

# Today's Journey

## Hearthstone, Lea, Holloway and Dethick

The road from Starkholmes to Riber is a steep twisting winding road that seems to double back on itself before unwinding on to the flat and straight stretch of road that leads to the village of Riber. We however have other plans. We make a turn right and head along the long lane towards the hamlet of Hearthstone. The weather is breezy, but comfortably so. Get caught up here on a rainy cold day and that's another matter as the wind blows across a mainly treeless plateau.

Hearthstone Lane flanked by stone walls has hidden among it's stonework a Boundary Marker from 1860's. It reveals the extent of the new Tansley Parish boundary when Riber became part of Tansley parish. There were four erected back in the 1860's, I have found three of them, the fourth remains a mystery.

Hearthstone itself is made up of three farm houses and it's here where the road ends and three tracks begin. One leads to Littlemoor, usually flooded, another one leads to High Leas and Low Leas Farms.

In 1851 **William FOX** farmed land owned by Heath Church, at Littlemoor. Kniveton born **George WIGLEY**, at 82 thirty two years older than son **John** who lived with him also farmed in the area. Both men were widowers.

**Isaac Rains** farmed 84 acres at High Leas. He came from Grange near Ible.

**Matthew MARSH** did his work at Low Leas farm. A Bonsall born man he would be buried at Matlock in 1865.

One house in Hearthstone itself was occupied by **Thomas HAYNES** wife **Mary** and five children, his mother aged 69 was living with him as were Lodgers **George** and **Eliza GOODALL**. There daughter **Eliza** was born like her mother in Buxton. George had come across the other side from Lea.

Another Hearthstone family was **William CARLINE** who being brave had his mother in law **Ellen DAFFIN** a 76 year old widow living with him and his wife **Ann**.

Two of the fields **Thomas HAYNES** had as occupier give a clue as to what activity may have took place high on this hill. One field called "Smilting" and another called "Bellandy Piece". Another field nearby has the name "Leadgate Close".

**Thomas HAYNES** house is still there. A nice place to stay it being a bed and breakfast.

The third track is the one that leads us towards Cromford. It's an ancient way, high walls either side, track boulder scattered and sandy. Bracken and foxglove line its route. Looking back we can see Riber Castle from an entirely different view from the one most people are accustomed. It's setting from this angle making it look even more medieval.

Castle Top Road was not named after Riber Castle because its name appears on the Enclosure of 1784. Riber was built much later. More than likely the "Castle" is Willersley, home of the Arkwright family. Along the route, the view of Willersley set back from the Derwent in it's park like setting can be seen. It's not exactly Chatsworth but it setting is presentable.

Another house which can be seen on the track is that of **William SALES**, or maybe **SEALS** as found in the census, though it doesn't make it exactly clear he is living on Castle Top Road. The ruin, for that is what it is, situated across from a "lost road" called Watering Road leading to Nettle Well. Today Watering Road is closed off by barbed wire, but Nettle Well is still fed by a spring which now waters the thirst of cattle.

**William SALES** house of which a corner and gate posts survive once was part of a property that consisted of outbuildings, court, stackyard and garden. Amongst the elder bushes and nettle and brambles one can make out what seems to have been the garden. Many a traveller in years gone by must have welcomed coming across this house, if only to re-assure them that Matlock lay somewhere beyond the hill.

The house does not appear on the 1784 Enclosure.

Further down from William's house are a couple of apple trees, not likely to have been is, as they are too small, but not to big for Patricia to climb. On one occasion while attempting to grab an apple a cyclist came down the lane and was totally bamboozled as to why someone should be found up a tree. His friend following through asked him if he was alright as he ploughed into the rough ground and parted company with his bike. He was, if not a little embarrassed. Patricia though enjoyed her apple.

Hidden out of sight of the path is yet another spring, or stone trough. Buried deep in the undergrowth we found it one day looking for Nettle Well. On closer inspection it was obvious a track led to this well and other tracks also led off into the wood. Some major activity had taken place here years before. It may be connected with lead smelting.

