



# **Buckland Brewer History Group**

## **The History of our Parish and its People**

**Newsletter No. 5 August 2014**  
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### **Latest News**

We have achieved a great deal in the last few months, despite it being summer holiday season. Our exhibition in May, which coincided with the village Plant Sale, attracted a great deal of interest and is a venture that we hope to repeat.

Some of our members have been helping Class 2 (owls) to research the men from Buckland Brewer who died in the first world war. This too has been very successful and we hope this work can be developed and that we will have an opportunity to share the children's findings.

When the village hall was being spring cleaned, we took the opportunity to scan the photographs on the walls for our archives.

In May we heard a fascinating talk from Bette Baldwin, about her team's extensive work researching the history of Hoar Oak Cottage. Following our most interesting outing to Hembury Fort in June, we are pleased to announce that a small group of members are taking this further and will be surveying the parish's iron age forts for The University of Oxford's Hill Forts Atlas, mentioned in our previous issue. See also p. 9 of this newsletter.

In July we were out and about again, learning about the history of Bucks Mills and its associations with the Braund family with Chris Braund.

### **Forthcoming Events**

20 August 2014 Visit to St Andrew's Church, Alwington, where Josie Burrow will point out the special features of this church, with its long history and associations with the Coffin family. Tea and biscuits will be available in the church schoolroom after the visit. We will meet at the church at 7.15 where there is ample car parking available. Contact Lyn on 451817 for directions.

17 September 2014 'Holsworthy Down Under: Holsworthy and Bridgerule's links with Australia' — Christine Williams.

15 October 2014 AGM followed by 'Buckland Emigrants—their stories' - Janet Few.

19 November 2014 'A Dapper Little Banker: a family history' - Dr Paul Bangay.



## **Our AGM**

### **Can you help?**

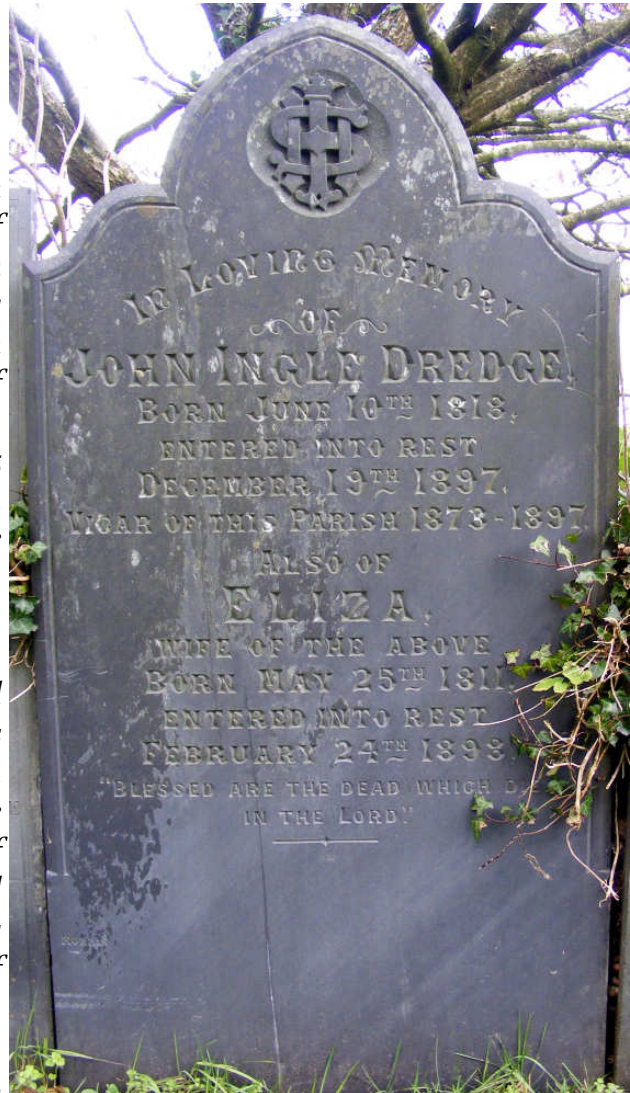
Can you believe we have been running for a year? At our AGM in October you will have the opportunity to elect a committee for the following year. If you feel that you could be a member of our friendly committee do get in touch with one of the existing committee members to learn what this involves.

