

# Diary of John Crosier, Maldon Miller

from 'Essex People' by A J F Brown

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## JOHN CROSIER'S JOURNEY TO MALDON

January 7186 – Mr Harry Pattison and myself were coming from London together. I wish'd to stop at Romford to dinner but he being very pressing for Ingtestone, I consented where we reached about 3 or 4 oclock. Order'd some steak for dinner, after dinner the glass went briskly round and staying late I began to wish to go; therefore we paid our bill and I rode off. As liquor has different effects on people, its intrusion upon Mr Harry's feelings were the capacious and the consequential; a Quaker gentleman came in after dinner and drank with us, and when we came to pay he thought so and so would be his part of the reckoning but our settler of the reckoning said 'sir, you shall pay so and so. Our neighbour bore everything very patiently, often giving him a home reply, but seen'd detirmined not to be put out of temper. I got half a mile I believe, before Pattinson came up and said something I don't recollect but perhaps ridiculous; and he replied that I was drunk and foolish and know'd no better. I was not very sober, not he either; so I believe I told him 'twas a lye and he called me a scoundrel.

I immediately hit him with my whip, and he with his stick with a peg to it and gave me a Black Eye. Then on dropping our weapons we went at it with our fists, every time we rode at one another a passing blow took place, so we kept at it down almost to the Maldon turning to Galley Common.....Here the fray ended....I told him he had behav'd so much like a blackguard, to get down and finish it in the same manner. I pull'd off my clothes but he would not dismount, so it ended; and we bruised one another in the word all the road home. This ended this ridiculous business.

**'Happy the people whose annals are blank in history books!'**

*Thomas Carlyle*

### GALLEYWOOD HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Comments or contributions to this Newsletter would be welcomed by the editor  
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# PAST TIMES

GALLEYWOOD HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NUMBER 1

FEB 2003

## A Newsletter for our members

**S**INCE we formed our Society over three years ago, the attendance at our meetings has confirmed a considerable interest in things historical. Our village has no manor house or ancient castle with secret tunnels and, as churches go, ours is a comparative youngster. Nevertheless we do have a history, and there seems to be an insatiable desire to be part of it.

Anyone who has delved into the achives at the Essex Record Office will realise how the limitations of early record-keeping have allowed much 'history' to disappear into the mists of time. We have no excuse for such carelessness. Technology has equipped us with the tools to record every detail of life in our time and we will not be forgiven if we miss out on the opportunity. We would like to think this modest publication can make a small contribution to pulling together the strings of the Galleywood story.

If you grew up in Galleywood, we'd like you to share your childhood memories with us like Gordon Cook does on the next page. A few snippets like this paint a vivid picture of the way our village has developed over even a few decades.

We hope to bring you more cuttings from the early issues of the Essex Chronicle like the one on this page. This one was picked quite at random and when I showed it to the editor of the Chronicle to ask his permission to reprint, he reminded me that William Strupar, in addition to being a seller of pills and potions was in fact the founder of the chronicle in 1764. Now there's an interesting piece of history!

**Essex Chronicle**  
May 17th 1765

Sold by W. Strupar in Chelmsford  
Vandour's Nervous Pills So univerfally  
efferted for their good Effect in all  
nervous Diforders. Lowneffs of Spir-  
its, Head-achs, Tremblings, vain Fears  
and wanderings of the Mind, frightful  
Dreams, Catchings, Starrings, Anxie-  
ties, Disinefs with Apperance of specks  
before the Eyes, Lofs of Memory.  
Cholicks, Cramps, Convulfions,  
Hyfteric Fits, Hypochondriac com-  
plaints and the falling sicknefs; they  
prevent Sickness of the Somach, and  
take off that senfe of Fulnefs after  
Meals, and that swelling of the flefh in  
damps weather, which so greatly af-  
flicts Persons of relaxed fibres; they  
give a serene cheerfulnefs of difpofition, in  
the Place of thofe Horrors which fo  
dreadfully opprefs People of weak  
Nerves. Price 2s.6d the box which con-  
tains 50 pills.

**Our next meeting**

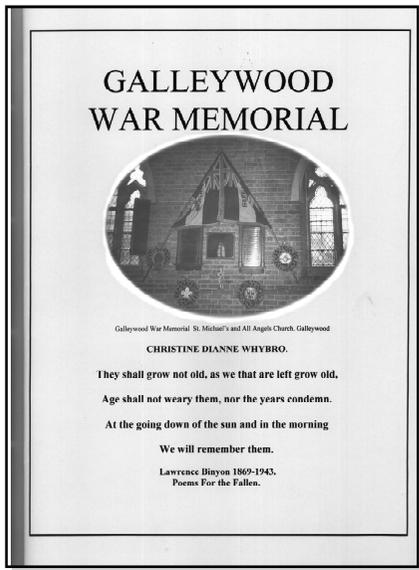
**Christine Whybro**

# GALLEYWOOD WAR MEMORIAL



Christine talks about the writing of her account of the Galleywood people who served the country during the war.

**Wednesday  
5 March 2003  
The Keene Hall  
Watchouse Road  
at 8 pm**



picture from the Ron White collection



The NEW FOUND OUT pub around 1970 and below as it looks today



## Nostalgia

by Jack Shelley

Yes, I remember Galleywood,  
A long gone misty scene.  
The Sliding Pond, The Village Pump,  
that stood there on the Green.  
The Wooden Stile, the Swinging Tree,  
The Meadow, Sewell's Farm,  
The Apple Tree in Clarry's hedge  
The Wash and Seabright's Farm.

Now the years press wide the gap,  
and future years portend,  
I still can hear the children shout  
at play in Galley End.

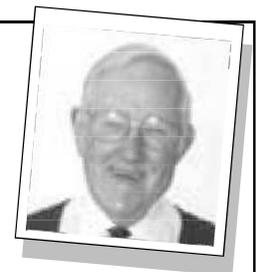
and here are Jack's notes that he wrote to accompany the poem

'The Sliding Pond was the old claypit that stretched the whole length of The Green along Brook Lane. The Pump stood on the Green and Sewells Farm and the two wooden cottages are gone.

The Meadow was opposite Burgess Cottage, then an old thatched house, where I was born in October 1908. The Stile and Swinging Tree gone also as is the public house. THE NEW FOUND OUT hasn't been a pub for some seventy years. It is now a private house and it was next door to Burgess Cottage.

## I remember . . .

... Beehive Lane being 'made up' from a gravel track into a tarred road; the Walls ice cream man 'stop me and buy one' cycling round with his tricycle ice cream barrow; Mr Miglorini round with his motor cycle and side car selling home-made ice cream in halfpenny and one penny corners. I remember hay making and sliding over hay cocks and farmer Chris 'Smiler' Jaggs teaching me to drive a horse and wagon through a meadow gateway



gordon cook

## DATES for your Diary

- 4 June 2003** Fred Spaldings Photographic collection  
*A presentation by Essex Record Office*
- 24 September 2003** The windmills of Essex  
*An illustrated talk by Geoff Wood*  
*Mills Support Officer for Essex County Council*
- 19 November 2003** History of the Essex Police  
*Speaker from the Essex Police Museum*  
*Annual General Meeting of the Society*