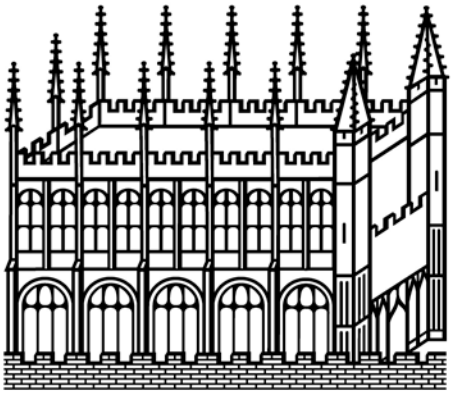

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William Van Mildert.

Gough
Adds.
Derby.
4°. 8.

Peak Scenery.

W. Wilson, Printer, 4, Greville-Street, Hatton-Garden, London.

Peak Scenery,

OR

EXCURSIONS IN DERBYSHIRE:

MADE CHIEFLY FOR THE PURPOSE OF

Picturesque Observation.

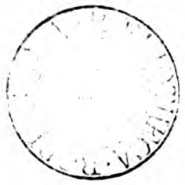
ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS BY G. COOKE, FROM DRAWINGS MADE FOR THE PURPOSE BY F. CHANTREY, ESQ. SCULPTOR, R.A. F.R.S. AND MEMBER OF THE ACADEMY OF ST. LUKE'S.

Inscribed, by Permission, to

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

BY E. RHODES.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not Man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been—
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold,
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean,
This is not solitude, 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms—and see those charms unfold. LORD BYRON.



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1822.

TO HIS GRACE THE

DUKE OF NORFOLK,

A FELLOW TOWNSMAN, AND PROPRIETOR OF THE EXTENSIVE MANOR OF GLOSSOP,
A DISTRICT WHICH OCCUPIES A PART OF THE FOLLOWING PAGES,

This

EXCURSION IN DERBYSHIRE

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS GRACE'S MOST OBEDIENT, HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

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SECTION I.

Excursion commenced.---Banner Cross.---Curious Effect of Clouds.--Enter Derbyshire.---Burbage Brook.---View from Millstone Edge.---Winter of 1813.---*Hathersage.---Little John's Grave.---Hathersage Church---Camp Green.*

THE day fixed for my THIRD EXCURSION into Derbyshire arrived; but, instead of being clad in smiles and loveliness, "the dawn was overcast, and heavily in clouds brought on" the important hour when myself and my companion, once more bade adieu to the sooty majesty of the town of Sheffield, and the thick atmosphere in which it was enveloped, for the purpose of participating the pleasure of another ramble amongst the heathy hills of Derbyshire, and inhaling the fresh breeze that plays upon their summits.

A walk of two miles brought us to Banner Cross, which was the first object that engaged our attention: the delightful mansion lately erected here, stands at the upper extremity of a valley, not within the boundary line of Derbyshire, but yet upon the very verge of the county. The new building at this place was commenced by the late Lieutenant General Murray, who did not live to witness the completion of the work he had begun. It is the design of Jeffery Wyatt, Esq. and one of the best specimens of *modern* Gothic Architecture that this part of the county contains. The towers, and turrets, and

embattled parapets, by which it is surmounted, rise gracefully from amongst the trees, that nearly environ it around, and the upper apartments command a view of one of the richest and best-wooded landscapes in the vicinity of Sheffield. Smithy Wood, and some of the most beautiful scenery of Abbey Dale, are included in the prospect. From Banner Cross the road continues gradually to ascend until it reaches the highest part of East Moor, about two miles from Hathersage.

As we approached the five-mile stone the mists of morning hung thickly on every part of the landscape: on our right the clouds were close upon us, and entirely precluded the view of every distant object. The sky seemed to rest a part of its contracted canopy within a few fields of the place where we stood, so very limited was our horizon: shortly the clouds, which were of one unvaried cold colour, broke, and admitted a glimpse of cultivated hill above, while all below was apparent sky: detached portions of the scene were successively discovered through the partial breaks, and the little pictures they displayed looked like separate landscapes in the clouds: the effect was singular and pleasing, and we felt much interested in watching the progressive unfolding of the whole, for in the clearing away of the vapour, one part of the prospect, and then another, appeared to be taken from the heavens and given to the earth in succession, until the whole hill was distinctly seen.

As we approached *Burbage Brook* the hills of Derbyshire began to appear, and looking on our left towards the river Derwent, we had a noble prospect, finely diversified, spread before us. We stood upon a rude stone bridge, thrown across a mountain stream, that connects the two sides of a deep valley, through which the Burbage runs amongst huge fragments of stone and broken rocks. Padley woods, and the woods

of Stoke, appeared in the offscape, and the hills about Chatsworth filled up the distance.

Burbage Brook, though generally a scanty stream in summer, has considerable beauty when swollen by heavy rains, or the melting of the snows accumulated during a long winter : then its waters burst from the narrow arches of the bridge in streams about twenty yards apart, and foaming over rugged projections of rock down a precipitous descent, unite in the dell below. High mounds of rock mark the course of this rivulet to the immediate vicinity of the Derwent, which it enters near Grindleford Bridge.

We had now, though only seven miles from Sheffield, come suddenly upon the fine scenery of the Peak, and as we proceeded towards Hathersage it became more and more imposing. A rocky eminence on our left induced us to scramble to its summit, where for a while we stood in silent admiration of the magnificent scenery which this high point of *Millstone Edge* commands : here we passed a delightful hour of existence, contemplating the majesty of nature, and watching the thin clouds withdraw their curtains from amongst the mountains until their highest peaks gleamed with the bright effulgence of the morning sun. Far below, in the deep hollow of the valley, lay the village of Hathersage, surrounded by lofty eminences ; *Win Hill*, *Lose Hill*, and *Mam Tor*, are amongst the highest and the most remote, and when the clouds had melted into air and passed away, their shadowy summits, every where invested with the pale hues of distance, looked like mountains in the heavens.

Intending to take the shortest, and, for a pedestrian, the best way

to Hathersage, we abandoned the two carriage roads, one of which makes a long sweep to the right, and the other to the left, and followed the direction of a narrow unfrequented path, that led us amongst heath fern and fox-glove, into the dale below. As we regained the carriage road we had a very pleasing view of the village rising behind the heathy foreground that lay on our right. The church is a good object: it stands on the side of a steep hill amongst gardens and cottages at the upper extremity of the village, and a fine woody eminence behind rises high above the spire, and makes a good middle distance to the picture. As we proceeded down the hill the craggy summits on our left presented an imposing outline: they are crested with huge piles of rock, that were opposed to a cloudless sky, over which a morning sun diffused unusual brightness. The different parts of these disjointed cliffs are so proportioned and combined, that, when seen from the road below during an early part of the day, they have strikingly the appearance of an old dilapidated building: a dubious light, or a hazy atmosphere, sometimes increases the deception, and transforms the rocky points and projections into towers, turrets, and battlements:

> "Their rocky summits split and rent,
> Form turret, dome, and battlement,
> Or seem fantastically set,
> With Cupola or Minaret." SCOTT'S "*Lady of the Lake.*"

In winter when the hills above Hathersage are covered with snow, the approach to it from Sheffield is not exempt from danger: here it accumulates in immense drifts, which obliterating all traces of a road, render it not only dangerous but sometimes impassable. In the winter of 1813 the carriages that attempted to cross this bleak part of the

Drawn by T. C. Hofland

MATLOCK BRIDGE.

Moors either returned or were left half buried in the snow. A young man, a native of Brookfield, near Hathersage, was the means of saving several persons from perishing in this severe winter: near Burbage Brook he found a sailor and his wife who were exhausted with fatigue and unable to proceed on their journey: the poor man had fallen under his exertions to support his wife, and was nearly dead: he took him upon his back, and carried him to the only house he could find, which was nearly a mile off; he then returned, and in like manner bore the woman, who was unable to walk, to the same dwelling. At this time the coach from Manchester was overturned, and nearly buried in the snow, where it remained for several days: a mother, with her child about two years old, was amongst the passengers, the whole of whom were females: the child he bore to Hathersage; the mother attempted to follow, but was soon unable to proceed. On his return he found her in a drift of snow, from which all her efforts to extricate herself were unavailing. He restored her to her child, and in the same way he released the two remaining ladies from their perilous situation. They offered him money as a compensation for his services, which he did not decline accepting; but he immediately transferred it to the poor sailor and his wife, to solace and comfort them on their journey. Thus did this young man act the part of the good Samaritan, he "poured oil and wine into their wounds, and set them on their way rejoicing."

On my last excursion to Hathersage, in the early part of the present year, I took the new carriage road, which passing under a chain of rocks, makes an ample sweep to the left of the village, and enters it in the front of the family residence of the Shuttleworths. Neither myself nor my companion were intimately acquainted with

the route we had taken. We nevertheless anticipated a variety of pleasing prospects as we approached the vale that shapes the course of the Derwent, and our expectations were more than realized. Within a mile of Hathersage one of the finest views in the whole of Derbyshire, burst suddenly upon us. We stood upon a rocky knoll, projecting from the side of a steep hill: in the deep valley far below rolled the rapid waters of the Derwent, which is here a noble river. Hazleford Bridge, a good stone structure of three arches,---the groups of trees and cottages near,---the dells, woods, and plantations about High Low and Leam, were pleasing objects in the landscape directly before us. On our left lay a magnificent range of hills, whose picturesque summits were turretted with broken craggs: below, their steep declivities, shelving to the brink of the river, were covered with miles of woody scenery, over which the eye passed to the bold rugged eminence called Froggat Edge; beyond, in distance, appeared the woods and hills that form the boundaries of Chatsworth Park. The opposite side of the Derwent from Leam downwards was scarcely less beautiful: the hills are lofty and extremely precipitous; and they are every where clothed with the finest foliage, that becomes thicker and closer in texture and deeper in shadow, until it reaches the margin of the river, which appears in occasional glimpses as it pursues its sinuous course amidst woods and waterfalls through as picturesque a dale as nature ever formed. Such was the landscape that lay on our left; but the view on our right was still more beautiful: we looked into Hope Dale, a scene that has been panegyrised by all who have visited the Peak of Derbyshire. A lovely light rested upon it, and a blue transparent haze hung over the surrounding mountains, which rose far above the beauteous dale that they encircled, and presented an agreeable variety of pleasing forms and graceful undulations. The whole of this de-

lightful prospect was canopied with a clear azure sky, save where occasionally some light thin clouds interposed their fleecy whiteness " between our gaze and heaven."

Hathersage contains about one hundred houses. Ashton Ashton Shuttleworth, Esq. who possesses considerable property in this place, and is Lord of the adjoining Manor of Padley, has lately erected a very handsome inn in the middle of the village, but the business on this road is apparently insufficient to support so large and expensive an establishment; it is therefore at present untenanted, in which state it has remained for several years. The manufacture of metal buttons was once prosecuted in this place with tolerable success, but it has lately progressively declined, and probably may soon be discontinued. Steel wire and needles are likewise made here, under the direction of men regularly initiated into the business, and in other respects competent to the undertaking. These manufactures may therefore have a more permanent duration; but establishments of this description are perhaps of a nature too exotic to flourish in a place like Hathersage, where the farming interest prevails, and where agricultural employment appears to be more congenial to the feelings and habits of the people. Under the influence of both pursuits this pleasant village may assume an equivocal character, neither entirely possessing the bustle of a manufacturing district, nor the quiet of a place the labour of whose inhabitants is solely devoted to the tillage of the fields and the cultivation of the products of the earth.

In the vicinity of Hathersage there are some excellent subjects for the pencil, and while my companion was sketching in the valley be-

low the village, I visited the Churchyard on the hill above, where as tradition informs us lie the bones of Little John, the favourite companion of the celebrated forest marauder, Robin Hood. His burial-place is distinguished by stones placed at the head and foot of his grave; they are nearly four yards apart, and they are said to designate the stature of this gigantic man. However fabulous this account may be, the body here interred appears to have been of more than ordinary size. In October, 1784, this reputed grave of Little John was opened, when a thigh bone measuring two feet five inches was found within it. A tall man from Offerton, who on account of his stature had probably obtained the name of Robin Hood's faithful follower, was interred in this place; hence originated this village tradition; and that it might be rendered still more marvellous, when the bones were re-committed to the graye the stones that originally marked the stature of the tall man of Offerton were removed farther apart.

Hathersage Church has a good exterior, and within it is clean, and light, and well seated. In the chancel there are several ancient monuments belonging to the family of the Eyres of Highlow and Offerton, one of whom, Robert Eyre, was an officer, who, according to the inscription on his tomb, fought along with Falstaff's mad Harry at the battle of Agincourt.

On a tabular monument, inscribed to the memory of one of this family, who died March 21, 1459, are the effigies of fourteen children, engraved in brass, ten of whom were sons and four daughters. A place, that appears to have been once filled by another figure, is vacant; a daughter not born in wedlock originally occupied it, but

being unworthy, without any fault of hers, to be associated with those who were, she has been cut away and expelled from the situation which her father had assigned her.

In this church we observed the traces of a custom that once generally prevailed in various parts of the kingdom, but is now almost totally disused:---When unmarried women died they were usually attended to the grave by the companions of their early years, who, in performing the last sad offices of friendship, accompanied the bier of the deceased with garlands tastefully composed of wreaths of flowers and every emblem of youth, purity, and loveliness, that imagination could suggest. When the body was interred, the garlands were borne into the church, and hung up in a conspicuous situation, in memory of the departed. There is something extremely simple and affecting in this village custom, and one cannot but regret that it is now almost entirely discontinued. In Hathersage Church there were several of these memorials of early dissolution, but only one of a recent date: the others were covered with dust, and the hand of time had destroyed their freshness.

At a short distance from the Churchyard, and still higher up the hill, there is a place called Camp Green. It is a circular area of about fifty yards diameter, encompassed with a high mound of earth, round which a ditch, or moat, appears to have been carried. In some places the ditch is nearly filled up, and the mound is gradually crumbling into the area below; it is therefore highly probable that before the present generation has passed away, Camp Green will be known only by name.

SECTION II.

Hope Dale.---Recollections of a former Excursion.---Approach to Castleton.---Fine Autumnal Evening.---Castleton Church.---Peak's Hole.

FROM Hathersage to Castleton, a distance of six miles, the road lies through *Hope Dale.* Local attachment, and the common consent of travellers, have adorned this dale with a thousand beauties, and those who have the good fortune to reside within it, satisfied that their lot "is cast in pleasant places," represent it as one of the most delightful spots in the Peak of Derbyshire. It is indeed a lovely valley, and though inferior in picturesque beauty to many other parts of the same county, it yet contains some charming scenes, that, like light thrown into a picture by the hand of a master, have an almost magical effect. The traveller whose chief object is to reach the end of his journey with all possible expedition, beholds them with pleasure, and the artist loiters amongst them with sensations of delight. A beautiful river, its banks every where attired with stately trees, and light overhanging branches, winds gracefully through the dale, watering some excellent meadow land as it moves along. The cottages with which the valley is studded, are of a sober grey tone of colouring, and pleasant to the eye. The villages of Hope and Brough, half hid amongst surrounding trees and half revealed, increase the loveliness of the scene. Near Malham Bridge, where the road to Castleton crosses the Derwent, some very beautiful views occur; and farther on in the dale the near

approach to Hope is extremely picturesque. The little river that passes by this village is overhung with ash and alder, which grow luxuriantly on its banks amidst hazles, honey-suckles, and wild roses.

My journey through this dale of Hope was rendered peculiarly interesting by the recollection of having passed the same road several years before, in company with a much-esteemed and now-departed friend. He was then unwell, but not at all apprehensive that he should so soon go to the "home of his fathers." Our former friendship---his character and death---came forcibly upon my mind, and absorbed for a time every other consideration: he had a warm, benevolent, and affectionate heart, and though somewhat hasty in temper, he was steady and sincere in his attachments, and his transactions with mankind were invariably regulated by principles of honour and integrity: he "should have died *hereafter*." I well remember the time we passed this dale; it was a fine autumnal evening, and the sun was sinking behind the high mountains of the Winnats, as we approached the village of Castleton. The sweet serenity of the sky---the hour of the day---the season of the year---all were in unison, and conspired to produce a mental harmony:

> "For autumn---solemn, tender, and serene,
> "Breathed exquisite enchantment o'er the scene."
>
> MONTGOMERY.---MS.

A little before us the river, rippling o'er its pebbled bed, quivered with light; a bridge, to which we were led by a turn in the road, was a good object in the foreground of the landscape: some full-grown and well-clothed trees hid the greater part of the village, and made it a better subject for the pencil: a few dwellings were partially dis-

played, over which rose the tower of the church, but not one obtrusive feature appeared to disturb the repose of the scene; and the extent of the place might be traced by the smoke from the cottage chimnies, as it slowly ascended above the loftiest branches of the intervening trees. A steep and rugged hill lay on our left, on whose summit stands an old dilapidated castle, venerable in ruins and hoary with years. Beyond the village, the view is terminated by the high rocks and bleak eminences of the Winnats, and a little to the right, *Mam Tor* rears her majestic head above the surrounding hills. The space between Castleton and the mountains that bound the western extremity of the vale, was indistinct and in shadow, whilst the last light of the setting sun, gradually softening until it became exquisitely tender, lingered on the tops of the adjacent hills. A combination of more favourable circumstances could hardly occur, and a soothing tranquillity---a mild and chastened glow of pleasurable feeling---took possession of the mind as we contemplated the scene before us. Our carriage moved slowly along as I hastily wrote the following impromptu to the setting sun:---

Oft have I marked, bright orb! thy opening ray
Give the glad promise of a perfect day;
Watch'd thee slow sailing through thine azure sea,
Till all the glowing heaven was full of thee;
Beheld the clouds of evening intervene,
Spreading a purple radiance o'er the scene,
Thy last light lingering on the mountain's brow,—
Deep shadows resting in the vale below:
But never saw thee shed a sweeter ray,
E'en on the loveliest close of an autumnal day.

Shortly after our arrival at Castleton we visited the castle, an uncouth, ill-shapen ruin, which stands on the verge of a rocky precipice,

that forms the ponderous roof of Peak's Hole. This dismantled fortress, though not a bad object from some parts of the dale, is utterly devoid of those picturesque appendages on which the eye of the artist loves to dwell, and it sinks into insignificance amongst the wild scenery that surrounds it.

The antiquary, however, will contemplate the "ancient Castle of the Peake" with other feelings, and its dilapidated walls, rude and unshapely as they are, may be to him a source of gratification. The top of the hill where the castle stands is but a circumscribed plot of ground, nor can it at any time have been sufficiently ample to accommodate the numerous establishment of a great feudal chieftain; yet the family of the Peverils are said to have occasionally resided here, and not without pomp and splendour. Mr. King, who has minutely described this castle in the sixth volume of the Archæologia, is of opinion that it was a place of royal residence during the government of the Saxons: others contend that it is a Norman structure, and that it was probably built by William Peveril, the natural son of William the Conqueror, to whom the traditions of the country ascribe it, and who certainly possessed it at the time of the Doomsday Survey, in the record of which it is denominated "the CASTLE OF THE PEAKE."

It has been remarked that this castle cannot at any time have been well calculated for defence, because there being no well or reservoir of water within its walls, it could but ill maintain a procrastinated siege: to this observation it has been replied, that the spring at the upper extremity of Cave Dale might by some very simple contrivance have been made to furnish the garrison with this necessary article.

Another, and a more ample supply, lies more conveniently: this conjecture may therefore be abandoned, without injuring the reputation for strength which this fortress, supposing it to have been one, may have had. A well has been recently discovered on the summit of the hill called *Long Cliff*, between which and the castle there is a communication, though now a very dangerous one, across the narrow ridge of rock that overtops the entrance into Peak's Hole. This well is built of the same kind of stone as the castle, and it is so situated as easily to be made available for an abundant supply of water.

Night was now rapidly closing in upon us: we therefore descended the steep side of Castle Hill, and on re-entering the village that lies at its base, we observed the church lighted up for evening service: this we learned was a new arrangement made by the minister, in opposition to the wishes of the inhabitants of Castleton, who had been accustomed to go to church in the morning and afternoon, by day-light. Notwithstanding this convenient practice, the minister refused to attend at the usual time, and he substituted an evening for an afternoon service. The churchwardens urged that the distant parishioners would be greatly inconvenienced by this innovation on long established usage, and they objected to furnish lights; therefore those who attended carried lanterns and candles from their houses, and placed them in their pews in the church, which was thus lighted when we beheld it.

Early the following morning we visited PEAK'S HOLE, one of the most striking and sublime objects in the mountainous districts of Derbyshire. This place is well known, and its dark mysterious labyrinths have been frequently described with a minuteness of detail

Painted by Miſs H.Rhodes, now Mrs Oates, of Naples. Engraved by George Cooke.

APPROACH to PEAKS HOLE near CASTLETON,

DERBYSHIRE.

Published May 1st 1822 by Messrs Longman & Co.& Messrs Rodwell & Martin.

Pl 17

that supersedes the necessity of future observations. It is not a pleasant task to travel over ground that has been so often occupied, where nothing remains to be gathered except what others have omitted or refused to notice: yet such precisely is the situation of the tourist who traverses a country where many have been before him, and whose pen has to delineate the features of scenes on which others have previously lavished the riches of description. Language is better adapted to express sentiment and feeling than accurately to depict the scenery of nature: hence the difficulty a writer always experiences in conveying to others even a tolerable idea of the forms of which it is composed, and the character it assumes: nor is the pencil on all occasions a more efficient instrument than the pen. In pourtraying the near approach to Peak's Hole and the entrance into the first grand cavern, these powerful little agents have but rarely been directed by able hands. Where failure is common, and where with very few exceptions it has been almost uniformly the same, a want of success can hardly be attended with disgrace.

Peak's Hole is situated at the extremity of a deep and narrow rocky chasm, whose craggy projections hide it from the traveller until he is near enough to measure with his eye the whole of its magnificent dimensions, and feel the full force of its effect on his imagination: it then suddenly bursts upon him in all the wildness of its character, obscurely grand and awfully terrific. Such a heavy mass of unsupported rock,

"By its own weight made stedfast and immoveable,"

when first beheld produces an involuntary shuddering; from this the

mind soon recovers, and forgetting the selfish apprehension of danger, reposes with an awful sublimity of feeling amidst the gloomy vastness of this amazing cavern. The light at the entrance is generally favourable, and it sometimes falls boldly and sharply on the rocky projections in the foreground of the picture; then suddenly fades away, and gradually loses itself in impenetrable gloom and utter darkness.

The dubious twilight that pervades the interior of the first cavern of Peak's Hole, especially when viewed from without, eminently serves the purposes of grandeur: dark, confused, and uncertain objects, float before the mind, which, not limited in its operations by any obvious or defined boundary, but left to expatiate at large, gives extent to space, and contemplates with solemn and profound complacency the indistinct and mysterious images of its own creation. This train of thought and tone of feeling are sometimes interrupted by a human being passing in distance athwart the gloom; his haggard figure, as he stalks along, wrapped in an uncouth but picturesque garb, and his umbered face, brightly illumined with the torch he bears. This is not the portraiture of imagination---it is what almost every day presents, and it is an appendage admirably in character with the scene. The banditti figures with which Salvator peopled his landscapes, could alone make the picture more terrible.

Other occurrences still more adventitious, occasionally conspire to improve the sublime effects of this stupendous cavern, and exalt the imagination of the beholder, amidst the loneliness and horrors of a place never visited by the cheering rays of the sun. Here "there is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not

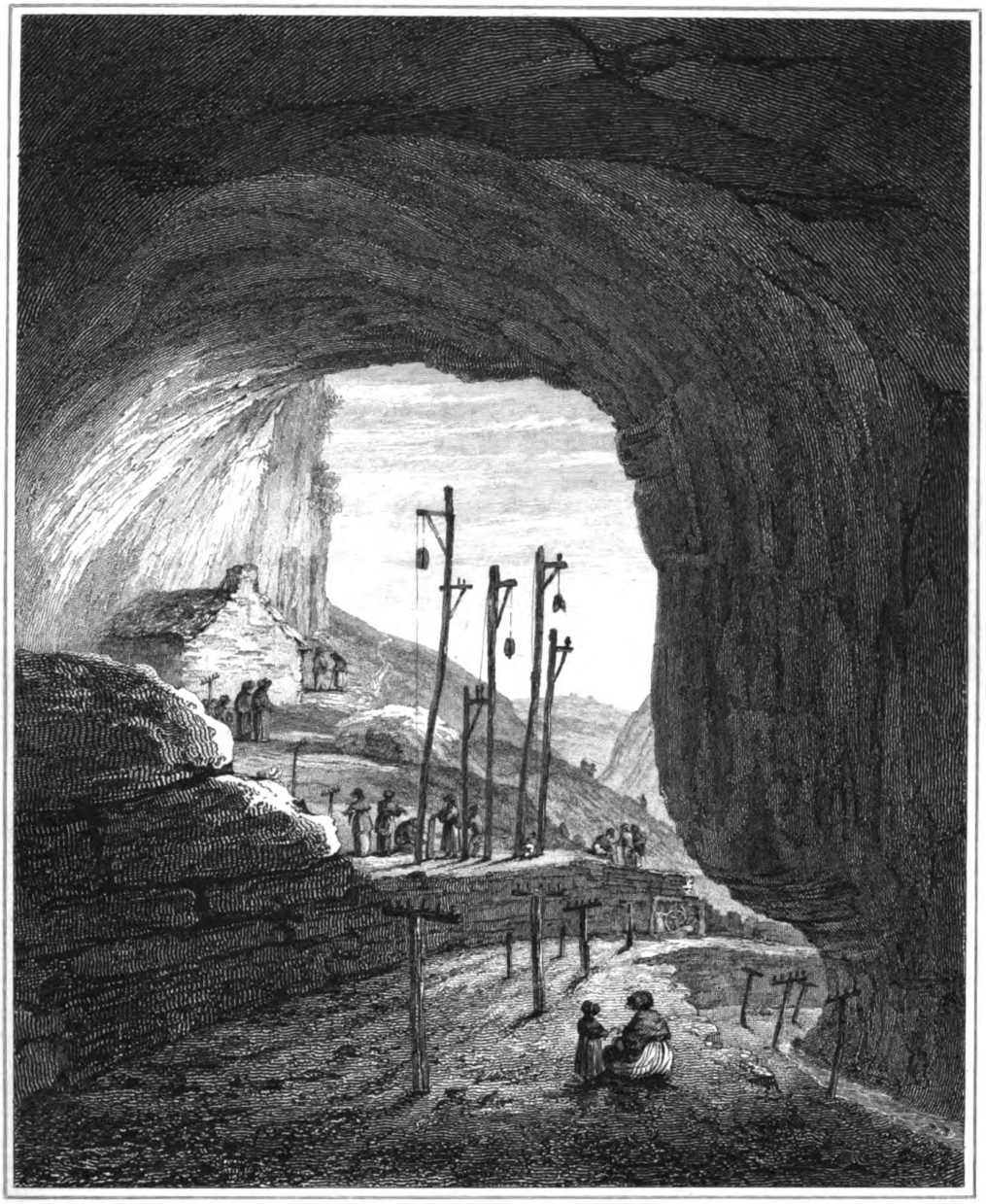
seen." During my last excursion to Castleton I observed a party of twelve or fifteen persons entering Peak's Hole, and being anxious to mark the appearance which the cavern presented when irradiated with their torches, I accompanied them to a situation favourable for my purpose. They had prepared themselves with proper habiliments for the occasion---loose gowns were thrown over their travelling dresses, and the ladies had covered their heads with a species of shawl, that came over the shoulders, and was fastened across the bosom. Monks with cowls, and nuns with hoods, seemed to make up the whole party. They followed their guide along a rude path in a winding direction, each carrying a lighted torch. Portions of the roof of the cavern were thus successively exhibited in flitting gleams and shadows; and as they moved onwards, the spars and stalactites that hung over their heads, glittered with evanescent splendour. As they receded slowly through surrounding darkness, each individual in the procession appeared invested with a mild halo of light, for the distance and the intervening gloom subdued and softened the glare of the torches, and the whole was solemn and impressive beyond conception. The strange emotions of delight awakened by this novel scene were favoured by the breathless silence that prevailed, which was only occasionally interrupted by a drop of water falling at intervals from the roof of the cave upon the floor beneath, with a dead and leaden sound, that was more *felt* than *heard.*

Within the far extended ribs and layers of massy rock which form the roof and sides of Peak's Hole, are several huts or dwellings, humble indeed, but yet inhabited, and men, women, and children, rudely clad, and employed in the manufacture of twine, give life and animation to this singular scene. When a few only of the many individuals en-

gaged in this business are at work, there is something picturesque in their appearance; but peopled as the place generally is, its solemnity is interrupted by noise and clamour, and an effect is produced not altogether in unison with its natural character. Those who wish to feel how very impressive Peak's Hole can occasionally be, should contrive to visit it alone, when the spinners are absent, and silence and solitude prevail.

At the extremity of the spacious cavern that may be regarded as the vestibule of Peak's Hole, it suddenly contracts, and becomes in many places only a narrow aperture, which is continued through various windings to the extent of two thousand two hundred and fifty feet. In traversing this damp and dreary wilderness, several capacious openings or interior caverns occur, which are known by the different appellations of the *Bell House---Roger Rain's House---the Chancel---the Devil's Cellar---the Half-Way House*---and *great Tom of Lincoln, &c. &c.* and a current of water is several times forded in exploring this subterranean passage. This stream buries itself in the earth at a place called Perry Foot, nearly three miles from Castleton, on the road to *Chapel-en-le-frith*, and after running through Peak's Hole, re-issues into day at the entrance into this sublime orifice. Formerly an assumed ignorance threw an air of mystery over the origin of this little rivulet; no one could conjecture from whence it came: its source is now, however, no longer doubtful.

An intelligent foreigner, in his Journal of a Tour and residence in Great Britain, observes, " that he was struck on approaching Peak's Hole with its strong resemblance to the rock of the Fontaine de Vaucluse."



Drawn by F.Chantrey R.A.

Engraved by G.Cooke.

VIEW from within PEAKS HOLE near CASTLETON,

DERBYSHIRE.

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SECTION III.

Cave Dale.---View from the Hills above.---Juvenile Beggars at Castleton. ---Fluor Mines.---Odin Mine.---Mam Tor.---Winnats.--Speedwell Mine. ---Faujas St. Fond.---Mawe and Whitehurst.

PEAK'S HOLE is commonly the first object of those who visit Castleton, and they generally proceed immediately from one subterranean excursion to another. We however preferred traversing for a while the surface of terra firma, before we again "left the warm precincts of the cheerful day" to explore the gloomy recesses of Speedwell Mine: passing therefore through a part of the village between the church and Castle Hill, we entered a narrow dell called the CAVE, into which we were admitted through a rocky portal, about six feet wide. This deep ravine is closely hemmed in with rock on every side, and, with one solitary exception, neither shrub nor tree is to be seen within it. Rugged weather-beaten crags, with occasionally a stripe of thin mossy verdure inserted between, constitute the two sides of this dell, which in some places is from eighty to one hundred paces wide, and in others not more than twenty or thirty. About two-thirds up the dell, the view towards Castleton has a picturesque wildness about it that no other landscape in the same neighbourhood possesses. The castle, seated on the extreme verge of a narrow ridge of rock, looks fearfully tremendous, borrowing importance from the situation it occupies, amongst rocks and precipices, that are thrown in confused masses around it. Near the village where the two sides of the dell

approximate, a pleasing view is admitted of distant hills, whose shadowy summits and cultivated slopes give a character of loveliness to the remote parts of the scene. At the upper extremity of Cave Dale a contracted pass, similar in dimensions and appearance to the one by which we had entered, dismissed us into a more open valley. The path, though still slippery and rugged, became less precipitous as we proceeded, and we followed its windings until we attained the top of an extensive eminence, where we joined the carriage-road that leads from Castleton to Tideswell. Here we were richly rewarded for the toil we had sustained by one of the most delightful landscapes in any part of the Peak. We stood on an immense sweep of hill extending on our right beyond High-low to the river Derwent, where it meets that part of the East Moor called Millstone Edge, in the vicinity of Hathersage; from whence another chain of mountains of greater altitude is continued in a westerly direction, by Win-Hill, Lose-Hill, and Mam Tor; thence, turning to the south and south-east by the Winnats and Long-Cliff, the circuit terminates at the place where we stood, forming altogether a continued range of eighteen or twenty miles of lofty hills, within whose capacious circle lie the dales of Hathersage, Brough, Hope, and Castleton, rich in beauteous meadows, and adorned with woods and cottages and winding streams.

