville. However, it would seem that the new place-name took some time to catch on because the police cell that was built in the following year was defiantly inscribed with the title "Wooden Box Lock-up House". In fact, the original name of the settlement is still used by a good number of local people to this day. Some even use the abbreviation of 'Box'."

Valerie Garton

E-mail: valerie.garton@sky.com

On 3 April 1840 Thomas Smith was to be released from Derby Gaol, where he had served three months for assaulting a police officer. At 4am in the morning, however, he died. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the Coroner's inquest was held at the Gaol, where the body was viewed and a verdict returned of "Died by the Visitation of God".

Finding Mr Wright or Hunt the Cowkeeper : Part II Death and Burial

In the previous article I described how I was able to identify the parents of my 4 times great-grandfather Joseph Wright as Samuel Wright of Stenson and Judith Tempest of Duffield. This article describes how with the Society's help I finally managed to track down Joseph's death and burial.

The Barrow Burials

Ruth had explained that Stenson (Joseph's birthplace) was a hamlet included with Twyford in the parish of Barrow upon Trent. This comprised two churches, Barrow itself and the chapelry of Twyford with Stenson. It wasn't clear which of the churches was used by the Wrights although Joseph's birthplace of Stenson suggested Twyford. I checked out as many Wright Barrow-upon-Trent parish burials, marriages and baptisms as I could find. One entry, for Sarah Wright one of Joseph's sisters, in Pallot's Marriage Index for her marriage by licence in 1811 to Robert Batelle of All Saints, Derby described her as "of Twyford". Joseph's father Samuel Wright was also named in his 1806 will as "of Twyford". According to the Church of England database records, the lay patron of the Twyford with Stenson chapel (who had the right to nominate its minister) was named in 1752, 1756 and 1773 as John Tempest Borrow Esq, a further Tempest connection. Twyford it was then.

My Derby cousin had drawn my attention to a couple of FamilySearch burial records at Barrow upon Trent. One was for a 75 year old Mary Wright buried 11th June 1868. The second was for the burial of an 82 year old Joseph Wright on 14 January 1879. The first matched Joseph's wife Mary who died on 7th June 1868. My cousin visited Twyford churchyard but could find no trace of the burials of Joseph and Mary Wright. Joseph Wright of Lodge Lane would surely have intended to be buried with his wife. But where was his death certificate? The only one in my possession fitting this date was no. 5 for the "gentleman" who had died at Bonsall on 9th January 1879, previously dismissed on both counts. Studying it I suddenly spotted that the cause of death (senile decay) was certified by "J W Wright MRCS". GRO certificates are transcribed from the originals. "F W" for Frederick William could be misread as "J W". Even if it wasn't Frederick, given the tendency for Wright men to pursue medical and in particular surgical careers, it was probably another member of the clan.

Eminent Operating Surgeon

Another related burial in the Barrow-upon-Trent parish was that of John Wright the surgeon, Joseph's elder brother. Born 1781 John was already a

surgeon in 1806 when he was named as his father Samuel's executor. His home and practice in 1841 was at 9 Friargate. He served 36 years at the Derby General Infirmary founded in 1810 ending his career as its senior surgeon on his retirement in 1849. To mark that event a dinner was given by his friends attended by the Mayor and a "*large attendance of the Medical Profession*" who celebrated uproariously with toasts "*never heard given with greater enthusiasm*" and "*loud and continuous cheering*". John died 19th May 1850 of "Flens Meloena" at Highfield, Duffield Road. Highfield belonged to his wife Ann Frost, widow of silk manufacturer Ralph Frost. John Wright had married her on 6th March at St Alkmunds, Derby, less than a couple of months before his death. Ann's husband had died two years previously in 1848. John had a son from a previous marriage, also named John Wright, also a surgeon. John Wright the younger married Mary Ann West Briggs daughter of Robert Briggs farmer of Twyford at Twyford by licence on 4th December 1838. I could not trace them further.



As well as the article reporting John Wright's retirement dinner, Ruth also sent me a copy of a newspaper notice of his burial. This stated that "*His remains were interred at the family vault in Twyford yesterday.*" After a second visit, my cousin located John Wright's grave [photograph]. If this was the Wright family vault, then his brother Joseph would also have been buried close by.

Fraternal inheritance

Ruth Barber was able to furnish a lot of information about John Wright the surgeon including a more legible copy of his will than the National Archives. His brother Joseph was named as one of his executors, the other being the Reverend James Dean, curate of St James the Less adjoining Osmaston Hall. The will did not mention John's son or other children. It left his wife Ann specifically only his "*paintings prints and pictures*". The rest of his estate was subject to the terms of their marriage settlement (not known). Ann was a wealthy woman : in the 1851 and 1861 Censuses she described herself as a "landed proprietress", her household including a cook and two other servants.

John's estate was divided in three, a third going to his brother Joseph, a third to his sister Mary, wife of John Goodman of York (untraced). The remaining third was split between four nieces, Eliza, Joseph's daughter and Jane, Harriet and Eliza the daughters of John's deceased widowed sister Millicent

Child. When Millicent, who had married a law stationer, died of typhus in 1843 her brother John certified her death. This was irregular but offered a precedent for the Wright FRCS certifier of Bonsall Joseph Wright's death. John's death was certified by his nephew Samuel Wright Fearn.

Naming Joseph executor and leaving him a third of his estate suggests a measure of trust and respect. John had six sisters (Elizabeth, Fanny, Mary, Sarah, Judith and Millicent) and two brothers (Samuel and Joseph). He may have intended to concentrate his legacies on those members of the family who he felt most needed support. The legacies to the nieces can't have been that generous. In 1851 two of Millicent's daughters were still working as governesses while Joseph's daughter Eliza was a servant to a Southwell attorney solicitor. However Joseph's legacy could have facilitated the move from Chellaston farm (where he was in 1848) to Green Street (1851 Census).

Baffled by Bonsall

The Twyford parish register at the time of Joseph Wright's burial listed his abode as Matlock. Bonsall is only a few miles from Matlock - unlike Lodge Lane, Derby. All the evidence pointed to Joseph Wright deceased "gentleman" of Bonsall buried at Twyford being the former cowkeeper/ retired tradesman of Lodge Lane, Derby.

Problem No. 2 – where/when did Joseph Wright die/was buried – was now solved but had created a new problem. Why Bonsall? What was he doing there? One possibility was that he was taking a cure at the Matlock spa, made an excursion to Bonsall and collapsed with informant Thomas Loxley (see below) first on the scene. However, senile decay isn't usually compatible with day trips into the hills. Nor could I spot any evidence in the Bonsall Censuses to suggest that people attending the Matlock spa were in the habit of staying in Bonsall in the 1870s.

That left some kind of family connection. I trawled through the Bonsall Censuses from 1841 through to 1871 looking for Wrights, persons born in Wright places (Twyford, Stenson etc), married Wright surnames (Child, Goodman etc), but could find nothing specific except for Fearn (see below).

Riddle of the Ropemaker

Thomas Loxley, the informant on the death certificate, had no obvious connection with the Wright family. He was a ropemaker born c. 1810 with four acres of land living in the Upper Town of Bonsall. His wife's maiden name was Dorothy Gralton. His parents were John Loxley and Mary Abell both born Bonsall who married there in 1801. There are records of Loxley family baptisms in Bonsall church dating back to the 17th century.

Given the senile decay cause of death, another theory was that Joseph Wright had been boarded out with the Loxleys for his own protection, perhaps because of dementia. It was not unknown for families to board out members with mental health issues in rural areas rather than consign them to an asylum. Joseph Wright was in Derby in 1871 and dead by 1881 so if he was with the Loxleys this would not have shown up in the Censuses. However, no records of the Loxleys boarding unrelated strangers appear in the Censuses. If they did so, Joseph Wright appears to have been a one-off case.

Hiding in the Fe(a)rns?

There were a lot of Bonsall residents with the surname of Fern (variously spelt). These included John Fern, a 38 year old lead miner, whose Upper Town household was listed straight after Thomas Loxley in the 1871 Census. A William Fern aged 50 farmer was also living in High Street, Bonsall. According to Glover Vol 2 1833 pp 127-9 quoted on the Wirksworth.org website, "*the Fernes were a family of name and substance here [Bonsall]*". The church contains a memorial to Henry Ferne Esq of Snitterton, Receiver General of the Customs in the reigns of King William, Queen Ann, and George the First who died July 12th 1703. I was excited to discover a possible Loxley-Fern link in the form of Ellen Fern wife of Eli Loxley, son of Thomas Loxley, the informant at Joseph's death. The couple married in May 1869. Could this Ellen Fern be related? Fearn was also the married name of Joseph's sister Fanny Wright, mother of Samuel Wright Fearn. Could there be a connection between the Bonsall Ferns and Fanny Wright's husband, John Fearn the Findern farmer?

Unfortunately Ellen Fern and Eli Loxley's marriage certificate named her father as William Fern, labourer. Her residence was Bonsall, also listed in the 1901 Census as her birthplace. In other Censuses, however, she was listed as born variously in Tideswell or Bakewell. In 1861 she was a 10 year old scholar living in the workhouse at Offcote and Underwood. Curiously in 1911 she was calling herself Ellen Gralton – her mother-in-law's maiden name. But no trace of Wright.

The Flittings of Fanny Wright Fearn

There was however another Bonsall marriage record which did provide a definite link to Joseph Wright's family. On 15th July 1874 Fanny Wright Fearn aged 31 resident Bonsall described as the daughter of George Fearn farmer married John Mortimer aged 44 gentleman resident Bonsall son of David Mortimer farmer. The witnesses were David Mortimer, and Isaac Wrigley (see below).

Fanny Wright Fearn was the illegitimate great-niece of Joseph Wright. She

was born 13th January 1843 in Findern and baptised there on 15th January, the birth certificate and baptismal record listing only her mother's name, Fanny Fearn. Fanny senior could be the Frances Fearn baptised at Findern on 24th February 1811, the daughter of John and Frances[Fanny] Fearn (Joseph's sister). Fanny Fearn the elder was certainly sister to Samuel Wright Fearn. On 23rd April 1849 giving her age as 32 Fanny senior married Isaac Wrigley aged 30 (witness to her daughter Fanny Wright Fearn's marriage – see above) at St Saviour's, Chorlton cum Medlock, Manchester. Isaac was a butler from Altringham. Fanny's residence was shown as St Saviour's district. Her father was listed as John Fearn, farmer. On 4th October 1851 Fanny Wrigley gave birth to a son baptised Samuel Wright Fearn Wrigley, presumably after her brother Samuel Wright Fearn. By the time of the 1861 Census Fanny and Isaac Wrigley had moved to Clifton, Bristol where he was working as a wine merchant's clerk. Living with them was Fanny W Fearn aged 17 milliner born Findern, euphemistically described as "niece".

On 7th September 1870 Fanny W's uncle Samuel Wright Fearn died in Samadán, Switzerland. Probate was awarded in January 1871, the effects recorded as below £10,000. In his will Samuel provided generously for his niece Fanny Wright Fearn, expressing gratitude to her for having looked after him in his last illness. If Fanny used the bequest to purchase an annuity she could be the 26 year old Fanny W Fearn annuitant born Derby listed in the 1871 Census boarding with widow Selina Ambler aged 33 in Bridge Street, Great Driffield, East Yorkshire. I could not find a Wright connection with Mrs Ambler's family. The geography is unfortunately unsupportive. The only previous Wright family link to Yorkshire I was aware of was the marriage of Mary Wright, Joseph's sister, to John Goodman of York mentioned in her brother surgeon John Wright's 1850 will. Great Driffield is a market town some 13 miles inland from Bridlington and around 30 miles east of York. In the same 1871 Census Fanny's future husband John Mortimer, a 41 year old woolstapler, was living in Horton near Bradford where he was born and where his father David Mortimer had a 23 acre farm. Bradford is over 30 miles to the west of York so a significant distance from Driffield. Sadly Fanny Wright Mortimer died less than a year after her marriage later at Bridlington, Yorkshire. Her husband never remarried. Perhaps Fanny Wright and John had met at Bridlington.

Beating about the Bonsall bush

Getting married in Bonsall a good distance from her Findern birthplace made it possible to disguise the circumstances of Fanny's birth and upgrade her Yorkshire woolstapler fiancé to a gentleman (rather like Joseph Wright the deceased cowkeeper).