The view looking towards Cromford takes in the Meadows and two teams battle it out as bat thumps ball and cries of "howzat" are carried across the river and back up to Castle Top. Meadow Wood Farm sits at the foot of the wood, its black roof tucked away from the world as does the former home of **William TAYLOR** later to become the home of **Alison UTTLEY** the novelist. A double gabled house it stands alone and majestic, as we descend the track. Old barns, will perfect roofs stand solid in the field. Huge tree stumps still survive, hollowed out now, but must have been around for hundreds of years. The fields are covered with masses of purple thistles, the sheep chew the grass into lawn size pieces, except for the marshy parts, and the breeze blows upon us the fresh air you associate with the countryside. In the distance is the huge Dene Quarry and high above it Middleton by Wirksworth

Patricia reaches out and takes a taste of the country, a taste of summer as she calls it and pops a few raspberries into her mouth. A sign on a gate states " Please keep" but no one wants it. It could have said "Please keep away", but we take no notice as we do a turn into Bow Wood.

Before turning onto the path that will take us into the wood, we take a small detour to look at the old farms below on the hillside above the Lea to Cromford Road. These old buildings must have occupied this ground for centuries. Long roofs and an assortment of different sized chimneys meet the eye. Buildings jut out here and there from Bow Wood Farm. Across the valley runs the main road, the A6, and it's from this vantage point that the best view can be obtained of these wonderful ancient homes.

A deed of 1338 tells of **Lawrence COTEREL** leasing a meadow called the Boghmedwe to **Peter de WAKEBRUGG** with liberty to enclose the meadow with a hedge during the term. The term was for five years. Could these hedges before us be the "children of that original hedging?"

Of course we do not know if **Peter** even bothered to erect a hedge. Later on **Hugh** son of **Lawrence** gifted to **Peter** and his son **William the Boghmedwe**, not just meadow now, but "that which was ploughed and sown in the time of Laurence his father." The witness was **John de MESLACHE**, an old name for Matlock.

Talking of names a further deed again by Hugh, this time stating he was from Cromford, gives to **Nicholas BROUN** of Wodesetes a plot of meadow called le Heyhe between the Boughwood and the land of Geoffrey son of John, for his life. It was witnessed by **Thomas le MEIGNERS**, Lord of Willardesleye.

The question is it called Bow Wood or Bow Wood. Bow as in rainbow, or Bow as in the bough of a tree. Or might it even have been called Boff Wood, Bough as in Cough. Or might it even have been Bog Wood. The meadow does lie next to the river, shaped like a bow with out an arrow, Maybe **Timothy TAYLOR** who at the time of the Tithe lived there could tell us. We could cross the "road" that crossed the land called the Bage. Or even **Joseph ROLLEY**, who within a few years of the Tithe would be dead. His Berkshire born wife **Hannah** in her mid fifties, now at home with her Bakewell born children **Ann** and **Edwin**. **Eddie** was a joiner so no doubt he felt good about being at Bow Wood.

**Timothy TAYLOR** aged 62 and Matlock born had married a lass born on another Derbyshire river. His wife **Rebecca** came from Doveridge and she had four children to look after aged between twenty three and thirty one. With ninety acres of farm to look after maybe **Tim** junior and **John**, the other son, helped out.

We go back up the track and turn onto the path that will lead us into the wood itself. On our left above us is another wonderfully maintained cottage. Lavender, foxglove, roses and other cottage garden flowers and well manicured lawns make this a picture postcard haven. This in 1851, was the home of **George ELLIOT**, an agricultural labourer he and his **Milisent** had wonderful views over the hillside and across the way above Ridgewood not to far from Cromford. They probably knew the same apple tree Patricia tried to spy in the same fields they no doubt saw. Unfortunately for Patricia the apple tree could not be seen, neither the small enclosure it belonged to. I didn't ask her what she was doing in a walled enclosure. **Samuel ELLIOT**, son of **George** was a butcher. He had been born at Ashover around 1825. **George** junior born Darley Dale was an overlooker in a factory. How good it must have felt to come home, having been trapped within a mill all day to enjoy the surrounding countryside. **Ann** a thirteen year old daughter was a scholar, and also living with them, five year old nephew **Samuel**.