Following the road along the side of the hill to Castleton, we reentered the village nearly at the same point where we had left it: here again we were assailed by boys and girls, begging with unceasing clamour for halfpence, or whatever their importunity can obtain. This is one of the intolerable evils of Castleton: every visitor condemns the practice, which he contributes to perpetuate, by rewarding

the perseverance of the half-clad rogues by whom he is pestered. Here the child as soon as it can articulate is taught to beg; educated in the practice, all its actions and feelings are mendicant, and it begs mechanically through life without a sensation of either shame or meanness. Nothing but a determination not to give, can ever cure this degrading propensity.

We now took a short excursion along the new road to Mam Tor, intending to return down the Winnats to Speedwell Mine. This was a loitering ramble, as we were frequently detained by the road side, hunting for crystalized fluors and marine impressions. Here we found many specimens of shells, beautifully and distinctly marked. The limestone strata are full of them; and they are so perfectly and accurately formed, that one cannot but conclude that they once existed in another state. The correctness of Dr. Leigh's theory, " that these representations of creatures and their parts, and also the other modifications of matter, which are found in Poole's Hole and the mines of this country, are purely the wanton sportings or *lusus naturæ* of the fluor stalactites, caused by different mixtures of bituminous, saline, and terrene particles," will be disputed by nearly every man who visits Castleton and attentively examines the rocks and the marine impressions they contain.

Midway up the hill along whose base we were grovelling, are the mines of Tray-Cliff and Water-Hull---the subterraneous excavations where that elegant spar provincially called *Blue John*, is obtained. A long series of rugged steps, hewn in the Limestone Rock, leads to the principal of these caverns: here the fluor is found in detached pieces of from one to sixteen or eighteen inches thick; but large blocks of

this beautiful material are extremely rare. The cells of Tray-Cliff mine may be explored with but little inconvenience: their dimensions are various, and their sides and roofs are adorned with spars and stalactites, and as the light of the torch sports amongst them they shift their resplendent reflexions as rapidly as the corruscations of the northern sky.

ODIN MINE next attracted our attention: it is supposed to be the oldest in Derbyshire, and to have been worked by the Danes, as its name seems to import, nearly one thousand years ago. Its stock of ore is not yet exhausted, though the vein has been pursued with various success, through a lapse of many centuries. The entrance into this mine is at the base of the hill, within a few yards of the carriage-road. Its direction is nearly horizontal, and as it is tolerably spacious within, it is easy of access: its interior may therefore be visited with but little inconvenience, and the manager will be found to be an attentive and obliging man, ever ready to gratify the curiosity of strangers. A gently-declining shaft, nearly one mile in length, leads to the vein of ore that is now worked; which in some places is fifty or sixty yards below the level of the entrance, and in others nearly as much above it. The ore is of various thicknesses, from three or four inches to as many feet, and nearly one hundred people are employed in getting and preparing it for the smelting-mill. Many beautiful crystalizations of blende, barytes, fluor, calcareous spar, selenite, &c. &c. are found in this extensive mine, and occasionally that curious mineral called slikensides, whose mysterious properties were noticed in the first part of this work. Mr. Mawe, in his Mineralogy of Derbyshire, says, "I have seen a man when he came out of this mine only a few minutes after the explosion, who, regardless of danger, had pierced the sides of this sub-

stance and was much hurt and cut violently, as if stabbed about the neck and other places with a chisel, whence he was unable to return to the mine for two weeks."

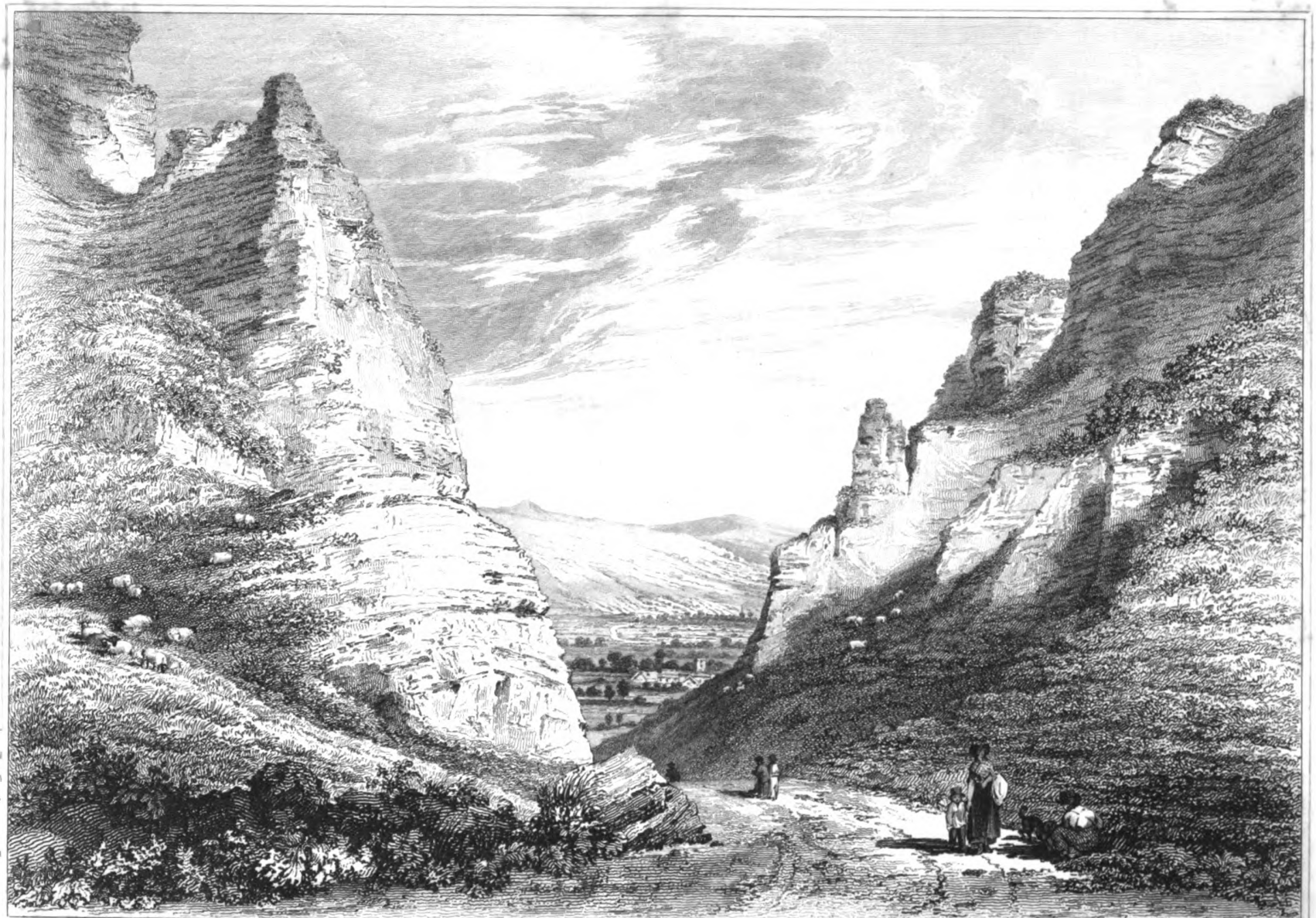
We were now at the foot of MAM TOR, one of *the seven wonders of the Peak*, and yet we saw nothing wonderful about it, for we could not persuade ourselves of the fact that it is incessantly shivering away without any diminution of its bulk. It is an immense hill composed of a very flaky substance, and sometimes in winter, during a severe frost, the decomposition is so rapid, that the shivering mountain as it is called, keeps up a continual discharge, accompanied with a gentle noise, resembling the sound of a river passing over its pebbled bed, as it comes upon the ear softened by distance. I once, during the stillness of a November night, heard the rush of this mountain very distinctly in my bed-room in Castleton, and I listened to the murmurs that it made, but was utterly unable to discover the cause.

From the top of Mam Tor, one thousand three hundred feet above the level of the vale below, we had a delightful view into EDALE, which a modern tourist has described as "a place in which the inhabitants, secluded in the bosom of the mountains from the bustle of the world, appear to enjoy all the quiet and security that pervaded the happy vale of Rasselas." The view from this eminence is not of a common description: the most striking features of the Peak of Derbyshire---its loftiest hills, and some of its loveliest dales, are included in the prospect.

From the summit of Mam Tor a walk of a mile brought us to the entrance into the WINNATS. One of the peculiarities of the scenery

of Derbyshire is the sudden transition from barrenness to cultivation, and from bleak and rugged eminences to delightful and luxuriant vales. This rapid change is no where more strikingly exemplified than in the approach to Castleton from Chapel-en-le-frith. The road is carried over a long range of bleak mountain ground until it arrives at the western extremity of the Winnats, or Wind-gates---poetically called by some writers " the portals of the winds."

The Winnats is a deep and narrow defile, nearly one mile in length: through this horrid chasm the road winds into the valley below amidst huge crags, and towering pinnacles, and piles of massive rock, that form an impassable barrier on each side of the way. Wild and savage in appearance as this ravine is, it is not entirely devoid of beauty: a number of elegant plants are scattered amongst the crags, and the mosses and lichens that chequer their sides, blend their unobtrusive hues with the more gaudy colouring of the flowers by which they are surrounded. In some places the rocks are perpendicular, in others they are frightfully steep, and difficult of ascent even for any animal whatever; yet sheep are frequently seen grazing on the tops and sides of the loftiest projections, where apparently there is no space to stand on: I have sometimes felt giddy at beholding them, and have trembled with apprehension lest they should suddenly be dislodged from their insecure and scanty pasturage, and dashed to pieces amongst the stones below. These useful little animals are often very happily introduced in landscape: the repose and stillness of a scene are improved by the presence of a flock of sheep at rest; but here they have a contrary effect: on the bleak sides of the Winnats they can only occupy a situation of peril, where they increase the impression of danger and make the place more terrible.



Proceeding onward through the chasm, it gradually contracts: the two sides approximate nearly together, and lift their rent and broken summits so high into the air, that they appear to meet and form an insuperable barrier to any farther progress. The irksome feeling of being close pent up in a narrow rift of rock is thus forcibly impressed upon the mind; a turn in the road, however, soon dissipates the idea of confinement; the borders of the pass gradually recede until the dale, in which the villages of Castleton, Hope, and Brough, tranquilly repose, burst upon the sight. The eye can hardly wander over a more delightful scene than is here displayed: such a landscape, even under circumstances less favourable, would be seen with pleasure, but heightened in effect by abrupt transition and striking contrast, it powerfully arrests attention, and sometimes exalts admiration into rapture.

It was a fine sunny day as we passed through the Winnats, and whilst my companion was sketching by the side of a rocky projection, which protected him from the strong current of wind that sweeps, sometimes irresistibly, through this yawning chasm, I took a situation in a recess amongst the crags high above the road, that afforded equal shelter. It was now mid-day, and all was still around us; not a sound was heard, save occasionally the wild scream of the hawk as it fluttered about its nest in a fissure of the rock far above us. The place I occupied was near the turn in the road where the rocks on the right rise in vast masses to the clouds. The clamour of the hawk interrupted my meditations, and drew my attention upwards, when I beheld a creature "fashioned like myself" on the extreme verge of the highest rock in the Winnats, but I could scarcely imagine the appearance real. The dark outline of a human form was alone distinguishable, and standing as the figure did against the sky, with no familiar and well-

understood object near by which dimensions might be measured, it seemed gigantic. A few moments were required to reduce it to the ordinary size of man, and to convince myself that the being on the rocky pinnacle so far above me was any thing but a vision. Soon as I was satisfied that a human creature was thus fearfully placed, an apprehension of danger immediately succeeded, and the whole scene became sublimely terrible. These impressions were evidently transient, yet the rapidity with which they succeeded each other and passed away, was a source of interest.

The Winnats is not without a tale of horror. About sixty years ago a gentleman and lady, mounted on single horses and unattended with servants, are said to have been murdered in this dreary pass. They were strangers in the country, and some circumstances induced the supposition that they were on a matrimonial excursion to the north. They were both young, and one of the men concerned in the murder stated the lady to be extremely handsome. The morning after the commission of this atrocious act the horses belonging to these unfortunate persons were found in the neighbourhood of Castleton without riders, but properly caparisoned for travel. Suspicion pointed to the crime that had been committed, and an enquiry took place, when after a few days search the dead bodies were found in one of the holes in the craggy sides of the Winnats. All attempts to trace out the perpetrators of this horrid deed were for a long time fruitless; they escaped the punishment of an earthly tribunal, but a singularly-calamitous fate attended them. They were five in number: one only died in his bed, who confessed to have participated in the crime, and as he was the last survivor, he told who were the companions of his guilt: two of them working near where the murder was committed, were killed by

the sudden falling of a part of the rock above them ; the other two were the victims of different accidents, and the inhabitants of this district regard their premature deaths as awful instances of divine vengeance. Such is the tale of blood connected with the local history of the Winnats, and it is so circumstantially related that the names of the men who were concerned in the commission of the crime are mentioned, and the manner of their death particularly detailed. This story I have told as it exists in the vicinity of this place, but the enquiries I have made into the accuracy of the narrative induce me to suppose it a mere fable, invented probably to increase the horror which the place itself is calculated to inspire.

At the entrance into the Winnats, within a mile of Castleton, is SPEEDWELL MINE---an artificial excavation, which leads to a magnificent natural cavern, much visited by travellers, and esteemed one of the greatest curiosities in the Peak of Derbyshire. A descent of upwards of one hundred steps leads to a narrow canal, along which the visitor is ferryed through a channel hewn in the heart of the rock, when he enters a terrific void, vast as Milton's palace of Pandemonium, and filled with impenetrable darkness. The light of the torch, overpowered by impervious gloom, seems feeble in such a place, and glimmers like a little star surrounded by a world of night and blackness. Leaving the boat, we ascended a stage or platform, erected above the level of the canal. The nerves of that man must be firm and well-strung who in this situation can contemplate the space around him without shuddering. Standing in the midst of a tremendous gulph, where all below is a dark vacuity of immeasurable depth, above a mighty cavern, whose loftiest recesses no light can reach, and all around uncertain and obscure---an awful feeling takes possession of

every faculty, and breath, and thought, and motion, are nearly suspended.

The lights that have been hitherto used to discover the immense capacity of this subterraneous cavern have only illumined a portion of its vastness, and rendered more fearful and sublime the impressions made upon the mind of the spectator in beholding them. While we listened to the dashing of the water which is precipitated with a tremendous noise into the abyss that yawned beneath us, our guide clambered up a rocky projection with lights, that gave a partial glimpse of the horrors of Speedwell Mine, but they only served to make "darkness still more visible." Two gentlemen who have visited this place since the materials for this excursion were collected, took with them some powerful rockets: these they threw up in the midst of the cavern, when they rose in uninterrupted majesty to their greatest height, exploded, and spread out their brilliant scintillations as freely as if they had ascended under the canopy of heaven. The grandeur of a part of this sublime vault was thus exhibited, and some of its boldest projections briefly illumined, but its utmost altitude and expansion remained unexplored.

We now returned to Castleton, and as we emerged from Speedwell Mine, the clear light of a beautiful evening gleamed on the side of the mountains, and played along the valley. I never saw the fair face of nature look half so lovely---never felt the invigorating influence of so sweet a breeze.

As evening advanced, Mam Tor became a more imposing object: the whole dale indeed seemed to contract, and the hills that environ it

to increase in bulk and altitude as night and darkness approached, and the detail of the intervening space was less distinct. It is difficult at any time, and under any light, to form an accurate opinion of the distance of large and lofty mountains: the eye unaccustomed to contemplate such objects, is but little aware of the illusion to which it is subjected. On my first visit to this part of Derbyshire, when totally unacquainted with the distance between Mam Tor and Castleton, I supposed it a loitering walk of ten minutes only: the mountain, however, appeared to recede as I approached, and I was surprised to find it nearly two miles off.

Castleton furnishes a great variety of what are termed the curiosities of the Peak. Brilliant spars, petrifactions, crystals, ores, and stalactites in abundance. One of the spar shops is kept by a very intelligent man, who has long made mineralogy his study, and it contains many beautiful specimens of the fossils of Derbyshire, some of which are in their native state, others are formed into elegant ornaments, from ladies' necklaces to urns, vases, and obelisks. In these shops information and amusement may be obtained; few travellers therefore omit to visit them, as they are alike open to those who purchase and those who do not.

Mr. Mawe, in the preface to his "Mineralogy of Derbyshire," observes, "that for the purpose of obtaining mineralogical information, Castleton seems to be the best situation, where such a variety of strata, mines, and minerals, occur, as perhaps no situation in this kingdom can boast." "The various mines and veins of ore," he adds, "are of the first consequence, while the mountains around present a variety of strata worthy the attention of the geologist."

Castleton is in this respect of the first importance; it is an epitome of all that the Peak of Derbyshire contains; hills, rocks, caverns, mines, fossils, and minerals, are here congregated together, presenting a rich variety of materials for study and contemplation. Among the most extraordinary productions of this district the mineral *Ca-hout-chen*, or elastic bitumen, may be classed: Mr. Mawe ranks it amongst inflammable ores: it is of a dark brownish colour, and it is easily compressed; but the same piece is not always equally elastic: when lighted, it emits a beautiful white flame, similar to gas-light. Hitherto this curious mineral has not been discovered in any other part of Derbyshire, and a more singular product of nature is but rarely found.

About a mile east of Castleton is Dirtlow-Mine, a place that was visited by Faujas de St. Fond for the purpose of investigating the stratum of toadstone there, in which lead ore is said to exist. It was his particular object to disprove the theory of Whitehurst, and, as he observes, "to establish, by indisputable fact, where any doubt remained on the subject, that the toadstone of Derbyshire is not a product of volcanic fire;" and he concludes his observations by triumphantly remarking, "that the existence of lead ore in the *trapp* is a certain proof that it is not the product of fire." Supposing, however, the material in which lead ore has been found in Dirtlow Mine to be actually toadstone, Whitehurst's theory is but little affected by it, metallic veins, as I have before observed, on the authority of Bakewell, having been worked even in the crater of an extinct volcano. St. Fond's conclusion, therefore, appears to have been hastily drawn. Mr. Mawe indeed intimates his regret that this scientific and intelligent foreigner did not examine the substance in question more mi-

nutely, and he seems to be of opinion that the stratum of reputed toadstone is in fact " a limestone strongly impregnated with pyrites, which are in a decomposing state. The green earthy matter," he adds, " I suspect to be chlorite." Mr. Mawe's opinions and suspicions are as little satisfactory as St. Fond's. The substance which they admit to be toadstone, and that which is disputed by them, are not distinguishable from each other by any difference that can be perceived and understood by common observers; but geologists and mineralogists are sometimes inclined to make appearances bend to their peculiar theories.

A little distance from the castle, at the upper end of the deep ravine called Cave Dale, the toadstone appears in a regular basaltic column.

SECTION IV.

Mid-day View of Castleton Vale.---Ebbing and Flowing Well.---Approach to Chapel-en-le-Frith.---Chinley.---The Apostle of the Peak.---Kinderscout.---Evening at Glossop.---Catholic Chapel at Glossop Hall.---Glossop Church.---Rush-Bearing.---Monument to the Memory of Joseph Hague, Esq.---Brief Memoir of him.

My last visit to Castleton was in the summer of 1820. I was then on my way to Glossop, a part of Derbyshire which I had not originally intended to include in my excursions, but I gladly extended my journey to that remote part of the county, where I expected to find much less of picturesque beauty than wildness and sterility: I was, however, pleasantly disappointed, and I felt myself indebted to my companion for the opportunity afforded me of visiting so interesting a portion of the Peak.

We left Castleton soon after mid-day, when the sun was high in the heavens, and took the road that had been lately made along the base of Tray Cliff, and the side of Mam Tor, for the purpose of avoiding the steep path through the Winnats. As we ascended the hills, we had a magnificent view of the fine valley below; but the landscape wanted shadow. The sky was cloudless, and the whole horizon was filled with a blaze of light, that rendered every object, even in distance, clearly discernible; yet the scene altogether was less lovely

than when beheld at the close of the day, when every inequality is marked by the shadows of a declining sun, and the forms of objects are either thrown in lengthened lines or lie in masses along the ground.

From this place to Chapel-en-le-Frith, a distance of about five miles, the road has but little interest: even the ebbing and flowing well at Bar Moor Clough may be passed without notice, unless a fellow-traveller, previously acquainted with the existence of this singular phenomenon, points it out to observation. This *Derbyshire wonder* lies in a field by the road-side, about four miles from Castleton, surrounded with mud and weeds, and made filthy with cattle. During our short stay near it we neither saw it ebb nor flow. A little beyond this place the road emerges from among the dales, and the country about Chapel-en-le-Frith gradually presents itself. On our approach to the town a very pleasing scene lay before us: the houses were almost lost amidst surrounding trees, over which the tower of the church rose with considerable grace and majesty; beyond, Eccles Pike reared high its peaked head, and the beautiful woods and grounds around Bank Hall, the residence of Samuel Frith, Esq. lay on our left. There was something formal and insipid in the foreground, but the whole of the composition beyond was well arranged, and the parts were excellent.

About a mile and a half from Chapel we passed through Chinley, where the Calvinistic dissenters have a meeting-house, which originally belonged to the Rev. William Bagshaw, an eminent nonconformist divine, who was called the "APOSTLE OF THE PEAK." He was the author of a work which he published under the title of "De Spiritualibus Pecei,"---and of several devotional tracts, that were read with

avidity throughout the whole of the Peak of Derbyshire, where the character of this truly-religious minister was well known. In 1662 he was ejected from the vicarage of Glossop, which he had possessed for many years. He had afterwards a congregation at Chinley: from thence he removed to Great-Hucklow, where he died at an advanced age, in the fortieth year after his ejectment from the vicarage.

We found but little to interest us on our way from Chapel to Glossop, excepting that we had occasionally a hasty glance at the top of KINDERSCOUT, which we left at a short distance on our right, between Hayfield and Glossop. This is the highest mountain in the Peak of Derbyshire, and from its summit an amazing prospect is descried; but its sides are so loose and boggy, and so frequently intersected with runlets of water, that but few people attempt to climb to the top of it. In winter the summit of this eminence is often covered with snow: the following poetic distich has therefore become familiar to every individual who resides in the vicinity of this huge hill---

" If there be snow without,
" It will lie on Kinderscout."

It was evening when we approached the village of Glossop; the sun was sinking below the horizon, which in the west was suffused with a glow of light, that spread a warm aerial tint over all the landscape, and revived the recollection of some of the best sun-set pictures of Claude Lorraine: the yellow transparent haze that hung upon the scene, softened the outline and colouring of objects, that under a clearer atmosphere might have been obtrusive to the eye, and the whole was harmonized into beauty.

" 'Twas Summer tide; the eve was sweet
As mortal eye has e'er beholden;
The grass looked warm with sunny heat:
Perhaps some fairies' glowing feet
Had lightly touched, and left it golden."

I have somewhere met with an account of Glossop being situated in one of the *deepest* and *wildest* dales of Derbyshire; but I found the representation extremely incorrect: the open vale wherein it lies is nearly environed with high moorland wastes, some of which are covered with their native heath, and others newly planted, but all between is a well-cultivated district. A series of groups of houses, scattered about an ample valley, constitute the village of Glossop. In the principal of these groups is the church, a humble edifice, but yet a pleasing feature in the scene. I love to see the tower or spire of a village church rising from the midst of trees and cottages scattered irregularly around it. Such a picture is delightful to the eye, and the mind insensibly associates the idea of orderly conduct and moral feeling, with the appearance of these hallowed tabernacles of religious worship. However humble the village church may be, it gives importance and respectability to the habitations that surround it.

Glossop is an extensive manor, including a circumference of nearly thirty miles: all within this ample circle is the entire property of the present Duke of Norfolk, with a few trifling exceptions only; and in eight of the ten hamlets that constitute this large parish, not an acre of freehold ground belonging to any other individual intervenes.

In the immediate vicinity of the village great improvements have recently been made: a little rivulet called the Shelf, that takes its rise

amongst the adjacent hills, meanders through the valley, and a number of mills for the spinning of cotton, which have been erected on its banks, are bountifully supplied with water by this mountain stream. Glossop is therefore rapidly becoming a manufacturing district; its population is increasing, and a new road, which is now making through it from Sheffield to Manchester, will furnish a readier communication with the neighbouring places, and greatly facilitate its improvement.

We arrived at Glossop too late in the evening to explore its scenery, and as twilight withdrew, and night closed upon us, all but the dim and feeble outline of objects became obliterated---darkness crept over the face of the mountains, and they lay in mighty and imposing masses around us.

We regretted that we had not an opportunity of seeing Glossop Dale by moonlight: the lofty eminences by which it is environed---the many swelling hills that lie below---the dark woods that cover them---and all the variety of objects that it contains---when presented to the eye in unintelligible masses, must at such a time, and under the effect of so bewitching a light, be strongly impressed with grandeur.

Our residence during our short stay in this part of Derbyshire was at Glossop Hall, a mansion belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, and occupied by M. Ellison, Esq. his grace's agent. The prospect from the front of the house is singularly beautiful. On the right hand and on the left, a thickly-planted screen of ash, oak, chesnut, elm, and sycamore, prevents the eye from wandering over a great variety of desultory parts, and confines it to the lovely scenery that lies between.

A verdant declivity slopes from the house to a little grove of trees at the foot of the hill, where a busy rivulet is seen in occasional glimpses through the overhanging branches: beyond another grove occurs, which is connected with some plantations nearer the foreground; the distance is composed of boldly-swelling hills, clothed with wood and heath and intervening verdure. From the middle of the picture here beheld, a lofty hill finely covered with wood, swells magnificently from out the valley: when the whole of this eminence is included within the view, the outline it presents is too regularly round to be strictly beautiful; but from the front of Glossop Hall this regularity is agreeably broken, by the intervention of a group of very tall larches, that cut the line of the hill, and lift their feathered branches and spiral tops into the sky: these graceful trees are so situated and connected with the more massy foliage near, as to be objects of considerable beauty.

A plantation entirely composed of larches is not a pleasant object to contemplate. There is a tiresome monotony in the recurrence of the same lines and forms a thousand and a thousand times repeated, where the wild playfulness of nature should alone prevail. A plantation is a wood of a humbler description. With such an object nothing absolutely formal or constrained should be associated; and though plantations are generally made on too small a scale to admit of all the noble varieties of a wood, the trees of which they are composed should nevertheless be so diversified in form, station, and colour, as to produce a pleasing impression; but a contrary practice too much prevails: a straight line of Scotch firs, placed with geometrical precision, and so closely thrust together as to render all beyond impervious to the cheering light of the sun, generally forms the boundary

of new plantations. Larches are sometimes introduced, and at a certain season of the year they have a cheerful effect, but these spiral-topped trees should always be liberally intermixed with others. The beech, the oak, and the Spanish chesnut, should not be omitted, and the boundary line should be varied and irregular. The light must be admitted to play freely between the trunks, and amongst the branches of the trees, that intelligible shadows, and not gloom, may prevail.

Glossop Hall is occupied by a Catholic family, and a chapel for religious worship is included within its walls. The neat and clean appearance of this chapel sufficiently denotes that it is not a neglected part of the mansion. With the exception of the altar, it is an unadorned apartment: there it is rich and imposing. A recess, formed by four Ionic columns, contains the altar, which is surmounted with a well-sculptured figure of our Saviour on the Cross: the space behind is occupied with a picture of the Crucifixion, of a large size, and admirably painted: I could not learn the artist's name, but I understood it had been presented to this retired dwelling by the Duke of Norfolk, from his collection at Arundel Castle.

Previously to our leaving Glossop we visited the village church, a plain and lowly structure, and as little ornamented in the interior as it is without. Here we observed the remains of some garlands hung up near the entrance into the chancel. They were the mementos of a custom of rather a singular nature that lingers about this part of Derbyshire, after having been lost in nearly every other. It is denominated "*Rush-bearing*," and the ceremonies of this truly rural fête take place annually on one of the days appropriated to the wake or

village festival. A car or waggon is on this occasion decorated with rushes. A pyramid of rushes, ornamented with wreaths of flowers, and surmounted with a garland, occupies the centre of the car, which is usually bestrewed with the choicest flowers that the meadows of Glossop Dale can produce, and liberally furnished with flags and streamers. Thus prepared, it is drawn through the different parts of the village, preceded by groups of dancers and a band of music. All the ribbons in the place may be said to be in requisition on this festive day, and he who is the greatest favourite amongst the lasses is generally the gayest personage in the cavalcade. After parading the village the car stops at the church gates, where it is dismantled of its honours. The rushes and flowers are then taken into the church, and strewed amongst the pews and along the floors, and the garlands are hung up near the entrance into the chancel, in remembrance of the day. The ceremony ended, the various parties who made up the procession retire, amidst music and dancing, to the village inn, where they spend the remainder of the day in joyous festivity.

In Glossop church there is a monument to the memory of Joseph Hague, Esq. a benevolent-hearted man, who resided at Park Hall, near Hayfield, and who left the interest of one thousand pounds annually for ever, towards clothing forty poor men and women belonging to the township of Glossop, and not receiving parochial relief. The monument consists of a white marble tablet, surmounted with a bust of the deceased, which was executed by *Bacon*, and in his happiest style. We but little expected to find so good a specimen of sculpture in this remote part of Derbyshire. The bust alone is said to have cost four hundred guineas, but its price is no doubt greatly exaggerated, probably to increase its value in the estimation of the

vulgar, who judge of the excellence of works of art by what they cost, and not by what they are.

Mr. Hague was born of very humble parents at Chunal, a small village between Hayfield and Glossop, and he was turned upon the world at a very early period of life to provide for his own subsistence. When quite a boy he travelled about the country and sold small articles, which he carried with him in a basket: afterwards, as his stock increased, he purchased an ass, and finally he became a very respectable merchant. He had several children, who died early in life; but having acquired considerable wealth, he adopted a family of relations of the name of Doxon. These he educated; and, that he might witness the effects of his farther benevolence, he divided the chief part of his property amongst them while he was yet capable of enjoying life and all the luxuries that wealth can purchase, and retired to Park Hall, where he spent the remainder of his days in a frugal but happy retirement.

SECTION V.

The river Etherow.---Broad Bottom Bridge.---Compstall Bridge.---View from Compstall House.---Cotton Printing.---Junction of the Etherow and the Goyt.---Marple Bridge.---Mellor Mill.---S. Oldknow, Esq.---Scenery of the Goyt.

We left Glossop the morning after our arrival there, intending to visit the banks of the Etherow, one of the boundary rivers of Derbyshire, which rises at the northern extremity of the county, and after running to the vicinity of Motram in a western direction, gradually inclines towards the south, and separates Derbyshire from Cheshire. Hitherto this river has attracted but little attention from tourists, who have generally confined their observations to the Derwent, the Dove, and the Wye; it is therefore but little known.

About three miles from Glossop we passed the village of Charlsworth, which is situated on the side of a steep hill; the houses are built with a cold grey-coloured stone, and as there is scarcely a single tree amongst them, the place has altogether a very cheerless appearance. Near this village we had the first view of the Etherow, which was seen in occasional glimpses winding through a deep valley amongst overhanging trees.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague has somewhere remarked, that the

most beautiful scenery is always found along the channels of rivers, and as far as the observation applies to the Peak of Derbyshire, it is peculiarly correct: nature indeed hides her most romantic scenes in deep recesses and sequestered dells, amongst rocks and woods, and streams of living water.

As we deviated from the road that leads to Marple Bridge we had a rich diversity of landscape spread before us; and at a short distance on our right, the choicest beauties of the Etherow appeared to be combined. Our path was narrow, steep, and rugged, and but ill adapted for travelling in a tilbury; we however moved cautiously, and came upon the margin of the river at Broad Bottom Bridge.

Man scarcely ever meddles with the scenery of nature without impairing its beauties, and at this place he has been eminently successful. Rocks have been removed, and a situation scooped out of the picturesque banks of the Etherow for the erection of mills, and the noise and clatter of machinery have succeeded to the solemn stillness that once pervaded this retired dell.

The Etherow is here a broad and rapid stream; its banks are high and rocky, and at their nearest approximation, a stone bridge, which is a noble structure of one immense arch, crosses the river. The view from below this bridge was once eminently rich and picturesque; but the mills of Messrs. Kelsall and Marsland, and the buildings connected with them, have strangely marred the prospect: they are obtruded into the very middle of the stream, and are so situated as effectually to hide the river and its finely-wooded banks, at a place where the greatest beauty prevails.

The perpendicular rock on the Cheshire side of the Etherow, at Broad Bottom Bridge, is called CAT TOR. This precipice is nearly one hundred feet high; its craggy summit is crested with trees, and the more friable soil on which the top-cliffs rest, nourishes the roots of a variety of shrubs and brambles that grow upon its sides---

> " Around its broken summit grew
> The hazel rude and sable yew,
> A thousand varied lichens dyed
> Its waste and weather-beaten side,
> And round its rugged basis lay,
> By time or thunder rent away,
> Fragments, that, from its frontlet torn,
> Were mantled now with verdant thorn." SIR W. SCOTT.

