

Come and meet Ann from America

ANN HAGEN from Connecticut, whose great-grandfather was a methodist minister in Barningham in the 1860s (see *Archive 17*), is visiting the area this month and staying a couple of days at The Old Chapel with Tony and Ann Orton.

They've invited all history group members to come along to their home on Tuesday July 19 at 6.30pm to meet Ann. Wine and nibbles will be provided – let's give her a warm welcome!

Fancy an excavation?

SUMMER projects run by Altogether Archaeology include excavations at Bollihope Common near Stanhope and Whitley Castle at Alston. Visitors and volunteers are very welcome: visit www.northpennines.org.uk for details.

Next group meetings

NO history group meeting in July because of holidays: next get-together is on August 23. After that, put September 20 and October 25 in your diaries. *Archive 19* will be out at the end of August. Have a good summer!

Don't forget your entry



DEADLINE for this year's *Archive Awards* for the best local history projects will be Sunday August 28.

Now's the time to start thinking about your entry, which can be in any format. Articles printed in *The Archive* can, of course, be entered. The awards will be presented at the village show on September 3 and the best projects will be featured in the *Archive*.



The Archive

Copies of *The Archive*, the newsletter of Barningham Local History Group, are available on annual subscription (£12 for 2011). Back issues can be purchased for £2 each (see index on our website). Contact Jon Smith, Tel: 01833 621374 email: history@smithj90.fsnet.co.uk website: www.barninghamvillage.co.uk

old hints & recipes

From Sir Kenelm Digby's Recipe Book, c1660:

A Very Pleasant Drink of Applef

BOIL sliced Applef in water, to make the water strong of Applef, af when you make to drink it for coolneff and pleafure.

Sweeten it with Sugar to your taft, fuch a quantity of sliced Applef, af would make fo much water strong enough of Applef; and then bottle it up clofe for three or four monthf.

There will come a thick mother at the top, which being taken off, all the reft will be very clear, and quick and pleafant to the taft, beyond any Cider.

It will be the better to moft taft, if you put a very little Rosemary into the liquor, when you boil it, and a little Limon-peel into each bottle, when you bottle it up.

A Broth for the Sick

PUT a Crag-end of a Neck of Mutton, a Knuckle of Veal, and a Pullet into a Pipkin of water, with a fpoonful or two of French-barley firft fcalded in a water or two.

The Pullet if put in after the other meat if well skimmed, and hath boiled an hour. A good hour after that, put in a large quantity of Sorrel, Lettice, Purflane, Borage and Bugloff, and boil an hour more, at leaf three hourf in all.

Before you put in the herbf, feafon the broth with Salt, a little Pepper and Clovef.

Strain out the broth and drink it.

- If you have old hints or recipes to share, please contact Kay Duggan (01833 621455) who is compiling a book of them.



Archive 18

THE NEWSLETTER OF BARNINGHAM LOCAL HISTORY GROUP

www.barninghamvillage.co.uk

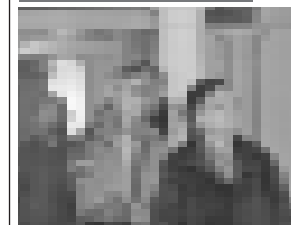


INSIDE: WHY MISS DAFT THE GOVERNESS FLED IN TEARS



Victoria was still on the throne and muttonchop whiskers still the fashion (in Newsham, at least) when Christopher Brown and his wife Jane posed for this photo in the early 1890s. See Page 2.

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NEXT HISTORY GROUP MEETING: TUESDAY AUGUST 23rd 6pm

minutes of the last meeting

MINUTES of the meeting held on Tuesday June 28 2011:

Present: Jon Smith (Chair), Eric Duggan (Treasurer), Ann Orton (Secretary), Mark Watson, Jane Hackworth-Young, Neil Turner, Cate Collingwood, Tony Orton, Phil Hunt, Ed Simpson, Ann Hutchinson, Diane Metcalf, Ann Rowley, Sue Prytherick, Sheila Catton, Ron Catton.

Apologies: Kay Duggan, Greta Carter, Bev Peach.

Minutes of the meeting on May 17 were agreed.

Matters arising: The visit to Rokeby was enjoyed by all: many thanks to Jane for organising it. See opposite page for report.

Correspondence: Jon had received a request for information about the Mawson family, can anyone help? He had also received more information about the Rev Spencer Gough's family (see *Archive 17*) who someone had traced back to Huguenot refugees in South Shields, and also a request for more information from a very distant relative in Leicester (see Letters, Page 14)

Finance: Income in May/June was £195 and expenditure £268 (including £80 towards the Rokeby visit), which left a balance of £805.

House Histories: Kavenbury and Granville, which will be featured in the next *Archive*.

Publications: Archive 17 had been circulated. Jon had also produced *A Farmer's Boy*, a reprint of Merryne Watson's account of life in the area in mid-Victorian times (see Page 7).

Recipes: Ongoing.

cover story

CHRISTOPHER Brown married grand-daughter of 24, Mary Hutchinson, which suggests they had another married daughter somewhere in the area. He had been born in Arkengarthdale in 1823, she came from Cotherstone: how they met we don't know.

The couple set up home near Reeth, where they farmed for four decades before retiring to Broughton House in Newsham, where our cover picture was taken.

The couple had at least two children: living with them at the time of the 1911 census was an unmarried daughter Dorothy, aged 49, and a

They had celebrated their diamond wedding in 1908, when Christopher was 85 and Jane 77, and lived on in the village for quite a few years after that.

This photo appeared first, we think, in Barningham parish magazine some 30 or more years ago: does anyone know more about this long-married couple?