Frederick William Wright, Joseph Wright's surgeon son, had been his cousin Samuel Wright Fearn's pupil. On Samuel's death Frederick took over his 4 Full Street Derby surgery. He would have known Fanny Wright Fearn as Samuel's carer and heiress. He could scarcely have been ignorant of her illegitimacy. Given his close relationship with her uncle and herself it is hard to believe that he did not know whatever it was which connected Fanny to Bonsall. That could have led to him suggesting it as a suitable secure residence for his ailing father.

But what was Fanny's connection? One theory is that she was indeed resident there as her marriage certificate states. If so, she could have been caring for her great-uncle Joseph Wright there as she had done for her uncle Samuel in Switzerland. But if Fanny was the 1871 Driffield annuitant, why give up living on an annuity to look after a senile relation? After Fanny's 1874 marriage, someone else would have had to look after Joseph until he died in 1879. The Loxleys?

Another theory is that Fanny had a genuine Bonsall Fearn link through her grandfather John Fearn e.g. she was raised there in the household of a member of his family named George Fearn, perhaps John's son or his uncle. I could find nothing to substantiate this theory. Not only were no George Ferns/Fearns recorded in the 1851 and 1841 Censuses for Bonsall but also no Fanny/Frances Ferns/Fearns in 1851 of an appropriate age. George (if he ever existed) and Fanny might have dodged the Enumerator in 1851. According to his BMJ obituary in 1868 Samuel Wright Fearn founded a debating society named the Derby Nomadic Club. Were they nomadic in fact as well as name, like Radio 4's Any Questions? Had they visited Bonsall?

A simpler explanation would be that Uncle Samuel was often asked by patients if he or his niece were related to the Bonsall Ferns. Later, seeking a discreet wedding venue, Fanny must have realised that one more Fearn getting married in Bonsall would hardly attract attention. Bonsall was a convenient place for the Wrights to accommodate awkward family issues such as illegitimate daughters and senile relations.

"Not quite a gentleman" (Mr Salteena in Daisy Ashford's The Young Visitors 1919)

So how much of a gentleman *was* Joseph Wright? Both his brother John Wright and nephew Samuel Wright Fearn, his nephew, styled themselves Esq. They were persons of distinction in the local community as professional men and due to their active involvement in the city's hospitals. In this era it was unusual but not unknown for men of good family to train as surgeons. Lydgate in Middlemarch though poor is well connected with aristocratic rela-

tions but is clearly viewed as an anomaly.

From his 1806 will Samuel Wright of Stenson/Twyford, father to both John and Joseph Wright, appears to have been a tenant farmer rather than a landowner in his own right. His estate consisted of household effects, cows and farming apparatus which he left entirely to his widow Judith. The Probate valuation was under £300 so hardly a lot to support a widow and up to 7 dependent surviving children. When Samuel died, his eldest son John was already a surgeon and his eldest daughter Elizabeth had also married a few years before in 1803 to Benjamin Mourley at Barrow upon Trent i.e. probably Twyford (untraced further). Judith may have kept on the tenancy with Samuel junior born 1792 and other children helping to run the farm. If so, it may have been at Twyford that Joseph gained his cow-keeping skills. In Jane Austen's *Emma*, the snobbish Emma Woodhouse considers young tenant farmer Robert Martin not good enough to marry her protégé Harriet Smith, then believed to be merely the natural daughter of a gentleman. So it is hard to see how Samuel Wright of Stenson could be classed as belonging to the gentry. My aunt noted a reference under "gentry" in an unidentified 1857 Directory to "Wright Joseph, the Hill Chellaston". This is odd since in 1857 Joseph had been cowkeeping in Green Street for at least six years. It is possible that Samuel Wright was a junior member of a grander family with links to Stenson and Twyford.

Frederick William, Joseph's surgeon son, might have aspired to the standing of his uncle John and cousin Samuel. If he certified Joseph's death, he may have seized the opportunity offered by a locality where the Wright family were unknown to enhance his dead father's status. After all, there would be no obvious difference between a dead decayed senile gentleman and a dead decayed senile retired tradesman. I could find no trace of a will for Joseph Wright. He may have died intestate or the estate value fell below the minimum level for probate.

Problem no. 2 – when/where did Joseph die and was he buried was now solved.

Corrections to errors in this article will be gratefully received and any further light which can be shed on this particular Wright family, especially those who remained closer to their Derby roots, will be greatly appreciated.

*Jacqueline Pearce {Mem 8069}
Cowes, Isle of Wight*

Age is just a number

My great grandmother was born in 1853. Her name was Catherine Moye although during her lifetime she became known as Katherine, Kate, Kathrine, or Kathleen. I got the impression that she must have been a whimsical woman because it wasn't only her name that changed to suit her circumstances.

The 1861 and 1871 censuses recorded her age as would be expected at 8 and 18 years respectively. Around 1880 she met and married Robert Cordon who was aged 21 at the time. Catherine's true years should have been 27 but perhaps she felt that 7 years was too great an age difference so she claimed an age of 23, a more modest 2 years older than her new husband.

On to the 1891 census when her true age was 38 but another year shaved off brought her down to 33 and made the age difference from her husband a respectable one year.

Robert died in 1895 leaving on her own for the 1901 census which gave her the opportunity to continue the process and she became 40 instead of a true 48. That would stand her in good stead as she surveyed potential (younger) candidates for a new husband.

The happy day came in 1905 when she married William Charles Sargent, a youthful 33 years. Catherine may have been in a quandary for this event because her real age was 52 but her vanity would not accept a 19 year age difference. However, it was almost as if she had laid the plans for this eventuality. Her declared age in 1901 had been 40 so she lost another year to be a more satisfactory 10 years his senior.

They were still married in 1911 when William's age was recorded as 41 and Catherine's as 49, so now only 8 years older. After that I lost track of her but perhaps she kept up the illusion of defying the advancing years.

I wonder if it was Catherine who coined the phrase '*you're only as old you feel*'?

*Mike Cordon [Mem 8065]
E-mail: cordon2000@yahoo.co.uk*

CHARLESWORTH Coroner's Inquest

A meeting of the ratepayers of the village and neighbourhood was held on Tuesday last, January 17th, at the Independent school-room, in order to take into consideration certain circumstances connected with the recent inquest. Mr James Booth, machinist, was called to the chair, and after a lengthened discussion, the following resolutions were unanimously passed:-

1st That, in the opinion of this meeting, the Coroner's inquest lately held upon the body of Mr Cephas Cooper's child, was wholly unnecessary, inasmuch as the child has been ill for two months previous to its death, and there were no suspicious circumstances connected therewith to render the holding of an inquest necessary. That, in the opinion of this meeting, Police constable Gray exceeded his duty in relation to this business, and that this meeting is of opinion that the police-force ought not to have any pecuniary interest in the getting-up of inquests.

2nd That this meeting is of opinion that the holding of unnecessary inquests is a wilful waste of public money and that the tendency of late has been to create such inquests; and that it is very desirable that the magistrates should exercise a salutary check upon them by strictly examining the accounts when presented by the Coroner.

3rd That, in the opinion of this meeting, it is the duty of the Parish Constables to make arrangements for the holding of public inquests; inasmuch as they are men of standing in the parish, know their neighbours, and have a stake in the expenditure occasioned thereby, and they are, therefore, the only proper parties to deal therewith.

The Record, Saturday 21 Jan 1860

*John & Cathy Annetts
Tall Firs, 112 Sandford Avenue,
Church Stretton SY6 7AB*

[We have a Cephas Cooper in our family, son of John & Betty Cooper of Hilltop Farm, Chisworth, but we are not sure if this person is the same one.]

SHOCK AND HORROR IN DERBY

Whilst checking the latest batch of Uttoxeter Road Cemetery burials ready for putting them on the website I was struck by the names of three people buried together on the same day in May 1896 and in the same grave. Priscilla Whyman was only 24 years of age, yet already a widow, and she was buried with her two children aged 5 and 18 months. Without knowing anything more it already seemed a sad tale so I had a look at the papers and found a very upsetting story.

Priscilla was the daughter of Charles Roome, a stockinger of Goodwin Street, and married Frank Ernest Whyman in 1894 at St Thomas' Church in Derby. Two children were born to the couple and then Frank, who was a clerk in the Goods Department of the Midland Railway Company, died on the 23rd January 1896. Priscilla was distraught and, unable to bring herself to continue living in the house in which her husband had died, moved in with her husband's parents in Douglas Street.

According to the inquest Priscilla was in a particularly despondent state of mind and was struggling to cope. However on Monday 11th May Mr and Mrs Whyman senior decided to take a pleasure trip to Nottingham and left Priscilla in the house with her two children and their own daughter, Eleanor, who was a mere 13 years of age. Around 12 o'clock Eleanor went to fetch some milk while Priscilla started dinner, but on arriving back at the house with her milk she was surprised to find the downstairs rooms empty and no sign of Priscilla. She went upstairs and found the object of her search lying prostrate upon the floor with blood flowing from a gash in her throat. According to the paper she *"rushed downstairs in a terrible fright and solicited the help of a passer-by named Edward Toplis..."*

Mr Toplis paid a visit to the bedchamber and found that not only had Priscilla taken her own life, but also those of her two children, Alfred, aged 18 months, and Frank, aged 5 months. Information was conveyed to the police and Dr Hodson who quickly arrived to take charge of the situation. The doctor found it impossible to give assistance as the younger child was already dead and the other two breathing their last. The police ordered nothing to be disturbed until the coroner arrived and started to investigate the tragedy.

Also in the paper was a fact which astounded me, in that representatives of the press were allowed to view the scene of the crime and also the bodies. This enabled the papers to report that the two children were fully dressed and lying on the bed with their throats fearfully cut, but, according to the Adver-

tiser, *"had a complacent expression upon their countenances betokening a comparatively painless end, death appearing to be almost instantaneous"*. Next to Mrs Whyman was a bloodstained razor.

The inquest opened the next day and Mr Toplis said when he got into the house the mother was still conscious and struggled with him until collapsing on the floor. He thought she was trying to get to the children and he held her in case she did them more harm. But perhaps she was trying to go to their aid. Who knows? According to members of the family, Mrs Whyman's late husband had died on a Monday and every Monday Priscilla would go upstairs and brood in her bedroom. Before carrying out her dreadful act she had written a letter and this was read out in court by the Coroner, amid sobs of friends and relatives.

"Forgive me, as I hope to be forgiven. I'm sorry to give you all so much trouble. It's impossible for me to live without my darling, and I don't wish to live. I would like to be buried with him. None of you know how much I loved him and how I've missed him. I thank you all for your kindness, especially Tom. Good-bye all, for I feel heart-broken. Signed Scilla."

Asking who Tom was, the coroner was informed that he was Thomas Whyman, the deceased's brother in law and children's uncle. He also worked at the railway and had been good to Priscilla, taking her out and playing with the children. Nothing, however, seemed to have any effect.

Frances Whyman, a sister-in-law, said Priscilla had been very low spirited. All the family had done all they could to cheer her up, but although she had never threatened suicide she had said she would be glad when she was dead, so that she could see her husband again. Their married life, although short, was very happy.

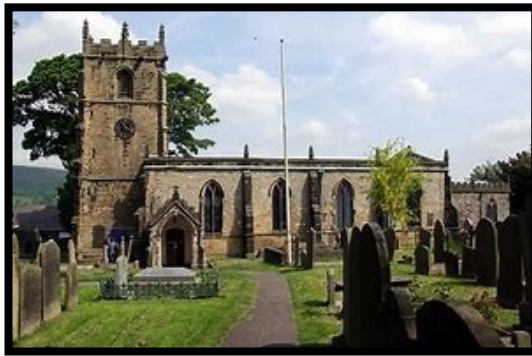
After summing up the facts, the coroner recorded a verdict of double murder and suicide, but what was more thought provoking was the facts that came out at the time. Priscilla's father, Charles, died some three or four years earlier in the Borough Lunatic Asylum, arguing perhaps that there was a thread of insanity in the family. It was also stated that as recently as the Sunday night Priscilla had threatened to lay hands upon herself, but no-one paid much attention to the remark.

A real Victorian tragedy, worthy of the stage, but what a sad tale. One wonders, too, about the 13 year old Eleanor. The experience must have been one she would never forget.

