



Josselin Journal

Issue 71 | January 2024

Josselin Society AGM

14th October 2023

Braintree

This years AGM was held at the White Hart Hotel, Braintree, Essex. We assembled at 11.00 and were greeted by **Derek Joslin** Chairman of the Society. The first order of the day was the voting in of the committee this being as follows:

Richard Joscelyne - President

Brenda Joscelyne - Vice President and committee member

Ben Joscelyne - Vice President and committee member

Derek Joslin - Chairman

Michael Brill - Vice Chairman

Peter Josling - Membership Secretary and Treasurer

Mike Garrick - Journal/Website Editor and committee member

Simon Gladas - Minute Secretary and committee member

John Hines - Committee member

Victoria Baniene - Committee member

Elizabeth Evans - Committee member

Richard Johnston - USA Co-ordinator and committee member

The treasurer **Peter Josling** gave his report which was accepted and it was proposed that the subscription stays at £10 for the year 2023/24 and a new password for accessing the Website be arranged.

Derek Joslin said the Facebook membership had risen to 251. The problem is this is not being reflected in new members, it was

decided to form a Sub- Committee to look into this consisting of **Victoria Baniene, Annie Davies** and **Mike Garrick** they will also looking into a promoting a video to show on Facebook and the world wide web how one can join the Society. This should include a YouTube channel. Perhaps a map can be incorporated showing the locations of members/Facebook users.

Peter Josling will be looking into putting the extensive research he has inherited from Peter Joslin of Morecambe into an order to publish on the website. He also has photocopies of the complete Essex wills, **Victoria Baniene** has taken on the chance to digitise these.

It is proposed that the AGM will now be fixed on second Saturday in September. Next year therefore it will be on Saturday 14 September 2024. Please make a note in your diaries, venue to be advised later.

As to next years social event it was suggested a visit Brooklands Motor Museum. There is a

link with **Ben Joscelyne** through his brother **Brian Joscelyne** whose memorabilia had been donated to the Brooklands Society. Also, we visited here some years ago as deceased member **Arthur L Joslin** (14) worked there on Wellington Bombers. Another suggestion was The Barleylands Craft Museum near Basildon. **Peter Josling** will look into these. The meeting ended and after lunch there was a conversation on various aspects of the Josselin family histories during which **Thomas Davies** and **Ben Joscelyne** discovered they were third cousins and **Annie Davies** third once removed, from **Ben Joscelyne**.

So ended an excellent day enjoyed by all.

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Margaret Joslin 1935 – 2023

We are sad to record the passing of Margaret on the 22nd October 2023 aged 88.

Margaret was born on 6th May 1935 and was the youngest daughter of Jack & Alice Weatherill and grew up on Torrisholme Road, Lancaster. She had a loving relationship with her elder sister Jane, and was very close to her twin brother John throughout their lives. Sadly both her siblings have since passed and she now has gone to join them.

As a young girl, Margaret attended Skerton School in Lancaster and was a diligent student; catching her future husband Peter's eye as a fellow prefect, when they were marshalling the girls and boys into school. Later they would go on to meet on the tennis courts in Ryelands Park, Lancaster in 1950 and form a lasting and loving relationship for the rest of their lives.

After leaving school, Margaret furthered her education at night school, studying typing and shorthand and started as a typist at a firm in Lancaster. Along with Peter she also joined the Royal Observer Corps and worked as a plotter at the Lancaster Control Room while Peter loved spotting different types of aircraft. She remained involved in the Observer Corps until Karen was born in 1962.

Margaret shared many interests with Peter, including a love for music and the arts. They would often see concerts by the Hallé or Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestras whenever they visited the area. Also in the summer of 1957, they embarked on an ambitious trip to Switzerland on Peter's Triumph 350 motorcycle to visit one of Peter's pen friends. This started what was to become a lifelong love of the Swiss countryside and lifestyle.

Margaret and Peter were married on 30 July 1959 at St Luke's Church in Skerton. Sacrificing a honeymoon immediately, they instead used their savings to buy their first house at 36 Scale Hall Lane, Lancaster, where they lived happily until 1978.

Family life started when Karen was born on a very cold day in November 1962 and Andrew was born four years later in September 1966. Margaret threw herself into raising a young family as Peter's photography business took off. She worked at the studio in Dalton Square doing the paperwork, and she took care of the domestic side of their lives, was a great cook and could make a mean Pavlova (to her sister-in-law Joan's recipe of course!)

The young family would go on to have many memorable summer trips to see John, Joan & Mark in Chatsworth and Matlock in Derbyshire, as well as frequent visits to The Cliffs at Heysham to see Mike & Kathleen, Heather & Ruth.

Peter's photography business grew when he landed a large contract in 1976 to do all the Photography at Heysham Power Station, a job which would go on to last over 15 years. As a result, the family moved to Heysham Avenue to a house aptly named 'Sunsets' - from which you could see amazing sunsets across Morecambe Bay most evenings. Margaret was very proud of showing off the view to all visitors and woe betide them if it was a gloomy or wet day they would be told they must come back again when the weather improved! They all loved living there and the walks on the beach with pet dog Sheba.



Once Karen and Andrew were old enough to be left at home, Margaret and Peter embarked on more travels this time with Margaret's brother John and his wife Joan, and they had some great holidays, Chamonix in the French Alps being a firm favourite.

When it came time to retire, Peter & Margaret decided to downsize but wanted somewhere with a similar view of Morecambe Bay and found Marine Court further down the Prom. They had many happy years there and found some true friends, having somewhere they could just lock up and go, they got involved in Family History and the Joslin Society which meant regular trips to Essex which they often tied in with a visit to London to see Andrew & Anna and their three grandchildren Edie, Laurie and Eliza.