## **Parson Dredge** **by Adam Joseph Jewell**

*John Ingle Dredge was born in Edinburgh on 10 June 1818. He was the vicar of Buckland Brewer from 1873 until his death in 1897. Dredge was an interesting character, whose ministry had begun in the Wesleyan Methodist Church. One of his parishioners was Adam Joseph Jewell. Adam was born in Buckland Brewer on 5 February 1879, son of Frederick and Sarah Jewell née Frost. They lived at Castle Cottages and later at Stapledons. Frederick was a carpenter.*

*Adam's family later moved to Wales and recently three generations of his descendants visited Buckland Brewer from south Devon, where they now live. We were able to show them the location of some of the homes of their ancestors and in return they allowed us to copy Adam's memoir of 'Parson Dredge', the first part of which we reproduce here.*

It must be impossible to travel far in this wonderful world and not find someone we have picked up we find unable to let go. At some blest period the guest came in through a wide-open welcoming door right into our heart and though their bodies may have long since died they live, and in fragrant inspiring memory are our cherished possession until we see them again face to face. My first most beloved personality, the one that by love and true greatness took my life by storm, was a little old country clergyman and all of his mortality I ever enjoyed as a personal possession, was during my years from nine to thirteen and a half, proving Ben Johnson true: "In small proportions we just beauty see and in short measure life may perfect be."



The Rev John Ingle Dredge was his name and he was the vicar of the parish of Buckland Brewer, a hamlet quietly hidden away, six miles away from anywhere, in North Devon. All his parishioners, Anglican and Dissenters alike knew him as Parson Dredge and excepting the rich, loved him with equal ferocity. The little village was well served with places of worship. In addition to the fine old Norman church there were two chapels, Bible Christian and Wesleyan. The nearest minister lived at Bideford, six miles distant. The road whether freshly laid with stones from the stone breakers' hammer, or deep ruts and clay, made travelling, even for horse

transport, terribly difficult. Therefore in all the critical events in the life of the parish, sickness, burials, domestic or personal upheavals of any kind Parson Dredge was freely given and gratefully accepted friend and counsellor. To every soul in deep waters he was a good shepherd and claimed chapel and church alike as sheep of his pasture.

At the period of which I speak the workers of the industrial centres of the North, The Midlands and South Wales were becoming more and more conscious of their personal worth and dignity. Even in my village the mental state of the inhabitants passed its lowest level although still afraid to openly support the Vicar in the frequent shrewd blows he struck at their chains. He rented a pew in the Wesleyan Chapel, which with his wife and daughter, he occupied on the rare occasion the circuit superintendent minister presided. This to me continues even to this day, as an identification with the whole Christian life without parallel. To the casual stranger, Parson Dredge, with his patriarchal appearance, his crude staff, heavy woollen black shawl, well worn clerical hat and attire, long wispy grey beard, refined scholarly features, to such he would appear just as a long forgotten priest; content to serve for a life, among his flock in an isolated corner of rural England. To me who saw so much of him at close quarters, his face so calm and gentle and yet stern, always reminded me of pictures of martyrs whose faith survived burning at the stake.

Until nine years old my people were Wesleyan. Then a storm broke from that pleasant sky which tore my family

from its moorings, although I must confess a few strands from that anchorage held me and at nineteen, the simplicity of non-conformity drew me back to where I really belonged. I never knew the origin of that little squall. I only know that the following Sunday morning saw father with his three available children climbing the hill to the church. The service was familiar to him owing to the two chapel choirs helping the church on all special occasions. I have painful moments even now of my confused bewilderment as I tried to make tidy sequence of the complicated 'back and forth' ritualistic wanderings of the Common Prayer.