CHURCHES OF DERBYSHIRE

49. Castleton St Edmund

The church at Castleton is dedicated to Saint Edmund, King of East Anglia, who was martyred after his defeat by the Danes in 869. It is not mentioned in the Domesday Survey of 1086, but the building as it stands today must have been started soon afterwards, either by William Peveril or his son. William was the illegitimate son of William the Conqueror and had been given the land for his castle in what is now known as Castleton when he was made bailiff of the royal manors in north west Derbyshire. By 1086 he was building the north curtain wall of the castle and the village gradually grew up at the foot of the hill.



During the Middle Ages the village was enclosed and protected from attack by an earthwork that ran in a semicircle from the rocks near the entrance of the Peak Cavern to the opening in Cave Dale. This came to be called the Town Ditch, but it cannot now be easily traced having been destroyed in many places by buildings and ploughs. In the

middle of this enclosed area was a slight mound and this was the site chosen for the church, which was originally a garrison chapel for the soldiers.

Throughout the 12th century the patronship of the church was held by the custodian of the castle and the connection between the church and the castle was so close that it became known as the church of Peak Castle. Henry III granted the governorship of the castle to his son Prince Edward and he also received the custodianship of the church. The rectorial tithes of Castleton were subsequently appropriated to the abbey of Vale Royal and a vicarage was formally endowed so that the Abbot was able to claim the tithes of Castleton and also of the hamlet of Edale. The Abbey continued to appoint the vicars of Castleton until it was dissolved in 1536, when Henry VIII gave the advowson and tithes to the Bishop of Chester.

The interior of this fine building still shows signs of its early beginnings. The fine chancel arch is decorated with traditional Norman zigzag patterns

and in the north window nearest the arch is the only piece of medieval glass remaining, showing a figure of a saint which is thought to be 14th century. Another Norman piece is the simple font, which is unusually placed at the west end of the chancel.

The nave roof is very striking, decorated with bosses bearing the portcullis symbol of the Duchy of Lancaster, and dating to the 18th Century. One of the windows was designed by the celebrated Victorian artist Charles Eamer Kempe and his symbol can plainly be seen—a wheatsheaf superimposed on a black tower in memory of his nephew, whose last name was Tower. Another nave feature are the 19th century lamps on the pew ends which were made to hold oil and converted to electricity in 1964.

Also in the nave are very fine 17th century box pews, bearing the names of the families who sat there. On the wall is a funeral hatchment for a member of the Ferran family. These hatchments would stand outside the house of a person who died before being brought inside the church. There was, for some time, a west gallery between the nave and tower, but this was removed during the 19th century.

The tower is perpendicular in style. It has not been altered since the 15th century apart from the insertion of a small entrance to the belfry on the exterior south side. It has diagonally placed buttresses at the corners and is embattled and ornamented with fine crocketed pinnacles. There are eight bells dating from 1803-1812.

The parish registers date from 1663 and are very large and in fairly good condition. As well as the baptisms, burials and marriages there are also interesting notes made by the vicar of the time, detailing collections made in the village for those in misfortune elsewhere. In 1682 the village collected money *“for and towards the reliefe of the poore distressed sufferers and persecuted protestants of France”*, which was when Louis XIV’s campaign against the Huguenots was at its height. Later registers record a lot of the causes of death in the 1700s, which is a wonderful resource. So it can be seen when villages died from falls, or drowned in the brook of even small pox which broke out several times and killed many. With the marriages the parish where the bridegroom lived is sometimes mentioned and it is noticeable that most Castleton girls married men from nearby Hope, Hathersage, Eyam and Bradwell,

The Origins of the Johnsons in Tibshelf (part 3)

In previous articles, we started examining the origins of the Johnson family of Tibshelf. First, we looked at the life of **Frances Johnson**, born in 1829, who was the grandmother of Joseph and Thomas Johnson, the founders of J & T Johnson, well-known chrysanthemum growers in Tibshelf. They won many national awards and were renowned members of the Royal Horticultural Society.

My grandmother Edith Johnson was their younger sister, and was born 24 October 1896 in Tibshelf.

Then we looked at the lives of two of Frances's sisters, **Elizabeth Johnson**, born 1831, and **Sarah Johnson**, born 1848. Both girls had complex lives, involving illegitimate children, multiple and complicated marriages. Sarah even married the brother of Frances's son Thomas Johnson's wife (so the brother of her nephew's wife, or, from the point of view of her husband, she was his brother-in-law's aunt!).

In this article, we go back a couple of generations, and see that nothing in the Johnson family ever seems to be simple, even today we only have hypotheses. Let's start with the parents of Frances, Elizabeth and Sarah, namely **Joseph Johnson**, born 1809, and **Sarah Watson**, also born 1809.

Joseph Johnson born 1809 in Coleorton, Leicestershire

Joseph Johnson, born in 1809 in Coleorton, was my third great-grandfather, the father of Frances Johnson, who was the mother of Thomas Johnson, who moved the Johnson family and name to Tibshelf, and whose sons Joseph and Thomas set up J&T Johnson, chrysanthemum growers in Tibshelf.

In 1828, Joseph married Sarah Watson, also born 1809, but from Staunton Harold, Leicestershire. No problem with the marriage, except for the fact that there is no trace of the birth of their first-born Frances. Perhaps she was born before the marriage or her mother moved somewhere else to have her. I have checked practically every single parish register in the area, looking for children called Frances, as who knows whether she was also, as in the Johnson family tradition, born before her parents' marriage, and perhaps registered with a different surname?

Marriage of William Johnson and Sarah Wardle, 1806, Breedon

Joseph's parents were **William Johnson** and **Sarah Wardle**, who married in 1806 at Breedon-on-the-Hill, Leicestershire. The marriage itself is well-

documented, but then the uncertainty starts. Most Ancestry trees assign anything up to 14 children to William and Sarah. Recent research (December 2016) has established though that there is now serious doubt as to whether William Johnson and Sarah Wardle were in fact the parents of all of the following 14 children previously assigned to them.

William Johnson Wardle (b 1805 Moor, bp 21 Apr 1805 Breedon, d 5 Aug 1806 Breedon)
Abraham Johnson (b1807 Worthington, bp 15 Apr 1707 Worthington, d 1888 Horninglow, m 7 Jun 1836 to Elizabeth Bird at Breedon)
Joseph Johnson (b 1809 Coleorton, bp 18 Jun 1809 Coleorton, d 3 Jan 1878 Gelsmoor, m 28 Jul 1828 to Sarah Watson at Breedon) (my direct ancestor)
John Johnson (b 19 May 1811 Coleorton)
Elizabeth Johnson (b 1813 Thringstone, bp 2 May 1813 Coleorton, d 15 Dec 1813 Newbold)
James Johnson (b 20 Oct 1814 Coleorton, bp 20 Nov 1814 Coleorton, d 9 Apr 1815 Thringstone)
Lydia Johnson (b 1816 Worthington, bp 21 Jul 1816 Coleorton, d1889 Gelsmoor, m 4 Nov 1833 to Joseph Richards at Breedon)
Jacob Johnson (b 1819 Newbold, bp 9 May 1819 Worthington, d 21 May 1820 Newbold)
Mary Johnson (b 1819 Newbold, bp 9 May 1819 Worthington, d 1881 Eckington, m 11 Feb 1839 to Mathew Horn at Coleorton)
James Johnson (b 1821 Newbold, bp 29 Apr 1821 Worthington, m 3 May 1841 to Mary Hill at Worthington)
Benjamin Johnson (b 1824 Newbold, bp 2 May 1824 Worthington)
Frederick Johnson (b 1827 Newbold, bp 29 Apr 1827 Worthington, d1893 Bulwell)
Jacob Johnson (b 1829 Newbold, bp 15 Feb 1829 Worthington, d 13 Sep 1912 Whitwick)
Sarah Johnson (b 1832 Newbold, bp 18 Mar 1832 Worthington)

A second Sarah Johnson

Unfortunately, in Dec 2016 I discovered that Lydia Johnson (b1816) was definitely **not** the sister of Benjamin (b1824), Frederick (b1827), Jacob (b1829) and Sarah (b1832). This because we can link Benjamin, Frederick, Jacob and Sarah together as part of one family, living with their parents in 1841, while in 1851 Jacob was still living with both his parents. On the other hand, we can prove that Lydia (b1816) was living with her mother in 1851. *Ergo, we have two Sarah Johnsons in 1851, so there must be 2 families.*

What do we know about the children?

Examining the earlier children, we can definitely link William Johnson Wardle (b1805) with parents William Johnson and Sarah Wardle, who married in 1806. We also have a strong indication that the father of this William Johnson was Abraham Johnson (b1759), because he was a witness at their wedding in 1806. Looking at the locations where the subsequent children were born and baptised, we can surmise with a reasonable level of certainty that children Abraham (b1807), Joseph (b1809), John (b1811), Elizabeth (b1813), James (b1814) and Lydia (b1816) all had these same parents, namely William Johnson and Sarah Wardle.

For convenience's sake, I have renamed this William as **William Johnson1**, and he is the father of William Johnson Wardle (b1805), Abraham (b1807), Joseph (b1809), John (b1811), Elizabeth (b1813), James (b1814) and Lydia (b1816). **Thus he is my direct ancestor.**

Conversely, I have renamed as **William Johnson2** the father of Jacob (b1819), Mary (b1819), James (b1821), Benjamin (b1824), Frederick (b1827), Jacob (b1829) and Sarah (b1832). Unfortunately it has proved impossible to identify their mother Sarah, there are no suitable marriages in the Breedon/Worthington/Coleorton/Whitwick districts between a William Johnson and a Sarah.

Family 1: William Johnson 1 - Sarah Wardle

The parentage of William Johnson1, who married Sarah Wardle in 1806, will be analysed in a separate article. No firm conclusions can be made, but the most likely solution appears to be that William's parents were Abraham Johnson, born in 1759, and Lydia Fairbrother, born in 1745.

William Johnson1 was born between 1779-1785. This because his father Abraham got married to Lydia Fairbrother in 1779, but Lydia died in 1785. We don't know "where" William was born, but his mother died in Lount, so it feasible that William was also born there.

William and Sarah had 7 children in the period 1805-1816. William is not present in the 1841 census, so we must presume he died in the period 1816-1841. In Leicestershire, there is only one candidate with the right age: William Johnson1 b1781, d 14 Dec 1823 at Leicester St Mary.

Sarah, on the other hand is certainly present in the 1851 census, living with daughter Lydia b1816 and her husband Joseph Richards. There is also a possible entry in 1841, when she is staying nearby in Stanford on Soar (11m E Coleorton). Not sure when she died, I suspected it was 1859, but having

bought the death certificate, she is definitely not "ours"!

Family 2: William Johnson 2 - Sarah X

William Johnson², born Staunton Harold circa 1784 according to 1851 census, 1786 in 1841 census. Parents unknown. There are 19 William Johnsons born in Leicestershire during the period 1780-1788, 1 in Derbyshire, 31 in Staffordshire and 6 in Warwickshire. Within 12 miles of Coleorton, this list reduces to just 8, none of which were born in Coleorton, Breedon, Worthington, Whitwick or Calke. The nearest to a birth in 1784 is one in 1785 at Quorndon (12m E Coleorton) to parents William Johnson and Anna Oldershaw.

If he was really born in Staunton Harold, then it is quite feasible that he could have been baptised elsewhere locally, and by locally I mean Coleorton, Breedon, Worthington, Whitwick or Calke (Derbyshire). I can't see though how we can justify selecting any of the other Williams as being "ours", unless in the baptism record there is some indication of where the birth took place. For example, for a baptism in Worthington, it may say "of Newbold", or even "of Staunton". The problem is though that I have checked the baptism records of all the relevant William Johnsons, and none indicates Staunton or anywhere near Staunton as the place of birth. *So we come to a stop, and I cannot see any way of moving forward with identifying his parents!*

Coming now to his wife Sarah, whom I have called Sarah X being as we don't know her last name, William Johnson² most likely married Sarah X around 1818 near Newbold, being as their children were all born in Newbold and baptised at Worthington, starting in 1819. I could only find one marriage for a William Johnson to a Sarah during the right timeframe, to a Sarah Mason at Hinckley 22 Jun 1819. However, all subsequent census returns say that Sarah was born in Coleorton, so this must be discounted.