When husband Peter died 7 years ago, Margaret lost her rock, and although she managed for the first couple of years with the help of Kevin & Sophie and Heather who called to see her regularly (not least for her legendary milky coffee) - and also with a lot of help from residents of Marine Court- Marjorie who she did her crosswords with on Saturdays, Maureen with whom she had a close bond as they had both lost husbands around the same time, and Andy & Yvonne and little Frankie, Margaret started to struggle with anxiety caused by the onset of dementia, so she moved first to Karens and then to Belmont Care Home, Longridge where she lived out her days. Karen and Andrew could not speak more highly of the care she received at Belmont she enjoyed her tippie of Baileys and a chat in the evenings when Debbie was working, and had a look that said to Jo she didn't want to be dressed by the younger staff (as they just didn't get her desire for being colour coordinated) so Jo would take over, Caitin her girl 'with the stars' and Shelly who shared the last few nights with her, all the staff made a difficult time a little easier for her and for them.

Sadly she departed this world on October 22nd leaving behind a world of love and memories.

Following a Thread (or two)

The idea for this piece came from the story of Rev. **Ralph Josselin's** son Thomas who was apprenticed to a linen draper in London.

My musings began with my second cousin – not on the Josling side – a tailor, still in demand on Savile Row. He and his sister were gratified to learn that not only was our great-grandfather a draper's assistant, but our great-great-grandfather was a tailor from the 1860s until he died in 1907.

I then remembered that my Josling forebears were also involved in linen drapery. James Josling, born in Little Waltham in 1811, did not follow in his father's footsteps as a cooper, but moved to London and married a girl born in the City. He is shown on the censuses as a commercial traveller in drapery and later in 1881, at the age of 69, as a vest maker - too old to travel any more.

His son **James Allison Josling** was a 'shopman' at 20, but soon after married a local girl, **Ann Catherine Stevenson**, who was a needlewoman (working from at least the age of 13). They lived near each other on Mile End Road, but as they and other family members were in the rag trade, working either in shops or at home, it could be that which brought them together.

Ann's father owned a linen draper's shop on the notorious Ratcliffe Highway and my cousin sent me some court records showing that desperate shoplifters often targeted them. It was a very deprived area in the early 1800s.

James Allison moved to Hackney later and opened his own herbalist shop in Goldsmiths Row. Maybe he retained a selection of garments among his pills and potions?

Another Josling I have recently discovered, is my first cousin twice removed, **Henry James Josling**. He was also a manufacturer of ribbons – for the typewriter... It's a pity that that branch of the family was unknown to us (although my father, who wrote legal books and articles, may well have bought Swallow typewriter accessories) as they lived in a big house in Coulsdon which was a much leafier area of Surrey than Sutton where I was brought up. His business had a contract with HMSO according to the 1939 register.

That may be a tenuous link, but this isn't. Going further back even than the vicar of Earl's Colne, I thought of **Ralph Josselin**

(brother of my ancestor Geoffrey) who was twice Lord Mayor of London, and was curious to know which guild he represented, and guess what - he was a member of the Drapers' Company!

Once you start following threads it's difficult to stop.

Elizabeth Evans (nee Josling) 304



Bell, Little Waltham - in 1930

**SALE ALTERED.
TO COOPERS AND OTHERS.
LITTLE WALTHAM.**

**TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,
By Mr. B. Joscelyne,
At the Lion and Lamb Inn, Chelmsford, on Friday, June 5th, 1846, at Four o'Clock in the Afternoon, by Order of the Mortgagee, in One Lot,**

A COPYHOLD ESTATE, consisting of a substantial Messuage, in Two Tenements, with spacious yard, cooperage, and shop, eligibly situate near the Bell Inn, Little Waltham, late belonging to, and in the occupation of, Mr. Samuel Josling, cooper, deceased, and his undertenants.

Further particulars may be had of Messrs. Chalk and Meggy, Solicitors, Chelmsford: or at the Offices of the Auctioneer, Bell Hotel, Chelmsford, and Great Waltham.

The sale of Samuel Josling's Property 2nd June 1846

Challenge

Here is a challenge for the society membership. Can you find the link between these cans of sardines and our family line (if there is one) They are from Portugal and the cans have illustrations from different regions, showing what Portugal has to offer most.



JOCELYNS IN BARBADOS IN THE 1700s

While looking for something else (often a productive research “strategy”!), I noticed some Jocelyns listed in records for Barbados in the eighteenth century.

Presented below is a compiled account of these Jocelyns from some of the standard published Barbados baptisms, marriages, and cemetery inscriptions—all for St. Michael, the parish in which is located the island’s capital, Bridgetown—and supplemented with some other sources. No record of these Jocelyns in the 1700s was found in Barbados beyond the burial of **Bond Jocelyn** in 1770 and with no obvious connection to Jocelyns in Barbados in the nineteenth century.

There are two clues to the origins of these Barbados Jocelyns, presented below. First, **Robert Jocelyn**, born in 1725, is claimed to be descended “in the same degree of kindred with the **Earl of Roden**, from **Sir Robert Jocelyn, 1st bart.** of Hyde Hall, Herts.,” although another source for this Robert (1725) claims he was born in Stanstead Bury, Hertfordshire, where no Jocelyns were found to be living around that time. Second, this Robert’s brother, **Bond Jocelyn**, born in 1727 [N.S.], was named as a “Friend” in the 1762 [N.S.] will of John “Joyslin” “otherwise Jocelyn,” then a mariner at sea. Richard Povey lists this John in an online account, “Richard and Margaret Povey of Jersey, Channel Islands,” <<http://rtpovey.homeip.net/familytree/index.html>>, as son of George and Catherine (Wythens) Jocelyn and grandson of Robert and Jane (Strange) Jocelyn, the latter also ancestors of the Earl of Roden. Other sources indicate John, son of George and Catherine, was a major in the army (*Burkes’ Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Peerage Baronetage & Knightage*, ed. L. G. Pine [London: Burke’s Peerage, 1956], 1403), which leaves some doubt he was the mariner.

Perhaps someone will be able to hook up these Jocelyns with England or maybe elsewhere; the name Robert, however, is not found among early American Josselyns.