We now enter the wood itself, used by countless folks over the decades on their way to Lea Mills. It's still the safest route to Lea Bridge because the Lea Cromford road has no footpath, has blind corners, is narrow and in a word dangerous. Having said that the wood is not exactly enticing either. Patricia when asked, described it as eerie. I expected to find a cottage made of sweets and candy, be introduced to Hansel and Gretel, watch out for trees that could creep up behind you and an old woman with a wart on her nose offering apples.

We had the feeling we were being followed, every time I turned round I had the distinct feeling someone was hiding just out of sight. We pressed on, again I turned round, again something hid out of sight. We were to learn later, that Jasper the springer Spaniel loves back packs, he associates it with food. Not this one he doesn't. Rations are low, and he's got four legs, doesn't have to put money on his mobile phone but, just barks and can catch a rabbit if he want's to. Which I suggest in my best dog you've no chance look. He gets the message and leaves wagging his tail, knowing you can't win 'em all. Gracefully accepted he bounds away into the depths of the forest.

Now we were alone again, Jasper was probably tucking into rabbit pie or a haversack. A silver birch has fallen across the path and onto another tree forming a ladder for any

squirrels who feel that climbing vertical gives them vertigo.

Suddenly the darkness of the wood begins to lose its hold, and we see, like knights in shining armour a large number of silver birch, all switched on and beaming together to light up the wood. As we pass them it's as if some one has turned the light off.

A huge tree has bent itself into a bow. It forms a perfect arch over the path. It must be hundreds of years old but not older than the 14th Century deed. Would have been nice to think that this tree gave its name to the place.

We come to the edge of the path and enter Lea Bridge, here **John SMEDLEY** had his mills. I worked here long after Mr Smedley was dead and lasted three days. I was expected to run fabric over thousands of needles without it laddering. I gave it my best shot but after producing more ladders than a window cleaners convention and losing gallons of blood in the process I threw in the towel. I still have fond memories of the place, basically the leaving bit.

We cross the bridge above the stream which divides Matlock from Lea, down the middle. Jasper is there one half of him in Lea the other half in Matlock. He is trying to catch something that has just emigrated into Matlock. He hesitates, probably looking for his passport, but it is too late. The border patrol shout him in and his owner puts him on his lead and heads home.

Meanwhile **John SMEDLEYs** are having a sale, this is indeed bad timing. Patricia's eyes light up when she sees parcel laden women trooping across to the car park. I suppose like a good fairy tale there has to be a happy ending. There is as the shop shuts before we can get there.

That's what I call a thriller.

Lea Mills is a big red brick complex, there are large clocks on the walls of some of the buildings, no doubt to make the tardy rush to clock on. They both tell different times. Maybe they can't find anyone with a ladder long enough to climb up and turn the winder. Many locals would have worked here, a major player in employment. Apart from the factory here there is very little else, a few houses and no shops. The framework knitter style old mill, stone built, with stone slated roof stands back from the red brick complex. Behind it lies the road to Splash Farm.

At one time there were lead (**Joseph WASS**) and Gas works in Lea Bridge. It also had a Post Office, a small place on the triangle of ground across from the mill.

We sit awhile in the bus shelter, a poster tells us that Brassington is the place to be if you want to follow some oriental martial arts. It's not an old shelter but already the ivy is creeping through the roof. On the ground an army of ants carry pieces of leaves, looking like little boats on legs hauling cargo.

The barges of long ago came this way, for just round the corner is Wharf Cottage, and the remains of the cut from the Cromford Canal where barges brought coal and took away goods from the mills. **WHEATCROFTS** of Cromford playing a big part.

Lea Bridge Lodge seems to have been successfully extended in keeping with the original building, as we walk along the lane past the house. Herb Robert, pink campion and killer nettles line the route.

Lea Wood Lodge may not have as many chimneys as the Bow Wood Houses but they are the most ornate of those we have seen for many a long while.

We climb up the hill following the footsteps of one **Florence NIGHTINGALE**, who on arriving back from the Crimea came straight to Lea Hurst choosing to miss out on any great fuss. Back then the Cromford Lea road would not have been so dangerous as she passed under the shadow of Bow Wood.