The bed of the river near the bridge is covered with stones of various dimensions, amongst which we found many specimens of quartz and granite, some of them weighing several hundred pounds; but the Cornwall and the Aberdeen granite are most abundant. It may here be observed, that the whole of this district is a micacious and sandstone grit, and that no granite rock is known to exist within more than one hundred miles of the Etherow.

The pile of buildings above the bridge so entirely intersected our view, that we obtained permission of Mr. Marsland to pass through his premises to explore the scenery still higher up the valley. The Etherow is here a deep and truly noble stream; and the trees on its banks, where nothing puny or insignificant is to be seen, are of the most luxuriant description. A weir is thrown across the river in a semicircular direction, over which an immense mass of water is precipitated into an ample bason below, and dashed into the whitest foam.

Above the weir the banks are in some places extremely steep, in others perpendicular; and the thick foliage of the oak, and the lighter branches of the ash, were reflected from the watery mirror below in all the freshness of nature; the whole presenting an inverted landscape, gay with a thousand intermingled hues, and rich with a variety of lovely objects.

In the immediate vicinity of Broad Bottom Bridge, within the rocks that form the channel of the Etherow, globes of red sand-stone from twenty to fifty or sixty inches in diameter, are frequently found; and a practice prevails of covering them over with paint, and marking them with the more prominent indications of the human countenance; they are then placed in the most conspicuous situations, upon gate-posts and walls, to "grin a ghastly smile" at the stranger as he passes along. Nothing can be more grotesque in appearance, or ludicrous in effect, than these shapeless heads and staring faces.

From Broad Bottom Bridge we ascended the hill, and regained the road we had left. During a ride of a few miles only, we had occasionally some pleasing views of the Etherow winding through a delightful vale that lay on our right; and as we approached Marple the scenery became eminently beautiful---a fine river---a rich and fertile valley---and hills covered with wood---made up the nearer parts of the landscape; beyond, the distance was soft and shadowy, yet sufficiently distinct to exhibit the undulations of the ground, and the dim outline of the various objects with which it is adorned.

We again descended to the margin of the Etherow at a place called Compstall Bridge, near which there is an extensive factory for cotton

printing, belonging to T. Andrews, Esq. at whose hospitable mansion we spent the remaining part of the day, and rested for the night. The residence of Mr. Andrews is situated on the declivity of a hill, with beautiful woody scenery rising far above, and a verdant slope below, that declines to the river. Compstall Bridge, a good modern structure, lies on the left of the house: above it, the banks of the Etherow are high and rocky---their upper cliffs are covered with trees, and the eye, as it ranges into distance, passes over a rich variety of landscape, terminating in remote eminences, that mingle with the far-off horizon. The mansion is sufficiently elevated to command a fine view of the surrounding country; and, from the terrace-walk near the principal front, the high-wooded banks of the Goyt, every where marked with beauty, present a very rich, and in some places, a magnificent picture; and where the river, after passing Marple Bridge, and winding through the meadows, withdraws from the scene, the aqueduct of the Peak Forest Canal spans the busy stream, that frets and foams over its rocky channel in the glen below. This elegant structure has the appearance of a Roman bridge of three arches, and it emerges from the woods with uncommon grace and dignity. A finer object in landscape is but seldom seen; and when the mild radiance of an evening sun is playing amongst the trees with which it is nearly environed, and tipping the topmost branches with light, whilst all below is reposing in shadow, the view from Compstall House is one continued scene of beauty.

On the following day we visited Mr. Andrews' manufactory, for the purpose of observing his manner of printing cottons, which is here done by cylindrical copper rollers, on which the different figures are engraved. The process of this mode of printing is so rapid that pieces

of twenty-eight yards are thrown off from each set of rollers in less than two minutes. It seems indeed as if the whole operation was performed rather by magic agency than by the intervention of human means. Some of the machines were printing with one colour only, some with two, but none with more than three, which is the maximum of the present practice.

A new description of rollers has lately been introduced by this gentleman into his manufactory. The figures, instead of being engraved upon them as on a copper-plate, are cast in metal, like printers' type, and soldered to the roller---presenting an elevated surface, which receives the colours and transmits them to the cotton. The contrivance appeared to us ingenious, and well calculated to save expence, but not applicable to the general purposes of the trade.

From Compstall Bridge we followed the Etherow to its junction with the Goyt, which takes place amongst some very lovely scenery, about a mile and a half from Mr. Andrews's house. It is remarkable that Dr. Aiken, in his History of the country round Manchester, whenever he speaks of this river, calls it the Mersey, with one exception only, and where this occurs he says, "The Etherow flows into the Goyt near Chadkirk---thence the river is continued under the name of the Goyt to Stockport, where it takes the name of the Mersey."

A pleasant walk of about a mile on the banks of the Goyt brought us to Marple Bridge. The scenery at this little village is not of a common character. The river is an ample and impetuous stream; its banks are lofty, rocky, and precipitous, and but a few weeks

previously to our visit they were every where profusely wooded; but we saw the axe employed, and this highly-picturesque river despoiled of some of its finest ornaments. The Derbyshire side of the stream, from Marple Bridge to Mellor Mill, which a short time before waved with the most luxuriant foliage, was entirely denuded. The proprietor, we were informed, had been extending his purchases, and his trees were cut down to be bartered away for acres. As we passed along this now-naked bank, we came to a high point of ground, where the prospect is rich even to magnificence. From the situation where we stood, we could trace the course of the river for several miles, winding amongst woods through a deep and narrow valley full of picturesque beauty. The residence of S. Oldknow, Esq. which is a neat but not a large mansion, is so embowered in trees as to be nearly obscured by them; and the few buildings that are scattered over the other parts of this fine landscape, with the exception of the mill, are almost lost in surrounding wood. This is one of the noblest scenes on this romantic river.

Mr. Oldknow was one of the earliest manufacturing settlers in this vicinity, and he is now regarded as the father of the district. He found a busy river coursing its way through a deep dell, and he saw the many advantages which so powerful a stream presented for manufacturing purposes; he therefore established himself near Mellor; and his example and success in business soon procured him many neighbours; until the banks of the Goyt and the Etherow became the busy scenes of industry, and the resort of enterprising men and mechanical talent.

Mr. Oldknow has always been an active man in public life, and

many improvements made in the vicinity of his residence, have been indebted, not only to his example, but to his personal exertions. The Peak Forest Canal originated chiefly with him; and, though not hitherto a profitable speculation to the proprietors, it has been productive of considerable advantages through the line of its operations, and ultimately it may be more successful. Mr. Oldknow is now declining into years, but he is yet full of spirit and activity; and, if he can only feel that "nothing has been done, while any thing remains to do," and prevail upon his neighbours and others to extend the Peak Forest Canal from the vicinity of Chapel-en-le-Frith to the eastern boundary of Derbyshire, he may yet be remunerated for his exertions. This gentleman is at present less occupied with manufacturing than agricultural pursuits, and this department is under the best regulated management imaginable. He keeps a great number of cattle, and they are housed and fed in buildings that have been erected at a great expence, where every possible attention is paid to their welfare and convenience. There is a contrivance and a neatness about the whole of Mr. Oldknow's farming establishment, that are not always attended to where the accumulation of profit is a primary consideration.

From Mellor Mill we perambulated the banks of the Goyt, amongst scenery as truly romantic, and as replete with picturesque beauty, as any in Derbyshire, until we came to a part of the valley where the hills and woods are thrown farther from each other, and some lovely meadows interpose between. Here we left the margin of the river, for the purpose of obtaining a more extended view from the elevated grounds. The landscape we now beheld was essentially different from what we had seen in the dell below, where the eye dwelt upon the

characteristic features of the various objects that composed the picture, and was delighted with the detail: here every thing was on a scale of magnitude, that pleased by its vastness. No part of the prospect was distinctly marked, with the exception of the foreground, and even there the subordinate parts were lost, in the contemplation of the whole. The river below us was a mirror of sunny light; but the sparkling breaks, the interrupted rushings, and the playful eddies, which had charmed us while loitering on its banks, were now seen with indifference. The characters and forms of trees---the graceful branches of the ash, and the gnarled ramifications of the oak, we had observed with pleasure, when they were prominent features in the circumscribed scenes that we had so recently left; but now our horizon included a more ample circumference, and individual objects were lost in the aggregate. Hills and woods, and verdant meadows, made up the picture; and the light-blue haze of a hot summer's day harmonized the whole into loveliness.

Having explored the course of the Goyt to the vicinity of a pleasant village called New Mills, which is most romantically situated on one of the tributary streams of the river, we returned to Mellor Mill, and from thence retraced our steps to Glossop, where we spent the remainder of the day.

SECTION VI.

Return from Glossop.---Peak Forest.---Eldon Hole.---Bagshaw Cavern. ---Small Dale.---Lime-kiln Fires.---Night Scene.---Morning in Hope Dale.---Hope Brough.---The river Derwent.

WE had been much gratified with our excursion to Glossop, and we left it with a wish to revisit it on some future occasion. Nine miles of tedious road, which we had travelled over only a few days before, lay between us and Chapel-en-le-Frith; and, as we did not anticipate much pleasure in passing a second time over so uninteresting a district, we were secured against disappointment. This road, like many others both in Derbyshire and elsewhere, has been made in bold despite of both hill and dale. Hardly any set of people commit greater blunders than the projectors and makers of public roads. If a valley interferes in the line of their operations, they shew their utter contempt of the accommodation it offers, and their talent at surmounting difficulties, by clambering up and down every hill that nature has interposed between them and the point of their destination.

We again passed by Chapel-en-le-Frith, and shortly afterwards we made another pause at the ebbing and flowing well; but, during the short time we remained near it, no sensible alteration took place in this extraordinary phenomenon; nor were there any appearances about it which indicated that the water had very recently either ebbed

or flowed. Some few years before I observed the rising and sinking of this well twice in the short space of half an hour.

A little beyond this celebrated well we left the Castleton road by a sharp turn on our right, and proceeded to Peak Forest, a little village, surrounded by an extensive tract of land, to which the same name is applied. This forest was anciently called *De alto Pecco;* and the parishes of Castleton, Hope, Chapel, Glossop, and Mottram in Longdendale, are said to have been once included in it. Within half a mile of the village is ELDON HOLE, another of the reputed wonders of the Peak of Derbyshire. Unassisted by fable, and the babbling of the credulous gossip tradition, there is nothing either vast or astonishing in this fissure in the limestone strata: it is a deep yawning chasm, entirely devoid of picturesque appendages, and altogether as uninteresting as any hole in a rock can possibly be.

Many and marvellous are the stories that have been told of Eldon Hole. Cotton has celebrated it in English verse, and Hobbes in Latin hexameters. Cotton, it appears, endeavoured to ascertain the depth of this fathomless pit; but, according to his own account, he did not succeed: he says,

> " But I myself, with half the Peake surrounded,
> Eight hundred four-score and four yards have sounded,
> And though of these four-score returned back wet,
> The plummet drew, and found no bottom yet;
> Though when I went to make a new essay,
> I could not get the lead down half the way."

There is nothing like a tale of wonder; and this tremendous gulph, which is about twenty yards long, seven wide, and sixty deep, has

often excited both terror and amazement. So early as the reign of Elizabeth, the Earl of Leicester is said to have hired a man to go down into Eldon Hole to observe its form, and ascertain its depth. The account of this experiment says---" He was let down about two hundred ells, and after he had remained at the length of the rope awhile, he was pulled up again, with great expectation of some discoveries; but when he came up he was senseless, and dyed within eight days of a phrensy." This circumstance is alluded to by Cotton in the following lines---

" Once a mercenary fool, 'tis said, exposed
His life for gold, to find what lies inclosed
In this obscure vacuity, and tell
Of stranger sights than Theseus saw in hell;
But the poor wretch paid for his thirst of gain—
For, being craned up with a distempered brain,
A faultering tongue, and a wild staring look,
He lived eight days, and then the world forsook."

About forty years ago, a Mr. Loyd descended into this dark and gloomy abyss, explored the depths and the capacity of its interior recesses, and removed the mystery that till then had hung upon it. A detail of this undertaking was published in " the Philosophical Transactions," vol. lxi. p. 250. The whole of Mr. Loyd's descent was nearly sixty yards when he reached the bottom of the chasm, where he found several cells of different dimensions, whose sides and roofs were every where covered with stalactites and calcareous incrustations. In one part of the principal cavern he discovered a fissure in the rock, through which a strong current of air proceeded; this however he could not examine, as it was nearly filled up with huge stones, that appeared to have been rolled upon it. This aperture, the miners say,

communicates with a lower shaft of a vast depth, with water at the bottom; if so, Cotton, whose measurement of it to the extent of more than eight hundred yards, was, as he says, "witnessed by half the Peak," may still be correct; but Mr. Loyd's statement induces one to conclude that he actually reached the lower extremity of Eldon Hole at less than sixty yards from his first entrance into it.

I must now, with all becoming courtesy, bid adieu to my companion to Glossop, and resume the narrative of my pedestrian excursion from this place to Hope Dale, and from thence to Matlock. From Peak Forest, a walk of a few miles, over wild moorland ground and newly-cultivated pastures, thinly covered with verdure, brought us to the little village of Bradwell. We had heard much of Bagshaw Cavern, and we wished to visit it; but the day was now fast closing upon us; and, as the entrance into it is not only very uninviting, but absolutely repulsive, we determined to press onward to the place where we proposed to pass the night. We had previously seen enough of caverns, and we were too much fatigued to be highly gratified with creeping through narrow apertures to look at spars and stalactites, however beautiful. We nevertheless determined to visit it on some future day, but hitherto that day has not arrived. The entrance into the crystallized grottos at Bradwell is very narrow and extremely inconvenient; the passage however soon becomes more accommodating, and a man of short stature may grope his way into the caves beyond without much stooping. Different appellations have been given to these subterranean cells; one is called the Music Chamber---another, the Grotto of Paradise---a third, the Grotto of Calypso---and a fourth, I believe, is not yet honoured with a name. Exploring them, a world of novel scenery is unfolded, beautiful and fantastic as the mind can

possibly conceive: the moving lights of the torch as they play amongst the transparent crystallizations, and the numerous sparry icicles that depend like lustres from the roof, have a very beautiful, and even a magical effect. This place, however, is not likely to be frequently visited; the timid will shrink from the undertaking with apprehension ---and the treasures that it contains must be reserved for those who are not deterred by common difficulties, and can cheerfully submit to the inconvenience of stooping and crawling along the rugged and narrow passages that lead to the inmost recesses of the Peak mountains.

Our nearest road to Hope, where we proposed spending the night, lay through Small Dale, a little village that derives its name from a deep narrow dell, formed by masses of rock thrown together in abrupt knolls and lofty craggs. We however preferred keeping on the brow of the hill that overlooks the dell, where we had a good road; and the darkness of the night rendered such an accommodation extremely desirable. The burning of lime is here a considerable trade; and the kilns used for the purpose are situated at the bottom of the dell, one side of which was formed by the rocks where we stood; of the other, aided by a transient light emitted from the fires of the lime-kilns, we caught occasionally an uncertain glimpse: all between was a gloomy vacuity, which the eye could not penetrate. The whole dale indeed was one immense cauldron steaming with smoke, that at intervals was partially illumined by momentary gleams and flashes from the fires below---then curling into mid-air, it rolled over our heads in murky volumes, forming a canopy " as dark as Erebus." The obscurity that pervaded this nocturnal scene, together with the short and feeble emanations of light which, shot from the kilns in the deep dale

beneath only made darkness more palpable, powerfully assisted the impressions it produced. We stood to contemplate the grandeur and sublimity of the picture before us, until some heavy drops of rain, and the hoarse murmurs of distant thunder, warned us to depart. Being yet more than two miles from the end of our journey, the darkness of the night, and the coming storm, induced us to alter our original intention, and to spend one more night at Castleton, where we arrived time enough to escape being deluged in torrents of rain.

The following morning, as we proceeded on our way to Hope, the open valley through which we passed was covered with a thick misty vapour, that obscured every object. The sun, however, ascending above the hills, soon spread his warm influence over it; and the vapour, that before was a dull and inactive mass, soon became a source of beauty: as if instinct with life, it everywhere appeared in motion; and it was highly curious to observe the whole progressively leave the vale, and, assuming the form of clouds, pass in regular and solemn march across the sides of the mountains, settling in succession on the summits of Winhill, Losehill, and Mam Tor. These phenomena are common in the Peak of Derbyshire; and though not amongst the fixed and permanent features of the place, they are interesting appendages to mountain scenery, and they sometimes produce a grand effect.

In our walk to Hope we passed the little hamlet of Brough, which, though now but an insignificant village, is supposed to have been once a place of some importance. Where the two rivulets, the Bradwell and the Now, meet, a Roman town formerly stood. The scite it occupied is a field now called the Halsteads, near which a

stone column, evidently Roman, a bust of Apollo, and the mutilated head of another deity, both of rude workmanship, were found. Near this place bricks and urns, impressed with Roman letters, have occasionally been turned up with the plough and the spade; and at Brough Mill, a gold coin of the Emperor Vespasian, in a good state of preservation, has been dug up. These circumstances all concur to prove the fact of the Romans having had a settlement here; and the opinions of that venerable antiquarian, the late Rev. Mr. Pegge of Whittington, and the northern tourist, Mr. Bray, favour the same conclusion.

Hope, a very respectable-looking village, was the next place we passed through. The church stands on an elevated plot of ground by the road-side, and, in connexion with a group of picturesque dwellings, and a double row of lime-trees, by which it is nearly surrounded, presents a very pleasing picture. From Hope we had a delightful walk down the valley by the side of the river Now, until we reached Malham Bridge, where we once more regained the banks of the Derwent.

The Wrongsley and the Westend, two little rivulets, that rise amongst the heathy hills at the northern extremity of the county, are the sources of this beautiful river. These inconsiderable streams, after running a few miles among moorland wilds, flow into each other near a place called Abbey House, and there assume the name of the Derwent, which, pursuing its way in a southerly direction, passes the village of Derwent, and shortly afterwards receives the Ashop, a river that has its source at the base of Kinderscout; proceeding thence to Malham Bridge in Hope Dale, it is joined by the united waters of the Bradwell and the Now.

In the space of forty miles, which includes the whole course of this river, from the highest and wildest parts of the Peak to the town of Derby, scenery more richly diversified with picturesque beauty can hardly any where be found. Generally, its banks are luxuriantly wooded; the oak, the elm, the alder, and the ash, flourish abundantly along its course; beneath the shade of whose united branches the Derwent is sometimes secluded from the eye of the traveller, and becomes a companion for the ear alone: then suddenly emerging into day, it spreads through a more open valley---or, winding round the base of some huge mountain or rocky precipice, reflects their dark sides as it glides beneath. Sometimes this ever-varying and ever-pleasing stream precipitates its foaming waters over the rugged projections and rocky fragments that interrupt its way; again the ruffled waves subside, and the current steals smoothly and gently through the vale, clear, and almost imperceptible in motion.

What an emblem of the busy world does this river present, when contemplated through its various windings, from its source amongst the heathy hills of Derbyshire to its confluence with the Trent! In the immense multitude that compose the aggregate of mankind, there are many who seek the sequestered shades of a still and retired life---who shun the tumult of society, and seclude themselves not only from the eye of the traveller, but who pass through life equally unknowing and unknown. Others rush into day, and like the Derwent, pouring through the more open and sunny meadows, court and attract the gaze of all around them, and *live* only in proportion as they become the object to which public attention is directed. There are likewise those who delight to mix in the agitated scenes of a troubled world, and whose pursuits partake the character of the Derwent, when forcing an impetuous

passage over the disparted fragments of rock that obstruct its channel and impede its course.

Those who have perambulated the banks of the Derwent, and become acquainted with its beauties, will recollect with delight the many exquisite scenes that it adorns---the pleasing groves of Stoke---the splendid palace and noble grounds of Chatsworth---the placid Darley Dale---the romantic rocks and woods of Matlock---Willersley Castle---and the whole of those picturesque hills that shape its course from thence to Belper, Duffield, and Derby.

SECTION VII.

High-low.---Leam.---Padley.---Approach to Calver.---Calver Lime.---Morning Scene.---Hassop Hall.---Longstone.---Godfrey Rowland imprisoned in the Castle of the Peak.

FROM Malham Bridge we followed the margin of the Derwent to Hazleford, where we crossed the river amidst some very beautiful scenery. From this place we visited the old mansion at High-low, and then returned by Leam into the valley we had so lately left. The house at High-low was once a comfortable residence, but there are now many marks about it that indicate an alteration in its fortunes. It was formerly inhabited by a branch of the family of the Eyres, one of the oldest in this part of Derbyshire, but it is now a mere farmer's dwelling, and scarcely worth a visit. At the back of the house there is a high conical hill, which has the appearance of being thrown up by the labour of man; but it is so immense a mound that the supposition seems extravagant. Its name, however, implies that it was once a burial-place; if so, it is scarcely less mighty than the Tomb of Achilles---

"That wide the extended Hellespont surveys."

From High-low, a short walk brought us to LEAM, the residence of C. M. Middleton, Esq. How beautifully situated is this delightful

mansion! It is surrounded with hills, rocks, woods, and dales, amongst which flows the river Derwent, every where fringed with a variety of the finest foliage. Leam Hall occupies an elevated situation on the side of a steep hill, and every view that it commands abounds with picturesque beauty.

Regaining the brink of the Derwent, we had a leisurely ramble through the woods in the direction of Grindleford Bridge. Every person who has made the tour of the Peak of Derbyshire must have observed the frequent occurrence of wells and troughs of water placed by the road-side, for the accommodation of travellers and their horses. This is both a commendable and a convenient practice; and the many streamlets that run down the sides of the hills furnish the means of doing a good deed at a little expence. As we passed along the road through the wood below Leam, we noticed a well of this description, which was really a very pleasing object, and my companion gave it a place in his Sketch-book. A little stream rushing down a steep declivity, and leaping from one projection to another, amongst fragments of rock, and the tangled branches of light overhanging trees, fell into a basin, that was placed in a woody recess at the road-side to receive it; and the picturesque appendages by which it was surrounded made it a good subject for the pencil. Shortly afterwards we came to a more open part of the valley, where we had an unobstructed view of the left bank of the river, and the dells and woods of Upper and Nether-Padley.

Padley Hall, scarcely a vestige of which now remains, was once the most important mansion in this part of Derbyshire. It was for

Drawn by F.Chantrey R.A.

Engraved by G.Cooke.

WATERING PLACE by the ROAD SIDE near GRINDLEFORD BRIDGE,
DERBYSHIRE.

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several centuries the family residence of the Eyres, from whom it passed into the possession of Sir Thomas Fitzherbert, who married the daughter of Sir Arthur Eyre, and occupied the Old Hall at Padley, in the reign of Elizabeth. G. Talbot, the sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, hereditary Earl Marshal of England, was at this time Lord Lieutenant of the county of Derby; and he appears to have exercised an unbending rigour towards the Catholic Recusants within his jurisdiction. In a letter of his to Sir Thomas Knyveton, he says---"The Queens Majestie beinge moved by sundry occasions greatlie importing the Estate of this her realme, to *abridge the liberty of sundry papists recusants*, ill members of the same, resyant within this County of Derby, &c. I have thought mete heereby to requier you forthwith to receave into y^r^ charge and custodie the bodie of Philip Draycote, Gent. recusant, to be by you well saflie kept as her Mt^s^ prisoner, upon his proper costs and charges, untill furder order, &c." This authority the Earl of Shrewsbury appears to have used with some severity towards the family at Padley. In the year 1587, John Manners and Roger Columbel inform the Earl, that "Yesterday being Candlemas Daye, Mr. Columble went himself yearly in the morning with sixteen or twenty men *to Padley*, where he found Thomas Fitzharbert's wife, Anthony Fitzharbert, two of his sisters, and about twenty persons besides, seeming to be of their household; and made diligent searche for Mr. John Fitzharbert, but could not find him," &c. In another part of the letter, they add---"Padlaye maye be doubted much to be a house of evil resort, and therefore, my L. their wilbe no good redresse there (in our simple opinyons) in those matters, unless that some may be resyant there that wilbe conformable, and some preacher placed amongst us, here in the Peake, to teache the people better."

Two years after the date of the preceding letter, Sir Thomas Fitzherbert addressed the following to the Earl of Shrewsbury.

Very good Lorde,

Wth all humble dewtie, I crave leave in lowly wise to openne my greifes unto you. I suppose y^{r} honor hathe knowne me above fiftie yeres, and my wief, that was daughter and heire unto S^{r} Arthur Eyre. I trust I have bine dewtifull unto my Lords y^{r} grandfather, y^{r} father, and y^{r} Honor, and I have found y^{r} Honors all my good Lords, till now of late y^{r} Lo^{pp} entringe into the Howse of Padley, found two semynaries there, all unknowne unto my brother, as was confessed at theire deathe, and is well approved since by good testimony; sithence w^{ch} tyme y^{r} L^{pp} also hath entred uppon my Howse of Padley, and the demeanse thereof, seazed all the goods of my Brothers and myne that was in that Howse, amongeste w^{ch} I had certeine evidences of a Woode and Meadowe under Levin Howse, called Fawltclyffe, w^{ch} as I ame enformed y^{r} Honor hathe entred uppon, and occupieth whollie to y^{r} use, though I have bine possessed and my wief's auncestors thereof, tyme out of mynde. Very good Lo—, theise things are greater than my presente poor estate can suffer, or in any wise beare, I payinge her Ma^{tie} the statute of recusansie, beinge CCLX^{li} by yeare, w^{ch} is more then all my rents yerlie rise unto. Loathe I am to complaine of y^{r} Ho^{r} any waie, wherefore I complaine me firste unto y^{r} Lo^{pp}; hopinge you will deale so noblie and chairitablie wth me as I shall be restored to my Howse, lands, and goods, by y^{r} Honor, so as I shall be fullye satisfied, and be able to paie her Ma^{tie}, and for ever bounde to praie for yo^{r} Lo^{pp} liefe in all honor longe to continew. From London, this 28^{t} of Maie, 1589.

These letters scarcely require a comment; they exhibit a shocking picture of the exorbitant power of the nobility, and the miserable situation of the Roman Catholics in the days of Elizabeth. Heartily congratulating ourselves that we were not disciples of the pope, and subjected to the mild and tolerent government of "*the golden days of good Queen Bess,*" we left the vicinity of Padley, and proceeded on our way to Grindleford Bridge and Stoke. As we descended the hill

beyond Stoke Hall, the darkness of the night was fast approaching. The rocky eminences about Calver had lost their peculiar features, and lay in masses before us. The lime-kilns were now become imposing objects; the very outline of their base was lost in shadow: from their summits, volumes of smoke, partly illumined by unseen fires, rose in spiral folds, that became dark and heavy as they ascended. At the top of one of the kilns, a human figure, placed against the white volume of smoke that rolled over his head, had a fine effect; his form came dark upon the eye, and, being surrounded with illuminated and murky vapours, he seemed like a magician framing his spells and muttering his incantations over a burning cauldron. The scene was essentially different from the one we had observed the preceding evening, yet it strongly reminded us of the night-fires of Small Dale.

Calver is a part of one of the principal limestone districts of Derbyshire, and it derives considerable advantage from its proximity to lands where a different soil prevails, and its produce is in great demand. The lime obtained here is admirably fitted for agricultural purposes; hence a lucrative trade has been established, for the supply of which the hills of Calver furnish abundant materials. It is much to be regretted that no canal communication has been opened between this and other parts of the same county, where lime is wanted and coal abounds: a mutual exchange of the productions of each would be highly advantageous to both. Great difficulty would certainly be found in thus passing the immense rampart of hill by which they are divided; but, as a canal has been lately continued to Sheffield, it might easily be carried through Abbey Dale to East Moor, above Totley, and thence by Dronfield to Chesterfield. With the nearest part of this branch, a rail-road, on the principle of the one near

Chapel-en-le-Frith, might communicate. The practicability of this undertaking is easily discernible; and its utility would produce an increase of business to the Sheffield and Chesterfield Canals, that would be of incalculable benefit to both.

The limestone rocks of Derbyshire not only furnish most excellent manure for agricultural purposes, but, when untouched by fire, they produce the best materials in the kingdom for road-making. The persons employed in this useful branch of labour are by no means deficient in a knowledge of their business; on the contrary, they appear to understand the best principles of making and repairing roads. They break the limestone to a circular gauge of from two and a half to three inches in diameter, and a forfeit is incurred for every stone that will not pass the ring: the stone when thus broken is laid upon the road six or eight inches thick, and shortly it becomes so hard and compact, that the carriage-wheels as they pass over it scarcely leave a mark behind them. In the vicinity of Bakewell, Basslow, Calver, Hassop, &c. &c. this system of road-making has long prevailed, and has been found very beneficial; the roads are not only easy to travel on, but they are very durable, and made at little expence.

We once more passed the night at the Moon Inn at Stoney Middleton, within half a mile of Calver; and the following morning, after sketching a picturesque waterfall at a corn-mill near the inn, we proceeded to Hassop, a very pleasant village, where Lord Kinnaird, the eldest son of the present Earl of Newburgh, resides.

As we left Calver, the morning was singularly fine and beautiful:

the air was balmy and full of freshness, yet so still, that the smoke from the cottage chimnies was hardly disturbed by its breathings; the herbage in the fields, and the leaves of the trees, were "impearled with the dew;" and God's beauteous sky was one magnificent canopy of clear and spotless azure. There was no contemplating the scene without experiencing sensations of delight. The dullest clod that ever wore the form of man could not have been insensible to the influence of so much beauty; every thing around us seemed to feel it. The hares and pheasants, which are here abundant, were running and playing about by the road-side, as if the world and all that it contains had been theirs, and theirs alone. I was delighted with their gambols---with the confidence they displayed; and should have thought it a sacrilege against the happiness of nature to have broken in upon or disturbed their sports.

The manor of Hassop formerly belonged to the Foljambes; but, in the year 1498, it was purchased by Catherine, the widow of Stephen Eyre, a younger son of Ralph Eyre, Esq. of Padley; since when it has continued in the possession of the same family. The late Earl of Newburgh died without issue, and the title being inheritable through heirs female, it devolved to Francis, the present earl, who is the son of Lady Mary, the youngest daughter and co-heiress of Charlotte, Countess of Newburgh---Prince Justiniani, the son of the eldest daughter, being incapable of inheriting the title, in consequence of being an alien.

The Eyres, as I have before observed, is one of the oldest families in Derbyshire, where they have continued to reside through the long lapse of more than seven hundred years, as appears from the following

curious extract from an old pedigree, which is still preserved at Hassop. " The first of the Eyres came in with King William the Conqueror, and his name was Truelove; but, in the Battle of Hastings (14 Oct. 1066) this Truelove, seeing the King unhorsed, and his helmet beat so close to his face that he could not breathe, pulled off his helmet, and horsed him again. The King said, ' Thou shalt hereafter from Truelove be called *Air* or *Eyre*, because thou hast given me the air I breathe.' After the battle, the King called for him, and being found with his thigh cut off, he ordered him to be taken care of; and being recovered, he gave him lands in the county of Derby, in reward for his services; and the seat he lived at he called Hope, because he had hope in the greatest extremity; and the King gave the Leg and Thigh cut off in armour for his crest, and which is still the crest of all the Eyres in England."

In the year 1643, Hassop Hall had a military character; it was then garrisoned for the King by Colonel Eyre, who distinguished himself in an eminent manner at the siege of Newark: a good portrait of this gallant loyalist adorns one of the rooms at Hassop. The gardens around the house, though rather trim and formal, are kept in excellent condition, and the plantations are ornamented with a rich diversity of the noblest trees.

" Here towers erect in sable spire
The pine-tree, scathed by lightning fire;
The drooping ash, and birch between,
Hang their fair tresses o'er the green;
And all beneath at random grow
Each coppice dwarf of varied show,
Or, round the stems profusely twined,
Fling summer odours on the wind." *Rokeby.*

Hassop is one of the pleasantest little villages in the Peak of Derbyshire. A chain of hills that screen it from the north rises high above it, and the gentle slope on which it stands declines into some well-cultivated vales, and overlooks a variety of rich and beautiful prospect. The cottages are neat and clean; and an appearance of comfort pervades the whole place. A walk through Hassop is like a walk through a garden: libernums and laurels, roses and evergreens, adorn the way-side; and the air is perfumed with the fragrance of a thousand flowers.

