

## J T Hedley's Long Journey

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*A Record of the Times the Collieries were Commenced  
The present position of Croxdale, Tudhoe Colliery, Tudhoe Grange; and the position of the  
Miners.*

*James Thompson Hedley*

James was a yeast merchant and he travelled to Tudhoe and Spennymoor six days per week for thirty years selling yeast.

For more information about James and his family go to our website and look for Requests for Information - April 2020.

Website: <http://www.durhamweb.org.uk/tslhs/>

J. T. HEDLEY'S  
**LONG JOURNEY,**

DURING A

**PERIOD OF THIRTY YEARS,**

FROM

**DURHAM TO OTHER LOCAL TOWNS,**

SHOWING THE

**GREAT DISTANCE TRAVERSED,**

AND THE

**WEIGHT OF BURDEN CARRIED,**

With observations on the rise, progress, and present state of  
Villages and Collierys, risen into existence in the period  
of Thirty Years; and the Miner's position.

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SPENNYMOOR :

J. W. Wetherell, Printer and Bill Poster, Top of Catherine Street,

## INTRODUCTION.

God, in creating man, for the various avocations which he has to occupy to gain his daily bread, endowed him with such physical powers as was required, mentally and physically. Although the present generation has greatly deteriorated from the original perfection in which our ancestry was born, by a regular decadence, from the effects of their sensual gratification and ebriety, so that the constitutional powers of the present generation, is fatal in such circumstances. There is another cause or causes, we may mention, that has had an equal effect upon our constitution, namely: our class of men who are confined in factories, ironworks, mines, needle works, white lead works, and all who have to be subjected to sedentary occupation, who are never under the salutary influence of fresh air, but ever and anon exposed to the fumes of a noxious atmosphere, whose tendency imperceptably undermines the most healthy constitutions, and entails upon their succeeding posterity its detrimental effects. The husbandman, on the other hand, with his ruddy cheeks and healthy appearance, enjoys the luxury of fresh air, which entails upon him the benefit of a long life. Such is man's physical position. But what are his mental position and intellectual faculties? We see the same variety in his mental intelligence as in a healthy physical constitution; inasmuch, as many men have great talents, but never improve them but let them lie dormant in the dormant degenerate soul, and thus bring no fruit to perfection, intellectually or spiritually, as the talent in the napkin. Men who pass through the world in this state, who are responsible to God for their actions. We say of such men, it would have been better for them if they had never been born, than abuse the talents, and the precious time of their lives in despising the invaluable gifts God has so mercifully given them. It is to be deeply regretted, that three parts of our human race are at this day thus passing their lives away.



But on the other hand, we are glad to state, that one-fourth of our race to-day are cultivating their talents and improving their time, for the benefit of their own souls salvation, and the spiritual benefit of their fellow men, thus accomplishing the great end and purpose of God with all his soul and strength, and his brother neighbour as himself. This is God's command and law, its breath, and length; and if all men obey this law, mutual love to God, and God to man, and man to man, would prevail over every law.

If this had been obeyed from the beginning,  
And men had not fallen into sinning,  
We would at this our day have seen,  
Our world present another scene.

This not being so – man has alienated his affections from the love he should ever bear to his needy fellow man, and instead of treating him as a needy brother in distress shuns his presence, and denies his own bloods brotherhood; we see this every day exemplified, in the satanic pride and selfish ambition generate in degenerate men of the world. If man loved his fellow brother as himself ( as he is commanded to do ) he would treat him in need.

“ As if he himself was in the same stead,  
And with a brother's love on him bestow;  
The equal right, to him did owe,  
But the God of this world, intervenes between  
Each brother's love; to love each other is  
every day seen”

This duty of man to God; and man to man, I have endeavoured to show in the following pages. In the brief history of my progress, on the chequered journey of my life; and shown what man can accomplish physically and intellectually in this life; and if such powers are directed in the narrow path of righteousness designed, and commanded by God, man will accomplish the great end for which God created him

3.