ROBERT JOCELYN, Esqr., was born probably about 1698, if he was about twenty-five when his first recorded child was born, and perhaps the son of **Robert Jocelyn**, who was buried in Barbados 6 June 1713, suggesting an earlier generation born in the 1670s or earlier. Robert Esqr. died 1 November 1752. He married (1) probably in the early 1720s (birth of first child), **ELIZABETH BOND**, daughter perhaps of **Francis Bond**. Elizabeth died evidently before 19 October 1738, when Robert married (2) **JANE (—) BISHOP**, widow. Robert apparently left a will, which may have been recorded in Barbados but not pursued for this article. On 22 July 1754, Jane Jocelyn of St. Michael’s Parish, widow, made her will, referring to the will of “my late husband **Robert Jocelyn Esquire**” by which he had bequeathed her all his estate “upon Trust” to pay his debts and divide the remainder among his children **Robert Jocelyn, Mary Bishop, Sarah Kleinhoff, and Bond Jocelyn**. Jane was named as executor “my Son William Bishop,” husband of

Mary; mentioned her grandchildren Robert and Jane Bishop; and identified **Sarah Kleinhoff’s** husband as John. The will was proved on 21st Oct. 1754 (PCC, PROB 11/811, ff. 181–82, TNA).

Apparently, Robert was a Lieutenant-Colonel (see below), but confirmation has not been found. As **Robert Jocelin**, he was one of the godparents of Susannah, daughter of Richard and Hannah [Lindow?], born on 9th Dec. 1722, and baptized 17th July 1723. Robert Joselyn witnessed the 1719 will of Percivall Ludgate, “chirurgion,” and, as Robert Jocelin, the 1727 will of Francis Lee, gentleman, both testators of St. Michael’s Parish. Further research is needed to uncover any possible kinships with these other persons.

Children, bp. Barbados:

- i **MARY JOCELYN**, b. 15th, bp. 25th Feb. 1722/3 (“Jocelin”); godparents: Mr. Joseph Hannis, Mrs. Elizabeth Bentley, and said Eliza Jocelin [mother]; m. 24th Jan. 1745/6, Mr. **WILLIAM BISHOP**, son of — and Jane (—), the latter who became the second wife of Mary Jocelyn’s father in 1738.

Children:

- 1 **ROBERT BISHOP**, b./bp. not found; living July 1754.
- 2 **JANE BISHOP**, b. 18th Nov., bp. 23rd Dec. 1749; living July 1754.
- 3 **WILLIAM BISHOP**, b. 27th April, bp. 1st Oct. 1752; d. apparently, before 22nd July 1754, when not named in his grandmother’s will.

- ii **ROBERT JOCELYN**, b. 3rd, bp. 11th Nov. 1725; godparents: **Col. Francis Bond, Capt. Robert Burnett, and Madm. Isabella Cryer**; evidently the naval captain of Stanstead Bury House, Herts., who d. 7th June 1806, bur. Stanstead Abbots, Herts., 16th July, aged 81; of Walcot, co. Somerset, when m. there (by lic.) in the Chapel in Queen’s Square 13th Nov. 1776, **Elizabeth Salusbury** of St. Michael’s Parish, City of Bath (Register of Banns and Marriages, Chapel in Queen’s Square, Parish of Wolcot, Somerset, 2:34, #132), b. 20th June 1742, d. Stanstead Bury 11th, bur. Stanstead Abbots 21th April 1817, aged 75, dau. of John and Margaret (Wynne) Salusbury (Gill. Jones and Ann Morgan, “Plas Onn, Llangernyw, Abergele LL22 8RP,” *Discovering Old Welsh Homes* [2017], 32, online at <<http://discoveringoldwelshhouses.co.uk/library/Publications/PlasOnn.pdf>>, claiming Capt. Jocelyn was b. Stanstead Bury 1724, but no Jocelyns seem to have lived there in the 1720s), and whose will of 5th April 1806 was proved in London 2nd Aug. 1806, in which he named his wife, Elizabeth, and three children (Capt. Robt. Jocelyn Esquire PCC will, PROB 11/1447/133, ff. 407–8, TNA). In her will of 2nd July

1812, proved London 6th May 1817, Elizabeth Jocelyn, of Stansted Bury, Parish of Stansted Abbots, widow of the late **Capt. Robt. Jocelyn** of the Royal Navy, named daughters **Sophia Jocelyn** and **Caroline Mary Foulkes** (wife of Lt.-Col. Foulkes of the Royal Denbigh Regt.) and son **Robert Salusbury Jocelyn** (PCC will, PROB 11/1592, ff. 191–92). “Capt. [Robert] Jocelyn, a very gallant and highly distinguished naval commander, was the son of Lieut.-Col. Jocelyn, of Barbados, and was descended, in the same degree of kindred with the Earl of Roden, from Sir Robert Jocelyn, 1st Bart. of Hyde Hall, Herts.” (Bernard Burke, *A Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Landed Gentry of Great Britain & Ireland* [London: Harrison, Pall Mall, 1879], 590).

Children, bp. Sawbridgeworth, Herts. (parish registers; “Plas Onn,” p. 33):

1 **SOPHIA JOCELYN**, b. 30th Aug., bp. 7th Sept. (privately), 2nd Oct. 1777 (publicly); of 7 Upper Church St., Walcot, when d. 8th, bur. Bath Abby, 14th Jan. 1853, aged 75 (St. Peter & St. Paul burials, p. 193, #1540; memorial #198536165, <findagrave.com>).

2 **CAROLINE MARY JOCELYN**, b. 3rd, bp. 11th April (privately), 1th May 1779 (publicly); d. 25th April 1854; m. (by lic.) Stanstead Abbots 8th Jan. 1810 (witnessed by Sophia and Robt. S. Jocelyn), John Powell Foulkes, Esq., J.P. and D.L., of Eriviat, Lt.-Col. of the Royal Denbigh Militia, 1770–1826 (Burke, *Genealogical and Heraldic Hist. Landed Gentry*, 590).

3 **ROBERT SALUSBURY JOCELYN**, b. 18th, bp. 25th May (privately), 25th July (publicly) 1780; d. 29th April, bur. Stanstead Abbots, Herts., 9th May 1831, aged 50 (burials, 1813–1901, p. 39, #310), capt. in 58th Foot Regt.

