

Today's Journey

Ripley, Denby Common and Smalley

We arrived at Ripley having come by way of Heage with it's beautiful Windmill perched high on the hill. Patricia thought it would make a good place to hang out the washing, a sort of environmentally friendly spin dryer.

Ripley is a bustling busy market town which has far outgrown it's parish sister Pentrich. All Saints looking old and bold yet only built in 1820 had it's own registers from 1821. The Pentrich Vestry Book for April 1850 confirms that **George WOOLLEY** be re-appointed Churchwarden for Ripley. It separated from her finally in 1855.

Ripley has big buildings, big red brick buildings that make a nice near rectangle round the market place. Butterley Bricks must be everywhere here, and the works of the then Butterley Company, two miles away must have afforded plenty of work for the locals.

Ann COPE, a widow, must have been pleased when her son William was signed on as an apprentice in 1867. William wasn't the only Ripley lad to do so that year. He was joined by **William WATSON**, **Francis SKERITT**, **Tom STACEY** and **Billy WALKER**. **Sam NEAL** the seventeen year old son of **Jonathan NEAL** of Riddings was also included in the input.

The intention was to get to Dale Abbey, but a busy bustling market town on market day and Patricia make for a difficult mix. I had more chance of prising a limpet from off the QE2.

It was a mistake of monumental proportions as shop after shop was mentally logged for a return visit and many had the pleasure of first hand retail therapy courtesy of Patricia and my wallet. Drastic measures were called for. The people of Ripley must help me out. **Edward ROBINSON** and his wife never had this problem when they left for Alfreton in 1708, they had a certificate to help them on their way. In 1810 **Mary DOLPHIN** and her son **Samuel** looked like coming back to Ripley from Alfreton. Her husband **Sam** died eighteen months previously and she had become chargeable to the parish.

We had a map that only had a part of Ripley on it, and I couldn't make out exactly where we were, or which road to take. Surely the travelling market folk would help me out.

"Excuse me" I said, "which is the way to Dale Abbey?"

"You need to get onto the A6 and head towards Matlock"

I've just come from there, it can't be that way. She was thinking about Darley Dale. Ask Pauline.

No not that way, that's the road she says pointing in an entirely opposite direction. What's there she said, a few things I would like to see, a hermits cave for one. Never heard of that near Derby. Dale Abbey, Darley Abbey. Suppose it sounds near enough, still it's a step in the wrong direction. Finally Jim would know, good old Jim, follow that road, be there in about ten minutes. We walk fast, but not that fast. Jim had never driven his transit van through hedgerows or over footpaths in fields before so he didn't really know which field to turn into, still we now had the right road or at least a road

going that way. According to Jim, and as there were no other roads left, we took it. I felt like the tin man in the Wizard of Oz, We're of to see the hermit, following the black tar road. By the time we appeared on the map the hermit of Dale might well have been in the Emerald City, somewhere over the rainbow.

Dear **Sarah VALLANCE** came from Denby in 1847 to find a permanent resting place when she was buried on the third of May aged 69. **William ADAMS** came from Liverpool to marry his sweet **Fanny HAWKINS** in 1901 at the Methodist Chapel. Yes sweet **Fanny Adams** was a Ripley lass, but **Elizabeth WILBRAHAM** came from Codnor Park in 1849 aged just 23 to end her days in Ripley.

We however had Dale Abbey to reach and time was not on our side. We set out with a purpose on what was the Nottingham Road, and we couldn't believe it when we saw some friends from Matlock.

"What on earth are you doing here" they said. Trying to get to Dale Abbey we replied.

"It's nice there, there's some lovely walks round there"

Are you walking they asked. It's a good walk. Which way are you going. Go into Heanor.

We were going nowhere, for just then some friends of our friends arrived on the scene.

This is Mike and Patricia, they are going to Dale Abbey. Ooh it's a long way, which way are you going? Have you walked from Matlock? Finally we got away, but time was against us.

Across the road the large red bricked edifice with steps leading up to its doors that was once the Primitive Methodist chapel was doing a roaring trade in selling antiques. If only we had time I may have had a look inside. Browsing you understand.

We were now in Greenwich, just the place to put the clock back and save time.

Unfortunately it was the wrong Greenwich. Dale Abbey had become another Wensley. It would have to wait until another time.

We walked to the end of the road and turned right at the big traffic island. We were heading for Codnor, so the signs said, but we were still not on our map.

Then we saw the sign Codnor Gate. The last houses in Ripley were like most others red bricked, a farm house, with a horse and ducks in the front garden hiding among the tulips. Window boxes full of red flowers sat on top the fence that lined this busy road.