A farmer's boy, barns, and an obstinate duke

Field names/barns: Ed showed us details of his initial research into local barns, one of which he believes to be medieval, and some fascinating analysis of how their size related to fields and trees. His findings will be featured in a series of articles in future *Archives*.

Wartime/War memorial: Ongoing.

Oral History: Sue and Phil hoped to start recording soon.

Cine records: There were 12 films. Eric and Mark had viewed about half of them and so far found little of interest, but hoped to have more luck with those remaining.

Next meetings: August 23, September 20 and October 25.

Archive Awards: The deadline for this year's Archive Award is August 28 (see Page 20).

Visits: Jane Hackworth-Young suggested we contact Thorpe Hall to see if it would be possible to arrange a visit.

Any other business: Members were invited to meet Ann Hagen from America on July 19 (see Page 20).

Guest speaker: The meeting ended with a very interesting talk on 'Teesdale Tracks and Derauling Dukes' by Chris Lloyd, deputy editor of *The Northern Echo* and Editor of *Echo Memories* (see Page 17).

leftovers

While researching local history we've accumulated all sorts of snippets of interest too short to merit a complete feature but worthy of mention somewhere. Here are a few of the latest...

Why Robert was ordered to pay

MARION Moverley, the Richmond local historian who came to talk to the history group last year, was going through the Barnard Castle Bastardy Bonds list in Durham County Records Office when she came across an order made against Robert Atkinson of Newsham on June 30th 1773.

He was named as the father of Margaret Robinson's illegitimate infant, and ordered to sign a bond promising to pay maintenance for both mother and child.

The unfortunate Miss Robinson presumably lived in Barnard Castle, because the order was made by the overseers and churchwardens of that town: John Monkhouse, miller; Robert Wood, innkeeper; Jonathan Rakestraw, cordwainer; and Timothy Hullock.

If Robert broke the terms of the bond, the penalty was £50 – a very sizeable sum in those days.

Robert may have been part of the Atkinson family who kept a pub in Newsham at the time – young James Coates, the local schoolmaster, tells in his diary how he fought a long battle to get it shut down in 1784 for encouraging villagers to spend their Sundays drinking instead of attending church.

Thomas' £65-a-year job

BARNINGHAM schoolmaster Thomas Hough came home happy on the night of February 8th 1882.

He'd just been chosen, out of 20 applicants, for the post of relieving officer for the Teesdale Workhouse, beating Joseph Dixon of Cotherstone by 29 votes to 27.

The job was worth £65 a year, and much needed. Thomas, 55, had been head of Barningham Academy, but pupil numbers had dwindled and around 1874 – the year before the village school opened in what is now the village hall – it had closed down. Somehow he eked out a

living for himself and his wife Eleanor for the next eight years, but he must have been mightily relieved to get the new job.

He moved to Staindrop and spent the rest of his working life in local government.

Meeting their match

BARNINGHAM celebrated Empire Day on May 25th 1908 with a cricket match in the evening between the village schoolboys and a team of ladies under the captaincy of Mrs Mary Todd of Fairview.

William Thomas, the village school headmaster, recorded the game in his school logbook. He must have watched proudly as his team of well-trained pupils took to the pitch, confident that they would demonstrate their superiority over a team of mere women. The weather was perfect for cricket, wrote Mr Thomas, and the boys went confidently in to bat first.

He didn't note the scores, but he did give the result. The ladies won.

Off to fight the Hun

ALSO from the village school logbook, this entry from Wednesday September 16 1914: "At 11am all the children went out to give a cheer and sing The National Anthem as several recruits for the War left Barningham."

We wonder whether any of those embarrassed schoolboys from 1908 were among them.

old ads

LOST, on Friday afternoon, between Manfield and Scargill, a LADY'S FINE-GOLD CHAIN, with a croff of brilliant^t attached.

Whoever haf found the fame, and will forward it to the Poft office, Barningham, fhall be rewarded.

The Teesdale Mercury, June 1859



big fish – not half!

WE'D just finished printing the last pages of last month's Archive 17 when we noticed that the report about salmon fishing in 1892 on Page 4 claimed that the Rev Gough caught a fish weighing 372 pounds.

Well, it was a record-beater, but it wasn't THAT big! It should have read 37½ pounds – blame the computer typeface we used, which didn't recognise the symbol for ½ and changed it into a figure 2. Sorry!

derailing dukes

£3.3 million needed although he did put £50 in the kitty! Further plans for a canal were mooted but failed, and then they were overtaken by the invention of the railway.

In 1819 Parliamentary permission was sought to build a railway from Darlington to Barnard Castle which would involve laying tracks across Raby land at Sellaby. This was violently opposed by the Duke, who said that it would frighten his foxes: he was a very ardent sportsman, hunting six days a week.

After trying to stop the railway by legal means he then turned to underhand measures. He instructed all his tenants to pay their rents in notes from the Darlington-based Backhouse Bank which was backing the venture. The plan was to present them all at once and to bankrupt the bank when the necessary gold couldn't be found. The bank's owner, Jonathan Backhouse, got wind of this and rushed off to London for enough gold.

On the way back a wheel came off the carriage on Croft Bridge but he was able to continue by piling all the gold in the opposite corner, thus 'balancing the cash', and arrived in time to avert disaster. The duke remained furious until his death in 1839, resolutely refusing to allow railways to cross his land.

His successor, the second duke, also said no and when a survey by Sir Thomas Bouch proposed to build a line only 15ft wide to reduce the impact the duke argued that this would be dangerous and persuaded all his parliamentary friends to vote against it.