4 **JOHN STRANGE JOCELYN**, bp. 28th Sept. 1783; d. Battle of Alexandria, Egypt, 21th March 1801 in 18th yr., lt. in 58th Foot Regt.

iii **BOND JOCELYN**, b. 23rd Feb., bp. 10th March 1726/7 (“Jocelin”); godparents: Maj. Otho Leonard Lockman, Mr William Holford, and Mrs. Barbara Bond; bur. 30th May 1770. (Barbara Bond was evidently Barbara Yeamans, a spinster, who m. Francis Bond, Esq., 1st Feb. 1723[4?], and therefore probably Bond Jocelyn’s stepgrandmother.) In 1761, Bond Jocelyn’s name was on a “list of the Captains of the ten independent companies, raised in the island of Barbados, for the expedition against Martinico” (*The London Chronicle*, 17–19th Dec. 1761, p. 1, col. 3).

By his will of 5th Jan. 1761, proved 4th March 1766, John “Joyslin_[r] mariner on board his Majesty’s Sloop Barbados_[r] John Bagster Esquire Commander_[r] now at Sea,” left his estate to “my dear and loving

Friend Bond Jocelyn Gentleman of the Island of Barbados” (PCC will, PROB 11/917/24, f. 72, TNA, showing in the margin “John Joyslin otherwise Jocelyn”).

iv **SARAH JOCELYN**, b. 7th March 1727/8, bp. 11th April 1728; no godparents recorded; m. 14th Feb. 1753, **JOHN KLEINHOFF**, who was bur. 4th March 1767.

Children:

1 **SARAH KLEINHOFF**, b. 14th Feb., bp. 13th March 1753 (“Kleenhof”); d. probably before Feb. 1755.

2 **SARAH ELIZABETH KLEINHOFF**, b. 10th Feb., bp. 4th March 1755.

3 **SOPHIA KLEINHOFF**, b. 9th Jan., bp. 9th Feb. 1758 (“Klienhoff”).

4 **PETER KLEINHOFF**, b. [blank], bp. 16th May 1760 (“Clineoff”).

5 **GEORGE KLEINHOFF**, bp. 24th Aug. 1762 (“Clyneoff”).

6 **JOHN JOCELYN KLEINHOFF**, b. 19th Sept. 1765, bp. 12th Feb. 1769 (“Kleinhoof”).

References for Barbados records:

Joanne McCree Sanders, comp. and ed., *Barbados Records[:] Marriages 1643–1800*, 2 vols. (Houston, Tex.: Sanders Historical Publications, 1982), 1:162, 177, 192. **ETC.**

Joanne McCree Sanders, comp. and ed., *Barbados Records[:] Baptisms 1637–1800* (Baltimore: Genealogical Publishing Co., Inc., 1984), 70, 71, 77, 83, 86. **ETC.**

Vere Langford Oliver, *The Monumental Inscriptions in the Churches and Churchyards of the Island of Barbados, British West Indies* (San Bernardino and Glendale, Calif.: The Borgo Press/The Sidewinder Press, 1989), 88.

Joanne Mcrec/McRee Sanders, *Barbados Wills and Administrations, Volume III, 1701–1725* (Houston, Tex.: Sanders Historical Publications, 1981), 217.

James C. Brandow, comp., *Genealogies of Barbados Families* (Baltimore, Md.: Genealogical Publishing Co., 1983), 382–83. **ETC.**

Barbados Parochial Registers, Series A, 1637–1850 (Anglican), microfilm (Salt Lake City, Utah: Genealogical Society of Utah, 1878); digitized images on FamilySearch.com.

NO PAGINATION?

The author thanks for the Earl of Roden and Ben Joscelyne their review and assistance

[revised 1 July 2023]

Roger D. Joslyn, CG, FASG

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The Josselin Society (Joslin, Joscelyne, Joslyn, Josselyn, Josling, Jocelyn)

www.facebook.com/groups/thejosselinsociety/



JOSLING'S GRAPE

I found the following piece in The Journal of the Horticultural Society of London. Volume 1 which was published for the society, by Longman and Co. Paternoster Row in 1846

Robert Josling was my great-grandfather. I do find it interesting reading the reply to the Society from him is like hearing an ancestor talk. The rest is self-explanatory.

"It is but seldom that a Seedling Grape is obtained which can be recommended in preference to those varieties that have been long in cultivation; and still more rarely do seedlings possess any of that peculiarly rich flavour which characterizes the Muscats of Alexandria and the Frontignans. A grape having the high qualities of those just mentioned, and not liable to shank and shrivel, as every gardener is aware the Frontignans are too apt to do, must be a great acquisition; and such the seedling which forms the subject of this notice will undoubtedly prove. It was raised by Mr. Robert Josling, Seedsman, &c., St. Albans, from seed sown about six years ago; and a notice of its fruit appeared in the Gardener's Chronicle, 1845, page 660, as being excellent, rich and sugary, with a Frontignan flavour; and that the variety was deserving of extensive cultivation. This year fruit of it was exhibited at the Meeting of the Society in Regent Street, September 1st, for which a Certificate of Merit was awarded. The bunch, supported by a strong footstalk, is very long and tapering, with strong diverging shoulders. The berries are about the size of those of the White Frontignan, round, greenish-white, acquiring a tinge of golden-yellow when well ripened. Flesh rather firmer than that of the Frontignan Grapes, but not so firm as that of the Muscat of Alexandria, very rich and sugary, with a Frontignan flavour. The leaves, in their general outline, are tolerably round, their lobes not deep, but the serratures are tolerably sharp; both the upper and under surfaces are remarkably glabrous. The footstalks are long, glabrous, and slightly tinged with red. On the whole, the leaves bear considerable resemblance to those of the White Muscat of Alexandria; the berries, however, sweetmeat-like; when ripe it assumes a dark-gold colour. The berries have their pedicels well extended so that much thinning is not required. With regard to the foliage, on first breaking it has not that white mealy appearance which the Frontignans have; it more resembles the Black Hamburgh in all its habits of growth. In ripening this variety is rather later than the Frontignan, and has not shanked with me, nor shrivelled in the berry, as does the Frontignan. I have grown thirty rafters of grapes in three houses, of the leading kinds, within the last sixteen years, and I can assert that it is decidedly distinct from any that I grow. Its habit of growth is strong and robust, and altogether I consider it a valuable variety. In this opinion, I concur."