We pass the white painted Gate Inn, and a quaint cottage hidden between the houses. **Joseph CRESWELL** would have known the occupiers, he was landlord of the Gate in 1829 and he may have even known the magnificent oak tree that sits on the opposite side of the road, across from "The Gables", a tree that would have been a lot smaller in his day of course. He certainly would not have known the modern industrial estate that stands across the road and behind the houses where the tree stands.

It's a very busy road, bounded by bay windowed houses. It's near here we finally find someone who tells us and shows us just where we are on the map. We have gone much further out of our way than we realised. Now at least we should have no more direction problems.

We climb the hill that leads into Codnor itself. Codnor has an old feel about it. Not necessarily in its buildings, but in its roads. Four roads come together in a sort of flattened cross, the hub of the place no doubt in times past and still today. It is no coincidence that a house resembling a toll house is here, as well as another house dated 1854.

The New Inn, back in 1851 run by **Thomas CLARKE** and his wife **Sarah** now sports a new name, the "New Clock". It is stuck permanently at ten to two. The "French Horn" another pub was run by **Samuel FARNSWORTH** who came from Whittington in

Warwickshire, his 63 year old wife **Sophia** came from Heanor. **Anthony GREGORY** a miner aged 41 in 1851 came from Darley Dale. Maybe he was trying to get to Dale Abbey and stopped off at Ripley! **James DIXON** in the same year was found here, another miner he came from Matlock. **Charles VERNON** an engine worker from Codnor Park lived with two sons in law **John WESTON** and **Edward WEBSTER** all involved with engine work.

Richard CLARKE, **Joseph WILSON** and **Joseph SPENCER** were three lads who all went to Codnor school and all lived on Mill Lane. **Joseph OTTEWELL** lived below Glass House, the name of a former pub. Joseph's dad was a shoemaker as was **John DEVENPORT'S** alias **WALLIS** from Jessop Street.

George WINFIELD from Glass House Hill was described as a constant truant when he was at school, or when he wasn't.

Two lads **James** and **Wallace WEST** came from Loscoe to attend school in Codnor, they moved on, James to Ipswich and Wallace to Boston, both in Massachusetts.

Oswald CARRINGTON from Waingroves also went to America.

We however head for Cross Hill.

We make our way down the hill towards Cross Hill, it's a busy main road. The houses at one time red brick now many painted over or pebble dashed. A bush of bright pink flowers really catches the eye, for we have seen very little in the way of countryside.

Hunts of Codnor, sells cobs from a nice little red bricked building. Back in 1829 **Sam FARNSWORTH** as well as running the "French Horn" was the baker. The Codnor and Loscoe Land Tax of 1803 has a **Sam FARNSWORTH** paying tax of nearly two shillings. A **John HUNT** is also mentioned, as an occupier of property belonging **George WOOLLEY**.

Like **Sam FARNSWORTH**, back in 1829 **Thomas CLARKE** the landlord of the New Inn also had other strings to his bow. He served the community as the blacksmith and an old map tells us it was on Chapel Lane that a smithy once stood, just before Jessop Street.

Looking onto the horizon the spire of St James at Cross Hill comes into view. Near here stood the Cross Hill and Codnor railway station. The road to Waingroves however is still here. It's a long wide road, with nothing at the end of it. Waingroves lies hiding round the corner. This stretch of road affords us our first opportunity to see a glimpse of greenery, in what is a basically a built up area.

Patricia strides out, wanting to get into the countryside and away from the constant noise of traffic. She carries with her a new bag, the result of a sortee in the market place at Ripley.

At the top of the hill, a dizzying 100 plus metres high we turn right. We have nothing against Loscoe, but the noise from the constant stream of traffic means it would follow us all the way there if we stayed on that road. Having turned right the noise falls away almost completely, we can even hear the birds singing.

The parish church of Codnor, St James was built in the 1840's and the churchyard behind it, forming a triangular piece of ground holds only two gravestones, both of which are putting up a determined effort to lie flat., face forward.

One is for **William REDFERN** who died 11 August 1870 aged 45. This slightly interests Patricia because that was her maiden name.

The other is for **Samuel DIXON** who died 1852 aged 36. Samuel was killed in a railway accident and was from Ilkeston.

Across the road stand a twisted Scots pine, well it looks like a Scots pine, and it stands in the garden of a distinctive looking house, which looks a bit like a small school. The

school however was near the church on the other side of the road, so maybe this was the school house.

Charles Edward BERESFORD who attended Denby Street Lane School formerly went to Cross Hill school.

In 1851 living at Cross Hill, **Eber HILL** was coal mining, he was born across the other side of the County at Ashbourne around 1820. **John MARTIN** a year older was born at Shipley, but he became another coal miner of Cross Hill.

The place where the quaint house stood was on land formerly belonging to **Henry KIRKLAND**, nearby was land owned by **Edward SEARSON**, **John KELSALL** and **Ellen MOREWOOD**. All had property along Denby Lane. The same map, Codnor Enclosure of the 1790's also shows **Hugh WOOD** and **Robert STRELLEY** with interests along the lane.

