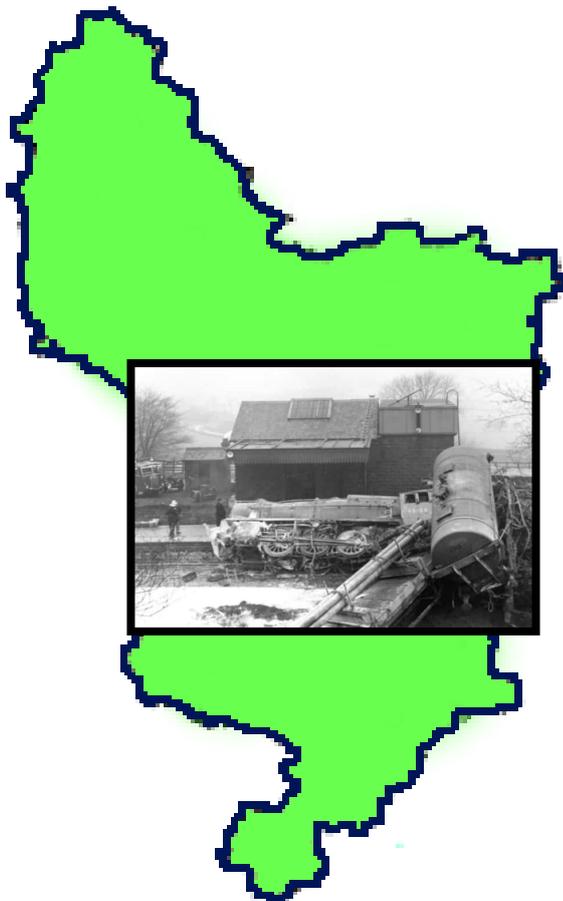


*Derbyshire Family  
History Society*



The Runaway  
Train at Chapel  
en le Frith  
in 1957  
See Page 2

*Sep 2018*

*Issue 166*

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

## **MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTIONS**

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

## **ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS**

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

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

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

Thank you for your understanding and co-operation.

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

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

## **MEETINGS 2018**

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

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

### **Front Cover Picture—TRAIN ACCIDENT AT CHAPEL EN LE FRITH**

It was just after 11 in the morning of February 9 1957 when a freight train thundered into Chapel en le Frith station travelling more than 60 mph and collided with the rear of a slow moving goods train and a diesel passenger train. The 185 ton locomotive, 30 loaded goods wagons and a signal box were wrecked, but only two people lost their lives thanks to John Axon the driver of the train that was going from Buxton to Arpley.

John Axon was horribly scalded when the brake system of his engine failed and exploded, filling his cab with steam, but he remained on the footplate to try and slow the massive train. His fireman, Ron Scanlon, leapt from the moving loco and applied handbrakes to as many wagons as he could to slow its speed. He managed 7 wagons before the train went downhill and picked up speed, hurtling into a goods train in front. The runaway's tender whipped round and shattered the station signal box and a piece of flying wreckage ripped into the front of the stationary passenger train, which fortunately had been evacuated only moments before.

John Axon, aged 56, was killed along with John Creamer of Stockport, who was the guard of the goods train. During a public inquiry the crew were put on record for their devotion to duty in trying to avoid an even bigger disaster.

In 2007, to mark the 50th anniversary of the rail crash, a special plaque was unveiled at the station as a permanent monument to the heroism of the men who lost their lives in the disaster.

## **FROM THE EDITOR**

Welcome to our June issue, sent out in the middle of one of the hottest summers I have known. Something our overseas readers are very used to, but for us Brits anything other than rain is a pleasant surprise. Usually once the school holidays start, the sun disappears and the poor kids have to amuse themselves inside, but for once it looks hopeful.

I have to thank those of you who have sent me articles. For the first time in many years I have a surplus ready to start the next magazine off and it is wonderful. I have to admit I was on the verge of cutting the magazine by several pages, it has now had a reprieve. Like I say, many thanks, and please keep them coming.

Our website is proving popular and we have managed to iron out most of the problems that any new site faces. Parish registers, cemeteries and wills are going on as a searchable tool bit by bit, and in the next week or two we will be starting on non-conformist registers. There are also plenty of PDF pages to read through, which we add to whenever we find something of interest. I hope you are enjoying the new site and please let us know if you would like to see something on there that will be of help.

More and more, of course, is going online which can be a blessing or a curse. One site which might be of help to our members is the following, put on by some PhD students who have been working with the Chatsworth archives. [www.chatsworth.org/art-archives/access-the-collection/archives-and-works-of-art/historic-servants-and-staff/](http://www.chatsworth.org/art-archives/access-the-collection/archives-and-works-of-art/historic-servants-and-staff/) Useful for anyone who has ancestors who worked at Chatsworth, but an absolutely fascinating website to browse through for anyone. Now that is a site I would class as a blessing. Many thanks to member Jenny Smart, who passed on these details to us.

Finally I hope you all enjoy your summer though if our Government has its way you will be dreading the months to come. Trains on strike, airports in chaos, hosepipe bans on the way, food shortages and no medicines because of Brexit and if you live in Derby you are facing an enormous flood judging by the six foot wall they are erecting round Bridge Chapel House to stop the water. Enough, as they say, to make a cat laugh.

Whatever the problems, have a happy holiday. See you soon

*Helen*

## CONTENTS

	<u>PAGE NO</u>
Society Meetings 2018	2
Front cover picture—Train Accident Chapel en le Frith	2
From the Editor	3
Meeting Reports	5
Help Please	9
The Punch and Judy Show	10
Genealogy of a Disagreeable Family	13
Bugsworth/Buxworth Schools 1886-1900	14
Job Higton Hodgkinson & Family	21
Death of a Derbyshire Athlete	23
Why? We Will Never Know	24
Charley's Tale—Part One	28
The Peacock Inn	34
Doveridge Postman's Suicide	37
Spondon House	38
Churches of Derbyshire—No 51 Chapel en le Frith Thomas Becket	42
Green Farm, Newbold and the Needhams Part 2	44
Welsh Ramblings	58
The Life of Joseph Fletcher—Founder of Salem Chapel Part 2	63
Obituary—Sergeant Thomas Vessey	67
Search Engines for Family History	68
Round and About	74
Research Centre and Library Update	76

## **DERBY MEETINGS**

**Apr 2018**

### **St Helen's House—Maxwell Craven**

This Town Mansion was built in the Palladian style circa 1766 by Joseph Pickford for John Gisborne. It was considered the best of its type outside London. The building stood near to the Roman Catholic Church of St Mary.

It was a red brick building with an ashlar front. It stood three storeys high with sash windows and a Roman Ionic portico. The interior had a magnificent entrance hall with a grand fireplace and a cantilevered staircase to the second floor where there was a huge Saloon. A staff staircase went up to the third floor. The estate contained a large park with lake, gardens, stable block and conservatory.



John Gisborne was a Member of Parliament for Derby. On his death in 1779, his son Thomas inherited the estate. He continued living there until 1801 when he leased and subsequently sold the property to William Strutt.

It became Strutt's principal residence and he did some alterations and an extension for more service accommodation. A flushing toilet and heating system were fitted. This extension was truncated when Bridge Gate was created cutting through his land. Strutt died in 1830 and his son continued to live there until he lost his parliamentary seat 1847, when he moved to Nottingham. The house was only occupied occasionally until 1862 when it was purchased by Derby Corporation for Derby Grammar School. A large extension, named the Pearson building was built in a simpler but similar style. The estate and gardens gradually diminished in size. The School occupied the house until 1966 when it was used by the School of Art and WEA. By 2004 it was decided the building was unsafe so it was vacated and left to the elements. In 2006 the council could no longer afford the maintenance and it was sold. It was to be a luxury hotel and planning permission was granted. A lake was found to have formed above the ceiling of the Saloon as the rain poured through the roof. This had to be carefully drained before any restoration could be carried out. The building was made water tight and safe but then the recession hit and things were put on hold. In the meantime Jury's Inn was built right on the doorstep. A revised planning application was sub-

mitted to convert to offices. Repairs and renovations were completed in 2013 and it now houses a firm of accountants.

A “Blue Plaque” was placed by Derby Civic Society commemorating the house as the residence of John Gisborne and William Strutt.

### **May 2018**

#### **Dissolution of the Monasteries—Julia Hickey**

Prior to the Act of Supremacy in 1534, when Henry VIII became Head of the Church of England, the religion of the country was Roman Catholic with the Pope at its Head.

There were hundreds of religious establishments across the country, including churches, monasteries, priories, friaries and convents. There were different Orders, including Benedictine, Augustinian and Cistercian. Some of these religious houses had been established before the Norman Conquest. The monks, friars and nuns made vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. Apart from their religious life, they looked after the poor and sick and in some cases with part of the building being a hospital. They in turn were supported by the church, receiving part of the tithes and other charitable donations. They were mostly self sufficient producing their own food. Over the years some establishments found other more dubious ways to raise money by promoting pilgrimages to monastic shrines, and selling supposed relics and miraculous tokens. They became richer than the King of England. A proportion of their yearly profits (Annates) were paid to the Pope.



*Only part of Darley Priory remaining*

Initially before 1534, Henry and Cromwell were looking for ways to finance the military campaigns and smaller religious houses were closed and the land sold. In 1532 the first Act of Annates was passed reducing the amount paid to the Pope. Henry became more annoyed by the church's great wealth and set about looking for reasons to close other monasteries and appropriate their income and assets and the second Act of Annates was passed abolishing payment to the Pope with the money going to the

Crown instead.

Continually looking for reasons to discredit the monasteries, Cromwell sent out commissioners to examine the monasteries and check on their income, how the Order was run and into its moral behaviour. They were required to accept Henry as Supreme Head. Most were found to have failed in all things with accusations of affairs and inappropriate behaviour. The monasteries were dissolved and monks turned out. There was now no one to care for the poor and sick and the monks swelled their ranks. Of those monks who refused to accept Henry as Head of the Church, some were executed and others died in prison.

The contents of the monasteries were confiscated, presumably sold or melted down. Some of the buildings were given to faithful subjects or sold, others were totally destroyed and stone used for other buildings. Examples of such buildings targeted in Derbyshire were Repton, Darley Abbey, Breadsall and Kingsmead Priory on Nuns Green.

**Jun 2018**

**The Life and Adventures of Henry Walker R.N.—Stephen Flinders**

Last year Stephen gave us a talk on his wife's ancestor, Robert Bruce Napoleon Walker that was very interesting. The large amount of documentary evidence he had found was amazing. This continued when researching RBNW's father Henry.

The family had in their possession, a portrait, a sword and Trafalgar medal that they thought initially belonged to RBNW but on investigation it was found that the dates were wrong but everything fitted with Henry 1784-1849. Henry was the son of Richard and Ann nee Parr baptised in Manchester along with siblings Harriet Anne 1782 and William Walmesley 1785. Anne Parr was the daughter of John and Sarah nee Walmesley. John was the governor of Nova Scotia from 1782-1791.

Henry volunteered for the Navy aged 19 in 1803. He trained to be an officer on the Bellapheron (known affectionately as the “Billyruffian”) under the command of Captain John Cooke. Midshipman Henry Walker saw action on many occasions during and after the Napoleonic Wars most notably at the Battle of Trafalgar. After Napoleon's defeat he was transferred to the Bellapheron where he surrendered. The ship returned to Plymouth where it awaited a decision on Napoleon's fate. He was to be exiled to St Helena but it was decided that the ship was too old to undertake the journey. It was decommissioned and became a prison hulk ship.

Now that the war was over, there was no need for a Navy and Henry was put

on half pay. He went to Edinburgh to study Chemistry, Ethics and Natural History 1817-1818. He married Charlotte circa 1818 and son William Wallace Walker was baptised in 1819, followed by six more children RBNW being the last one in 1832. Charlotte left Henry in 1836 and had a further four children with someone else.



The Bellapheron

Henry was given command of the paddle steamer “Alban” and made trips to the Mediterranean. On one occasion they came to the rescue of the “Barham” that was grounded. Incidences that occurred during this rescue led Henry to take Captain Hugh Pigot of the Barham to court because of his treatment of ordinary seaman. The jury was made up of Admirals and Captains and within two weeks the case collapsed. Henry obviously felt aggrieved and decided to make a point by standing for parliament in the Chatham by-elections but he was defeated. It cost him a lot of money and his marriage. Captain Hugh Pigot was later knighted.

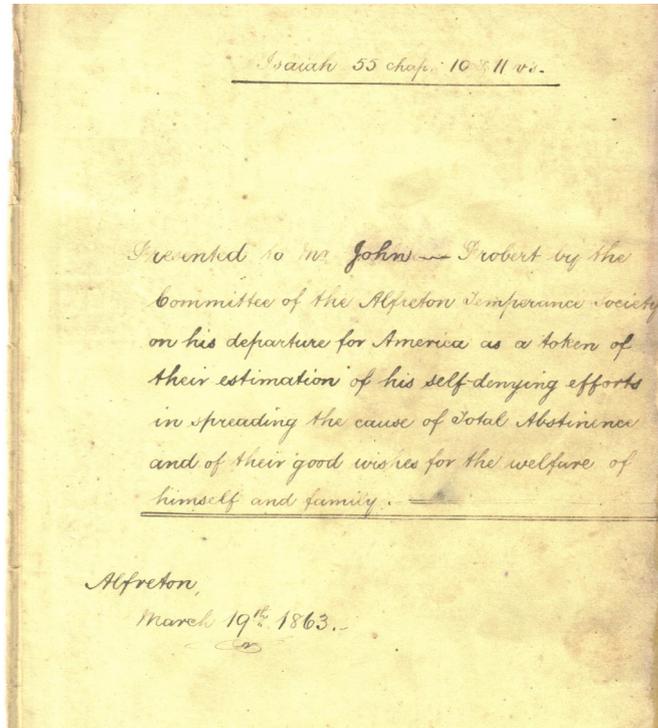
Matthew Bolton, the industrialist was outraged that there were no plans to issue a medal for those who fought at Trafalgar and at his own cost and using his own Mint he had thousands forged.

It wasn't until 1848 that Queen Victoria had a Naval General Service Medal, with a clasp depicting which battle, created. Anyone still alive who fought in any battles up until that date had to apply. Henry was ill at that time and RBNW collected his for him. This is the medal that the family has.

Henry died in 1848 and was buried at St Mary's Church Manchester. His obituary called him a neglected officer and listed his many battles.

**RUTH BARBER**

## HELP PLEASE!



One of my new family members in the USA asked about an entry in a bible she has, a scan of which I have attached. The question is, was there ever an Alfreton Temperance Society?

I have looked on the internet and although it indicates that temperance societies did exist I cannot find anything at all about the Alfreton Temperance Society.

The person John Probert did exist as his daughter, Sarah links into my family tree. I am suspicious that the entry into the bible was some form of statement to prove that he was of good character when arriving in the USA, hence the question if the society ever existed.

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

## *The Punch and Judy Show*

I recently found a film on YouTube from the Victoria and Albert Collection, featuring a Punch and Judy Show filmed in Buxton around the turn of the century. The man was Harry Bailey. There are photographs on both the Picture the Past and Francis Frith web sites of him in Buxton. So I decided to try and find out more about Harry Bailey.

Harry was baptised Henry James Bailey on 30th April 1854 in Marylebone, London, to James and Susanna [nee Meredith]. The vicar records that Harry had actually been born in December 1852. His father is recorded as a carver and gilder; however by 1861 his father is describing himself as a showman and later census records place him in Birmingham as a marionette performer and ten years later as a Punch and Judy man. Newspaper sources from Find my Past show that he appeared regularly at the Crystal Palace and country wide, though later based for the season at Harrogate Spa and so often appearing at Yorkshire shows and galas. As well as a traditional booth, he performed with string or rod puppets on Music Hall stages.

By 1881 son Harry had begun to work on his own, listed in the theatrical press as "The Brothers Bailey". On the census he is a lodger in Cross Yard, Nottingham, with the family of cab driver George Higgs. The enumerator describes Harry as "a performer of Punch and Judy" and has added "showman" later. Also in the house is George's sister, Elizabeth, and a little later in the year Harry marries her.

The 1891 census finds them at 22 Bennett Street in Buxton between a railway platelayer and a bathchairman. With them is 5 year old nurse child Harry Russell, who will eventually become their adopted son and assistant Punch and Judy man playing the pandean pipes and drum, and collecting the money. I think that's him in the film.

*Has anyone noticed the humble pusher of a bathchair in Buxton, who is promoted by one census transcriber to the heights of "Baths Chairman".*

The Derbyshire Advertiser in August 1902 comments "*Perhaps the most popular of all Buxton outside entertainers is our old friend Punch and Judy, in the hands of the unrivalled Mr Harry Bailey, than whom a more courteous and gentlemanly entertainer never graced the famous Spa of the Peak.*"

Harry Bailey died on 21st May 1909; Elizabeth died in 1929 and is buried beside her husband in Buxton Cemetery.



*Baileys Royal Punch & Judy Show,  
Broad Walk, Buxton around 1900  
[courtesy of Picture the Past]*

From the Picture the Past photographs we can see that Harry set up his show at several points beside the Crescent and along the fashionable Broad Walk. In August 1888 the Sheffield Weekly Telegraph comments on the way that the Local Board look favourably on Bailey, giving him such “latitude” in the Crescent. The film is taken at the edge of Hardwick Square, where Harry briefly lived, with a backdrop across Buxton to the now gone Midland Station.

Several notices he placed in the Era newspaper tell us more about Harry. In 1881 he stresses his fifth time in Winster and in Bakewell, plus engagements in Derby and Chesterfield, but by February 1888 he is *“the World renowned Brothers Bailey, Royal Punch and Judy and singing dog Toby. Now Scotia, Glasgow...just concluded...Southport, Liverpool, Oldham, Bolton, Preston, Edinburgh.”*

In July 1893 *“engaged for the Royal Wedding”*. This was the wedding of George Duke of York to Princess Mary of Teck. There are also records of him entertaining Queen Victoria’s family at Buckingham Palace and at Windsor. So the “Royal Punch and Judy” in his adverts was genuine.

October 1897.... *“Still in Buxton daily, Crystal Palace at Christmas”*.

1883 Dublin.....then Buxton every evening when the sun goes down.

November 1890 Provincial Tour—Birmingham Gaiety moving to Alexandra Wigan with J.H. Woodhouse [an entertainer in his own right Woodhouse wrote several Music Hall Songs sung by the famous artists of the time.]

*“Chair Up. The Champion of Two Worlds”*. Bailey often finished his adverts with “Chair Up”. Is it a word play on Cheer up or is it maybe a catchphrase. The puppet acrobat often used a chair.

A review in the Era for 30th January 1892 reads “*quite a little variety entertainment in itself is the Brothers Bailey Punch and Judy. The puppets do a [variety] show, and the feats of the miniature wooden acrobat are more wonderful than its flesh and blood prototypes. The figures are well voiced and admirably worked.*” Many reviewers stress the greater variety in their shows and that they are more polished than most. One calls Bailey a leading showman of the Victorian Era.