By 1847 the news of the Josling Grape had reached the USA and was published in the following Magazine, interestingly it gives a description from Robert Josling how it was first grown, which I have highlighted in bold.



XLIV. Notice of a New Grape called Josling's St. Alban's.
By Mr. Robert Thompson, Superintendent of the Orchard and Kitchen Garden

The Magazine Horticulture, Botany and all useful Discoveries and Improvements in Rural Affairs. Vol. xi i i., 18 4 7. (vol. iii., new series.) Edited by C. M. Hovey. Boston: published by Hovey and co, Merchants Row.1847

*"Josling's St. Alban's. This is a new seedling grape, described by Mr. Thompson, in the last number of the Journal of the London Horticultural Society. It was raised by Mr. Josling, seedsman, &c., St. Albans, about six years ago. The last season, fruit of it was exhibited before the London Horticultural Society, September 1st, and a certificate of merit was awarded. The bunch, supported by a strong footstalk, is very long and tapering, with strong diverging shoulders. The berries are about the size of the White Frontignan, round, greenish white, acquiring a tinge of yellow, when well ripened. Flesh is rather firmer than that of the Frontignan grapes, but not so firm as that of the Muscat of Alexandria, very rich and sugary, with a Frontignan flavor. The leaves in their general outline are tolerably round, their lobes not deep, but the serratures are tolerably sharp; both the upper and undersurfaces are remarkably glabrous, and slightly tinged with red. On the whole, the leaves bear considerable resemblance to that of the White Muscat of Alexandria; the berries, however, differ in being decidedly round, like those of the Frontignans; but the leaves of the latter are not glabrous, being furnished with bristly hair, at and near the axils of the veins beneath. It is perfectly distinct from any other variety known. **Mr. Josling states, that about six years ago he sowed seeds of several kinds of grapes, which had been disfigured by wasps, among which were the White Muscat, White Nice, White Muscadine, and White Sweetwater. The seeds were gathered promiscuously, but he thinks it is between the White Muscat and White Nice, as they grew side by side. It differs most distinctly from the White Frontignan, from the time of showing the fruit, until, and when, ripe. In showing its fruit, the branches are very long on amazingly stout footstalks, which start diagonally from the vine, in a manner very***

different from any I grow. At this stage, they are very conspicuous throughout the house. After this the berries assume a dark green colour, the Frontignan is of a pale green ; it shoulders, the Frontignan does not; the bunch tapers to a point, the Frontignan is more cylindrical; the footstalk throughout the bunch is very stiff, the Frontignan hangs loosely. In flavour, it approaches the Frontignan more than any other grape; but even in this respect it differs materially, the berry in the mouth having more substance, and being more sugary and sweetmeat like; when ripe, it assumes a dark gold colour. It does not require much thinning. It is late in ripening and does not shank or shrivel, like the Frontignan. Its habit of growth is strong and robust. Mr. Thompson concurs in the opinion that it is a valuable variety. [This description answers exceedingly well for the Muscat blanc hatif.]”

I wrote to the Royal Horticultural Society and I have received the following reply.

“How interesting that you are a descendant of Robert Josling. I managed to find another book(1912) in the Lindley Library called Vine & Vine Culture by Archibald F Barron VMH which provided more details. It relays the 1845 article, but mentions that the true name of this grape is Chasselas Musque. It also provides a description of the fruit. The true name of this grape is still not fully understood, but it's certainly 19th century, and your great grandfather is definitely bound up in the origins. We do have a plant of Chasselas Musque at Wisley,W20035062 - if you ask at the Garden Library when you come, they can direct you to it.”

Peter Josling (01)

Mini Bio

William Joslin (1807 - 1895)

In the 1841 census aboard WARRIOR Convict Hulk, which was moored offshore at Woolwich, one of the convicts was **William Joslin** aged 33 a labourer who was not born in the county of Kent.

The following report appeared in The Ipswich Journal Saturday 11th July 1840.

William Joslin, 33, was convicted of having broken in and entered the malting of **Mr Thomas Cook**, of Groton and stole about four coombs of malt. He was sentenced to 7 years transportation.

William was born about 1806 in Boxford in Suffolk to **Abraham Joslin** and **Phoebe Banham**. He met **Charlotte Ratcliff** of Kersey, Suffolk and married on 8th April 1831. The couple had nine children, the oldest George being born in 1831 and the youngest Emma in 1854. William's occupation was an agricultural labourer. He was not transported as he was back with his wife in 1843.

"The Warrior" convict-hulk Woolwich is mentioned in The Illustrated London News on 21st February 1846. In fiction, Dickens used one of these notorious prison ships in his novel Great Expectations as the template for the convict-hulk, from which his fictitious character, Abel Magwitch, escaped before he met Pip for the first time in the graveyard

Cornelius Joslin (1853 - 1923)

Cornelius Joslin married **Maria Jarvis** on 25th July 1873 and they had twelve children, but five died before 1911. Cornelius's occupation was a Carman for a miller and corn merchant.

Essex Times 13th November 1889

Cornelius Joslin of Danbury was ordered to send his children to school regularly.

He died on 22nd January 1923 aged 69 in a property in North Street, Southend. Cornelius and his family joined the Peculiar People when they lived in Southend, and in the Chelmsford Chronicle Friday 26th January 1923 the following article appeared:

ROCHFORD Peculiar's Death
Mr Cornelius Joslin aged 69, a member of the Peculiar People,
died on Monday at his home in North Street.

Peculiar People was a Christian movement that was an offshoot of the Wesleyans, founded in 1838 in Rochford by **James Ban-yard**.

Merchandise

New merchandise is now available through the society. We have slate coasters and table mats with the society logo on them. These can be personalised so that they have your family names spelling underneath the logo. They are sold as singles, pairs and sets of 4. If you would like a set please contact Peter Josling at Secjossoc@gmail.com



Richard Joslin Bannister 1833-1901

While looking through marriages for the parish of St Mary the Virgin, Kelvedon, I came across the following:

24th May 1858

Richard Joslin Bannister aged 25 Occupation Fellmonger from Chelmsford. Father **Stephen Bannister** Millwright
Harriet Garrard aged 22 Father **John Garrard**, Labourer.