We carry on down the road, a cart track on our right leads to Searson House Farm. On the opposite side stands another red brick house, Fern Villa. Its neighbour Park View looks as if that was once red brick, but is now painted cream.

Across the fields in the distance we can see on the hillside, beyond the cows and the greenery and the pylons the town of Heanor and Loscoe, red roofs spread out before us, and beyond that on the horizon the trees that must lie close to, if not in Nottinghamshire.

We now come upon a sign which says "Approaching Denby Village, please drive carefully". We are not going particularly fast but we take it on board. The hill before us rising slightly also bends to the left and we wonder what lies ahead. Patricia in her excitement ponders over the fact there may be houses built of sugar and spice and liquorice. The lack of being in the countryside is obviously affecting her. On our right are fields full of buttercups and dandelions, the hedges of hawthorn predominate, very few stone walls in evidence. A tractor pulling a long flat bed trailer tries its best to make Patricia feel as if she is in the countryside but so far although it has been near, the countryside only appears between gaps in houses, and only for a few fleeting moments.

There's a sign telling us to slow down, I have just had an energy drink and approaching a corner I do not want to be caught on a speed camera. The speed limit says thirty, I drop down to twenty eight yards per minute to be on the safe side. Although the earlier sign said Denby Village the next one says Codnor Breach, somewhere along the way we blinked or someone took Denby Village on a day trip.

Codnor Breach is where the Quakers had a burial ground.

Breach Cottage is a long cream coloured building and apart from a large red brick farm just before it these according to the Ordnance Survey map of 1900 are the only buildings in the area at that date. Today however modern buildings, bungalows are built along one side of Denby Dale road and thirties style houses opposite. It's a very nice area and very clean. Fields begin to make a more definite showing as if the last of the built up area is making way to access to the greenery. Patricia is deep in thought. I could have sworn that a large tree in a front garden is a eucalyptus tree, I half expect a koala to drop out of it. This remark upsets Patricia train of thought. She was making up a poem about the moors, and unfortunately the koala bear has mucked it up. She said, she loves the smell of the moors, it makes you feel wild and free so that there's no tangles in your life. I tell her I appreciate the thought for the day but the koala as obviously ruined an epic.

We have now arrived at Denby Common and in the distance "The Bulls Head" beckons.

First we have a look around this group of houses on the busy Heanor to Denby road. Denby Village is a mile or so down the road. Maybe the village didn't move, maybe the road sign did.

Having arrived at Denby Common I had to spare a thought for those ancestors who came from Codnor. it was a condor moment. I mean was it Codnor, Codnor and Loscoe, Codnor Breach or Codnor Park. The place chopped and changed so much that they must have wondered if they were coming or going. However here was work, Butterley Company provided plenty, the canal plied it's various trade goods and wares, the railway was here. In it's heyday the place must have been buzzing.

Codnor Park was an extra parochial place, which meant that it had little interference from Civil and Ecclesiastical jurisdiction and it's dwellers didn't pay Church or Poor rates. Codnor Park was separated from Ironville by that great body of water called the Cromford Canal.

About a mile or so away lay Codnor, which with Loscoe formed a township in the parish of Heanor. Codnor and Loscoe parish was formed from parts of Denby, Heanor and Pentrich in 1844. In 1850 a new parish called Ironville was formed and parts of Codnor and Loscoe parish went into making up Ironville.

Ironville was formed from the parish of Riddings and Codnor Park, no longer extra parochial., parts of Pentrich, and Selston to give it a cross border flavour.

We still had the parish of Codnor and Loscoe but in 1927 Loscoe was formed as a separate parish meaning Codnor was on its own. So they called the parish Codnor.

Codnor Breach on the other hand lay at the end of the long lane from Crosshill called Denby Lane and into Denby Common. The "Breach" probably referring to a way into Codnor from Denby Common. Just two fields walk from the junction at Denby Common heading towards Heanor we are standing in the modern parish of Loscoe. Loscoe along with Codnor formed a township in the parish of Heanor.

Mirey Leys Farm is again a big red brick affair but has running along part of it's boundary with the road a stone wall which is quite unusual for these parts. A cut out cow, swinging from a post announces you are entering Mirey Leys. The house has a steep roof with a big chimney in the middle. Nearby in the yard Patricia spots that the roof of a barn is like an old mattress, all mis-shapen and lumpy.

In 1808 **Ann RILY** a widow aged 64 was "killed by the house falling upon her". The Denby burial register does not tell us if she lived at The Common, but in 1812 another **Ann RILEY** aged 82 was of the Common when she was buried in July of that year. Another "Commoner" was **Mary EYRE** who was buried in 1810.

