

# ACCOUNTS OF THE REVEREND JOHN CRAKANTHROP OF FOWLMERE, 1682-1710 pdf

## 1: Publications - Cambridgeshire Records Society

*Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.*

Subject was executed at Tyburn for his faith. The author spent 20 years attempting to discover whether Edmund belonged to the Campions of Sawston [Cambs] or the related Campions of Witham [Essex]. Save yourself 20 years research and buy this book! Reminiscences of college life. Ex-lib, fep removed, lib stamps. The origins and development of the Trumpington Street area of Cambridge. Uncut, paper covers, F. Original printed paper covers, F unopened copy. Unpaginated, but old photos with captions. A well-thumbed ex-lib copy with remains of label. Ltd ed, of which this is No G but spine worn, torn at top. G and a cleaner copy than above. Silver card covers with red lettering, A5 size, pp inc index, 9 ills. Paper covers enclosing 92pp, many photo-ills, folding street map. An earlier edition of the above with a much better street map. Paper covers detached from booklet. A history from medieval times to the present day. Essentially about Trinity College. Manuscript on single large [approx 27"x23"] parchment sheet, very clean. Folio [leaves are approx 11"x17"], unpaginated, 29 lithographed ills and accompanying text, most of the tissue-guards still present. Edges of first several leaves damp-marked, scattered spotting, mostly affecting margins of final lithograph, small piece missing from leading edge of 1 plate - apparently when ills were stored prior to binding. Very scarce in any condition, and despite the minor faults this remains a VG strong copy in 19th century lib cloth binding. Even the smell is right. Size approx 15"x19", some offsetting, old folds and a few minor marginal tears. It gives details of copyholders going back to , the principal ones being Stanton, Leader, Appleyard, Bridgman, Flack and Merritt, Appleyard being most mentioned. By far the highest contribution was due from Colonel Jeaffreson as he was the biggest landowner. Manuscript on paper, approx 12"x15", watermark, fresh condition. This book contains in printed form the surviving notebooks of the Rev John Crakanthorpe who was rector from to . Two of the notebooks are of harvest accounts, the other of household accounts. Between them they provide a glimpse of life in a fairly typical open field parish at a time when important changes were affecting the English countryside. Manuscript on single parchment sheet, approx 20"x15", 5 holes caused by the parchment having snagged on something sharp affects text in two places but no actual loss of parchment. A convenient size for framing, especially as text is all on one side. Manuscript on single parchment sheet [approx 20"x15"], some foxing but perfectly legible. Ex-Berkshire Record Office, single triangular stamp at foot of title-page, nice clean copy though front cover is detached. Excellent background material in the pp intro to this printed transcript of the return of the 13, persons assessed. One of the fundamental books for Cambridgeshire research, all serious researchers should treat themselves to an early Christmas present and have a copy on the shelf.

## ACCOUNTS OF THE REVEREND JOHN CRAKANTHROP OF FOWLMERE, 1682-1710 pdf

### 2: Carrington - Family History & Genealogy Message Board

*eBook Accounts of the Reverend John Crakanthorp of Fowlmere, (Cambridgeshire Records Society) download | online | audio Name: Accounts of the Reverend John Crakanthorp of Fowlmere, (Cambridgeshire Records Society).*