A very remote possibility is the marriage of a William Johnson to Mary Cluer 27 April 1814 at Whitwick St John. One year later, Mary's sister Sarah died aged 35, perhaps for some reason Mary decided to take her sister's name. As I say, very remote possibility. Unfortunately, though, there are no other suitable marriages of a William Johnson in the Breedon/Worthington/Coleorton/Whitwick area. *So I cannot see how to identify Sarah either!*

In 1841 William and his wife Sarah were living with children Benjamin (b1824), Frederick (b1827), Jacob (b1829) and Sarah (b1832) at Newbold. In 1851, William and his wife have moved to Whitwick and are living with unmarried son Jacob (b1829). I am fairly sure that William died 3 Dec 1851 at Whitwick, and Sarah died 30 Oct 1873 also at Whitwick.

William Johnson2 b1784, d 3 Dec 1851 at Whitwick
Sarah X b 1785, d 30 Oct 1873 at Whitwick.

Conclusions

I cannot see any obvious way of breaking this deadlock. We would need some specific family documentation to be found. Recently, for example, in the William Johnson2 family, I have come into possession of extracts from 2 family bibles, each of which document all children for these families, with exact dates of birth. We need something similar for "our" William.

John Lomas

e-mail: j.lomas@nexture.it

<http://www.lomascuderi.com/index.php/johnson-family>

SINFIN MOOR

It is remarkable how little is on record of this region. Or after all, perhaps, it is not so remarkable! Until the beginning of last century Sinfin Moor was for the greater part of the year wet impassable marsh, of little or no agricultural use, though no doubt of some economic value as the haunt of waterfowl and, in the deeper permanent water-holes, of eels, and possibly of the more sluggish pond fish, carp bream, etc. Its name seems to have meant the wide fen and has no reference to swine, which has sometimes been assumed. There was an ancient manor of sinfin [Sedenefeld], but the township was in the parish of Barrow, in the church of which was an Arleston and Synfen aisle, though the moor itself is said to have been extra parochial.

In the twelfth century the manor belonged to Fitzherbert, and later is in the possession of the Toukes. From them it had passed by the reign of Edward I to the Bothes or Booths, the last of whom died in 1531. Thence it seems to have passed to the Blounts, and from them to the Harpurs. A Milward of Synfin, Gent, was buried in St Werburgh's, Derby, at the beginning of the 17th century [25th Jan 1615] and as it is not likely there were two gentle families at the same time at Sinfin, it is probable the manor was then in their hands.

Horse racing as a specific sport seems to have begun at the county town in 1737, but I cannot say where this first meeting was. There is definite evidence the race meetings of 1753 was on Sinfin Moor, probably near the ground which is now the Corporation Golf Course. Here again, however I

cannot be precise. In 1756 the race had to be abandoned because of the floods, though the month was August. I should here say this great expanse was mainly common and entirely open from Stenson to Chellaston, and prior to the building of the Cavendish Bridge at Shardlow, about 1760, the London-road passed over the moor, presumably on the same line as the present road by the Barracks to Sinfin and thence by the picturesque farm of Swarkeston Lows to the ancient bridge. An Act was obtained in 1802 for enclosing this great "waste" was consummated in 1804, and on July 5th of that year a further Act to drain the expanse was passed. The only information Lysons gives us is "*Sinfin-moor a large common on which the Derby races were formerly held was enclosed by Act of Parliament about the year 1804 and allotted among the adjoining townships of Sinfin, Barrow, Alvaston, Osmaston, Boulton, Normanton, Chellaston and Swarkeston*".

With regard to the lie of the land your correspondent must be right; the great flat only a very slight altitude above the Trent level at Swarkeston must in early times have been permanent marsh as is attested by its peaty soil, and even up to the time of its drainage it was, I have been told, half the year under water. In the late 70's I knew an old man at Barrow of over 93. His son is now about the same age and occasionally walks 'down town' and he remembered the annual Derby races at Sinfin, and the general condition of the fen, which I remember distinctly his saying was mostly flooded in winter. There is, of course, a small natural drainage which passes through the only break in the hills just immediately after crossing the canal bridge beyond the 5-mile post on the Swarkeston-road, and dribbles along by the old Harpur home, where it falls into the Trent. But probably the low-lying ground was never free even from surface water before the drainage of a century ago.

Derbyshire Advertiser and Journal 19 Feb 1926

On 19 March 820 the remains of St Alkmund were removed from Lilleshall in Shropshire to Northworthy [as Derby was known as at the time], and re-interred at the Minster or White Church there. Alkmund was the son of King Alhred of Northumbria and had died twenty years earlier at the hands of King Eardwulf of Northumbria, after having lived in exile for over 20 years. When his body was buried in Lilleshall miracles began to happen at his tomb and it was later moved to Derby to keep it safe from Danish invasions. The church was dedicated to St Alkmund and when it was demolished in the 20th century, there was evidence of a church on the site dating back to the ninth century and artefacts, including a stone sarcophagus, were found.

The Cope Family Ventures in Buxworth

Over a three day weekend in June 1992 the “Friends of Buxworth/Bugsworth School inaugurated the first “Bygone Buxworth”. It was held in Buxworth School. The turnout was something to write home about. The school was packed to the gunnels with past and present villagers jostling to see both the historical displays and to meet up with long lost friends. The outcome at a post-mortem meeting was that with the numerous offerings of more historical material and the interest generated, that a further 10 day exhibition would be staged when the school was not operational during the summer. This occurred in the summer of 1994.

A taste of what was on offer in 1992 follows. The Navigation Inn staged a “Canal Themed Weekend” Richard Hall, the then Chinley milkman, brought his shire horses to the Bugsworth Basin. Opposite Buxworth School a slide show and lecture entitled “The Peak Forest Canal and the Bugsworth Basin” was held in the former Primitive Methodist Tabernacle Chapel. A display of old photographs and documents was mounted in the main schoolroom. Morris Dancers, Clog Dancers, Live Theatre and a Jazz and Blues Bands filled in the gaps. I produced a 28 page booklet plainly entitled “Bugsworth” for the occasion. An amalgam of local residents recounted businesses and ventures that I edited into an article entitled “Shop-keeping in Bugsworth over 60 years.” Other villagers contributed various Bugsworth/Buxworth related articles. The booklet sold well and feedback came back fast and furious, mostly landing into my possession as the historical editor. One of the families mentioned was the Cope family who had over many years ran three separate businesses in Bugsworth/Buxworth, ending in 1944. Derek Cope their son, unsolicited, furnished me with a 20 page account of their business dealings, plus a chronological list denoting the names of previous landlords who had kept either the Bull's Head or the Navigation Inn from 1842-1941.

Keith Holford. November 2016

Running a business in Buxworth 1932- 1944

Derek's edited article reads --- My parents first commercial venture was the chip shop, which stood at the foot of “The Dungeon” the footpath that runs from the former Post Office on New Road, diagonally to the Navigation Inn, adjacent to the Bugsworth Basin. It was a dark wooden shack with a steeply sloping roof and a brick chimney at the side facing the Black Brook. There was a serving counter on the left with the frying fittings behind, a long table with a bench seat faced the counter. At the back, steps led down to the dank and dismal storage area for the fish, potatoes, oil and mineral waters, with a small extension at the rear for the empties.

Now this occupation was before the latter days of the redoubtable “Maude Stiles ” -- Chip Shoppe Keeper Extraordinaire. In fact my earliest memories in life are connected with the “*fip fop*”. The chip cutter was on the serving counter. A long handled lever with a heavy metal block below forced down the potatoes into a mesh of blades, the square chips then fell into a basin below. No bags of ready made chips, you made your own. The fish was delivered to the Buxworth Station in wooden tubs packed with ice. One memory is going with my mother to collect the tub on a cold winter-day, the ground being covered in snow. The fish tub was lowered onto a small porter's trolley and I can still hear the crackle of the frozen snow under the iron wheels of the trolley as we left the station. After a year or two with the chip shop, my parents moved into the realms of higher commerce and took on the Navigation Inn, always known as “The Navvy”. Life was broadening and memories are now more plentiful.

In an article in “Derbyshire Life” (June 1983) Roy Christian called it “a most interesting old pub”. Perhaps, but it is now very different place from the one I knew in the early 1930's, and in my view it has lost much of its individuality. The buildings at that time still showed signs of the former activities connected with the Bugsworth Basin. The extension at the east end contained cart sheds, then used by Bert Ashby both as his garage (*and his local coal delivery service by horse and cart. Ed*). At the end of the block were stables with the stalls still in position, but used as a store for junk or for my father's motor-cycle and a paraffin heated incubator in which he raised chicks. Forming a right angle with the stables was a large floored outhouse used as washhouse. The floor above all these divisions was reached by a flight of steps and a narrow verandah, these contained the offices and workshops of Messrs Barnes, Hill and Barnes Ltd, riddle makers. The proprietor was Jack Barnes, what happened to the other Barnes and the mysterious Mr Hill I never knew. The riddles were handed down from the verandah onto the lorry of Charlie Cooke from Chapel-en-le-frith, a memorable figure in a long overcoat and bowler hat.

A flagged passage ran around the end of the east block, with a set of disused pig-sties on the other side adjoining a larger building that must have been a former bakehouse since there were baking ovens in one corner. We used the place as a coal store. At the west end of the north frontage, below the shop window was a ramp of two heavy timbers over steps (still there) down which beer barrels were lowered gently into the cellars which partly ran underneath the Navvy shop. The 36 gallon wooden barrels were pushed off the dray on to a large thick cushion shaped pad to prevent bursting, and then lowered down the ramp by means of two thick ropes and great exertion by the draymen. It was an operation of considerable interest to local children.

Once in the cellar, the barrels were wedged onto wooden cradles ready for “tapping”. This involved forcing a wooden tap through a bung in the lower side of the barrel face and then adding a small wooden peg into a hole on the middle of the top of the barrel. Pipes led up through the ceiling to the hand pumps in the bar above. During our tenancy the metal pipes were replaced with thick glass pipes which allowed the sight of the amber liquid being lifted up to the bar as the pumps were operated from above.

The Navy at this time, early 1930's, looked very different inside from today's open plan arrangement. From the front door facing the New Road, a wide passage ran through the pub to the south frontage facing the Bugsworth Basin. On the right was a narrow serving bar with a zinc-covered counter, beer pumps to the left and shelves above with rows of glasses and tins of biscuits. Behind and reached from a short passage at the end of the bar, was “The Snug”, a small longish room, well named, with three or four round iron tables. An oblong table at the window end was used by the domino players. With a bright fire blazing, it was indeed very snug. Next on the right was the “Front Room”, paradoxically at the back of the pub but may hark to the former operating days of the canal system when it was more likely to have been used as the main entrance to The Navy.

The Front Room contained the usual round cast-iron tables, bench seats ran along the walls and there were bentwood chairs elsewhere. On the middle of the opposite wall was a fireplace and a mantelpiece holding a heavy marble clock. To the left of the fireplace, in the corner, was a piano, frequently used, since the Front Room, was in a sense, the “Concert Room”.

On the left, opposite the Front Room, was the “Tap Room”, a bleak unwelcoming room which was seldom used, and then to the north front of the pub again, our living room, shielded from the vulgar gaze of the customers by a wooden screen just inside the room. Between this room and the serving bar mentioned were enclosed stairs, one set going down to the cellar by risky stone steps, and one set above, stairs to the upper floor, open from the front door so that a person could go upstairs without entering the pub, and it also opened up to the living room.

Using the upstairs one reached a landing. Opposite the top of the stairs was a bathroom, and to the left “The Club Room” which ran the whole depth of the pub from front to back. It contained, on the right, a billiard table, seldom used, and various unused articles of furniture including a drum shaped knife cleaner. Opposite the door stood another piano, this was seldom played, on the left a long table used on club nights by the AOF (Ancient Order of Foresters). They also had a storage cupboard. On the right on the landing were

two bedrooms. The “Back” bedroom was directly over the downstairs Front Room, but the “Front” bedroom was where it should be, at the front of the public-house. All very contradictory, but it caused no problems, we knew where we were.