Thomas THORPE 28, was a coal miner as was **Thomas CRESSWELL** aged 32. **Benjamin CRESSWELL** at 14 was also employed at the pits. It was dangerous work and **Charles HUNT** had his details recorded in Denby burial register in 1808. It said "he met with an untimely fate by falling down a coal pit. He was 63.

Patrick PARKIN also of Denby drowned himself in a pit, "after a few days of mental derangement. He was aged 53.

A road sign tells us we are in Denby Village, which is a bit further down the road.

The walls of one barn running alongside the road resemble a red mamba travelling over corrugated brick. The name given this place is George Farm. The view from the small rise takes in Heanor and goes beyond to the fields of rape about to burst into full glorious waxen yellow.

In 1851 Denby Common was the home to three **Robert CRESSWELL'S**. the elder one

was on Parish Relief and the younger one at 16 was a coal miner. The middle **Bob CRESSWELL** aged 50 was described as a labourer. **John MOON** from Staveley aged 65 was a blacksmith.

Opposite Mirey Leys Farm at the end of a big field stands a large house. On its left is a big old tree. It looks Victorian Gothic at first glance but it is much older. Its setting is perfect for a horror film. Maybe the house at Codnor Breach could become famous in Hollywood.

We now turn our attention to another big beast. Its head staring at us. Its horns pointing towards us. I have been chased by a herd of cows before now I have a huge bull before me. I mop my brow with a red handkerchief and step aside like a matador. I push Patricia to the front and she orders two glasses of cider. The Bulls Head is a nice old pub.

In 1848 Denby Tithe schedule shows that **Robert HOLDEN** was owner, but **Richard WESTON** was occupier of the Bulls Head. In 1851 the Census records a **Richard WESTON** of Denby Common as a cordwainer, he is 51 and was born at Horsley Woodhouse at the beginning of the nineteenth century. His wife **Mary** came from Hazzlewood, she was four years younger and lived with her son **Richard** aged 21 born Horsley Woodhouse like his father. They also had a Denby born daughter Hannah aged nine, which would seem to suggest other Westons in between.

The **BARBER** family were also in the area, **Ben**, aged 48 living with his twin brother **Bill**. Bill and Ben were not flowerpot men but were farmers, and **Hannah** their sister was the flower in the middle who kept the place spick and span.

Another hard working woman from Denby, or so it would seem was **Sarah FLETCHER**. In 1753 the Overseers Accounts record they paid two shillings and sixpence for a smock for her. Twelve days later they paid over two shillings more for another smock. She worked so hard that in October she needed a handkerchief costing eightpence. No doubt to mop her brow, before having a glass of cider at the Bull.

Finally in December that year so they wouldn't have to buy another smock, the overseers paid out sixpence for an apron for her. **Sarah CRESWIL** in November of that year received one shilling and sixpence because she was ill. She was probably sick of **Sarah Fletcher** modelling the newest smocks and apron.

The Bulls Head is cool inside and a pleasant relief from the heat outside. Its low ceiling requires you mind your head when going down the steps. A sign is there to remind you. Still I reckon many a Common Denby man and unwary traveller alike have been reminded head to beam.

Suitably refreshed, we take our leave and set out to cross the great unknown. We are about to leave Denby Common, but others in times past came to live in the village, like **Ephraim** and **Mary SPRATT**. They came from Heage in 1714. **John HULLAND** came from Nottinghamshire, leaving his Hucknall Torkard home in 1755. **Thomas OLDKNOW** a labourer from Shipley came here in 1789 and **John** and **Sarah WHITE** moved into Denby parish in 1720. They were from Calton.

We walk the few yards up the hill, nearby though not within sight is Dumble Lane. The Tithe map records that **Richard ORME** and a **William WOOD** lived at its junction with the main road. The 1900 OS map records that the place was known as Tavern Houses, although only one dwelling is shown on the Tithe Map.

We now come to a footpath sign pointing into the fields. We are heading for Smalley.

The path is easily defined between the nettles as we penetrate further into the field. Ducking under low tree branches, the horses in the next field give us a momentary glare before getting back to the serious work of doing nothing. They just stand and stare, not even bothering to have a meal of the grass beneath their feet. A grass that feels like a luxury to us, having walked the roads all this time. At last real countryside. To our right and in front of us, is a huge field, shaped like a bow.

Not a tree on it. Again to our right but hidden behind two Poplar trees and hedges is a white coated cottage. Dumble Houses owned by **John MOOR** at the time of the tithe is occupied by **Vincent FLETCHER**. **Robert GREEN** also has occupancy of some property near here, again **John MOOR** is the owner.