From this village we proceeded along a pleasant road to Longstone or Longsdon, where, in the fourteenth century, a family of the name of Rowland possessed considerable property: their residence was the Old Hall, a place now occupied by Major Carleill. In the rolls of Parliament, volume the third, page 518, there is a copy of a petition, dated the 4th of Henry the Sixth, from Godfrey Rowland, who there calls himself "a simple Esquyer, praying for a hasty remedy against Sir Thomas Wendesley, John Dean, Vicar of Hope, and others, who are stated to have come to the petitioner's house at Longsdon with force and arms---to have carried off goods and stock to the value of two hundred marks---to have taken the petitioner prisoner, and carried him to the Castle of the High Peak, where he was kept in custody six days without victuals or drink, after which they cut off his right hand, and then released him." It is difficult to conceive how such a cruel and intolerable outrage could have been committed on a private gentleman, at a time when something like law and justice prevailed in the country.

Longstone is a small but pleasant village: the cottages are mostly

elevated above the carriage-road, and the lofty trees that grow near them and around the hall, give the whole place a very rural appearance. At Little Longstone, about a quarter of a mile farther; we found some charming subjects for the pencil; a spreading elm, which stands by the road-side, amongst trees of a lighter and more elegant foliage, that screen but do not hide some cottages near, is of itself a noble object, and the picturesque materials that surround it form a very pleasing composition.

SECTION VIII.

Money-Ash.---Marble Quarries.---Source of the Lathkil.---Scene near Conksbury Bridge.---Youlgrave.---Arbor-Low.---Bradford River.---Alport.---Tufa Rocks.

THE Marble Quarries near Money-Ash were the next objects of our Excursion: we therefore retraced a part of our steps, and leaving Longstone, took the route of a newly-made road, which led us, by a very gentle descent, to Ashford; from whence we clambered over some high hills, and were repaid for the toil of ascending them by the beautiful variety of landscape which we beheld from their summits.

MONEY-ASH, though but a small place of about sixty houses, was raised to the dignity of a market-town in the year 1340: a grant for an annual fair for three days was likewise bestowed upon it at the same time; but both fair and market have been long discontinued. Money-Ash is not however entirely deprived of its former consequence; it still remains the seat of the mineral court for the High Peak district. In every other respect it is an insignificant village.

From Money-Ash, a ramble of about a mile brought us into the dell, where the principal part of the grey marble of Derbyshire is

procured. Here we found a scene far more rude and savage than we had anticipated. We were aware that the rocks had been blasted and rent to pieces with gunpowder, and their natural features defaced; but we nevertheless supposed we should find some little spot yet unprofaned by avarice, where rock and foliage intermixed compose a beauteous picture:---we were mistaken;---neither tree nor shrub find a home in Ricklow Dale: naked crags fence it in on every side, and huge fragments torn from the cliffs above lie in disordered masses along the ground, where scarce a blade of verdure intervenes to soften the general wildness of the scene; yet even in this strange place some half-starved sheep were scrambling amongst the rocks, and endeavouring to pick out a scanty subsistence from the narrow spaces between. The marble quarries are at the upper extremity of Ricklow Dale; they appear only to be worked occasionally, and when we saw them they were utterly deserted. Blocks of marble of different dimensions had been detached from the rocks, and lay in heaps at their base, ready to be carted to the mills at Ashford and Bakewell, where they are cut into form and polished for use.

In a continuation of this dale, about a mile and a half nearer Over Haddon, is the source of the LATHKIL, one of the most brilliant streams that play amongst the dells of Derbyshire. The cradle of this rivulet is pleasingly romantic: from a cavern in a mass of broken rock, whose sides and summit are adorned with branches of trees, the Lathkil issues into day; and running down a gentle declivity amongst huge stones, by which it is divided into separate currents, it is sometimes an object of considerable beauty.

We followed the margin of this little river for several miles, and

were every where delighted with its clearness, play, and spirit. About half a mile below the village of Over Haddon, where the old Ashbourne road crosses the dale, some very beautiful scenery occurs both above and below the bridge. The rocks on the two sides of the stream, though not lofty, are broken into pleasing forms, and fringed with trees; but the Lathkil is every where the finest feature in the scene: where it glides smoothly along it is so perfectly translucid, that every object over which it flows is not only distinctly seen, but seen in fresher colours: the flowers and herbage on its banks are but faded resemblances of those over which it runs.

It was a clear sunny day, and we seated ourselves on a rocky knoll covered with mountain thyme, that filled the air with fragrance, to enjoy the beauty of the scene. Here we passed an hour of real happiness, and every thing that had life seemed equally happy around us. The trout, with which the Lathkil abounds, lay quietly in the river at our feet, and the bright blue dragon-fly and the king-fisher displayed their gaudy plumage to the sun as they flitted along the stream. Near the bridge we observed a number of flies rest awhile upon the water, and then take wing, yet none appeared to settle there: approaching nearer, a part of the stream, where it was stillest, was almost covered with them; and their thin transparent wings trembled with many an unavailing effort before they bore them aloft in the air. This little insect was just changing its form and mode of being, and we watched the transition from one state of existence to another with considerable interest. Innumerable rushy tubes rose in succession from the bottom to the surface of the water; from these the fly, with a very feeble struggle, soon emerged, and then rested motionless for a moment on that element where it had been nurtured

into life; after which it tried its feeble wing---then with an elastic impetus, sprung upwards, and flew along the meadows in search of new enjoyments.

As we ascended the hill by Conksbury, on our way to Youlgrave, we had several pleasing views of that village, in which the tower of the church, environed with trees, was always a principal object. YOULGRAVE is situated on the side of a hill, which declines gently into an open little vale, that is watered by a brilliant stream, called the Bradford. The church is a handsome building, with a finely-proportioned tower, which is surmounted with eight ornamented pinnacles; and it stands in the midst of a spacious burial-ground, nearly surrounded with a plantation of lofty lime-trees.

The church contains several monuments of rather a costly description, one of which is dedicated to the memory of Sir John Rossington, who was a crusader; and another of a more recent date to John Eley, Esq. of Alport, major commandant of the artillery in the East India Company's service. The parish register contains some curious entries, amongst which there is "a *memoriall* of the great snow," which began in January 1615, and continued, with very little intermission, to the 12th of March. The entry states, that "it covered the earth five quarters deepe upon the playne;" that "it was the fear and admiration of all the land, for it came from the four parts of the world, so that all countrys were full, yea, the south parts as well as the mountaynes." We were also informed by the parish clerk, that the register contains the entries of the births of twenty-two children of Mrs. Thornhill, the grandmother of the present proprietor of Stanton; the whole of which were baptized at Youlgrave Church.

From Youlgrave, a rough and ill-made carriage road conducted us to Middleton, a small village, which, by way of distinction, is called *Middleton by Youlgrave.* Near this place we found the celebrated Druidical monument of *Arber-Low*, which is regarded as one of the most striking remains of antiquity in any part of Derbyshire. This circle includes an area of from forty to fifty yards diameter, which is formed by a series of large unhewn stones, not standing upright, like a part of those on Hartle Moor, but all laid on the ground, with an inclination towards the centre: round these, the remains of a ditch, circumscribed by a high embankment, may be traced. Near the south entrance into this circle there is a mound, or burial-place, in which some fragments of an urn, some half-burnt bones, and the horns of a stag, were found.

After spending a short time at Arber-Low, we proceeded to Gratton, a little hamlet, which, together with the appending manor, belongs to the Thornhills of Stanton. Here the Bradford rivulet first emerges into day. The whole length of this little stream is only about two miles; but it is two miles of beauty. Approaching Alport, we came to the spot where it loses its name in the Lathkil. A high rock, called *Bradford Tor*, beautifully crested with trees and light depending branches, occupies the right of the river that washes its base. The left bank is a steep verdant slope, surmounted with a picturesque group of dwellings, half hid amongst orchard trees, ash, and sycamore. Near these, a bridge leads into the village, from whose arch the Lathkil rushes impetuously, and, dashing and foaming along its rugged channel, leaps into the Bradford, at the foot of the Tor. Nothing can exceed the beauty of this brilliant stream, as it bounds and sparkles along its rapid descent. Such are the principal features in

the foreground of this delightful picture. The space beyond is composed of cottages, scattered amongst overhanging rocks and luxuriant trees, that display every variety of tint and foliage, from the light pensile branches of the libernum to the majestic ramifications of the oak and the elm. More remote, the steep bank of a narrow dell appears, the summit of which is clothed with a plantation of larch and pine, interspersed with beech, birch, and mountain-ash. Still farther in distance, the lofty grounds and woody acclivities of Stanton terminate the scene. This view, it must be observed, can only be obtained from the rising ground in the meadows, on the left of the Bradford. Nearer the river, the distance is lost, and the village becomes less picturesque.

Alport is a pleasant village, and the greater part of its inhabitants appear to be in reputable circumstances, if the houses where they reside may be regarded as a fair criterion: they are generally good stone buildings, and sufficiently spacious for all the purposes of comfort: a neat flower-garden, belted with laurel, lilacs, and libernum, lies before them, and an orchard well stored with fruit trees spreads behind. There are of course some inferior dwellings, but not the proportion usually found in a country village.

The Tufa in Derbyshire is universally regarded as a watery deposit very rapidly produced, and it contains indisputable evidences of its formation. At Alport, a large mass of rock, from forty to sixty feet high, is entirely composed of this material; and being adorned with trees, that either shoot from its sides, or take root upon its summit, it is not only a curious, but a picturesque object.

TUFA and LIMESTONE ROCKS near ALPORT,

DERBYSHIRE.

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This rock appears to be a congregation of matter, chiefly vegetable, which has been formed into an immense petrefaction by the continual action of water, but at what period is uncertain, as the stream which produced it has either ceased to flow, or has changed its course. The limestone strata of Derbyshire abounds with a variety of animal and vegetable remains, which time has hardened into stone; but in the tufa rocks they are often embedded in their native state: branches of trees are frequently found within them; and in some places they appear an accumulation of sticks, straws, and weeds, closely enveloped in calcareous incrustations; amongst which, the natural snail-shell, not in the least altered in appearance, is often found. In one place, where the rock had been recently broken, and the trunk of a small birch tree, about six or eight inches diameter, taken out, we noticed the impression that remained, and took from it a part of the bark that was left behind, which was not at all affected in its nature by its long imprisonment. Some few years ago, the head and horns of a stag, which are now in the possession of a gentleman at Bakewell, were taken entire from out the tufa rocks at this place. It is not to the geologist only that this curious lime deposit is interesting: a great variety of the most beautiful plants and flowers grow upon it; it is, therefore, equally attractive to the botanist. Here the common thistle flourishes luxuriantly, and displays great beauty, the flowers being peculiarly rich in colour: wild marjoram, mountain thyme, ladies' bed-straw, and a fine variety of bright yellow stone crop---the Sedum of Linnæus, are also abundant on these rocks.

While rambling about this pleasant village, we were directed in our researches by one of the inhabitants, of whom we inquired for Alport rocks. After examining this singular assemblage of matter, and

looking over a small collection of the minerals and fossils of Derbyshire, some of which were rare and curious, we thanked our host and cicerone for his attentions, and the timely refreshment his hospitality had spread before us; and, bidding him adieu, we proceeded on our way to Hartle Moor. Leaving Alport, we observed a mill, which we had not before noticed, very romantically situated amongst rocks and trees: the water by which it was supplied was spread out into a lucid mirror, and the various objects that surrounded it lay pictured on its surface in all the vivid colouring of nature. Near the mill, the stream is precipitated over a high semi-circular weir into a deep bason below, forming a cascade, which, though somewhat artificial, is extremely beautiful: agitated water is never otherwise; and when, by the rapidity of its motion, it is whitened into foam, or broken into sparkling particles, it is one of the most pleasing objects that nature any where presents.

SECTION IX.

Stanton.---Visit there in the month of November.---Andle Stone.---Plantations on Stanton Moor.---View from the hill near Cat Stone.--Stanton Lees.---Stanton House: fine Work there by Gibbons.

Our walk to Hartle Moor lay through a narrow lane shadowed with trees, which admitted at intervals a glimpse of the surrounding country, and opened a pleasing view of the plantations and grounds about Stanton. The park, the house, and the village, occupy the side of a steep hill, along which the eye passes over hedge-row trees, and woody eminences, to the distant scenery in the vicinity of Chatsworth. These objects, together with the chain of broken rock, which extends from Stanton Park to Bradley Tor; and the fresh foliage rising out of the dell, that marks the course of the Lathkil, form a very imposing landscape.

Stanton was the ancient residence of the family of the Baches, by whom it was occupied for upwards of two centuries. The heiress of this family married John Thornhill, Esq. His grandson, the present proprietor of Stanton, not many years ago pulled down the old mansion, and erected an elegant modern structure in its place. Other improvements have succeeded: hundreds of acres of new plantations have been made, and a deer park has been added to the other delightful accommodations of the place. The Thornhills were originally

of Thornhill in the Peak, where they possessed considerable property, so early as the reign of Edward the Third.

The scenery about Stanton House is gradually improving: the new plantations begin to assume an imposing aspect; and, as they are spread over a large extent of hill and dale, they will shortly become a principal feature in a landscape, that even now is richly diversified and full of beauty. If that spirit for planting trees and raising woods, where before neither branch nor shrub grew, which has so eminently distinguished the present proprietor of Stanton, could be generally disseminated through the Peak of Derbyshire, it would soon become a scene of grandeur.

I once visited Stanton the last week in November: a severe frost had prevailed for several days; and, as I left the town of Sheffield, the effect produced by the rising sun was not less singular than beautiful. My road was through Abbey-dale. The hoar-frost lay like snow upon the ground; and every object by the road-side sparkled with innumerable icy prisms, that for a moment, as they caught the rays of the newly-risen sun, glittered like gems---then suddenly dissolved, and passed away. The fine woods, with which the hills on the left are invested, though despoiled of their "leafy honours," presented a novel scene: the trees were every where covered with frosty particles, that hung lightly, like new-fallen snow, upon their branches, feathering every stem with great, but evanescent beauty. Passing from Abbey Dale to East Moor, a rapid change had taken place: the sun was shining brightly in a cloudless sky, and the hoar-frost, which but half an hour before covered every object, had disappeared, leaving scarcely a trace of its former presence behind.

Crossing East Moor, some fine grouse ran before me on a part of the road, which they seemed to quit reluctantly: one of them, a fine heath cock, flew to a little eminence near the road-side, where he stretched forth his neck, and assumed a dignity of deportment, that strongly manifested his indignation at being disturbed in the midst of his own domains. The majesty and beauty of this bird can only be seen on his native mountains, and even there he is generally too shy to be nearly approached. I have often beheld the heath cock on the Derbyshire moors, but on no other occasion have I ever seen how grand and dignified he can occasionally be. These birds are very numerous on these wastes, where they are preserved with great care, that they may furnish amusement to the sportsman, and a feast to the epicure: they feed on the bilberry and the heath, with which these hills abound.

A few miles further brought me to Baslow Bar, one of the wildest scenes in this part of Derbyshire, where the rocks are thrown together in confused masses, apparently by some terrible agitation, which has left the rent and disjointed fragments, that had been separated from the parent mass, poised and fixed in positions, that strongly indicate the instantaneous cessation of violent motion.

> " Awhile the living hill
> " Heav'd with convulsive throes—then all was still." DR. DARWIN.

Through the rude rocky vista which nature here has formed, the village of Baslow, the finely-cultivated country that surrounds it, and the woody eminences and verdant slopes of Chatsworth Park, are

beheld; forming altogether as lovely and as rich a landscape as ever the eye reposed on with delight.

A letter, now before me, written by a lady on passing the moors of Derbyshire for the first time, strongly expresses the feeling excited by this extraordinary scene. "As I approached Baslow Bar," she says, "the prospect, which before was sufficiently barren and desolate, became wild and savage, inspiring only emotions of terror: judge, then, what my feelings were, when I first beheld, through the narrow defile of rock before me, the woods and hills, and all the lovely grounds that environ Chatsworth House. The sudden transition from one kind of feeling to another, the wild and savage grandeur of the foreground, and the beauty of all beyond, strongly reminded me of Satan's first peep into Paradise."

I passed through Bakewell, and had a pleasant walk down Haddon Vale. A little below the two mile-stone, I paused at the road-side, to contemplate once more the fine old structure of Haddon Hall; and to indulge in unavailing regret, that I had not obtained a view of so picturesque and interesting a mansion from so favourable a situation. A small lake of water intervened between me and the building, in which the towers and turrets, and the embattled parapets of Haddon, were vividly reflected. Had the celebrated artist, to whose friendship I am indebted for his beautiful illustrations of the Peak Scenery of Derbyshire, witnessed the imposing picture that Haddon here presents, he would have mingled his regret with mine, that a rainy and cheerless day had prevented him from enriching his sketch-book with so fine a subject.

I now left the vale of Haddon, and entered into a narrow woody dell that leads to Stanton. The river Lathkil strays through its windings; and, as the busy stream bubbles and plays amongst the branches, it every where sparkles with life and beauty. Leaving the course of this sportive rivulet, where a road on the right branches off to Alport, I pursued my way to a picturesque toll-house, half covered with ivy, which is situated at the foot of Stanton Hill. At this place, I entered the grounds belonging to the Thornhill family, and had a pleasant walk along a good carriage-road, that overlooks Hartle Brook; and, in its progress to Stanton House, opens a series of views, in which Cratcliff rocks, Bradley Tor, Mock Beggar Hall, and the hills about Elton and Winster, are distinguishing features. Near the entrance into the Park, I noticed on my left a stone cross, evidently of modern date, placed near the opening into a mine, to commemorate the fate of a man, who had lost his life there. A death's head is sculptured on the upper part of the cross, and the name of the sufferer, "*John Annable,*" is inscribed below. There is a pleasing interest excited, and a commendable feeling manifested, in thus consecrating the spot where a fellow-creature has untimely perished.

Stanton House has been built about twenty years. The late J. Linley, Esq. of Doncaster, was the architect. It is pleasantly situated on the side of a hill, that declines towards the west, and the elevated grounds above it protect it from the inclement winds of the east: they overlook Darley Dale, and command a great variety of rich and beautiful scenery.

The day, which for the first four or five hours, promised nothing but halcyon skies and uninterrupted prospects, suddenly lost its

clearness, and a cold dense atmosphere succeeded, extremely unfavourable to picturesque purposes. Accompanied, however, by one of the hospitable family of the Thornhills, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity of traversing Stanton Moor. From the front of the house, an insulated stone of immense magnitude is seen in the line of the horizon, which, as it is a prominent object from every point of view around it, may be regarded as an excellent land-mark for all who wish to visit this interesting district. To this object we directed our steps through the park. On our way there, we passed in the hollow on our right an avenue of old Scotch firs: the height of the trees suggested a recollection of the pines of Norway, that strike their roots amongst the rocks, and lift their topmost branches to the clouds. Proceeding onward, we soon attained the eminence distinguished by the huge stone, which at the house had attracted my attention. In the neighbourhood it is known by the name of *Andle Stone*, though Major Rooke has given this appellation to one of far inferior dimensions, which stands on the same plain, about half a mile nearer the brow of the hill that overlooks Darley Dale. Andle Stone is a large block of unhewn sandstone grit, which appears to be inserted, but not deeply, in the earth: its surface is but little marked with fissures or indentations; the square of its sides is from seven to eight yards, and its extreme height about eighteen feet. Several other insulated stones of a similar description occupy the same high range of ground: how they were originally placed there, and for what purposes they were designed, can now only be conjectured.

Quintus Cicero, who was with Julius Cæsar when he invaded this country, writing to his brother Marcus Tullius Cicero, says, "The temples of the Britons are raised in the depths of the woods, and

constructed in a circular form, with obelisks of stone, over which are imposts, all of huge dimensions, untouched by the chissel. One of these I saw while it was erecting by the rude unskilful hands of the natives, as a peace-offering to their *Grianus* or Apollo, to mediate the good offices of Cæsar.

" The huge stones of which it was composed lay scattered by the hand of nature on the plain; these (with myriads of the votaries of the god to afford their labour) the high Priest, who directed the operations, caused to be rolled up on inclined planes of solid earth, which had been formed by the excavation of trenches, until they had attained a height equal to their own altitude; then pits being dug, they were launched from the terrace, and sunk so as to stand perpendicularly, at due and equal distances in the circle, and over these were placed others horizontally. After having completed one circle, they form another that is concentric, at some distance, and towards the extremity of the area of the inner circle, they place a huge stone for the performance of religious rites.

" When the sun enters into Cancer is the great festival of the God; and on all high mountains and eminences of the country they light fires at the approach of that day, and make their wives, their children, and their cattle, to pass through the fire, in honour of the Deity. Deep and profound is the silence of the multitude during this ceremony, until the appearance of the sun above the horizon---when, with loud and continued exclamations, and songs of joy, they hail the utmost exaltation of that luminary, as the supreme triumph of the God of their adoration."

This account has a more particular reference to the formation of those circles of stones, that are generally regarded as druidical, than to the insulated monuments, which are found on Stanton Moor: yet that the same mode of rolling these vast masses up inclined planes of solid earth, for the purpose of placing them in a perpendicular position, must have been resorted to, seems highly probable. They are striking indications of what the skill and labour of an ingenious people could accomplish, who were unacquainted with mechanical powers.

As we traversed the extensive plantations on Stanton Moor, we passed the upright stone which Major Rooke has mentioned by the name of Andle Stone; and a little further on, we came to a barrow, that had been recently opened, when an unbaked urn, containing human bones, was found within it.

The whole of this eminence is covered with plantations of fir, larch, oak, and Spanish chesnut. A few years ago it was only a heathy moor; and it now strongly exemplifies to what useful purposes even a barren waste may be applied. From the year 1808 to the present time, a considerable number of labourers have been employed by the worthy proprietor of Stanton, from early in autumn to late in the spring of the year, in progressively covering the wild wastes around his mansion with extensive plantations, which will one day richly remunerate him for the expence he has incurred in his truly patriotic speculation. Upwards of six hundred acres of wood, planted by his own exertions, will wave its branches round his mansion, and give a sylvan character to the park and grounds of Stanton.

We followed the direction of a narrow path tangled with heath, until we came to the extreme verge of Stanton Moor, where another massive Druidical monument stands, called *Cat Stone*. The station we now occupied commands a wide horizon, within whose ample sweep high moorland wastes, woody eminences, beautiful vallies studded with cottages and hamlets, and the devious windings of the river Derwent, are included. Though the whole view here presented is of a magnificent description, yet there is a character of loveliness in the detail and parts of which it is composed, that is more powerfully interesting, and excites more pleasing associations than mere magnificence, when unaccompanied with the more fascinating graces of landscape, can possibly produce. Stanton Lees, a little village, composed of neat, but humble cottages, thrown as it were promiscuously amongst orchards and flower-gardens, is a delightful feature in the scene. Tranquilly reposing in a sweet vale, at the foot of an almost perpendicular eminence, that rises several hundred feet above it, it looks like a village in Switzerland, smiling in beauty amidst the deep recess of sequestering mountains, that stand like mighty centinels to guard the paradise within. A walk round Stanton Moor exhibits a greater variety of fine scenery than can be found in the same space in any other part of Derbyshire.

In Stanton House there are several good pictures; particularly a Virgin and Child, by Carlo Cignani; a Tenniers; and an interior of the Church at Munich: in the latter, the architectural perspective, and the disposition of the light, are managed with great felicity; but the principal merit of the picture is the minute accuracy and high finish by which the figures, and all the smaller objects, are distinguished. It is a striking instance of great labour being employed to but little

advantage. It was painted by Morganstern, a Flemish artist, and it is said to have cost him his eye-sight. In the hall there is an excellent specimen of the talent of De Bruyn, the artist who painted the staircase at Worksop Manor: the figures represent sculpture in bas relief, and they are admirably executed. The painter himself is said to have regarded this picture as his finest production, and he left it as a legacy to his son, a respectable apothecary, who resided in North Audley-Street, London; from whose widow it was lately purchased, and brought to Stanton. But the finest work of art in this place is a frame to a looking-glass, by the celebrated GIBBONS, which was executed for Louis the Fourteenth of France, whose medallion, supported by two boys, is placed at the top of the frame, and whose arms adorn the central compartment at the bottom: the remainder of the carving consists of birds, and a profusion of fruit and flowers in the greatest luxuriance, tastefully composed and finished in Gibbons' best style. This is one of the few *bijoux* saved in the revolution; and, when we consider the exquisite delicacy of the workmanship, it seems extraordinary that it should have been preserved uninjured even in its finest parts.

SECTION X.

Druidical Circle on Hartle Moor.---Snake Stones.---Mock Beggar Hall.---Cratcliff Tor.---Winster.---Birchover.---Rowtor Rocks.---View from the road near Birchover.

On Hartle Moor, and within a few hundred paces of Mock Beggar Hall, we stopped at the remains of a Druidical Circle, which Major Rooke and Mr. Bray have previously noticed; the latter of whom mentions it as an object he had not seen. This Circle is about forty yards in circumference, and it is composed of seven large stones, that appear to have been originally from ten to twelve feet high; three of them only are now standing, and one has been separated from its associates by the intervention of a rude stone wall. This Druidical temple is about a mile and a half from Stanton Moor, where a similar circle, consisting of nine upright stones, denominated the *Nine Ladies*, may still be seen; near which several barrows have been opened when a number of "glass beads, with orifices not larger than the tip of a tobacco-pipe," were found within them. Many of these beads have been occasionally met with in different parts of Derbyshire: their colours are various; some of them are transparent, others are an opaque purple; and they are understood to have been used by the Druids as amulets, or worn by them as a badge of distinction.

In some parts of the kingdom, these beads are called *Snake Stones*,

and Camden tells us, that there is a curious superstition relative to their formation still existing, both in Wales and Cornwall: he says, " It is there the common opinion of the vulgar, that about Midsummer Eve (though in the time they do not all agree) it is usual for snakes to meet in companies, and that, by joining heads together, and hissing, a kind of bubble is formed like a ring about the head of one of them, which the rest, by continual hissing, blow on until it comes off at the tail, and then it immediately hardens, and resembles a glass ring, which whoever finds (as some old women and children are persuaded) shall prosper in all his undertakings. The rings thus generated are called *Gleinen Nadroedh;* in English, SNAKE STONES." Camden, vol. ii. p. 64.

An unfrequented path of another quarter of a mile led us to the base of Mock Beggar Hall, a curious assemblage of sand-stone rocks thrown confusedly together, yet so arranged as to form at a distance a strong resemblance to a regular building, with a huge chimney at each extremity; hence the name which this mass of rocks has obtained: the stony towers at each end are called *Robin Hood's Stride.*

On the same range of hill, a little on our left, lay Cratcliff Tor, a gloomy perpendicular rock of considerable altitude; and, when seen from some situations in the valley below, as picturesque an object as ever adorned the foreground of a landscape. Major Rooke mentions having seen four rock basons on the top of this tor, which, owing either to a neglect of our memorandums, or a misconception of our instructions, we did not find; from the same cause we omitted visiting the Hermit's Cave at the foot of Cratcliff. At the east end of a cavern in this rock, the devotee, by whom it is said to have been

inhabited, has rudely sculptured in bas relief the figure of our Saviour on the Cross, a great part of which is now remaining. A humble seat and a niche, that might contain some domestic utensils, are hewn out of the rock; and it seems highly probable, that some melancholy man once made this solitary and cheerless cave his dwelling; but at what period, and by whom it was inhabited, even the beldame tradition is silent.

Winster, a small market-town, about a mile from Cratcliff Tor, was our next resting-place. This little town runs along the side of a steep eminence; and from a mass of disjointed rocks in the pastures above, we had a complete bird's-eye view into it. The buildings, partly thatched and partly covered with slate-stone, are scattered irregularly over the hill; and as we looked down upon the town, the orchards and gardens, filled with fruit and flowers, and the roofs of the houses, thickly bestrewn with moss and tufts of bright yellow stone-crop, were spread at our feet like figures on a carpet. From any other situation, Winster appears an uninteresting assemblage of limestone cottages. From Bank Pastures Tor we had an extensive view over a great part of the Peak district. Almost every place, as I traced it out in distance, revived a series of pleasing recollections; and the mind, with a wonderful rapidity, and a clearness and distinctness of perception hardly to be accounted for, moved over the scene. The country was spread like a map before me; the hills, the vallies, the mountains, and the moors, that I so frequently had traversed, were all included within the ample landscape; and, as my eye wandered over its surface, I felt a peculiar pleasure in recognizing the tract of my former excursions.

Winster is but a small town, and its present appearance indicates declining prosperity. It is chiefly inhabited by miners, who, for a series of years, have been pursuing an unthrifty calling, with but little prospect of improvement. It had once a good weekly market, and an annual fair; both of which seem to be progressively passing, from neglect, into total disuse.

A little more than thirty years ago, a singular occurrence took place here. A punchinello was exhibiting his tricks in the lower apartments of a house, where gunpowder was kept for the use of the miners in the rooms above: some particles took fire, and instantaneously communicated with the remainder of a barrel of powder, which had been left carelessly open; a terrible explosion ensued, and the whole of the upper rooms, and the roof of the house, were blown to atoms, and scattered about in every direction, while the people below, in number about sixty or seventy, remained unhurt.

Whilst at Winster, we visited the church, a small structure, which appeared to us not of sufficient capacity for the place and the neighbourhood around. The church-yard too is a contracted spot, and the graves seem crowded together in a manner very unusual in a small country town: two sides of it are bounded with a plantation of spreading limes, and several fine yews grow near them: this funereal tree is the Cypress of the Peak of Derbyshire; there is scarcely a burial-place in any part of it that is not shadowed with its branches, and in many places the trees are so truly venerable and full of years, that they appear coeval with the church itself.

The majority of the people in the northern divisions of Derbyshire are strongly attached to musical pursuits: every village, where a church is found, has a band of choristers; and where a lone cottage is situated even in the wildest parts of the Peak, some of its inmates, and often the whole family, cultivate a taste for this delightful science; and often in the practice of it, wile away the otherwise tedious hours of a long winter's night. Nor are the inhabitants of the town of Winster less influenced by the harmony of sweet sounds; they have a choir of singers, a band of instrumental performers, and an organ in the church, which they obtained by the relinquishment of as benevolent an offer as any individual ever made to the place of his birth.

Winster is part of a great mineral district; and the number of mines sunk and excavated in and near the place, drained the springs, and left the inhabitants without water for domestic purposes. Their only supply of this necessary article of life was from a well nearly one mile distant from the town. Water was therefore a desideratum with the good people of Winster; and an organ for the church, an object, the attainment of which they had long had in contemplation, was another. Thus situated, a gentleman in the neighbourhood involved them in considerable perplexity, by proposing either to conduct the water in pipes from the well into the town at his own expence; or, in lieu thereof, if they preferred it, to make them a present of an organ. Water was certainly a great good, and a plenteous supply of it much to be desired: in their estimation, music was not less so. They knew the inconvenience of trudging a mile up-hill in all weathers to procure water, and they were anxious for a remedy; they longed too to hear the breathings of the organ within the walls of their church:

how, therefore, were they to decide? It is highly probable that they hesitated and balanced long before they determined; at length, however, they made the important choice, "and music won the cause." Perhaps it would be difficult to find a more decided proof of either a *musical taste*, or a *musical mania*, than this brief anecdote affords.

From Winster we made a short excursion of about a mile to the Rowter Rocks, which are an assemblage of huge blocks of gritstone, tumbled confusedly together by the hand of nature in one mighty pile. These singular rocks are situated on the southern side of Stanton Moor, and close by the village of Birchover. At a short distance, they appear only a heap of stones; when at their base, they are terrific masses, that seem not to be permanently fixed in their positions, but so slightly connected with each other, and so apparently in the act of falling, as to create an apprehension that they may yet descend with one tremendous crash into the vale below. Some of these blocks lie horizontally, some are perpendicular, and others are placed in every possible degree of obliquity. The intricacies amongst them may be threaded with a little toil and difficulty, but scarcely without dread---for it is not easy to suppose, that any thing put so carelessly together can be very secure.

Some writers have supposed that these immense stones have been piled up by human exertion, a supposition extremely improbable, and not at all supported by appearances. The different remains about Stanton Moor, the Circle in Nine Stones Close and Arber-Low, and the turrets on the two extremeties of Grained Tor, are all evidences that this part of Derbyshire was once the resort of the Druids; and if they ever used this gloomy pile at Birchover as a

place of worship and of sacrifice, which they are represented to have done, they may probably have added a few blocks to the mass which nature had prepared for their purpose, and thereby increased the altitude of Rowter; but that the whole structure is the contrivance and the work of man, is too incredible to be believed. The rocking stones at this place, which Pilkington mentions as being so nicely poised that a child might easily give them a vibratory motion, are now immoveable.