There was no electricity or central heating. All the rooms had fireplaces for coal fires and illumination was by gas. A pipe came down from the ceiling to a circular bracket which held a glass globe, inside an incandescent gauze like mantle fitted on the end of the pipe to provide the light. The gas was turned on and off by a thin dangling chain, a lighted match or taper near the mantle lit the gas with a “pop”. Since the mantle filament was incredible fragile it took great care not to touch the mantle, when it would disintegrate.

In the front room was the piano on which performers among the customers would entertain the clientele, most of them had a limited repertoire. One soon got to know what was coming. If old Bill Gould took to the ivories you knew that --- “I bring thee red, red roses” was coming. My parents would give duets with their backs to the marble clock. I never felt that they were the stuff of which opera singers are made. At times it caused me some secret embarrassment. Their staple repertoire was --- “When the moon comes over the mountains”. It was a song lifted from one of our gramophone records and performed to a much improvised accompaniment. One performer, Fred Burbage, nicknamed “Brum” possessed a rich fruity voice of distinct character, a tremendous wobble known as “vibrato”. He could make magic with the song “Me and Jane in a plane”. Mechanical entertainment came from a gramophone which stood on a table in the passage opposite the Front Room, records by Jack Payne, Debroy Somers, Leyton and Johnson, Albert Sandler, Teddy Brown, the musical celebrities of the era.

In the living room we had a “wireless ” they were not yet called “Radios”. This was the time of home made radios, and ours, the first we had ever had, was constructed by my Uncle Harry. It was large square wooden box with a fret-worked plywood front with a rising sun design – very common then – backed by some gilded fabric. A graduated dial at the front was for tuning and a set of push buttons for changing the wavelength. An aerial wire extended from the back of the radio, through a hole bored in the window frame and onto the roof. The radio was powered by a large dry battery and a wet accumulator, a large clear square glass container containing acid that had to be recharged from time to time – a service provided by the radio shops of the day and garages. Tiny white and red balls floating in the acid gave a hint as to the need to be recharged. I quickly took to the radio programmes and I would read the programmes printed in the daily newspapers to see if Reginald Dixon was “on” today. Sometimes, as a special treat I was allowed to

stay up late to listen to the live dance band relays, hoping to hear “Wheezy Anna” or “Lets all sing like the birdies sing” my favourite song at the time.

Some of “The Navvy” customers stay in the memory, for differing reasons. Tom Ratcliffe had a watch chain which carried a dark red stone set in a ring, always known as “The Bloodstone”. Jodie Rogers, who could only light his pipe by lifting his arm stiffly forward of his body in a wide semi-circle thus lighting the pipe from the front, the result of a WW1 wound. “Joss Barrow” Williams who once affronted my six year dignity by squirting a mouthful of beer into my face. No doubt a small child could be a pest to some of the customers but no one else was so forthright about it .

Occasionally we had boarders for short periods. When the gasholder below Rosey Bank was dismantled in the early 1930's, one of the workmen, a Yorkshire man called Bill White, stayed with us and became a great chum of mine. A local chap, Dick Bradbury, had the front bedroom for a time. Dick played in the Chinley and Buxworth Silver Band, often practising his euphonium in his bedroom. He tried to get my mother to polish the instrument, but she declined his every overture. Two Scots, Jock and Hughie Haining, shared one room. One morning Jock was cooking breakfast on the gas cooker in the living room and sent me upstairs to tell Hughie that “his wee breakfast was ready” a message I delivered verbatim. More transient visitors included newspaper representatives trying to persuade villagers to change from the “The News Chronicle” to the “Daily Dispatch” or the reverse. When the “Walker and Homfrays” brewery representative came-- a Mr Knibb appropriately enough, as I remember him solely by the flashing gold fountain pen he flourished – there was an air of “general inspection” on his visits. My parents appeared anxious and on best behaviour, a novel sight in grown-ups .

A constant preoccupation in a pub was “time” and its observance, with the constant threat of lurking policemen observing breaches of the licensing hours. If the coast was clear, favoured customers were sometimes allowed refuge in the kitchen and served refreshment at unorthodox hours. Alarming and horrific First World War experiences were often related, while other ex-servicemen preferred to stay silent on the horrors they had witnessed. The strict licensing hours were occasionally relaxed to allow “an extension” for some special function, a significant magisterial favour rarely granted and accordingly savoured.

For a child living in a pub life was all pros and cons. One could be made much of by some customers out of indirect deference to the landlord. On the other hand, service and activity continued long after bedtime. It seemed an unfair world where grown-ups could stay up as long as they liked, especially

frustrating around Christmas when the pub was busy and noisy, and one were packed off to bed and forced to listen to the noise of the revelry below and wishing you too could stay up like the grown-ups.

Food then played little part in pub fare, the bar served sweet wafer biscuits and cream crackers with a cheese that was significantly hard and largely unpalatable. That was the sum total on offer. My mother would bake batches of oval savoury ducks, still available today in some High Peak shops. Offal was minced in small bright cast-iron mincers that clamped onto the edge of the kitchen table. Everyone at this time seemed to own a similar contraption. The offal was minced with bread, onion and dried sage, shaped into ovals and baked slowly in the gas oven. They were especially popular at Christmas.

Pubs were and still are, often the headquarters of various clubs and societies. The Navvy was then the HQ of the village football team Buxworth Athletic, the appendage "Athletic" was then the "buzz word". The players used the Tap Room as a changing room, almost its sole use, to the sounds of lively chit-chat and the strong smell of embrocation. For half-time refreshment my mother prepared coffee in a huge enamel bucket, a gallon or more, the coffee grains sewn in a cloth bag. I doubt if it was very hot by the time it reached the ground on Barren Clough (*Now renamed Western Lane. Ed*). On one celebrated occasion the team won the local league cup, a trophy which graced the sideboard of our living-room, until it was borne away by the renowned Nora Cotterill. We even had a song about the team at this time that included the names of all the star players.

Besides the football team, the Navvy was also the clearing house for betting, being regularly visited by local bookies, Tim Oldham from Whaley Bridge and a Mr Wright. They came to collect the little piles of bets written on odd bits of envelopes or cigarette packets with the accompanying silver threepences and sixpences, it was seldom more. Shillings were reserved for horses who were odds on certainties. Overheard conversations mention jockeys --- Gordon Richards, Harry Wragg and Freddie Fox, owners Lord Derby, Dorothy Paget, the Aga Khan and trainer Captain Boyd- Rochfort. Later a telephone was installed in the living-room and then the bets were transmitted by this new technology to a central office at Whaley Bridge. The telephone was used for little else. On one memorable occasion my mother backed a good priced winner named "Jean's Dream". With the proceeds she bought a pair of stylish snake skin shoes.

I have mentioned the "Club Room". Here on a Friday evening members of the sonorously titled "Court of Endeavour No 823. Ancient Order of Foresters" came to pay their dues and draw sickness entitlement. The room was

strictly out-of-bounds for me. My father's card shows that in 1932 he paid 2s 8d (12p) per month subscription. My card shows that I was enrolled in the Juvenile Foresters in 1931, on my behalf he paid 6d in old money per month. Interestingly, in view of the rumpus over the name of the village (Bugsworth/Buxworth) my card had been updated to Buxworth. Later I was initiated as a full blown member with due ritual and solemnity.

By now we had kept the pub for about four years when my parents decided on a change of bushiness, taking over the Navigation Shop from Matthew Smith. Perhaps the increase of a pint of beer to 5 old pence per pint from 2 old pence was killing off the trade. Or my mother felt it was wiser to keep my father's hand at a distance from the beer pumps. I shall never know: matters of high policy were not then revealed to children.

Moving to the Navvy Shop was hardly “flitting” since it was next door and I remember that my father moved the furniture on a small cart with the help of friends. Like the pub premises, the shop as it was then cannot have changed much with the years. There were still signs of its previous use both as a shop and a canal office. The back wall was filled with pigeon holes, some with small drawers, presumably for carriers orders, bills and such documents. Near the front door was a Post Office type posting box for their reception.

A large display window at the end facing the New Road was flanked by shelves on each side and below, divided into compartments. There were other larger under the window on the long side facing Silk Hill. The main counter stood in front of the pigeon holes with another lighter counter to the left., with a raising flap between them. The shop had a bare stone flagged floor, with the luxury of a strip of carpet on the serving side. We had no automatic slicer and no refrigerator – in a Derbyshire winter a fridge was hardly needed, but we had a Valor paraffin heated stove which I guess would not now be allowed anywhere near food premises .

I have sometimes wondered how customers entered the shop in the days when the canal was still operative. Old photographs of the long side show three sets of windows on the ground floor but no door in the middle as we knew it. Was the entrance from the pub yard? Another old photo shows what looks like a doorway in the corner between the pub and shop, but there is no obvious sign of a blocked up doorway from the outside. As one entered the shop from the ground level front door, a door on the left gave entrance to the shop and immediately in front was a door that gave access to our living quarters. A passage gave access to the shop from the living quarters, and at the end in an alcove was a gas cooker. On the right, stairs led up to the front of the building, and a door on the right gave direct access to our living room. As

one entered the living room, directly opposite was a small window a fireplace and an oven, a cast iron multi -purpose range with steel fender in front and a suspended wooden clothes drying rack above. To the right in a cupboard was a sink with pot shelves above. The wall to the right had a large window. Unusually, both windows were closed with wooden shutters that locked with a flat metal bar and which during the day folded back into side recesses. This appeared to be the legacy of a safeguarding system of older times. There were no shutters in the shop premises or Navvy and I never came across any other similar shutters in the village. Anyhow they made for excellent “black-out curtains” during WW2.

Upstairs on the left was the main bedroom, while to the right a wide landing area had been partitioned off with wooden screening that fell short of the ceiling to form another bedroom. This was my bedroom over several years. This might have been a storeroom in previous years, evidenced by a wooden door closing what was presumably a loading entrance facing the road. It is now masonry but in a photograph circa 1935, the outline of the original wooden door can be seen. There was a fireplace on the same side, but at that time all the bedrooms in the Navigation complex contained fireplaces.

This bedroom has some vivid memories for me. Sometimes when awakening during the night I would hear a slow measured chuffing, suddenly broken up by a flurry and speeded up bursts of sound from an heavily laden goods train labouring up the railway embankment along Brierley Green. Then there was that never forgotten night in WW2 when I first heard the sound of German bombers flying to attack Merseyside and Manchester, a sound immediately recognised for what it was, for my father had often described the peculiar sound of their engines having heard them in WW1. On one occasion I was ill and I had the unusual luxury of a fire in my bedroom with the reflections of the firelight moving over the walls and ceiling. I don't remember there being any lights upstairs. Did we have candles? The downstairs rooms and shop were lit by gas as was the Navvy.

Behind the landing bedroom was a sealed door, and next to it was a door leading up to three or four stairs into an empty, very dusty attic lit by roof lights, a room never used except for storing junk. One fascinating feature was a raised wooden section the size of a kitchen table, by heaving up the top one could see into the corner of the Navvy's back bedroom. It points to the fact that originally the pub and the shop must at one time have been one establishment, the shop being separated from the whole. The gas cooker alcove downstairs could also have been a connecting doorway.

What did we sell? A wide selection of fresh foodstuffs including bacon,

cheese, boiled ham, margarine (but not butter) fresh bread and cakes, biscuits. A variety of tinned goods, sardines, salmon, corned beef, syrup and treacle, tinned fruit and condensed milk. Other consumables included jam, sugar, tea, coffee, cigarettes and tobacco. Confectionery, boiled sweets from glass jars, slab toffee, chewing gum, chocolate and mineral waters. Besides the fit and well, we catered for the local ailing with branded medicines such as Aspro, Beecham's Powders, Rennies, sticky plasters and bicarbonate of soda. We also stocked a selection of miscellaneous every day requirements, matches, gas mantles, sticky flycatchers, dolly blue, starch, "Monkey Brand" rubbing stones, green household soap and "Cherry Blossom" boot polish.

These were all tried and tested "lines" that would sell in any event. There was little inclination for experimenting with doubtful new products and unfamiliar lines were treated with reserve when travellers tried to extol their merits, although there was ample shelf room to double the stock we kept. Similarly our suppliers and brands were old allies unchanging over the years: Black and Greens tea, Crawford's biscuits, Hartley's jams, John West salmon, Fray Bentos corned beef, Carnation tinned milk, Birkett and Bostock's bread. Familiar Cigarettes brands included Players, Woodbines, Gold Flake, Craven A and Players Weights. Much favoured "pops" were Dandelion and Burdock, Sarsaparilla, American Cream Soda and Lime Juice and Soda. A penny a bottle was added to the price to encourage the return of the empties.