The path for some reason does not correspond to our map. It should branch right but there is no right branch, but a faint track that carries to the left. Orders to "stop up" and "divert" footpaths happen quicker than the maps showing such diversions can be printed and it becomes a necessary hazard. It adds to the excitement. Patricia has already gone ahead of me, waiting on the other side of a wooden stile. I climb over it and as it begins to virtually catapult me over it, she says it's a "bit wobbly". I negotiate it using a technique that Blondin would have been proud of.

It's very quiet on this "path" and there are not many trees, the fields are very boggy. We should by now have crossed a stream. There is no sign of a stream, but there is a large pool, occupied by a couple of ducks. The pool is not on the map. Maybe the ducks have built it themselves and want to keep it a secret.

In the distance beyond the lake is a view that has been unchanged for centuries, You can see for miles into the distance, nothing obscuring the view, as it's warm it's a bit hazy but on a clear day it will be worth the visit just to see it.

There is a group of large old looking red brick buildings to our right in the distance, which should be Flamstead House, it sits beneath the bow shaped hill and is partly obscured by it. **John FLAMSTEAD** was from Denby and became the first Astronomer Royal working as he did at Greenwich. We had been through Greenwich earlier but saw no observatory. Maybe it went the way of the right hand path. Or maybe it was another Greenwich.

To our left in the distance among a group of trees lies Robey Fields, the home of **Elias BROWN** in 1848. A nearby field owned by **John WRIGHT** and occupied by **Joseph ROWLAND** would be at a later date the site for more buildings. At the same side but further away and behind Robey Fields is Robey Fields Farm, occupied by **William CURTIS** in 1848 it is a large red bricked building or group of buildings.

At least Robey Field hasn't changed, unlike the field paths we are using which bear no resemblance at all to the route on the map. As we near the top of the incline, not steep but one that goes on forever it seems we are greeted with Hawthorn blossom, sparkling white. We are also met with a sign that says "Beware Guard Dogs" written in black and yellow, the colour of a wasp, as if to add emphasis.

Welcome to Kidsleypark Farm.

We stood for many a while, deciding what to do. Crossing a picket line of Guard Dogs was not what we had in mind. Patricia is not very good with dogs, whatever shape and size. I don't mind them, except I am wary of certain kinds having been bitten by an Alsatian. Down at the end of the stretch of lane from field to farmhouse looking over the wall standing on hind legs was an Alsatian. Down at the end of the field standing on

buckling legs was Patricia. The dog had a huge grin on its face. Here was easy pickings. A cat would be much harder to tackle, but me, no problem. I could envision piles of leg bones stacked up behind the wall, along with mailbags, hikers boots and captured blood stained white surrender flags. I wish we had caught the hare we saw moments earlier to offer as a peace offering.

Just at the moment when I bravely decide, we don't want to go this way anyway, a young farmer appears and beckons us on. We go over the top. The dog gets down as told and the whimpering starts. I have hold of Patricia's hand and gently try to persuade her forward. The whimpering is not from the dog. Like the worlds strongest man pulling a locomotive we inch our way forward. I point out all the nice nettles and brambles we have to negotiate. How much less a threat is a stinging bunch of nettles. I would sooner grasp a bunch of nettles, even without the aid of a dock leaf, than be grasped by the dog.

Finally we get near the house. Kidsleypark farm is not the same as Kidsley Park which appears on the 1900 OS map across the road from the farm. The farmer approaches us and re-assures us the dog is no problem. Behind the wall lies the dog, placid as anything, and when I think back it didn't even bark once.

I feel as if I could sit on its back, open its mouth and brush its teeth. A bit like the little birds do for and the crocodiles and hippos.

Kidsleypark farm is over two hundred years old and across the yard an old barn is testimony to the fact that one even older stood hereabouts. A point confirmed by a lady who appears from the house. She has lived there twenty plus years but her husband more than double that. The younger man, we take to be her son. They are extremely pleasant. He asked which way we had come and I tell him I wish I knew.

I offer him twentypence for any crop damage, (it was all grass) that we may have caused in trying to find out how to get out of the place. He asked where we had brought the map. Maybe he knew it was out of date. He then told us that new paths were being made, that the big bow shaped hill was once a spoil heap from a pit. That the new "walkways" have recently been erected. These walkways, paths between lots of new fencing seem to lead to the pool that is occupied by the two ducks. The whole area it seems is going to be some sort of park and the pool will no doubt be a wonderful focal point. No wonder the paths have been obliterated. The only time we thought we on the right path was when we were looking for a stile when trying to get out of the field. When we got there, an old sign said "Danger, keep out ". We turned away from there and looked elsewhere. On an old map it makes it clear it's an old coal pit. Now I realise how Charles HUNT could have fallen down the coal pit, he may not even have been a miner.