In 1829 five years after Lea Hurst was built this area, of Lea Holloway and Dethick boasted five families involved in quenching the thirst of many a mill worker or farm labourer. **Ann BRADFORD** had the Three Horse Shoes, **George FLINT** the Jug and Glass at Lea, whilst **John ELSE**, **Paul RADFORD** and **Ann SIMPSON** were victuallers. **George SMITH** at Holloway must have been a busy chap, his business being the only shop in the district. **John GIBSON** of Lea also was onto a good thing. Selling and repairing boots and shoes, for all those folks who walked to Matlock and Wirksworth for all the things **George SMITH** didn't stock.

Near the top of the hill the road turns left towards Little London, so little you don't know it's there. It's basically a steep road leading off Church Street. There's an art exhibition somewhere on here and Patricia wants to visit it. She has developed a taste for culture ever since Smalley, where she also entered into the rooms of paint and canvas. Today she entered into the living room of someone's house, a simple mistake for the gallery was next door. When we walked in we received a quiet hello, and a few stares. We studied the pictures but noticed we had missed out on the wine. We spent a few minutes looking round, went downstairs where Patricia picked up and put down a cushion worth a week's groceries. We came back up, picked up a leaflet and left. Little did we know it was a private viewing and that Britain's Minister for Art had officially opened the event for seventy privately invited individuals before it goes open to the public. Gatecrashing is not our scene, but it's a good one to gate crash, one where a Government Minister had been to, only fact is we didn't know we had done so. Still the attendance figures will be a little higher even if the sales remained the same.

Having left Little London we make our way the few yards into the Post Office and shop that is a lifeline to Holloway. Not having enough room in the rucksack for a masterpiece from next door, Patricia goes on a spree and buys two bananas one apple and four blackjacks. I don't think even Jasper would bother us for that shipment.

We come back to the junction with the Lea to Crich road, opposite is Lea Hurst. Built in 1825, home of **Florence NIGHTINGALE** later to become a residential care home and now recently closed down. A sign hangs on the now locked gate showing a picture of Florence stating that she "is sorry to be leaving Lea Hurst" underneath the last residents have added their same sentiment.

**Denis ALLSOPPE** left the area a long time ago. He did however leave a Will. Denis was of Bow Wood, a husbandman, and his Will of 1628 mentions his wife **Margaret** and son **Denis**. **Robert ALLSOPPE** of the Lea in the parish of Ashover is mentioned along with his son **William** and daughters of **Robert**, **Margaret** and **Elizabeth**. **William ALLYN** also of Lea and **Thomas SPENCER** of High Leas were to act as Overseers of the Will. They both witnessed the Will along with **Robert HIBBERSON** and **John ALLYN**. When he died numerous people owed him money, **Michael** and **Anthony WOODDISSE**, **Robert FOX**, **Francis BACON** and **William HASLAM** were some of those in debt. However Denis owed money out to others including **Thomas SPENCER** and **Geo SWIFTE** of Wheatcroft.

His Inventory shows he had an assortment of animals running around the farm. He had three pigs, who were very fortunate to be listed at all, because he also had six "fliitches of bacon and swine grease". Two hens and a cock, two geese and six goslings. Seven year old calves, kyne, and two bulls. A mare, a foal and two year old ponies. He

was also a man who had a spinning wheel, a frying pan, various bits of pewter, bolsters, pillows, beds, three cupboards and a ladder. He also had "certain manure at the Bowe Wood" along with sheep and some lambs.

Sheep were to figure greatly in the area over the years. Numerous documents mention them for one reason or another.

**Thomas TOMPKINSON** in 1664 made mention he had lost a sheep taken out of a piece of ground called the Oxclose. He did eventually find it, but it was in two halves, one in **Anthony WALTONS** house in Matlock the other half at **Roger SILKSTONES** home.

**Anthony WALTON** was yet to perfect the perfect crime, but on this occasion he failed miserably. He stole the sheep and then struggled home. Leaving behind him the imprints of the animal and his footprints in the snow!

**Roger SILKSTONE** meanwhile was also caught in possession of three pounds of candles, belonging to **Robert VICKERS** and partners. They had a grove in Lea Wood. Presumably Roger was going to cook the sheep with the candles!