Our suppliers were mainly from the Stockport area, George Little of Underbank, Stockport for ham, bacon and other perishables. Barrowdales for confectionery, Birkett and Bostock for Champion bread, Watters Westbrook for tobacco, while cakes were supplied by Wilson' of New Mills and the wide ranging Broadhursts of Nantwich. Mineral waters came from further afield, the Palatine Bottling Co of Manchester. They also supplied the Navy.

Some of the "reps", or "travellers" as we called them come to mind. Mr. Whalley from Watters Westbrook was an earnest, youngish man, very deferential, he made you feel that your modest order was the big deal of the day, though no doubt small stuff in his scheme of things. In those days perhaps any business at all was welcome. Wilsons Brewery was represented by tall, lean lip smacking Clifford Rose, who must long ago have tired of cheeky plays on his name. Most welcome was Mr. Grimshaw of John Borrowdales, an elderly, portly, jaw clenching, dignified, amiable gentleman carrying a Gladstone type bag stuffed with sweet samples in small bottles and a variety of chocolate bars. These he would spread over the counter for inspection, it was fascinating to watch him deftly stow them away again. It looked impossible, but long practice had made him the master of getting a quart into a pint pot. Yet, somehow there always seemed to be one leftover that he just could-

n't make room for, which was pushed over the counter to me with a resigned air. He was of course my favourite traveller.

We added to our sales with some home produced items. My father had kept poultry for years before we took over the Navvy shop, but we now sold our own hen and duck eggs. My mother made regular batches of teacakes, mixed in a very large earthenware bowl, rising the mixture before the iron kitchen range, later used to bake the self same items.

As a child my interest was in the sweets. One staple item for my modest pocket was "Banana Splits", a cheap slab toffee sandwich of brown and yellow at 2d per quarter pound, broken with a small steel hammer. The usual purchase was 2ozs, since a 1d was usually as much as my funds would stretch to. At 4d per quarter you were going it some, and there were even breathlessly expensive chocolates at 6d per quarter for the really affluent, all served in conical paper-bags twisted at the top corners. Serving sweets was one of my jobs in the shop, I dealt with the easy things like weighing sweets and biscuits, handling tins and jars, anything in packets. Bread came already wrapped in strong grease proof paper, but nothing needing dexterity or judgement like cutting boiled ham or bacon. We had no automatic slicer and the ham and bacon were cut by hand with a large bladed carving knife. I was from time to time sent to the William Deacons Bank on the New Road at Buxworth to draw 5 shillings worth of copper from Geoffrey Stamper the bank clerk. The 60 pennies (*There were 240 pennies to an old pound. Ed*) were enclosed in a stiff, blue paper cylinder and often wondered how the bank ever got them inside. Honest days-- I was never waylaid on my way back down The Dungeon.

Roy Christian relates that "in the 1890's the Navigation Shop was turning over an average of £100 per week" and those were the days when a pound was worth a pound. I doubt if my parents took that much money in a month. "Regular" customers were allowed weekly credit. Considering the time, it was a mistake, though nearly all the customers paid up.

As with the Navvy pub, some of the more individual customers come to mind. From time to time, "Irish Tommy" would appear, an elderly tramp who shuffled into the shop for an invariable "penno'th o'sugar ", about 4ozs then. Or "Little Dan" Thorpe from the Rose and Crown Farm, never seen without his large peaked cap jammed down, walking with an uneven knock-kneed gait. He had a pessimistic approach to shopping opening his requests by saying "You haven't got a such and such, have you?" If one had to admit failure to stock his required item, he would conclude with "No, I didn't think you would have", his expectations, or lack of them were then confirmed. Gil-

bert, also from the Rose and Crown, a strong silent type, plagued by dyspepsia, would lean back slightly and gaze somewhere above your head into the suspended packets before requesting his habitual "Packet of Rennie's". Maria Bailey, prone to accidents when lighting the gas, was a good customer for gas mantles, informing you that once again "we'n knocked it off". Frank Holford had a slight stammer, and in purchasing his favourite brand of cigarettes would request "A doo-ooo-ooo - double woodbine". On one memorable occasion we were visited by two young Germans on foot who bought bacon. They made an impression since foreigners were as rare as diamonds in Buxworth. There was much speculation later on for the real reason of their visit.

Opening hours were somewhat elastic. It usually started off with the men from the adjacent riddle works coming around about 8am for a "brew" bringing jugs, tea and sugar in small metal containers, we supplied the hot water and milk. We did not close for lunch or tea and we would be often called into the shop to serve during our meal times. Nominal closing time was 8pm, but even then customers would call in an emergency or forgetfulness, confident that they would still be served. Sundays were no exception until WW2 reductions in trade made it no longer worthwhile and from March 1942 we closed on Sundays.

Wartime brought other changes. Most significantly rationing, which became increasingly stringent as the war went on. For the rationed foods had to be "registered" with a retailer, a retailer who alone could supply the particular item, though rationed foods could be bought in any shop willing to sell them. Increasingly the shopkeepers tended to keep other goods, especially those in demand or in short supply for their "registered" customers in order to keep their trade. It was possible at times to re-register with a different retailer if you were not satisfied, though as the war progressed there was not much to choose. I remember that my parents applied this unofficial rationing to cigarettes. *(Ed. The basic weekly ration was fixed at 4oz of bacon, 2oz of tea, 8oz of sugar, 1lb of meat, 8oz of fats, 3ozs of cheese and 2 pints of milk)*

The paperwork connected with rationing was a pain in the neck. Ration books contained pages for each food, divided into coupons numbered for each week of the rationing year, it was the shopkeeper's job to clip out these fiddly little squares when supplying the ration. They were easily lost, it would have been much easier just to cancel them, but the continuation of supply depended on submitting the various coupons. On the other hand there was a small allowance for "spillage" in distribution and with great care a little could be gained over the strict ration, a sort of perk but not much.

The wartime introduced us to a few new types of foods, foods that we had

not seen or heard of before, these mostly came from America. The most famous of all was "Spam"-- spiced ham in tins -- much welcomed on its first appearance by our by then deprived palates. Other were "Snoek"--whale meat, dried milk and powdered egg, a powder like custard. In our depleted state, anything was welcomed, but some things were more welcome than others.

One year we augmented our supplies by keeping pigs. This was a wartime scheme by which a householder could rear two pigs, keeping one for domestic use and sending the other to a bacon factory. The two we kept lived largely on kitchen scraps boiled up into a swill augmented by some meal and a peculiar compound called "Tottenham Pudding", a grey compact wedge looking a lot like suet pudding that had gone off. It was supplied to pig keepers in the scheme. We kept the pigs in our poultry run between the canal arms near "The Wide Hole". They lived in the remains of the stone crusher, which was floored with old railway sleepers making an admirable sty. My job was to prepare swill in an old wash boiler that my father mounted on bricks with a fire-grate below. For firewood I gradually demolished the remains of a ruined longboat that had been abandoned years ago at the end of the nearby canal arm. To keep up the supply, kitchen waste was collected from neighbours enticed by the promise of slices of pork when the time came. A lot of pigs went that way, but the bacon, ham, chops and offal that we kept was a godsend. (*With no refrigeration available ! Ed*)

A similar scheme applied to poultry keepers. Poultry food was rationed and in order to obtain supplies of the milling by-products --- bran --- sharps--- thirds--- and middlings that went into poultry mash, one had to register with a supplier and in return send a quota of eggs to a packing station. Strangely at this time "chicken" was not a common item of our diet as it has now become. It tended to be treated as something of luxury, reserved for Christmas.

Shortage of supply in wartime meant that the recovery of re-usable materials had a high priority, now more familiar under the umbrella name of "Recycling" but in WW2 it was "Salvage": paper, card, bottles, tins, rags and even bones were collected for. By comparison the present vogue for recycling seems half-hearted.

Before the end of WW2 there came a change in direction for the Cope family. In September of 1944 we moved to Whaley Bridge. The shop and whole bag of tricks was handed over to Jim and Frances Pearson, our business days ended for good. There was a distinct sense of relief in leaving the shop where one always seemed to be on duty.

Derek Cope. October 1994. Edited by Keith Holford 2016

Hampshire Rambles

I must start this instalment with an announcement – this will be the last Hampshire Rambles! But, have no fear (or alternatively, don't cheer too quickly!) because although I am writing this in Southampton, by the time you read it we will have (hopefully) completed our move to North Wales. So, while it is technically still Hampshire Rambles for now, you will have to wait until the next edition to find out the new title (Welsh Wanderings is the obvious, but I have time to think of something better!).

Fortunately, before we even started to think about having a clear out (I think I am now on first name terms with the guys down at the recycling centre!) and beginning to pack things into boxes, I was able to complete a long awaited re-write and update of my "Baker Family History" which ended up at exactly 500 pages and consists of text (281 pages), with scanned photographs (90 pages), a chart of people I have found in which census (45 pages) and a series of mini-family trees (83 pages) – plus an addendum, currently empty but which will no doubt expand over the coming months and years.

Pride maybe a sin, but I do take great pride at what I have achieved over the past thirteen years or so with my family history research – and yet I sometimes wonder what the purpose was, apart from my own pleasure, because (as I have mentioned before) the rest of the family don't seem to share my enthusiasm or show any great interest in the fruits of my labours. Maybe one day?

One thing I did add to this year's re-write was photographs of some of the houses where the more immediate family have lived over the years. I was able to find a few historical photos on the internet and in books, but by and large I used Google Street View which, although not showing the houses at the time my family members lived there, does at least give an impression of the type and design of house (provided, of course, that the area hasn't been redeveloped!).

I do wonder how quickly the new addendum will grow. The previous addendum had grown to 94 pages in about three and a half years. I very much doubt that I will make so much progress over the next few years – at least not until the 1921 census becomes available on line! That still seems a frustratingly long time away. I am tempted to delve further into the 1939 Register, having so far restricted my research of that to the very immediate family. I have found some interesting information in the searches that I did do, but as with all these new records when they first become available, the costing per search prohibits numerous searches and makes one think twice about going

ahead with a particular search when you are not sure it is of the right person. However, I see that the 1939 Register can now be searched via a monthly subscription, so it may be worth me taking out a subscription just for one month and having a search frenzy!

I have had an initial look at the Parish Registers on line on Ancestry (see Helen; I do read your editorial!) and that has already thrown up another couple of conundrums – in just the first search! I knew that my great-great-grandparents' eldest child, Anne Baker had been born in Woodhouses near Melbourne on April 9th 1838 and had assumed that her mother had gone to stay with her own mother for the birth of her first child; as seems to have been common in years past. And so, I decided to look for Anne's baptism - which was very straightforward and showed that she was baptised in Stanton by Bridge on April 18th; but, her father George was recorded as being a labourer living in Stretton, Derbyshire. Now that was unexpected, as Stretton has not come up as a family location before – but is it Stretton en le Field (some 15 miles away to the south west beyond Ashby de la Zouch and which was in Derbyshire until 1897), or Stretton near Burton-on-Trent (actually in Staffordshire, but the baptism record could be mistaken) or Stretton further north near Clay Cross? How can I work that out? Have I missed a Stretton? (One step forward, two steps back comes to mind!)

But not only that; the next entries in the Stanton by Bridge baptism register are for four baptisms on the same day (June 3rd 1838) of four siblings of Anne's mother Mary Barber; Henry (born May 7th 1831), Francis (born May 3rd 1835), Sarah (born February 9th 1822) and Catherine (born November 30th 1827). Other children of their parents Joseph and Mary Barber (nee Winfield)

<p><i>Born</i> <i>9th Feb.</i> <i>1822</i> <i>Ministry of</i> <i>Stanton by Bridge</i> <i>the 3rd June</i> <i>1838</i> <i>No. 140.</i></p>	<i>Sarah</i>	<i>Joseph</i>	<i>Mary</i>
<i>daughter of</i>	<i>Mary</i>		
<p><i>Born</i> <i>30th Nov.</i> <i>1827</i> <i>Ministry of</i> <i>Stanton by Bridge</i> <i>the 3rd June</i> <i>1838</i> <i>No. 141.</i></p>	<i>Catherine</i>	<i>Joseph</i>	<i>Mary</i>
<i>daughter of</i>	<i>Mary</i>		
<i>Born</i>			

appear to have been baptised one by one; Mary (April 11th 1816 in Melbourne), Hannah (May 4th 1820), Thomas (December 29th 1824), another Thomas (March 15th 1825 – I didn't know until now that there had been two Thomas') and Philip (April 27th 1833) - all seemingly in line with when they were born, so why did their parents wait to baptise four on the same day?