Bouch planned another route with his surveyors disguised as miners but the duke rumbled the plan and summoned them all to Raby. The meeting was surprisingly amicable, and the duke was persuaded to change his mind. He agreed that the line could go over his farms but two bridges would be built over the Tees to keep it off Sellaby land.

Over 10,000 people witnessed the turning of the first sod in 1854, and a ball was held in the Ship Inn that lasted from 9pm till 6am the next



Harry Vane, Second Duke of Cleveland

morning. The Duke was promised a station at Broomielaw to serve both Raby and Streetlam Castles, the only station in the country to have a covered walkway. On July 5th 1856 the first train left Darlington for Barnard Castle, the station thronged by dales folk. Everyone proceeded to the Kings Head to celebrate with the Duke of Cleveland as the guest of honour. A maypole was greased with a leg of mutton on the top for anyone who could climb up and get it, and at 10pm there was a magnificent fireworks display.

By 1861 the line had been extended to Stain-moor and a new station had to be built at Barnard Castle as the first one was in the wrong place. Two viaducts were built, the first over the Tees 732ft long and 132ft high, the Deepdale Viaduct 740ft long and 161ft high.

It must have been quite a scary experience to travel over them.

In May 1868 a line was built to Middleton-in-Teesdale, too late to help the lead mining industry but encouraging many tourists to High Force and other local beauty spots.

The worst accident on the line came on October 24th 1905. The line had been lifted for maintenance work,

all the safeguards and warning signals failed, and a heavy goods train with two engines was derailed. It fell 40ft, doing two complete somersaults, but the driver and fireman were thrown clear.

Princess Beatrice (Queen Victoria's youngest daughter) and her daughter were due to travel on the line that day. Cranes were brought in and by 4pm the line was clear and the royal train passed by. Can you imagine that happening so quickly these days?

The line fell victim to the Beeching axe in 1965 and all that is left of the viaducts today are the stone piers.

● *On the death of Prince Albert in 1863, the portico from the original Barnard Castle station was dismantled and moved to the Valley Gardens in Saltburn where it can still be seen. The second station was demolished in the 1960s and the site was used for the Glaxo car park.*

● *A fuller version of Jonathan Backhouse's battles with the first duke appears in our booklet A Farmer's Boy – see Page 7.*

Among the treasures of Rokeby Hall

History group members spent a delightful summer's evening on a guided tour of Rokeby Hall, home of the Morritt family. JANE HACKWORTH-YOUNG, who lives in the grounds, looks at the hall's history...

BY the reign of Edward II (1284-1327) the land of Rokeby belonged to the family of the same name. The property passed to the Robinsons in the early 1600s, and the house was rebuilt.

After Thomas Robinson inherited in 1725 he demolished that house, too, and commenced building a palladian house but was never able to afford to complete it as planned. He eventually sold Rokeby to J S Morritt in 1769.

Many of the contents of Rokeby were included in the sale. The room that Thomas Robinson had as a museum of Roman artefacts became the diningroom, which Morritt had redecorated in the neo-classical style, possibly by John Carr of York.

Over the years the ground floor, designed as servant's quarters, became the hall and the hall the saloon. In 1791 J B S Morritt, just 20, inherited the estate from his father and lived at Rokeby for over 50 years. He embellished the house and collected fine furniture and pictures, including Velasquez's *Rokeby Venus* (now replaced by a copy).

His friend Walter Scott wrote the epic poem *Rokeby* and his cave can be seen above the Greta. Other people with connections to Rokeby include the painter Cotman, and Lord Byron. J B S Morritt was an MP, High Sheriff of the County of York, President of the Dilettante Society and



Inside: home of the (copied) Rokeby Venus



History group members outside Rokeby Hall a founder member of the Travellers Club.

There are many treasures at Rokeby. Most remarkable perhaps is the print room with prints of the 1700s. Possibly because there were few women at Rokeby, this was not touched or changed and is probably the finest example of a print room in England.

Another treasure is the collection of needlework pictures by Anne Morritt (1726-1797), the eldest sister of J S Morritt. Most of these are believed to be copied from the old masters such as Titian and Rubens. Arthur Young on his Tour of North England in 1770 records "by far the most curious things. are the copies of several capital paintings worked by Anne Morritt, a lady of the most surprising genius. It is impossible to view her works without great astonishment... perfection".

On J B S Morritt's death, the estate was inherited by the son of his youngest brother. This was William J S Morritt, also an MP but not very often at Rokeby where his wife resided. They did not have children and the estate passed to William's younger brother, Robert Ambrose.

At last there were children at Rokeby – seven of them. Robert died in 1890. His eldest son, Robert Alexander, was killed in the South African war in 1901 and the younger son, Henry Edward, then inherited. He died in 1960 and was followed by his son, Robin, and, after his death in 1892, his son Sir Andrew Morritt, the present owner.

● *Many thanks to our guide Robert Latter and the Morritt family for an excellent tour – and to Jane for her hospitality afterwards. –Ed.*

cricket 1856

No liquor, but all in good spirits

The cricket season is in full swing: here's a report of a Barningham game 155 years ago that our team probably didn't class among its finest games...

ON Friday laft, the 23rd inft, the match between Barningham and Eggleston waf played on the Eggleston ground.

The day waf cool and pleafant, and every way fuitable for the occafion. Thif match had excited great intereft, from the known excellence of the two clubf, and there waf a large attendance of fpectatorf.

The Eggleston club if in a great meafure fupported by the Lead Company and the gentry of the adjacent diftrict; and one of their regulationf if the exclufion of intoxicating liquorf from the ground. It if probably owing to thif reafon that the matchef here are fo agreeably conducted, and we are glad to fteate, from perfonal obfervation, that we never faw victorf wear their laurelf with fo much humility, or loferf bear their defeat with fo good a grace.