Where had the name Joslin come from?

Stephen Bannister 1794-1856 from Rayleigh, Essex
1841 census

Residence High Street, Chelmsford Occupation Wheelwright
Wife Maria, she was from Moulsham. Children: Stephen 1822, Rhoda 1826, Maria 1830, Richard J 1833, John 1834, Joshua 1835 and Hannah 1840.

1851 census

Residence Moulsham Street, Chelmsford

Stephen Bannister, 57, Millwright born Rayleigh, wife Maria 53 born Moulsham. Children: Richard, 18, a Fellmonger, Joshua, 16, a Brazier and Isaac, 5, a scholar. All the children were born in Moulsham.

Stephen married **Maria Francis** on 25th Dec 1821 St Anne, Limehouse

Next generation back

Stephen Bannister 1766 from Rayleigh.

Looking up a marriage in the parish of Holy Trinity, Rayleigh

22nd September 1789

Stephen Bannister and **Sarah Bruce** by Licence
Witnesses **Richard Joslin** and **Eliza Joslin**

Getting nearer

Going back to the marriage records of the same parish

Richard Joslin married **Elizabeth Bruce** by Licence on 20th September 1787, Holy Trinity, Rayleigh.

I have found a connection so some members can now add this information to their family tree.

I believe that when Elizabeth died, Richard remarried.

Brenda Joscelyne (95)

Love and Furniture

ROMANCE OF 150 YEARS AGO. — Messrs. Henry Joscelyne, furnishers and removal contractors, entertained their staff on Monday in celebration of the 150th anniversary of the founding of the business. The party, which numbered 32, travelled by charabanc to Southend. Mr. L. H. Joscelyne presided at the luncheon, and in giving the toast of "Success to the Firm," referred to the establishment of the business in 1777 by Benjamin Joscelyne, son of Joseph Joscelyne, a baker, of Bocking. There was a romance attached to the founder of the firm, who started in a small way. He fell in love with Mary Lambert, daughter of the then owner of Panfield Hall, and as the match was not favoured by her parents, the young couple went off to London and got married. The bride's father followed, but being met with a fait accompli, resolved to do his best for the couple by assisting to purchase the premises in High Street which are still occupied by the firm. The marriage proved a happy one; 15 children were born to the pair, and Mrs. Benjamin Joscelyne attained the age of 90. Since then the business had passed from eldest son to eldest son. One of the most recent developments was the rebuilding and incorporation into the firm's premises of the corner property formerly the post-office. Reference was made to the approaching marriage of Mr. Hamilton Joscelyne with Miss Connie Kent, of Colchester. Mr. H. J. Warde, manager, and Mr. E. Banham expressed the best wishes of the firm for that happy event, and Mr. S. W. Watsham voiced the thanks of the party for a very enjoyable day.

This article was written in 1927 and subsequently Mary Lambert was the daughter of the owner of Panfield Hall in the next article.

Benjamin Joscelyne and Mary Lambert are Annie Davies (296) 4 x Great Grandparents

Panfield Hall

Literary Notice. The Leicester New Monthly Magazine. April 1854.—The Leicester New Monthly for April contains more than one article which would attract notice serial of a much greater circulation and higher pretensions. Elliot Roscoe has contributed one of his happiest sketches in "Yorkish Leicester." We have also the commencement of a very able and eloquent essay by Mr Hemming Webb, entitled Poetry; its Influence on the Human Mind. The biography of Bishop Hall is continued in a manner highly creditable to the research of its anonymous author. The Haunted House, from the same pen, which has often delighted us, with the Archaeological disquisitions of Mr. Bogle, is one of the most striking and admirably told ghost stories, it has yet been our fortune to encounter. We therefore extract it entirely,



leaving our readers to furnish their own solutions for the mysteries it contains, and for which the writer, well known as a man of unexceptionable honour and veracity, pledges his word, as real occurrences:-

The Leicester New Monthly has made room for several papers relating to "Our Town," which it was hoped might be interesting to the denizens of Leicester. have two stories to tell of il My Own Town," which think worth telling: the first, as a matter for discussion, and, it may be, for incredulity altogether; the second, for doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction.

Call the first story "The Haunted House," and I give. solemn assurance to my readers, that the incidents, about to be related, are strictly and literally true, without reservation, and without exaggeration.

As my second story would lose half its interest without the name of the town, I may as well tell it openly at once: is a name by this time better known, I will venture to say, that any town of its size in England; it is Braintree in Essex.—The Braintree Church-rate case, you know.

Everybody in Braintree knows Panfield; and almost everybody, Panfield Hall: it is an old mansion which has, for ages, been occupied as a Farmhouse; it stands about two miles from the town, and a pleasant walk to it from a back street in the town called Panfield-lane; and the pedestrian soon comes to a stile, which, until lately, led him through a winding lane, shade 1 with trees, and, for its beauty, well deserving the name it once bore— Love Lane;" then over the breezy hills, and so to Panfield Wood, caving which his left hand, the traveller catches sight of the turrets of the old Hall, rising high above the orchard trees. Essex, an arable county; there are few such meadows lie around Leicester, and the walk I have described would be principally through cornfields; but around the Hall itself was a belt of meadow or pasture ground, through which a footpath led up to the garden entrance. Pushing open the 1st cattle gate, and thereby ringing a bell to give notice of a stranger's approach, the visitor would find himself in front of an old turret, some sixty feet high, covered in many places with ivy, within which multitudes of birds had made their abode: over the entrance was a coat of arms, cut in the stone, but so defaced wind and weather, to be completely illegible. Entering the porch, the visitor would find an old oak and iron-studded door, which, if it were shut, he might knock a long time without being heard; but if, as was generally the case, it stood wide open, the wisest course would be to go boldly in, and walk through one long passage after another, till he came out the other end of the house, and found himself in face of the farm-yard, and with plenty people to ask what his business was.