Even more confusing; of the four baptised together, the entries for Sarah and Catherine state “*privately baptised*” (if I read it correctly) and then some other words which I cannot make out, followed by the date. However, a quick search of some genealogy message boards suggests that they may mean “*received into the church*”.

On closer inspection the first entry for a Thomas Barber states “*private Baptism*” and the second states “*publick baptism*” – so there was only one Thomas after all! However, I have not as yet found a consistent explanation as to what a private baptism was; particularly, as with Thomas, when both the private and public baptisms were recorded in the parish registers (although I can find no record of the private baptisms of Sarah and Catherine). One suggestion is that private baptisms were possibly rushed affairs when the child was not expected to survive; another that private baptisms were undertaken “off-record” by clergy looking to pocket the fee for themselves. No doubt some of you have come across this before, but for me it was something new.

I then decided to search the Micklegate parish registers for Warners. I started with marriages and found all the ones I was expecting (together with the Banns in many cases) along with a couple that I hadn’t come across before. I don’t know if I had previously failed to check the FreeBMD records properly – more likely, I wasn’t sure if they were the correct person and decided not to risk wasting the GRO fee! In any case, I now have some additions to my family tree – and still have the baptism and burial parish records to check (although I think I have already found an infant death which I didn’t know about). And so, the addendum starts to grow (again) and maybe there will be a 5th instalment of my “Warners of Micklegate” articles!

It just goes to show that when you think you have found everything you can, a couple of random searches can set you off again!

It occurs to me that I should introduce some pictures to these Ramblings. Unfortunately, most of our family photographs pre-1970s are of people, or taken on holiday, and therefore not of much general interest (those were, of course, the days when a roll of film limited you to 12 photos, and so you were very selective with your picture taking). However, I did come across a couple taken at Burnaston Airport in the 1960’s and thought that one might provoke some memories or interest among you. I am afraid that I can’t even identify the aircraft; although I do have a recollection of mention of “Dakotas” when we were there (we just used to go for an afternoon out to watch the planes).



I understand (isn't the internet wonderful?) that Derby Airways was formed in 1959 as the airline business of Derby Aviation and changed its name to British Midland Airways in 1964 when it moved to the newly opened East Midlands Airport. Derby Aviation had started life as Air

Schools Ltd in 1938 specialising in RAF pilot training and in 1949 became known as Derby Aviation, diversifying operations to include passenger and cargo charter services.

I have even less information about this photograph. It is the Council House in Derby, obviously, and I assume that it dates from the 1950's, but whether it shows an actual fire/rescue, an exercise, or was just for show, I have no idea. (There certainly doesn't seem to be much activity, which probably precludes the first two scenarios).



Well, I think that will do for now. I need to go and pack some more boxes! More to come when we have unpacked the other end.

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

SALEM METHODIST INDEPENDENT CHAPEL WINGERWORTH

The Chapel is situated on Malthouse Lane Wingerworth which is not in the main hub of the village - why? A question often asked.



Joseph Fletcher the founder of Salem Chapel was born in Pentrich about 1816 and came to this area to work in 1847. A Non - Conformist Independent Methodist he was keen to hold prayer meetings in Wingerworth and looked for suitable premises. He was met with opposition from the Hunloke family who resided at Wingerworth Hall. The Hunlokes were devout Roman Catholics and opposed to the preaching of other religions in the village.

However, Joseph was not deterred and eventually was allowed to hold prayer meetings in the village schoolroom and these were well attended by the villagers. When Joseph decided to try and purchase land to build a Chapel he found his attempts thwarted once again by the Hunloke family who were the major land owners in the area.

The small plot of land on Malthouse Lane and not owned by the Hunlokes was purchased for £15 with the help of the local community. Further financial support from the villagers made the building of the Chapel possible, the

foundation stone being laid in March 1849 by the Reverend William Blandy.

Work progressed swiftly, the Chapel was soon completed and the opening ceremony took place on 13 May 1849, the vestry and Chapel cottage were added in 1858.



*Above: Foundation Stone
Left: Chapel Cottage*

The minutes of a Special Meeting held at the Chapel on 25 January 1962 recorded a proposal to join the New Chesterfield Circuit, providing certain conditions be incorporated into any agreement, one of which was "Continued independence of the Wingerworth Church Trust be recognised" although there is no further reference made to this proposal the Chapel was part of the Chesterfield Circuit until 1966 when members made the decision to become independent; this ultimately saved the Chapel from inevitable closure.

Numerous changes have taken place over the Chapel's long history and being an Independent Chapel has its challenges. Last year a major building and restoration project was undertaken to rectify some of the problems caused by the building having no foundations. (More about this in a future edition)

The Chapel will next year celebrate its 170th anniversary thanks to members who had and continue to have the vision to maintain this lovely country Chapel and keep its doors open for Joseph Fletcher's intended purpose.

*Diana Wain [Mem 7711]
kdwain12@yahoo.co.uk*

What's Behind a Derbyshire Lad?

When you walk into a pub as old as the Barrel Inn at Bretton and wander round the pictures, what do you expect? Certainly not the surprise that first hit me in 2013. At the Barrel is a photo of a pipe-smoking, white-whiskered gentleman who it can be assumed was possibly one of the many landlords. The story on the wall tells you that there have been seven landlords between 1753 and 1906 alone and two John Morton's held sway for 64 consecutive years. As we shall see, Morton's kept it in the family for far longer than that.

The Barrel was a farmstead in 1597 and the pub dates from 1637. It was affected by the Eyam plague in the 1665/7 era when Mortons died in many numbers as did most Eyam families. In itself it is a cracking story of a family's long and ultimately successful fight to overcome life's struggles. But why were we visiting there? Well, we knew that I had an ancestor from Bretton with Morton connections, so why fight the offer of a pint and a meal in such surroundings? Ten years of family investigation and with hundreds of people and facts (some fiction?) on the database, you realise that just making the connection with the Barrel opens more questions than answers. You do not expect to see a likeness of your mother and, as one intrinsically believes your wife, of yourself. The photo had no markings but we assume it must be of a relative, if only because it felt right. In fact we believe it must be John Morton junior, my three times great-grandfather. My wife is the family history geek but over the years as more Mortons, Maltbys and Howes emerge and with visits to the Chatsworth archives, the fabulous Derbyshire Record Office, and trips to Hope, Eyam etc, the story gets more and more life of its own. Corrie and Eastenders nearly pale into the trivial against real life.

Anyone searching for family around Eyam and the Hope Valley will soon encounter more Maltby and Morton connections than can be imagined. Not all can be confirmed and which are actually yours is, as usual, part of the fascination. A long confirmed 150 year family history is based on one farm (Broadhay) at Highlow, just over the hill. Courting presumably had to be nearby your work and availability of the opposite sex all part of the process, with or without any church connections. To find a spouse when you lived at Highlow makes sense when she is at Abney, all of two miles away. Numerous connections between Abney, Bretton, Foolow and Hucklow abound. The adventurous even went to Stoney Middleton or Bradwell. The more you look the more the tentacles draw you in, even if only for nosiness, about how people lived and died in the mid 19th century.

As with most folk, we cannot prove much before 1841 but we do get some earlier history of those still alive at that date. It does take us back to 1780s.

Equally then, do we stay on the strict line or include relatives or other connections in our search? Does it matter, when interesting stories emerge? Whilst Howes had been at the Highlow Broadhay (not the Hathersage one) from before 1800 and were tenants of the Highlow Estate of John Archer, the ownership move in 1805 to the Chatsworth Estates helped track down the next 130 years. There are multiple Martins, one William, and a few Johns in the Howe brigade and wifely connections into the Schofields, Higginbottoms, Eyres, Elliots and Mortons. The strict line and its detail only interests our family and even then often it leaves most unsatisfactory questions.

One Martin Howe (1857 - 1914) committed suicide by drinking Butter of Antimony (a strong acid sheep's foot treatment in those days) but why did the Coroner say he was suffering from "*a large share of sorrow and anxiety*"? Where was his wife at the time? He had been found by a travelling Eyam shoemaker at 9.30 pm on a Thursday night. He fetched a son from Hathersage. Miles away when you are dying. However, the wife and other family lived on at the farm for a further 20 years. Did my mother, born just before the death in 1914, know the story? She never mentioned it.

Balancing the horror is the fact that in Chatsworth the rent roles tell us that this same Martin's grandfather (another Martin) was recorded as "*a good manager*" immediately after his death around 1830. He may have only been farming 19 acres but he paid his rent regularly. These were the days when rents stayed the same for near decades. The rent books showed one unrelated Howe was late paying his rent for years and then suddenly paid his debts. Was it a good farming year when he could pay two years in one go?

For public consumption, it is the snippets of scandal, quite frequent illegitimacy even, or tragedy, fame or infamy, that catch the eye. Births, marriages and inevitably deaths offer the proof but it is newspapers that often add detail or intrigue. Maybe it is the occasional bit of extra information, courtesy of the recording parish minister, that confirms a suspicion.

Suicide, court cases for arson, trial witnesses for the gentry, arraignment for murder, heroism awards, all augment the more mundane. In a lead mining landscape individual pit tragedies were just a regular and ongoing fact of life but why should so many locals chose to commit suicide?

It seems that it was not just the mines or the quarries but the advent of railways that add to the opportunity to die before one's time. There are numerous records of suicides as well as railway building accidents that account for seemingly dozens and that is as recorded in just one pamphlet written about Bradwell history in 1912.

Back to the Mortons as they were Barrel through and through. Or were they? Morton and Maltby filled Bradwell from before the Plague so no wonder they spread out to the next parish and other Mortons were publicans at Foolow and Stoney Middleton. They were often lead miners, farmers, and stone masons at the same time. Talk about multitasking.

John Morton junior (landlord 1822- 1872) had a few local difficulties with the law and was fined 5 shillings for serving drink out of hours on the 20th May 1866 when the local plod arrived at past midnight to find a jug and two glasses on the table. John had the other option of seven days in gaol !! Now why was constable Taylor there at some 3 miles uphill from Eyam at that time of night? George Hibbert of the Bulls Head, Eyam was caught on the same night but got away with it as he claimed he was only having a friendly drink with his servants just before they went home. Both men went before the Petty Session and it seems both were not looking after their local officer as we would expect and relations not as good as they should have been. Still my man was not quick on finding a good excuse as his friend down the road.

The 19th century Barrel publican story as told on the wall (ie Bowman, Middleton, Morton, Morton, Bennett, Bennett, Middleton) hides the fact that the first Bennett ie Abraham was the grandson-in -law of the second John Morton, and his wife Ruth Bennett was of course “nee Morton”. Abraham had been born in Sheffield Hallam and then aged 19 worked at Abney as an agricultural labourer or carter. However, had he previous Abney/Bradder/Eyam connections that we have not found yet?

Ruth had been born in Abney 1845 but her mother Mary died very soon after the birth so Ruth was raised at the Barrel with her grandparents. In 1861 she was working at our friend George Hibbert’s pub at Eyam before being swept off her feet by Abraham in 1867. After a spell in Grindlow in 1871, by 1881 she was back at the Barrel with three children.

Middletons were also Abney folk for many years as were Redferns. Now it is recorded that a William Redfern and wife for a short while lived across the road from the Barrel but we will never know the real story behind various press articles. In August 1878 the great-granddaughter of the second John Morton, Annie Bennett (13 year old daughter of Ruth Abraham, then residing at the Barrel) is accused of arson. Did she or did she not try to light a barn of damp hay with a match? The case was sent on from the August Bakewell Petty Session to the Derby Assizes in February 1879 but only then do we find out that the case was never brought forward. It was recorded as discharged. We do know that the Justice Grove at the opening of the sessions made specific reference to an arson case indicating he doubted it would be called on

the grounds of lack of evidence. Six months for a child to await her fate! Can one imagine what was going off in that community for six months? We do know that the Redferns were not there in either 1871 or 1881.