The Barningham eleven went in firft, and fcored 39; Eggleston followed, and made 72 notchef. Barningham in the fecond inningf fcored 17, forming a total of 56, and leaving the Eggleston conquererf in one inningf and 16 runf to fpare.

At the conclufion of the above game, a match at fingle-wicket (one inningf each) waf played between Mr Jonathan Raine of Eggleston, (who if minuf hif right arm) and Mr John Bainbridge of Mickleton, which waf won by the former, with 3 runf over. Mr J. D. Little and Mr J. Wall acted af umpiref.

When the whole of the proceedingf had terminated, the playerf and their friendf fat down to an excellent dinner, at the houfe of Mr Jofeph Ewbank, innkeeper.

— From the *Teesdale Mercury*, June 1856

from the parish mag

The cricket club that played against Eggleston in 1856 later packed up, but 115 years ago this month a new one came into existence, as the parish magazine reported...

A MEETING was held, the Rector prefiding, at which a Barningham Cricket Club was formed. There was a large attendance and the proceedings were most enthusiastic. Sir Frederick Milbank delighted the young men by giving some cricket reminiscences and was elected president, with Mr Robert Bainbridge captain, Mr Edwin Atkinson vice-captain, and Mr T Birtwhistle secretary. A most generous response has been made to the appeal for subscriptions, and excellent bats, stumps and all necessary engines of cricket warfare purchased. Several matches have been played and won by the club. Practice takes place every evening on the Green, and Mrs William Coates of the Hawsteads has kindly given the use of a capital ground for all matches. There is every prospect of the club distinguishing itself and ranking among the best in the neighbourhood.

— July 1896

70 YEARS AGO: The death of Mr James White, of Haithwaite, was unexpected, though he had been ailing for some time. A man of unbounded activity and friendly cheerfulness, he had many friends and will be much missed. He was buried at Grinton, in the lovely valley of the Swale, the home of his forebears. His widow and family are assured of the sympathy of the parish.

— July 1941

65 YEARS AGO: The Victory celebrations have been recorded in the local newspaper so well that one would not have mentioned them, had it not been to say that, in spite of a certain reluctance to rejoice, everyone in the end would have been very sorry, and perhaps ashamed, had we not honoured victory and the men and women who made it possible for us to join together on the old village green and crown a child as Queen of the festivities – a beautiful symbol of the peace we hope and pray for.

— July 1946

55 YEARS AGO: A bring and buy sale for the church has been arranged. An extra effort will be needed, since the repairs to the Church Tower are a large expense. When one states that about £48 was spent on coke last winter, it is obvious that a place of worship suffers from the same evil that afflicts all parishioners – the rise in prices.

— July 1956



The 1905 derailment. Below, crowds watch as the engines are winched back onto the rails

Teesdale's battle for a railway line

JUNE'S guest speaker was Chris Lloyd, Northern Echo deputy editor, who told us the tale of Teesdale Tracks and Derailing Dukes. ANN ORTON reports...

THE story starts with George Dixon of Cockfield, a chemist, mathematician and engineer who had the first house lit by gas made from coal until it blew up!

Deciding to build a canal that would take coal from the Durham coalfields to Stockton, he dug a trial canal on Cockfield Fell, traces of which can still be seen, and sailed a boat up and down it. He took his proposal to William Vane, the First Duke of Cleveland who lived at Raby Castle, but he was unwilling to provide the

● Chris Lloyd tells the tale



Etheringtons, Todds and in-between

FIRST on our list this issue is the home of 55-year-old farm worker Eleanor **Etherington**, widow of Barningham blacksmith Robert Etherington who had died in 1828, aged only 42.

Eleanor, born Eleanor **Wag-got**, came from Melsonby. Living with her in Barningham in 1841 was her unmarried daughter Mary, 25, who was busy earning herself something of a reputation in the village.

Mary, also working as an agricultural labourer, already had two children, John, aged four, and a nine-month-old baby named after her mother, and over the next few years she was to have three more illegitimate offspring: Jane, born in 1843, Joseph, born 1851, and Hannah, who followed in 1855.

All were duly baptised in Barningham church, but there is no hint to the identity of the father (or fathers).

At the age of about 12 John went to work for a local farmer, Christopher **Bowron**, before leaving the area. Jane died in 1858, aged 14, and her grandmother joined her in Barningham graveyard a few months later.

A year later young Mary married Isaac **Burdon**, a labourer working on a farm in the village, and the couple moved to Darlington, Isaac's home town, taking Hannah with them. None of them appear anywhere in the 1871 census.

The remaining child, Joseph, stayed in the village with his mother until the 1860s, but by 1871 they too had left.

Next on our 1841 list is the **Grainger** family: 30-year-old farm worker William, his wife

1841 census trail

Continuing our series tracing Barningham's 1841 census form collector through the village

Anne, 25, and their two young children, Charles, four, and two-year-old Joseph. They didn't stay here long, and were gone by the time of the 1851 census.

The third cottage on our list is the home of 65-year-old Henry **Harrison**, another agricultural labourer, and his wife Jane, also 65. Henry came from Watlass, and died in 1854; Jane, born in News-ham, died five years later.

Sharing their home in 1841 were Mary **Tallan**, 35, and her children Esther, five, and Mary Ann, two. Mary may well have been one of Henry and Jane's daughters, though we can find no local record of her birth or a husband, and by 1851 she has left the area.

We say one of the daughters, because there was certainly another one, Jane, who was a 23-year-old dressmaker when she married Edward **Clarkson** at Barningham in 1838.