As we passed along the road that leads from Birchover into the valley, near Hartle Brook, we paused awhile to gaze upon the extraordinary group of rocks that is here included in one little picture Rowter was on our right---Bradley Tor, another dark mass of rocks, was on our left---Cratcliff rocks, Mock Beggar's Hall, and Durwood Tor, lay in mid distance in the space between; beyond these, we had a glimpse of some distant hills, apparently as unsubstantial and as shadowy as the clouds of which they seemed to form a part. Evening was fast approaching: a softened radiance crested the eminences before us; and the tops of the trees that grow at the base and about the summit of Cratcliff, glowed with some vivid touches of light. The foreground where we stood, and the valley below, were in deep shadow, but the rocks above us were gleaming with the bright effulgence of the setting sun.

Our next ramble was in a contrary direction, along the Ashbourn road to the vicinity of Grange Mill, where, we had been informed, we should have an opportunity of exploring the supposed crater of an extinct volcano. At the place pointed out to us, the upper strata appear to have been rent asunder by a strong power from beneath.

This reputed crater is an irregularly-formed oval of nearly two miles in circumference: the declination of the strata is from one common centre, and the confusion into which they are thrown favours the idea that has been suggested. Within the hollow of this capacious limestone bason lies an immense mound of toadstone, which is full of bladder holes, and has the appearance of the Scoria of Metals. Whitehurst says, it is indisputably lava; and certainly in colour, composition, and character, it strongly resembles a product of fire.

From the examination of the form and structure of the hills in the vicinity of Grange Mill, we returned to Winster, and from thence along a good carriage-road, we proceeded to Wensley, a small village, about a mile from Darley Bridge. Leaving Winster, some beautiful scenery lay on our left, amongst some deep dells, the sides and summits of which were finely wooded. Through the openings between, they admitted a pleasing view of some of the most picturesque parts of Darley Dale. Nearer Wensley, a valley on our right presented a landscape of a different character. At the foot of a steep declivity, some detached masses of upright rock are scattered amongst the trees, and a passage, which takes a semi-circular direction, runs between them and the craggy hill, from which they appear to have been rent: ivy creeps along their sides, and some light and elegant foliage plays on their summits: rocky fragments, partly covered with moss, and half hid amongst tufts of grass and tangling briars, compose the foreground of the romantic picture here presented.

At the distance of about a mile from Wensley is Darley Bridge, a village very pleasantly situated on the banks of the Derwent. The bridge, which gives name to the village, is a good plain stone struc-

ture of four arches; and the views it commands, both up and down the river, are richly diversified with beautiful scenery. Looking up the dale, the tower of Darley church rises gracefully from out the surrounding foliage; and the hills on the left are in some places covered with wood; in others, their steep acclivities are cultivated, and their summits are crested with broken rock, every where liberally interspersed with heath and intervening verdure. Such are the materials that compose the scenery of Darley Dale.

Having passed the bridge over the Derwent, instead of taking the nearest road to Mallock, we crossed some fields by the side of the river to Darley church, about half a mile higher up the dale. The church, as I have before intimated, is embosomed in trees: on the right, in mid distance, a rocky eminence, covered with pine, is a good feature in the landscape; and the distance is composed of well-wooded hills, that mark the course of the river, and display a pleasing variety of outline.

In Darley church-yard we stopped to contemplate the huge dimensions and wide-extended branches of a magnificent yew-tree. The epithet is by no means extravagant, for a nobler object can hardly be met with than this venerable tree. Though many a rude and pityless storm has howled through the branches for nearly six hundred years, its leafy honours yet remain in health and vigour. The trunk, for about four yards from the ground, measures upwards of thirty-four feet; it then assumes the appearance of two separate trees, which rise perpendicularly from the parent trunk, and throw out their ramifications over an area of between seventy and eighty yards in circum-

ference. Some of its extreme branches have been lately cut away, but it is yet a noble object.

We found nothing in the church of sufficient interest to detain us long in so chilling a place; but, returning through the porch, we observed a rudely-sculptured stone with a figure upon it, representing something like an ornamented battle-axe.

SECTION XI.

Approach to Matlock.---Visit to Lums-Dale.---Lime Tree Lane.---Entrance into Matlock Dale.---Approach to Matlock Bath.---General Character of the Scenery of the Dale.---Walk to Stonnis---View from thence.---Evening Scene from Masson.---Morning in Matlock Dale.---Heights of Abraham.---Museum.---Inns and Lodging Houses.

We were now nearly three miles from Matlock Bridge; and as the sun declined, we had a pleasant walk down Darley Dale. The shadows gradually became broader, and the scenery improved, as evening advanced. In our way to Matlock, we passed on our right the shaft of a lead mine, which was discovered a few years ago, when the new road to Bakewell was made. This mine has been the subject of much litigation, and it is highly probable that more money has been expended upon it than the concern will produce for many years. On examining the ore, I found it accompanied with more than an usual quantity of martial pyrites, many beautiful specimens of which may be found in the fences by the road-side. Remarking to one of the workmen that pyrites appeared to be very abundant in this mine, he very earnestly wished it was less so; for, added he, "if the lead ore do not eat out the pyrites, the pyrites will soon eat out the lead ore." The miner's mode of expression brought forcibly to my recollection a remark which I had many years before heard made in a sermon on the utility of prayer, by the celebrated Rowland

Hill, when preaching in a theatre on a stage, publicly devoted to profane purposes---" If," said the reverend preacher, " praying do not make you give over sinning, sinning will soon make you give over praying."

Though we had not much leisure for botanizing during our evening walk, yet the luxuriant growth of the plants and flowers amongst the rocks on the left of the road, attracted our attention. The mallow, the wild marjoram, the yarrow, and particularly the meadow geranium, were more beautiful here than I recollect to have seen them in any other situation ; and our steps were delayed in gathering them, until the sun, sinking behind the huge hill of Masson, left the whole valley in shade, while Riber Top alone was suffused with splendour. As we approached Matlock Bridge, a view replete with beauty lay before us. The river, the bridge, the rocky scenery behind, the tower of the church rising gracefully over the trees, and the rugged bank on our left, formed an assemblage of objects strikingly picturesque.

We were now within a mile and a half of Matlock Bath, a place which has been long and deservedly celebrated for the beauty of its scenery, and the salutary influence of its waters: but, as it was our intention to explore the vicinity of the village before we passed through the dale, we took up our lodgings at an inn near the bridge, and spent the remaining part of the evening in recalling to recollection the incidents of the day.

The following morning we rambled through the village, and along the road leading to Alfreton and Mansfield, leaving Riber on our

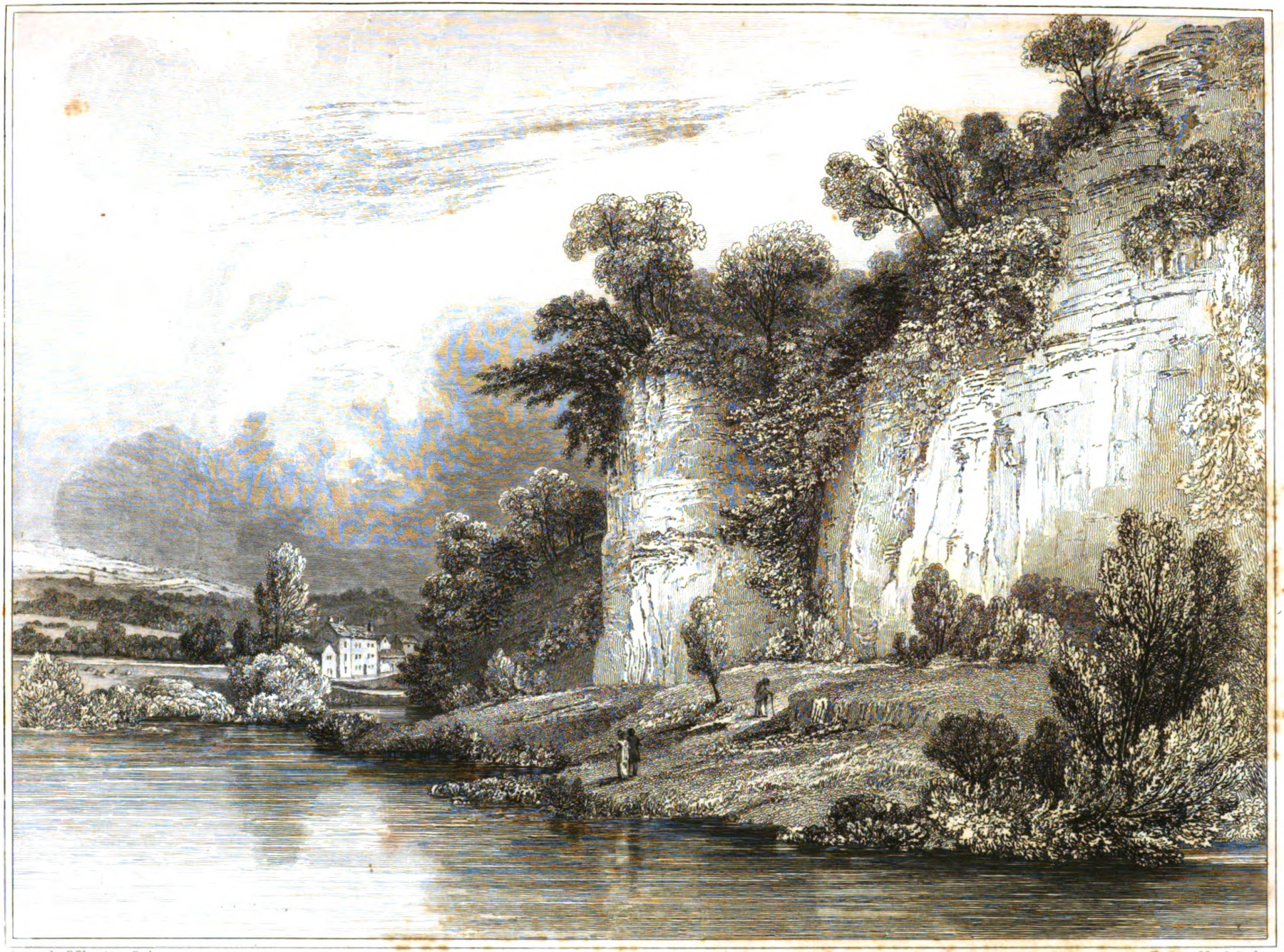
right. About a mile from Matlock, a picturesque glen on our left attracted our notice, and a rapid descent led us into its deepest recesses; it is covered with wood, and watered by a brilliant stream, that, leaping from one rocky fragment to another, plays and sparkles amongst the closely-interwoven branches of the trees that overshadow its descent. From this romantic glen we soon emerged; and, passing the corner of a mill, which is situated at its upper extremity, we came suddenly upon a natural cascade, to which Bray has given a particular direction in his "Sketch of a Tour into Derbyshire," and he describes the scene here presented as "fit for the pencil of a Salvator Rosa." When he beheld it, it had a wilder and more savage character than it now possesses: no artificial object was then obtruded on the eye, excepting the old mill at the top of the rock, and even that was in a state of ruin, which happily harmonized with every thing around it. The wild scene of which Bray was so enamoured, is now an uninteresting combination of rocks and houses, mills, wheels, and waterfalls. Fearn, fox-glove, heath, and a little underwood, cover the lower part of the right bank of this singular dell. The fall of water includes the whole of the little river Lums; and when the stream is swollen with rain, the river rushes over the top of the rock through a narrow cleft in a contracted stream: interrupted in its fall by craggy projections, it is dashed into foam, and fills the midway air with a shower of watery particles, through which the rays of a bright sun sometimes play beauteously, throwing a transparent bow of many colours on the adjacent rocks. The water falls about eighty feet. The river Lums, however, is in general but a penurious stream, which is dammed up a little above the cascade, and let out sparingly for the use of the mills: hence it is but rarely a good subject for the pencil.

At the mills near there is a manufacture of oxygenated muriatic acid, where from three to four tons of linen yarn are bleached weekly.

From this place we returned through some fields to Matlock Bank, where we observed a venerable lime-tree, that gives a name to the place where it stands. The trunk of the tree is decayed within, but the branches, which are healthy and vigorous, ramify to a great distance, and cover an area of considerable extent. This old tree appears to be renovating in every part, and flourishing with new life. In some writings now in existence, which are six hundred years old, and in possession of a gentleman who resides at Doncaster, this tree is particularly mentioned and its scite pointed out.

From Matlock Bank many picturesque views are presented, in which the church, most romantically situated amongst groupes of trees on the verge of a rock, is a beautiful feature. The undulation of the limestone strata from the Church Rock to Pig Tor, which may be regarded as the entrance into Matlock Dale, is extremely curious, and highly worthy the observation of geologists.

Having crossed the Derwent at Matlock Bridge, we entered the dale that leads to the baths. Near the Boat House, the first grand burst of the sublime scenery of Matlock Dale is presented. A morning light is peculiarly favourable to this view. I once saw it about half an hour after sun-rise, and the impression it then made is still fresh in my recollection. The rich foliage that crests the high crags on the left of the Derwent, leads the eye into a beautiful meadow; beyond, the line of rock gradually ascends from a comparatively low



Drawn by F.Chantrey R.A.

NORTHERN ENTRANCE into MATLOCK DALE,

DERBYSHIRE.

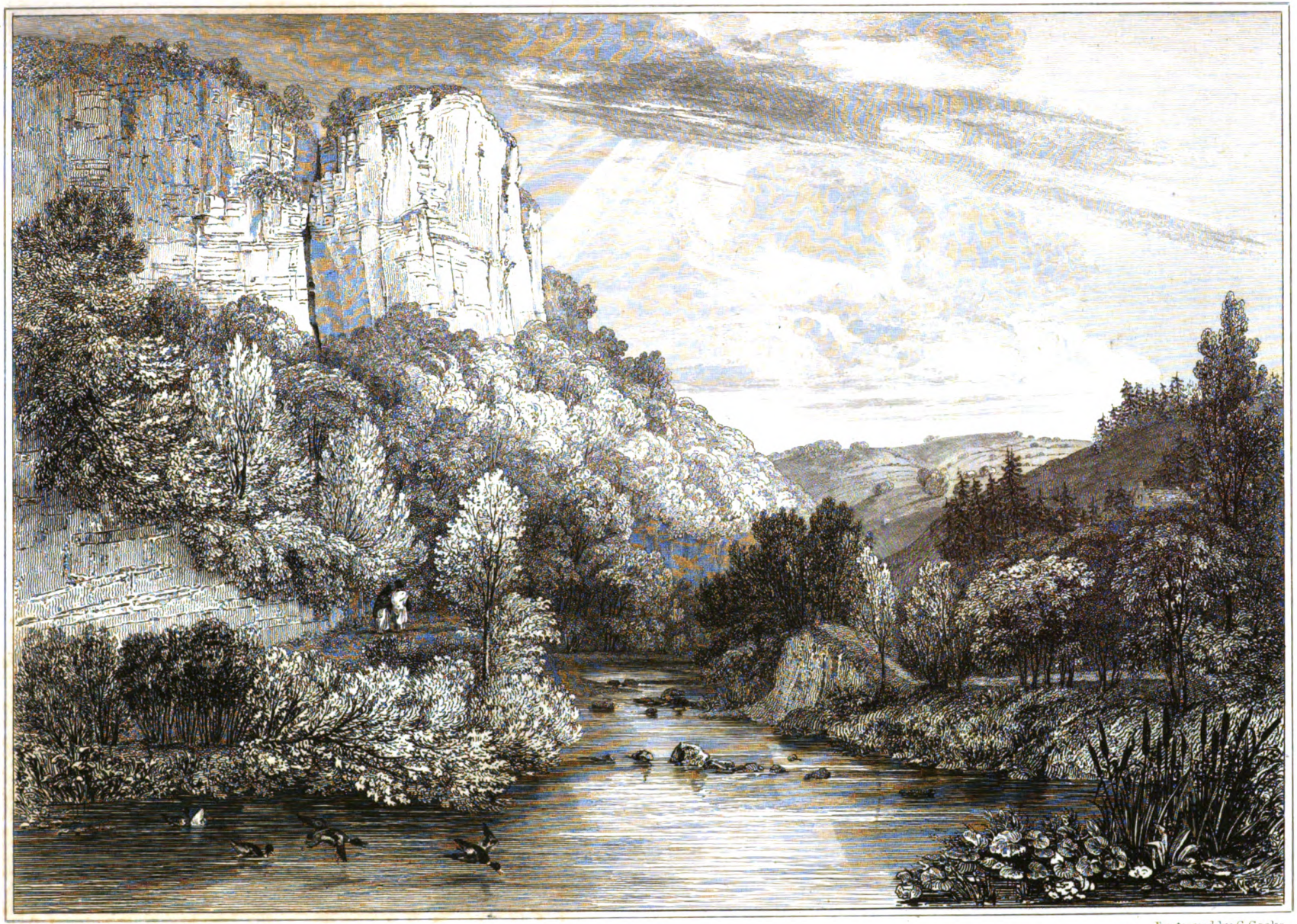
Engraved by G.Cooke.

elevation to the topmost peak of the High Tor. This stupendous cliff was lighted up with the bright sunny gleams of an autumnal morning, to which the mass of wood, and the deep silent stream that lay enveloped in dark shadow in the dale below, formed an imposing contrast. Nearer us, a ray of light crept through the branches of the trees, and playing amongst a group of cattle on the left margin of the river, gave a brilliant effect to the foreground. On the right, high above the Tor, towered the sublime hill of Masson; the shadow of the Tor was spread over its base, and the slant rays of the morning sun illumined its am' 'e breast; whilst far above, the dense clouds of night hung upon its summit, on which the very heavens seemed to rest. A picture of greater grandeur is but rarely seen in Matlock Dale.

Winding along the valley round the base of the High Tor, and turning a rocky projection on the right, the inns about Matlock Baths, the Museum, and the lodging-houses, burst instantaneously upon the sight. A more extraordinary, and, to a stranger, a more unexpected and fascinating scene, but rarely occurs. At the time we beheld it, it was a vision of enchantment---a prospect into the fairy regions of romance---where all that can delight the mind, and excite admiration, seemed to be assembled together. The stream, as it slowly swept round the wooded hill in the front of the museum, sparkled with the vivid reflections of the white houses and the lofty trees that here adorn its banks: carriages rolling along the road, and well-dressed ladies and gentlemen perambulating the dale in various groups, gave animation to this extraordinary scene. We paused instinctively before we proceeded onward, as if we feared to dissolve the charm, by obtruding ourselves upon it. The unexpected novelty of the scene produced sensations of delight; but the hotels, and all

the elegant accommodations of Matlock Bath, were soon lost in the contemplation of the hills, rocks, and woods, with which they are surrounded. The objects that at first had both surprised and pleased us, now seemed strangely out of place, and we imagined that this sublime dale would have produced a grander and a more imposing effect in a wild and savage state, than thus studded with gardens, lodging-houses, and hotels.

Matlock Dale, from the northern extremity to Scarthing Rock, where it may be said to terminate, is about two miles; and perhaps a greater portion of romantic scenery can hardly any where be found in the same space. The High Tor is a grand object from whatever point of view it is beheld; and the Derwent, as it flows round its mighty base, is rich in picturesque beauty, and its banks are every where fringed with trees of the most luxuriant growth. A foot-path, carried along the margin of the river, from Scarthing Rock to Matlock Bridge, would form one of the most delightful walks in the kingdom. At present there is only a carriage-road, which in wet weather is intolerable for foot passengers, and in a dry summer uncomfortably dusty. A gravel-walk of very limited dimensions in the front of the principal inns, and about one hundred yards before the museum, are the only accommodations for pedestrian parties at Matlock Bath, unless they are disposed to ascend the heights of Abraham, and here they are soon interrupted by a demand for sixpence each person, a tax which must be submitted to every time the walk is taken, or all farther progress forbidden. Every bit of ground here seems convertible into money: there is no moving, even on foot in some directions, without an impost. The walk to the heights of Abraham, and to the romantic rocks, are alike objects of taxation; and the imposi-



Drawn by F. Chantrey R. A.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

VIEW of MATLOCK HIGH TOR,

DERBYSHIRE.

tion is only to be avoided by declining the gratification which these places may afford. The heights of Masson may be otherwise attained, and the romantic rocks, as they are called, are scarcely worth a visit. In St. James's or Hyde Park they might be attractive, perhaps wonderful; but in Matlock Dale they really are objects too trifling to claim attention; yet strangers forsooth must be taxed in their purse before they can visit them. There is something extremely ludicrous in the idea of locking up rocks---barring them from public observation with a paling of six feet high, and exhibiting them for "*sixpence a-piece,*" like a showman at a fair, as objects of wonder and astonishment. This is almost as inane a contrivance as putting a man into a quart bottle. After this one would not be much surprised if the good folks at Matlock Bath were to place a door in some part of the dale to admit people to see the High Tor, and this they probably would not hesitate to do, if they could profit by it.

No part of Matlock Dale is equal in grandeur to the High Tor, yet it abounds in picturesque beauty. The wood-crowned eminence in front of the museum parade, is a fine object; and the view from thence down the river includes one of the best pictures in the dale---the parts are few and well combined. Nearly opposite Saxton's Hotel, a broken rock, fringed with light foliage, rises majestically out of a group of trees that adorns its base: its topmost pinnacle is denominated Wild Cat Tor, and from its craggy summit a noble landscape is displayed. Proceeding onwards towards Willersley Castle, the residence of R. Arkwright, Esq. a cotton mill obtrudes upon the scene.---What has such an object to do in such a place?---its presence here, amidst some of the finest scenery of nature, is only calculated to dis-

turb that delightful frame of mind which a contemplation of *her* works is admirably fitted to produce.

The river Derwent, as it passes through Matlock Dale, has considerable variety of character. In some places, the usual rapidity of its motion is interrupted by artificial mounds, and it appears a sluggish stream: in others, it rushes impetuously amongst huge stones and rocky fragments, where it leaps and foams, and sparkles with life and beauty. In another place, the wier near the cotton-mill might be a pleasing object; but in a scene like Matlock Dale, where every artificial interference is offensive, it is incongruous and out of place. Below the wier, the river, no longer pent up and restrained, resumes its natural character, and, apparently exulting in its emancipation, rushes rapidly along its rocky channel in the front of Wellersley House, where it is an object of great beauty.

We left Matlock Dale by a narrow defile cut through Scarthing Rock, nearly opposite Willersley House, and continued our route along the Wirksworth road to Cromford Moor, without even casting one "lingering look behind." About a mile from Scarthing Rock, a sharp turn on the left led us over a hill covered with lead mines to a high sand-stone rock, called "Stonnis," or, more properly, "Stone House," to the summit of which we clambered for the purpose of obtaining a view of the surrounding country from an eminence not less elevated than the topmost peak of Masson. How cold and feeble is the language of description---how incompetent to embody the conceptions, and express the feelings of highly-excited admiration! I stood on the top of Stonnis---huge masses of rock lay scattered at

my feet---a grove of pines waved their dark branches over my head---far below, embosomed in an amphitheatre of hills, one of the finest landscapes that nature any where presents, was spread before me. The habitations of men, some near and others far apart, were scattered over the scene; but, in the contemplation of the woods and rocks of Matlock Dale---the windings of the Derwent---the pine-crowned heights of Abraham, and the proud hill of Masson---they were all forgotten: the structures man had reared seemed as nothing amidst the beauty and grandeur of the works of God.

I have scaled the highest eminences in the mountainous districts of Derbyshire---seen from their summits the sweet dales that repose in tranquil beauty at their base---marked the multitude of hills included within the wide horizon they command, and my heart has thrilled with pleasure at the sight; but not an eminence that I ever before ascended---not a prospect, however rich and varied, which I thence descried, was at all comparable with the view from Stonnis. In that species of beauty of landscape, which approaches to grandeur, it is unequalled in Derbyshire. The parts of which it is composed are of the first order of fine things, and they are combined with a felicity that but rarely occurs in nature. Scarthing Rock, the woods of Wellersley Castle, Matlock High Tor, the hills of Massen, Crich, and Riber, are all noble objects; and the rude masses that constitute the foreground of the picture are thrown together, and grouped and coloured in a manner strikingly picturesque. When I beheld the scene from Stonnis, a fine breeze drove the clouds rapidly athwart the sky, and the flitting gleams of light, which were instantaneously succeeded by deep shadows, illumined in succession the various parts of the landscape, and imparted to it an interest that was powerfully

felt. Sometimes the passing clouds covered the whole range of prospect with one unvaried tone of still and sober colouring---suddenly a bright ray of sunshine intervened, and for a moment the spot on which it fell appeared a paradise of light amidst surrounding gloom. An hour at Stonnis on such a day impresses the mind with a series of beautiful images, which in after life are often recurred to and recollected with delight.

The sky had been cloudy nearly the whole of the day; but as evening approached, the western horizon became clear and glowing: we therefore returned to Matlock Bath, and ascended the heights of Abraham to the top of Masson, for the purpose of enjoying the prospect of a splendid sun-set from that commanding eminence. The extensive landscape beheld from this elevated situation is full of beauty; stupendous hills and open vallies, covered with wood and richly-cultivated meadows, fill up the whole range of an almost boundless horizon---the loftiest eminences gleamed with the rays of the setting sun, and where they decline towards the east, they were covered with a broad mass of shadow, over which floated a transparent atmosphere of soft and beauteous light. Crich church, and the tower on the cliff, are pleasing features in the scene: on the right of Crich, the country retires into a far-off distance, until the remotest objects fade into the sky.

We had ascended the heights of Abraham by a zigzag walk, which is carried along the face of the hill; we therefore reached the top of Masson with comparatively but little fatigue. We returned by a different rout, down the very face of the mountain, along a narrow path, much more toilsome than our ascent. Day was now fast de-

parting, and a lovely twilight spread a delicious charm over Matlock Dale: every object gradually became darker and more indistinct, with the exception of the river, which brightened as the night advanced---

> " I love thee, twilight—as thy shadows roll,
> The calm of evening steals upon the soul,
> Sublimely tender—solemnly serene—
> Still as the hour—enchanting as the scene—
> Twilight! I love thee—let thy glooms increase,
> Till every feeling, every pulse is peace."
>
> MONTGOMERY—*World before the Flood.*

We ended a long day's perambulation at Varley's Hotel; but, so completely was my mind occupied with the scenery around me, that I walked very deliberately into the front room of an adjoining house, and rudely disturbed an evening party, who were pleasantly indulging themselves with a game at backgammon;---I was evidently an intruder:---the master of the house leaned back in his chair, and, with a Stentorian voice that waked me from my reverie, bawled out, " This is not an inn, sir." I certainly did not think that my offence merited so rough a salutation; I however, very awkwardly I apprehend, stammered out something like an apology, and hastily withdrew from the sanctum sanctorum, which I had profaned with my presence.

The comforts of a good inn can only be duly appreciated by those, who, like myself and my companions, have been rambling for days together amongst moorland wilds and rocky glens, subject to those privations consequent on such excursions. The sage Dr. Johnson sometimes observed, that a tavern chair was the throne of human

felicity. We were not exactly of the doctor's opinion; yet we had no reason to regret that we had made Varley's Hotel our home during our short stay at Matlock Bath.

The following morning, though we did not rise so early either as the sun or the lark, yet we were up some hours before breakfast, anxious to witness a morning scene in Matlock Dale. A shower of rain had fallen in the night, and made the air delicious: as we tasted its freshness, our spirits became more buoyant and elastic, and we scarcely felt the ground on which we trod. The sun had risen with unusual splendour---the eastern sky was filled with his brightness---and, though the shadows of night covered the whole of Matlock Dale, we saw the rocks and hills above us gleaming with his glory; and so transparent were the thin white clouds that hung upon the top of Masson, that they appeared like wreaths of less obtrusive light. Opposite the museum parade, the scene was singularly beautiful: the rays of the sun, glancing through the branches of the trees on the summit of the rock, threw a thousand lines of light over the thick wood with which the hill is invested; the rain-drops hung upon the leaves, undisturbed by the agitations of the breeze, and, as the rays of the sun played upon them, they seemed a closely-inwoven tissue of transparent gems. Melody and beauty filled the dale; the lark was in the heavens greeting the morning with a song---the swallows twittered round their nests, built under the projecting eaves of the houses---and a whole tribe of feathered choristers made the woods and groves vocal with their music; every thing that had life felt the influence of so sweet a morning, and all around us was joy and ecstasy.

We again scaled the heights of Abraham, until we had reached the

alcove amongst the trees, about half way up the hill. This lofty eminence presents a rich variety of prospect: the Derwent, fringed with foliage and overhung with rock, winds gracefully through the deep dale below; and in the pastures which crown Matlock High Tor, we beheld the cattle grazing far beneath us.

I had once the gratification, in company with my friend Montgomery, the author of the Wanderer of Switzerland, and the West Indies, &c. to contemplate this sublime and imposing picture, under circumstances peculiarly favourable. The sky, which had previously been clear and bright, became partially clouded; a heavy shower of rain ensued, which was succeeded by a gentle sprinkling that fell with almost snowy softness, and formed a veil exquisitely fine, through which the different features of the scene became more soft and tender; all harmonized in form and colour by the thin medium through which they were beheld. A hazy atmosphere has often a fine effect, particularly when a portion of the sky retains its clearness; and I never before, not even on the brightest day, saw Matlock to equal advantage. The outlines of the hills, and the form of the woods and rocks, were sufficiently defined; and enveloped, as they were, in a transparent mistyness, their dimensions appeared extended in every part, and they seemed to occupy a greater space in creation than was actually allotted them. On this occasion, Montgomery wrote with his pencil on the walls of the alcove the following impromptu. The last couplet, with some slight alteration, he afterwards transplanted into his "*West Indies.*"

"Here, in wild pomp, magnificently bleak,
Stupendous Matlock towers amid the Peak;

Here rocks on rocks—on forests forests rise,
Spurn the low earth, and mingle with the skies.
Great Nature, slumb'ring by fair Derwent's stream,
Conceiv'd these giant-mountains in a dream."

On our descent from the alcove, we passed by the entrance into Rutland Cavern, which is a spacious vault in the interior of the mountains, filled with a variety of crystallizations, intermixed with spars, and ores of lead, copper, and zinc. Several other caverns of a similar description, and equally worthy the attention of the curious, occur in the limestone rocks of Matlock Bath.

After returning to our hotel, we visited the warm baths, lately established here, which are tolerably commodious, but entirely devoid of every thing approaching to elegance; they occupy a delightful situation at the foot of Masson, and are sufficiently elevated above the carriage-road, which passes near them, to command a pleasing view of the dale, both in the direction of the High Tor and down the river.

We afterwards played a game at billiards at the room near the hotel, and then, to finish our morning's lounge, strolled into the museum, the most elegant establishment at Matlock Bath: indeed, it is hardly possible at any place of fashionable resort to meet with a more entertaining and instructive assemblage of objects than are here collected together. It is a spacious well-lighted room, and contains an excellent collection of minerals, fossils, precious stones, shells, and birds, which are tastefully arranged, and under the direction and superintendance of a skilful and intelligent man. The urns in this collection, made of the amathystone fluor of Derbyshire, present a

variety of the best specimens of this beautiful material. Here are likewise many urns, vases, and figures, in statuary marble, from Italy, exquisitely sculptured. Amongst the fossils, we noticed some very fine specimens, from Ashover, of martial pyrites, imbedded in pelucid fluor. The golden-threaded fluor of Crich is another beautiful variety, and it is here manufactured into different articles. Mr. Mawe, who is well known from his elementary works on mineralogy, and his travels in the Brazils, is the proprietor of this museum, and it is highly creditable both to his scientific knowledge and his taste. It is at all times open to the gratuitous admission of strangers, a circumstance which evinces the truly-liberal spirit of its worthy proprietor.

Besides the hotel at which we had taken up our residence, there are two other excellent inns at Matlock Bath. The principal one is denominated the *Old Bath*, and it is a spacious building, capable of affording accommodations to nearly one hundred visitors. At this inn, there is an excellent assembly-room, which is lighted with elegant glass chandeliers; and a hot and a cold bath are included within the establishment. The next inn in point of consequence is Saxton's Hotel, which is pleasantly situated on a rising ground, nearly opposite to Wild Cat Tor. This house stands on an immense bed of tufa, in which various kinds of vegetable remains are found in a natural state. About eighteen years ago, when the workmen were digging the foundation for the stables, they found the entire skeleton of a moose deer, an animal now unknown in this country: the horns and head are in the British Museum. In addition to the inns, there are many comfortable lodging-houses---the principal of which is kept by a Mrs. Evans, and known by the name of the Temple. This

excellent house stands in a retired situation on the side of the lower part of Massen, and is certainly one of the most delightful residences in the place. It is connected with the Old Bath by a spacious terrace carried along the side of the hill, which forms a most delightful promenade. Two or three billiard tables, a circulating library, and a number of spar and petrifaction shops, constitute the other accommodations of Matlock Bath.