The Anglican Church never completely captured my wholehearted devotion. Nine years of non-conformity is the quite natural explanation, But something far more overpowering than either so filled my life that anything that claimed that great Saint, claimed me to the utmost of my powers, Up to that time my only experience of him was on the fringe of funerals but they well prepared me for the time I was destined to know him so well. Funeral services always invested him with some indefinable quality, which set him completely apart from all else in my little world. As the bearers with solemn tread wandered their way to the churchyard, the old tower bell ominously tolling, at the lych gate would wait Parson Dredge in full vestments ready to lead the mourners to the open grave intoning on his way the beautiful burial service. Into his sweet low voice would creep a tender, compassionate power that unfailingly exalted me to some region I could only feel but never describe. It made no difference, as I later discovered, the deceased may have been

a dissenter. As chapel and church alike in life so were they in the hour of death, To him it was the great "Leveller" when sceptre and crown must tumble down. "And in the dust be equal made, with the poor, crooked scythe and spade." And now fate had thrown me right into his arms.

My parents joined the choir almost at once and I soon followed. I could now hear the musical tones of his voice at close quarters and receive his kindly greetings whenever we met. Though not as yet of an age to fully appreciate his eloquence, I never failed to be moved by it. It used to be proudly claimed he was the "preachers' preacher." There seemed to some proof of this by the number of visitors, many of whom were clergy on vacation, who came long distances in the summertime to hear him preach.

Every month my carpenter father made a wooden case to hold manuscripts of his sermons for posting to his London publishing house. They used to resemble finely bound volumes and the preacher used to proudly remark they were more sought after than their contents, I'm sure if those discourses were labours of love to the author, so were those delicately wrought receptacles to the craftsman.

During the winter the church building was nothing like the pulpit for warmth and friendliness, It was indeed a bleak and bitter place. No dungeon could rival it for penetrating chill and misery. The two chapels were warm and well lit although the atmosphere somewhat reeked with the pungent odours of paraffin stoves, farmyard and fresh earth. I must confess, during the times I could attend, I enjoyed every moment of them. The church during wintertime of



**John Ingle Dredge**

necessity was ill-attended but the chapels were full.

There was simplicity, sincerity and excitement though let me add, this was brought to its peak by 'pressure cooking'. Hell in those days was a reality as GRIM as it was GREEDY and strike fear for themselves and a STRANGE CURSE its excitement in watching the SINNER BURN drove the people to their knees in public worship. But for the church, no fires for warmth and no lamps for light, hence no evening service.

The landed gentry knew that here and there, the poor were beginning, with increasing impatience, to rattle their chains. They also knew their vicar had caught the revolutionary infection, so they starved his church. The wealth of the parish, mainly, was held by Anglicans. They still attended morning service. This they had to do if it meant freezing. Widespread deep-rooted custom compelled it. Religion and charity was their chief support in the

maintenance of their social superiority. God ordered the station of the rich and with equal certainty the place of the lower human relations. Parson Dredge was a pioneer, lonely indomitable, one of many here and there throughout the land during the restless days of the nineteenth century. They raised those men, this country, to heights of Christian civilisation, the envy and pattern for the whole world. Those pioneers were Christian almost without exception. Just as a surprising new light and impetus was shed across human behaviour with the advent of Jesus, so it is only by forming that new dawn into noon-day can the world attain to its divinely destined stature.

With John Ingle Dredge's appearance into his parish, he silently began his campaign of hammering social consciousness and a Christian sense of personal worth into the subservient minds of the labouring classes. I narrowly missed the crowning act of the minister that brought to open climax their desolating punishment of his church but I saw it repeated annually up to the year of our departure from Devon. The thing he did to this year of grace was so simple. He kept open a 'Right of Way' the lord of the manor decreed must close. But the social ostracism he endured, together with the impoverishment of his church, in which, probably for the first time God as Father and all men as brothers had been preached with sincerity and power, yes! The act surely raised him to the highest level of Christian pioneering achievement.