Harry Bailey had been working as “The Brothers Bailey”. His father had Edward Candler as a partner; a man from a family famed as puppeteers. Someone to play music, help with the puppets and of course help transport everything they need. Candler’s contract even mentioned paying six old pence per week to help feed the dog Toby.

None of Bailey’s actual brothers were likely partners so I considered the census for Buxton in 1891. No Baileys matched the criteria, so I considered musicians. There were a lot of these, many from the Buxton Pavilion Orchestra, just one was London born. There was also a punch and judy man living in Fairfield, but was he competition or partner?

1 Brookside, Fairfield, Buxton John Rice 36 Punch and Judy Man born Liverpool. Ann Rice 37 Lace Worker born Melbourne, Derbyshire.

This couple had married in the September quarter of 1881 in the Basford area of Nottingham, so looked promising, but there was no John Rice on the 1881 census just months earlier. Hoping he was merely wrongly transcribed I took out his surname and searched again.

Beck Street, Nottingham John Bailey 26 Lodger Musician born Liverpool. Ann Bailey 27 Lace Worker born Melbourne.

I had my answer, he was using his stage name! Brothers Bailey were Harry Bailey and John Rice. John died in September 1897, his death is recorded in the Saint John Parish Register and he is buried in Saint Anne’s Churchyard. They had just completed ten weeks in Birmingham and had been re-engaged for Crystal Palace.

The Derbyshire Advertiser of 17th September 1897 carried the obituary. *Death on Friday last removed a very familiar figure from our midst. John Rice—for nearly a quarter of a century Messrs Bailey and Rice have been associated together in the performance of the famous Punch and Judy Show. At first regular visitors and latterly residents in the town”* Rice, we read, was even known as Punch, he had been a smart man with a remarkable wit, but there was a rather too honest conclusion “*his closing days were not as they might*” and “*he had been the greatest enemy to himself*”. What a

shame.

So on 18th September this appeared in the Era. “*Wanted Pandean Piper to join well known Punch and Judy. Late partner twenty one years together. All particulars to H Bailey late of Bailey Brothers.*”

**Geoff Sutton [Mem 6160]**  
**Email: geoffsutton@sky.com**

### **GENEALOGY OF A DISAGREEABLE FAMILY**

Expired, on the 5th instant, the Income Tax, the seventh holder of the title and estates. The first made its appearance in 1842 and last for three years, taking from us 7d out of every sovereign. It was succeeded in 1845 by another of three years, which again was followed in 1848 by a third; an attempt by Lord J. Russell's Government on this occasion to raise the tribute to 1s was very soon disposed of. 1851 gave us a one year's tax, Mr Hume beating the same Government on the question of the number of its days; and 1852, in prospect of a dissolution of Parliament, brought a successor of only the same brief existence. In 1853 came Mr Gladstone's grand and comprehensive creation, the longest lived Income-tax of the series, extended also to Ireland and [but at a lower rate] to incomes of 100/a year, the rate to be 7d for two years, 6d for two more, 5d for three more, and then to cease. This tax saw many vicissitudes of fortune in the course of its seven years' existence; its rent-roll was doubled for a while, then had 2d added to it temporarily, and finally, when at its lowest ebb of 5d, and almost *in extremis*, it was raised to 9d. It came to its end in April 1860 and a temporary tax—a new rate—was granted for one year. That period expired on the 5th and the family is at this moment extinct, but its custom is to continue itself by posthumous heirs, and another is expected immediately. The property, however, was originally granted on the understanding that it was to be taken only for a time, and since 1842 Income-tax has got hold of 140,000,000/ of the public money.

*Derby Mercury, 17 Apr 1861*

## Bugsworth/Buxworth Schools 1826-1980

For a small north Derbyshire village with a supporting population of 900 lordly souls to have three schools running simultaneously was a creditable undertaking. The original school logbooks (that exist) are lodged at the County Record Office at Matlock. They relate an alphabetical tale of absconding, attendance issues, corporal punishment, death, patriotic fervour, pestilence in many forms, punishment, religion, SAO's (school attendance officers) and social evil, in fact the every day story of country folk living in a small village that was no doubt replicated throughout Derbyshire and further afield.

In 1826 the Black Brook bisected the village, that part south of the Black Brook was in Chapel-en-le Frith Parish, that part north was in the Chinley, Bugsworth & Brownside Parish. Much later in time this factor was to cause endless festering problems over the suggestion to change of the village name. Both Parish Churches established a Church School in their respective patches, but not simultaneously. The first school in Bugsworth was erected in 1826 by public subscription on Brierley Green, north of the Black Brook. The work on the small two floor building was undertaken voluntarily by farmers and quarrymen of the district, it became a Congregationalists Day School and a Sunday School for the entire village. The deed of trust stipulated that the school teachers should live on the premises. Education was not free, pupils had to pay to attend the school. In the early 1900's a Congregational Chapel was added to the schoolroom. Brierley Green Day School survived until Gnat Hole School opened Monday the 8th January 1872.

Gnat Hole School was built in the Chapel Parish part of the village. Logbook, *8th January, 1872 opening with 32 pupils with a further 6 arriving in the afternoon, some travelling from Chinley. 9<sup>th</sup> January four more pupils this morning making 42.* The logbooks for Gnat Hole School do not record to an intrusive depth the happenings within the logbooks of the later Bugsworth Board School which opened in 1884. Those logbooks give the reader the feeling that if anything moved on those school premises, it would be recorded in the logbook.

By 1875 the average daily attendance at Gnat Hole School was 99 pupils increasing to 115 by 1877. The pupils had to pay to attend. An early Inspector's Report reported that *"The school was an unruly and difficult school and did not function well because the teachers did not stay long in post. Finding the children rather rough and uneducational, the majority unable to read or write"*. The plan for a headmistress and two assistants does not function well. In 1883 a teacher records in the logbook that *"The children are in a most dis-*

*orderly and noisy state, they had not the faintest idea what was meant to be quiet” and “Four boys refused to come to the front when I called them and one threatened to throw a book at the monitor's head”.*

The opening of Gnat Hole School led both to the gradual demise of the original Brierley Green School and ultimately to the building of the Bugsworth Board School, in that part of the village north of the Black Brook. The appellation “Board School” was due to the pupils having to pay to attend. It was built under the umbrella of St James's C of E Church, in the Parish of Glosop. By 1947 pupils at Gnat Hole School had dwindled to 11 pupils and closed in August of that year.



*Gnat Hole School on Closure 1947*

The social and graphic history of both Bugsworth Gnat Hole School and Bugsworth Board School can best be followed by reading the thoughts and wisdom or sometimes the lack of wisdom ascertained from within the original pages of the appropriate school logbooks. In order not to have to jump through hoops like the former pupils, the history of Gnat School comes first, simply because it was first meaningful school to open and the first to close.

Gnat Hole School from the Logbooks.

The School Inspectors early and original comments “*an unruly and difficult school*” proved to be just so. In 1880 the afternoon starting time was agreed at 2.00pm because of the school part-timers working at the Goyt weaving mill at Whaley Bridge or the paper mill at Whitehough until 1.00pm, the pu-

pils then having to walk home and have their dinners. Alternatively some children had to take dinners to their parents place of work and be back at school for the afternoon session.

As early as the 8<sup>th</sup> March 1872 whooping cough is reported to be prevalent. There are several reports of the school closing due to outbreaks of scarlet fever, measles and diphtheria. 22<sup>nd</sup> March. *Attendance is low due to a severe snowstorm and whooping cough.* Things are looking up by July 1872, *“Discipline and order good. Children very ignorant but progress is being made.”* 5<sup>th</sup> August several cases of scarlet fever are reported but by October the pupil numbers have risen to 103.

31<sup>st</sup> Jan 1873. Heavy fall of snow with severe frosts. Average attendance recorded as 71 pupils. By the 15<sup>th</sup> of February scarlet fever has spread with 13 cases. 19<sup>th</sup> June. Many children still absent due to the prevalence of fever. 12<sup>th</sup> August. The fever seems to left the neighbourhood, average pupils numbers are recorded as 91.

School Report 24<sup>th</sup> June 1874. The energy which Miss Smythe works in the school does her credit. The school has made considerable progress throughout the year. There are many failings in arithmetic which can be attributed to the difficulty in teaching so many young children.

13<sup>th</sup> June 1875. School Report. Spelling and arithmetic weak, this is a difficult school to manage but the mistress works hard. The children under 7 years are nicely taught. 26<sup>th</sup> August 1875. Pupil numbers now 99 the largest for 2 years. 20<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1875 Miss. Smythe resigns, she has conducted the school in the last 3 years to the satisfaction of the Governors.

13<sup>th</sup> March 1876. Scarlet fever prevalent in Bugsworth and the surrounding area, the school closes for 3 weeks,

1<sup>st</sup> June 1877. A considerable improvement of this school has been affected in the attainments of this school. Mary Nall and Sarah Nall, part time teachers, have left to qualify as teachers so that they can open a middle class school of their own.

5<sup>th</sup> July 1878. Average attendance rises to 119 pupils. But due to the opening of the new Board School in the centre of Bugsworth on the 15<sup>th</sup> July 1878, the logbook entry reads *“In consequence of the new school opened in Bugsworth the attendance is now weakened”*. The half-time children -- William Proctor, Joseph Vere, Frank Coverley, Albert Jackson, Joe Sidebottom, Job Flint, Richard Broadhurst, John Horsfield, Mary Jane Plant, Lucy Vere, Mar-

tha Owen, Ann Barber, Hannah Guinnoson, Emma Horsfield, Rose Ann Vernon, Mary Ridgeway, Frances Pearson, Annie Taylor and George Proctor all leave Gnat Hole School.

29<sup>th</sup> July 1878 The numbers dropped further when Isaac Statham, Hannah Mellor, James Mellor and Thomas Mellor left due to the lower fees charged at the new school. This was further compounded when an evening school opened and Joseph Hall, Thomas Yates, Thomas Shirt, Frank Vernon, William Plant, Jonathon Pearson, Joseph Plant, William Ford and Joe Longson waved goodbye to Gnat Hole School.

16<sup>th</sup> -29<sup>th</sup> May 1879. Whooping cough very prevalent. 18<sup>th</sup> June 1880. Rosa Bradbury commenced duties as the mistress this week. Followed on the 24<sup>th</sup> June by an unannounced visit from His Majesties Inspector of Schools. On the 2<sup>nd</sup> Dec 1880. F.B. Lott, H. M. Inspector of Schools, made a further visit without notice. Entry reads *"No entry in the school logbook since the 12<sup>th</sup> November. The Explanation given is moving to another house and a father-in-law who died. Afternoon school altered to 2pm because the half-timers (At School) who don't stop work before 1 pm, then have to get their dinners and walk from the Goyt Cotton Spinning Mill Whaley Bridge or from the Whitehough Bleachworks"*. School report 1st July 1881. The school is in a very unsatisfactory state. Order very moderate. Reading and spelling is very poor and arithmetic is very bad. A reduction in grant is ordered.

2<sup>nd</sup> June 1882. Teachers warned about the seriousness consequences of not keeping the registers. A reduction of one tenth in the grant to the school. The mistress resigned on the 2<sup>nd</sup> Feb 1883. 5<sup>th</sup> Feb A. G. Wetters and Ruth Wetters appointed the master and mistress at the school.

9<sup>th</sup> June 1883. Man named Jepson called at the school to give James Goddard a good hiding for throwing stones at him. Told him that he must not interfere during school time and that he must find other means of punishment. 29<sup>th</sup> June Report. School still backward, but the order greatly improved. 17<sup>th</sup> August. According to custom (a bad one) I gave a holiday for Whaley Bridge Wakes.

15<sup>th</sup> Feb 1884. A visit from the Chinley schoolmaster where they are to build a new school. He thought it could be like this one. 22 Feb. James Goddard illegally at work in the Bugsworth lime kilns. 21<sup>st</sup> May reduction in grant, more will be made if there are no improvements. 16<sup>th</sup> Oct. 66 children present, many from a considerable distance –Tunstead Milton and Whitehough.

12<sup>th</sup> June. 1885. William Mellor the school caretaker accidentally killed in an

accident in Barren Clough Quarry. The inquest was held on Tuesday in a Gnat Hole schoolroom. 1885 Report. The school thoroughly inefficient and scarcely deserving of any grant, there is no possibility of any improvement while the present master continues. It would be have been well if the managers had given him notice to leave some time ago. Four tenths of the grant withheld.

17<sup>th</sup> Aug. 1885. Thomas Perkins started as the master. 21<sup>st</sup> Aug. Many of the children have left to go to the Board School in Bugsworth. This is due to the dismissal of the late master at Gnat Hole. Not a single copybook in school, 75% children come without pencils.

11<sup>th</sup> Sept 1885 Received a number of new slates. Oct 9<sup>th</sup>. James Goddard returned to school after a prolonged absence-- having spent the time working with his father a boatman working from the Bugsworth Basin. 6<sup>th</sup> Nov Mumps is now prevalent.

4<sup>th</sup> June. 1886. The three Vere children have left. They are going to America. 4<sup>th</sup> June. Thomas Perkins, Master resigned. 6<sup>th</sup> Aug. Attendance low due to children working in the hayfield. 10<sup>th</sup> Sept. Miss Julia Norris from Chapel-en-le-Frith took over temporarily.

1<sup>st</sup> Apr 1887. Martha Hall's clothing caught fire whilst standing in front of a school fire before morning lessons. She was fearfully burnt. 2<sup>nd</sup> Apr. Martha has died from her burns. 4<sup>th</sup> Apr new fireguards ordered for the school. 29<sup>th</sup> Apr the Board School closed due to measles. 2<sup>nd</sup> May 26 cases of measles, school closed. 2<sup>nd</sup> June. School reopened. 29<sup>th</sup> June Jubilee Procession at Chapel-en-le-Frith. Children given a holiday. 23<sup>rd</sup> Aug. The children in good order. 23<sup>rd</sup> Sept. Three children away with scarlet fever.

29<sup>th</sup> May. 1888. Marion Whitehead the Mistress. 3<sup>rd</sup> June 1889 Miss Anna Lindley the Mistress. She resigns 22<sup>nd</sup> Dec 1892. 9<sup>th</sup> Jan 1893 - 21<sup>st</sup> Aug 1984. J. M. Sterling the Master. 10<sup>th</sup> Sept 94 - 2<sup>nd</sup> June 1919 Miss. Annie M. Jackson. The Mistress she was to serve in post until the 2<sup>nd</sup> June 1919. (A musical Master and Mistresses scenario. No wonder the school receives a slating)

1<sup>st</sup> July. 1896. Eliza Smith, infant teacher gave a lesson on the lead pencil. It was in November 1897 that the first reported photograph of the children was taken by a Mr. Simpson. A new piano was delivered on the 25<sup>th</sup> Aug 1898. 29<sup>th</sup> Jan 1900. E. Taylor came to school, the first time since May. She was in the usual dirty condition. I refused her entry. 25<sup>th</sup> Jan 1901, Grace and Dorothy Proctor from Edale join the school. 6<sup>th</sup> Apr 1903. Slates abolished .

The rate of resignation of teachers speeds up. 30<sup>th</sup> Apr. 1903 Ada Simpson and Miss Drinkwater, June 1903. Ethel Green, June 1904. Mary Muir, 1905, Emily Barnes, 1907, Miss Trivet, Miss. F Martyn and Miss Stanier. A plan for the Gallery in the infants room to be removed is approved. 12<sup>th</sup> Oct. 1905. Sam Walker and Henry Woolley, former pupils, were killed when they both fell down a shaft that they were examining at Whaley Bridge Pit.

Piped water was first supplied to the girls cloakroom in 1908, but there is no mention of a similar facility in the boy's cloakroom. April 1909 School Report. The condition at this small school is disturbing.

However despite a tranche of teachers coming and going with a similar rapidity the May 1911 Report says "*Generally the school is in a much more efficient state than the last two reports*". 2<sup>nd</sup> Feb 1912. Weather turned bad, snow falling and some children have large distances to go home take (eat?) dinner to Chinley and Whitehough, so I gave a half day holiday. June 1912 Report. Satisfactory to report that the school continues to improve.

10<sup>th</sup> June 1916.. Another fatal accident in 1916 states that Cyril Cooper died from drowning in the Black Brook. In 1918 the average attendance was down to 85 pupils, but only 15 attended school when a war damaged aeroplane landed in a nearby field at Mount Pleasant.

By January 1928, the senior teacher, Mrs Leah Hawkesworth of Chapel-en-le-Frith had to cope single handed with a varying number pupils aged from 5 to 14 years old. Mrs Hawkesworth doggedly continued to use the old name "Bugsworth" in the school logbooks until 1934.

School Sports Day which began in 1928 consisted of a trip to Chapel-en-le-Frith Memorial Park to compete against two schools from Chapel and one from Dove Holes. Cricket was also played against the same schools, but usually had to borrow 2 pupils from Buxworth Board School to make up a team of eleven players over the age of ten. It was difficult to play cricket in a school yard consisting of limestone quarry waste, but things improved when the playground was tarmacadamed in the late 1930's.

In 1930, new sloping topped wooden desks seating two pupils arrived. Church of England prayers were said every morning. Grace was sung before and after lunch every day. The Lord's Prayer, the Apostles Creed and several psalms had to be memorised. Those pupils who were not word perfect forfeited playtime.

When Mrs. Hawkesworth retired in 1935 she was succeeded by Mrs. Drink-

water, a commanding figure in tweeds and brogues, although a temporary relief teacher she stayed till the school closed in 1947. She introduced a large battery powered portable radio measuring about 18 inches square by 12 inches deep. It is claimed that Gnat Hole School was one of the first schools in the County to listen to the B.B.C. School programmes.

School outings were rare except for occasional nature walks and visits to Sanger's Travelling Circus at Chapel-en-le-Frith. Also to a menagerie that appeared from time to time at Whaley Bridge. In 1938 a rare coach trip was taken to the Art Cinema at New Mills to view "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs".

Birthdays were marked by the taking of a "Birthday Cake" to school, a practice that continued up to the closing of Gnat Hole School. Pasteurised milk was introduced to the school daily in third of a pint bottles, it was priced at a third of an old penny. Later the milk became free. Punishment by cane was widely practised, one teacher had a head of flaming auburn hair and a temper to match and always seemed to have a backup supply of canes whenever these items of torture went "missing".

At the age of 11 girls attended a cookery class that had started in 1920, the boys a woodwork class, both at Whaley Bridge School. At the beginning of WW2 the woodwork instructor, a Mr. Millward, nicknamed "Nunckey" because of his chimp like face was conscripted into the armed forces. Four evacuees from Manchester joined the school and from November 1939 lessons ended at 3.15 pm to allow pupils to get home before the blackout. There were several air raids in 1940/1941 when the scholars took shelter in the cellars of two nearby houses.

Gnat Hole School closed in August 1948 the numbers having dwindled to 11 pupils who transferred to Buxworth Board School.

The lighting system throughout the whole life of the school was from five large oil lamps suspended on chains from the ceiling, three in the large room and two in the smaller room.