SECTION XII.

Willersley House.---The late Sir Richard Arkwright.---Mouse Hole Mine. ---Side Mine.---Riber Top.---Moonlight in Matlock Dale.---Winter Excursion to Matlock.---Canova's Statue of the Mother of Buonaparte ---his Bust of Laura.---Snow Scenery at Matlock.

THE gardens, the grounds, and the walks about Willersley House, once the residence of Sir Richard Arkwright, and now of his eldest son, are only open to the public two days in the week, namely, Monday and Thursday; they are, however, always attractive, and they add to the pleasures, and vary the amusements of the company, that resort to Matlock Bath. The house is not shewn, though I understand it contains several good pictures, particularly a lake scene, by Wright of Derby. The exclusion of promiscuous visitors from the interior of Willersley House is no doubt a necessary and proper arrangement; the comfort of a domestic family, at a place so crowded with strangers as Matlock often is, could not otherwise be provided for. The walks about this delightful residence are carried along steep acclivities, amongst woods and plantations, that occasionally admit some pleasing vista views of the surrounding country. In their progress from the river's brink to the craggy summit of Wild Cat Tor, some new and unexpected beauty is exhibited at every turn, and from that romantic and fearful eminence the sublime scenery of Matlock Dale is revealed in all its glory.

The late Sir Richard Arkwright, the builder of Willersley House, and the founder of a wealthy family, was a man of great mechanical talent, industry, and perseverance: he may indeed be regarded as the parent of those improvements in the spinning of cotton, which have converted machines into men, and almost superseded the necessity of manual labour. This extraordinary man, who was the youngest son of thirteen children, was a native of Preston in Lancashire. His parents were poor, and in early life he was apprenticed to a barber, a trade which he for some time followed at Wirksworth, in Derbyshire. About the time that he first turned his attention to mechanics, he formed an acquaintance with a clock-maker at Warrington, of the name of Kay: in conjunction with this man, the machine for which he first obtained a patent was made: other improvements succeeded; and, as he penetrated more deeply into the arcana of mechanism, and became familiarized to its powers, he found himself in the situation of one who, having attained a distant horizon, beholds another still more remote, but equally accessible, spread before him. The exclusive use of his inventions he secured by letters patent, which did not always prove invulnerable. An inadequate specification annulled his right in one instance; and in another, the Court of King's Bench cancelled the patent, which he had obtained, on the ground of his not being the original inventor. Yet, notwithstanding the opposition his success excited, and the litigation in which he was involved, he amassed a princely fortune; and, on presenting an address to his late Majesty, in the year 1786, when he served the office of Sheriff of the County of Derby, the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him. At this time his health was fast declining, and the close of his existence was imbittered with infirmity and disease. He died at Cromford, on the third of August, 1792, in the 60th year of his age.

From Willersley House, we rambled over the hills to the village of Matlock; and on our way there, we passed a small lead mine, called Mouse Hole, where we found one poor solitary individual, apparently about eighty years of age, industriously pursuing his daily avocation. On inquiry, he told us that he worked the mine alone. He first let down a bucket, in which he put the ore---descended the shaft in the usual way---toiled until he had filled the measure---then clambering out again, he drew up the produce, and deposited it in his little hovel at the mouth of the mine. Thus he continued the same routine of operations day after day, and year after year, with no one to assist him in his labours. The dull unvarying monotony of this man's employment in no way affected his spirits; though old and poor, he was naturally cheerful; his little mine afforded him but a scanty subsistence---yet he observed, bad as it was, it was his best friend, for it had supplied all his wants, which were now so very few, "that it was no' much matter whether the old mine turned out good or ill." I could go to buffets with myself, for having at any time indulged in a repining spirit, when I think of this poor miner, delving in his little mouse-hole den, through eighty years of existence, without a feeling of discontent.

Proceeding onward, we came to a mine of more importance: its name is *Side Mine*---and we were told by the workmen, that the lead obtained here is dug out of a toadstone stratum, and that the vein they were then pursuing was rich in ore. We procured specimens, which we regarded as conclusive in favour of their statement; but we were afterwards informed, that Mr. Mawe, and other scientific individuals, contend, that the matrix of the ore in this mine is limestone, which, being in a state of decomposition, has so much the appearance

of toadstone, as to deceive common observers. Mr. White Watson, of Bakewell, who has made the various strata of his native country his peculiar study, and the miners, who may be presumed to be well acquainted with a material that so frequently occurs, strenuously maintain the former hypothesis, in opposition to the opinion of Mr. Mawe. The *Seven Rakes* Mine, which is situated on the contrary side of the river, on the north-east slope of Masson, is worked in the same stratum, and is equally productive of lead ore.

In our walk to Matlock, we passed along the side of the hill to Riber Top, where there is a singular assemblage of stones, supposed to have been originally a druidical altar; some antiquaries say, a cromlech, which appears more probable: they are called *Hirst Stones*, and are not unworthy of a visit---since those who feel no interest in these ancient reliques, will be amply repaid for the toil and trouble of ascending this eminence by the prospect it commands.

Evening was now far advanced; and we returned by the village of Matlock, and thence through its romantic dale to our hotel at the baths---where, on our arrival, we found the promenades deserted---the lights were glimmering through the trees, and the musicians at the Old Bath were tuning their instruments for the evening's assembly.

About half-past ten o'clock, we anticipated the rising of the moon; and, as I had long wished to witness the effect of a fine moonlight night in Matlock Dale, my wishes were now likely to be soon gratified. The deep shadows of night lay upon the dale, and the obscurity that prevailed was full of grandeur. Shortly the moon rose over the

summit of Wild Cat Tor, and her softened light, thrown on the broad front of Masson, only rendered the darkness below still more visible. We watched the progressive ascent of the chaste orb of eve, and felt a delightful interest in marking the western side of the dale, gradually losing its darkness, as she rose above the opposite hills: it was a beauteous picture, and I gladly resigned myself to the illusions it produced. A stillness and a silence, that were felt, pervaded the dale, save that, as we passed the New Bath, the rush of the water from the cascade, near the mills below, came upon the ear. It was impossible, at this particular time, not to feel delighted with a sound, that, during the day, when a multiplicity of busy objects were abroad, we had passed unnoticed.

Nature is full of beautiful sounds; the rush of a river---the lapse of a gentle current---the hum of the bee amongst the flowers---the chirp of the grasshopper---the low of cattle in the fields---the neighing of the horse as he roams at large---and, perhaps more than all, the song of the robin, when in autumn he pours his sweetest strains from among the fading leaves of the season---are sounds that, in connexion with the living pictures nature spreads before us with a lavish hand, have a powerful influence on the mind.

The following morning we bade adieu to Matlock, where we terminated a pleasant summer's excursion.

Anxious to behold the scenery of this romantic place, when the trees and rocks, and every object in the dale, were covered with snow, I visited it on the first day of the year 1820. The frost, during the

preceding night, had been uncommonly severe---the thermometer, at nine o'clock in the morning, stood at 26° below freezing: a day of clearest sunshine, and a scene of beauty and splendour not often paralleled, succeeded. On my way to Matlock, I passed through Abbey Dale and Chatsworth Park: the trees and hedges were covered with brilliant incrustations---their verdant clothing had disappeared, and a white foliage, light and elegant as the down on the cygnet's breast, lay on every stem and branch---and, when the rays of the sun glanced through the trees, they seemed hung with leaves of transparent crystal, which, in beauty and splendour, put to shame the skill of the lapidary.

I stopped at Chatsworth House on my way through the park, and had the gratification of seeing CANOVA's celebrated figure of the Mother of Buonaparte. It is an exquisitely-finished statue, and powerfully suggests a recollection of some of the most beautiful works of art: the natural ease and grace of the figure, and the taste and disposition of the drapery, are inimitably fine; the hands and arms, particularly the left, might form studies for future sculptors, but the face and head did not altogether please me: this remark is not applicable to the features, but to the sculptural expression of the countenance, which has less of nature about it than marble, inflexible as it is, is capable of expressing, when touched by the chisel of such a man as Canova. A pedestal, in the same apartment with this fine specimen of modern art, is surmounted with a bust of Petrarch's Laura, by the same sculptor, which is full of excellence, and has a most touching expression of countenance, where loveliness, purity, tenderness, and affection, are divinely blended together. This little work, (for so it may be

termed, in reference to the space it occupies), gave me a more exalted idea of the genius and talent of Canova than any of his more elaborate productions had previously done.

In my short stay at Chatsworth, I saw the antique columns of porphyry and granite, the vases, marbles, and fossils, which the Duke of Devonshire collected during his late visit to the Continent. I had likewise the gratification of hearing him express his intention of erecting a spacious museum for sculpture, &c. at this noble mansion, which he proposes making the receptacle of some of the finest works of art, and the most valuable productions of antiquity.

After spending a few hours at Chatsworth, and thanking the Duke for a sight of his Canova, and the many valuable acquisitions he had recently made in Italy, and transplanted to the palace of the Peak, I proceeded through Darley Dale to Matlock. Crossing the bridge, the scenery at the entrance into the dale was eminently beautiful; light elegant trees, feathered with snow, and sparkling with frost, intermingled with dark branches of yew, shooting from amongst the craggs, crested the rocky barrier before me, which, from the side facing Matlock Bank, presented a picture of uncommon beauty. Here the summit of the rock beetles over its sides, and its extreme verge was fringed with a cornice of brilliant icicles, that glittered amongst the depending branches, which hung like a filmy net-work over the face of the rock. Proceeding along the dale, I passed the High Tor: dark rolled the river at the base of this mighty rock in one unbroken current, that happily assimilated with the grandeur of the scene; below, some huge masses of stones, capped with snow,

interrupted the progress of the stream, round which it impetuously rushed, then circled into turbulent eddies below.

A little beyond Saxton's Hotel, on the opposite side of the river, is *Wild Cat Tor.* Though the entrance into the dale had greater beauty, yet here the scene had more grandeur: the rocks have a wilder character, and the trees at their base are truly magnificent. A few straggling pines and yews were scattered amongst the topmost craggs, on which the snow hung heavily. It was a wintery picture; and the ruins of a mill near, that had just been consumed by fire, the dark half-burnt beams and rafters of which were rendered more conspicuous by the snow that lay upon them, improved its sublimity.

About a quarter of a mile farther on the dale, the road passes through Scarthing Rock. Here we had a picture of still greater beauty than we had before observed. The rocks on both sides of the road are broken into projecting and receding masses: from the jutting craggs long branches depended, feathered over with frost and snow; from others, huge icicles hung, as beautiful and more transparent than the stalactites of the caverns of the Peak. Such were the adornments of the two sides of this rocky portal. The summits were crested with trees; and through the vista they presented, a confined landscape was admitted, in which a road and a rocky bank, covered with light downy foliage, were the principal features. A scene of greater and rarer beauty but seldom occurs.

I had now attained the object of my visit to Matlock Bath, and

therefore, during a heavy fall of snow, that a little impeded my progress, I returned to Bakewell, where I passed the night, and from thence, on the following day, to Sheffield, after a short absence of three days.

END OF PART III.

W. Wilson, Printer, 4, Greville-Street, Hatton-Garden, London.

Peak Scenery.

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Peak Scenery,

OR

EXCURSIONS IN DERBYSHIRE:

MADE CHIEFLY FOR THE PURPOSE OF

Picturesque Observation.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

ENGRAVINGS BY MR. G. COOKE, MR. W. B. COOKE, AND MR. E. BLORE,

From Drawings made for the purpose by

F. CHANTREY, ESQ. SCULPTOR, R. A. F. R. S. AND MEMBER OF THE ACADEMY OF ST. LUKE,
MR. C. HOFLAND, MR. BLORE, AND MR. R. THOMPSON.

Inscribed to

F. CHANTREY, ESQ.

BY E. RHODES.

——————— *Nature never did betray*
The heart that lov'd her; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings." WORDSWORTH'S TINTERN ABBEY.

PART IV.

London:

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1823.

TO

F. CHANTREY, ESQ. R.A. F.R.S. &c.

TO WHOSE TALENTS AS AN ARTIST THIS PUBLICATION IS EMINENTLY INDEBTED FOR THE SUCCESS WITH WHICH IT HAS BEEN HONOURED BY THE PUBLIC,

THE FOURTH PART

OF THESE

EXCURSIONS IN DERBYSHIRE,

Is, without his permission,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED, AS A TESTIMONY OF THE HIGH ESTIMATION IN WHICH HIS SERVICES, SO CHEERFULLY AFFORDED AND GRATUITOUSLY PERFORMED, ARE HELD BY HIS

OBLIGED FRIEND AND WELL-WISHER,

THE AUTHOR.

SHEFFIELD, *August* 1823.

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SECTION I.

Last Excursion into Derbyshire.---Reflections on the word, Last.---Meersbrook House.---Samuel Shore, Esq.---Old House at Norton Lees.---Walk from Heeley to Norton.---Norton Hall and Park.---Norton House and the Oakes.--Manor of Norton.

My fourth and last excursion into Derbyshire was made chiefly for the purpose of exploring the scenery of the River Dove, and completing my original design of "travelling through the mountainous parts of Derbyshire, and visiting every place worthy of notice in the High and Low Peak; especially those sequestered spots which lie within the dales that determine the course of the three principal rivers, the Wye, the Derwent, and the Dove." Every place, indeed, through which I may pass in my progress to, or my return from, the picturesque windings of this romantic stream, is entitled to attention, providing that any thing connected with it, is sufficiently important to elicit observation, and compensate for the delay it may occasion. This present excursion, will, if I may be permitted to use the expression, be more *erratic* than the preceding ones, and embrace a much greater extent and variety of ground. To reach the river Dove, a considerable part of the county, extending from Yorkshire to the borders of Staffordshire, must be traversed; in doing which, the most interesting road will be selected, and my return will include some

objects not comprehended within that part of the county usually denominated the Peak, but which by a Derbyshire tourist cannot be entirely omitted.

I have called this my *last* excursion. What a train of serious reflections and associations are excited by this little monosyllable; there is something in the word itself, that checks the playfulness of every lighter thought, and gives a chastened and sober tone to feeling. My various perambulations along the heathy moors, and through the dales of Derbyshire, have been accompanied with so much of actual enjoyment, that the idea of having seen them for the last time, cannot be contemplated without sensations of regret. The bidding a final adieu to scenes rendered dear and interesting by pleasing recollections, with a feeling that we may never more behold them, is somewhat like taking an everlasting farewell of a friend whom we sincerely love, whose kindness and companionship have endeared existence, and strewn a few perishable roses amongst the thorns of life.

Early on a fine May morning my companion and myself commenced our tour, and crossing Meersbrook at the little village of Heeley, we entered Derbyshire about one mile from the town of Sheffield. The river Sheaf was on our right, babbling and sparkling amongst shades of elms, poplars, and alders. The moment we were admitted within the boundary line of this interesting county, we felt the beauty of the surrounding scenery. A noble sheet of water, of many acres, lay on our right; beyond, rising above an intervening screen of lofty foliage, which was vividly reflected on the surface of the water, part of the town of Sheffield appeared, backed with a range

of finely-formed and thickly-wooded hills. Such materials can hardly be so ill disposed as not to produce a pleasing picture; here they are happily combined, and constitute a scene richly diversified and full of imposing objects.

As we proceeded, on our left, pleasantly situated on a rising ground, amongst groups of trees, stands Meersbrook House, the residence of Samuel Shore, Esq. This venerable and worthy man was born in the town of Sheffield; he is, therefore, a native of Yorkshire, but the greatest part of his life has been passed in Derbyshire. In 1760, the year that his late Majesty George the Third succeeded to the throne, he filled the office of sheriff for the county. He then resided at Norton Hall, which is now occupied by his grandson, Sydney Shore, Esq. Afterwards, he became a magistrate for the West Riding of the County of York, in which capacity he was associated with the Rev. James Wilkinson, late Vicar of Sheffield, Walter Obourne, Esq. and others, who held their meetings, for the business of the magistracy, at Sheffield. Mr. Shore is a protestant dissenter, and he had been several years actively employed as a magistrate, when the various classes of dissenters in the kingdom presented petitions to Parliament for a repeal of the Test Laws. Being a sincere friend both to civil and religious liberty, he cordially united in the prayer of these petitions. The application was unsuccessful, and Mr. Shore, in consequence, deemed it his duty to discontinue his magisterial services, as a decided testimony against the existence of those Laws, which he regarded as intolerant, impolitic, unjust, and inconsistent with the free principles of the British Constitution. He therefore withdrew from a situation which he had filled with honour to himself and advantage to the public, to participate with the whole body of protestant dissenters the prohibi-

tions occasioned by those enactments of which they had justly complained, and vainly endeavoured to obtain a repeal. His nice sense of integrity and propriety on all matters connected with his duties as a man, and his faith as a christian, influenced his decision, and he retired into private life accompanied with the esteem of all who can admire goodness and know how to venerate the dictates of conscience. This gentleman possesses the Norton Lees estate, which in the reign of Henry the Seventh was the property of the family of the Blythes of Norton, two of whom arrived at great honours in the church; one of them, John, being the Bishop of Salisbury, and the other, Geoffrey, Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry.

The old mansion at Norton Lees, once occupied by this family, is still in existence; and it is one of those ancient structures which serve to keep alive the recollection of the domestic architecture of our forefathers: it is therefore not only a picturesque, but an interesting object. At a very early period our Saxon progenitors built their houses with wood, but shortly after the Norman Conquest plaster was intermixed with timber, and subsequently the basement story was made of stone. The upper apartments were so constructed as to project over the lower, and considerable ornament both in carved wood and plaster was introduced about the doors, and windows, and roof of the building. The house at Norton Lees is a good specimen of this early style of architecture, and it has been supposed by some to be as old as the reign of Richard the Second: that it was erected many years after this period can hardly be doubted. Though composed of stone and wood, it is evidently not one of the earliest structures of this description: it is indeed highly probable that it was built in the reign of the Seventh or Eighth Henry, but certainly not sooner.

Drawn by Edw[d] Blore.

Engraved by G Cooke.

OLD HALL AT NORTON LEES,

DERBYSHIRE.

Proof

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At this period the halls or family mansions of the yeomanry of the country had nearly all the same general character. Previously, but little stone was used in any of them. One of the oldest of these structures at present in the kingdom, is Moreton Hall in Cheshire, which though a highly-ornamented building, is entirely composed of wood, and was erected at a time before stone was generally used even for the lower apartments. The earliest date about this ancient remain is 1559.

Anxious to preserve the remembrance of the old house at Norton Lees, I have obtained a sketch of it from the pencil of Mr. E. Blore, an artist of great eminence in his profession, and who in his peculiar style of drawing happily unites pictorial effect with the most scrupulous fidelity. The man who loves to look into the past, to pore over the history of former periods, and become acquainted with the modes of life, and the manners and customs of his forefathers, cannot but feel deeply indebted to that art, which when these curious remains have become venerable with age, and picturesque with decay, arrests them in their fall, commits their forms to canvass or to copper, and preserves them in our recollection long after they have disappeared from among us. Happy art! that can disappoint time of its prey, prolong the remembrance of forms that now exist, and transmit them through successive generations. The arts are the handmaids of our pleasures---they administer to some of our most refined enjoyments, and give an elegance and charm to life.

In our walk to Norton we left Norton Lees a short distance on our left, and passed through some sweet scenery about half a mile from Heeley, at a place called Smithy Wood Bottom. This retired spot attracted the particular attention of Dayes, during his tour into

Yorkshire, and it is more commended by him than any other in the vicinity of Sheffield. He saw it on a fine summer's evening, when all the parts came in masses, and the lights and shadows were not only favourable but strikingly imposing. Strange that such a man as Dayes could pass through the fine country around Sheffield and see no beauty but in Smithy Wood Bottom.

The walk from Heeley to Norton, by the way of Woodseats and Bole Hill, commands a series of delightful views over the adjacent country. In one direction the hills and woods of Beauchief and Ecclesal enrich the middle distance of the landscape, and the heathy moors of Derbyshire terminate the prospect. In another, Banner Cross and the luxuriantly wooded hills about Sheffield, extending from Wincobank to Grenoside, and from thence to Wentworth and Warncliffe, are noble features in the extensive and beautifully diversified landscapes which this walk in its progress presents. Having attained the summit of the hill that overlooks Abbey Dale, and paused a while to gaze upon the scenery before us, we proceeded to Norton, one of the pleasantest and most respectable villages in any part of Derbyshire. This secluded place is more neat and trim than formerly: it has lost part of its rural appearance by the enclosure of the many little verdant spots with which it was once adorned. The Village Green, the scene of many a mirthful sport, has disappeared, and every plot of ground is now securely hemmed in with fences. I question not the policy of such proceedings---they may be wise and useful, perhaps necessary, but they have devastated many a lovely scene, and impaired the beauty of many a rural picture.

There are several good houses in this village, particularly Nor-

ton Hall, which has been lately rebuilt. When Mr. Shore, the father of the present proprietor of Norton Hall, first possessed it, it was an ancient stone mansion, its principal front having a projection at each end and a recess in the centre. In an engraving of it now before me, which was published in 1793, from a drawing by Malton, the front of the old building is exhibited, together with the whole of the western wing, which was erected by the late Joseph Offley, Esq. who had it in contemplation to rebuild the remainder, and convert the whole into a modern mansion. This, however, was reserved for the present proprietor, Samuel Shore, Esq. to accomplish, who has not only carried the plans of his predecessors into execution, but has greatly extended and laid open the grounds about the house, and formed the whole into a range of beautiful park scenery, which is adorned with seats, alcoves, and occasional poetic inscriptions.

Through a plantation that borders these pleasant grounds, a circuitous walk, which belts the whole park, has been carried, to an extent of about two miles. Near the principal front of the house, where cultivated beauty most prevails, it enters into an open shrubbery composed of trees of the freshest and most luxuriant foliage, amongst which tufts of flowers, woodbines, and roses, are plenteously scattered. This walk leads to the Flower Garden, which is a rich collection of sweets that Flora herself might be proud to own. Leaving this lovely spot, the path proceeds through a grove of trees, whose tall trunks admit, from the many openings between, a distant view of more closely tangled foliage. It afterwards passes along the western verge of the park, crosses a small part of a verdant slope, and then dips into a romantic wood, which covers two sides of a deep and picturesque dell. On the right of the walk a sylvan grotto has been erected, composed of roots,

trunks, and branches of trees. At the back of a seat within, some poetic lines of considerable merit, by Mrs. Stokes of Chesterfield, are inscribed, but the composition is too long to be quoted here. From this place the walk is continued by the side of a fine sheet of water, whereanother wood-house iserected. In this secluded spotwe observed the following lines, which I have before noticed as part of an inscription on a gravestone in Tideswell church-yard:---

" Contemplate, as the sun declines,
Thy death with deep reflection,
And when again he rising shines,
Thy day of resurrection."

The sylvan grot in which these lines are written should have faced the west; having nearly a northern aspect, they are not so appropriately situated as they might have been. From this place we returned again into the wood, and made our way over the trunks of fallen trees to another walk near the margin of the brook at the bottom of the dell, where, agreeably to the following poetic invitation from the pen of Miss Shore, we rested a few minutes before we proceeded to the higher part of the grounds:---

" Here, stranger, rest thee in this calm retreat,
Secure from winter's storms and summer's heat,
Let calm serenity possess thy mind,
And in this mossy seat contentment find."

From this " mossy seat" we pursued our way to where the two sides of the dell closely approach each other and form a picturesque glen shadowed over with dark yew tress, but enlivened with a little stream of water that has made a channel down the steep side of a

rocky bank, from which it falls into the hollow below. A long flight of steps leads from this part of the wood into the plantations above, which bound the northern extremity of the park. Here there is another alcove or resting-place for pedestrians, which on a clear summer's day affords a delightful shelter from heat and sunshine; but spring was now but little advanced, and it looked chill and uninviting within: we therefore passed it, and returned across the open part of the grounds to the west front of the house. Norton Park is well stored with stately trees: the oak and elm, and particularly the ash, find kindly nurture in the soil, and flourish in health and beauty, and about one hundred yards from the house, by the side of the carriage-road that leads to Little Norton, there is a noble beech, which extends its ample branches over an area of the circumference of more than seventy yards, and is of itself a picture for an artist. I have stood beneath the leafy canopy of this magnificent tree, and have sometimes traced with curious interest the various branches, from their connexion with the parent trunk, through numberless intermingling ramifications and intricate intersections, until their individuality was entirely lost, and their hundred arms terminated amongst a mass of surrounding foliage. This was certainly an idle amusement, yet it was one, and there are moments when the mind is prepared to extract pleasure from the most trivial circumstances, and derive instruction from appearances that on other occasions would pass entirely unnoticed; when it

> "Finds tongues in trees, books in the running streams,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

From Norton Park many openings occur that admit distant views of the country around. To the west, the hills of Beauchief are sin-

gularly beautiful, both in form and clothing, and Ecclesal Wood, which declines gently into the vale from the right of the landscape, is a very pleasing feature in the scene; beyond, the heathy moors of Derbyshire fill up the distance, which is often rich in colouring and picturesque with light and shadow. From these grounds some of the finest effects of nature are often presented when the sun is sinking in the west. At this particular time of the day, the moors that terminate the prospect are often seen reposing in a deep purple shadow, while the nearer objects, touched with the rays of the setting sun, are brilliantly lighted up with his departing effulgence.

At the short distance of one hundred yards from Mr. Shore's Park wall, is Norton House, a good old mansion, which in the year 1674 was the residence of Samuel Hallowes, Esq. who was then sheriff of the county, and afterwards of Robert Newton, Esq. Some years past this structure suffered considerably from neglect, but since it has been in the occupation of John Read, Esq. it has shared a better fate. The house, the gardens, and the grounds, have all been greatly improved by the taste of their present possessor. On the left of the lawn, near the front of Norton House, stands a fine old oak, which is venerable with years and highly picturesque in decay. It might have lived and flourished in "green old age" another century or two, had not the lightnings of heaven blighted its branches and shivered a part of its mighty trunk. The storm that moved over it has passed away, but traces of its devastation are left behind.

About a quarter of a mile from the village of Norton is the Oakes, a large old house that overlooks an extensive prospect, rich with wood, and hills, and dales. It is now unoccupied, and the symptoms of dis-

order and neglect are but too apparent in its borders. Near the Oakes stood Hazelbarrow Hall, a venerable edifice, which for centuries was the seat of the ancient family of the Seliokes, who retained possession of it until the reign of Elizabeth. It was lately occupied as a farm-house, but it has now given way to a more modern structure. Such has been the fate of this old mansion, which for ten generations was the residence of one of the first families in this part of Derbyshire.

Norton is an extensive manor: it comprehends not only the whole parish of Norton, but the adjoining village of Cold Aston, which is in the parish of Dronfield. This manor, the hall, and the estates, belonged for a considerable period of time to a family of the name of Bullock, who in consequence of their attachment to the royal cause and the exertions which they made in the support of King Charles, were much reduced in their property at the time of the Restoration. William Bullock, Esq. who resided at Norton Hall, raised a troop of horse, and equipped them at his own expence, for the service of his sovereign, while his neighbour, one of the Blythes of Norton Lees, was a captain in the parliamentary army. In consequence of the necessities of the Bullocks, Cornelius Clarke, Esq. of Cutthorpe, or Ashgate, in Brampton, near Chesterfield, who had a large mortgage on the estate in the year 1668, purchased the hall and manor of Norton, and a considerable part of the remaining estate. Having no issue, he left the whole of his Brampton and Norton property to his nephew Robert Offley, of Norwich, who was the son of his second sister, Ursula Clarke. His son Stephen was the first of the family of the Offleys who resided at Norton Hall: he was the father of Mrs. Shore and Mrs. Edmunds, by his wife Hannah Bohun, from

Suffolk. In the division of the Derbyshire property belonging to the family of the Offleys between the two co-heiresses, the Norton estate descended to Mrs. Shore, and the estate at Brampton to Mrs. Edmunds.

SECTION II.

Memoir of Chantrey, the Sculptor.

In the preceding section I have observed that the parish of Norton was the birth-place of two brothers who arrived at high honours in the church, one being the Bishop of Salisbury, and the other the Bishop of Coventry and Litchfield---the latter of whom built a chapel at Norton, erected an alabaster tomb within it to the memory of his parents, and appointed a chantry for them. This pleasant village has likewise the honour of being the birth-place of another distinguished individual, Francis Chantrey, Esq. R. A. Sculptor, F.R.S. Lon. & Ed. F.S.A. M.G.S. and Member of the Roman Academy of St. Luke; a man whose extraordinary talents have placed him at an early period of life at the summit of his profession.

F. Chantrey was born on the 7th of April, 1782. His ancestors were in respectable but not opulent circumstances, and some heritable possessions still belong to the family. His father was involved in considerable pecuniary losses, chiefly by the conduct of a brother whom he endeavoured to serve beyond the extent of his means. He saw the property which his forefathers had accumulated, progressively departing from him, his spirits became depressed, and he died in the prime of life,---when his only child, the subject of this memoir, was

scarcely twelve years old. After his death, his widow remained in the occupation of a farm which had been in the family through a long series of years, and although Chantrey's mother, who is still living to enjoy the fame of her son, was left in narrow circumstances, she yet contrived to bestow upon him as liberal an education as her limited means would admit. Being an only child he was naturally the object of the tenderest care and most anxious solicitude of his surviving parent, who retained him about her person until he was nearly eighteen years old. He was intended for agricultural pursuits, but his employment in attending to the concerns of a farm, was but little suited to his views and inclinations. At this period of life he is said to have had it in contemplation to study the law, under a respectable solicitor at Sheffield. This is an error into which his biographers have fallen, in consequence of the term factor being understood to have the same meaning in Sheffield, as it has in Scotland, where the memoir of this distinguished artist was first published. To the business of a factor, or inland merchant, his views were first directed, but he soon discovered that his inclinations had a different tendency. The drudgery of a factor's warehouse, the calculation of per centages and discounts, the systematic arrangements and nice methodical management which such a pursuit requires, the mind of Chantrey was but ill fitted to encounter; he therefore relinquished this intention, and apprenticed himself to a Mr. Ramsay, a carver and gilder, in the town of Sheffield; yet even in this business he soon found that he had but few opportunities of indulging that feeling for the arts, which had now so taken possession of his mind, that it might be said to have become the animating principle of his being, and the sole impulse that his heart obeyed.

At this time Mr. J. R. Smith, mezzotint-engraver and portrait-painter, visited Sheffield, in his profession as an artist, and being occasionally at the house of Mr. Ramsay, Chantrey's devotion to the study and practice of drawing and modelling did not escape his observation. He was the first to perceive and appreciate his genius; he took pleasure in giving him instruction, and some years afterwards, the pupil having become a proficient in art, perpetuated the recollection of his master in one of the finest busts that ever came from his hands.

He, however, experienced considerable difficulty in making an advantageous use of the lessons thus obtained. His master supposing, and perhaps with reason, that Chantrey's predilection for the arts would make him a less profitable servant, was but little inclined to promote his pursuits. The whole of his leisure hours, however, were devoted to his favourite studies, and chiefly passed in a lonely room in the neighbourhood of his master's, which he hired at the rate of a few pence weekly.

It may easily be supposed from the preceding detail, that the connexion between Chantrey and Ramsay was not of long continuance; they separated before the expiration of the term of his apprenticeship, a compensation being made by Chantrey for the remainder of his time. Being now left to prosecute his studies in his own way, he visited London, and attended the school of the Royal Academy at Somerset House, but was never regularly admitted a student.

Painting and sculpture, the sister arts, to one of which he resolved to dedicate his talents, were now presented to his choice, but he was

undetermined which to prefer, and some weeks passed away before he attempted either. Painting had only a secondary place in his affections, but he regarded it as a surer source of profitable employment than sculpture; he therefore hesitated long before he made his election. Perplexed and embarrassed, he left the students' room at Somerset House, returned to his own apartments, "resolved and resolved," spread his canvas before him, prepared his pallet, took up his pencils, and began to paint: landscape, portrait, and history, by turns attracted his notice and mingled with his contemplations, but the sculpture of the Academy was continually before him, and the images it presented became associated with all his thoughts. This state of suspense prevented him from using the talents he then possessed, and so long as it continued he accomplished nothing. During this period of doubt and indecision he visited the Elgin marbles: these perfect resemblances of nature and simplicity made a strong impression on his mind---the more he examined them the more he became convinced of their truth and their beauty---they confirmed him in his own notions of excellence---and he revisited them daily and with increased delight. In the intervals that filled up the space between his successive visits to these exquisite productions of art, he repeatedly attempted to paint, but the works of Greece, simple in design---beautiful in execution---imposing and grand in effect---were still present to him:---they influenced his choice, and determined him to become a sculptor.