*To be continued. With grateful thanks to Helen, Hilary and Florence for allowing their ancestor's writing to be published.*

## **Lease for Goutisland**

This Indenture made the last day of November in the 3rd year of the reign of our sovereign lady Ann 1704. Between John Wiseman of Bozeat in the co of Northampton esq of the one part and Hugh Stevens of Buckland Brewer gentleman of the other part. Witnesseth that the said John Wiseman for and in consideration of the sum of 5 shillings paid by the said Hugh Stevens hath granted bargain and sold and by these grant bargain and sell unto the said Hugh Stevens all that messuage or tenement with the appurtances called or known by the name of Good Kingsland otherwise Gutsland otherwise Gothsland heretofore in the occupation of William Rigby with all the other lands of him the said John Wiseman situate or lying or being in Buckland Brewer Also all that messuage or tenement called or commonly known by the name of Liells Tenement heretofore in the occupation of Matthew Lyell together with all other lands of the said John Wiseman lying in the parish of Bradworthy To have and to hold all and singular unto the said Hugh Stevens his heirs and executors yielding and paying unto the said John Wiseman the rent of pepper corn only In Witness whereof signed John Wiseman .

Sealed and delivered by the within named John Wiseman with the double duty of £6 and after the interlieving of these following words viz and - delivery in the fifth line - in the presence of Rich Alflier(?) P Finney(?) Thos Rous.

## Marland's History of Buckland Brewer

In the 1870s, local antiquary 'Marland' wrote regularly in the *North Devon Journal*. He began to write about Buckland Brewer in the issue of 5 September 1878. In doing so, he quotes at length from many earlier works.

### The Parish of Buckland Brewer Part 1

To the west of the old road from Bideford to Holsworthy, upon the hills, stands the Church of Buckland Brewer, dedicated to St. Mary and St. Benedict. Bishop Stafford issued his licence—faculty they call it now-a-days for rebuilding the Church, on 25th day of June, so far back as the year 1399, after the Church and belfry tower had been utterly ruined by lightening.

From the top of the tower views may be had of Dartmoor, dear old Dartmoor with its rugged tors and valleys; Exmoor; far down into Cornwall, Brown Willy; the Morwenstow hills; the Channel and Lundy Isle; and many a neighbouring Church tower. This one has five bells, whose inscriptions I will give presently.

My earliest search for any account of this parish commences in the Domesday Book, compiled by Wm. the Conqueror, 1086, and under the long list of manors held by his half-brother, the Earl of Moreton, we come upon Buckland, as follows, p. 10, sec. 15.

"Ansgar (query, de Montagne) holds of the Count Bocheland. Edmer used to hold in the time of Edward the Confessor (forty years earlier), and paid tax upon three hides and a half of and minus half a virgate. The arable land

consists of twenty ploughlands. In the lord's hands are 3 ploughs, 7 serfs, 42 villeins, and 5 bords have 8½ ploughlands between them. There are 40 aces of meadow and 100 of wood. The pasture is one leuca long and half a leuca wide. Its present and former value £7 10s. To this manor is added Galeshore (Galsworthy). Eduui used to hold in Edward the Confessor's time for one manor (?), and paid tax for ½ virgate of land. The arable land consists of one ploughland, which is there, together with 3 villeins, and there are 20 acres of pasture. Former and present value 10s.

I am unable after careful search to find any more of the estates in this parish described in the Domesday Book, not even Orleigh. This Anger holds the next mentioned lands, Putford (probably East), Buchedworde (Bulkworthy), Smitheham in Little Torrington. The following manors were also held by Ansgar, probably the same—Aveton Gifford, Dunestal (? Townstall), Erington (? Ermington), Stafford, probably in Dolton, Righendone, an appanage of Chiempabare, Neveton (Newton), Gatcombe, here Ansgar is called the King's servant, Dolton, Chadeledone (here Ansgar de Senarpont by Lysons) Chetellescombe, Bremelcombe in Iddesleigh, Brucheturde, Sutrebroc, Hierds, Crabecombe, Crawcombe.

Whilst Edmer, the outturned Saxon landholder, herein held besides, Aller, Boltesbury (query, is this a place in B. B.?), Bridestowe, Homacheford, Mideton, Orescumbe, Wenforde, before the Norman Conquest. Query did many of the above lands descend to the Brewers?