[The History of Bugsworth Board School to be continued in the next issue]

**Keith Holford**

## Job Higton Hodgkinson and family

Job was the sixth child of Joshua Hodgkinson and Lydia Higton. Born in 1798 in Cromford, he married Sarah Roper in 1822 at Wirksworth Parish Church and kept an inn in Matlock Bath. He also brewed beer and by 1850 was describing himself as also a wine and spirit merchant. He must have been regarded as a respectable member of the community as he was elected a guardian for Matlock Union in 1843 helping to oversee the local workhouse. He appears in several newspaper reports, the most amusing being the following from the Derbyshire Courier of 21 November 1846 in which the antics of local geese had been reported:

*‘.. We also hear that some geese, kept in the upper stable yard of Mr Job Hodgkinson, at the Hotel, Matlock Bath, are constantly in the habit of removing a pipe from which water flows into a trough, so that the end may hang over the side and the water stream into the yard; thus forming for themselves a temporary bathing place, but we have not heard that after having enjoyed the luxury of a tepid bath, they take the trouble to replace the pipe mouth in the trough, and prevent the unnecessary flow of water.’*

A few months later Job was in the papers again: **Derbyshire Courier 16 Jan 1847**

### *‘Curious Accident*

*A somewhat singular accident, happily unattended with any serious consequences, happened at Matlock Bath on Monday. An intelligent and industrious little youth who is familiarly known by the soubriquet of Billy Pinch was riding his master’s pony on the day as usual up the steep road leading into Mr Hodgkinson’s Hotel in the direction of the Royal Devonshire Cavern; but to make the tale intelligible it is necessary to state that a most excellent and substantial pitched road leading to the cave is now in the course of formation necessary to raise the road from its former level, an unprotected bank wall of three or four feet high on the lower side was in consequence rendered under twelve inches in height on the upper or road side. This being understood – Master Billy, on the pony was proceeding as stated up the hill and when arrived exactly on the top of the dwarf bank wall the animal’s progress was impeded by some road materials he swerved towards the low wall and losing his balance performed a complete summersault during which revolution little Pinch was thrown from his seat a distance of a couple or more yards and alighted apparently with a tremendous shock against Mr Joseph Hodgkinson’s shop door; the pony also fell heavily but of course close at the foot of the wall. This happened in the presence of at least half a dozen or half a score spectators who were pleased though astonished to see Mr Billy coolly*

*remount his diminutive steed and quietly prosecute the remaining portion of his journey, neither of them, to all appearance, being a jot the worse for their awkward adventure.'*

Job and Sarah had just one son, **Jonathan**, who was born just two months after their marriage. Jonathan was a member of the Ancient Order of Foresters, probably like his father, and was represented with an address by the officers and brothers of the local 'court' on his marriage to Fanny Roper who may well have been related through his mother's family. They were married in Liverpool which is presumably where Fanny lived. However they settled at the hotel with Job and Sarah with Fanny helping with the catering.

Unfortunately the apparent success and happiness was not to last. Jonathan and Fanny married on 18 February 1847 but a newspaper reports the death of Jonathan '*after a lingering illness of many months*' on 15 December that same year. Only hours after his death Fanny gave birth to their son, **George Henry**. Jonathan is remembered on his parents' rather impressive but now well-weathered chest tomb in the graveyard of Holy Trinity, Matlock Bath.

Life continued for Job and Sarah as Sarah's efforts as a hostess were praised in 1848 when the Ancient Order of Foresters held a quarterly meeting at the hotel and afterwards '*partook of an excellent dinner, provided by their esteemed hostess, Mrs Hodgkinson, in her usual good style, and the evening was spent in perfect good fellowship and harmony*'.

And what became of Fanny and George? You might think that Job and Sarah would give them a home but whether by choice or necessity Fanny remarried only six months after Jonathan's death. The 1851 census, when George was 3, shows him living with his mother and stepfather, William Higgott, near Middleton with his surname given as Higgott. By then Fanny had given birth to William Higgott junior but later that year Fanny died aged 31, possibly in childbirth. William obviously wasn't prepared to look after George who ended up living with Fanny's mother, Dorothy Roper. His other grandmother was perhaps not in a position to care for him as Job died in 1853 although Sarah carried on the business with the help of members of her family.

George continued to live with his grandmother and learned his trade as a joiner until Dorothy died sometime after 1871 by which time she was 83. He married Millicent Spencer in 1872 and they settled in Middleton and brought up five children. They named their third child Dorothy Roper Hodgkinson showing that George must have been fond of his grandma. Unfortunately

tragedy was to strike again when Dorothy was 3. It seems she was playing in the street with her friends when approached by a dog which bit her on the lip before running off. A doctor was called and treated her and the wound began to heal until about a month later she woke up screaming and was soon diagnosed with rabies and died the following day. And to complete the sadness of the family George only lived another five years, dying in 1886 aged only 38.

*Heather Martin [Mem 1398]*

### **DEATH OF A DERBYSHIRE ATHLETE**

A well known Derbyshire athlete, who figured prominently in football and cricket some 25 years ago, passed away at Derby last Wednesday morning in the person of Joseph Marshall. A native of Staveley, the home of many celebrated exponents of both the great summer and winter games – Joe Marshall first made his name with Staveley in the days when professionalism was coming to be recognised, and was induced to throw in his lot with Derby County, for whom he kept goal two or three seasons. He was the County's goalkeeper in their first League match at Bolton, and in his day was a brilliant custodian. Marshall, however, failed to enrol himself amongst the great ones by his inconsistent form. One day he would keep goal with a brilliancy that no one could surpass, whilst on another he would be completely off colour and make unaccountable mistakes. After he finished with the County Marshall played for Derby Junction and rendered them good service.

As in football, so it was in cricket, for by one reason or another Marshall just failed to attain the highest rung on the ladder of fame. He played for Derbyshire for three seasons in 1887, 1888 and 1890, and was one of those happy-go-luck batsmen a crowd loves to watch. He had done some great things with Brimington before he went to Derby, and he was unlucky to appear upon the scene when Derbyshire had such men as L.G. Wright, S.H. Evershed, G.G. Walker, F.R. Spofforth, Chatterton, Storer, Davidson, Joe Hulme, Walter Hall, Walter Sugg and George Porter. With such stalwarts like these in the field Marshall did not have that extended trial to develop that battling ability his undoubtedly had in him; but he did some smart things nevertheless.

He greatly distinguished himself by his uniformly fine fielding in the slips, and preformed there in a manner that was astonishing. Later he joined the Derby Constitutionals, to whom his experience and advice were of great value, and subsequent to this – just recently, in fact – he helped Chaddesden Works to win the Championship of the Derby and District League on two occasions. Those who knew Marshall will remember him with pleasure and regret that he should be called to rest at the early age of 50. His funeral yesterday [Sunday] was largely attended.

*Athletic News, 20 Jan 1913*

## **WHY? - WE WILL NEVER KNOW**

It is well documented that not all births between the commencement of Civil Registration in 1837 and the *Births and Deaths Act 1874*, were registered, either because of confusion, or it not being compulsory and there being no penalty for failure to comply. This was especially true for children of illegitimate birth. However, as I recently found not all deaths have been registered, even following inquest.

Having been engaged, for what seems to have been an eternity, in the DFHS Project transcribing the birth, death and marriage indices at my local Registrars Office, I occasionally receive queries which the Registrars have been unable to resolve when dealing with enquiries for copy certificates, etc. One such enquiry involved the death of local Chapel-en-le-Frith man, Samuel Frith WEBSTER.

Samuel Frith WEBSTER was born in Duffield around 1817. His father Godfrey inherited from his uncle Bank Hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith and its estate in 1837, and took out a mortgage of £2,500 in 1845. Godfrey died on 12<sup>th</sup> September 1855 and on the death of his wife Hannah on 11<sup>th</sup> August 1860, the Bank Hall and most of the estate passed to their son, bachelor Samuel Frith WEBSTER. Despite his father's mortgage still being outstanding, Samuel Frith WEBSTER, took out a further mortgage of £1,400.

Both mortgages remained outstanding in 1864 when Samuel Frith WEBSTER sold the Bank Hall Estate to Henry Constantine RENSHAW, a flax spinner, who had probably been attracted to Bank Hall by the opening of the railway line between Buxton and Manchester the previous year, and the proximity of a railway station located just down the road from the Hall.

The enquirer believed from internet research that Samuel Frith WEBSTER had been buried on 14 Feb 1870, at St Thomas Becket Church, Chapel-en-le-Frith(1), but when requesting a copy of the death certificate, the Registrar had been unable to find any reference to it being registered in our transcriptions, and neither could I! A search of the G.R.O. Deaths online also proved negative, so where did he die?

Letters of Administration, involving an estate valued under £6,000, indicated he died at Chapel-en-le-Frith on 10<sup>th</sup> February 1870. Both parents had been buried at St Thomas Becket Church, as had John De Jongh who had married his eldest sister Sophia Ann at the church on 02 Oct 1851. His second sister, Evelina Elizabeth and her husband William Tallent WEBSTER had moved to the Isle of Man following their marriage on 8<sup>th</sup> August 1861. So had Samuel

Frith WEBSTER moved to be with them on disposing of the Bank Hall Estate? No trace of Samuel Frith WEBSTER in Isle of Man records, although deaths of both sister Evelina Elizabeth and William WEBSTER were registered on the island, and both being buried at Braddan, Isle of Man.

A trawl next through the newspapers for the period, and both cause and location of his “melancholy” death became apparent:

***Glossop-dale Chronicle and North Derbyshire Reporter***

*12 February 1870*

***Sad end to a Gentleman***

*A gentleman who has been well known in Chapel-en-le-Frith for many years (Samuel Frith Webster, Esq), met with a melancholy end on Thursday evening last. He is said to have been drinking most of the day, it being the fair in the town, and about half-past four he was coming down the stairs in the Royal Oak Hotel (where he had resided since his disposal of the Bank Hall Estate), and when nearly at the bottom, from some cause or other, he fell down and was killed on the spot, He was not heard to speak after his fall.*

***The Derbyshire Times***

***Saturday, February 19, 1870***

*Inquest on the body of Samuel Frith Webster, Esq.*

*On Thursday OPJ, Dr. Robert Bennet, Coroner, held an Inquest on the body of Samuel Frith Webster, Esq., at the Royal Oak Hotel, Chapel-en-le-Frith. The Jury men were chosen from the most respectable tradesmen of the town. Dr. Bennet in opening the inquest made some very impressive remarks as to the station of the deceased and his lamentable death. The deceased it appeared was in good health on the previous day, and for some cause fell down the stairs and was picked up by Mr. Joseph Hutchinson, commercial traveller, of Sheffield said that he knew the deceased well and at about five minutes to five on day previous he saw the deceased alive. He was in a sitting-room upstairs at the Royal Oak Hotel, he had a cup of tea with me but did not drink it, but fell asleep at the table. About two minutes after, Mary Jackson came into the room: she made use of language very disgusting to deceased, and then she began beating the deceased on the face with her open hand, this roused him, and he then commenced swearing at her. She, however, kissed him and put her arms round his neck to sweeten him up. She was tipsy at the time; he was also. Witness and Mary Jackson endeavoured to persuade him to go to bed but he refused to go. Witness was with him from two to four o'clock, and he was treating everyone to sherry; he was quite jolly then and did not wish to*

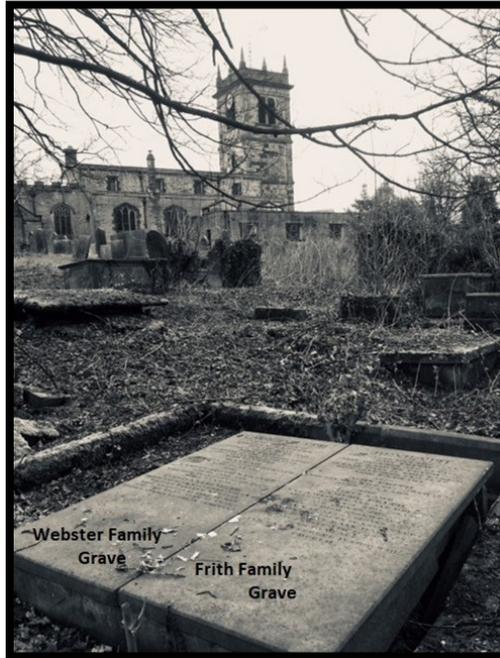
*quarrel with anyone. By the Coroner: He breathed in the ordinary way when he was asleep. By Mr. Norman Bennett (who appeared for the friends of the deceased): He paid for the sherry when I saw him. By the Coroner: I have seen both as bad before.*

*Mrs. Olivia Bramwell, the landlady of The Royal Oak Hotel, said that the deceased had resided with them over six years. On Thursday he got up about 8 o'clock ; he took breakfast and was not in the house till after two o'clock. When he came in he went into the large room down stairs. There were several bottles of wine sent in. Mr. Webster ordered the first bottle of sherry. I saw no more of him till after four o'clock, and he was in the large room with others; he was intoxicated. Then afterwards I saw him at the back door next to the yard. After cautioning him as to the steps, he went into the cellar. Mr. Superintendent Hutchinson was there at the time. He then went into the parlour and fell asleep, Some persons wakened him up when I asked him to go upstairs and have tea with Mr. Hutchinson : I then aided him up and he sat down on the bottom step, I then raised him up and assisted him upstairs, when he staggered on the stairs on the bend — it appeared in nonsense/ As a joke I told him "not to let us have an inquest," but to be careful, he went up then all right, and at the top he laughed at me. I saw no more of him till 15 minutes after, when Mr. Hutchinson came down and asked what Miss Jackson was doing upstairs, at which time I heard him come across the landing, immediately I heard his foot slip on the stairs, and went to see what was the matter ; he was falling head-long against the wall. I raised him up, and he slipped head first from the fourth step and stuck in the corner of the landing head downwards ; the heel of his boot appeared to catch the stairs. I have for some time followed him when he was not sober, and expected that he would meet with some accident when drunk. Mary Jackson followed him down the stairs at the time ; she was at the top when I saw her. I could not raise the deceased up and went for assistance below.*

*The medical evidence of Dr. Jones, of Chapel-en-le-Frith, tended to the belief that the deceased had clearly met his death from the concussion which dislocated the neck ; it might also cause a bursting of a blood vessel. The Coroner, after summing up in a very impressive manner, in reference to the lamentable and deplorable circumstances, read over the evidence to the jury, who returned a verdict of accidental death.*

*The deceased gentleman appeared to be greatly regarded by the town, most of the blinds being drawn down in respect.*

Date, place and cause of death verified, but why wasn't it registered? Could H.M. Coroner have failed to submit the paperwork, or if he did, had the Registrar of the day filed it under "WPB"? We will never know!



Grave of the Webster Family of Bank Hall:  
*Underneath / Lieth the body of / Godfrey Webster /Of Bank Hall / Nephew of Samuel and / John Frith / Mentioned On The Adjoining Stone / Died September 12th 1855 / Aged 66 years Hannah / His widow died August 11th 1860 / Aged 76 years / And / Samuel Frith Webster / Their only son / Who died February 10th 1870 / Aged 55 years / Evelyn Elizabeth / Their Younger Daughter Widow of William Tallent Webster / Died at Douglas Isle of Man/ June 7th 1875 aged 56 years / Buried at Kirk Braddan Cemetery*

(1)There has been a church on this site since 1225. A Saxon Cross in the churchyard indicates that there may have been a church here prior to this date. The church was used as a prison in 1648, holding 1,500 prisoners, following the battle at Ribblesdale Moor

**Ernie Drabble MBE**  
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*When I moved to a Leicestershire village over thirty years ago I became involved in producing the local magazine. One of my tasks was to review an autobiography by a village character, Charles Ambrose Garrett. I found it particularly interesting as like me he was Derbyshire born. I've just come across this booklet, and thought I'd share his early memories with you. I asked his son for approval, which was granted with the comment: 'He would be proud, especially if it was going to be read by Derbyshire folk.'*

**Sue Boud, member 3018**

## **CHARLEY'S TALE**

### **Part One: The Early Years**

'I was born on the eleventh of November 1895 at Elvaston, the fourth in a family of ten children of Robert and Mary Garrett.

My earliest recollection was my first day at Elvaston Church of England School. Mother had packed me a jam pasty for lunch and at playtime I sat on the stone step to eat it. A lad called Jack Blackenshaw knocked it out of my hand. At aged five or six I remember the soldiers returning from the Boer War. I remember too celebration days when a huge bonfire was lit and there was a grand tea. The Earl of Harrington was the guest of honour and he and his friends threw pennies for which we children had to scramble. Every summer the Earl invited Elvaston, Shardlow Workhouse and Alvaston schools to a massive party held on the polo ground next to Elvaston Castle. The children were collected in horse-drawn farm wagons and then led into the grounds by the head gardener Joe Spencer.

We were blessed with a wealthy vicar and his wife, Mr and Mrs Prodgers. Mrs Prodgers had recovered from a serious illness and as a thanks offering she arranged for the Parish Church to be renovated. Whilst the work was done a temporary church was erected, which we children named 'The Tin Tabernacle.'

Every year Mr Prodgers took the Sunday school children and teachers, the choir and the bible class boys to Mablethorpe for a fortnight's holiday. We were loaded into Mr Pott's horse-drawn brake to travel to the station for the special train. There were no toilets on the train. If nature called our buckets sometimes came in handy. We walked one and a half miles from the station to our camp. Breakfast consisted of hard boiled eggs, bread and butter and a banana.

I would be perhaps eight or nine years old when one day in late autumn my

father called us brothers, Harry, Redvers and myself, together.

‘My lads,’ he said, ‘your uncle Tom and I thought it was about time we kept the family tradition of reviving the Guisers for Christmas. (Known as Mummers in other parts of the country.) There were six characters in the play; Enter In, played by Harry, Old Guy, (me) King George (Redvers), The Doctor (friend Dick Hart,) Beelzebub (Cousin Bill Spencer) and the Lady, (friend Bass Kerry). By Christmas we’d all learned our parts and were in disguise and ready for the off. Mother made our costumes out of worn men’s shirts stitched all over with multi coloured bits of rag, cone shaped hats and our faces were blackened with burnt cork. We set off calling at houses and performing the play, carrying a hurricane lamp. Uncle Tom shared out the money we collected.’

*(Charley appended the script for the Guiser’s play in his book.)*

‘One Christmas I was sent with my older sister Mabel to do Christmas shopping in Borrowash. The last shop we visited was Dickie Ditton’s which sold all kinds of things. Mabel told me to wait outside, and after a few minutes she came out crying. Without thinking she said she’d lost the list of Santa Claus presents she was meant to get. I asked her what was on the list for me and she said ‘Snakes and Ladders.’ That was the first time I realised there was no Santa Claus.’

Charley goes on to relate various tales of pranks that he and his pals got up to. They were always caught and always got a good hiding for their crimes. A well-known game was to tie a string to a door knocker and keep tugging it. They hid in a sycamore tree beside a farmhouse next door to The Harrington Arms in Thulston, holding the end of the cotton with bobbin attached, and were spotted by the owner. They thought they’d got away but a few nights later the village policeman, Bobby Knight came cycling up. He produced a leather belt and belted their bottoms with a heavy hand and then instructed the boys to go and tell their parents who said, ‘It serves you right.’