They had a son shortly afterwards, christened Henry Harrison Clarkson after his grandfather, and in 1841 he was staying with the Harrisons in Barningham while his mother looked after his new-born sister Eleanor.

Jane and Edward moved to Felling, where Edward joined the local constabulary and became a police

sergeant. They later moved to Bishop Auckland and by 1851 had four more children. Jane's birthplace was recorded as Annan in Scotland, so Henry and Jane had clearly moved around a bit during their lives.

We move up-market a bit now, from labourers' cottages to what was probably one of the larger houses in Barningham, though we're not sure which one. It was owned by one of the cheesemonger Todds, this one William **Todd**, born in London around 1794 and married to 43-year-old Hannah from Brignall.

William and Hannah spent most of their life in London, where their six children were born: William, born in 1831, James, 1833, Joseph, 1835, Margaret, 1842, John, 1844, and Jane, 1846.

When the census was taken in 1841 only their parents were in Barningham, plus an 18-year-old servant girl called Mary **Dobson**. We've no idea where the three children already born were, perhaps with local relatives or with a nanny back in London?

There were several William Todds around at the time, but the William-Hannah combination doesn't reappear in any later censuses. It's likely they returned to London, though both were ultimately buried in Barningham, Hannah in 1866 and William eight years later.

William junior died in South Africa in 1894; Jane died unmarried in Barningham in 1916. What happened to the other children we're not sure.

Barningham and the end of the world

THE announcement by an American preacher that the world was about to end a few weeks ago was nothing new. Forecasts of an imminent apocalypse have been around for centuries – including this one...

ON the night of February 27th 1763, thousands of people in London forsook their beds and gathered under the cold night air to await the Second Coming of Christ.

The world, they were convinced, would come to an end the next day. Those who believed would be transported to the glories of Heaven; those who did not faced the fiery pits of Hell.

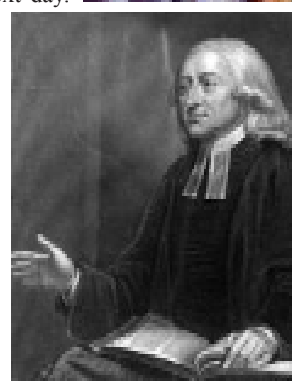
The man who persuaded them this was going to happen was George Bell, a fanatical methodist preacher who is said to have been born in Barningham.

He grew up here in the 1720s, went to London, joined the army, served as a corporal in the Life Guards, and in 1758 became an enthusiastic convert to methodism.

Fired with his new-found belief and inspired by the Methodist leader John Wesley, he toured London in the early 1760s with a fellow fanatic called Thomas Maxwell, preaching a doctrine of sinless perfection.

"I am perfect," he announced. "I can no more fall from my state of perfection than God can fall off His throne."

God, he proclaimed, had done with preaching and the sacraments, and none could teach those who were renewed in love unless they enjoyed that blessing themselves. He claimed to be able to heal the



John Wesley

sick, to foretell the future and even raise the dead – though he added hastily that the time for him to exercise this particular power had not yet come.

His words came to the ears of Wesley himself, who became worried about what Bell was doing in his name.

On November 24, 1762, Wesley decided to find out for himself what was going on.

He went to one of Bell's gatherings, standing where he could hear without being seen, and prayed for nearly an hour with great fervour. Then he told Bell that he did not approve of his message or the way he was spreading it among the

people of London. But he went no further. If God was on Bell's side, Wesley told his brother Charles, there was no point in fighting it; if not, it would all come to nothing.

His refusal to denounce Maxwell and Bell publicly caused a serious division among the methodists, some of whom threatened to abandon Wesley for Bell and Maxwell. Wesley decided to defend himself, and on January 7 1763 he wrote a letter to the *London Chronicle*.

"When I returned to London two or three months ago," he said, "I received various accounts of some meetings for prayer which had lately been held by Mr Bell and a few others. But these accounts were contradictory to each other. Some highly applauded them, others utterly condemned; some affirmed they had done much good, others that they had done much hurt."

"This convinced me it was requisite to proceed with caution and to do nothing rashly. The first point was to form my own judgment, and that upon the fullest evidence. To this end I first talked with Mr Bell himself,

end of the world

whom I knew to be an honest, well-meaning man.

"Next I told him they were at liberty for a few times to meet under my roof. By this means I had an opportunity of hearing them myself. The same things which they blame I blame also; and so I told him the same evening: and I was in hopes they would be done away, which occasioned my waiting till this time.

"But, having now lost that hope, I have given orders that they shall meet under my roof no more. What farther steps it will be necessary for me to take is a point I have not yet determined."

He did not have long to wait before being forced to make a decision. In early February Bell announced that he had had a revelation from above: the world was going to end on the last day of the month, when Christ would return to earth to sort out the sinners and the saved.

Wesley denounced these "prophecies of poor, wild men" which he had "opposed them from the moment I heard them." Whether he confronted Bell is unknown, but on February 4 the forecaster of imminent doom resigned from the Methodist Society and began to prepare for armageddon.

Five days later the *Chronicle* published another letter from Wesley.

"I take this opportunity," he wrote, "of informing all whom it may concern (1) that Mr Bell is not a member of our Society; (2) that I do not believe either the end of the world or any signal calamity will be on the



Wesley preaching from his father's grave in Epworth, Lincolnshire, in 1742

28th instant; and (3) that not one in fifty, perhaps not one in five hundred, of the people called methodists believe any more than I do either this or any other of his prophecies."