*Observation on the physical, intellectual and spiritual constitution of Man & J. T. Hedley's Long Journey from Durham to other local Towns, during a period of Thirty Years, showing the distance travelled and the Weight of Burden Carried.*

Man, - what is man? --- or what is he?  
By God created, his use to be,  
Superior to all other, animate creature he,  
By intellectual powers, to a high degree,  
And by such powers, we cannot fail to see,  
By his acts of virtue; - or of evil, his responsibility,  
To the great I am, as Christ said,  
In the parable of Talents, the produce made,  
Yea, if we had no more information than this,  
Its ample evidence to show what our duty is,  
And we believe by this superior power,  
Invested in man, is given the power,  
To have dominion over all minor animate existence,  
As God originally decreed, his superior pre-eminence,  
This favour to the human race, above the minor,  
We know has been in all ages, to us prior,  
Such being the virtues of man's intellectual powers,  
But what are the gifts of his physical powers?  
We know men of various constitutions be,  
As physically descended from their ancestry,  
Some are weak, some are strong, for all their hereditary,  
As was the sensual gratifications and inebriety,  
Of their ancestors, who we say,  
Some are weak, some are strong, as they did lay,  
Their physical constitutions in their day,  
And so our present constitutional generation to-day,  
Is fatal to what our ancestors did for us lay,  
Such being our favoured intellectual powers,  
But was not man made, for a higher state than this?  
Of moral intellectual power, and physical usefulness,  
O, yes, - The power of possessing a regenerate soul,  
To counteract evil, and have control,  
Over his physical and intellectual constitution,  
And keep him from this wicked world's pollution,  
That he might live beyond the grave.

If he will ( for he has the will ) his soul save,  
 But if not , what will his end be ?  
 Christ says " Eternal death and misery ",  
 Eternal death to his soul, for he,  
 The new birth of the soul can't see,  
 For his human race does run, to ne'er shun,  
 The evils of this world, and end it as begun,  
 O, sad, sad its to relate, man destined to such fate,  
 For if man in his life's day, would be enter the straight  
 gate,  
 Before its to late, death seals his fate,  
 The he'd attain his glorious end,  
 For which God in his creation did intend,  
 He should attain, and ever with him be,  
 Throughout the endless ages of eternity,  
 Such is man, and man to God,  
 Responsible to God, created by God,  
 Now in making these preliminary observation,  
 Is to show the powers of our physical operations,  
 And in verifying such, I'll try to show,  
 What are my own physical powers I know,  
 Now in reviewing my chequered life of seventy years,  
 I see three divisions in my life appears,  
 My youth, my middle, and my old age,  
 And in each stage, a varied course did wage,  
 For in youth and middle age, I did pursue,  
 A menial and business life amidst troubles not a few,  
 Troubles, I say, yet many troubles were they,  
 That beset my path in this life's chequered way,  
 But what are troubles to the man ?  
 Who has the grace of God and can,  
 Resign to God, his fates that be,  
 Sent to bring him near to God, by such chastenty,  
 For God, in his love to man. does e'er portray,  
 His providential favours in this way,  
 And by this grace I bless the day,  
 I was twice born to walk a new way,  
 For through its narrow, yet its good  
 For it brings me nearer and nearer to God,  
 This spiritual is God's way,  
 And blessed are they, who on it stay,  
 But the next path I'll now portray,