For further account of Ansgar de Montague vide the account of the neighbouring parish of Monkleigh, where he figures as the ancestor of the English family of Montague.

Lysons p. 79 1822.

Buckland Brewer in the Hundred of Shebbeare and in the Deanery of Hartland, is five miles from Bideford, and about the same distance from Great Torrington. Tithacot, Bilsford, and Galsworthy are the principal villages in this parish. A weekly market here on Wednesday, and a fair for three days at the Festival of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary were granted to the Abbot of Dunkeswell in or about 1290. The market has been long disused. There are now two annual fairs, Whit-Monday and Nov 2.

The manor belonged to the Baronial family of Brewere or Brewer. Wm. Lord Brewer appears to have given part of it to Tor Abbey, and a part to the Abbey of Dunkeswell, since both those monasteries had manors in Buckland Brewer. The Manor of Buckland Brewer is now (1822) the property of Lord Rolle.

Orleigh was the property and residence of the Dennis family, originally Dacus, from a very early period till the extinction of the elder branch about the year 1700. After this time it was, for some descents, in the Davys. The late Edward Lee, Esq., purchased it of Joseph Davy Bassett, Esq. and has bequeathed it to his nephew John Hanning, a minor.

The manor of Vielston, which belonged to a branch of the Risdon's, was afterwards in the Cleveland's, and is now, under the will of John Cleveland, Esq.,



### Was the Village Green the site of our Wednesday Market?

M.P. who died in 1817, the property of Thos. Stevens, Esq., of Cross, near Great Torrington. Mr Stevens is the Lay Impropiator of the great tithes which had been given by Lord Brewer to Tor Abbey. The vicarage is in the gift of the Crown. It appears by the Chantry Roll in the Augmentation office that there was a Fraternity in this Church, dedicated to St. Michael, the lands of which were valued in 1547 at £8 7s 4d per annum. Buckland Brewer is in that record called a borough town.

Vide Oliv. Mon., p.480

The fraternyte there of St. Michaell, founded by Thos. Radfode and dyvers others to find a pryst to pray for their sowles. The yerely value of the lands and possessions £8 7s 4d.

Risdon's Survey of Devon, written c. 1630.

Buckland Brewer, which continueth the memory of its ancient Lords, the Brewers, Barons in king Ric. I., whom William Brewer was in great favour and of his Privy Council, by who, he was promoted to this Bishopric the tenth year of his reign, and put in trust with the conveying of his sister into Germany to be married to the Emperor.

Nicolas Syn. of Poer., p.847, says Wm. Brewer was consecrated April 14 1224, and died Oct. 24, 1244. The same author only mentions two of this family as Barons.

Henry Brewer = —

I

Wm. Brewere, temp. John, Sheriff of Devon 1180-1225, ob. 1226

=

Beatrice de Valle.

I

Ric. s. and h., ob. v. p., owner of 15 knight's fees.

Wm. Brewere, s. and h. = Joan d. of Wm. de Vernon, Earl of Devon, buried at Dunkeswell Abbey, ob. s. p. 1232, leaving his five sisters his heirs, viz., Grace = Reginald de Braose; Margaret = Wm. la Fert or Fernac; Isabel = 1 ? Fulbert de Dover, 2 Baldwin Wake; Joan = 1 \_ Raddon , 2 Percy; Alice, who had for her dower the manors of Thor, Wolburg, near Newton Bushell, Cadeleigh, Halberton, Aeford, Bradworthy and Axminster = Reginald de Mohun, 5th Baron ob. 1213.

*To be continued*



**The Family of John and Anna Maria Sanders who left Galsworthy, Buckland Brewer for Dunedin, New Zealand in the 1880s. From the left: Julia (seated), Mark (standing), Thomas (seated), Ethel (standing), John Senior (seated), Anna Maria (seated in front) John junior (standing), William (seated), Anna (seated), Bessie (standing) and Rev Ready (seated). Mary stayed behind in Devon.**



## In the News

From the *Hartland Times* Issue 120 1906

Stanley Shaxton, of Buckland Brewer, for descending Orleigh-hill on August 21st, and having the wheel of his cart tied without a shoe under it, contrary to the County By-laws, was fined 8s. Inclusive.—By Mr. Harris : The wagon was empty. Defendant said he did not know he was acting against the law. He was going to Bideford and locked the wheel because the horse was a bad backer. He had left the skid on the top of Crocker's Hill, where he had to use it. The Bench considered if drivers did not know the law they should be informed by those who sent them out.