Yew Tree Inn with its bright red door beckons, but time is against us. Yew Tree Inn has its own matching accessory. An old red telephone box to go with its bright red door stands just a few yards in front of the door. We could make a call to Den, the crafty cockney, but we decide to press on having told a friend in Holloway we would call her at seven thirty, our estimated time of arrival. I like that word, estimated, it means you can afford to be miles out.

We pass narrow Chapel Lane and head up the Hollow, a steep hill into Upper Holloway. Bank House has thick worn stone pavers outside its doorway Lavender Cottage has thick stone pavers for its roof. Two houses set at different angles point us in the right direction. North View and South View must be every lost travellers dream. I just hope they don't want to go east or west!

Climbing the hill we look over the valley and in the distance we see the long stretch of road that is Longway Bank and nearer to us is Sheep Pasture Incline where the Cromford and High Peak railway set out from Highpeak Junction.

Further up the hill are the remains of old quarry workings, now hidden by heather and bracken, silver birch and all manner of natural coverlets. The noise and dust long abated, we are on a quiet stretch of road. Stone walls line the road, maybe cut from the very quarry we pass.

At the top of the hill old well cared for cottages are on view. What would their names reveal? The "Old Smithy", "The School house"? No, we have the Anchorage. I know it rains a bit but that's stretching it a bit. I look round for a sign of any boatyard or a canoe even. Not even a paddle in evidence. Maybe the next home will give us some insight into the history of this pleasing little group of houses. The Cottage says it all. Every village has a cottage called The Cottage. How did the post man go on in the days of the Penny Black before post codes? Those were the days when everyone knew about every one else. The postman delivered the post to the wrong Cottage, that's how they knew. To get there own back, the villages trained dogs to bite postmen's ankles. Now we understand why a house is called the Anchorage seven hundred feet above sea level. To make sure

they get their mail.

Of course knowing your neighbours business goes back a long way. In 1742 an "a Greementt amongstt the whole Nightburhood that **Willm MERCHANT** shall have no pay till his effects bee lawfully distrebeted for their releeff like wise his son **John MERCHANTT** to have no pay whilest in bissnes and helth".

**John Marchants** health was not to hold out. Six shillings were paid for his coffin in 1743 and four shillings paid for his burial. The same year **William MERCHANT** was receiving one and sixpence a week, no doubt after getting rid of his belongings to pay for his relief. **Widow Marchant** received one horse load of coal at one shilling and four pence.

**Matthew PEAT** put in a bill for three shillings and five pence for a pair of "shows" for **Alice HIDES**. They lasted about two years because **Ben RADFORD** charged the Overseers three shillings for a new pair for Alice in 1745.

**Ben BERKIN** received one and eight a week, he was at **Dorothy FLINTS** in 1755, probably being cared for by her, Ben was blind.

In 1779 **Mary SMITH** was given at several "difrent times " money amounting to two shillings. On the 30 September **Jos MARSDEN** was called out to attend **J. SMITH**. who the Overseers record states had cut his throat. Mr Smiths bill was one pound one shilling and ten pence, and at that price the Overseer no doubt hoped **J SMITH** would survive to pay back the cost of Mr **MARSDENS** intervention on his behalf.

**Henry GREGORY** was the Overseer in 1745, and the following year the stocks at Lea were repaired. At just one shilling and three pence it must have seemed a bargain compared to Tansleys new one which cost twenty five shillings the same year.

It is hard to imagine that a place such as this had to resort to stocks, but here they are worn out by use and having to be repaired!

The road leading out of Upper Holloway ad past the "Homestead", another reason for the post code, leads us away from Matlock but towards the ancient Shuckstone Cross, or the site of it, a marker for travellers and pack horse men, now just a hollowed out stone block with strange moon and star like shapes on it. Probably an early version of West and East View!

You can find it across a few fields just inside the parish boundary. That is along High Lane. Our journey though is along Long Lane.

It's a name we have seen all over Derbyshire it seems. Now we know why the post gets lost.

Long Lane is exactly that, a long lane, on the Enclosure it's called Longwalls Lane. After passing the farm buildings we are confronted with a wide view. It's not called Upper Holloway for nothing and you can see well into the distance. You can also see miles of stone walls. Some of these were built in the late 1770's at the time of the Enclosure and the work of William LOW and partners have stood the test of time. William LOW also helped to enclose Plaistow Green. A document detailing the expenses associated with Lea Enclosure relates that he was paid on the 6th Nov for walling forty one roods at five shillings a rood for the Plaistow job.