Chantrey's first work in marble was a bust of the Rev. James Wilkinson, which he executed for the parish church at Sheffield. He entered on this undertaking with all the confidence of conscious talent, and the assurance of success, even though previously he had never worked on marble, and never used either a hammer or chisel.

Montgomery the poet, the author of the *Wanderer of Switzerland*, &c. beautifully alludes to this early production in a speech delivered in the town of Sheffield, in December 1822, on the establishment of a Philosophical and Literary Society there. Having briefly noticed several individuals, natives of the place, whose talents and acquirements in science and literature were an honour to the town, he adds---

" Mr. Chantrey was not indeed a native of the town, but having been born at Norton in Derbyshire, four miles hence, within the limits of this corporation, he belongs to us, and is one of us. Whatever previous circumstances, very early in life, may have taught his eye to look at forms as subjects for his thoughts, his pencil, or his hand, it was in Sheffield, after he had been called hither from the honourable occupation of husbandry, which kings and the awful fathers of mankind of old did not disdain to follow---it was in Sheffield that his genius first began to exercise its plastic powers, both in painting and sculpture ;---it was in Sheffield that the glorious alternative was presented to him, either to be amongst the greatest painters of the age, or to be alone as the greatest of its sculptors ;---it was in Sheffield, likewise, after he had made the wiser choice, that he produced his first work in marble---and Sheffield possesses that work, and, I trust, will possess it, till the hand of time, atom by atom, shall have crumbled it into dust.

" This assuredly was the most interesting crisis of the artist's life---the turning period that should decide the bias of his future course. Having employed a marble-mason to rough hew the whole, he commenced his task---with a hand trembling but determined---an eye keenly looking after the effect of every stroke, and a mind flushed with anticipation, yet fluctuating often between hope and fear, doubt,

agony, and rapture---perplexities that always accompany conscious but untried powers in the effort to do some great thing:---he pursued his solitary toil day by day, and night by night, till the form being slowly developed, at length the countenance came out of the stone, and looked its parent in the face. To know his joy a man must have been such a parent. The throes and anguish, however, of that first birth of his genius in marble, enabled that genius thenceforward, with comparative ease, to give being and body to its mightiest conceptions.

" Were I a rich man who could purchase the costly labours of such a master, I almost think that I could forego the pride of possessing the most successful effort of his later hand, for the noble pleasure of calling my own, the precious *bust* in yonder church. Works of genius and of taste are not to be valued solely according to their abstract excellence as such, but they may become inestimably more dear to the heart, as well as interesting to the eye, in proportion as they awaken thought, feeling, recollection, sympathy. Whether in alliance with the subject itself---the circumstances under which it was undertaken---or the conflict and triumph of the artist in achieving his design,---in all these points the plain but admirable monument before us transcends every other that has come, or can come, from the same hand; since the experienced and renowned proficient can never again be placed in a trial so severe, with an issue so momentous, as the youthful aspirant, unknown and unpractised, had to endure in this first essay of his skill on the block that might eternize his name or crush his hopes for ever. This, I believe, is the true history of the outset of Chantrey, a native of this neighbourhood, who was destined thenceforward, at his pleasure, to give to marble all *but* life; for

" ' What fine chisel,
Could ever yet—*cut breath.*' "
SHAKSPEARE'S *Winter's Tale.*

In recurring to the earlier productions of Chantrey, his colossal bust of Satan, the first important work which he exhibited at the Royal Academy, deserves particular notice. That sublime passage in *Paradise Lost*, where Milton's " not less than arch-angel fallen," lifting his malignant brow to heaven, pours forth his impious address to the sun,---

" To thee I call, but with no friendly voice,
And add thy name, O Sun! to tell thee how
I hate thy beams;"

afforded our young sculptor a noble opportunity for the display of his talents. Defiance, hatred, and despair, are personified with great force and sublimity in this magnificent head---the whole is finely imagined---and the point of time selected by the artist is admirably adapted both for picturesque effect and grandeur of expression. There is character in the very hair that crowns the head of this bust, and the serpent writhing his folds amongst it, forms an appropriate emblematic diadem for the arch-fiend. This was a daring and a great effort, and as the work of a young artist it excited astonishment and obtained applause. This fine bust has never been executed in marble.

It was many years the fate of Chantrey to experience what most men of genius have more or less endured, the pains of hope deferred, and expectations disappointed. I have sometimes heard him say, when recurring to the discouraging circumstances and the difficulties

which he had to encounter when young in art, and totally unknown beyond the place where he lived, that for upwards of six years spent in his professional pursuits, he did not receive as many pounds. But let young artists be cheered by his enduring perseverance, which conducted him through twelve long years of silent labour and privation, to fame and eminence. He modelled in a little retired room, his name and his works known only to a few, and his limited means of subsistence assisted by occasionally carving on wood; yet he never despaired, and here I may use his own words of encouragement to a young artist: " Let none be alarmed because fame is slow of foot---men can no more prevent genius from being known than they can hinder the sun from shining."

When Chantrey was struggling with difficulties and scarcely known as an artist, John Horne Tooke employed him to model his bust. It was sent to the Royal Academy, and exhibited in plaster: but he sustained no loss from the humble materials of which it was composed. The ungracious task of arranging the various productions in this branch of art this year devolved upon Nollekens, and to no man could the duty of conferring distinction on merit have been more properly confided. He placed the work of the young sculptor who was soon destined to excel himself in this characteristic line of art---not on the shelf, (an emphatic expression, denoting beyond the reach of the eye,)---nor in a dark corner---but between two marble busts of his own ---and in a situation so conspicuous, that the peculiar excellencies of this speaking portrait could not be overlooked. Joseph Nollekens is now beyond the reach of human praise---he is gone to " that bourne from whence no traveller returns ;"---but he lived to see and rejoice in the fame of the artist, whose works he had the taste to admire, and

the generosity to rank with his own. Commissions to the amount of many thousand pounds immediately followed. That era in the life of Chantrey had now arrived which may be regarded as the commencement of his unexampled career.

> " There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune ;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their lives
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries." SHAKSPEARE.

From this time Chantrey's busts attracted more attention than is usually bestowed on such productions. They were universally admired for their identity of likeness, and still more for that happy expression of character which he never fails to attain. More of human nature never invested productions of art: an unaffected simplicity, so strikingly observable in the manners and character of the artist himself, is the soul and charm of all his works. His Horne Tooke, John Raphael Smith, West, Wordsworth, and Sharpe, which may be classed among his earlier productions, would justify a higher strain of commendation than is here indulged. The many excellent busts he has since exhibited, have established his reputation as a sculptor in that particular walk of art, where in this country few have moved with eminent success. His statue of his late Majesty, which was undertaken in the year 1811 for the City of London, and is now the chief ornament of the Council Room at Guildhall, is one of the noblest single figures of modern times---it is easy and dignified in deportment and expression, and Chantrey's success on this occasion established his reputation as a sculptor, and gave him an exalted character in art. A monumental group, in memory of Miss Johnes of Hafod, succeeded---which in design, sentiment, and pathos, is indisputably one of his best

and most affecting productions. In this monument he has happily succeeded in expressing the difference in the male and female character, under circumstances of affliction: the dignified feeling and manly resignation of the father, the heart-rending and overwhelming sorrow of the mother, and the languor of the expiring daughter, are depicted with a fidelity to nature, and a force and energy of feeling, that powerfully affect the heart, while at the same time they excite our admiration of the genius and talent that conceived and executed so exquisite a work.

Of the monumental group, placed in Litchfield Cathedral, and emphatically named "the Two Children," it would be difficult to speak in language suitable to its uncommon merit. The religion of the country, and the diffusion of knowledge, render allegory almost inadmissible in modern art. But no personification of abstract notions of innocence, or joy, or sorrow, was wanted here: the easy and graceful attitude of the lovely children, reposing side by side in each other's arms, and all but breathing, form too touching a group to be viewed without emotion. This exquisite production was placed in the Model Room in the Exhibition at Somerset Hourse, in the year 1817, along with the figures of Terpsichore and Hebe, by Canova. It is unnecessary to eulogize this fine work: the exhibition was daily crowded with visitors to behold it; and now scarcely a traveller who feels interested in such productions, ever passes through Litchfield without visiting the cathedral to see this masterly specimen of English sculpture. The two sisters, who both died young, are represented on a couch, which may be regarded as the bed of death; yet the vital spark seems to be scarcely extinct. A few lines left on the monument a short time after it was placed in the cathedral by one who appears

to have felt its excellence, conveys an accurate idea of the fine conception which the sculptor has so exquisitely embodied.

" How calm in death those infants lie!—
They seem as they had sunk to rest,
Then lapsed into eternity,
When not a sigh disturb'd the breast."

No production of genius was ever more generally admired, or more liberally praised by all who saw it. Poetry and prose were employed in its commendation; it was talked of in every company, and panegyrized in every newspaper, and in some with considerable eloquence. The Literary Gazette entered largely into an examination of its merits: from this publication I have selected the following remarks, not because they are more commendatory than what appeared in any other papers, but because they are evidently the production of a man who had studied the subject of art, and could sensibly feel its excellencies.

Monument to be placed in Litchfield Cathedral in memory of Two Children.

" O fairest flowers! no sooner blown than blasted."

" There is an affecting simplicity in this design, far superior to all the efforts of allegorical refinement. The two sisters are laid asleep in each other's arms. This spectacle of early youth, innocence, affection, loveliness, and mortality, is exquisitely beautiful. The disposition is natural and full of gentle feeling; the drapery negligently adjusted, to show the figures; the heads and naked forms very fleshy, and the excellence of the execution even sur-

passed by the sweet and tender sentiment of the conception. Mr. Chantrey in this master-piece has surpassed all his former productions.

" The British Sculptor in this fine invention has chosen the right course. Having a domestic sorrow to commemorate, he consulted nature in the first place for the sentiment; looked into his own heart, and produced a work of warm and genuine feeling. His monument not only exercises a supreme dominion over the heart, but it awakens the most lively and pensive images of fancy, through the medium of our sensibilities: we praise Canova's Hebe and Terpsichore, not only because of their peculiar beauties, but because they are praised by others, and because that artist is celebrated through Europe as the most eminent sculptor on the continent. Much of the praise is deserved---much is from the head a compliment of words and a form of fashion, in which we join with seeming admiration, and with quite as much real indifference and immediate forgetfulness. When we quit them they pass too soon from our sight and our mind; but, like the beauties of the Medicean *Venus*, the *Niobe*, and the *Apollo*, which are treasured among our eternal recollections, Chantrey's two peaceful innocents, embracing in death, and lovely in the sleep of the grave, touch every chord of sensibility in the breast, and sooth the mind with a thousand images of sweet and mournful tenderness. We are not loud in its praise, but our fixed looks, our entire absorption, our lingering near, and frequent return to this fine performance, are alone the best proofs of its excellence, and its most unequivocal praise. We remove from it in vain; it pursues us into company, and appears before us in the waking visions of the night. By uniting the excellence of art with the most gentle but powerful impulses of nature, Chantrey has produced a work which will live for ever among the most cherished and soothing remembrances of his time."

In the years 1814 and 1815, Chantrey went to Paris, and saw the celebrated collection of the Louvre on the eve of its dispersion. Here he became acquainted with Canova; and when the Roman

sculptor visited London, the acquaintance was renewed, and continued uninterrupted until his death. These were to him journeys of infinite importance: during his stay in Paris he might be said to live only in the Louvre, for there nearly the whole of his waking hours were passed. At this memorable place he not only studied the peculiar excellencies of the various works that it contained, but he obtained accurate copies of the finest statues, with which he enriched his collection at his residence in London. His group of Laocoön, his Apollo, Antinous, Germanicus, Venus de Medici, 'the statue that enchants the world,' Diana, and many others, are faithful resemblances of the originals, and they constitute a school for study to which young artists are permitted to resort for practice and improvement.

During the whole of this visit to France he indulged in his favourite amusement of drawing, and his sketch-book presents a faithful history of his journey. The carriage in which he travelled---the postillion that drove it---the first bed in which he slept after leaving his native country---the towns through which he successively passed---Paris---its public buildings---the garden of the Thuilleries---the interior of the Louvre---the picturesque streets and cathedral of Amiens, were amongst the objects that employed his pencil. His drawings are dated; his progress may therefore be traced, and the route of his travels accurately pointed out. I once had the pleasure of looking over his sketches immediately after his first tour into Scotland, and in addition to the history of his journey which they presented, imagination soon converted them into a kind of barometer, by which to ascertain his mode of living: some of them were fixed with tea, a sober beverage---some

with milk---some with malt liquor---some with whiskey---and others with port wine, as these various liquids happened to be before him.

In the autumn of 1819 he went to Italy, for the purposes of observation and improvement. Not wishing to have his time occupied in receiving and returning visits, he travelled privately, in company with an English gentleman, John Read, Esq. who resides at the village where Chantrey was born. During this excursion he devoted almost every hour to the study of objects intimately connected with his professional pursuits. While at Rome he generally received that marked attention which Italy invariably bestows on men eminent in art; but he shunned as much as possible every thing like parade or ceremony, nor did he permit the many courtesies he experienced to abstract his attention from those studies which had induced him to visit Italy. During his stay at Rome he was made a member of the Academy of St. Luke, as a compliment to his talents and an acknowledgment of his rank in art.

Previously to this journey he had been long in the habit of sketching from nature; it was one of his greatest gratifications, and in transmitting the minute detail as well as the more obvious features of a scene to paper, he had wonderful facility, which during his tour in Italy he still farther improved. While in Rome, that exquisite poet, Thomas Moore, was one of his associates: they visited Canova's sculpture-gallery together, and were delighted with the many beautiful groups and images which his fine imagination had called into existence and arrayed in grace and loveliness. Moore, in his *Fables for the Holy Alliance and Rhymes on the Road*, where he apostrophises the genius of Canova, has a beautiful allusion to Chantrey's admiration of his talents.

" Wonderful Artist! praise like mine,
Though springing from a soul that feels
Deep worship of those works divine,
Where Genius all his light reveals—
Is little to the words that came
From him *—thy peer in Art and Fame,
Whom I have known, by day, by night,
Hang o'er thy marble with delight—
And while his lingering hand would steal
O'er every grace the taper's rays †,
Give thee, with all the generous zeal,
Such master spirits only, feel—
That best of fame—a rival's praise."

Chantrey returned to England confirmed and strengthened in his own notions and conceptions of art, of which many admirable specimens have since appeared from his hands. Contemplating his progress, and studying the peculiar character of his works, I am sometimes inclined to suppose that had he been placed by fortune in a situation more propitious, he might not have attained his present eminence in his profession. He had formed his style, disciplined his fancy, and settled his own feelings of art, before he emerged from obscurity; and the emotions which he experienced on beholding the Elgin marbles was only a deeper and more intense continuation of what he felt in his little lonely room in Sheffield. Had he been otherwise situated, his strong natural good sense might not have preserved him from being a copyist of other men's labours, and the contemplation of the divine productions of antiquity instead of inspiring him with the conception of something truly great and English, such as Phidias would have imagined and executed, had he been of London and not of Athens,

* Chantrey.

† Canova always shows his fine statue, the *Venere Vincitrice*, by the light of a small candle.

might only have impressed him with the wish to steal with discernment, and have taught him to look at nature through the eyes of other men. Wishing Chantrey, therefore, to be no other than what he is, I am glad that in early life he was allowed to think for himself---draw his forms from objects in real life—and his sentiment from the human heart.

In this hasty and imperfect notice, I have only glanced at some of the earlier productions of Chantrey; and it is not my intention to give a catalogue of his works, or to enter into a critical analysis of their merits; but the high character which he has imparted to some of his busts and statues, render them worthy of being particularly mentioned. The monumental groups and figures, which he has already executed, are numerous, and distinguished by fine taste and elevated feeling: they are beautiful specimens of domestic sculpture---in design, they are simple and full of pathos, and several of them may be classed amongst the most dignified works of art. His statues will secure him an abiding fame: I have, therefore, added a list of what may be considered his finest productions in this department of his profession.

King George the Third, placed in the Common Council Room, London.
Lord President Blair, placed in the Court of Session, Edinburgh.
Lord Viscount Melville, placed in the old Parliament House, Edinburgh.
Spencer Perceval, placed in Northampton Church.
Dr. James Anderson, placed at Madras.
Lady Louisa Russell, placed at Woburn Abbey.
Robert Dundas, Lord Chief Baron for Scotland.
Francis Horner, for Westminster Abbey.
James Watt, Civil Engineer.
Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ Church, for Oxford.
Sir Joseph Banks, for the Royal Society—to be placed in the British Museum.
Lady Liverpool.
Dr. Hey, of Leeds.

Amongst the numerous Busts executed by this distinguished sculptor, the following may be regarded as his best.

J. Raphael Smith.—John Horne Tooke.—Professor Playfair.—Professor Porson.—Sir Joseph Banks.—John Rennie.—James Watt.—Sir Walter Scott.—William Wordsworth.—Earl St. Vincent.—Benjamin West, P.R.A.—Sir Henry Englefield.—Right Hon. George Canning.—Marquis of Londonderry.—His present Majesty.—Duke of Wellington.—Earl Spencer.—Sir Charles Long.—Bishop of London.—Bishop of Rochester.—Bishop of Durham.—Samuel Shore, Esq.

That this eminent artist should have devoted so much of his time to the execution of busts, may perhaps be regretted. There is a higher walk in sculpture, in which all the excellencies of his profession are required and all the energies of the mightiest talent may be displayed. Here the genius of Chantrey may move amid beings of his own creation, and establish for himself a name and character not less elevated in art than Canova's. He has attained much, but more remains to be accomplished: in his busts he has given hearing and thinking, beauty and intellect, to marble—and in his statues he has clothed the human figure with grace and dignity. Let him persevere!---our own history and native poetry abound with subjects both moving and heroic, presenting images of perpetual interest, interwoven deeply with our national pride, and inseparable from the mass of the people. These subjects are worthy of his chisel, his ambition, and his fame. Let him leave to others the gods of the heathen, and the cold mystical allegory that has too long degraded his profession, and from which, to his honour, he has been the first to depart, and create a series of poetical groups and figures, deeply imbued with sentiment and feeling, and hand down to posterity the national character of his countrymen. I am glad to be enabled to add, that such is the purpose of this celebrated sculptor.

SECTION III.

Whittington Revolution House.---Centenary Commemoration of the Revolution of 1688.---*The Procession Ball and Concert.---Walk from Whittington to Chesterfield.---Smelting Furnaces.---Local History of Chesterfield.---The Church Spire.---Walk to Ashover.---Scene from Stone Edge.---Approach to Ashover.---Ashover Church.---Eastwood Hall, &c.*

FROM Norton we had a pleasant walk over some fields to Apperknowe Common, and from thence to Whittington. There was no passing this village without loitering a short time within it. We recognized the humble dwelling called the Revolution House, and recollected the part which the Earls of Devonshire and Danby, Sir John D'Arcy, eldest son of the Earl of Holderness, and others, are represented to have had in promoting the revolution of 1688, when the second James, by a series of years of misrule, had become obnoxious to the nation. These noble families, solicitous to put an end to his government and establish the Prince of Orange on the throne, are reported to have held secret meetings for the purpose. Whittington, and a moor near it, were the places selected, and the *Cock and Pynot*, a small public-house in the village, sometimes sheltered these patriotic men on these occasions.

On the 5th of November 1788, the centenary commemoration of

the revolution was celebrated with great magnificence at Whittington, and the neighbouring town of Chesterfield. The ceremonies of the day commenced with divine service at the village church. The Rev. S. Pegge, the learned antiquary, who had that morning entered into the eighty-fifth year of his age, delivered a sermon upon the occasion from the 118th psalm, verse xxiv.:---"*This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it.*" After service, the company paid a visit to the revolution parlour, and there partook of a cold collation which had been prepared for them in some new rooms that had just been added to the cottage. A little after mid-day the procession began to form, and move in regular order to Chesterfield. Descending the hill from Whittington, the cavalcade had an imposing and even splendid effect. The carriages were preceded by bands of music---then followed the members of various clubs, with their wands adorned with ribbons, and their flags and different appropriate devices borne before them. The Duke of Devonshire's coach, drawn by six horses richly caparisoned, and decorated with orange trappings, accompanied by a train of attendants on horseback, was the first carriage in the procession. The carriages of the Earl of Stamford, Lord George and Lord John Cavendish, the Earl of Danby, Lord Francis Osborne, and Sir Harry Hunloke, all similarly attended, succeeded:---then followed a numerous train of coaches, chaises, and gentlemen on horseback. Not fewer than five hundred persons of dictinction made a part of this splendid cavalcade, which extended upwards of a mile from Whittington Bridge to the Stone Gravels, which may be said to be the entrance into Chesterfield. Upwards of forty thousand people were assembled on this occasion, and a cheerful and joyous expression sat on every face. Although November, it was a fine bright day; the banners and flags along the whole line of the procession were touched

with sun-beams as they waved and fluttered to the breeze. Costly carriages, rich liveries, and gaily caparisoned horses, gave a brilliant effect to the moving mass, which altogether presented a grand and animated spectacle.

When the procession had arrived at Chesterfield the company separated into parties, and dined at the principal inns. The Duke of Devonshire presided at one house, Lord George Cavendish at another, and his brother, Lord John, filled the president's chair at a third. In the evening, fire-works and transparent paintings were exhibited in the streets, and the festivities of the day closed with a ball, at which upwards of three hundred ladies and gentlemen were present;---among whom were the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Elizabeth Foster, the Earl of Stamford, Lords George and John Cavendish, the Earl of Danby, and his brother Lord Francis Osborne, Sir H. Hunloke and his Lady, Sir Francis Molineux, and many other persons of rank and distinction. The following day a public concert was given, which was splendidly and numerously attended. It consisted of appropriate selections from the works of the best masters, interspersed with songs and glees suited to the occasion; amongst which the following original ode, written by the Rev. P. Cunningham of Eyam, and set to music by Mr. Bower, then organist and musical professor at Chesterfield, was performed with distinguished and deserved applause:---

ODE.

When lawless power his iron hand,
When blinded zeal her flaming brand,
O'er Albion's island wav'd;
Indignant freedom wail'd the sight,
Eclips'd her sun of glory's light,
Her favourite realm enslav'd.

Distress'd she wander'd, when afar
She saw her Nassau's friendly star,
  Stream through the stormy air;
She call'd aloud a patriot band,
She bade them save a sinking land,
  And deathless glory share.

Her cause their dauntless hearts inspir'd;
With ancient Roman virtue fir'd,
  They plough'd the surging main;
With favouring gales from Belgia's shore,
Her heaven-directed hero bore,
  And freedom crown'd his reign.

With equal warmth her spirit glows,
Though hoary time's centennial snows
  Now silver o'er her frame:
For, hark! what songs of triumph tell,
Still grateful Britons love to dwell
  On William's glorious name.

During this centenary jubilee it was proposed to erect a monumental column at or near to Whittington, as a lasting memorial of those proceedings which prepared the way for the revolution of 1688. A liberal sum of money was subscribed, and a committee appointed to carry the scheme into effect, but the breaking out of the French revolution in less than twelve months afterwards, and the rapid succession of a series of appalling events, giving to the word a terrible and alarming signification, the design was abandoned, and will probably never be revived again.

On our way through Whittington we stopped at the *Cock and Pynot*---saw the *Plotting Parlour*, as it was once denominated---and the old chair, which is said to have been occupied by the Earl of Devonshire, when he presided at those nocturnal meetings, which are represented

as having originated chiefly with himself. Part of the old house has been taken down, and a more convenient habitation erected in its place, but the greater portion of it still remains, and as it is regarded with a feeling of veneration, it will probably not be disturbed by schemes of modern improvement, but left to crumble away atom by atom, until it has become a heap of ruins.

We terminated our first day's journey at Chesterfield, where we found a good inn and excellent accommodation for the night. Twelve miles was but a short excursion for a day, yet we had so loitering a walk that we did not reach Chesterfield until night, and as we passed over Whittington Common we had a fine opportunity of noticing the effects produced by the fires that surround the town. The vicinity of Chesterfield produces abundance of iron ore, which is smelted at the furnaces near. The vivid blaze which they emit by night throws over all the surrounding scene an air of grandeur. The light is ever varying: sometimes it blazes forth in one wide sheet of flame, covering the concave above with a stream of light, and strongly illuminating every object within the sphere of its operations---then, as if suddenly extinguished, a momentary darkness prevails, which is instantaneously succeeded by fitful gleams of light shot from spiral flames, that throw a shifting splendour over the heavens above, like the playful coruscations of the northern sky. The breadth of light---the deep mass of shadow---the transient obscurity---and the ever-varying pictures which these furnaces produce by night---are highly picturesque, and full of grandeur and sublimity.

Chesterfield is an old town, and although but a small place, at the time of the Norman survey, where it is mentioned as a *bailiwic* apper-

taining to the manor of Newbold, it had a church as early as the reign of William the Second, and in the time of King John it became a corporate town, and a charter to hold an annual fair for eight days during the year, and two markets weekly, was at the same time bestowed upon it. The market-place is a very spacious area, surrounded with houses, the principal part of which are used as shops. On the west side of it a few old buildings intervene, which the corporation of Chesterfield, for the credit of the place, will, I hope, shortly remove, and open the whole space beyond to the market-place. It is indeed astonishing that an improvement so essential to the beauty of the town, and which might be accomplished at a very trifling expence, has not yet been made.

Leaving to the topographer and the historian of this district, if it should ever have one, the task of pointing out the particular places where important events have occurred, and detailing the circumstances by which they have been distinguished, I shall only briefly notice that in the year 1266 Robert de Ferrars, Earl of Derby, Baldwin Wake, Lord of Chesterfield, John d'Egville, and others, appeared in arms against Henry the Third. They assembled a numerous force in the vicinity of Duffield, about six miles from Derby, marched to Chesterfield, and took up a military post there, with the hope of having their little army increased by the accession of some of those rebellious barons and their followers, who in the preceding year had been beaten and dispersed at Evesham. Their dreams of success were however soon over. They had scarcely established themselves in the neighbourhood of the town when they were surprised and attacked by Henry, the eldest son of the King of Almaine. This rebel army was soon beaten, and the greater part of them were put to the sword. The Earl of Derby him-

self took refuge in the church, and sought a hiding-place amongst some bags of wool that had been deposited there. A woman in whom he had confided pointed out the place of his concealment to his pursuers, and he was taken prisoner. Several of the knights and barons made their escape into the forest of the Peak, where they continued for two years leading a predatory life, close hemmed around with danger, and subject to continual alarm. Robert de Ferrars, the principal in this mad scheme, was conveyed to Windsor in irons, and detained a prisoner for several years. He was at length set at liberty, but his estates were confiscated, and he was ultimately deprived of the earldom of Derby.

By an entry in the church register, the Earl of Newcastle, with his forces, appears to have been at Chesterfield in the months of May and December, 1643. Whilst the Earl and his army were here they were attacked by a division of the parliamentary forces, whom they defeated with considerable loss.

The spire of Chesterfield church, like the leaning tower at Pisa, is one of the curiosities of the place. Its crooked appearance, it is contended, is owing to its peculiar design and construction; that it was originally intended to be what it now is, and that in fact it is a display of singular skill in steeple architecture. All this is evidently incorrect: its inclination, instead of accommodating itself, as it is reported to do, to the situation of the spectator, is to one point only. That it was originally a straight spire there is but little doubt, but the materials of which it is constructed not being of sufficient strength and dimensions, have given way, and the structure has shrunk into something like a twisted form, and this, I presume, to be the whole secret of Ches-

terfield church spire. No man who ever lived would voluntarily erect an object of deformity, a thing that in its form and outline was offensive to the eye, and in opposition to every principle of taste. A casual observation only, is sufficient to convince any man that the spire of Chesterfield church was at one time an erect structure, and that it has lost its perpendicular subsequently to its original formation. I feel almost ashamed of having said so much on this subject; nothing but the absurd notion that it is a work of singular ability, could have induced me to have made these observations.

Leaving Chesterfield, a fatiguing walk of four miles on the road to Matlock, brought us to the summit of the hill that overlooks Scarsdale. This elevated spot of ground is called Stainage, or more properly, Stone Edge, so named from a range of rocks that runs along its highest peak. Midway between the toll-gate and the guide-post at the top of the hill, we sat down by the road-side to gaze with delight upon the landscape before us. I never saw a lovelier scene: at a short distance on our left was a steep knoll, covered with gorse and fern, and intervening tufts of heath---on our right rose a finely-formed eminence, whose sides and summit were clothed with luxuriant trees, rich with the sylvan honours of a delightful and early spring, which was just verging into the first days of summer: the undulating surface of the ground between was beautifully diversified with wooded slopes and richly-cultivated meadows. The deep valley immediately before us was indeed one far-extended range of woodland scenery, amongst which we had occasional glimpses of water, that lay like lucid mirrors in the vale below. In the remote horizon appeared the majestic towers of Hardwick Hall, and more to the left the extensive ruins of Bolsover Castle crested the top of

the farthest hill. The clouds that were occasionally interposed between us and a bright azure sky, threw a peculiar charm over the whole prospect, which momentarily assumed a different appearance as sun-shine or cloud prevailed. We lingered about this fine scene, not less delighted with the beautiful variety of feature by which it is distinguished, than by those rapid changes which the wandering lights and passing shadows produced: at one moment, the woods in mid-distance presented a dark mass of thickly-enwoven trees, stretching athwart the landscape, and strongly relieved with brightly-illuminated meadows of the freshest verdure, against which it lay. The next moment other lights and other shadows succeeded, and, as they passed over the scene, woods, villages, churches, and houses, that were previously undistinguished, touched with sunny gleams, rose, as if by the influence of magic, instantaneously into existence, and exhibited in clearest detail a beauteous assemblage of parts. Just as we were about to leave this interesting spot, a brilliant rainbow threw a magnificent arch over the whole scene; it was

> " A summer's eve, and Heaven's aerial bow
> " Spanned with bright arch the glittering hills below;"

and a lovelier picture never lay beneath the bow of Heaven. We watched the gradual fading away of this beautiful and evanescent visitant, until not a trace of its presence remained; and then proceeded to Ashover, where we proposed to pass the night.

Ashover is a very respectable and pleasant village. It is romantically situated in a deep but narrow valley, which is watered by a branch of the little river Amber; and approaching it from the Matlock road, its

appearance is strikingly picturesque. The light elegant spire of the church rises gracefully from out the surrounding trees, and is a pleasing feature in every view that is obtained of the village. The hills are lofty and very precipitous: in some places bare rocks break from beneath the soil; in others, they crest the summits, and trees and houses are scattered amongst projecting crags and verdant slopes.

The church at Ashover is a good Gothic structure; monuments, coats of arms, and inscriptions, some of them of a very ancient date, ornament the walls within. The Babingtons of Dethick had their burial-place here; and various memorials of the antiquity and consequence of this family, (one of whom was knighted by Edward the Third, at Marleur in Brittany,) adorn the interior of this edifice. One of the Babington tombs here is curiously ornamented; and, agreeably to the notions of taste which once directed the execution of the monumental sculpture of our churches, the different figures are painted over with gaudy colouring, which has now lost its freshness, and has altogether a very dingy appearance. Against the northern wall, near the west end of the church, there is a monument to the memory of an artist, of whose fame we had never heard before—"To Francis Parkes, a wonderful proficient *in the art of painting*, who died at Nottingham, aged 39—was born at Knott Cross in this parish." Such is the inscription which this unobtrusive tablet contains. I was pleased to meet, in this remote corner of Derbyshire, even this brief notice of a man of genius; for I would at any time rather see the word *talent* than *birth* recorded on a tomb-stone.

Near this memorial stands an old stone font, which is supposed to be of Saxon origin. It is not only an ancient but a curious relique;

the body of it is partly circular and partly hexagonal, and it is ornamented with a variety of figures, clothed in loose flowing drapery, and disposed in different compartments, cast in metal.

It was evening when we arrived at Ashover, and having caught a glimpse of a ruined edifice in the valley beyond the village as we descended the hill, we were anxious to visit it before we closed the labours of the day. This gloomy building stands at the foot of a high hill, covered with huge masses of sand-stone rock, and crested with a dark wood of pines. The structure, the scenery near, and the time of the day, for it was now twilight, were in solemn accordance with each other, and produced a train of serious reflections on the instability of all human productions---while the indistinctness that pervaded the landscape, together with the profound stillness that prevailed, imparted to the whole scene not only an imposing but even a sublime effect. Had we beheld this ruin at another time of the day, when

> " The sun is in the heavens, and the proud day,
> Attended with the pleasures of the world,
> Is all too wanton and too full of gaudes ;" SHAKSPEARE.

it would have been only a speck in the prospect that surrounds it---every object in the valley would then have been rendered distinct with excess of light---and the pine-crowned rock which was now invested with grandeur, would become but a subordinate feature. It is not a pleasing assemblage of beautiful parts in the scenery of nature, nor yet the time of the day, nor the peculiar circumstances of light or shadow under which it is beheld, that alone powerfully impresses the mind and excites the most interesting emotions; recollections and associations unsolicited and often arbitrary in their operations, will

sometimes make a little mound of earth, or a barrow on a barren hill, when the idea of sepulture is connected with them, of more importance to the feelings than mere picturesque beauty can possibly be. A cross by the road-side, to mark the place where a fellow creature died, or a cairn of rugged stones heaped over the bodies of the dead, are beheld with far greater interest than rocks, and trees, and fields, and houses.