Is my temporal path in life's day,  
 And as said, in youth and middle age I did pursue,  
 A menial and business course amidst troubles not a few,  
 Which brought me to a good old age,  
 And then another course I'd to engage,  
 A destined course I'd pursue,  
 Amidst verdant fields green, and on roads new,  
 From towns to villages, for the cause,  
 Of vending a commodity, that not was,  
 Before the last sixty years had come to pass,  
 Which like other modern innovations, it was,  
 Now the long path that lay between,  
 The towns, the villages, and meadows green,  
 Extended more than twenty mile away,  
 Which I had to traverse from day to day,  
 Amidst storms, and frosts, and heat, and rain,  
 Of winter and summer, my bread to gain,  
 And on this new path I'll try to show,  
 What on it existed thirty years ago,  
 From Durham to Spennymoor, a distance,  
 Of seven miles, there were but a few houses in  
 existence,  
 And of public houses, there then, was but three,  
 But now, I can count, fifteen to be,  
 Twelve having rose into existence,  
 During thirty years that I've traversed this distance,  
 This seems to me strange the more,  
 Seeing all anterior ages only raised three before,  
 And shows what great progress has been made,  
 During thirty years in the license public trade,  
 While then at Spennymoor there was,  
 Only one-fourth of public-houses that now is,  
 So that the population and houses then,  
 Was small, and soon served, when  
 I to Coundon and Bishop Auckland went,  
 A distance of four miles in extent,  
 These towns served I further went,  
 To Witton-le-Wear fours miles more in extent,  
 And from there, a return course pursue,  
 To Howden and Willington other seven miles due,  
 And from Willington to Durham seven mile more,  
 Making in the aggregate eight miles and one score,

This distance two days a week I went,  
 A distance as said, twenty eight miles in extent,  
 And the other four days in the same week went,  
 A distance of said twenty miles extent,  
 Making in the aggregate, for one week I see,  
 The distance, one hundred and thirty-six miles, be,  
 This accomplished for ten years,  
 And the aggregate distance traversed in ten years,  
 Is Seventy Thousand, Seven Hundred and Twenty,  
 appears,  
 Now, - during this period of ten years there was,  
 An increased population, New Collierys did cause,  
 From Durham to Spennymoor, so lonely once was,  
 There because little towns, that ne'er before was,  
 The names of these towns, I'll try to show,  
 That is rose into existence, while my journey did go,  
 At Croxdale, a viilage, the first I'll record,  
 Possesed few houses, then, take my word,  
 And by the road-side, there then was no more,  
 Than the meagre small number four,  
 But during the last fifteen years, what do we see?  
 Five rows of houses, where none used to be,  
 While with them we may make mention,  
 A neat and connodious Railway Station,  
 And what is more this place to grace,  
 An Episcopal Church and Primitive Chapel has a place,  
 And here there's a colliery where miners pursue,  
 Their precarious avocation, amid dangers not a few,  
 And last, though not least, we there now see,  
 Shops, and three public houses stands majestically,  
 So much for Croxdale, and a Board School by the way,  
 And so further on to the next village we'll portray,  
 Is Tudhoe Colliery, or Black Horse if you please  
 For sometimes it is called both these,  
 But if etymology asserts her claim,  
 Black Horse is its rightful name,  
 Now at Black Horse, when for ten years I passed by,  
 There was but one house, a public house stood by,  
 And round about its varied scene,  
 Where verdant fields of meadow green,



While sweet ambrosial fragrance purified the air,  
 For no noxious coke ovens vapour then was there,  
 But now when we view this varied scene,  
 We see a colliery and coke ovens intervene,  
 Sending their dark volumes of smoke around,  
 Detrimental to health and herbage on the ground,  
 While hundreds of houses in rows now stand,  
 Upon this once beautiful meadow land,  
 And since their erection there's been,  
 A generation born to grace the scene,  
 And more than Croxdale it can boast,  
 Of two chapels, a church, and a greater host,  
 Of worshippers; and there extra be,  
 A band of music to cheer them we see,  
 But of public houses there's three.  
 Two, while at Croxdale there's three,  
 And if Black Horse boasts of more chapels we see,  
 Croxdale can boast of more houses of luxury,  
 And of Board Schools and Reading Rooms we see,  
 They're both equal in this literary degree,  
 And to both their credits, we're proud to say,  
 Their two Board Schools, for elegance of architecture  
 grace the way,  
 The next village or town will shall portray,  
 That stands on the Durham and Spennymoor way,  
 Is Tudhoe Grange, a town we've seen,  
 Rise to existence during thirty years I've on it been,  
 For when I first this road did go,  
 Only one house stood at Tudhoe Grange I know,  
 And like Black Horse there was,  
 Nothing but cultivated fields and meadows,  
 But now if I look, I wondrous see,  
 A town three-quarters-of-a mile long be,  
 Risen into existence, as said in thirty years,  
 With a rising generation born in it appears,  
 And shops of every class and kinds be,  
 Vending their various business's commodity,  
 While their public houses surpassing far,  
 What Croxdale and Black Horse are,  
 For in enumerating them I count,  
 There's just nine in the amount,  
 But of churches and chapels I can't see,  
 So many as at Black Horse be,