### Hills Forts

Following our visit to Hembury Castle, three BBHG members were invited by David Brown to view the site of another hill-fort, this time on his field near The Glen. The field

was once the site of South Wood, a heavily wooded area which was cleared for cultivation at the turn of the 19<sup>th</sup>/20<sup>th</sup> century. Over the years David has had the opportunity to see the field in many different conditions including severe drought when the dykes and mounds of the hill-fort are most pronounced. He was therefore able to point out to us, the possible extent of the site which, he believes, covers approximately 2-3 acres and the likely trajectory of an access/exit leading towards the River Duntz, thus a source of water. The site of the hill-fort affords a commanding view of the surrounding area including the wind farm at



### The Glen Hill Fort

Fullabrook and Monkleigh Church tower. David told us that there is another site within a few fields of this one, again not properly visible unless the crops are down and the weather is very dry.

We are very grateful to David and Linda Brown for allowing us to view this important site and for sharing their knowledge of it. They have generously suggested that we might return for further viewings and photographs if there is a spell of very dry weather later this summer.

*Lyn Layton*

# Damage to the Church

Received April 13 1769

A Letter from the Rev Mr William Paxton Rector of Buckland Brewer, in the County of Devon, to Dr Milles Dean of Exeter F.R.S. and Pr.S.A.

Buckland Brewer April 7 1769

Rev. Sir

I had the favour of yours, and with great cheerfulness comply with your request, as far as faint words can express what, in reality, is beyond the power of description.

On Thursday, the 2<sup>nd</sup> of March, about four of the clock in the afternoon, a cloud, of a most uncommon blackness, gathered in the west-north-west, and, taking its course to east-south-east, diffused a most prodigious darkness, accompanied with a very copious shower of hail. It passed immediately over the church tower (remarkable for the height both of its situation and structure), and, bursting with incredible fury, poured forth an amazing body of fire, which threw down the south-east pinnacle on the church, and entering (as I suppose) at the breach, shivered a table on which the commandments were written, scorched and discoloured two tomb-stones, broke the windows and shattered the walls and roof to a great degree. The south-east corner suffered most; where it chiefly forced its way, and tore up the ground on the outside, where it found vent. There is

something very extraordinary in the dispersion of the stones of the pinnacle to every point of the compass, and to different distances; some of which were 700 pounds weight. I picked up one that weighed almost 8 pounds at the distance of 60 perches from the church; and doubt not but others, and perhaps larger stones, were carried further: it may be worthy to remark also, that several of the stones, some of which were not small, though they appeared close and firm, yet, on a very slight impression of the fingers, mouldered into powder. The explosion, on the opening of the cloud, was as instantaneous as terrible, and equaled the discharge of at least a dozen cannon at once.

It is a matter of great wonder, that not only the church, but that every house in the village, which trembled to its foundation, was not reduced to atoms, or lighted up into a general blaze; and yet, stupendous mercy! Not a man, woman, child or beast, received the least hurt.

I am Sir, Your very obedient servant,  
William Paxton



# Hartland Deanery Magazine

May 1967

## *The Church Restoration Fund*

The Surveyor's report on the condition of our Church was discussed at the Annual General Meeting. The cost of carrying out these repairs is £2250. This includes the inside repairs and decorating—the roof being treated for woodworm and staining, it has not been seen to since its erection, so I am told, the walls being decorated, which were done, I believe, about fifteen years ago. Some of the repairs are not of an immediate nature and can be spread over a period of years. The collections hardly cover the ordinary running cost of the Church, such as heating, lighting, the Quota, candles etc., so that the money will all have to come from outside efforts. Some have already been arranged by the Social Committee and your full support is hoped for to make them really successful.