‘The Earl of Harrington’s hounds used to meet by the Golden Gates of Elvaston Castle at around 10.30, school playtime. Bass Kerry and I went off to the Meet, heading to Aston copse to see them. We returned to school later, managing to sneak into lines and mix with other children at the end of afternoon playtime. Mr Creighton, the headmaster called us in front of the class and gave us a jolly good whacking with the cane.

Looking back I must have been a right trial to mother. One day we were playing in Granny’s orchard and my youngest sister Lena, a little titch, kept pestering me to pick her an apple. I remember saying to her; ‘If you don’t stop

pestering me I'll put you in a sack." She didn't, and I did. I fetched an old flour sack, put her in it and hung her on Granny's washing line. She hung there hollering but helpless. I got no tea that night.

We were fortunate in having a very good music teacher, the headmaster's wife Mrs Creighton. She formed a choir from the pupils, and four of my family were members. The county promoted a music festival with a competition at St Werburgh's Church in Derby. We won the shield outright and it was displayed in the school hall.

One of my strongest memories was when my sister Mabel contracted diphtheria and was taken to Draycott Isolation Hospital. Amy and I contracted scarlet fever just one week afterwards and we were admitted to hospital too. The hospital was three miles from home. Mr John Dean, the village blacksmith at Thulston owned a donkey and trap and one Saturday afternoon Dad borrowed this outfit to visit us.

Amy, Redvers and I all had measles together. Redvers, not satisfied with measles alone had croup also. On the third day Dad brought a bucket of tar from Elvaston gas works. He placed it in the bedroom where we were all bundled together with strict instructions not to go near it. Of course Redvers did not only go near it, he sat in it. Poor Mother spent the rest of the day cleaning him up. It must have done him a power of good for it cured his croup.

Poor as we were Mother and Father always made Christmas the highlight of the year for the family. Every year until the outbreak of the First World War the Earl of Harrington had a bullock fattened up for Christmas. This was slaughtered by the butcher Billy Smith on the castle premises and cut into pieces with help from the estate worker's foreman Wal Booth and my Father. Afterwards the joints of beef were distributed to all the residents of Elvaston, Thulston and Ambaston. One pound of meat for every man woman and child. Father also used to bring home a ham from a good customer, and this Mother boiled in the fire heated boiler. Mother was a wonderful cook and she prepared a tea fit for a king. Christmas cake and jellies, trifles, mince pies and goodness knows what else. When the washing up was done it was up to us children to provide the entertainment. We sang the season's carols then played games including Blind Man's Bluff, Postman's Knock, and Paddy from Home, Turn Trench and charades.

Boxing Day was always next door at Grandma and Grandad's. My Dad had four brothers and three sisters, and they all used to descend on Grandad on Boxing Day with their families. What a crowd! The day was a repeat of

Christmas Day with food, games and song, each child having to recite or sing a party piece. This went on until 9pm when all the men went to The Harrington Arms. You may ask, "Where did everyone sleep?" and I can tell you. Like sardines: the boys head to tail on the peg rug kitchen carpet covered up with coats, the girls upstairs all in one room in each house.

I left school at thirteen years of age and commenced work with my father. He was a bricklayer by trade and a man of many skills, a stonemason, and he tackled buildings of all sizes. He was employed as a foreman with a building firm, Vernon's, of Slack Lane in Derby who wished to retain him. But Granddad Garrett who was then retiring as the Earl's bricklayer persuaded Dad to leave Vernons and slip into his shoes, which he did. It was not perhaps the wisest decision as we learned that he had the chance to become a working partner in Vernon's. Dad took over the Estate work just after the Boer War around 1901/1902 at a wage of thirty shillings a week.

My work with Dad may well be described as general factotum, mash lad, errand lad, dressing old bricks, mixing mortar and encouraged to handle a trowel as it was Dad's intention that I should learn the trade. I must say now I was never really interested as I hated the cold weather, always being plastered with cement etc. and the inevitable sore and chapped hands. However there was always a brighter side. If Dad was working on a farm building away from Elvaston he was allowed to use one of the estate horses and carts. I was given the pleasant duty of custody of the horse. Dad was allotted an old hunting horse called Mackay, of whom I became very fond. It made me feel quite important to go to the stables at 6.00am, groom and feed him, return for breakfast, then back to the stables to saddle up. With horse and cart I then went off to collect Dad, Uncle Jack, his assistant, and very often the estate joiner, Harry Murney, and Sam Tomlinson, Dad's bricklayer labourer, who was seventy years old at the time.

The estate had two farms, the main one called Grove Farm and the other Home Farm. At haymaking time on Home Farm all the estate workers, farm labourers, building staff and grooms had instructions to proceed to the Home Farm whenever the weather was fit for haymaking. This was an enjoyable task. My job was to horse rake with my beloved Mackay. The rake would leave the hay in neat rows for the collecting team to follow and load up for stacking. One of these fields was forty acres and it took three or four days to clear.

One morning when we assembled to start work the steward, Mr Cowen, asked me, "Do you think you are capable of riding your horse to Derby, (Five miles away) fully harnessed, to collect and bring back a swath turner we've

bought?" A swathe turner being a machine for turning the hay and also for putting up rows.

I jumped at the idea. He gave me instructions and told me not to run, and to lead the horse all the way home. The old trams were running at that time between Alvaston and Derby, but Mackay didn't bat an eyelid. On arrival at the Cattle Market I was directed to the implement section and shown the machine I had to take back to the castle. The authorities were surprised the steward had sent such a young lad. I was sixteen then. I assured them I was capable, harnessed up and set off; scared stiff but trying not to show that I was.

Everything went well until we arrived at the main road. The machine was so wide that it took up half the road. The oncoming trams were no problem, but the ones following proved a nightmare: clang, clang, clang went their bells. I had to draw onto the pavement to let them by. As they passed the names I was called by the respective drivers were not in any dictionary. I was relieved when we reached the tram terminus. Mackay behaved like the true gentleman he was: there was an excellent understanding between us. The first farm gate at Home Farm was too narrow to get through with the machine. I noted that the thorn hedge beside it was weak, so I said "Come on Mackay" and we just ploughed through it. The steward gave me a bottle of pop and a shilling which in those days was a small fortune. I was promoted to be the only user of the swath turner.

When the last load of hay was hauled to the stack all the workers mopped their brows and went down to the barn where the bailiff had arranged a feast of bread and cheese, meat sandwiches and pickles and many jugs of ale. (Ginger beer for us lads) Some of the men did get home that night, including Dad, but even he wobbled a bit.

One day we went to Wilsthorpe to point up and replace a chimney pot on the farmhouse belonging to Mr Porter. The house was three storeys high, and the roof was of slate with a ridge tile top. For this repair job we required a fifty foot ladder which had to be transported from Elvaston Castle woodshed on a heavy farm cart. The ladder was reared by Uncle Jack and me whilst Dad footed it. When it was safely secured at the eaves up went the crawling board (this being a long wooden plank with wooden steps screwed on and a wooden block to fit over the ridge tiles, made by Harry Murney). When this was in place a 'Heath Robinson' scaffold was erected around the chimney stack and repairs began. Dad and Uncle Jack did the pointing and then the new chimney pot had to be fixed. The pot was roughly two feet high and one foot in diameter. I had learned the art of carrying bricks and mortar up buildings with the aid of a head board. I remember Dad saying, "Do you think you can

carry the pot up the ladder to Uncle Jack?" Uncle Jack piped up "Aint you taking a risk Bob?" Dad replied, "He can do it."

Uncle Jack made me a ring pad to put inside my cloth cap, placed the pot on my head, (it was not heavy: balance was the secret). He said, "I'll go to the top, step onto the crawling board and lift it off when you reach me. Keep your eyes straight in front of you, and if you feel it is falling off let the bugger fall. We can always get another pot but not another Charley." I tried not to show it but I was scared stiff. It was perhaps a stupid test to put me to such a risk, but after that he placed full confidence in my capabilities, although I don't remember ever going so high again.

I was not sorry when Mr Cowen, the Castle Steward asked Dad to release me to work on the Home Farm for a while. This suited me because I was going to work with the wagoner and as the reader will have surmised, I liked working with horses. My job was to cart cow manure from a large heap in the yard to a field half a mile away. One day I had taken a full load to the field, tipped it up and was returning with the empty cart to collect another load when I passed the wagoner, Bill Parker taking a load to the same field. As I was about to enter the wood I heard a shout. It was Bill, "Charley, Charley, come quick, poor Joey is dead."

I tied my horse to a gatepost and ran back. Joey was lying full length on the ground, still in the cart shafts. I shouted to Bill, who was deaf as a post, to sit on Joey's head. I could see he was not dead but simply knocked out through falling. With some difficulty I released the shafts from Joey's harness, and after a while he was able to get up. The vet said he'd be alright after a fortnight's rest, and to my knowledge he continued to soldier on.

Sometimes I was given little jobs to do on my own. One of the oddest concerned a statue of Samson in all his glory, except that his 'glory' had somehow been broken off. The Earl told Dad to "make Samson into a man again" and Dad told me to get on with it. I mixed a stiff lump of cement and sand and after a lot of bother managed to get it to stick on. I stood back, hoping it would set before falling off, when a voice behind me (Lady Harrington's) said,

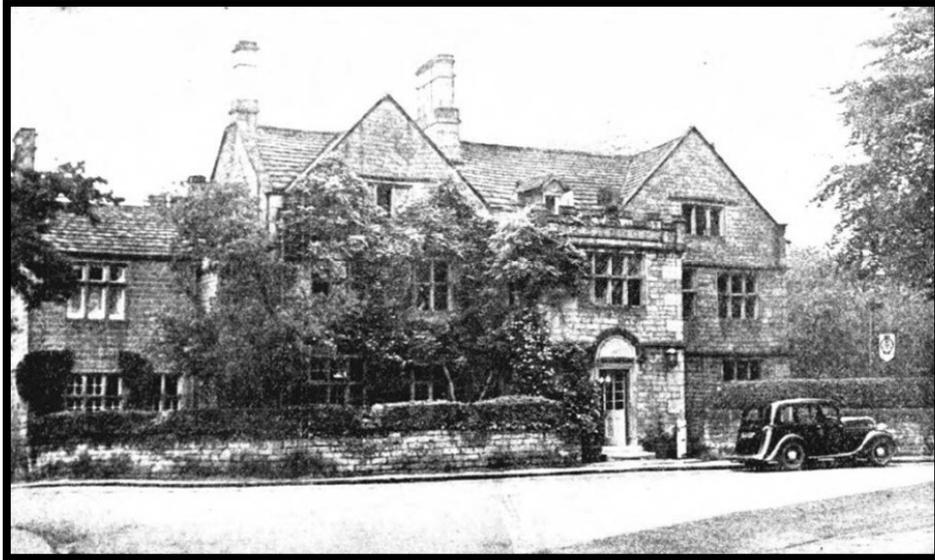
"Congratulations Charles, you have given us the first uncircumcised Jew."

I went as red as a beetroot, but she laughed and told me to leave well alone.

I now come to the end of my days working with my Dad and on the Home Farm.

*The second part will follow in the December issue*

## *The Peacock Inn*



An American lady touring the Peak district for the first time was recently heard to remark “In all my travels I have never seen a more picturesque old hotel and one so thoroughly in keeping with its beautiful surroundings than The Peacock at Rowsley”.

These words fittingly describe what is undoubtedly one of the best examples of Derbyshire’s historic hostelries, which is situated in one of the most beautiful parts of the English countryside. And they are typical of the praise which is continually being showered upon the hotel by thousands of visitors from across the Atlantic and from all over the British Isles.

The Peacock’s chief charm lies in a happy atmosphere of a bygone age with modern hotel amenities. The re-construction of the interior to meet present day requirements has been designed with an artistic appreciation of the need for perfect harmony, and nothing has been done which is out of key with the building’s old world quality.

Although The Peacock is little over 100 years old, the building itself dates from as far back as 1652 – a fact which is revealed by the inscription over the main entrance. About that time it was a Manor House and subsequently was converted into the Dower House of Haddon Hall. A finely-carved stone peacock, which is conspicuously displayed high above the inscription, is derived

from the crest of the Manners family, whose seat was Haddon Hall, now the summer residence of the Duke of Rutland. For many years the house was occupied by gentleman farmers, and the last tenant farmer was a lady, Mrs Gooddie, whose daughter was married to Mr Sybray. The family removed to Snitterton Hall, near Matlock, about the year 1828, when the old mansion was converted into an inn.

Mr Charles Howard, a native of Rowsley, showed me a cutting from an old newspaper, in which a writer who signed himself R.H.E., Southport, makes interesting references to The Peacock. "I remember going into the house now called the Peacock Hotel whilst it was still a private residence", he states, "The farm buildings and stackyard came to the corner of the lane leading to the church, and were demolished, together with the garden in front of the house. The present stables and tap-room were afterwards erected. I never heard of any reason to doubt the authenticity of the name John Stevenson and date 1652 over the door. Some of the reputed descendants lived in the village. A Mr Stevenson kept the Nag's Head Inn situated near Wye House, and died there early in the present century. A son, the father of the late Mr John Stevenson, of Ardwick, Manchester, died at an early age in Manchester about the end of the last century. He was a native of Rowsley and claimed to be a descendant of the John Stevenson of 1652, whose name appears over the door of The Peacock. His young widow married Mr Jonathan Lees, senior, by whom she had a numerous family. The house opposite the Red Lion, now occupied by Mrs Elliott, was formerly a public-house and was kept by the Shaw family until The Peacock was turned into an inn."

These facts throw a fascinating light on the earlier history of The Peacock, and are particularly interesting in view of the great improvements which have been made to the interior of the hotel since that time. The cutting is, by the way, undated.

After the building became an inn it immediately sprang into popularity, a popularity which increased as the years elapsed. For many years it served as a coaching house for the district, and even now some of the older residents of Rowsley have vivid recollections of the coaches changing horses and picking up and setting down passengers at The Peacock. One of these, Mr F W Whitehead, who has a shop quite close to the hotel, told me that he remembered seeing the coaches arrive at the inn in his childhood. He also handed me a copy, made by his son, of an old print depicting the coach just drawing up at The Peacock in the days when crinolines were fashionable and long before the railway was built in the vicinity. Mr Whitehead further recalled many notabilities who had stayed at The Peacock, including Joseph Chamberlain, the Vanderbilts, the late Duke of Rutland, the Rockefellers and in

more recent times Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, when they were engaged in filming the much criticised picture version of “Dorothy Vernon and Haddon Hall”.

While we were talking another native of the village walked into the shop. “Ah, here is Mr Charles Hensberg”, said Mr Whitehead, “He will remember the stage coaching days better than I do.”

“Yes, I remember them well”, Mr Hensberg remarked, “That would be about 60 years ago. Mr Charles Wright, son-in-law of Mr Nesfield [who used to be estate agent to the Duke of Rutland] ran the last coach which went to Buxton. About that time they had built the railway to Rowsley and even now I can hear the horn being blown and see the coach with its four horses draw up at the door of the inn.”

The lighting of the November 5<sup>th</sup> bonfire in front of the inn, on what is now the main road, was also brought to mind. The year 1868 was about the date, and it was the last bonfire to be lighted at that particular point.

Mr Arthur Howard, previously mentioned, lives next door to Mr Whitehead’s shop, at what was formerly the Red Lion. Both his father and grandfather were postillions of the Rowsley coach. “My grandfather lived at The Peacock when the building was a private residence owned by a gentleman farmer”, he told me.

Let us now look round The Peacock. It is certainly a fine example of Elizabethan architecture; and as we gaze at the frontage we are not surprised that its beauties were extolled by Longfellow. For such a building would inspire any poet. Its old grey stone walls, its latticed windows, its massive oak studded door give to the house an allure which is difficult to resist; and the pleasant impression created is intensified when we pass over the threshold and stand in the hall. Everywhere there is charm – the charm of old oak beams and panelling, of antique chairs, of an ancient spinning wheel placed to the right of the entrance, and the inviting lounge which opens out of the hall.

Our attention is also drawn to a beautifully carved old oak cradle, now used for plants, and this, we learn from a brass inscription, was for several hundred years in the possession of the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, and used by many generations of the family. Then there is an oak Bible box made in 1661; and in the second lounge are old Sheffield plate candlesticks which have been converted into electric lamps.

The second lounge looks on to an exquisite old-world garden, and as we walk

under its magnificent trees our eyes delight in the English flowers which scent the air, the old sun dial surrounded by shrubs, and the velvety lawns which slope down to the River Wye, which is spanned by the ancient Rowsley Bridge. And strolling in these beautifully kept grounds, with an occasional glimpse of the fine Elizabethan architecture of this old converted Manor House, one gains the leisureliness of an earlier age and rest from the speed, bustle and push of today.

*Derbyshire Times, 10 July 1936*

### **DOVERIDGE POSTMAN'S SUICIDE**

William Kirkland, postman, of Doveridge, committed suicide on Friday afternoon under rather sensational circumstances. He was walking from Uttoxeter on Friday afternoon with the mail. Near to the bridge over the Dove he was overtaken by a carriage, in which were riding Mr Dean and a friend. The driver pulled up to give Kirkland a lift on the way, but as soon as they reached the bridge Kirkland said something to the driver about having lost something. He jumped off the box, ran round the rear of the carriage, and mounting the parapet, dropped into the Dove beneath him. He was soon to disappear in a few moments and as the river was running high, all attempts to rescue him then were impossible.

Mr C.W. Jervis-Smith, of Brocksford Hall, drove up in his carriage and directed that the letter bags should be taken on to the Doveridge Post Office, Mrs Jervis-Smith undertaking this mission. Mr Jervis-Smith then called to four gentlemen in a boat and these being eventually supplied with drags, they zealously dragged the river till long after dark but with no result.

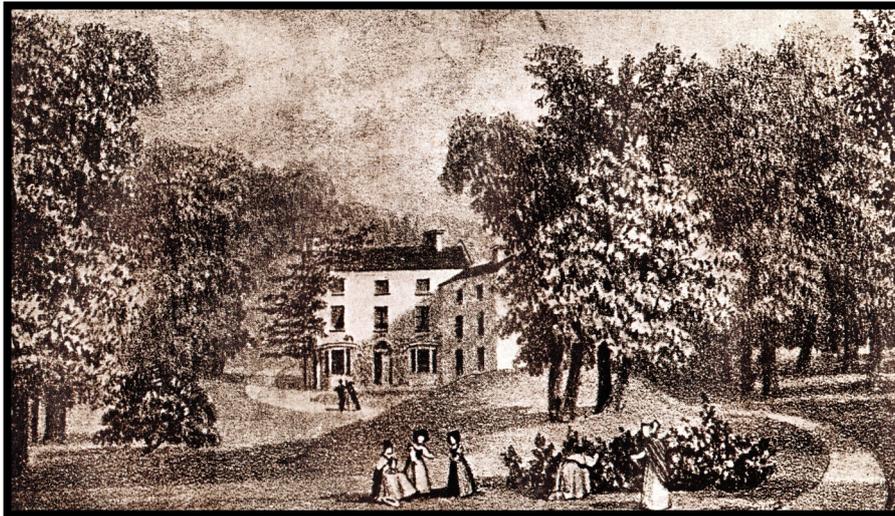
On Saturday the body was recovered by the constable, who had resumed dragging operations. Deceased was a single man and about 45 years of age. Losses in farm stock had recently affected him.