Charles HUNTS name appears on Denby Land Tax of 1801. **William Drury LOWE** Esquire was the proprietor of the property Charles was taxed at for one shilling ten pence and three farthings. **Widow RILEY** also paid tax of three shillings eleven and a half pence. Unfortunately her house fell in on her. We don't know if that happened to **Mildred BRADSHAW** but she also was assessed at One pound fourteen shillings and eleven and one half penny. Like widow Riley she also was the occupier of Drury Lowe properties. Other folks under the same Landlord were **Luke** and **William ABEL**, **Paul BRENTNALL**, **James** and **John ELSE**, **John CAULTON**, **William** and **Beaumont HORSLEY**, **Edward RAYNES** and **George SPENDLOVE** and others.

Emanuel HALTON Esquire was owner of property that **James GRACIAN** occupied. **Robert STRELLEY** Esquire was another landowner having **Thomas BARDEL**, **James LINDLEY** and **George PARKIN** as occupiers. **Samuel STAFFORD** another occupier of Strelley property had the second highest assessment, over six pounds. **Paul BRENTNALL** assessed at nearly eight pounds was highest. **John BULLOCK** an occupier of property of **Colonel SHIRBROOK** was assessed at five pounds eighteen shillings and

four pence ha'penny.

Somewhere while crossing the fields we had crossed into Smalley parish. There were no patrols on the border, no checking of Settlement Certificates, we didn't intend to stay, so no Headborough or Thirdborough or Constable was needed to sit us down and examine us as to our last legal settlement.

I wish there was. My feet were killing me.

We leave Kidsleypark Farm behind and head towards the main road. The farm lane is lined with tall umbellifers, small stitchwort and the obligatory outcrop of dandelions.

Kidsley Park was the place **Daniel SMITH** lived when he wed **Ann ROPER** of Codnor. She was the daughter of **William** of Crich who had died at the time of her marriage to **Daniel** at Codnor Breach. **Daniel** was the son of **William** and **Mary SMITH** of Matlock. When **Danny** married in 1807 he was described as a husbandman, and his father a mason.

Also married at Codnor Breach, were **Henry BESTWICK** of Heanor, a framework knitter. He wed **Hannah SEVERN** the daughter of **William** of Codnor in 1802.

William HARRISON, husbandman of Codnor and the son of **Joseph** from Hulland Ward and his wife **Elizabeth** married **Joyce RICHARDS** daughter of **Thomas** and **Ann** from Rugeley. Their marriage took place in 1816, again at the Quaker based Codnor Breach.

Daniel SMITH may have trod the same fields if not the same paths as we did today. I hope it wasn't as boggy for his boots on such an important day.

We had thought we were heading for Carrington Farm but the path deviated before we finally arrived at Kidsleypark.

The **CARRINGTONS** appear in the Smalley Census of 1801. A "private" report which lists the householders and occupations. It gives no ages but details who had servants.

Of the six **CARRINGTON** households only **William** a farmer, had one female servant. His wife could have probably done with more as she cared for six children. **Robert CARRINGTON** was a framework knitter who lived alone. **Eliz. CARRINGTON** a widow still had a daughter to care for, or to help her.

Also needing help in 1841 was **Rebecca BENNISTON**, aged 56 she was living a widow at Selston with her sons **Ben** 14 and **Enoch** aged 11. Her settlement was in dispute. She laid claim it was Smalley.

Elizabeth HOLLAND may have found it difficult to cope, she was the wife of a soldier, she had four children, one under three years old, and with the record showing five in the household it would appear her husband was away.

Sam STAINSBY a labourer, lived alone as did **Benjamin BENNISTON** a collier. The only other person living singly was widow **Sarah KYTE**. The largest household was that of **Benjamin KERRY**, a framework knitter he had seven apprentices living with him, six children and one inmate, possibly a lodger. With his wife these sixteen folks made up Smalleys biggest gathering.

Billy YEOVLEY was in competition with **George SMEDLEY** and **Tommy WOOD** as to who made the best shoes. I suppose it was to early for them to make a foot spa, there might have been one for sale in the village.

It's getting near five o'clock, the sky is blue and there's a warm breeze. In days gone by, this road would have been almost idyllic to travel. Today the lads from "Daytona" put in

an appearance, briefly, they are going that fast that if you half blink they have gone, but the roar remains and shatters the silence. It is a very busy road.

In 1829 **Joel WALKER** no doubt worked flat out to replace worn out and lost shoes on the one horsepower mode of transport in his day. In 1844 **Fred WALKER** occupying a house belonging **John RADFORD** Esquire carried on being the village blacksmith at his shop opposite the Baptist Chapel.

Walking along the road we can see into the distance the small farms, bigger hamlets, larger villages that make up this centuries old unchanged view. Trees have grown, some have fallen but basically little has altered.

One tree that has grown is a huge Monkey Puzzle tree, it towers above the house called Holly Mount which hasn't a smidgen of holly to be seen anywhere. It's a huge red brick building, and it has a long barn attached to it.