For Lea Commons he received on the same day Nov 6th 1778 nine pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence. He was it seems. also paid at different times as he received "towards walling" on the 10th June one guinea, June 28th ten shillings and sixpence. The same amount on July 27th, Oct 5th and Oct 12th with a guinea payment on the sixth of September. He helped to build 43 roods on Lea Common.

Whoever compiled the bill made sure his expenses were paid for. Several trips to Matlock Bath, one each to "Chrich" and Plaistow Green and of course a dinner, and the occasion when at Anthony TORRENTS on the 25th May, "the setting the bargain for walling" was discussed.

A letter dated November 5th 1778 states he was to pay to the Commissioners of Lea Inclosure at the House of **Paul RADFORD** in Lea on Thursday the .. the rest is missing. **William LOW** was paid the next day, so maybe it had something to do with him as well.

It's a beautiful day for a walk, getting on a bit but the prospect of walking over the fields instead of along the Long Lane beckons. However we had failed to negotiate with a herd of rather large cows the right to free passage. A whole bunch of them decided to picket the stile and no amount of buttercups were going to make them budge. Anyway the bull at the back didn't look to happy. So rather than upset him we carried along the lane.

An old path doubles back and we take a stroll down the track, a man coming up tells us it is on top of a quarry. The undergrowth hides that fact until you look closely. It must be the quarry we passed on the way up, the heather covering it makes you forget just where you are. There is a fence should you stray. The Enclosure shows the path as being **WILCOCKSONS** Gate.

The **WILCOCKSON** name appears in an ancient perambulation of Dethick. In 1750 the boundary consisted in part of "A Stone Boundary markt with Three X and a W being formerly Sett up by One WILCOX". A further perambulation of 1772 calls it **WILCOCKSONS** Stone.

The 1750 Perambulation was viewed by numerous local folk interested in making sure no one encroached into another's parish. So folk from other adjoining parishes were brought along to agree the boundary markings. One old stone which had for a long time been marked with an X had now disappeared, so the letter X was cut into the turf, "Tansley Inhabitants being present and Satisfyed with it".

Included in crowd on that day, the 24th of May 1750 was "**William ALSOP, William WOOD, Henry GREGORY, Hugh HOLE** and **Henry FLINT**. Old men living in Dethick and well Acquainted with the Boundaries thereof"... Some of these men had walked the walk some thirty years before, having had the knowledge handed down to them by "Old men of the area who then living (but now dead) "informed them of the bounds. These "Old men" had themselves received such knowledge from other "Ancient men, in their days living in Dethick and the neighbourhood thereof".

In 1750 the youngsters about to take on the mantle included Joshua son of **Ralph**



**LOMAS, Henry, Charles** and **Isaac** sons of **Henry GREGORY**, **John** son of **Hugh HOLE**, **Thomas PURSLOVE** servant to **Henry GREGORY** **Joseph KNOWLES** and **Benjamin GREGORY** both servants to **Hugh HOLE** and **Thomas WILSON** Servant to **Ralph LOMAS**.

Others present that day included **Edward TAYLOR** of South Wingfield, **Thomas CLAY** of Higham, **George LOMAS** of Brassington, **Richard CALTON** the younger of Chesterfield, **William HALLOWS**, **William MANLEY** and **Gervase BOSEVILE** and **Obadiah BOURNE** Rector of Ashover.

In 1772 on the twenty eighth day of May some familiar names were once again perambulating. **William HALLOWS**, **Hugh HOLE**, **Henry GREGORY** and **William MANLEY** were joined by **Joshua LOMAS**, **William FLINT Senior** and **William FLINT junior**, **William BUXTON**, **William ELSE**, **John BRAILSFORD**, **Anthony WOOD**, **Enoch SMITHHURST**, **Edward SMITHHURST**, **Thomas COLEY**, **Edward NUTALL** and **Thomas ROTHERAM**.

So it was on the twenty eighth of May 1772 that these men of old kept alive the tradition of making sure that everything was in its proper place once again, including **Widow SLATERS** sheep. A memo written during the walk to mark the boundary stones reads.