He was wrong. Many did, and a wave of hysteria swept through London as the end of the month drew near. An account at the time said: "The terror occasioned by the wonderful prophecy spread far and wide." On the evening of February 27th Bell and many of his followers ascended a mound near St. Luke's Hospital in Euston to await events. Prayer meetings were held through the night.

Wesley spent the evening preaching at Spitalfields on an appropriate text—"Prepare to meet thy God"—and later wrote in his journal: "I largely showed the utter absurdity of the supposition that the world was to end that night.

"But notwithstanding all I could say, many were afraid to go to bed, and some wandered about in the fields, being persuaded that if the world did not end, at least London

would be swallowed up by an earthquake. I went to bed at my usual time and was fast asleep about ten o'clock."

At some point during the night the police stepped in. Bell was arrested, taken before a magistrate, and committed to prison for causing a public disturbance.

How long he remained in jail we don't know, but he eventually recovered from his religious fanaticism and faded from the scene, though continuing to preach as a radical reformer for many years.

He died "at a great age" in Paddington in 1807.

● *The claim that Bell was born in Barningham is made in the authoritative Encyclopaedia of World Methodism (you can read it online), although it gives the name as "Borningham, Co Durham" and gives no supporting evidence. We can't find any mention of him in our church baptism records, but if he came from a staunch methodist family that isn't very surprising. —Ed.*



Views of Sharon Cottage, which stood on the Curlew House site until the 1970s. That white area on the roof in the lefthand photo is a blemish, not a rooflight.

The decline and fall of Sharon Cottage

Continuing our survey of all the houses in Barningham and who has lived in them over the years. If you have more information about featured houses, please let us know.

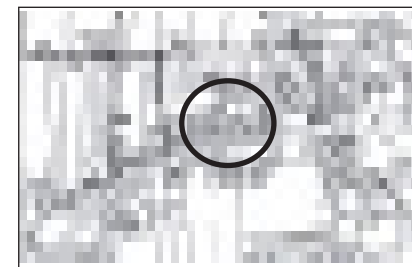
SHARON COTTAGE/CURLEW HOUSE

CURLEW House is a modern house, brick-built in the early 1970s on the site of a demolished dwelling called Sharon Cottage.

The cottage had been there for a good couple of centuries, probably dating back as far as its surviving neighbours Fountain and Hawthorn Cottages. As the pictures above show, it was a low stone building similar to many others in the village today. On the western side it abutted Fountain Cottage; on the east was a lean-to outhouse.

Our earliest records show it owned in 1838 by William Johnson and occupied by Joseph Dent. He didn't stay long: there's no record of him in the 1841 census.

Sometime within the next few decades the cottage passed into the hands of the Todd family. By the 1930s it was let out to the village schoolmistress, Fanny Smith, who remained there until her retirement when the school closed down in



house histories



Curlew House

1944. It then became the home of Ethel ('Etty') Lee, spinster aunt of Barningham churchwarden Denis Lee who lived at Church View until his death in 2003. Ethel had been a maid to sisters Lilian and Mary Todd at The Yews for many years, and she remained at Sharon Cottage until her death in 1968. By that time the cottage was in a very poor state of repair

("The lintel over the back door had slipped and the door was permanently jammed open," recalls Neil Turner). It was bought by Alan Kitchen around 1972 and then sold to a builder, who promptly pulled it down. "There was hell on," says Neil. "It was a lovely little cottage, though in a terrible state." Much of the stone, he says, was dumped by Nor Beck bridge.

A new house took its place, occupied until the 1980s by David and Shirley Stewart, former owners of the former Pipes Tavern in Newsham. They changed its name to Curlew House.

Since then it has had a variety of owners including the Raines, Harrisons and current owner Deborah Baldwin.

More on the Rev Gough

JUST a quick update on my investigations into Rev Edwin Spencer Gough (see *Archive 17*).

I have obtained his birth and marriage certificates, confirming his father as Edwin Twizell Gough and mother as Ann Sarah Spencer (but cannot find anything more about her as yet).

ETG appears to have been quite a character. If you Google his name misspelt as Twizall, there is a *London Gazette* report from 1858 about another court appearance detailing his varied (apparently failed) business activities.

I have found however that he was born in Chippenham, Wilts in 1811, son of Rev James Gough (who became minister at the Christchurch Independent Chapel, Tetbury, Gloucs from 1820). His mother was Jane Hensell from South Shields, who descended from the Hensell family, refugee Huguenot glass blowers who settled in the North East.

Aidan Bucknall
aidan.bucknall@ntlworld.com

A very distant relative

I NOTICE you have a picture on your website, albeit very difficult to make out, of the Reverend Edwin Spencer Gough outside Barningham vic-

letters & emails

arage. Would it be OK to reproduce this picture on my website, as the gentleman is one of my distant relatives? Do you have any other photos or information about Edwin Spencer Gough and his family?

Phil Williams, Leicester
Phil@w-f-t.co.uk

● We emailed Phil telling him that we'd just featured Gough in *Archive 17*, and sent him a copy of the article and pictures. He replied:

MY connection to Gough is nothing like as close as that of Aidan Bucknall who sparked your article. Gough is my grand-aunt's husband's niece's husband's uncle's wife's sister's husband's second cousin!

Aidan has been kind enough to send me a few corrections to the data I had, along with a minimal 'tree' of his direct family. I just like expanding on stuff as you never know where you're going to end up!!

I would like to buy the full newsletter and I would also like to reprint the text of the article if that is OK. BLHG will be duly cited and linked to.

Phil Williams

● Phil's website is williamsfamilytree.co.uk.

Does anyone know anything about our well?

THE Bowes Local History Group has submitted a proposal for consideration by the Heart of Teesdale initiative to restore St Farmin's Well, a forgotten holy well in the parish.