Yea, the number is mearge and mean,  
 For there is only two, a Church and Chapel Wesleyan,  
 Bur to counter-balance this I see,  
 A stately architectural Market and Catholic School be,  
 And like Croxdale and Black Horse there be,  
 A new colliery sunk, and alike coke ovens be,  
 At last tho' not least we see,  
 A Mission Hall stand majestically,  
 So much for Tudhoe Grange, I can't say more,  
 That's rapidly rose to existence, that before,  
 The thirty years I traversed the ground,  
 Where only one house here I found,  
 And now we've got to Spennymoor town,  
 Which before thirty years was of little renown,  
 But now this flourishing town can claim,  
 Grand shops of business the same,  
 As any large town of greater antiquity,  
 Equal at least to our Durham city.  
 For Spennymoor now with her environs we see,  
 Has a population equal to Durham city,  
 Now as said before, in ten years there was,  
 An increased population, new collieries did cause,  
 From Durham to Spennymoor so lonely once was  
 That became little towns that ne'er before was,  
 Their names and population I've endeavoured to show,  
 With their architectural buildings and each colliery  
 rows,  
 So it was, - this increased population took all I could do,  
 In physical labour to meet their wants, so  
 That after ten years, I no further went,  
 Than from Durham to Spennymoor, my journey's  
 extent,  
 Which ground when traversed, and other rounds went,  
 Comprise a distance twenty miles in extent,  
 Which in one week, aggregate space you'll see,  
 Amounts a distance of one hundred and twenty,  
 This space in one year, when numbered we see,  
 Is Seventy Thousand, Two Hundred and Forty,  
 And twenty years at this rate when numbered,  
 Is One Hundred and Forty Four Thousand, Eight  
 Hundred,  
 To this add Seventy Thousand, Seventy Hundred and  
 Twenty,  
 Gives a total of Two Hundred and Fifteen Thousand,  
 Five Hundred, and Twenty,

This distance traversed, how great it appears,  
 Which I have accomplished in thirty years,  
 In the eve of my life, it more wonderous be,  
 Seeing I've now reached the age of seventy three,  
 Nor yet do I know how long my journey may be,  
 For I'm still on the road tho' I'm seventy three,  
 But traversing this great distance is not all,  
 For while I have travelled this road thirty years,  
 I've had to carry a burden that appears,  
 Stupendous for a man of my advanced years,  
 As the following just estimate appears,  
 For six days aweek on average I see,  
 I carried seven stones weight of commodity,  
 Which full amount, when reckoned we see,  
 Amount each year to Three Hundred and Sixty Four,  
 And during thirty years I find the,  
 Aggregate amount in just numbers to be,  
 Ten Thousand, Nine Hundred and Twenty,  
 And when divided into Tons, I wonderous see,  
 Amounts to Sixty Eight and a Quarter Tons be,  
 Such then is the distance I've travelled so far,  
 And carried this burden, so great in like par,  
 And what is as wonderful, I may state,  
 Sickness or bad weather ne'er was my fate,  
 To stop one single day on my journey so great,  
 For 'e'er was sustained in a heathly state,  
 But physical health can't always prevent,  
 The fates we're to meet, when by God sent,  
 This I knew, for it came to pass one day,  
 While I pursued my long journey's way,  
 I was conveyed by steam's locomotive power,  
 That it happened in this ill-fated day's hour,  
 A collision occurred, when sad to tell,  
 Two fatal fates two men befel,  
 And I and many others more,  
 Where doomed to injuries great and sore,  
 But in this ordeal I clearly saw,  
 The hand of God, and from it draw,  
 The love of God to me in this ordeal,  
 For since that day, I with more zeal,  
 Took up my cross, and did pursue,  
 A nearer walk with God I deemed due,