Of the Maltby clan we know that there were near dozens of Georges in the area so which were ours in the 18th century? One early 19th century mine accident killed two George Maltbys in the same incident. A George Maltby was arraigned for murder with all his mates in the infamous Magpie/Redsoil Mine deaths of 1833. They all got off eventually but seemingly not without some six months in Derby jail.

Charles Maltby, who we know is a definite ancestor, is involved in mine management over a long period for the Eyam Mining Company. His involvement is recorded from good times until the near demise of lead mining when at the end you could buy three mines (certainly not the best in the area but...) for ten shillings. He was awarded the Order of St John for his part in the brave rescue in 1879 at the Black Engine Mine. With his compatriots he is pictured in the Eyam Museum, but it is only a guess that he is the top right "official" mentioned. It is a pity that no one seems to know who is who on the photo except for the rescued lad Bradshaw. Another George Maltby (mine manager of the Spar Mine, Monsal Dale and nephew of Charles) died in an 1895 accident at the age of 35 when a boiler falls off a trailer and crushes him.

Annie Maltby (born 1857) a daughter of Charles, had a bit part in the then ongoing and fascinating 18th century story of the ownership of Hassop Hall. She was witness at one of the repeat offences perpetrated by John Gladwin Colclough in trying to take possession of the Hall from the eventually proven rightful inheritor and owner Charles Leslie. Surprise surprise housemaid Annie shortly afterwards went on to marry the estate labourer James Wain and they emigrated to Australia to spread the dynasty down under.

Not only did we find family issues at the Barrel but in Eyam Museum the stories abound of local Maltbys with their WW1 history.

Sources for research emerge under every stone we turn, but every connection helps confirm the mystery that is "who I might just possibly be". As we dig on, what will be next in the trail of loves, lives, trials, tribulations, heroes and villains that made up a part of my DNA?

David Marshall.

dmatcc@btinternet.com

Family names of interest to us are on the DFHS site as Morton, Maltby, Howe and Wagstaff.

RESEARCH CENTRE AND LIBRARY



BRIDGE CHAPEL HOUSE DERBY

Acquisitions at 1 Feb 2017

Cemetery Burial Records:-

Belper 1858-1869
Findern 1960-1999
Marston on Dove 1972-2000
Temple Normanton 1935-1997

Derbyshire:-

The Glover Notebooks—A transcription of five handwritten notebooks belonging to Stephen Glover that were the basis of the famous Glover's directories for Derby and Derbyshire

Derby:-

St Osmund's Church, Derby—Wilmorton's Heritage

Birth Certificate:

Emma Rice, 1850, Derby
George Wright, 1865, Willenhall, Staffs

Death Certificate

Annie Coy, age 80, 1943, Long Eaton

dfhs.org.uk revitalised

Many members will have noticed the relaunch of our website at dfhs.org.uk with many new features. We know that some of our members resolutely resist the march of technology and have neither an email address nor a computer. We have not forgotten you and continue to offer postal services, but the new generation of family historians are looking for more and more online facilities. While our revenue from publication sales has shrunk our income from online searches continues to rise. So a significant change on the website is a provision for pay-as-you-go visitors. By buying credits they may visit parts of the site previously only available to members of the society.

All visitors to the website can find general information about researching their family history in Derbyshire and go on to ask questions about any difficulties they encounter. Publications can be ordered and indexes of births, marriages, deaths and burials consulted. Annual membership by subscription is available online as well as pay as you go facilities.

If you have not visited the website recently we encourage you to do so. New material has been added and more is on its way. The extensive index of people in Derbyshire wills has another thousand names on it and an improved search facility. New cemetery records are being added and the Library Contents, which we used to issue as a publication, are now available for consultation or download.

The change has not been without teething problems, mainly in the area of membership renewal, as we shift from one system to another. Payment by PayPal, using either your account or a debit or credit card, gives instant access to renewal, as long as you have your membership number. The fall-back position of using your email address only works if you have kept us up to date with any changes. Take note: **Please remember to notify us when you change your email address. It helps us as well as you**

The system may also be puzzled if you are paying for someone else, so adding a note to inform us of this would be helpful. Payments that come to us by post need to be entered manually, for which we rely on voluntary help, as do payments by bankers order. After our initial difficulties in January we are building enough leeway into the system to enable members to have continued access to the website for a short time while we process their payments. If you are still experiencing difficulties in joining or rejoining, please contact the Membership Secretary who will do her best to solve the problem.

On advice from our Webmaster, we would urge all our members to check their password and make sure it is as secure as possible. As he says, it is a jungle out there. An ideal password is a mixture of numbers, letters and symbols and, hopefully, one you can remember as well. To change your current password go into the website and log in. Under "My Menu" click on the "Change your Password". Remember that the Society has no idea of your password, so if you forget it, it is no use asking us for it. As a last resort, the Society can generate a new password for you if you are really struggling.

While we are trying to do all we can for those online visitors, a visit to our library in Derby offers the chance to look at further information we have collected, including transcripts of parish registers and access to our own database of Derbyshire births, marriages and deaths. Please remember that we have more material at Bridge Chapel than is on the website at the moment. To get it on the website means hard working volunteers and that is the one thing we don't have at the moment. It is always worth asking if we have certain information that isn't showing up on the website and seeing if we can get it to you by other means. Visiting the Society headquarters also offers the chance to talk over your research with an experienced volunteer who can share their knowledge of the tricks of the trade for family history.

Attendance at our Derby meetings means the chance to meet other members with similar interests and to hear first-class illustrated talks on family history research and the background to our ancestors' lives. We are always ready to support other local meetings where members are prepared to undertake the organisation.

Members can give more to the Society than their subscription. There are opportunities to work on projects, either at the Library or at home, to write for the magazine, or to help run the Library or, most urgently, the local meeting. We have committed ourselves to the new website in the hope that it will help the Society to grow and help all our members into the foreseeable future.

HELP WANTED

I am searching for a Ruth Handley born about 1777, who married William Martin on 6 Oct 1800 in South Wingfield. I have found all the census records for her and according to them she was born in Fritchley, but I can't find any record of her birth. Does anyone know anything about her please?

S. Martin

E-mail: s.martin62@btinternet.com

Searching for Graves

An item on Radio Derby morning program on Tuesday 28th November included an item about an American whose hobby was cleaning gravestones. The American was briefly interviewed, during which he commented that some people like to find, photograph and record headstones. I was recently contacted by just such a person.

On 17th October this year, I received the following message via Ancestry:

[I'm] not a relative, just taking pics at Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Burnaby, British Columbia, Canada and then finding their family members. If this is your person(s):

*This is a Find a Grave link to Mercy Emily Williams Walker
[https://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?
page=gr&GRid=184351654](https://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=gr&GRid=184351654)*

Also if you would like to view death records or other vital records in BC there is a link to the Royal BC Museum, a free site: <http://search-collections.royalbcmuseum.bc.ca/Genealogy>

*Feel free to copy my photo(s).
Karen*

Mercy Walker is someone in my tree, so she immediately made me the “owner” of that particular entry in the database. In later correspondence, Karen confirmed that she took these photographs and searched for “owners” simply as a hobby.

However that is not the end of the story. The second web address she gave me allowed me to extend the family tree just in time. The additional information will appear in a book to which I have made several contributions, and that is scheduled to go to the printers shortly.

Dave Gordon
E-mail: d.e.gordon@ntlworld.com

“An old man named Ellis, between 60 and 70 years of age, has been committed for trial at Devizes, for marrying six wives, three of whom are now living in different parts of the country.” [*Hull Packet & Humber Mercury*, 21 Jul 1829]
One has to admire his stamina!!!

**We welcome new members who have
joined the Society by 1st Feb 2018**



- 8097 Mrs K A Matthews, 2 Hope Avenue, Mickleover, Derby, DE3 0FZ, UK E-mail: angela.matthews57@hotmail.co.uk
- 8098 Mrs M Murray, Holly Lodge, Hillbrow, Liss, Hants, GU33 7QE, UK E-mail: murraymarg@hotmail.com
- 8100 Mr J M Barber, 4 The Elms, Barnes, London, SW13 0NF, UK E-mail: john@barber-net.co.uk
- 8101 Mr R Wright, 247 Allan Drive, Arnprior, Ontario, K7S 3R4, Canada E-mail: mary_richwright@yahoo.ca
- 8103 Ms S Jameson, 1 Jazz Place, Orange, New South Wales, 2800, Australia E-mail: sharemslie@iinet.net.au
- 8136 Mr A Andrews, 2 Riverside Grove, Stone, Staffordshire, ST15 8WJ, UK E-mail: andrew@addstone.co.uk
- 8143 Mr D Marshall, Cats Craig, Dunscore, Dumfries, Dumfries & Galloway, DG2 0TD, UK E-mail: dmatcc@btinternet.com
- 8144 Mrs V Mason, Hallfields Farm, Kniveton, Ashbourne, Derbyshire, DE6 1JR, UK E-mail: hallfields@hotmail.co.uk
- 8146 Ms J Mitchener, 7 Maple Road, Winton, Bournemouth, Dorset, BH9 2PN, UK E-mail: signpost24@aol.com
- 8147 Mr K Milne, Laburnum House, Argoes, Kinnerley, Oswestry, Salop, SY10 8DJ, UK E-mail: ken_milne@btinternet.com
- 8148 Mr I Dalton, Flat Unit 4-5, Thornbrook Road, Chapel en le Frith, Derbys, SK23 0LX, UK E-mail: dalton57@btinternet.com
- 8149 Mr M Eley, 35 Field Close, Hilton, Derbys, DE65 5GL, UK E-mail: lynn.eley@btinternet.com
- 8150 Mr R Cockeram, 27 Marian Avenue, Armadale, Western Australia, 6112, Australia E-mail: rc.cockeram@bigpond.com
- 8151 Mrs S M Topham, 18 Bunting Drive, Clayton Heights, Bradford, West Yorkshire, BD6 3XE, UK E-mail: susan@topham.com
- 8153 Ms D Thompson, 2 Wellfield Cottages, Greave Fold, Romiley, Stockport, Cheshire, SK6 4QA, UK E-mail: dithompson@tiscali.co.uk
- 8154 Mr K Wood, 93 Grange Road, Rotheram, South Yorkshire S60 3LN, UK E-mail: kev@kevood.co.uk

- 8155 Mr B French, 146 Wigan Road, Ormskirk, West Lancashire, L39 2BA
UK E-mail: frenchbarrie@yahoo.co.uk
- 8157 Ms P Meehan, 22 Stapleton Street, Glenorchy, TAS 7010, Australia
E-mail: patmeehan2014@outlook.com
- 8158 Mr J Cordon, 7 Carlin Close, Breaston, Derbyshire, DE72 3EJ, UK
E-mail: jpccordon@hotmail.com
- 8159 Mr S Baker, Shippen House, Brownston, Rattery, South Brent, Devon,
TQ10 9LQ, UK E-mail: simoncbaker@outlook.com
- 8160 Mr W Burton, PO Box 160, De Winton, Alberta, CA T0L0X0,
Canada E-mail: wlbarton@telus.net
- 8161 Mr J Walker, 11 Windmill Road, Brixham, Devon, TQ5 9SG, UK
E-mail: jayw@me.com
- 8162 Mr J Feenstra, 4243 Moselle Drive, Chantilly, Virginia 20151, USA
E-mail: james.feenstra@gmail.com
- 8163 Ms S Heaney, 47 Grasmere Road, Newton, Chester, Cheshire CH2
2LR, UK E-mail: sarahheaney@hotmail.com

MEMBERS INTERESTS

<u>Name</u>	<u>Parish</u>	<u>Dates</u>	<u>Mem</u>
MILLWARD	Tideswell	<1770	8151
LAMB	Ashbourne	<1800	8151

**Please note that if you would like your interests to
appear in the Magazine as well as on the web,
please send them to the Editor**

ADDRESS CORRECTION

- 7300 Mrs Oxley, 55 Roxby Close, Doncaster, Bessacarr, S. Yorkshire,
DN4 7JH, UK

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

Derbyshire Family History Society

Mar Quarter 2018



This is another postcard in our collection but this one has us puzzled. It is of Woolley House near Alfreton, but we can't find any mention of such a place. Can anyone help us with a bit more information?