Carrington Hi I have a book Rev. I noted out of it many years ago the references to the Carringtons there, all of my line. Its hard reading but very useful if your relatives are mentioned. Anne nee Ward Carrington Widow 2nd wife of Athanasius bap 9th Jul received of widdow Carrington for peck of wheate pg 12th Aug received of widdow Carrington for peck of wheate total 4d pg 16th Aug received of widdow Carrington for 2 pecks of wheate pg 11th Sept received of widdow Carrington for half a bushel of wheate pg 11th Jan received of widdow Carrington for wheate pg 3rd Feb received of widdow Carrington for wheate pg 30th Apr received of widdow Carrington for half a bushel of barley pg 2nd Dec received of widdow Carrington for rye a peck pg 11 Dec received of widdow Carrington for rye. Carrington pg 57 28th Mar barley sold to Carrington pg 58 4th Sep rye sold at home for seed to Good: Carrington pg 54 25th Nov half a bushel of rye given to Athan: Carrington pg 26th Apr received of Athan: Carrington for one peck of wheate total 9d. May received of Athan: Carrington for three pecks of rye or miscellaine total 1s. Carrington for a peck wheate 21st May received of Athan: Carrington for a peck wheate total 8d. Carrington for 6 pecks. Carrington for a peck pg 30th Jun received of Athan: Carrington for a peck pg 11th Jul received of Athan: Carrington for 2 pecks of miscellaine of rye total 1s. Carrington for a peck of wheate. Carrington for 2 pecks of wheate, by miller. Carrington for a peck pg 29th Jan received of Athan: Carrington for 2 pecks pg 6th Feb received of Athan: Carrington for 2 pecks pg 5th Mar received of Athan: Carrington for half a bushel of barley pg 26th Mar received of Athanasius Carrington for a peck of barley of the 19 dressing total 6d. Carrington for rye pg 3rd Apr received of Athan: Carrington for rye pg 20th Apr received of Athan: Carrington for barley pg 29th Apr received of Athanasius Carrington for rye pg 4th May received of Athan: Carrington for wheate pg 9th May received of Athan: Carrington for wheate pg 18th May received of Good: Carrington pg 18th May received of Good: Carrington for wheate pg 20th May received of Good: Carrington for barley pg 30th May received of Good: Carrington for rye pg 31st May received of Good: Carrington for wheate pg 4th Jun received of Athan: Carrington for wheate total 1s. Carrington for rye pg 8th Jul received of Athan: Carrington for wheate pg 26th Jul received of Athan. Carrington for a peck. Carrington for rye pg 22nd Feb received item of Athan: Carrington for wheate pg 29th May item for a peck of wheate now received of Athan: Carrington for a deale board of 11ft long total 11s. Carrington for 2 dayes work, at Good: Carrington for 3 dayes work in lopping, hedging, setting, trenching in my close. Carrington for 5 dayes worke in drawing up the malthouse with 3 other people total 7s. Carrington for 4 dayes and a half looping in close, fagot. Carrington junior for his help 4 dayes and a half this harvest. Fere for 3 pecks. Kefford, to be malted for me, by Will: Dovy and other to be malted for Rev. J Crakanthorp pg 94 3rd Jan 11 qtrs. Dovy that was borrowed and spent before. Dovy for a parcel of wheate, at 1s. Dovy for 2 pecks of barley of the 17th dressing Total 1s. Dovy for an oaken staddle out of Essex at 6d Total 6d. Dovy for barley pg 28th Jun Received of Will: Dovy for barley a peck Total 7d pg 17th Oct Received of Will: Dovy for half a bushel of the old wheat Total 1s 6d pg 16th Dec Received of Will: Dovy for 2 pecks of my old wheate Total 1s 8d pg 15th Jan Received of Wil: Dovy for a peck of old wheate at 3s 4d Total 10d pg 8th Apr Received of Will: Dovy for his smal tithes in , and this instant yeare " cows, calves etc. Total 4s pg 26th Jun Received of Will: Dovy for the tithe of Tiplings Close hay. Total 2s 6d pg 26th Feb Received of Will: Dovy for 7 pound and a half of beife pg Thanks Find a board about a specific topic Surnames or topics.

## ACCOUNTS OF THE REVEREND JOHN CRAKANTHROP OF FOWLMERE, 1682-1710 pdf

### 3: Paul Brassley (Author of Agriculture)

*Get this from a library! Accounts of the Reverend John Crakanthorp of Fowlmere: [John Crakanthorp; Paul Brassley].*