While in this ordeal, I likewise saw,  
 I could another lesson profitably draw,  
 Which was that I could not withstand,  
 The predisposed fate of God's hand,  
 For His power is great, all merciful and good,  
 For those he chastises, I then saw and understood,  
 For nothing happens by accident or chance,  
 For God's in all things as time advance,  
 So that by this visitation from on high,  
 I was deterred two months upon my long journey,  
 Yet those injuries did not me deter,  
 From pursuing my journey far,  
 Nor, as said, do I know when its end will be,  
 For I am still on the road although I am Seventy Three,  
 But what's the good of these exploits to me  
 If no better memorial I can raise to be,  
 The benefit of my fellow men, when I,  
 Depart this life, and silent lie,  
 In the dark tomb and there sojourn,  
 Until the glorious resurrection morn,  
 When I shall rise to the blessed life immortal,  
 Rewarded for the good done to my brother mortal,  
 For this great end then may I strive,  
 During the remaining days I've to live,  
 And raise a memorial that's better far,  
 Than all my physical exploits are,  
 That shall stand, when I've passed away,  
 From this vain world to an eternal day,  
 This ambition gratified, is all on earth I crave,  
 While I sojourn on this side of the grave,  
 For my life consisteth not in thee,  
 Worldly wealth I may possessed be,  
 But of the new birth's regeneration,  
 The treasure of my soul's salvation,  
 But what's all the world to me, if I ?,  
 Forfeit my soul to all eternity,  
 Yea, rather let me all worldly wealth deny,  
 Than forfeit my soul, and treasure on high  
 For all is vanity of vanity, here below,  
 A world of empty pleasure, of evil and vain show.

THE MINER'S EQUAL SHARE.

Of the various men that be  
 Destined to labour we now see,  
 A great dissimilarity in their selection,  
 For some for works of due attention  
 Receive for such an annual pension,  
 While others for equal merits claim,  
 An equal right for deeds of fame,  
 Of these we will only mention,  
 The faithful soldier who receives a pension,  
 For his bravery in the battle field,  
 When called to duty ne'er did yield,  
 This is but right but do we see,  
 This bestowed on man, who in no less degree,  
 Are exposed to dangers, as soldiers be,  
 Is not the miner's life every day we see,  
 Placed in the same fate's jepodary,  
 Who for forty years has toiled and laboured severe,  
 In the dark caverns of the mine, in a gaseous  
 atomsphere,  
 To gain a fat living for his master,  
 Who ne'er are exposed to dangers or explosions  
 disaster,  
 Will he for such dangerous labour's attention,  
 At the end of forty years give him a pension ?  
 We trow not, but is he not the same,  
 Entitled to such for his deeds of fame,  
 For what is deeds in dangers less in the mine  
 Than on the field of battle, in battle time,  
 What then is the miners lot to be,  
 After his forty years of abject slavery,?  
 Has he in this time due provision made  
 To keep him in life's evening shade ?  
 We fear few have made this their pension,  
 With their forty years labour, and due attention,  
 Who's reared a family, and had to sustain,  
 Unavoidable expenses from his labours half-paid gain,  
 At this just state of things we say,  
 To the miners of the present day,

Why stand ye idle, and hesitate,  
When you see yourselves in this desperate state,  
Arouse your dormant talents and forward go,  
Put on your armour bright and face the foe,  
You have the power in your own hand,  
For ample capital is at your command,  
Then let all with one consent united be,  
And if you're all faithful you'll gain the victory,  
For the day will soon dawn when you'll be,  
All the owners of your own collieries.