The old Hall itself had been greatly reduced from its original splendour; the turret entrance I have described. The living part of the house was composed of more than the great hall of the mansion, divided into different rooms and floors. It was just like the hall of Leicester Castle; and the apple chambers, which were in the roof, had the great carved old oak beams overhead, still untouched by lath, plaster, or whitewash. The kitchen and other offices were added to the main building when it was turned into a farmhouse. They were modern and Ugly; but. near the turret, some of the old apartments had been left untouched; the walls a yard and a half thick; the windows deeply recessed with heavy stone mullions; and, above all, one chamber, which had served perhaps as a chapel, or oratory, was adorned with rich carving and plaster mouldings of the most grotesque and

elaborate character, this last, however, was never used; indeed, the window had been bricked up; and the visitors who desired to see this curious old chamber, and whose names were duly recorded afterwards on the walls, were fain to make their observations and their mementos by the light of a lantern only.

To cut my description short, however, it was the very place for a Ghost to enjoy himself in, long, dark passages, sounding hollow to the tread, and rooms which were given entirely to owls and starlings.

Forty years ago, it was a real holiday for me to pay a visit to Panfield Hall—whether it was Christmas or Midsummer; in the former, there was bird-nesting at night, with a lantern and net, with which we used to go round to the stacks, and rattle out the unlucky sparrows; then, later in the evening, sitting round the blazing fire in the keeping parlour, telling stories, and enjoying the hearty hospitality of English Farmhouse. the summertime, there was such fruit as I fancy, I have never tasted since—such cherries; such strawberries; and the best of all to a schoolboy, no stint in either: you might go into the old gardens and eat till you were tired —and that was not soon, either, in those days.

But there was one distinction, too, between winter and summer; and that was, that if anyone left the warm bright keeping room, to go into the passage, or especially up into the chambers, there was generally said, half in joke and half earnest, "Take care of the old Silk Woman."

So, when I and the boys of the family were scampering about the house, one would cry, "Here comes the Silk Woman," and away we used to scour through the passages, till we came to where there was light and company. As a child, I never cared to inquire into particulars; it was quite enough, to hear the name of the "Silk Woman," to set all of us urchins on the run; and I, for one, thought that the legs we heard of it the better.

Time rolled on: I grew from an urchin into a youth, and now and then ventured to inquire into the nature and character of the "Silk Woman." I was told generally, that was an old woman who kept about the bouse (no one would say "haunted" it), dressed in very rich silks, who was often heard walking up and down the passages at night and was occasionally seen by someone or another. The Farmhouse had been occupied, I should say, for generations single family; the estate belonged to one of the London Hospitals; and the son succeeded to father in the tenancy of the farm, like the freehold. The old Silk Woman, therefore, had become a sort of domestic Ghost, that was recognized as part of the family—nothing malignant about her, although her room was always better than her company. The seniors of the family avoided talking about her, and the juniors mentioned her name as something indubitably existing, and as giving a little zest to a cruise about the house in the dark.

About thirty years ago, having been absent from home for some time, heard rather more talk than usual, on my return, of the old Silk Woman; how she appeared, on three successive nights, to one of the servants at the hall; and how she and her mistress sought to ascertain its errand. I made some inquiries about it and heard the following story from the lips of the mistress. I again repeat that I narrate it exactly as heard it.



The person to whom the Silk Woman chose to make her appearance was servant, who had lived in the family for many years, and was, of course, well aware of the household tradition. She appeared one morning so pale and dispirited that her mistress inquired the reason, and received for answer that she had seen the Silk Woman: this was so much a matter of course, that little else was said, except a few words of encouragement and an

exhortation not to mind it. A day or two afterwards, the same appearance of mental suffering gave occasion for the same explanation; and a day or two later, the servant begged her mistress to hear what had occurred. She described the Silk Woman as appearing to her in a dream, and bidding her rise: she refused, however, to do so, and the apparition left her. At the second visit, she was more urgent; but disappeared on the servant's repeated refusal. The third time (I tell the tale as I heard it) the third time, the old Silk Woman twisted her fingers in the servant's hair, saying, "You old fule, I can make nothing o' ye; get up, do:" upon which, the servant seemed to get her sleep and follow her down one of the long passages, till at a certain spot the apparition stamped upon the floor, and said, Dig here;" and so disappeared. The servant woke in a state of intense alarm, and, she declared, with her hair sore from the old woman's pulling it. Her mistress listened with eagerness and being stout, resolute

dame, determined to take the spectre at its word and have a dig. She desired her servant to keep the matter secret, but to hide a couple of shovels in the malt office used by; and that on the following Sunday, when the house was clear, they two would try to unravel the mystery. The day came all were gone to church or meeting; not a soul in the house but themselves. "With beating hearts, I dare say, but with plenty pluck, these two women fastened the doors, took up the bricks with which the passage was paved, and began to dig. The soil was soft and sandy, and the two women soon made a deep hole. They dug away lustily, until one of them, driving the spade deeply into the soil, felt it strike upon a chest, which sounded hollow the blow. The two women looked at each other; they had found something sure enough; but who knew what horrible discovery was at hand, it might be a coffin "perhaps the old woman's coffin." In an instant, as a simultaneous impulse, each commenced filling up the hole; which was done, an informant told me, "in no time." They carefully replaced the bricks, sanded the floor to hide all traces of their work, and anxiously awaited the return of the men folk, neither daring to be away from the other.

But did you never ascertain what was there? I asked. "Never," she replied; and during her husband's life said nothing of what had happened; for he, on his return home, instantly remarked what had been done; and without making any inquiry into the why or wherefore, said, "Mistress! I see what you've been after. Don't do that again, that's all." And from that day till the day of his death, he never opened his lips again on the subject, nor was any further search ever attempted.