How does that mountain manage to retain the steep angular profile! The wind had whipped around the ridge all day, blinding us with frequent snow squalls that gummed the eye lids and covered the eyebrows and lashes with a crust of white ice. The condensation from our breath had, along with the snow, formed an icy mask on the face and jacket hood especially my beard. Icicles hung from my moustache and made it painful to wipe my face from the build up of snow. All morning I had trailed Anton up the ridge, his massive strides making it seem as if I was a young pup struggling to get into each of his next footsteps and I was fit! Boots slipped even with the crampons, as the loose snow and rock slid from beneath each footstep and the clatter of stones plummeted into the depths of oblivion. The weather was worsening and we had still along way to go, the expectation was to climb the Hornli ridge in a day and maybe take shelter in the higher hut if we were caught out. No chance, it was going to be a two day assault and the thought of sitting out the night without sleeping bags was really not a pleasant option. A night of the long daggers, cold driving its steely blade deep into the flesh, no we would come back better prepared. So it was, an orderly retreat, discretion the better part of valour with the wispy veil of high clouds scuttling across the deep blue sky we turned tail and started to descend. At first we descended down the ridge but the passage was easier on the right and down the east face, although easier and faster the snow lay deep and many contorted routes weaved through the rock cliffs and bulges, occasionally a slip or slid would catch you unawares, immediately leading to a twist of the upper torso, no thought about it just an immediate reaction in a split second so that the ice pick could be planted firmly into the snow and ice to steady the fall. An up welling empty feeling in the stomach accompanied these slips and slides something like when you ask your first girl friend out and are frightened to death of the answer as it may dash all your hopes and you would rather have said nothing and clung onto the dream. Eventually after picking our way through the maze of rock and snow, down climbing the most tricky and difficult sections we came to our nemesis, a rocky vertical step which dropped off into a snowy couloirs, one 50 meter abseil and the end was in sight. A long open snow slope which we could descend and regain the ridge before descending back to the Hornli hut. One treaded tape through the rock gave the an ideal anchor, ropes were cast into open air, they momentarily hung in the space before gathering momentum and whistled their way down to the coulior then snaked across the snow. Nothing new about abseiling, check the anchor, check the descender and ropes, slip over the edge and gentle descend. None of this hero stuff head first at speed or bouncing down in huge leaps, for mere fools wishing to ripe the anchor. No, we gave the mountain all the respect it deserved. Safely at the bottom it would have been relatively easy to track to the left and gain the ridge but the way forward was even easier, a 45 degree snow slope, so inviting so easy. We were going to pay for our laziness. How quick one can descend in a matter of minutes and what fun, all that hard work gaining height to then lose it so easily on our descent. Anton had been coiling the last rope up when I left him, now I was 50m down the slope and he had just started the descent. From behind there was a yell, nothing I could make out, but just enough to catch my attention, looking back and up towards the point of the sound all I could see was Anton caught in the middle of a moving snow slope, he disappeared in a maelstrom. I looked to the side both left and right, no exit, no chance of escape. As the sensation of moving down hill gathered momentum so the snow slope buckled, slabs that seemed as big as football pitches popped up behind, in front and to the sides. It was a moment, an instant, as once this had happened the process was quickening exponentially, I fell back saw the sky then slipped beneath the surface absolutely helpless and into a new world. How quick life can turn, in a few seconds a tranquil environment then a raging white monster clawing and gnashing pulling and tearing away at the human body. Disorientated I span and somersaulted like a rag doll thrown down a precipitous drop bouncing from one ledge to another, arms and legs flailing uselessly in absolute chaos. Then I recounted the Avalanche safety book which I had poured over, reading and digesting the text but most of all soaking in those