*Burton Mail, 2nd October 1905*

## SPONDON HOUSE

Spondon House was a fine Georgian mansion, in reality a secondary seat on the Locko estate of the Drury Lowes. Yet it was not without presence, and its history not without interest.

All accounts of the house, the building records for which are absent from the Drury-Lowe archive at the University of Nottingham Library, aver that it was built as a dower house, and its plain, well-proportioned appearance suggest that this event took place in the last quarter of the 18<sup>th</sup> century.



*Lithographic view of Spondon House when a school for young ladies 1840  
[late Mrs Tom Fraser]*

The house itself, as built, was of brick, a single pile with three bays and two and a half storeys, gable ended with prominent kneelers, with a central arched entrance under a broken pediment, standing in landscaped grounds. By the time of the first known illustration of it – a lithograph of c. 1840 – the ground floor windows flanking this door had been modified with canted bays under perfunctory hipped roofs, part of a Regency makeover which included the addition of a lower, two bay matching wing on the SE angle, still of two and a half storeys. The north side, too, apart from (probably) two ground floor tripartite windows, was quite devoid of fenestration.

In the mid-Victorian period, the house was extended yet again by a two storey wing with service accommodation on the NE side. This included the provision of the second staircase and the moving of the main entrance from the centre of the original range to the angle of that and the Regency SE addition, making way for a conservatory, very like that of Spondon Hall, along the south front. The new staircase was lit by an octagonal, conical top-light with a shallow roof topped by a jaunty ball finial, sitting a little awkwardly on a flat section of roof where the two additional ranges met, at the east end of the main range.

The first Lowe of Locko, was John (1704-1771), eldest of the four sons of Vincent Lowe of Denby by Theodosia, a daughter of John Marriott of Alscot, Gloucestershire. John married his mother's niece, Sydney Marriott, herself the sole heiress of the family's Gloucestershire estate, but they had no issue. His next brother, Vincent, had pre-deceased him unmarried, whilst the next, Stead Lowe, migrated to America, leaving a son, Stead. The youngest brother, Richard (1716-1785) therefore succeeded John at Locko in 1771. Most genealogies sanitise the family history at this point, having him die unmarried but, late in life, he did marry, his bride being his long-standing *maitresse en titre*, Ellen Leyton, previously mother by him of three daughters.

On Richard's death, however, the estate reverted, not to the American Stead Lowe, junior, as one might expect, but to William Drury, a Nottingham-born London merchant, whose grandmother had been Vincent Lowe's sister, and in 1790 he assumed the additional surname and arms of Lowe by Royal Sign Manual. He then set about greatly enlarging the reasonably modest provincial Baroque Smith of Warwick Locko Hall, but died in July 1827 leaving only a daughter and heiress, Mary Anne, who had run away to get married at Gretna Green in August 1800. Why the skulduggery – which drew down the displeasure of her parents – is unclear, because her swain was entirely suitable: Robert Holden of Nuthall Temple and Darley Hall (1765-1844). Indeed, the Holdens were of rather more distinguished lineage than the Drurys, and just as well off!

Spondon House, being so plain and simple, was probably built for the widowed Ellen Lowe and her three daughters, which would suggest a building date of 1785, which looks entirely right. Possibly William Drury wanted nothing much to do with poor Ellen, and Spondon House would have been provided with the minimum of ornament and a lowish cost, probably built by the Locko estate foreman using a plan and elevations from one of the many well-illustrated builders' manuals then available. The rooms inside, according to a late friend who was educated there, were quite plain and the staircase (albeit moved, as noted above) was typical of the period, being timber with

mahogany rail and stick balusters.

It is not clear when Ellen Lowe died but, by 1801, runaway Mary Anne and Robert Holden were in residence, and they not only re-named it Aston Lodge (after the Aston-on-Trent estate from which these Holdens sprang) but set about enlarging it. They appear to have put in the windows either side of the entrance and also added the substantial, but slightly lower range to the right of the entrance.

However, by 1814, Aston Lodge, as it now was, became vacant yet again, which must suggest that, with the then recent improvements wrought to Locko by John Dodds and William Lees of Derby, there was room for two households there. Thus in that year Spondon House was let to Miss Edwards who founded an 'Academy for Young Ladies' which flourished there until 1844. That was the year Robert Holden died, and Miss Edwards was obliged to re-locate to Derby, so that his widow Mary Anne could move in, her son William Drury Holden (thereafter Lowe) having succeeded to Locko. For



*Postcard of Spondon House when a prep school in 1904 [Maxwell Craven]*

her, without doubt, was the NE extension built, resulting in the new entrance, conservatory and moved staircase with the accompanying strange roof arrangements at the east end of the house. Yet in the event, she died only five years later, in 1849, leaving Spondon House (as it was once more) vacant.

In 1854 a new lease was acquired by Revd. Thomas Gascoigne, who founded a prep school called 'Spondon House School for the sons of Gentlemen' there. He was joined in 1874 by Revd. Edward Priestland, who married his daughter and later took over as proprietor and headmaster of what, under his enthusiastic guidance, was to become one of the best schools of its type in the area; the Australians even played their cricket team in 1898! So much so, that following Priestland's retirement, and under his successor, C H T Hayman, it amalgamated with Winchester House School, Deal, Kent (which had been founded by a relative of Priestland's) in 1912.

Spondon House was not empty for long, for it was requisitioned in 1914 as an auxiliary hospital, becoming vacant again early in 1919. The headmaster and managers of the over-crowded neighbouring Spondon (Junior) school had the vision to realise that here lay an opportunity to expand without the expense of building, and in 1920 the LEA accepted that the idea was sound, and two years later, a new County School was founded at Spondon House (later absorbing the nearby early 19<sup>th</sup> century villa called The Croft, latterly home of the Lillys) which flourished mightily. It became a County Secondary School in 1945, but closed in 1964, to move into new premises at West Park, Spondon, on the site of Field House, then recently – and sadly – demolished for the purpose.

If Field House, the long empty seat of the Devas, Arkwright and Osborne families, had to be demolished to enable Spondon house School to move, it was a straw in the wind, for Spondon House itself, the freehold of which the County had acquired from the Drury-Lowes in the 1920s, was also rapidly demolished; a serious loss, for it was in good repair, and would have easily converted into three or four excellent dwellings. Yet it was heedlessly cleared away in 1965 and the site sold. All that remains is the substantial brick wall surrounding the still wooded site (although altered to accommodate changes to the street pattern in places) and the gates.

*Maxwell Craven*

# **CHURCHES OF DERBYSHIRE**

## **51. Chapel en le Frith**

### **St Thomas Becket**

In the year 1225 the Forest officials who controlled the High Peak, received permission to build a chapel [the Chapel in the Forest], which became the focus for the developing town of Chapel en le Frith. Consecrated by Bishop Savenby it rapidly became a source of wealth and thereby a subject of controversy as different bodies put in a claim to own the church and its wealth. During the Middle Ages the conflict was between the Priory and the Dean and Chapter, with the King as a very interested third party.



The original chapel was dedicated to Saint Thomas Becket of Canterbury, who was extremely popular throughout the Middle Ages, partly due to the belief that Becket had attempted to uphold the rights of the English as against the Normans. His remains were reburied in a new shrine in 1220 and this could be what prompted the naming of the Chapel, the only one of its kind in the county.

In the eighteenth century a lot of work was done on the church, the fabric being in poor condition at the time. In 1701 the Great Bell was being taken down for recasting when the pulley broke and the bell “fell to the ground and brought all before it”. Ezekiel Shuttleworth, a joiner who was supervising the operation, also came down with his ladder but somehow came to no harm. This prompted four decades of rebuilding. The present tower was

built and the outer walls of the aisles were replaced. The church nowadays gives the impression of being an 18th century building.

Inside, the chancel is much more medieval in appearance while the vestry was not built until 1893, and, according to Dr Cox, was “of exceptional ugliness”. While nothing remains of the 1225 building, except possibly some masonry in the walls, the atmosphere is definitely that of the 14th century. The East Window of the chancel is decorated in style and agrees with the period of the pillars of the arcades. The sanctuary contains the memorial to those men who fell in the first World War and the altar was given by Brigadier General Sir Godfrey Goodman in 1925. There are new altar rails and the old ones, given by William White in 1681, now enclose the baptistry. Buried beneath the floor of the chancel lies the body of William Bagshawe, the Apostle of the Peak, apparently against his own wishes. The arch between nave and chancel appears to date from the 14th century while there is some indication that the nave itself is now wider than in the original building.

The church possesses one or two interesting fittings. The font dates from the 14th or 15th century and it is said that at one time it was being used as a cattle trough until it was rescued and restored to its proper use. There is a medieval stone coffin lying at the east end of the nave and at the west end is the old parish chest. The church was re-pewed in 1828 at a cost of £500, but unfortunately this involved removing the old oak pews bearing dates from 1621. The bells are six in number and it would appear that the one which fell and was recast in 1701 did not have a very long life.

The church has been used for secular purposes more than once. On the 14 September 1648 1500 Scots prisoners were shut up in the church and kept there until 30 September. 44 were buried before the party moved on, while many others, who were not fit to move, were buried on 2 October earning the church the rather doubtful title of “Derbyshire’s Black Hole”. This episode, along with the immediate resignation of both minister and churchwardens, is recorded in the parish register along with the fact that on 1 February 1715/16 there was an “extreme wind”, which blew the weathercock off the steeple and blew over a great ash in the churchyard, as well as damaging a number of houses. This storm could explain the need for the eighteenth century alterations to the fabric.

In the churchyard is a simple headstone bearing the letters P.L. and a crude depiction of an axe. This is said to mark the grave of a woodcutter from the days of the Royal Forest.

## Green Farm, Newbold and the Needhams.

(Green Farm, Newbold, Chesterfield, Derbyshire.)

### The Early years prior to the Occupancy by the Needhams

The farm came up for sale after the death of George Orwin, a distant relative (on my mother's side) who originally came from Northeast England and had run the farm, but with an emphasis on the coal deposits and had instigated the construction of the tunnel to Wallsend. The auction date was Monday, 29<sup>th</sup>.Nov 1915 to close a trust set up by George who died four years previously and was buried in Newbold churchyard. (George is standing in picture below on the right.



*This interesting old photograph c 1900 which depicts George standing on the right, his brother Albert on the far left and my great grandfather standing next to him. The field was farmed by my great grandfather –hence his interest. The object of the excavation was to check the quality of the clay for pot making. The field was where Keswick Drive is now situated on the Newbold/ Littlemoor estate. It had the curious local name of "Slopton Puddledown" and ran down the shallow valley to the iron ore stained stream at the bottom which was called the Ochre Dyke.*

My grandfather gave up the tenancy of Ingmanthorpe Farm in the early twenties when my mother was a young girl. She described to me how the Newbold farmyard was green and overgrown with moss and grass when they first visited. The livestock were driven by road down from Cutthorpe to this much larger farm. Implements were brought on farm drays. These were the depression years for farming and tenancies were easy to obtain hence the move. Shortly after moving in, the landlord increased the rent on the farm. This caused my grandfather, in protest to vacate the farm and move with his livestock across the road to The Farm, occupied by his father-in law. When the landlord relented and appealed for him to return, my grandfather moved back again. A milk round was established around the village and life settled into a routine.

Round about 1935, Willie took over The" Farm," marrying Mary Moore from Wingerworth. My uncle Owen who was causing my grandfather dire problems was given the chance of a butchery business at Stonegravels. He

was already in trouble for leading the local girls astray. He had pitched a tent in the field below the Eyre Chapel (behind the Nag's Head) and was entertaining ladies of ill repute and leading others in the village astray. My grandfather went up to the tent one day fed up with the complaints and burnt it down using a can of paraffin.

Owen always figured prominently in notoriety. He was told the story that a previous owner of the farm, a reputed heavy drinker and an operator of the mining activities of an earlier generation was in the habit of emptying the loose change out of his pocket every time he walked down the drive past the pond and throwing it in. Owen went to work and drained the pond, but had no success. The pond had a large colony of Tench and an attempt was made to eat these, but they proved to be too earthy.

#### **My Early recollections.**

I was born in 1934, and I do have one astonishingly early recollection. That is being in my pram being pushed up the road towards the Tin Chimney by Mildred, sister to my uncle Willie's wife Mary. Someone suddenly stuck their head round the pram cover and made me jump.

My next recollection is being taken across the road to The Farm, to see Frankie, my cousin, where being fascinated by his shiny eyes, I attempted to poke them out. They had an alsation dog which also on that day had a fight with the large hairy dog which guarded our farm and had followed us over. After this I was aware of my mother's frequent presence, but have no recollection of my father who seemed to have disappeared at this stage.

I had an aunty Helen who came to see us at the farm one evening, though I was in bed. When she came into the bedroom with my mother, there was a lot of noise coming from the bed because I had taken a whole lot of goslings upstairs and hidden them down the bed and I had gone to sleep. The bed was in a bit of a mess.

Each Christmas, my grandfather's brothers would come to the farm on Xmas afternoon and attempt to get my grandfather to play his cornet in the brass band that the brothers had. Each one of them, five in all, played a different instrument. Unfortunately, my grandfather was usually sleeping off the effects of drinks he had been given plus visits to pubs. The practice ceased in 1939/40.

My first recollection of my father was my first day at school which was Highfield Hall about two miles from the farm. He was supposed to pick me up and take me home at the end of my first day, but he failed to turn up on

time, so I sat outside the school all alone until he eventually appeared up. I didn't know the way home. This was 1939 and of course in the September, war was declared and he soon disappeared into the armed forces. Louis also went at this time. They both returned as Lance corporals the next time I saw them and I do remember them cleaning their kit outside the kitchen door.

### **My father in the early war years**

I saw father twice more at the farm before he went abroad after training. I did get to see him once again when my mother took me to Scotland, to Crieff where we stayed with the Hunter family who had become friendly with him. They had a sheep farm on the Braes of Monieverde, Perthshire. By this time he was a Staff Sergeant and afterwards, took a cargo of vehicles from the Clyde across the Atlantic and then south before entering the Straits of Gibraltar. He did tell me once that they had to put into Gibraltar because the two Chinese cooks had had a fall out and one had buried a meat cleaver into the other's shoulder blades. He then ran the gauntlet of the Mediterranean to deliver his cargo of vehicles to the Eighth army which he joined. He then did battlefield recovery of tanks.

When both my father and Lewis left to go abroad, my grandmother purchased a huge box of chocolates. I remember the embossed flower pattern on it. This sat on the sideboard in the parlour at Green Farm and my grandmother said that it would be opened when they had both returned safely from the war. When it was eventually opened in 1946, the chocolates had gone white and also had some sugary crystallisation covering them. They tasted excellent though.

### **The early war years and me**

The first change for me was initiated by the appearance of Zena Leece who was to live with us for the duration of the war. Her father had a laundry business and occasionally did laundry for the farm. His wife had died and he was called up, being a lieutenant in the RNR. As a consequence of this, we did not take in any child refugees who appeared in numbers about the village. This did rather fill up the house since Land Girls also moved in.

A gas mask was a requirement and forgetting it led to dire punishment at school. Mine was in a square box and was difficult to carry around. At seven years old I was allowed to cycle to school which was two miles away. From the farm in the early war years it was possible to see the barrage balloons over Sheffield some twelve miles away if standing on the pit tips around the farm.

Two attempts were made to dig air raid shelters, one in the orchard and

one in the garden. Both of them filled up with water so the idea was abandoned in favour of sheltering down the cellar in the event of bombs falling. Which is what we did when we were caught up in the periphery of the Sheffield Blitz. Other shelters round and about generally had water problems. The shelters were dug by uncle Lewis while he was on leave, assisted by a man called Douglas Twigg who soon afterwards was killed in the campaign in the Western Desert.

The Sheffield Blitz, that affected the farm was on the periphery of the bombing. This occurred on the nights of the 12th and 15th November, 1940. Two high explosive bombs landed in the fields down by the brook, but the damage was done by the incendiaries which showered the farm. We all started down the cellar, but soon had to get out to mitigate the damage. All the haystacks were set on fire in the top stackyard. One shed containing some hundreds of hens was destroyed along with the birds. A further one went through a cowshed roof and badly burned a cow. The rest caused minor damage about the farm. All the bombs sites were dug up since the ends had a block of aluminium which was thought to be useful and for me, the fins survived. They were a toy.

In 1941, my mother came running into the house just after dawn. She had gone into the fields to collect mushrooms when a German bomber flew over very low and panicked her. She related how crew members looked out at her as she ran for cover, but they did no more than that fortunately.

Other recollections of the war that stand out were gleaned from the radio since I could not at that stage read newspapers. The doom laden discussion after the sinking of HMS Hood which my father said he saw being refitted in the summer of 1939 when he joined up was an example of the news at that time. It was felt that all the news was bad and was not going to get better. The departure of Gracie Fields for America gave rise to a lot of anger amongst the adults and there was speculation about who would be the next to flee.

### **The early war years and Green Farm**

The local agricultural Committee reorganised the milk rounds and the farm took on responsibility for the whole of Newbold Road, some side roads off it, Gladstone Road and Avondale Road, the top end of Highfield Lane and Dukes Drive. There were two milk floats in use, one manned by my mother and the other by my grandfather. Each float had the legend "L.T. Needham. Accredited Milk." Tommy pulled one and Chestnut pulled the other. Deliveries began at 8.00 am and usually finished by midday. I worked at weekends from six years old on whichever cart I was needed. Milk was delivered

partly in bottles and also in churns with dispensing measures of a half and one pint. At the beginning of the war, the government took over a building on the farm and filled it with hundreds of cases of "Libby's" milk.

Dustbins were placed at strategic intervals down Newbold Road for waste food. This was collected daily and fed to the pigs. After the disaster with the haystacks, trips were made down to the Scarsdale Brewery, in Chesterfield, sometimes daily for the waste oat grains to feed to the cows. Late in the war, a tractor was acquired and then getting the oat grains became a large scale daily practice in the winter.

### **The Land Army Girls**

The introduction of land girls at the start of the war added an interesting dimension to life at the farm. I recall the first one was Lillian, who was small and stocky with coal black eyes and very cheerful and outgoing. She came from Sheffield and soon settled in. She was shortly joined by Ruby who came from Clowne, N.E. Derbyshire and all went well for a few months. Lillian was then found on the sofa in the middle of the night in a delicate situation with my uncle Colin and things went downhill after that in her relationship with my mother for one. Ruby lasted a little longer, but then it was discovered that she was in the habit of taking me to bed or getting into bed with me ostensibly "to tell ghost stories." Again when my mother realised what was going off, she too had to go.

Another land girl called Julia came next and she must have been local since she did not live in at the farm. She stayed for the whole of the war and was somewhat reserved and there were no more problem encounters for me. She was tallish and slim and had two moles on her cheek.