Time rolled on, and I became man, leaving Braintree as a place of abode altogether, and fixing my residence many miles away. I always retained a fond remembrance of the old Hall; and not the less so, since one sisters had, by her marriage, become its mistress: my visits there were however, few and far between, until a very severe illness compelled me, for a time, to abandon all work, and try what perfect rest and quiet would do in the way of restoration. No place seemed better for the purpose than the old Hall, and there I took my abode for several weeks. As a boy, I had, when sleeping there, been placed in any little out-of-the-way room, with a lad of my own age; but now, as an invalid, and, as it happened, a married man, the best chamber was assigned to me: it was a stately old room its proportions, close to the decayed chapel I have mentioned, and never used save as a guest chamber. My wife, who shared it with me, had never slept in the house before, knew nothing of its traditions, and had never heard of •such a being the Silk Woman. I was far too ill to trouble either her or about it. It was no preoccupied imagination, therefore, that induced her to wake me up one night, and, ill as I was, compelled me to speak to her; telling me that there were such strange noises in the chamber as if something were moving about. I was, I have mentioned, too ill to take much notice; but soothed her as well as I could; and the night passed away. The next morning, she described what had happened: something appeared to be moving about the room, making as she described, a waving sound, of wings or of full rustling garments; every now and then, too darkness came between her and the night light, as if some object had intervened, and at last, the light suddenly went out: then she awoke me, I have already told. My sister treated the story lightly, imputing the rustling sound of pigeons in the turret, and so the thing passed off. After this, my wife was frequently disturbed by a person apparently walking about the passage and remarked to her sister that the servants were up late in the house. The reply was, that the whole household was, in bed long before the hour mentioned; and not only so, but that no person had any business in that part of the house. My wife, however, took little notice of the fact of being in a strange house: and when the footsteps were heard outside our door, as was frequently the case, merely remarked, "How late they are up tonight.

I have mentioned these circumstances with reference to what follows, and to show that no alarm had been produced in my wife's mind, a few weeks afterwards, she and her sister, with two of their children, went into the chamber one night to try to see any fireworks Braintree. It was the 5th of November. The two ladies were standing in the huge old window seat, each with a little child in her arms. The room was dark, and suddenly my wife felt, as it were, her dress moved, as if some person had brushed close to her: my wife felt the contact at her shoulders as well as the lower part of her dress, and the motion was the contrary direction from my sister; but my wife, still thinking that it was her, called out, "What?" My sister her turn said, "What?" My wife said, "Didn't you touch me just now". "No," was the answer; " I have not moved." My wife, anxious not to alarm the children, said no more; but both ladies gave up looking at the fireworks, and got back into the light as quickly they could.

It may be said that this was all imagination. Possibly, but even allowing for some feeling of nervousness in the night, there were four people in a room at once, going there for a specific object, laughing, and talking together: suddenly one of them, who never even heard of the tradition, actually has the feeling of contact with such a being that described as the Silk Woman. My wife describes it as if a person, dressed in full garments, had passed close to her, and her own dress was caught by that of the person passing by.

A year or two later, a younger sister of mine was, with a friend, sleeping in this same chamber: both were girls in full health and spirits, and they talked together cheerfully and merrily, without the least reference to anything superstitious, until one of them

fell asleep; the other, my sister, lay awake, but perfectly tranquil and fearless. Suddenly she saw the shadow of a figure on the wall and ceiling, but took little notice of it, supposing it to be one of the shadows of the rushlight. The shadow, however, changed its place, as if produced by some moving thing. She raised herself in bed to look at it; and thus perfectly awake, and even sitting up in bed, saw, as she declared, and as she declares to me while I am writing this, the figure of an old woman, dressed in ancient silk and padded garments. My sister noticed the fullness of her dress, appearing like quilted silk, but especially the length of her sleeves: they seemed formed of stiff silk, extending from the shoulder far below the elbow. My sister looked steadily at this figure as it moved about the room. At length, approached the bed, and stood, for a moment, looking at the rushlight. My sister's nerves now gave way. With a loud scream, she awakened her companion, telling her what she had seen. The latter soothed her as well she could, but I fancy neither cared to sleep in that room again.

This was, of course, all imagination; but what shall we call the following

Nine years ago my sister had become a widow but still resided at the old Hall with her late husband's brother, who had been, with him, co-tenant of the farm. This gentleman had the misfortune to break his leg and was confined, for some weeks, to his room. He was attended during the night by one of the farm servants, whose business it was to sit up with his master. He (the servant) used to complain first of being disturbed, during the night, by footsteps constantly pacing and down the

passage; but, as his master treated it as all nonsense, and would not hear of it, the servant wisely held his tongue. One night, however, the master himself was disturbed by the sound of feet, and desired the man to see who it was; the latter knew the sound well enough and told his master that it was—"the steps." The latter became very angry, insisted that there was someone in the house, and desired the servant to ascertain who was. The latter obeyed; and searched the house, but all was still and quiet. Presently the steps began again. The men kept the door open, but still, nothing could be found explanatory. The walk continued for a long time; —step, step, step, in measured tread, past the open door, with these two men listening to it. Now how shall we explain this, the same footsteps my wife had heard several years before; but content with her belief that it was the household servants, thought nothing of them. Here is the same ghostly walk repeated, not to a nervous woman's ears, but to two men, neither of them timorous or superstitious.

Such is my tale of Haunted House. I cannot explain the matter; I simply narrate the facts. They are literally true as I have described them. The last occurrence took place in the year 1845. The tradition of the house had gone back for at least a century.

The family I have referred to have now quitted the old Hall forever. The youngest branches are striking their roots deeply and successfully into Australian earth. They may, and trust will long flourish there; but happen what may, the traditions of their English home will long linger amongst them; and the story I have told will, I venture to say, be often repeated" under the vines and fig trees of Australia.

Josselin.org.uk

The website is now active! With help from various members, we now have a newly updated website with all new content. Everything from all of the previous journals to society publications is now available to view on the site and download.

Each year once you have paid your subscription you will be sent the password to the member's area.

We have a few pages that we are still working on content for so check back regularly

If you have any other suggestions for Articles you would like to see us run or any suggestions for Society visits, please get in touch. I hope you enjoy this Journal.

Thank you

Thank you to all those that contributed to this edition. I look forward to receiving your articles for the next edition. Please send them to:

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The views expressed in the articles published in this Journal are those of the individuals concerned and in no way reflect those of the Josselin Society in general.