images of monster avalanches that so adorning the text. Time seemed to defy reality, stretched beyond the limits of our ordinary minds and clocks as the mountain rushed me frantically toward oblivion thrashing my body against this and that and everything else within its path, one second one minute, one minute one hour. I remembered in the chaos of time that the advice was to jettison the rucksack and axes, so easy to read, so easy to think that it would be so easy to do. Tumbling, turning and flailing I knew the impossible, then just like that I was free, falling falling so nice it seemed forever then abruptly my head was shoved at full force into an unforgiving barrier, my neck went back and the crunching bones and jaw reverberated around my skull. Blackness descended and when I came too and I could feel the pain in my leg. Pinned to the ground I could feel a huge weight on my back like an invisible hand slowly driving me further into my grave. Little did I know that at the time that I had fallen over a small rock face and remained pinned on a ledge, the avalanche pouring onto and over me with the power of a waterfall in its head long frantic rush to pass the finishing line. With my face sideways on to the ground being forced into the snow I dribbled, apparently should you be buried at least one would know to which direction it would have been advisable to dig. Opposite to the downward motion of the dribble. It must of only been a few seconds but the pounding on my back lasted an eternity then without warning I was scooped up and thrown down the mountainside again, tumbling flailing erratically in the maelstrom of suffocating powder snow. The sensation of a blurred black and white light intermixed my vision while my body continued to be thrashed and pummelled in the frantic frenzy of the avalanches descent. One last option came to mind, that book that so easily explained the most obvious but seemingly impossible retold of such situations where if you did swim, then come to the top you must. Alas, yet again I was thwarted, merely making the motions of my limbs more panic-stricken and out of control. Giving up and resigning myself to the ultimate fate I let myself go, so easy this was and no terror, just a numbness in the mind, the willingness to survive extinguished no hope. Yet within seconds I sat on the snow as if the rag doll had landed on its backside, arms hanging limply to the side and head drooped, legs out spread. Nothing, nothing at all, the white wave finally settled many, many hundreds of meters below me. What could I do, where was he, how on earth could I find him over such a huge area, lost, lost what could be done. That feeling, empty and dreadful, I never have felt that before. The horror of losing someone, nothing is so like, it yet it happens all over the world and every minute of the day, terrible. Yet just in the throws of utter despair, a voice. Only there was no one, the air went silent and nothing but the hum of tintinitus could I hear. Again the muffled voice, I turned around and there not ten yards away was Anton, dumped as me, like a rag doll dispensed with and covered in snow, every orifice rammed solid with white powder. Still slumped on the slope I surveyed the destruction then set about releasing myself from the burdens of excess, helmet seemingly bulging from my head full of snow. The rucksack now twice as heavy. I stood up and slumped back to the ground in painful agony, my knee joint buckling. It had been severely twisted but not broken. Now as we surveyed our near demise it dawned on us how far we had travelled, near on a thousand yards. Dam, it was going to be a climb back to the Hornli hut over the same snow slope but threw new snow yet to be triggered. With each new slope came the a gut wrenching fear, a mine field but slowly we made progress picking our way through the softer wind slab till eventually arriving at The Hornli hut. What a relief and what a night in Zermatt no holds bared.

# ACCOUNTS OF THE REVEREND JOHN CRAKANTHORP OF FOWLMERE, 1682-1710 pdf

## 4: Results for Paul-Brassley | Book Depository

*Buy Accounts of the Reverend John Crakanthorp of Fowlmere, (Cambridgeshire Records Society Map Series) on [www.enganchecubano.com](http://www.enganchecubano.com) FREE SHIPPING on qualified orders Accounts of the Reverend John Crakanthorp of Fowlmere, (Cambridgeshire Records Society Map Series): John Crakanthorp, Paul Brassley, etc.*

John Crakanthorp, rector of the parish. My curiosity grew when I began to check the pedigree against the parish registers of Fowlmere and adjacent villages. Crakanthorp, aged 80, in Backtracking I found the baptism of Hester in ; so Hester was six years older than Benjamin. Was the young man encouraged into a marriage with a woman some years his senior because it was a good match? This mystery was short-lived, for in the process of searching the IGI for the name Wedd, almost immediately I came across it, on 5 June , in, of all places, St. Why not be married at home by her own father? My brother, called upon to show an interest in this family phenomenon, looked it upii, and sure enough was in the peak of the Fleet marriage boom; nearly runaway marriages are believed to have taken place in the first four months of that year alone in the Fleet area. So there it was, Hester Crakanthorp, aged 25, daughter of the vicar with a long pedigree, had eloped romantically with the 19 year old son of a local tradesman. By one of those fortunate chances two small notebooks containing the accounts and harvest notes of Rev John Crakanthorp between and have survived and are now in the County Record Office. Recently the Cambridgeshire Records Society produced a printed edition. Given to servants at Mr. Item for daughter towards 3 months board ended about July 6 Item for her expenses coming down June If further proof were needed that the marriage was at least accepted, at the end of his life, John Crakanthorp made Hester and Benjamin executors and beneficiaries of his will. I also observed from the notebooks that, unlike most of the men of the parish, Benjamin Wedd senior is unfailingly referred to as Mr. Although I think the family may originally have been immigrants from Holland or Germany I have now been able to trace them back with reasonable certainty to a Robert Wedd who died in Great Shelford in , so they would presumably have been well known locally in the eighteenth century. Certainly by Mr. Since it was Thomas Pride senior who "purgedf the Commons in prior to the execution of Charles I, this is clearly quite impossible, even if all involved married at 16! I was therefore faced with the prosaic conclusion that my original assumption of social discrepancy might have been mistaken. What then was the explanation of this curious Wedding? Not to be balked of my romance, I asked myself if it was in fact Mr. It was, of course, Benjamin and not Hester who was the minor at the time. Was is to break the news of the unwelcome marriage to Mr. Wedd that Rev John Crakanthorp visited him on 7 June? Benjamin seems to have been Mr. It also emerged fairly early in my researches that the Wedds were dissenters; later generations were leading members of the Independent movement; three Wedd brothers, grandsons of Hester and Benjamin, financed the building of the now United Reformed Church in the village, and my branch of the family continued to be staunch Congregationalists well into this century, so perhaps there were religious differences which hindered the marriage. Hester and Benjamin had seven children, but Benjamin died in when his youngest child was only two. The children grew up and prospered, and married into other nonconformist business families; two more intermarriages took place between the Crakanthorps and the Wedds in the next two generations.