My Uncle Owen of course had a land girl. Her name was Harriet. She stayed with him for most of the war, but she had an affair with him and became pregnant. She was the first pregnant woman that I ever saw. I remember her driving a tractor towards the end of her pregnancy. Somewhere I have a relative, I have never met!

### **The farming year**

The cows were of course, kept in the byres all winter except to be let out daily into the large south yard to mill around for an hour or so - whilst they were "mucked out." It used to fascinate me that every cow used to know its stall and unerringly head for it when called in. They were let out into the fields in early May when serious diarrhoea was the order of the day.

Milking was done twice a day, usually starting at 6am. My grandfather would

go to bed at 9pm and rise about 5am he would then call the cows in if they were in the fields and put a chain round their necks and give them some feed. He would then return to the house and woe betide anyone who was still in bed. A mug of tea and then back to the cows and milking with Sid and later John Riggot (farm hands), land girls, Grandfather and Uncle Colin would get working. In the mid war years, the Alfa Laval milking system was in operation and life became a lot easier. The milk was taken to the dairy, filtered and ran down a water cooling system into churns. Some at this stage was bottled and it was my job to put the tops on the bottles.

Then a substantial breakfast for all and after a wash, it was off to load the milk floats and start the rounds. If I was not at school, then I would be assigned to one or the other floats. When all was done, my grandfather would go and drink a few pints of beer in his current favourite pub. This I did not like since I had to sit outside with the horse and wait. Then home for lunch and an afternoon's sleep for my grandfather. Colin and the others would be in the fields doing whatever was currently required, but the most important and urgent job was the sterilisation of the milk churns and milking equipment'

A lot of the farm was down to grass, though one field had potatoes, one had cabbages, cauliflowers and kale as a winter feed. Another field had mangolds also for winter feed. Several fields were kept for mowing grass which happened in late June. Here my grandfather would not sleep in the afternoon, but would harness Tommy and Chestnut and cut it with the horses. He would not have anything to do with the tractor. Two fields were always put down to oats and stacks were made in the bottom stackyard.

The top stackyard would have two, three or four haystacks for winter feed. These would be beautifully thatched by John Riggott who was a master at the art. After he retired, the aesthetic quality of the haystacks was quite poor. The bottom stackyard was used for oat stacks since in the winter, the steam engine would come from Barlow. It was owned by the Morgan family who did a lot of the threshing locally. It would come puffing down the Green, belching smoke dragging a thresher and a bailer. It had the name, "John Fowler, Lincoln" on it. The threshing took two days and was well advertised since the local men would bring their dogs, terriers etc and a supply of beer.

When the stacks became low, it was obvious that there were many rats and mice and the surrounds were fenced off so that they could be killed by the dogs, mostly terriers that they brought. I do remember a whole barrow load taken from each stack one year. In the bottom stackyard were dozens of saddle stones with supporting pillars which would be for getting the stacks off

the ground away from the vermin, but for some reason, they were never used. Staddle stones are quite a valuable garden ornament so it is worth knowing that the last time I saw them (and there were dozens and dozens), they were laid out as a base for the Olde House car park towards the road in 1962/3.

There was a field set aside for potatoes each year and the local school, Violet Markham's, would be given a day off to help harvest them in the war. The children were given two shillings and sixpence each for this help and five shillings if it was more than one day.

### **The food at the farm**

We were pretty well self sufficient at the farm. Of course, sugar and tea had to be bought along with Stilton and Cheddar cheese, but little else. Home-made cheese was simply soured milk hung outside in muslin bags and periodically squeezed and dried.

The weekly routine was always the same. There was a large meat joint cooked every Sunday. This was eaten cold on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Thursday was a kind of Shepherd's or Cottage pie day. Friday was often a fish day. Saturday was special, because it was always chips "with something" though usually eggs.

Breakfast was substantial and eaten after the first milking. It consisted of home cured very fatty bacon and eggs. Lunch was also a large meal. It is interesting to note that at Sunday lunch - the main meal of the week, the pudding was eaten first. This was to ensure, according to my grandfather, that there was less appetite for the meat course. There was no substantial evening meal. It would usually consist of cheese or bread and milk.

There was no regular consumption of alcohol in the house, apart from medicinal needs. We did have rum which was mixed with honey to help with colds and sore throats. Scotch whisky was also around for visitors. Smoking even then was not allowed in the house at all.

The annual food cycle can be best described by starting with the week before Christmas when two pigs were killed. These were then hung in the dairy in the evening and by the light of the paraffin lamps, where they were dismembered. The blood from the pigs was run into a milk churn and my job was to stir this with a stick to remove the fibrin. Owen with his butchery experience would supervise the butchery and the first thing he would do was to open the cranial cavity, scoop out the brains with a spoon and eat them "his perk" he would say. The dismembered pigs were then carried down to the cellar in the farmhouse as legs or hocks or joints or whole sides for bacon etc.

These were then salted by rubbing in a mixture of salt with a little saltpetre. Finally, they were wrapped in muslin, dusted with flour and hung in my bedroom. Going to bed with a candle was for me an uneasy experience with all the shadows imparted by the hanging hams. They were inspected weekly in case they went "reasty" - the self explanatory adjective used.

The pigs were very fatty and a lot of fat was put on one side and rendered down with caustic soda to produce soap. A by product of this chemical reaction was glycerine. This was decanted and put on one side to make hand lotion etc. The soap was cut up into cakes for washing up. The rendering process left a whole lot of collagenous material which we ate for tea every day heated and sprinkled with vinegar. (Called scraps.) The blood mentioned earlier was converted into black pudding by mixing in lumps of fat and steaming it. Brawn was also made by boiling up the pigs cheeks. As they say, everything except the squeal was used. Eating things like this would carry us on towards April.

As I mentioned earlier, great emphasis was placed on eating the sweet course first to kill the appetite for meat. The sweet was usually a basin with a variety of fruit under a suet crust. Fruit was collected in the summer and autumn starting with cherries, blackberries, gooseberries, all out of the vegetable garden with more blackberries collected in the fields, especially up at Oxton Rakes, Grange Hill where my grandmother would take me for a day picking them. These would be placed in sterile Kilner jars. The apples, pears, damsons and plums were similarly treated. There was always enough for a whole year. Jam was also made. Bread of course was made daily.

For vegetables with a main meal in the winter, a different method was used. Many rows of Runner beans were grown along with haricot beans and peas in the summer. Sweet size jars were employed and for this salt was used. (half hundred weight blocks were purchased from Salt & Short's in Chesterfield for this and preserving the pork.) The method was to place a handful of salt in the bottom, then a layer of beans, then a layer of salt and so on until the jar was full and then sealed. Root vegetables were dug up and placed in haulms for the winter covered in soil and straw.

Supplements to this diet came in the form of game such as rabbits, hares and pheasants that were shot, especially around harvest time and mushrooming would be a daily early morning occupation from August onwards. With regard to game, the partridges were never shot.

Christmas: it is worth mentioning that at times, it was a traumatic experience for my grandmother for one unexpected reason. My grandfather was a

lovely decent man who always found it difficult to say "NO." Being war-time and the years after it, food variety was scarce and he was forever being inveigled into promising ducks and geese for the Xmas dinner table that he simply did not have. There would be an agonised conference round the kitchen table some days before Xmas trying to reconcile orders with availability and deciding who could be bought off with a couple of hens or a promise of extra eggs! One thing I did not like and always made myself scarce was when twenty or so geese and many ducks were despatched. For the geese, it was a crowbar across the neck and a good pull after a day's starvation. I could never face being present.

The routine on Christmas Day always followed the same pattern; I would help him to deliver milk on his round. When it was finished, the first celebratory drink would be had in the Duke of Wellington on Marsden Street (the limit of the milk round). The next call was the Chesterfield Arms on Newbold Road. and sometimes, the Industry Inn just around the corner (which I remember being built). The next port of call was the Highfield Hotel by which time Tommy, the carthorse was getting a bit fed up. He would keep taking a couple of steps along the road. Eventually my grandfather would leave there and we would get up to the village for a "quick one" in the Cross Daggers and a final stop at the Nag's Head. (He never made it to the Wheat-sheaf.) At this stage he would be the worse for drink and would have to be helped into the milk float by other pub customers, where he would end up horizontal rather than vertical. Then a slap on the backside and Tommy would get us home, except once, he did misjudge and demolished one of the ornate stone gate pillars. When home, my grandmother would allow him to wave the carving knife around a roast goose for a few minutes before confiscating them and doing the carving herself. I never knew him to eat a Christmas dinner while I lived at Green Farm. He always needed a long sleep to recover.

### **The later war years**

As the war progressed, A new workforce appeared on the farm. These were German prisoners of war who were in a camp at Clay Cross. Two came regularly and one was a woodworker and he regularly brought me toys and other wooden items that he had made at the camp. He was called Heinrich and spoke excellent English and imparted to me some rudimentary German words and phrases. I particularly remember him making a model of a Mickey Mouse which "walked" down an incline. He also made an ashtray with some elaborate poker work on it, which I was told to put away till I was older. Lt. Leece made his appearance, being invalided out of the war blinded by alcoholism and stayed around for a while. He would also stay down at Wallsend Cottages with a friend of Zena's.

In 1943, opencasting for coal began in the area, particularly at Upper Newbold and as a consequence of this, two other people arrived at the farm. They had a business repairing lorries and had come from Blackpool. They had huge lorries which they parked on the green by the entrance to Newbold Road and lived on site in caravans. For some reason, they departed in early 1945 and returned to Blackpool. The deep holes made by opencasting would fill with water which gave us local children a great source of amusement since they made enormous swimming pools, the only disadvantage being that leeches began to colonise them. The Health and Safety industry would have had a field day if they had existed then.

I had not had holidays as such while the war was on except to spend weekends at Walton Farm with Uncle Owen. This is except on one memorable occasion, my Gt. Uncle George had acquired a motor boat with berths for six people which was moored on the River Trent at Fiskerton, Notts. I made an exciting journey there by several buses with my Auntie Frances and my second cousins, Michael and John. I mention holidays since, suddenly, my mother decided to take one and we went to Blackpool. We stayed at Auntie Mabel's (a relative of my grandparents). I think that my mother then met up with the people from the lorry business. This was to have disastrous consequences for my family in later life.

#### **The end of the war and its aftermath**

During the early years of the war, Lt. Leece presented us with a model of the Minesweeper that he served on and also its White Ensign. On VE day, Colin made a flagpole, some twenty feet high and the flag was flown on the green roughly where Loundsley Green Road road now runs, about 100 yards short of the traffic lights. This stayed here for a week. Otherwise, everything carried on as normal until the return of the soldiers.

My father came home in late 1945, and mother and I spent quite a few nights down at the station in anticipation of his return. He had a salad for his homecoming and soon left again a day or so later being appointed Provost Sergeant Major down at Normanton Barracks in Derby. I recalled many years later that he was rather quiet upon his return. Zena left home at this time and went to live with a school friend down at Wallsend Cottages. I did not understand why she left so abruptly and nobody said anything about it to me. I did not see her again until 1960. In my maturity, I was able to draw my own conclusions about this.

Lewis, in a different theatre of war did not return until 1946, looking quite yellow from the quinine that he had taken over the years. He was still in the RMP and was now a Corporal.

When both were home, the box of chocolates was opened. They had gone as I said earlier, quite white and sugary, but tasted marvellous after years without such luxuries. Talking of these, about this time, my distant cousin Lionel, had a relative who turned up with a banana one day, the first I could recall ever seeing and he walked around for days twiddling it between his thumbs to attract maximum attention. At the end of the war, I still helped with milk deliveries, but the rules for supplying milk were relaxed by the Local Agricultural Committee so the deliveries became more widespread as people reverted to their pre-war suppliers.

### **My final times at the farm**

Taking the "Eleven plus" at this time led to me initially going to William Rhodes School which involved long journeys to and from school so I was excused milk deliveries from now on. At fourteen, I then went to Chesterfield Grammar School after a review of the eleven plus exam results for schools in the Chesterfield borough. This made travel a lot shorter.

When Lewis had settled down, after his return, he immediately began poaching and co-opted me into assisting him before I left in nineteen forty eight. (He would wake me up at midnight to go on these nocturnal expeditions.) His first target was the pheasants from the Cutter family at Cutthorpe in the early winter of 1946. Catching them was easy. We simply walked along the hedgerows with a dimmed torch in the middle of the night until they were spotted. Shining a stronger torchlight into their eyes seemed to paralyse them. Many were the birds that we caught. (As an aftermath, I started work at the Pharmacy on Newbold Road in late 1948 doing errands and I recall the last of the Cutters from Cutthorpe Hall coming in and telling father that he was moving down to East Anglia to farm being fed up with, amongst other things, the persistent poaching!) Lewis even had the cheek to accompany my grandmother to pick walnuts on the Cutter property at Cutthorpe Hall for pickling. When there were no pheasants to catch, we would operate in the Furnace Ground mentioned earlier. Here a net would be run out several hundred yards long supported by sticks. Lewis would then work the area with his two dogs and frighten the rabbits into running into the net. My job was to sit at the end of the net with my hand on it. I could then tell from the vibrations whether any rabbits had run into it and become entangled. There were a number of Bell pits on the Ground and one night, a local boy who was assisting Lewis after I had left the farm fell into one of them whilst "rabbiting." Lewis couldn't get him out in the darkness so had to return in daylight with a rope to pull him out. That was the end of poaching there. (This all occurred in the vicinity of where the Moonrakers public house is now situated).

Lewis was soon courting and still could not resist poaching. His girlfriend,

Clarice lived in Barlow, and often, by arrangement, I would cycle up to Barlow to relieve him of the trout that he had caught in Barlow Brook. These I would wrap in newspaper and I would return home with them inside my shirt.

The Clayhole mentioned earlier and the quarry over the road were also visited with ferrets which were put down the holes to catch the rabbits. Mentioning rabbits made me think of the hares which were invariably caught when the fields were being mown. One of my last jobs on the farm, particularly in the oat fields, was to stand with a twelve bore and shoot them as they tried to escape. On one occasion, the shooting off of the back legs of one led me to decline the task and never shoot anything ever again.

### **The post war years**

My father had now settled down uneasily with my mother and they went to live at the pharmacy at 75 Newbold Road, but I still stayed on at the farm. Subsequently, he purchased a property at Newland Gardens off Newbold Road in 1948 though I stayed on at the farm until one day on a visit to them on the way home from school, he told me that I would not be returning to live at the farm anymore and he had already collected my belongings.

Both Lewis and Colin married in 1947/48. Lewis married Clarice and Colin married Jessie. Both men worked the farm as my grandfather took more of a back seat. Tractors began to dominate the farm scene, though grandfather continued to plough and mow with his beloved horses. My grandmother Emily died 1953 in Penzance after a holiday to recover from a stroke. Her three sisters had moved to live in there in 1947 after the death of Sam, the husband of Nettie. (The other two never married.) Nettie and Winnie both helped at the farm when necessary. They moved from The Farm to Albert Villas on Newbold Road prior to them going to live in Penzance. The other sister, Hannah went to live in Manchester for most of the war. (It is interesting to note that there was another sister, Mary who on account of ill health, left Britain on her own in her teens for the sake of her health and went to live in Albany, W.A. and died there in 1916 - a testament to the difficult decisions that were made in those days.) I have visited her grave there and paid my respects. It would have been a difficult journey for a young girl by herself in those days.

In the spring of 1947, I came home to the farm from school one day to find a man painting the farm from across the pond. He said that his name was Frank Lynton Giles and that the picture would take him a week to paint and it would be priced at fifty pounds. Far beyond what I would have been able to pay. That Christmas, Mr Giles sent a card with the farm's painting on it. Clarice kept this card and gifted it to me when I married my wife, Pat



*The Frank Lynton Giles painting*

Though he is traceable on Google, (ob. 2003), I have not been able to track down the picture. One interesting feature on the picture is the presence of a pair of ash trees on the east side of the picture which escaped the developers depredations being on the new road boundary and was useful for me to locate myself in later years vis a vis the original situations. (*vide infra*). Regrettably,

at the time of writing this memoir, they too have disappeared. Life was made easier in 1948 when the Chesterfield Borough Council took over the farm. Electric lighting and mains drainage arrived.

#### **The end of the farm.**

The north side of Newbold Road was engulfed in housing in the immediate post war years along with Newbold House and The Institute and now it was the turn of Green Farm to disappear as a farm. Loundsley Green road was constructed first in 1962/63. and the houses were steadily built spreading out from Chesterfield. The farm began to slowly run down and notice to quit was served after my grandfather died of a stroke aged 84 years in 1969. He is buried along with Emily and Willie, his eldest son, and my mother's ashes in Newbold churchyard. Below is an aerial picture of what the farm looked like approaching its final days. The pond has been drained and the spoil heaps have been removed. Much of the orchard has been cut down. The hay stacks look unkempt and there is a feeling of tiredness about it. Occupation ceased in the 1970's.

There was an opencast contractor called Mr Mullan who had played a large part in the opencasting for coal that happened in the area in the post war years. He purchased the actual farmhouse. He then demolished the farm buildings



with their aged weathered stonework, annihilated the orchard, filled in the pond and reformed the inside of the building to become a public house with an attached area to be used as a hotel called the "Olde House." The spoil heaps were used to fill in the Water Lane. It was personally distressing to see it standing all alone shorn of its surrounds. Mullan was a heavy drinker and spent the rest of his life propping up the bar quite oblivious to its previous history and occupants.

### **Green Farm in the present and hopeful future**

I returned to the " Olde House" in 2009, and was pleased to see that it had reverted from an absurd name "The Trading Post" back to Mr. Mullan's naming. I could identify the original site of the kitchen door and walk in and look around. The parlour was still identifiable - just, but then placing myself as it would have been all those years ago became very difficult. I wanted to find the position of the infilled cellar which was still possible.

Returning through the old kitchen door, I could look across Loundesly Green Road over to the Eyre Chapel now that Newbold Green school had been demolished (A building not so permanent as this one). Many of the trees that lined Newbold Back lane had disappeared including a Horse Chestnut that was a perfectly symmetrical mushroom shape. The two Horse Chestnuts that were in Willis Draper's field just off the road opposite Newbold House had gone as had the huge Beech tree that shaded the old bomb store. It was here that my father indulged his hobby of making furniture from sawing up the old pit props that sat at angles over the derelict mine workings. There was a distinct lack of distant smoke from industrial chimneys in the direction of Chesterfield. (See the Lynton Giles picture.)

The scene of sixty years ago was to me as yesterday as I looked. I could visualise the hens, the ducks and the geese and even the Morgan's steam engine powering the threshing machine. Perhaps we should be grateful to Mr. Mullan for at least preserving the façade. Without it, I would now have difficulty locating myself.

### **Acknowledgements.**

I think that I must posthumously thank Clarice for preserving and giving me the copy painting of Green Farm plus other valuable photographs. Also, I wrote this memoir after interest and encouragement from my cousin Freda (Owen's daughter) and thank her husband Alan for filling in some gaps in my knowledge.