Across the road is Carrington's Farm, both **William** and **John CARRINGTON** were farmers back in 1829 and the same two names appear on the 1801 Smalley Land Tax between them assessed at two pounds eighteen shillings and ten pence. **William Drury LOWE** is the owner.

We always seem to find a Rose Cottage and there is one at Smalley but Riber View ! Riber View is joined with Crich View and sure enough in the distance you can actually see Crich Stand. Riber, for which we spend many a moment marvelling where it can be seen from, unfortunately can't be seen from here. Unless the hill beyond Crich Stand is Riber Hilltop, and with the aid of a pair of binoculars you may pick out the castle. However that may give you some idea of the distance and openness there is in that nothing blocks the view.

The sky suddenly turns a purpley coloured black, maybe it's trying to colour co-ordinate with my feet. It must have been the tramping through the "everglades" between Denby and Smalley that caused the aching feet. Now on the flat road I was hoping for some respite.

We cross the fairly modern Kerry Drive, Kerry being a well known name in this area. The younger **William KERRY** and his wife **Elizabeth** and **Hannah** their six month old daughter didn't stay in Smalley. In April of 1781 they were making their way to Alfreton to start a new live there. Nine years later they would have other Smalley folks within their midst when **John** and **Mary HICKINGBOTHAM** made the move in February of 1790.

We now turn a corner and are met with a row of around six terraced houses across the road. Groups of terraced houses are to be found dotted all around these areas. In 1844 **Richard CARRINGTON** was owner of these properties, which were occupied by **Joseph, John** and **Joseph** again. All **CARRINGTON'S**, One house was un-occupied, **Catherine TANTUM** had another and **Edward CARILOU** the remaining one. Across the road from this terrace a modern group of houses has been built, but at one time this area was Allotment gardens.

Smalley Gate Farm as it was known on the 1900 OS map lay behind the terrace row. It may have been the farm of **Isaac ABBOTT**, he was described as living at Smalley Farm an agricultural labourer born Ilkeston, he was 48, his wife **Ann** of thirty five years of age, came from Kimberley.

Today this area is crossed by footpaths but in 1830 an order was made to stop up a

footpath called Cross Lane. A similar order was made in 1821 stopping up another such way between Smalley and Horsley Woodhouse. It is easy to believe that the paths we walk have always been here. To a large degree that is true, but in Smalley two have disappeared totally, and that a long time ago.

The Nags Head pub dated 1903 is painted "smokey brown" and stands on the corner near the terraced houses. A big building with bay windows and the usual outbuildings. The road continues once more flanked by red-bricked terraced houses until we come to Smalley Village Store. I put on my sunglasses as we approach for this shop is painted a bright blue.

Going past the road that leads to Dobholes, just a small walk up the hill that leads into Horsley Woodhouse parish stands a white cottage which compliments another white cottage covered in Clematis that stands near the corner.

The Census enumerator of 1851 makes mention of a "White House in the Fields" which was occupied by **Christopher MARTIN** a farmer aged 78. His Shipley born wife just a year younger had unmarried son and daughter **Christopher** and **Millicent** living with them.

The same year, 1851 The "White House" this one obviously not in the fields, was home to **Thomas** and **Alice CRESSWELL**. She was from Mappleton and she had living with her, **Millicent HALLSWORTH**, her mother, born Grange.

Widow WALLEY, presumably **Woolley** to most who knew her from Smalley, was in Doveridge where for the years 1826-1829 the Overseers from Doveridge sent in their expenses for her stay.

At least the folks from Smalley knew where she was, unlike **Samuel SEVERN** who in his Will of the third of February 1870 could only guess where some of his children were. His son **Charles** he wrote, "I suppose is now in America" and daughter **Elizabeth ALLAN** he "now believed to be in Australia". Five months later **Samuel** was dead. Did he ever find out where his children were, did they receive the one hundred and fifty pounds they were bequeathed by their father? Another son **Robert**, living at Derby received his four houses at Smalley Common plus an unusual building, a chapel. Another son, **James** received the leather. **Samuel** was a cordwainer and must have sold plenty of shoes in his time. Pity he wasn't around today.

Smalley over the years has had its fair share of sorrow. Many accounts refer to injuries sustained at work in the mines. **John HALLSWORTH** in January of 1841 and aged fifty seven was burned by wildfire, he was seeking relief for himself and wife and daughter. By July he was still seeking relief. The Board made note he was now suffering from fits.

Thomas KERRY was 31 when he went seeking relief in December 1841, his daughter Eliza aged seven was recovering from very severe burns and she "required a good diet". It was at the discretion of the Overseer that such relief was granted. This did not bode well for years earlier around the mid 1780's **Samuel LIGGATT** died from starvation according to one source through the parsimony of the Overseers. **Mrs KERRY** had at this time with her daughters **Eliza** aged 7 and **Sarah** 3 and **William** aged five. Having survived that ordeal **Elizabeth KERRY** must have thought she could have some respite, but she was before the Board again in September 1842. This time ten year old **Mary Ann** was with the family, but not Elizabeth's husband, he had left her ten days before.