All donations to the Church Restoration Fund can be given to our Hon. Treasurer, Captain West, Churchwardens (Mr A Manning, Mr R Blight) or myself. These will be most gratefully received.

May 9th Tuesday. Coffee and Bring and Buy evening at the Vicarage 7.30pm

May 18th. Jumble sale at the Church Room, 7.30pm. Jumble can be left at the Vicarage at any time.

May 31st. Beetle Drive 8pm in the Church Room.

July 8th. Combined Fete at the Vicarage 2.15pm.

August 12th. 3pm Garden Party at the Vicarage.

August 21st. Film Show 7.45pm in the Church Room.

October 10th Tuesday. Whist and Beetle Drive at the Vicarage 7.30pm.

November 22nd. Church Bazaar. Afternoon and Evening at the Vicarage.

December 3rd Christmas Whist Drive at the Parish Hall 7.30pm. Please put these dates in your diary now or keep this page somewhere handy.

I am not at all perturbed by the task facing us and feel sure that with a effort, more will be achieved than what some may expect. We have a lovely Church, which has been the House of Prayer and Worship for Christians for many centuries in their times of joy and sorrow. Let us realise the privilege that is ours in playing our part in keeping the Church in good order for the coming generations.

Our congratulations to Ronald John Greenaway and Christine Joan Poole in their new life together.

The Deanery Festival Service is at Clovelly this year on Wednesday May 24th at 7.30pm. Will those wishing to go please let me have their names so that transport can be arranged?

The ten members who were present to hear Mrs Puddicombe give a talk on the second object of the Mothers' Union were most inspired and uplifted and we all felt if only more had been present to hear her. We will gladly welcome any who are interested in the Mothers' Union, which is open to all denominations. Our next meeting will be on Wednesday May 17th at 7.30pm in the Vicarage, when the Vicar will be the speaker.

The Mothers' Union Deanery Festival is on May 10th at Clovelly. We are sharing a coach with members from Monkleigh. The coach leaves here at 2pm.

Your sincere friend Cecil Underhill

## **Buckland Apprentices**

Between 1710 and 1811 there was a tax on apprenticeship premiums. Often this was avoided as apprenticeships within the family did not usually involve the payment of a premium. Those where a premium was paid are listed in an index that survives in the National Archives. The following are the entries that relate to Buckland Brewer.

3 April 1754 Richard Ashton to John Dennis, blacksmith  
*Richard was probably baptised in Parkham in 1736, son of John and Jane.*

19 July 1767 William Thorne to William Stapleton, blacksmith  
*William Stapleton is almost certainly the William Stapleton who was baptised in Buckland Brewer in 1726, son of John and Margaret.*

10 June 1788 Robert Spiller to Christopher Moase, blacksmith  
*Christopher Moase married Grace and had seven children baptised in Buckland Brewer. They lived at Coles Manning, prior to that he was at a property that was probably on the site of what is now the Methodist Church.*

28 April 1790 Thomas R Case to Henry Clark, cordwainer  
*Thomas Richard Case was baptised in Bideford in 1778, son of Robert and Dorothy. Henry Clark died in 1825 at the age of 90.*

25 January 1793 Christopher Spedigue to William Hockin, cordwainer  
*Christopher Spettague was baptised in Parkham in 1775, the son of John and Martha. See below for information on William Hockin.*

28 June 1796 Edmund Edmands to William Squire, cooper  
*Edmund was born in Shebbear c. 1779. He went on to marry Rebecca Stenlake and they had several children baptised into the Bible Christian church. By 1851 Edmund was in Bideford Workhouse.*

5 June 1798 John Cole to William Hockin, cordwainer  
*John Cole was baptised in Buckland Brewer 6 January 1780, son of William and Ann. He married Kitty Stevens in Buckland Brewer in 1812 and had ten children. They lived at Cleverdons. It is highly likely that his master was the William Hockin who lived next door at Coles Manning, in which case William was born c, 1732 and was married to Rebecca Moore.*

12 August 1799 William Squire to Thomas Sanders, tailor



## **Contact Us**

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