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## Welsh Ramblings

I am starting to write this a few days after the Royal Wedding, which has got me thinking about Royal visits to Derby that appear on the peripheries of my family's history. I was in the Market Place for the Queen's Silver Jubilee visit in July 1977 when she conferred city status on the town. I did try to take some cine footage of the event but all I succeeded in getting were distant views and backs of heads of the crowd in front of me – and an all too brief close-up glimpse of the Royal couple.

I have limited but, nonetheless, certain recollections of standing (I was actually in my pushchair, as I had earlier fallen down and hurt my knee!) on East Avenue in Mickleover to watch the Duke of Edinburgh leave St John's Church, which had been consecrated in 1963. The Duke's visit was in May 1964, so I was only 3 years old. The Duke has turned out to be more robust than the new church building, which had to be demolished due to structural defects less than 20 years later.

I recall my Aunty Kath (Moore) telling me about a Royal visit when she was a girl. She was born in 1909 and she specifically mentioned the Queen, so was it Queen Mary's visit in 1913, or was King George V accompanied by the Queen on his visit in 1921? In any case, Aunty Kath recalled going to one end of their street to see the procession and then run to the other end to see it pass by again. (She apparently told her family that the Queen remarked "There's girlie Moore – I've seen her before!") I assume that they were living in Wilmot Street at the time, so presumably the procession went along both London Road and Osmaston Road. I wonder if any of my ancestors were in the crowds for earlier Royal visits – King Edward VII in 1906, Queen Victoria in 1891, and the future Edward VII as Prince of Wales in 1872 and 1881. (*Acknowledgements to Elaine Pritchard's "Images of Royal Derby" for the dates*)

It seems that my reflections last time on the old documents relating to title to our new home, going back to 1866, were quite timely as not long afterwards (and quite unrelated, I am sure) a letter appeared in "*The Daily Telegraph*" bemoaning the "scandalous" destruction of old title deeds etc. This provoked quite a flurry of correspondence (including from yours truly) and a small article. The consensus seemed to be that solicitors have no right to dispose of such documents as they belong to the property and, therefore, to the current owners. The value of them as historical records was also commented on.

Is it just me, or does your family history research also go in fits and starts? I

sometimes go weeks without really doing any apart from making the occasional untidy note on a bit of paper and making mental notes of things to check or look up. Then when the mood takes me – or all those other jobs have either been done (unlikely) or seem too daunting (more likely) I settle myself down, look at those bits of paper and I'm off again checking what I wanted to check, doing further research and writing up what I have found – including updating family trees etc. with any new individuals I have identified.

Since last time, I have finally checked those on-line parish records for Warners in Mickleover which revealed three children that I had missed before, because they were born and died in between two censuses. I also found two marriages that I wasn't aware of, which led me down the lineage of a couple of new family branches. Still more work there (e.g. checking other surnames in the Warner tree) on the to-do list.

I have also taken advantage of the 1939 Register now being available on the Ancestry website to have a more thorough look. I was surprised by how many records I had looked at back when the Register was first on-line as pay-per view, and so this time I have concentrated on my wife's family. Although the records tell us little that we don't already know, apart from people's addresses, and are incredibly frustrating with all the closed records (although I noticed that some records have been opened since I last looked), they are useful where the subsequent married name of single women has been written in – thereby either confirming that I had previously identified the correct marriage or pointing me in the right direction where I had not been able to.

If only the census returns gave maiden names for married women – how much easier would that make our research? Mind you, just occasionally the census does give an extra bit of information. For example; in the 1881 census Samuel Duffield (a bricklayer, born c1856 in Bury) and his wife Elizabeth (nee Hufton) were living at 39, Fowler Street in Derby with their three children. Ten years later, and I found Elizabeth and eight children at 16, Langley Street – no Samuel, but a helpful note on the census document saying: "Husband in America". Ten years later he was back; the family now living at 86, Manchester Street. I have found a Samuel Duffield, of the right age and occupation, sailing from Liverpool on 14<sup>th</sup> May 1890 on the "*Teutonic*" bound for New York but I have not been able to identify his return voyage. Why he went will remain a mystery.

Another relative who I knew had emigrated to the States was my great-grandmother Elizabeth Ashby's younger brother William Hallam (born

c1856). I think that in the 1871 census he was an “Inmate/Pupil” at the Philanthropic Farm School in Reigate. According to what I have found on the internet, the Royal Philanthropic Society had been founded in London in 1788 by a group of gentlemen worried by the large number of homeless children in the city. In 1792 the Society opened its first central institution in Southwark, intended for the sons and daughters of convicts and boys and girls who had themselves been convicted of crimes. Later, convicts’ children were no longer accepted and in 1849 the institution moved to an estate at Redhill. Classed as a reformatory under the Reformatory Schools Act of 1854 most of its pupils were committed by magistrates and paid for by local authorities. Farm work was the principal occupation although carpentry, tailoring and other occupations were taught. As to what crime young William had committed and why he was sent to Redhill remains a mystery. Another thing for the to-do list – contact the Surrey History Centre as they hold the archive records for the School.

By 1881 William was back in Derby, lodging with the Morrell family in Ford Street. After that I cannot find him in any census, so I wonder if he was the William Hallam who arrived in New York from Liverpool on 16<sup>th</sup> June 1884 on the “*Oregon*”. We do know that William emigrated to New Brunswick, later moving to Oregon. He and his wife Alice made their home in Portland and had seven children – only three of whom survived beyond their teenage years. I found William and Alice in the 1910 United States Federal Census living in West Bertha, Multnomah in Oregon with their children William, (Charles) Albert and Edwin. William was a dairy farmer (using skills learnt back in Redhill?) and the document says that he had entered the US in 1882. Alice was Canadian and had entered the US in 1884. They had been married for 22 years. William died in 1918 and Alice in 1927. Along with five of their children, they were buried in Lone Fir Cemetery in Portland.



Their son Charles had been born in 1898 and married Doris O’Brien in Vancouver, Washington State in 1918 and they had two children; Charles and Violet. The younger Charles was to be awarded two Purple Hearts for his heroics in the United States Marine Corps’ actions in the Pacific Theater (sic) of Operations within the wider Pacific War during WWII; specifically, in Gua-

dalcanal and Iwo Jima. He visited Derby in 1952 and again, with his wife Joella and daughter Christine, in 1978. The photograph was taken on that 1952 visit and shows Charles Hallam (left) with my grandmother Clara (nee Ashby) and my parents.

One other close relative who made the journey to live in America was my grandmother Clara Ashby's younger sister Annie (known as Nance). Born in 1889, she married Harry Bee, who came from Grimsby, in St. Thomas's Church in Derby in 1919. Harry had moved to New York before the First World War but returned to Europe to serve in an ambulance unit during the conflict. In the 1920 US Federal Census Harry and Nance were living in Manhattan Assembly, District 10 in New York; Harry, a bricklayer, had moved to America in 1906 and Nance in 1919. Her application to depart for the United States as "the wife of a member of the naval or military services of the United States" was dated 6<sup>th</sup> August and stated that Harry was serving as a Private in the Ambulance Service of the military, which he had joined in 1917. At the time he was living at 1222, Atfield Avenue, Richmond Hill in Brooklyn. Nance was due to sail on the "*SS Pittsburg*" on 13<sup>th</sup> August. They were both recorded in the 1925 New York State Census which showed that Harry had been granted US Citizenship in 1920.



I assume that this photograph of Nance was taken before her marriage.

Nance must have made at least one visit back home as she arrived back in New York, from London, on the "*SS American Trader*" on 30<sup>th</sup> September 1929. The passenger list shows that she had been granted US Citizenship in February 1920 and her address was given as 51 E. 9<sup>th</sup> St. New York City. Harry and Nance were at the same address in the 1930 US Federal Census, while in the 1940 US Census they were at 9210, Avenue N in Brooklyn. Harry's 1942 US WWII Draft Registration Card shows that he was employed by J. Lowery at Brooklyn Naval Yard.

Nance died in July 1955 and her ashes were returned to England and scattered at Markeaton Crematorium in May 1956 (fee for this being £1 1s 0d; the minister's service fee was 10s 0d; and the undertaker's fee was £2 9s 6d). Harry Bee died in July 1966.

Apparently, Eddie Saxton, a nephew of Harry Bee, who was serving with the Royal Engineers at Weston on Trent during the Second World War visited the Bakers at Wilmot Street. In 1964 Eddie and his wife were living in Grimsby.

Slightly related to this, while doing some random searches of the British Newspaper Archive for my father and his siblings, there were quite a few results where they had been mentioned in the “*Children’s Corner*” of the “*Derby Telegraph*” including on Saturday 27<sup>th</sup> October 1928: “*HILDA M BAKER says – I was very interested in the replies about the Statue Of Liberty because I have an auntie in New York City, and about a month ago she wrote telling us she had been on a trip to the Statue, and went up the inside in a lift as far as the chin, and those who cared to could climb steps up the arm as far as the lamp in her hand. My auntie said that you could look out through windows. She also said one could spend a whole day on the island; there are cafes and shops where you can buy novelties. I have told her about the Kiddies Corner because we send the ‘Reporter’ to her every week, and she lived in Derby until nine years ago*”. The “*Children’s Corner*” must have become “*The UCAN Club*” and seemed to organise the collection of silver paper/tin foil.



Finally, for this time; in a previous article (in Issue 157) I described my attempts to, hopefully accurately, identify two old family photographs, including one wedding group. There is one other wedding group photograph that I have absolutely no idea about. To be honest, I cannot recognise any of the people in the group; I don’t even know when it dates from, although I assume – like the other one – it is from

the late 19th or early 20th century. There is certainly a fine display of hats, but whether this is a family wedding or friends of the family I will probably never know.

If anybody thinks they may be able to help and would like a scanned copy of the photograph, then please e-mail me (which is me saying to the Editor – yes, please include my e-mail address!).

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## *The Life of Joseph Fletcher Founder of Salem Chapel Wingerworth*

### **Part 2 – Wingerworth to Sussex**

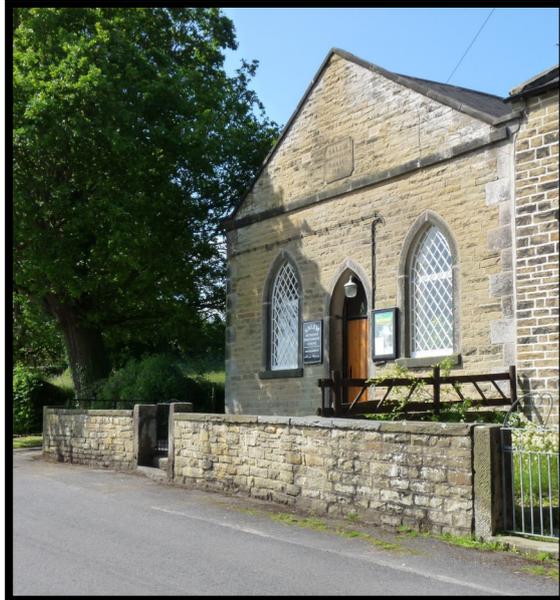
Joseph secured employment in 1847 as underground steward of the Wingerworth Iron Works, and finds himself living in “a wilderness” The rulers of the parish being Roman Catholic and previous Methodists had been driven out of the parish some years earlier. Joseph was somewhat downhearted and asked villagers their opinion of him approaching Sir Henry Hunloke for his permission to hold prayer meetings. Their response was that he would not succeed, this was very disheartening for Joseph, but in February 1848 he did go to The Hall and spoke to the Steward who after listening to Joseph’s plea granted permission for a meeting to be held in the church schoolroom. Joseph lost no time in organising his first meeting which attracted about 30 villagers, thus was the start of his preaching ministry in Wingerworth. Attendance at subsequent meetings grew and soon the congregation filled the schoolroom.

There were a number of occasions when Joseph was summoned to The Hall to answer various allegations about his preaching and conduct. The Steward by this time had some regrets, attendance to the schoolroom meetings increased the Church congregation had dwindled and he was being criticised by the Clergy for allowing Joseph to preach in the village. Joseph was also given notice to quit the house he rented and received a letter from the Steward which strictly forbade him from preaching in the parish.

Joseph visited the Steward on receipt of the letter to ask why he was being prohibited from preaching and was informed that Sir Henry did not approve and therefore the Steward had been instructed to tell Joseph he must not preach in the parish either in public or private. The Steward also explained that he had thought the schoolroom meetings would eventually have led to Joseph coming over to the Church bringing his flock with him. Joseph told him that whatever obstacles were put in the way he believed the day was not far off when the Lord would provide himself a House for his people to worship in.

At this time Joseph and his family found accommodation nearer to Chesterfield, but he continued to meet with the Wingerworth villagers in their own homes for private prayers, much to the annoyance of the Steward and his allies. At one of the house prayer meetings a villager suggested asking Mr John Gratton if he would be willing to sell a piece of land he owned, to enable them to build a Chapel. There was some doubt among others, as Mr Grat-

ton was an unbeliever and probably unwilling to listen to their proposals.



Joseph's faith inclined him to believe that all things were possible and that God had all men's hearts in his hands, but before approaching Mr Gratton he went to The Hall to inform the Steward what he and the villagers were planning. The Steward responded by informing Joseph that this would not happen as all the land in the parish belonged to Sir Henry and he would never sell them any land. Joseph was able to reply that there was a small piece of land which Sir Henry did not own. In his book *Food for the Flock* Joseph describes the conversation

with the Steward which ended by the Steward saying "*it is a folly to attempt such a thing in this neighbourhood.*" To which Joseph replied "*Well sir, such is your view. It is not mine. I fully believe there will be a Chapel built, and soon*".

Joseph's next task was to speak with Mr Gratton. At this meeting Joseph asked if he could either purchase or lease a piece of land for the purpose of building a Chapel. Joseph describes John Gutton as being so startled at the request that he asked Joseph to repeat his request.

Joseph's recorded their conversation as follows:-

*"Yes," he said "I will either sell, lease, or build you a chapel."*

I was astounded, and mumbled out my thanks as well as I was able. "*On a second consideration, however,*" he said "*I will not build the chapel lest you should leave it on my hands, but I will sell you the ground.*"

*"Thank you sir," I replied, "that is all I require;" and appointing a time for the completion of the contract we parted.*

*How plainly did I now see, that my covenant God had been before me in order to "straighten the crooked, and make the rough places plain" Isaiah x1,4, The dear Lord who had said "ask and it shall be given unto you," (Luke xi,9.) had disposed the heart of Mr Gratton towards us, and so I and my*

*friend returned praising God for His wonderful interference in our behalf.*

Following this Joseph realised although he had secured the land, he had no means of paying for it. At his next meeting with his followers he related what had happened at his meeting with Mr Gratton and they gave thanks to God.

Joseph records that the ground was measured and the amount required was *“fifteen pounds and some shillings. To the best of my knowledge I had not got fifteen pence”* Joseph began collecting subscriptions in the evenings after he finished work and records *“I do not think I had one denial, and the contributions were varied from sixpence up to three pounds.”*

The land was bought from John Gratton of Timberfield House, North Wingfield by Clay Hall of Chesterfield, Mercer and Draper and Joseph Fletcher of Hasland, Mineral Agent. The title deeds we received on 22 November 1848, the plot of land measuring 70 feet 6 inches by 28 feet 3 inches. After he paid fifteen pounds, two shillings and sixpence for the land he had ten shillings left over.

Another meeting with the Steward of Wingerworth Hall took place at which an offer on behalf of Sir Henry was made to exchange the piece of land for one nearer Chesterfield and out of the Parish, which Joseph flatly refused. He was also informed by the Steward that he would not be allowed stone from Sir Henry's quarries. Joseph now set about his task of raising the funds to build the Chapel.

As soon as Joseph had a few pounds collected he began purchasing the building materials, and ironically the stone did come from Sir Henry's quarries. Joseph recording *“I must confess I really converted that stone. It is of a most superior quality, and well adapted for building purposes from its durability and a beautiful colour. I could not help tracing the finger of the holy one, in thus making even our enemies contribute, in a most wonderful way, towards the building of His house”*

At the time of laying the foundation stone the Chapel building fund amounted to twenty pounds, and some of his followers tried to persuade Joseph to delay the building, but Joseph continued, saying the builder had faith in him and he had faith in God.

Raising funds to build the Chapel was not an easy task and Joseph was met with many refusals, so once again he approached John Gratton and asked for a loan of fifty pounds. To which John Gratton obliged and so building work could now commence and the foundation stone was laid by the Reverend

William Blandy, Independent Minister of Chesterfield on the 5 March 1849. Work progressed well but Joseph was to secure a further loan of thirty pounds from John Gratton before the work was completed. On 13 May 1849 the Chapel was opened. What a day of rejoicing that must have been.



Joseph however was soon to be troubled again when he received notice from John Gratton to repay the loan of eighty pounds. He had no means to pay this and meeting a Christian friend one day who enquired why he looked so dejected Joseph told him of the debt and the circumstances he found himself in. His friend loaned him the money to pay John Gratton.

By the year 1857 attendance increased, and Joseph records that most of these people came from a distance of three to four miles away, and that is very much the same in 2018. At this point a vestry and a chapel house were added both being finished in 1858, and this along with the purchase of an organ increased the debt. There appears to be no record of how the debt was eventually paid.

In 1861 Joseph and his family are living at Alton House Ashover and his occupation is recorded as Colliery Owner and Independent Minister Wingworth. His wife and his four children are also living at the same address, along with Betsy Dronfield a visitor from Stonedge. (The Dronfield family still live in the area)

Conveyance documents dated 1865 show Joseph living at 165 Coleman Street, Kingston-Upon-Hull and his occupation is recorded as Dissenting Minister. The Minister appointed at the Chapel being William Moorhouse of Brampton.

By the 1871 Census Joseph his wife and daughters have moved to the south of England and are living in Oving, West Sussex and his occupation is Calvinist Minister.

Joseph died on 9 April 1879 in Rumboldswyke, Sussex of heart disease age 63, his daughter Ellen was present at death and his occupation on his death certificate is recorded as Independent Minister.

Joseph's determination and great faith in God to provide all his needs was surely fulfilled and his legacy lives on.

The Chapel eventually joined The Methodist Free Church, The United Methodist Church and the Methodist Church before becoming independent again in 1966. Next year thanks to the determination and faith of Joseph Fletcher, his followers and all those likeminded people since, the Chapel is still open for worship and will celebrate its 170<sup>th</sup> Anniversary next year.

*Diana Wain [Mem 7711]*

### **OBITUARY**

Sergeant Thomas Vessey, formerly of the Derby Borough Police Force, died at Sedgbrook near Grantham, on Sept 15th 1886. Deceased joined the force on the 14th February 1855 and was made detective-sergeant on the 1st May 1861. On June 19th 1877 he was seriously stabbed by a man named John Johnson, whom he was apprehending on Nottingham Road. His throat was cut so seriously that he was very ill for a long time and had to be superannuated on the 28th November in the same year. Johnson was sentenced to penal servitude for life by Mr Justice Hawkins, who also awarded Vessey £20 for his gallant conduct. A testimonial was also got up on his behalf. Vessey never thoroughly recovered from the effects of his wounds and, having lost his wife a few months ago, he went down to Sedgbrook for the benefit of his health, but died there as mentioned above. He was 61 years of age. Colonel Delacombe and a large body of the borough police attended his funeral.