"Drove the Sheep belonging to **Widow SLATER** of Tansley which were found within the Boundaries of Dethick from off Dethick Common to Tansley Commons, and drove other sheep not belonging to Dethick from off Dethick Commons into Lea Liberty."

The Enclosure of Lea Common came eight years later, so until then the sheep no doubt had free reign. Maybe it was the sheep that removed the boundary stone in 1750, they have no pockets in which to put their Settlement Certificates. **William LOW** and partners would end all that.

At an altitude of 700 foot we see a jet black object crossing Long Lane. It seems to be in no hurry but is oblivious to any traffic that may come its way. However it seems to pick up speed and makes a headlong rush into the undergrowth. Maybe the caterpillar is more bothered about any birds hovering overhead. If ever there are any caterpillar cordwainers they would make made a fortune. They could save their money and one day fly away. A couple of butterflies pass by having served their apprenticeship, having been pupa in another time. Sadly for the caterpillar his grounding means he can't see Dethick until he has saved up enough to earn his wings, but we can see in the distance where we have to go. However the Jug and Glass is on the way and a quick visit there will restore us for the final push.

Dropping down a hundred feet we pass under an avenue of Horse Chestnuts, sturdy specimens and every school boys dream. In the late 1770's **Hannah HIGTON** and **Peter NIGHTINGALE** held this property, maybe the trees were "pony chestnuts" at the time. It's possible the likes of **Sam MARCHANT** born in 1815, and son of Joseph and Martha threw a few sticks at the tree to knock down the prickly chestnuts. He no doubt wasn't the only one for over the years others would have joined in this sport. **Billy CLOWES** born around 1823 son of a lead smelter, **William RADFORD** a blacksmiths son from Holloway Baptised in 1832 and **Samuel JACQUES** who was baptised five months after **Sam MARCHANT**. Who knows, those two probably knocked each others conkers to bits.

We now turn right and follow a footpath that is edged by a high wall for a considerable distance. Behind the wall lies Lea Green. We follow the footpath that ends with the junction of Holt Lane and the emergence of Holt House and Holt Cottage.

We carry on Sledgegate Lane turning left down past the playing field just as the heavens opened, we are so near now to the Jug and Glass it doesn't seem to matter until we see the scaffolding erected outside the pub and the doors well and truly closed! Back in 1829 **George FLINT** was mine host, and we could have done with old George now to open up.

George was a busy chap, if the same George that is, for a **George FLINT** and **William SLATER** were appointed collectors of the land tax for the Township of Dethick and Lea in 1826. They collected from the likes of **Aaron STOPPARD, George WRAGG, Gervase SPENDLOVE, William ROGERS, John GOODALE, Charles BROOM, William BUXTON, Adam WALKER, Isaac SPENCER, Charles ELSE, Thomas AMAT, Rowland BUXTON, Samuel BUNTING, Joseph MARTIN** and **William LEE**, all tenants of **W. E. NIGHTINGALE. Mistress RADFORD** was the owner of property occupied by **Sarah ALLIN, James PLATTS, Joseph PEARSON** and **William ALSOP**. The occupier **Tommy RIDLEY** lived in property owned by **Adam WALKER** and **William SMITHURST, William GREGORY, Joseph RADFORD** and **George ELSE** were owner occupiers.

The other major landowner was **Thomas HALLOWES** and his tenants included **William ANDREW, William ELSE, William FLINT, Joseph HARVEY, Sarah HANBY** and **Thomas GOODWIN**.

We pass the Jug and Glass and approach a row of six old houses with stone mullioned windows and wonder how many of the tenants of 1829 spent a night in the Jug and Glass.

The road rises gently here and in the distance is Patchett Wood scene of a dispute in 1782 about a sheep wash. The **NIGHTINGALES** and the **HALLOWS** having disagreements over the right of use. However before we come to Patchett Wood we swing left and turn down the footpath, cross the footbridge over the Lea Brook and find ourselves among the trees and rhododendron bushes that is part of Swinepark Wood.

We are now on our way to Dethick.