**A RECORD OF THE TIMES THE  
COLLIERIES WERE COMMENCED.**

Having given the account of the rise, progress, and present state of Croxdale, Tudhoe Colliery, or Black Horse rather, and Tudhoe Grange, it may ever be interesting and useful to the miners employed, their wives and children, and children's children, to know and keep the record when each Colliery was sunk, and the exact period when the first coals were drawn. This record I have received from the gentlemen who superintended the sinking of the three Collieries, viz. Croxdale Colliery, Tudhoe Colliery, and Tudhoe Grange Colliery, which is as follows:-

**Tudhoe Colliery, first coals drawn November, 1866**

**Tudhoe Grange Colliery, first coals got on December, 23, 1870.**

**Croxdale Colliery, first coals drawn Sept, 2nd, 1876.**

**The present position of Croxdale, Tudhoe  
Colliery, Tudhoe Grange; and  
the position of the Miners.**

In reviewing the short period since these Collieries were commenced, we see at the present time thousands of men employed upon bank, and below, and tens of thousands of money fortnightly paid, which, in the short time of twenty-four years, have been created, while a populous generation in this time has been born, and I believe, the mining population in the county of Durham, are a class that have attained to as great, if not a greater state of intellectual enlightenment than any other class of working men in England, and when I have considered this, I have often felt aggrieved, that they have not in a proportionate ratio to their superior intelligence, emerged out of their doubly-enslaved thraldom. I say doubly-enslave thraldom, for they are slaves for their masters, and slaves for themselves, and their depending families, for there is no class of working men in England, who are so much exposed to perilius dangers, and harder to work than the miners, and are in every respect the most worthy of all the benefits accruing from their precarious labours. Now they have the power within themselves to deliver themselves from such thraldom, for as a class of working men, there is no class in England, who are of so numerous a body, or have the power of so much capital paid to them, which if they would be wise in their day and generation, they would clearly see that if every miner in England would deny themselves of many things they could do without; yea, better without, and deposit such saving in a Purchase Colliery Fund. They, the miners, would in a short time, become Colliery Owners. This system, if judiciously carried out, the benefits accruing therefrom would be the same as those of any Railway Company or flourishing firm in England but they have been deceived in this by an injudicious mangagement, and thus their cause and fortune was lost.

And I say further, the miners of England are the royal subjects of the Queen, as much as the tenant farmers of Ireland, who according to Lord Ashbourne's Bill are empowered to purchase their own farms at a less amount than their annual amount of rental. If this is granted by Government and by us in England, who have the taxes to pay, for the carrying of this benefit of the farmers of Ireland, to purchase their own farms, has not the miners in England, the subjects of the Queen, and who has to contribute to such expenditure, an equal right to receive from Government, Government-aid to purchase their own collieries. Men I say, who are every day exposed to the most perilous dangers, which should ever excite the sympathy of a christian public.

The eventful day I will believe come, for I believe foreign competition will demand it, when it will take the full benefits of the miners ownership to compete in the foreign markets of competition, which will sooner or later come to pass.

O that the miners could see more clearly these things, and unitedly strive to realize the grand object of **COLLIERY OWNERSHIP**, for the good of themselves, and their dependent families.





**JAMES THOMPSON HEDLEY.**

Born, October, 18<sup>th</sup>, 1818

Showing his likeness, as seen at the youthful age of 19,  
and after periods, as is given in the years of his age at  
67 and 77.

Reminiscences of J. T. Hedley and the Queen.

The period of my life has been,  
Three score years and seventeen ;  
Seven years longer than the allotted span,  
Appointed on earth for mortal man,  
And in Great Britain – in such time I've seen,  
Three Kings reign and one Queen,  
And had I lived fifty-eight years before  
I could not have seen no more,  
For George the III did live to see,  
His auspicious year of Jubilee,  
And ten years longer, was his allotted span,  
Making it sixty years since it began.  
And his successors was to be  
George the IV, and William the IV in pedigree  
And so they were succeeded I did see,  
By Victoria, the first in Royal pedigree,  
In the year eighteen hundred and thirty seven,  
Was the title Queen of England to her given,  
Who's governed well, and lived to see  
Her auspicious year of Jubilee ;  
And still she lives and is adored,  
From the meanest subject to the greatest lord,  
And what's more I've lived to see,  
In my own blood relations pedigree.

( See Photographs overleaf )



**Aged 19 - 1837**



**Aged 67 - 1885**



**Aged 77 - 1895**