## 5: Everything & nothing

*Accounts of the Reverend John Crakanthorp of Fowlmere, (Cambridgeshire Records Society Map Series) by Crakanthorp, John and a great selection of similar Used, New and Collectible Books available now at [www.enganchecubano.com](http://www.enganchecubano.com)*

## 6: Hester Crakanthorpe

## ACCOUNTS OF THE REVEREND JOHN CRAKANTHROP OF FOWLMERE, 1682-1710 pdf

*Below are some entries from Accounts of Reverend John Crakanthorp of Fowlmere , so if your family are mentioned can be useful information. If anyone would like a lookup for - Fowlmere, message me or post here, and I will have a look.*

7: [www.enganchecubano.com](http://www.enganchecubano.com) - Cheapest books online

*Hi I have a book Rev. John Crakanthorp Of Fowlmere Accounts - ISBN 0 08 0. I noted out of it many years ago the references to the Carringtons there, all of my line.*

8: PDF Kwalamazee Quit Staring At Me Download Full â€“ Dallp PDF Site

*Accounts of Reverend John Crakanthorp of Fowlmere 12th Jul Received of Carrington for Rye (pg ) not sure which Carrington this is for. Anne (nee Ward) Carrington (Widow) (2nd wife of Athanasius bap ).*

## ACCOUNTS OF THE REVEREND JOHN CRAKANTHROP OF FOWLMERE, 1682-1710 pdf

*Toward a linguistic theory of speech acts The speech of Phaedrus (178a-180c) Thirty seconds over tokyo book The brains right side : creativity in web design Pandigital panimage pi8004w01 user guide The Families of Haywood County, North Carolina Che tu sia per me il coltello Medicine Buddha Teachings A sovereign voice: the poetry of Robinson Jeffers, by R. Boyers. Canon powershot s90 manual The union cavalry in the civil war Microbiology laboratory theory and application morton 3rd edition Reflections on nature Principles of risk management and insurance 12 20th Century French Photography College algebra fifth edition Ultimate drm removal key Social work skills workbook Strategy and human resource development Plant systematics 2nd edition The War on the Devil Profitability and product quality Bible summarized handbook. The Communitarian Persuasion (Woodrow Wilson Center Press) WiMAX in 50 Pages NASAs space vision Face recognition from theory to applications Project change request form More or better? : shaping the public domain Michael D. Birnhack Between being and becoming : Identity, latinity, discourse Despertando al gigante interior Hermeneutics : Indian methods Catholicism, Judaism, Protestantism the decline in American morality The world tastes good Robert A M Stern 1981-1986 Ancient Pottery of Transjordan Analysis and Control of Age-Dependent Population Dynamics Max and Rubys Busy Week with Flash Cards Michael Faraday (Ganeri, Anita, What Would You Ask?) Leaving the Tears Behind*