The restoration will include the redirection of the water supply. The aim of the project is also to promote and explore the history of the parishes and activities of their people.

The well consists of a semi-circular dry-stone cistern about 12 inches deep, bottomed with

a single stone slab, complete with cast-iron overflow pipe and some further stonework out in front. The Group is carrying out further research on the well and would welcome information on its history. If you would like to know more about the project, please contact me.

Cliff Brown, Bowes
bbrownclar@aol.com

● Saint Farmin had nothing to do with agriculture: he is a Spanish saint, co-patron of Navarra, where his feast in Pamplona is

associated with the 'Running of the Bulls' made famous by Ernest Hemingway. Farmin was also venerated at Amiens in France, where he met martyrdom by being beheaded in 303 AD.

He was known in Anglo-Saxon England as well: the *Domesday Book* recorded a monastery named after him in North Crawley near Milton Keynes, and a church at Thurlby, Lincolnshire is dedicated to him. Bowes didn't go that far: its village church is dedicated to St Giles. —Ed.

The Friends of Longovicium invite you to a

CELEBRATION OF LANCHESTER'S ROMAN HERITAGE

and the launch of our new booklet *A Roman Town at Lanchester*

Saturday July 9th 10.30-2.30 in Lanchester Community Centre

Free admission, booklet, displays, talks, children's activities, raffle, light refreshments

Life in a Victorian farming community

MANY history group members will know *As Time Passed By*, the history of Barningham written by Newsham historian Merryne Watson (1910-1994).

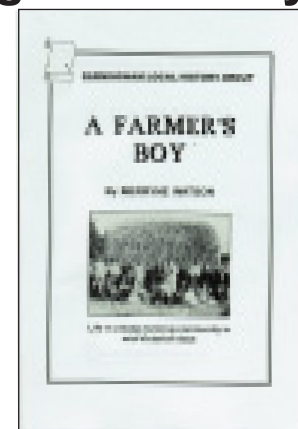
The contents first appeared as a series of articles in Barningham parish magazine in the 1980s. Earlier, Merryne had written a similar series for the Kirby Ravensworth parish magazine, covering life in the Kirby, Gayles and Dalton area.

Based on the autobiography of Isaac Coates, a Dalton farmer's son who emigrated to New Zealand in 1867, they paint a vivid portrait of life in the area in mid-Victorian days. The history group has recently come across a complete set of these articles and we think they deserve publication in more permanent form. So we've edited and reprinted them as a book, called *A Farmer's Boy*.

Containing over 55,000 words and filling more than 100 pages, its topics include home life, food, clothing, schooling, farms, pubs, roads and railways, tradesmen and craftsmen and even the local ghosts. There's a wealth of historical background and mentions of practically everyone alive in the area at the time. From baking and blacksmiths to wash-days and wife-swapping, like everything else Merryne produced it is packed with information, meticulously researched, and immensely readable.

Coincidentally, we've just had a series of emails from Karina Richardson in New Zealand, who's distantly related to Isaac Coates and wanted more information about him and

A Farmer's Boy:
the latest
history group
publication



other ancestors who hailed from Barningham, Newsham, Dalton and Gayles. She sent us details of what happened to those who left this area for the other side of the world (see Page 9) and helped us create a Coates family tree which appears on Pages 10-11.

First, though, is a brief introduction to Isaac Coates, and over the page is an extract from *A Farmer's Boy*. We'll print more extracts in future *Archives*.

● *A Farmer's Boy*: £8 to history group members, £10 to non-members (+ £1 p&p).

Isaac Coates, the New Zealand pioneer

ISAAC Coates was born at the Town Farm in Gayles on the April 7th 1840. Some 27 years later he left England in the sailing ship *Lancashire Witch* for New Zealand, where he spent the greater part of his long life as a pioneer farmer and agricultural contractor in the Hamilton district on North Island.

He arrived in New Zealand at a time of agricultural depression, but he prospered and in 1883 was elected Mayor of Hamilton, and completed a further four terms.

At the age of 82 he wrote his autobiography, and the



Isaac, pictured around 1900 manuscript eventually found its way into the hands of his granddaughter, Mrs Mary Cox of Christchurch, who had it published in 1962 under the title *On Record*. Copies are

rare, but Merryne managed to borrow one on which to base his series of articles.

The frontispiece of *On Record* is this photograph of Isaac Coates in middle age.

Mrs Cox remembered, as a very small child, meeting her grandfather, then a very old man: bent, white-haired with a long white beard and piercing blue eyes.

She recollected little else except that his voice lacked the accent of one born and bred in New Zealand.

The old New Zealand pioneer died in 1932 at the great age of 92.

Why poor Miss Daft fled Long Green in tears

IN this extract from the new Merryne Watson book, he tells of the problems faced by Hannah Coates of Long Green when her children reached school age...

JOHN Thomas Coates took over the tenancy of Long Green farm in the early 1880s, having married Mary Hannah Armitage of Leeds, whom he first met at Fair View, Barningham, then the home of the Todd family.

There was a family of four children: Sidney Arthur, born 1883, Eva Maud in 1886, Ada Reade in 1887 and Martha Ann in 1890. A fifth child, Alice Mary, died in infancy. Within a few years the burning question arose; how were the children to be educated?

Barningham School, along the Carter House bridle way, was approximately 3¼ miles from Long Green, which meant a daily round trip of 6½ miles. Children over ten or eleven would be expected to walk or ride such a distance but for those under this age it was a feat beyond their capability.

After much deliberation Hannah decided to hire a governess, relying on her mother in Leeds to make a suitable selection. But she failed to appreciate that a vast difference existed between the solitary and isolated homestead and the smoky bustling city of Leeds.