Joseph BURGOYNE aged 58 and his family including **George** aged 21, **James** 17 and three younger daughters were living at Greenhill Lane. **Joseph** a collier had been injured in an accident at **Mr OAKES** pit. Again relief was supplied at the discretion of the Overseers. **Mrs BURGOYNE** also had to help her family through an up-coming enquiry

as to their settlement.

Ann MARTIN aged 51 lodged with her brother, she was infirm and asked for sixpence a week more. After deliberating the Board decided if she was not content with what she already received she would be welcome to "come to the Workhouse".

Thomas HUDSBY aged 61 was residing at Riddings in Alfreton parish. In 1771 when eighteen, he left his home in Worthington, Leicestershire and came to work as a collier in Smalley. He stayed just three years. He later worked 27 years as a collier at Woollaton. He later must have moved into Alfreton where the Overseer of the Poor went to **Thomas HUDSBY'S** home. Thomas suffered the same agony, as **John HALLSWORTH** would do years later. In 1814 the Overseer for Alfreton described it thus, " Examination at home of **Thomas Hudsby** in consequence of his being incapable by being dreadfully burnt by the Wild Fire in the coal pits of Codnor Park".

How many of their homes had we passed. How much anguish did each wall witness.

Further along the road a huge horse chestnut tree, its flowers waiting to be converted in conkers is entwined by coils of ivy, as if the ivy wants to attach itself to the first conker to be "born".

The Smalley Boys School also relates on it's roll of honour board those who fell in the Great War. **Joseph BACON, George HONEY, Mark George MEE, Cyril TOPLIS** and **Thomas GREEN**. Sadly there are others.

Next to the school is Smalley Post Office, which must be the smallest Post Office in the world. Yet it sells stationery, greetings cards and gifts, add to this stamps, letters and scales you realise where the "Tardis" has settled. They must hate it when the Post Office issues big stamps. Not to be overawed however there is even a sign outside stating that it takes in dry cleaning.

Next door is "The Bell" whose boast should be "rooms to let bigger than the Post Office !". A nice looking place.

Samuel BROWN the is the owner of houses and gardens as mentioned in Smalley Tithe of

1844 and shown on the tithe map as being near here. **Richard FOULK, William CLARK** and **Samuel BROWN** are the occupiers.

Across the road from "The Bell" is Smalley Baptist Church looking smartly dressed having had its lawn cut. **James FLETCHER** and **Joseph CRESSWELL** lie beneath the grass.

An old sign says we are six miles from Derby but only four and a half from Eastwood. We are even nearer Smalley Institute which is housing an art exhibition. Patricia goes inside and sees two pictures which she likes. They only cost one hundred and twenty pounds. Sadly they will not fit inside the rucksack so some other browser has the opportunity to buy them. I must thank the woman on Ripley market for selling Patricia such a small bag.

We carry on around the road that leads to Bell Lane. The end house is called Bell Cottage. The Smalley Tithe Map shows that here once stood "The Bell" Public house. **Ann WESTON** mine host. She had moved from Littleover and was a widow in 1851. When she moved the pub I do not know. She lived here with her two daughters **Emma** aged 28 and 26 year old **Harriet**.

Stephen FOUKES a farmer born Morley about 1798 also lived on Bell Lane as did **Billy RATCLIFF** a 44 year old framework knitter. He had with him in 1851 his 3 year old niece **Elizabeth COOPER** from Birmingham.

The last house on this side is called Butlers Cottage, like Bell Cottage red brick. Across the road hidden by trees is Smalley Hall.

Down the road and turn left you come to Smalley Common. Living here in 1851 was **William SHAW**, born Smalley in 1810. He had with him, his mother **Sarah**, who was born at Aldwark, a tiny hamlet near tiny Grange Mill which is near tiny Ible. Also in the same house lived Williams nephew **Joseph CALDWELL** fifteen years old and born in London.

What conversations about the relative merits of city versus country went on in that household.

We had travelled through areas that in times past must have been a hive of activity, Butterley Brick and Iron, the coal fields, Denby potteries, the canal system and the railway.

The landscape is not one of large hills or moors covered in heather but it is not entirely flat either. Some parts of the landscape would still be remembered today by **John BESTWICK**. He made a copy register for Smalley back in 1745, the year Bonnie Prince Charlie marched into Derby just six miles away. The Young Pretender turned around and headed north to fight a major battle. We turned north and headed home. I had a battle too, my feet were killing me.

Michael and Patricia