We emerge from the wood and cross the expanse of green fields following the field path leading to Dethick. The fields form a hollow and the water accumulates in the bottom, just where we have to walk. Just as I am about to jump on Patricia's back we find a way across the soggy terrain.

Dethick stands on the rise above us, its old church standing alone as we enter the yard, devoid of sheep today, through a metal kissing gate.

**Joseph** the illegitimate son of **Dorothy WIGLEY** was baptised here in April 1824, she had made the short journey from Tansley. **William** and **Ann ELSE** however had their son, also called William after making the trip from Chesterfield in 1822.

In 1700 **William** and **Ann CASON** left Dethick and Lea to improve their lot at Dale

Abbey. **John STERNDALE** also once of Dethick and Lea had moved with his children Lydia aged 11 Harriet 9 John 5 and George four, he may have had a wife with him when he moved, but in 1840 John died at Codnor, leaving his children to the mercy of the Board of Guardians. A memo states there was some disagreement as to their place of Settlement. Would they return to Dethick and Lea?

There are no graves in this churchyard but a public footpath through it into the "village".

You could say we are on hallowed ground because most of Dethick is owned by **Thomas HALLOWES**. The Tithe map of 1849 shows how little the place has changed. The owners were **Thomas HALLOWES** whose Near Pearl Flat was occupied by **William WATHEY**. **George HANBY** held the pasture called Lea Leys. **John RADFORD** was occupier of Ley Leys as well as a plantation owned by **W. E. NIGHTINGALE** while **John LOWE** held Rye Croft off Dethick Chapel.

The farms of Dethick have changed very little, Manor Farm, Church Farm and Babbington Farm, grouped as they are in a tight cluster near the church. Mellow coloured stone walls gently sweep round corners to lead one to one farm, guarded ferociously by big brown hens. The road into the farms hasn't changed much either, even **Anthony BABBINGTON** would have walked on these paths. There is no black tarmac here, stones and grass verges lead into the place.

**Anthony BABBINGTON** exploits in trying to free Mary Queen of Scots is well documented, yet out of this little hamlet came another well known celebrity, **Simon GROOM**. He was a presenter of the children's programme Blue Peter, he no longer lives in Dethick.

Also no longer living there were these folks mentioned in a rental of 1740 **Hugh HOLE** paying over thirty three pounds to the **HALLOWES** Estate for six months rent. **Ralph LOOMAS** paid even more, thirty eight pounds, **Henry GREGORY** paid eighteen pounds, one shilling and four pence, and in 1786 maybe it was the same **Henry GREGORY** who paid six shillings window tax.

**Henry FLINT**, **William ALSOP** and **Peter NIGHTINGALE** made up the complement of the 1740 rental paying between five and thirteen pounds.

A later rental of 1779 includes **Widow BERKIN** paying fifty shillings and **John BRAILSFORD** paying just two pence... We now have **Joshua LUMAS** paying one pound and ten shillings less than Ralph in 1740. **John ELSE** paid one pound and eleven shillings and sixpence for six months rent and **William HALLOWES** of Scarsdale paid over forty pounds. A note beside his name states "I expect this to be paid to **Mrs HALLOWS**".

As we walk toward the road two huge beasts with horns as big as oak branches peer over a wall. We hope they are no good at climbing it. The cows in the field opposite appear a much friendlier version. Feeding on **William WATHEYS** grass they look content enough, but we by pass them and head up the road towards Green Lane.

We have a few miles to go yet but a tremendous noise on the other side of the lane draws us to investigate.

Today's Journey by Mike and Patricia Spencer

Millions of sheep, by that I mean a lot, are for some unknown reason to us, bleating together. It's like the "Ewerovision" song contest. Some seem to have had a crafty smoke before doing their spot, coughing half way through, the upstarts can't quite make the top notes, their voices breaking mid bar. One has the loudest voice, others try to bleat him out, but try as they might they retire with sore throats, dragging their tails behind them. Bo Peep didn't lose her sheep; she was trying to get rid of them. They were giving her a headache.

Sheep are always appearing in documents it seems for this area. Either being stolen or being prevented from using the washing facilities in Patchett Wood. Today they still have a voice, unfortunately we didn't have any cotton wool, the sheep had it!

**Michael and Patricia**