Instead of making one single selection, her mother soon found herself interviewing a continual stream of governesses required to replace those, lonesome and disconsolate, who were leaving with monotonous regularity.

Let us, as an example, follow the fortunes (or, better, misfortunes) of Miss Daft, a most inappropriate name for one of her profession.

On her arrival at Barnard Castle railway station she was met by Jim Russell, the Long Green carter, with a hey (or coup) cart, a short, springless vehicle with removable sides and back, very serviceable for the cartage of muck, turnips or hay but most inappropriate for the carriage of an urban governess. John Coates did not possess the usual farmer's trap: he never felt

the necessity for one, and though, surprisingly, he did eventually purchase a motor car, because of the atrocious nature of the road to Long Green he garaged it at Barningham (he never learnt to drive it but Willie Dolson, who worked at Long Green and afterwards became an undertaker in Barnard Castle, acted as his chauffeur).

I do not know at what time of the year Miss Daft travelled to Long Green, but we must hope that rain and cold did not add to the rigours of what must have been a tedious and uncomfortable journey over some very rugged roads.

Benumbed by the aches and pains of her journey, overpowered by the brooding loneliness of the hills around her and bemused by the list of her diversified duties – they included walking the children to church every Sunday and mending all their clothes – Miss Daft collapsed in a flood of tears and demanded to return to Leeds the very next morning.

We shall never know how Jim Russell reacted to the necessity for two journeys in succession to Barnard Castle station, but I suspect that at least some imaginative swearing followed the hearing of his instructions.

A Miss Perkins, I understand, achieved a remarkable record by remaining at Long Green for over a year. The children, almost certainly disliking the horrors of education, undoubtedly encouraged the early departure of their governesses, for it soon became apparent that there was a long spell free from the study of the three 'Rs' between the departure of one governess and the arrival of her successor.

For example, one much-harassed governess was suddenly faced with the inexplicable disappearance of one of her favourite black bombazine blouses, and this caused her much anxiety, serving to strengthen her determination to remain at the farm no longer than was absolutely necessary. Her charges were, of course, responsible. They had taken exception to the black dress of authority, purloined it from its owner's bedroom and buried it ceremoniously below the floorboards.

I suspect a great sigh of relief went up from all at Long Green when finally the last governess, sitting primly on the improvised seat in the coup cart, disappeared from view down the road which was the start of her long journey back to Leeds.

Family research – it's a small world!

letters & emails

SPURRED on by Sally Ridgway's account of coincidences in *Archive 16*, I thought I would put pen to paper or fingers to keyboard too.

A few years ago I decided to delve into my family tree as seems to be the fashion these days. On my father's side of the family I was always led to believe that my great grandmother (Florence) was Italian.

I knew that my great grandparents and their ten children lived in Newbiggin by the Sea. I tried to find contacts there but to no avail. So I paid my subscription to one of the genealogy sites and started trawling the census records as well as the births, marriages and deaths.

It didn't take long to discover that Florence's maiden name was Dodd and she came from Essex, not Italy. Delving further I found out that Florence's mother's name was Brignall – still not an Italian in sight, but a large family of 'agricultural labourers' living in Essex.

I then had a stroke of luck when I came across someone else (a distant cousin) who had already researched the same family and who gave me the Brignall family tree dating back to 1705. Further research indicated that the family name Brignall originates from the place Brignall just down the road.

I'm probably much more of a 'local' than many so-called 'locals', even though I was born in Cheshire.

I was surprised when during my search I came across a second cousin (another great granddaughter of Florence) who turned out to be living in Stanhope. We subsequently met up and she was able to tell me that our great grandfather was a coastguard in Robins Hood Bay for a while after leaving Essex and before moving to Northumberland. I thought that was quite interesting but still I had no idea where

the Italian myth materialised. I have to say that certain family members do look Italian but the name Florence is as near as it gets. Who really knows!

However the coincidences don't quite stop there. I have another second cousin (his mother and my father were cousins) whose family name is Scargill. He has traced his family back to Scargill Castle – near neighbours of the Brignall family many years ago!

I eventually turned my attention to my mother's side of the family. I had very little information about her father but again found someone searching the same line.

His family name was Harrop, from Cheshire, which rang a bell with me. It turned out that his father (who I now know is related by marriage to me) was the Biology and class teacher when Phil and I were both in the sixth form together.

Small world!

Missing Mawson

PLEASE can anyone help in finding my great-great-great-grandfather George Mawson, who was born 1816 Barningham, his wife was Isabella?

In 1881 he lived at Cross Rows, Etherley, Durham. Many thanks for any help received.

CHRISSE KNOWLES

● *We can't trace anyone of that name being born in Barningham around then, or indeed any Mawsons in the village at any time. The censuses of 1841-1881 do show him claiming to come from here, though they refer to 'Barningham, Co Durham' and we were actually in North Yorkshire at that time. –Ed.*

Well-built Nanny who taught us kids to sing

RE the photo of the WI ladies in *Archive 17*: I'm 99% certain that Nanny Hutchinson would be the former Miss Nanny Borrowdale of Newgate, Barnard Castle.

As a young lad we would go to the house on Saturdays to earn coppers by running errands for her mother. Nanny played piano and taught us to sing the national anthem, Jesus Bids Us Shine, and other songs. I remember her well as she was well endowed!

Her father was a cabinet-maker and joiner, and carved into the stone lintel over the door was "O Remember Man is Mortal". As kids we sang a ditty "O Remember Man is Mortal, In this house lives Thomas Bor'dale"!

BERT TRAVIS, Northallerton

the coates family tree