*Derbyshire Red Book 1887*

## *Search Engines for Family History*

Nowadays, for nearly anything we need to know, we tend to ask Google, who seems to be all-knowing. This is not true, though, for online Family History Research, where instead we have to use specific search engines provided by, for example, [ancestry.co.uk](http://ancestry.co.uk), [findmypast.co.uk](http://findmypast.co.uk), [thegenealogist.co.uk](http://thegenealogist.co.uk) or [familysearch.org](http://familysearch.org).

These search engines, unlike the omniscient Google, sometimes do not find data that they do in fact possess! Quite often if you ask the question one way, nothing is found, but ask it a different way and, lo and behold, the data is there after all! This can be quite frustrating, so this article provides a series of guidelines for the above-mentioned search engines. It also explains "where" to find online data. For example, if you are searching in Leicestershire, findmypast is your place. For Derbyshire, on the other hand, ancestry is the place to be.

### *Ancestry*

Let's start with ancestry, which has come on by leaps and bounds in the past few years, especially for online research in Derbyshire. First of all, to search properly in Ancestry, you need to have a subscription. This can be quite expensive, but it does allow you the luxury of doing the research in your own home, instead of having to travel to Matlock. Especially for me, Matlock is quite an expense, being as I live in Italy!

#### **What does ancestry have for Derbyshire**

[Derbyshire Baptisms, Marriages and Burials 1538-1812](#)

[Derbyshire Baptisms 1813-1916](#)

[Derbyshire Burials 1813-1991](#)

[Derbyshire Marriages and Banns 1754-1932](#)

These are directly available, the easiest way to find them is to login to ancestry, select "Search" "Card Catalogue", then write "Derbyshire" in the "Title" box and press search. This will then provide the above links and more.

You can also follow the general search criteria, that is "Search" "Birth Marriage and Death", and then fill in the names you are searching for. Note though, that this doesn't always work! Sometimes it doesn't find data in the 4 indexes listed above. They are continually improving the search, though, for example the Marriages and Banns 1754-1932 were not available in the Card Catalogue until very recently, and we were obliged to follow the general search and hope.

The advantage of the general search as opposed to the specific index is that when using it, ancestry will often find other supporting information, such as Probate data, which always gives exact date of death.

### **Census Returns**

Recently, ancestry changed the interface of their census searches and, unfortunately, completely messed it up. The way I used to search the census returns was to start in [www.ancestry.co.uk](http://www.ancestry.co.uk), this would propose a complete set of UK census records on the right hand side. If then you clicked on one of them, you could compile the search parameters. So far so good. If you are lucky enough to find what you want without having to refine the data, you are okay. If, though, you want to edit the search data so as to refine the search, quite often (not always!) you get a completely different set of search boxes, which do not include the original census you were looking at. I have complained to ancestry about this, and they are "looking at it", but they did explain how to circumvent this problem. What you need to do is the following: start as before with [www.ancestry.co.uk](http://www.ancestry.co.uk), but do not select the UK Census Records on the right hand side, but rather "Search" "Card Catalogue", then in "Title" specify the census you want, such as "1911 Census". In this case, if you subsequently refine data, you always remain in the census collection specified.

A final word about what to do when you cannot find the person you are looking for, and you "know" that they were there in that timeframe. In this case, try the search engine of "findmypast". They have a completely different set of scans of the UK census returns, and often the missing person can be found there. In general, I don't use findmypast for census searches, as their census scans are inferior to those of ancestry, but anything is better than not finding the person! Also, the findmypast search for censuses lets you specify additional data that ancestry does not.

### ***Findmypast***

Apart from Derbyshire, which is managed by Ancestry, findmypast is rapidly becoming the reference point for everywhere else. Again, to search properly in findmypast, you need to have a subscription. Again, this can be quite expensive, but it does allow you the luxury of doing the research in your own home.

The main interface is quite straightforward, and works quite well, so I always tend to start from that. Being as they are continually adding new sets of records, though, sometimes the main index doesn't quite keep up with the recently added data. In this case, if it doesn't find the entry you suspect should be there, you need to explicitly search in the specific record set. This is done

in the following way: from the top "Search" drop-down menu, select "Birth, marriage, death & parish records". On the right hand side, you will see a button "A-Z of record sets". Write the name of the county e.g. Shropshire. Then click on the specific record set you want to search.

### **What does findmypast have for Derbyshire**

Findmypast only has indexes to Derbyshire records, if you want to see a scan of the original image, you will need to use ancestry. It is however a useful cross-check, quite often I have found that findmypast has referenced a Derbyshire record, while ancestry couldn't find it. By using the information in the findmypast transcription, I have then been able to locate the direct record set in ancestry and get a copy of the original record.

Derbyshire Baptism Index 1538-1910

Derbyshire Burials Index 1538-1910

Derbyshire Marriage Index 1538-1910

These can be found in the "A-Z of record sets" mentioned previously.

### **Census Returns**

Findmypast has a complete set of census returns for the UK, including the 1939 Census, which has the great advantage of including the exact date of birth of everyone included. In general, it only shows data for people who have died before 1991, although I have noted that it is being continually updated. Very recently, ancestry have also included the 1939 census, previously it was only available on findmypast.

### ***Thegenealogist.co.uk***

Some time ago, looking for some obscure record, the only access I could find was through thegenealogist.co.uk. Against my better judgment, I subscribed, but, apart from that one record, for me it has been next to useless, as since then I have never found anything that wasn't available on ancestry or findmypast! They do though have an impressive lists of archives that can be searched, and, apparently, during 2017 they have added parish records from Cumberland, Dorset, Durham, Essex, Hampshire, Norfolk, Northumberland, Nottingham, Somerset, Sussex, Warwickshire and Worcestershire. I had a look at the Nottingham archives, but couldn't find what I was looking for! My subscription is until next year, I'll see what happens this year and decide whether to renew.

### ***The Mormons Family Search***

The Mormon Family History Library used to be the only place to properly search for data. I first starting going to Salt Lake City to their Library in the 1980s, at that time there were no computers, and only card indexes and mi-

crofilm. Things have moved on, by the start of this century, the Mormons had all their indexes on computers, and then online on the internet. Then they started seriously scanning their microfilms and putting the images online.



I had a meeting with their digitisation development team in Salt Lake in 2016, to discuss their technological development plans. At that time, they told me that they had 2.5 million rolls of microfilm with 4 billion pages, that they were already providing online 1 billion scanned images on familysearch.org, that they had 100,000 volunteers helping index the scanned images to make them searchable, and 3.2 billion names indexed from historical records, searchable at familysearch.org, of which 1 billion of these names had been indexed since 2007. A monumental effort.

They have now completely moved over to digitisation, the Mormon Library hosted at the National Archives in Kew, London gave away all their copies of microfilms and readers, and only provided access to digitised images. This was both good and bad. Once upon a time, I could go to Kew and be sure to be able to use their readers to look at microfilm.



Now when I go there I can only look at data they have digitised, which is a lot to be sure, but not all of it. If I want the missing data, I now have to go to the Society of Genealogists in London, to whom the Mormons gave all their microfilms. Or I have to go to Salt Lake City! Or, increasingly, I have to

hope that between them, ancestry or findmypast have already put online the digitised images I am searching for!

So now I tend to use the familysearch.org search mechanisms only when ancestry and findmypast have failed to find the people I am searching for. As with other search engines, there are again useful tricks to use if you can't find what you are looking for. After logging into familysearch.org - this is free by the way, but for some facilities you have to have a login, select "Search". To look for a person, select "Records". If you are lucky, there will be the image of a "camera" next to the record you are looking at. Sometimes, you can then directly see the image, but most likely it will tell you to go to the nearest Family History Library, which for you means Kew Gardens, while for me it means Milan.

If you can't find the record or there is no camera, go back to the original page, and this time under "Search" select "Catalog". Then specify the exact village name where the record could be. Click "search" and then "Church records", and it will give you a list of Bishops Transcripts or Parish Records. Now quite often in this case you can actually find the record collection online directly. The general search we did before didn't tell us this, but by specifying explicitly the place name, you can often get the record without going to a Mormon Library. In any case, it will tell you where the record can be seen, either at Kew or at the Society of Genealogists.

### ***Conclusions***

Through ancestry, findmypast and familysearch.org it is now possible to do a great deal of research from the comfort of your own home. Technology is moving things forward at a great pace. Just 3 years ago, no Derbyshire or Leicestershire records were online. Now they are (nearly) all there.

Just a word of caution: on ancestry and familysearch.org many people have published their family trees. Not too many of them have been overly rigorous in their research, and a lot of blatantly wrong data has been published. In my experience, over 90% of published family trees are wrong or inexact. The problem is that then other researchers copy their results as if they were gospel, and soon you have a plethora of wrong trees continually expanding.

Do not believe anything you see in someone else's tree. Double-check everything, write to the people publishing incorrect data, ask them where they got the data from, try and corroborate everything. Use your head, as my grandfather would have said!

**Which Parish Records are Online at ancestry**

Derbyshire Baptisms, Marriages and Burials 1538-1812  
Derbyshire Baptisms 1813-1916  
Derbyshire Burials 1813-1991  
Derbyshire Marriages and Banns 1754-1932  
Nottinghamshire Parish Records 1538-1837  
Nottinghamshire Parish Marriages 1577-1853  
Gloucestershire Baptisms, Marriages and Burials 1538-1813  
Gloucestershire Baptisms 1813-1916  
Gloucestershire Burials 1813-1991  
Gloucestershire Marriages and Banns 1754-1938

**Which Parish Records are Online at findmypast**

Leicestershire Baptisms 1536-1916  
Leicestershire Burials 1538-1991  
Leicestershire Marriages 1537-1931  
Nottinghamshire Baptisms Index 1538-1917  
Nottinghamshire Burials Index 1539-1917  
Nottinghamshire Marriages Index 1528-1929  
Staffordshire Baptisms 1538-1900  
Staffordshire Burials 1538-1900  
Staffordshire Marriages 1538-1900  
Shropshire Baptisms 1538-1900  
Shropshire Burials 1518-1900  
Shropshire Marriages 1538-1900  
Warwickshire Baptisms  
Warwickshire Burials  
Warwickshire Marriages  
Northants Baptisms (not many)  
Northants Burials  
Northants Marriages  
Yorkshire Baptisms  
Yorkshire Burials  
Yorkshire Marriages

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## ROUND AND ABOUT

**ALEXANDRA PALACE 2019**—The Federation have announced plans for Family Tree Live 2019, which is being held at Alexandra Palace on the 26th and 27th April 2019. Your Society would very much like to take a table, both days if feasible, and also run a coach to take members down for a visit. However we can only do this if we have enough people who could give us a hand with running the stall. A certain number of us are planning to stay overnight but we would like people to give us some idea of the support we can expect. Could you give us an hour or so on the stall, ideal if you live in the area. Those of you who live near Derby, would you like us to run a trip for the day or arrange overnight stays for you all. We need to know ASAP, please drop us an email. This will not commit you to anything, but give us a rough idea of your preferences.

For those who want to know what to expect, there are two days of traditional lectures and workshops [some hands on], plus advice stations and a DNA hub. The venue is easily accessed by public transport and there is free parking provided. All in all should be a good weekend.

**LONDON METROPOLITAN ARCHIVES**—After a drop in visitors, the LMS has decided to alter their evening opening hours. Previously open on 3 evenings a week, they have now dropped it to just one, namely the Wednesday when the centre will stay open until 7.30 pm. This seems to be a growing change with these archives, mainly I would guess to the rise of the internet. Just remember that you can find things in an archive that you can't on the net and use them, otherwise our options will disappear altogether and precious documents will sit in a depository and never be accessed.

**BLOG**—A new blog about a Victorian clergyman in Buxton has been started by Tom Hughes. He is interested in Victorian clerical scandals and controversies and is keen to hear from anyone with new or additional information that he can use. If you would like a look at his blog, then access it at <http://victorianclericalerrors.blogspot.com/2018/05/shocking-scandal-remarkable-letters.html>

**NEW BOOKS**—A recently published work is *Momentous Years—the Rise and Fall of the Derby Hebrew Congregation 1899-1986*. Written by David Beeston and published by Birchwood Publications it costs £8 and would be of value to those carrying out research into the history of Derbyshire, with particular relevance to those with Jewish ancestry. It can be purchased from the Derby Cathedral Bookshop, or ordered from any other major bookseller.

**BUXTON IN 50 BUILDINGS** is to be published on 15 September 2018 by Amberley Publishing at £14.99. Buxton is probably best known for the Buxton Water and its striking array of Georgian and Victorian buildings. It lies on the edge of the Peak District and is the highest market town in England. The Old Hall Hotel was built by the Earl of Shrewsbury and his wife, Bess of Hardwick, in the 16th century and it is still standing. The Duke of Devonshire developed Buxton as a fashionable spa in the 18th century and many of its fine buildings were built in this period, notably the Crescent and the Devonshire Royal Hospital with its large unsupported dome. Other famous landmarks include the Opera House, Pump Room, Natural Mineral Baths and Joseph Paxton's railway station. New buildings continue to be integrated into the town with such as the newly opened state of the art Nestle factory.

This book explores the history of the town with a selection of its most interesting buildings from the Tudor era to the present day and will appeal to all those who have an interest in the town or who live there. The author is David Morten, a local historian who has lived in Buxton all his life. Email [p.dean@amberley-books.com](mailto:p.dean@amberley-books.com) for further details.

Would anyone like to supply an answer to the following puzzle or perhaps someone might actually know the reason why? A young baby was buried in Nottingham Road Cemetery, exhumed for an inquest and buried again. Yes I know it happens, but I can't work out why. Have a go!!

- 1] Frederick Scott died on 11 April 1861 aged 1 day, the illegitimate son of Alice Scott, a servant. Cause of death was premature birth, registered by Mary Scott, whom I assume to be the grandmother. He is buried at Nottingham Road and exhumed the next day.
- 2] An inquest is held on 18 April 1861.
- 3] Frederick is reregistered on 11 April 1861 now aged 4 days, having died of natural causes, this time registered by Joseph Sale, coroner of Derby and is reburied in Nottingham Road.

Originally I was puzzled as to why there would be a question over a baby one day old so looked into the papers. No mention of the inquest or the death. I can only think someone might have thought the mother did away with her unwanted baby, helped by her mother. If so it was an unfounded suspicion as the coroner found nothing. Having dug the poor little mite up, no doubt to the distress of his mother, he was then reburied aged 3 days older, which I hope was an administrative error, but perhaps the coroner thought he was older than one day. Anyone got any ideas?

## RESEARCH CENTRE AND LIBRARY



### BRIDGE CHAPEL HOUSE DERBY

#### Acquisitions at 1 Aug 2018

- Belper: Faith on a Derbyshire Hillside [A History of Saint Faith Church  
Belper Lane End and North West Belper]
- Derby: The Old Derby Silk Mill and Its Rivals  
The Great Church—a Short History of the Cathedral of  
All Saints
- Hayfield: Hedfield to Hayfield—an Introduction to the Area
- Melbourne: Melbourne Castle
- Spondon: Enclosure Documents 1789
- Derbyshire  
Deposits: Calendar of the Records of Derbyshire by Cox [published 1899]
- Directories: The Derbyshire Red Book 1887
- Memories: Black Diamonds Yellow Apples—A Working Class Derbyshire  
Childhood between the Wars [Ilkeston]
- Names & Places: 50 Gems of Derbyshire
- People: Percy Thrower 1913-1988
- Trades & Occupations: Lead Mining in the Peak District

Family History: The Hooper Family of Sevenoaks, Kent [includes a section on Dr Marshall Hooper of Ripley and his family]

Certificates: These are unwanted and copies can be provided

Birth: Carrie Elizabeth Clarke 1894 Derby  
Jean Marion Shaw 1927 Derby  
Alice Maud Swain 1887 Derby  
George Albert Swain 1890 Derby  
Joseph Richard Swain 1892 Derby  
Violet Swain 1890 Derby  
Death: Samuel Mills 1849 Chesterfield aged 1 yr  
Samuel Mills 1849 Belper aged 5 wks

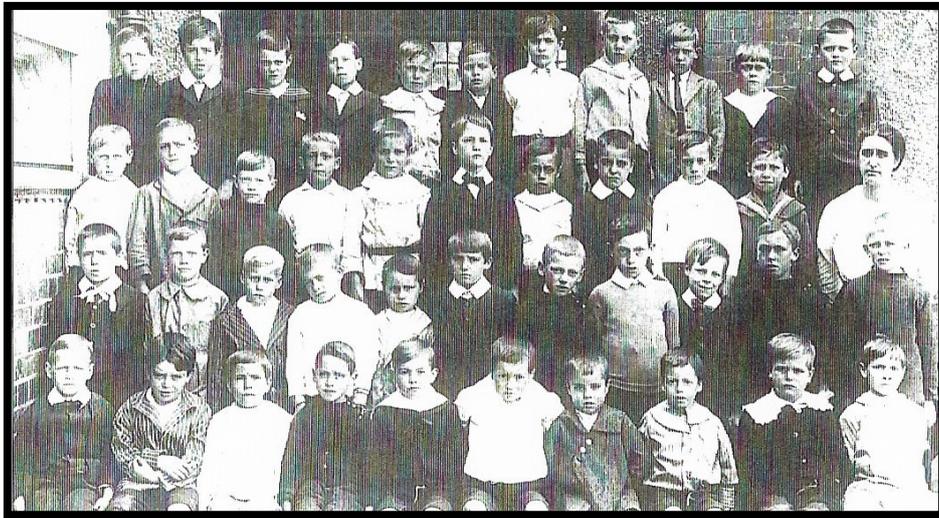
The Society would like to welcome those who have just joined our Society and hope you enjoy your membership. We are delighted to announce 19 new members for the past three months, hopefully they will be putting their interests online and sharing their research. Remember we are still putting online various datasets, we hope you find them useful.

Our membership secretary would like to remind all our members to return the GDPR form as soon as possible if you have not already done so. Without your permission to keep your details we cannot mail out the magazine. If we have to post it out after publication it costs the Society an appreciable amount more than what it does to go straight from the publisher and postage rates are rising all the time, costing us money we can ill afford. Our grateful thanks to all of you who have already returned the forms.

The "Clay Family Society" of America members have traced their ancestry back to John Clay who went to Virginia in 1613 but they don't know which part of our country he came from, hence they are offering free YDNA tests to English males with the surname of Clay. There is no cost involved, if there is any interest in the project please contact me for details and a kit at [dmclay@btinternet.co.uk](mailto:dmclay@btinternet.co.uk) or by post to David Clay, 30 Mill Street, Mansfield, Notts NG18 2PQ

# **Derbyshire Family History Society**

**Sept Quarter 2018**



**Another picture from our collection. This one is of a boys primary class at the Ripley Council Schools in Shirley Road, Ripley. Believed to be about 1912. Is one of your ancestors amongst them?**