The old edifice near Ashover is called Eastwood Hall, and a modern dwelling is now attached to the shattered walls which are left. It was once a structure of some importance, as its remaining windows and massy masonry denote. At a very early period, and probably soon after its first erection, it belonged to a family of the name of Reresby, in whose possession it remained until the reign of James the First, when Sir Thomas Reresby disposed of the manor which appertained to Eastwood Hall, that he might more amply provide for his two daughters. It is now vested in the widow and children of Mr. John Nodder. In 1762 the hall was sold to the governors of Queen Anne's bounty, for the purpose of augmenting the clerical stipend of the chapel of Brimington, near Chesterfield.

Amongst the most distinguished individuals who have at any time been connected with the parish of Ashover, was Catharine Strange, who in the reign of Elizabeth was married to Richard Dakeyne, Esq. of Over Stubbing. She was the daughter of the Earl of Rothes, and a great favourite with the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, to whom she was sincerely and warmly attached. With a fervour of friendship of which the female character is peculiarly susceptible, she softened by her attention the sorrows of her royal mistress whilst she was in confinement,

and when the last sad scene of her life was closing in death, she accompanied her to the scaffold. One of the afflictions that pressed most heavily upon the last moments of Mary, arose from her inability to reward her attendants for the numerous offices of kindness, and the many proofs of attachment, she had experienced from them. Whatever were her faults in other respects, she was a tender and affectionate mistress, and never forgot the hand or the heart that served her, and one of her last requests to Elizabeth was, that she would be the friend of Catharine Strange.

SECTION IV.

Overton Hall.---Sir Joseph Banks.---South Winfield.---The Manor House.---Description of the Ruins.---Reflections on their present appearance.---Siege of the Manor House.---Crich.---Friendly Societies.---Whit-Monday in Derbyshire.---Walk from Crich to Cromford.---Lea Wood.---Dethick.---Historical Notice of Babington.

WHEN we left Ashover, on the third morning of our rambles, preparations were making for a day of festivity. It was Whit-Monday, and the whole population of the village were busy as bees in preparing for the holiday. The thoughts of work were entirely abandoned, excepting amongst those who were the purveyors of good cheer for the public. The bellows of the smith were unemployed in the corner of his shop, and no fire blazed on his hearth: he was leaning against the shop-door with his brawny arms folded, and a group of idlers were collected around him, who evidently thought less of labour than enjoyment. All the public-houses in the village were preparing entertainments for their guests, who had put on their best apparel in honour of Whit-Monday, and their good-humoured faces, and frolic spirits, showed that they were determined to make the most of this annual festival. The morning of such a day is often far better than its close, which is occasionally disfigured by quarrelsome dispositions, and stained with riot and intemperance.

Proceeding along the Mansfield road, a walk of about a mile brought us to Overton, a little village, which interested us more from the associations connected with it than from any picturesque qualities it possesses; yet of these it is not deficient. An old mansion, surrounded with magnificent trees and lofty mountains, at the base of which some humble cottages are scattered, when viewed in connexion with each other, present a pleasing combination of forms and objects. Overton Hall was the property, and occasionally the residence, of Sir Joseph Banks, the late venerable president of the Royal Society. From the elevated situation this distinguished individual held both in science and literature, and the space he occupied in the estimation of the public, I frankly confess that so long as he was sojourning amongst us, I could neither pass his house in London in Soho-Square, or his residence at Overton, without a feeling of veneration for his character.

Two miles from Ashover we came upon the river Amber, near a small place called Wolley. The scenery here is beautifully picturesque: the hills are of considerable eminence, and well wooded, and the vale between is adorned with richly cultivated meadows, and a sparkling stream. Our principal object in this excursion was South Winfield, and the venerable ruins of the old manor near it. We therefore left the Mansfield road near Wolley, and for the purpose of shortening our journey some "mile or twain," we took a bye path across the fields, and through some woods to Brackenfield and Wessington. We were told it was impossible to mistake our way, and we walked on with confidence until we found our progress impeded by high hedges, and a close thicket through which we could not pass. Notwithstanding the assurance we had received, we had pursued a

wrong path, that terminated amongst the fields between Wessington and South Winfield, and had some difficulty in regaining the road from which we had departed, even though we saw the object of our journey at a short distance, on an eminence before us. At length we reached the place, and having taken a short repast at a small public-house near the church, we proceeded immediately to the ruins of the manor castle. They occupy the summit of a steep hill, which appears to have been moated on three sides. The first view from the village of this dilapidated structure displays a fine assemblage of parts: mouldering towers---ruined arches, amongst which the dark ivy creeps ---embattled parapets---and shattered walls---are seen rising above, and mingled with groves of venerable trees centuries older than the present building; the whole constituting not merely a beautiful, but magnificent picture. We passed along the western front of this ancient edifice, and entered its deserted courts near the principal tower. It is sickening to contemplate such a scene of change and devastation as the interior view presents. From without the walls, the ruins, as I have before observed, have a most majestic effect: time has broken them into picturesque forms---the heart is interested, and the eye gratified, with all that it beholds---but within, dilapidation, disorder, and decay prevail, and the live and dead litter of a farm-yard disfigures the scene. The rents and fissures which time has made in the old walls, mended with modern masonry---the ornamented stone gothic windows, filled up with glaring brick, all blended together with the heavy but splendid architecture of former times, exhibit a mass of discordant materials, where the noble and the mean are used in tasteless confusion. " To what base uses we may return!---Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bunghole? As thus Alexander died, Alexander was buried:---Alexander returned to dust---

the dust is earth---of earth we make loam---and why of that loam whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer barrel?"

> " Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay,
> Might stop a hole, to keep the wind away.
> O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
> Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!" SHAKSPEARE.

It is even so, and the mutations which some of the most durable and splendid of the mansions of our forefathers have experienced, is scarcely less extraordinary. The interior courts of South Winfield Manor House are no more like what they were when Mary Queen of Scots was confined within them, than the living Alexander to a clod of lifeless matter. The buildings that formed nearly the whole of the southern court are now almost entirely destroyed, and the most magnificent part of this ancient edifice---its splendid hall and richly-ornamented chapel---are totally roofless, and trees that lift their topmost branches far above the walls that mark their dimensions, now inhabit them. The natural operations of time alone, could not in so short a period have produced so great a change in a structure which appears to have been originally formed to bid defiance to his power. No!---the devastating hand of man has been here at work, and the thunderbolts of war have shattered and defaced a structure which might otherwise have survived for ages.

From the south court we passed through an arched gateway to the east side of the building, where from a little verdant mound we had a view of the ruins so brought together and combined, as to produce a most exquisite picture. A gothic arched gateway, connected with some mouldering walls, every where hung with foliage, and enriched

Drawn by Rob^t Thomson.

Engraved by Edw^d Blore

REMAINS OF SOUTH WINFIELD MANOR HOUSE.

with the architecture of lofty windows, with pointed arches in good monastic style, formed a rich screen, which occupied the foreground :--- a congregation of towers and turrets, embattled parapets, and broken and shattered walls, rose majestically beyond ; a dark tone of colouring lay on every object near us, and the forms were boldly and distinctly marked ; a soft aerial tint, approximating to the blue haze of distance, hung upon the remoter parts of the building, and communicated an indescribable charm to the whole. In this view the ivyed walls at the northern extremity of the ruins, and the stately trees about them, unite to complete the composition.

We next visited the northern court, around which the state apartments were carried. This must have been by far the richest part of the building. The architecture of one side of this court exhibits a beautiful specimen of what it originally was : a porch, and a large bay projecting outwards from the room, with three gothic windows slightly pointed, still remain : their parapets are embattled, and adorned with quatrefoils and roses. The great hall was a noble apartment ; its dimensions are seventy-two feet by thirty-six : it is now occupied by a colony of rooks. Beneath the hall, there is a room of equal extent, the roof of which is formed by massy groined arches, of excellent masonry, which are supported by a double row of heavy stone columns. The intersections of the arches are ornamented and tied together with carved stone work, in the form of roses. What this room could have been used for, it is now difficult to conjecture. It could not be intended for a servants' hall---it is too gloomy and cheerless for such a purpose ; and although a very extensive apartment, there is neither fire-place nor chimney in it. Occasionally it may have been converted into a prison, but it could not have been originally intended for

one: if it had, the space it occupies would probably have been cut up into a series of dungeons. From this place we ascended the eastern tower, and through a small window framed with ivy, which we passed in our progress to the top, we had a peep at a very pleasing landscape, in which Colonel Halton's house, the village of South Winfield, and a part of the country beyond, are included. The prospect both from this tower and the more elevated one at the western extremity of the ruins, is very extensive and various, but as I like foreground as well as distance in a picture, I am never much delighted with views from the tops of buildings.

A copious history of the manor and manor-house of South Winfield, by T. Blore, Esq. F.S.A. is already in the hands of many of my readers. This was intended as a specimen of the general history of the county, an undertaking which was never completed; but as the part published contains an ample account of this ancient mansion, I shall only briefly notice the most prominent events with which it has been connected. At the time of the Norman Survey it was held by William Peveril, and in the reign of Henry the Sixth it came into the possession of Ralph, Lord Cromwell, who built the mansion which is now in ruins, and whose right was contested by Henry Pierpoint, Knt. Lord Cromwell, however, retained possession of it, and subsequently disposed of it to the second Earl of Shrewsbury, in whose family it remained until the decease of the seventh Earl in 1666. It is now the property of Winfield Halton, Esq. by whose ancestors it was purchased in the reign of the second Charles. South Winfield was one of the residences, or prisons, of Mary Queen of Scots. The Earl of Shrewsbury was at one time her gaoler, during her confinement; at another, Sir Ralph Sadler had the honour of superintending the royal

captive. Whilst she was in this retired part of the country, she is said to have entered into a correspondence with some of her friends, which was carried on for a length of time with great secrecy; until in the year 1569 an attempt was made to free her from her thraldom, by Leonard Dacre. The attempt was unsuccessful, and the few privileges Mary had previously enjoyed, were in consequence abridged. The conduct of Elizabeth towards this unfortunate Queen has been frequently and freely animadverted upon, and severely reprobated. I therefore leave it to the brand which history has fixed upon it, and which even time cannot wear away.

During the wars between Charles the First and his people, South Winfield Manor House was garrisoned by parliament. In 1643 it was attacked by a division of the royal army, under the command of the Earl of Newcastle, and after a short contest it was taken by storm. The noble victor, however, did not retain his conquest long. Sir John Gell, of Hopton, a man who to the most romantic bravery united considerable military skill and determined perseverance, made an assault upon it, with heavy artillery, from a situation which he had taken upon Pentridge common. A half-moon battery, raised for its defence on the east side of the building, so bravely sustained the shock of the assailants that a breach was found impracticable. Sir John Gell, therefore, ordered the cannon to be removed to a wood nearer the object of his attack: a furious fire was immediately commenced---a breach was soon opened---and the besieged were obliged to surrender. Col. Dalby, the governor of South Winfield, was killed by a common soldier, who fired at him through an opening in the wall, during the siege. In 1646 this fortress was dismantled, by an order of parliament, and as its present appearance strongly indicates, it was

strangely neglected, and suffered to fall into decay for many years afterwards. Mr. Blore observes, that " it had been fortunate for the admirers of so venerable an edifice, had that negligence been uniform to the present time, but a small part of it having been occupied by the family of Halton, and a partition of the estate having taken place, under a decree of the court of Chancery, the mansion was allotted to the late Mr. Halton, who began to build a house at the foot of the hill, next the manor; and since that time some of the most beautiful parts of the old building have been pulled down, for the sake of the materials."

In perambulating the northern districts of Derbyshire, and enquiring into its history, the name of Peveril so often occurs, and is so mingled up with its ancient records, as to give it a more than ordinary interest. At Castleton we find the name of Peveril coeval with the date of the castle there: in the local history of Eyam, of Haddon, of Bolsover, and South Winfield, William Peveril, the natural son of the Norman conqueror of this country, appears as one of the most important, and one of the most favoured individuals of his time, and some of the minor courts of Derby and Nottingham are still known by his name. One of that series of Scotch novels which are understood to be from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, has assumed the title of PEVERIL OF THE PEAK, and the author has made a member of this distinguished family one of the most prominent characters in his romance. The name of Peveril, and the history of his origin, may therefore not improperly occupy a page or two in the detail of excursions made in a country over which his authority once extended.

The earliest notice which I find of this family is in the time of

Edward the Confessor, who bestowed on Ranulph Peveril the keeping of the hundred of *Dengy*, or as it was then written, *Dengye*—in the county of Essex, and who resided at *Hatfield Peveril*, about half-way between Maldon and Braintree. This gentleman married a Saxon lady of great beauty, in the year 1066: her name was Maude, and she was the daughter of INGLERIC, a man, Cambden says, "of great nobility amongst the English Saxons," and cousin to King Edward the Confessor. The personal charms of Maude, the wife of Ranulph Peveril, attracted the notice of William the Conqueror, and she became his mistress. WILLIAM PEVERIL, of DERBYSHIRE, and LORD of NOTTINGHAM, is said to have been the issue of this connexion. She had besides two other sons, Castellane Peveril, of Dover, and Sir Payne Peveril, afterwards Lord of Brun, in the county of Cambridge. There is evidently an error in some part or other of the history of this family. The first William Peveril, the natural son of William the Conqueror, held his large possessions and his honours during the lifetime of his father. Maude, the wife of Ranulph Peveril, therefore, could hardly have been his mother, unless some error has crept into the account of her marriage, which is represented to have taken place in 1066, the same year that William, Duke of Normandy, was crowned King of England. She was the mother of several children before her pretended amour with the King; if so, Peveril could scarcely have been born earlier than the fourth or fifth year of William's reign; of course he must have been a youth of about seventeen years of age when his father died. This by no means agrees with the account which represents the Conqueror to have bestowed upon his natural son, William Peveril, such extensive possessions, shortly after he became King of England. Orderious Vitalis, an early historian, states, that "Peveril had the custody of the newly-built castle of Nottingham committed to

him by the Conqueror, in the second year of his reign,"---and in the Doomsday Survey, the castle in Peak Forest is expressly mentioned at the head of his manors. Now if the first William Peveril was the son of Maude, the daughter of Ingleric, she must have been the mistress of the Conqueror long before her marriage with Ranulph Peveril. Payne Peveril was standard-bearer to Robert, Duke of Normandy, the father of William, and William being forty years old when he came to England, Maude was probably his mistress before this time---the only supposition which admits of her son being appointed governor of Nottingham Castle, in the *second year* of the reign of the first William. However this may be, it is nevertheless certain, that William Peveril, who is represented as the natural son of the Conqueror, had immense possessions bestowed upon him by his sovereign immediately after the conquest. Blore, in his history of the manor of South Winfield, says, " he had in Nottingham forty-eight houses of merchants, twelve houses of knights, and thirty-nine manors, with many dependent villages, in Nottinghamshire: forty-four lordships in Northamptonshire, and two in Essex. He had one manor, and a dependent village, in Bedfordshire---two towns in Oxfordshire---eight manors, and their dependencies, in Buckinghamshire---and besides this manor of Winfield, twelve manors and their villages, in Derbyshire."

After the death of his father, and during the reign of the second William, Peveril was still a favourite at court, and at a season of peril, the Castle of Helme, in Normandy, was confided to his care. This fortress he held for the King, but on its being closely besieged, he surrendered it, without having made a determined defence. At his death, which took place a few years afterwards, he left behind him one son of the same name, to whom he bequeathed the whole of his immense

estates. This second William Peveril founded a priory at Lenton, near Nottingham, for Cluniac monks, and an abbey of black canons near Northampton; where, according to the abbey register, he died in 1113.

The name and the honours of this wealthy family terminated with the third William Peveril; who, in the year 1153, was accused of murdering Ranulph, Earl of Chester, by poison. For this crime, dreading the severity of Henry the Second, he fled to the monastery of Lenton, and was there shorn a monk; but learning that the King intended to call at Lenton, on his way to York, he threw off his religious habit, and privately left the kingdom; leaving his large possessions, his manors, and his castles, to be disposed of as his sovereign might determine. He died a stranger in a foreign country, and his lands were granted to John, Earl of Moreton, afterwards King John; a man as little worthy of rank, riches, and honours, as the murderer of the Earl of Chester could possibly have been.

From South Winfield, a walk of about two miles brought us to Crich, one of the most populous villages in the neighbourhood. It occupies the summit of an immense limestone hill, which overlooks all the eminences around it. On a cliff, near the village, a circular tower has been erected, which serves as a land-mark amongst the hills of Derbyshire. This lofty structure, and the tall spire of the church, make a part of nearly every landscape in this mountainous district. The tower is ascended from within, and from the top of it a view is obtained of a wide extent of country, intersected with roads, rivers, and canals, studded with villages and houses, vales and eminences---in some places bright with sunny fields---in others, dark with masses of

intervening wood ; the whole presenting to the eye of the spectator an immense panorama of interesting objects.

As we entered the village, we found the inhabitants in the full enjoyment of one of their most important festivities, and as merry as high spirits and good cheer could make them.

Friendly Societies, or as they are called here, *Sick Clubs*, are established in every village and hamlet in the Peak of Derbyshire which are sufficiently populous for the purpose; and where they are not, they have a more enlarged operation, and the vicinity is included. The object and the constitution of these societies are so generally understood, that it is useless in these pages to enter into detail on the subject ; but in Derbyshire they appear to excite a peculiar interest, and all their annual festivals are held on the same day. When we left Ashover, in the morning, preparations were making for this general holiday. The villagers were collecting together in their best apparel, and decorating their hats and wands of office with ribbons : such was the scene at Ashover. At Crich, where we arrived a little after mid-day, the inhabitants had formed themselves into a regular procession, and were parading the village, accompanied with a band of music. On these occasions each man carries a wand in his hand, which is usually painted with different colours, and adorned at the top with ribbons. The wands of the officers of the society are tipt with gold, and otherwise ornamented, by way of distinction. The people of Crich seemed delighted with the bustle, and all was frolic and hilarity. This was our noonday exhibition : in the evening, as we entered Cromford, every house and cottage were emptied of their inmates, and dancing, and music, and laughter, were heard through the village.

" And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art, and feats of strength went round;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair, that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place."

GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE.

I have no recollection of ever having seen on any one day, so great a proportion of happy faces as we met with in our circuitous ramble on Whit-Monday from Ashover to Crich, Cromford, and Matlock.

During the short time we remained at Crich, we walked over some fields to a high point of ground that overlooks the rich vale through which the Derwent runs. Directly before us, were the magnificent woods of Alderwesly. Looking towards Cromford, we had a fine view of Lea Woods, Wellersley Castle, and the scenery about Matlock. In the contrary direction, the eye wanders over hills and dales clothed with foliage, until, in remote distance, it rests upon the tower of All-Saints' Church, at Derby; dimly seen, it is true, but yet the most important object that can be discerned in the far-off landscape. The hills in this part of Derbyshire, on both sides of the Derwent, rise majestically from out the valley: they present a pleasing variety of outline, and their steep sides are adorned with some of the most beautiful woods that ever waved their branches to the winds. The river, with here and there a bridge thrown across the stream, courses through

the depths of the vale, and its margin is enriched with almost every object that can delight in scenery and nature.

The road from Crich to Cromford is carried along the side of a steep hill, by a gradual descent. It first passes through Halloway, along a kind of mountain terrace, which overlooks a long series of miles of beautiful country; it then sinks rapidly amongst the thick woods that border Lea Mill. Every step along this road varies the scenery it presents. Sometimes the traveller is delighted with beauty; at others, he is elevated by the magnificence of the landscape. Nothing can be finer than the scene about Lea Mill: the hills, the water, and the woods, are all characterized by that description of beauty which nearly approaches to grandeur.

Within little more than a mile of Lea Woods, is Dethick, a village which from a very early period of history, belonged to a family of the same name until the reign of the sixth Henry, when it became the property of the Babingtons, in whose possession it remained until about the year 1586, when it passed into other hands. Anthony Babington, during his residence at Dethick, is said to have organized a plan for releasing Mary Queen of Scots from her confinement at South Winfield; but the design being suspected by the agents of Elizabeth, the royal captive was more strictly watched, and shortly afterwards removed to Fotheringay Castle, in Northamptonshire, where she was freed from her long imprisonment by the axe of the executioner.

That Babington should have plotted the release of Mary is not improbable: he had a daring and romantic spirit, and the prospect of a successful issue to such a project, would be to a mind like his, a powerful

stimulant, and make him reckless of consequences. Certain it is, that he entered into a treasonable conspiracy against Elizabeth. John Ballard, a priest of the English seminary at Rheims, was his principal associate, and several Catholic gentlemen, with a number of others, were connected with them in this desperate attempt. The vigilance of Elizabeth's government soon detected the designs of the conspirators, who, being alarmed at their danger, separated and fled in different directions. Babington is said to have stained his face with the juice of walnuts, and to have taken refuge at a cottage in the neighbourhood of Harrow on the Hill, but he was soon discovered in his hiding-place, and conveyed to London with some of his associates, who had been previously taken. Their trial and condemnation immediately succeeded---and Babington and his confederates, fourteen in number, expiated their offences at the gallows or on the scaffold. The dreadful sentence of the law, accompanied with all its horrors of hanging, quartering, and burning, was put in execution; and thus ended this ill-concerted and foolish attempt to destroy the government of Elizabeth. This conspiracy hurried on the fate of Mary: she was charged with being an accomplice in the plot, and after an irregular trial before an incompetent tribunal, she was condemned, and beheaded on the 7th of February 1587, in the fourty-fourth year of her age and the nineteenth of her captivity. Hume, an historian whose authority cannot be lightly regarded, and others of more modern date, profess to believe this foul imputation on the fair fame of the Scottish queen; but the elegant historian of Scotland, the eloquent and argumentative Robertson, has satisfactorily proved that she was not privy to the conspiracy of Babington and his associates.

From Lea Mill, a pleasant walk by the side of the Derwent, beneath

the shadow of overhanging trees, brought us to Cromford, and to the busy evening-scene that distinguished the close of the day on Whit-Monday, and which has been previously noticed.

SECTION V.

Morning at Matlock.---Via Gellia.---Hopton.---Sir John Gell.---Carsington.---Rocks in the Vicinity of Brassington.---Derbyshire Trossacks.---Tissington.---Ancient Custom of Dressing Wells with Flowers.---Night Walk to Ashborne.

We spent the night at Matlock, and the following morning proceeded on our excursion. When we left this romantic place, the woods that lie embosomed within the deep hollow of the dale were vocal with the song of birds, that were warbling forth their matin orisons to the new-born day. The rush of the Derwent was accompanied with a prolonged and softened sound, that, mingled with the lively strains of these feathered choristers, gave a richer and mellower tone to their wild but harmonious chantings. We quitted Matlock with regret---passed through the artificial opening that has been made in Scarthing Rock---left the greyhound-inn at Cromford, on our right---and entered into a deep but narrow dale that leads to Bonsal and Via Gellia. A scene near the mill, at the entrance into Bonsal Dale, particularly attracted our attention: rocks, and hills, and wood, and water, are here most happily combined. I once heard the younger Reinagle observe, "that he never met with a more picturesque composition in nature than is here presented."

Following the route we had prescribed to ourselves, we left the road

to Bonsal on our right, and passed along Via Gellia, on our way to Hopton. I entered on this classically denominated road without any pleasurable anticipations. The recollections of a former journey obtruded upon me, and I experienced a tediousness of feeling, which could only be ascribed to disappointed expectations on a former occasion. It was then the first week in September, but the weather was as hot as in July; not a cloud was seen in the heavens, and a mid-day sun poured a flood of light and heat into the dales through which Via Gellia is carried. All was glare and flutter to the eye; not a spot of shadow intervened to afford a moment's shelter from the warm rays of a clear sun, which a dusty limestone road rendered almost unbearable. Under such circumstances hardly any scenery could be tolerable; I therefore passed along a road celebrated for its scenery, heartily wishing myself in any other part of Derbyshire, and wondering at the taste that had discovered any thing like beauty in such a place. Thus the mind throws its own sickly or healthful hues over the objects of its contemplation, and wraps them in gloom, or adorns them with loveliness, agreeably to the emotions by which it is influenced---as ill-humour dictates, or cheerful thoughts prevail. I now beheld the scenery of Via Gellia under more fortunate circumstances, and with other feelings; cloud and sunshine, a gleam of light and then a passing shadow, moved over the hills---increased their natural beauty---and made one forget the monotony of form and clothing by which they are distinguished. High sloping acclivities, chiefly covered with hazels, and sparingly sprinkled with dwarf oak, and ash, mark each side of the road: hence every turn that it makes, instead of a new scene, presents only a repetition of the past---and the parts as they succeed are so similar in character and appearance, that we felt as if we were walking the same ground over again, and made no sensible progress

in our journey. A gradual ascent of a few miles at length brought us to the top of the hills that separate Hopton from Matlock. Whichever way we looked, the country was beautiful. The road we had passed was marked by a continued range of eminences, the outlines of which played into, and were blended with each other, in pleasing and almost endless variety. We now discovered that we had passed through Via Gellia in a direction that prevented us from fully appreciating its picturesque qualities. In ascending towards Hopton, our view was bounded by the hills that closely environed us around; descending, the prospect is every where varied and full of beauty: the different eminences amongst which the road winds are seen rising behind each other---their summits enveloped in a soft aërial tint---and gradually becoming more shadowy in form, and indistinct in outline, as they recede into distance, and are lost among others still more remote. I one evening passed on the outside of a carriage along this romantic road to Matlock. We shot rapidly through the dales: the quick succession of scenery, and the frequent shifting of the hills before us, which seemed to change their positions at every turn we made, together with the rich tone of colouring which a declining sun spread over them, produced an effect almost magical. The whole soon passed away, and left an impression on the mind more like the recollection of a dream than the remembrance of any thing that had actually occurred.

Approaching Hopton, the scenery of the country assumes a different character---the upper stratum is still lime, but the few rocks and hills that occur are diminutive, when compared with those we had left behind us; yet, as a mineral district, it is interesting and important---and immediately in the neighbourhood of Hopton it is pic-

turesque and beautiful. As we descended the hill towards the village a deep dale lay before us, and the elevated grounds on our right were crested with wood. The road we were pursuing was dark with the shadows of closely-tangled boughs and spreading foliage; and our right was thickly beset with some of the loftiest trees in the county of Derby, between whose tall trunks we occasionally caught a glimpse of verdant slopes and rocky knolls beyond, on which the light played vividly: and many a lovely picture of this description we beheld as we descended the hill to Hopton. Emerging from the gloom in which we had been involved, we came upon a more open country, over which Hopton Hall enjoys a delightful prospect. This pleasant mansion, the residence of Philip Gell, Esq. M. P. is a good modern structure, and finely situated at the foot of a steep eminence, amongst a thick mass of luxuriant wood, intermingled with jutting craggs and verdant knolls. The Hopton estate has been in the family of the GELLS upwards of two centuries. In 1642, John Gell was created a baronet by Charles the First, but he did not, however, attach himself to the King's party on this account. He was indeed the first individual of consequence in the county of Derby, who took up arms in the cause of parliament. He was an active and zealous partizan, and his example influenced the determinations of his neighbours so entirely, that Lord Clarendon observes, " there was in Derbyshire no visible party for the king, the whole country being under the influence of Sir John Gell." After the termination of the war, he complained of the treatment he had received from the very power whose cause he had espoused, whose battles he had fought, and whose exertions he had assisted with large contributions from his own purse, greatly to the injury of his fortune. He likewise sustained considerable loss when his house was plundered by the enemy,

for which he received no compensation. In 1650, this enterprising officer had serious charges preferred against him: he was tried for misprision of treason, and was sentenced, by the high court of justice, to be imprisoned for life, and his estates to be confiscated; but two years afterwards he obtained the remission of his sentence. With the third baronet, Sir Philip Gell, who died in 1719, the title became extinct.

Situated close to Hopton is the village of Carsington, one side of which is built under some limestone rocks, whose grey crags jut over the tops of the houses; but there is nothing in the place that a tourist would stop to notice. Leaving Carsington, we enquired our way to Brassington; and, strange as it may appear, the man of whom we asked the question, although he was a resident in the neighbourhood, told us "he did not know such a place." We then enquired the name of the village we had left: he answered, "Carson, to be sure." ---"And what place do we come at next?"---"Brasson," he replied. These answers solved the mystery; the three syllables were cut down into two, which we found was the customary pronunciation of the country;---we were therefore prepared for these contractions in future.

Shortly after leaving Carsington, we crossed into the fields called Brassington pastures. In these pastures, and on the higher grounds north of the village, several curious specimens of rock scenery are to be found. In some places, insulated masses rise out of the ground, assuming a variety of fantastic forms; in others, a ridge of bare limestone crags crests an eminence with a line of rocky arrows, into which it is split and divided. These innumerable spires, which look like a

long continuation of huge sharks' teeth, are frequently met with in the vicinity of Brassington. In a publication, now preparing for the press, which I have lately seen, they are denominated the *Derbyshire Trossacks;* but in the district to which they particularly belong, they, as well as the insulated rocks to which I have before alluded, are known by different appellations: Peter's Pike---Elder Tor---Reynard's Tor---and Horboro Rocks, near the top of which there is said to be a hermitage and the remains of a well---and others of a similar description, have here a " local habitation and a name." These rocks are not picturesque objects in landscape, but their forms and character render them worthy of the observation of geologists.

Dove Dale was the chief object of our excursion; and, as the day was fast declining, we passed through Bradbourn without a pause---crossed the Ashbourne road about a mile and a half from Grange Mill---and pursued our way along some pleasant fields to Tissington, a village which is distinguished by the residence of the ancient family of the Fitzherberts. In the year 1643, Tissington Hall was garrisoned for the king; but, in consequence of the unsuccessful result of a battle fought near Ashbourne between the parliamentary and royal forces, it was evacuated early in the following year. This old mansion, together with the estate and manor appertaining thereto, are now the property of Sir Henry Fitzherbert, Bart., who resides at the Hall, and who succeeded his elder brother, Sir Anthony, in the year 1799.

An ancient custom still prevails in the village of Tissington, to which indeed it appears to be confined---for I have not met with any thing of a similar description in any other part of Derbyshire.

It is denominated WELL-FLOWERING, and Holy Thursday is devoted to the rites and ceremonies of this elegant custom. The day is regarded as a festival; and all the wells in the place, five in number, are decorated with wreaths and garlands of newly-gathered flowers, disposed in various devices. Sometimes boards are used, which are cut to the figure intended to be represented, and covered with moist clay, into which the stems of the flowers are inserted, to preserve their freshness; and they are so arranged as to form a beautiful mosaic work, often tasteful in design and vivid in colouring: the boards, thus adorned, are so placed in the spring, that the water appears to issue from amongst beds of flowers. On this occasion the villagers put on their best attire, and open their houses to their friends. There is service at the church, where a sermon is preached; afterwards a procession takes place, and the wells are visited in succession: the psalms for the day, the epistle and gospel, are read, one at each well, and the whole concludes with a hymn, which is sung by the church singers, and accompanied by a band of music. This done, they separate, and the remainder of the day is spent in rural sports and holiday pastimes.

The custom of Well-Flowering, as it exists at Tissington, is said to be a Popish relic; but in whatever way it originated, one would regret to see it discontinued. That it is of great antiquity cannot be disputed; it seems to have existed, at different periods of time, in countries far remote from each other. In the earlier ages of poetry and romance, wherever fountains and wells were situated, the common people were accustomed to honour them with the title of saints. In our own country, innumerable instances occur of wells being so denominated.

" Where a spring rises or a river flows," says Seneca, " there should we build altars and offer sacrifices." At the Fountain of Arethusa in Syracuse, of which every reader of poetry and history has often heard, great festivals were celebrated every year. In Roman antiquity, the *Fontinalia* were religious feasts, held in honour of the nymphs of wells and fountains: the ceremony consisted in throwing nosegays into fountains, and putting crowns of flowers upon wells. Many authorities might be quoted in support of the antiquity of this elegant custom, which had its origin anterior to the introduction of Christianity. It was mingled with the rites and ceremonies of the Heathens, who were accustomed to worship streams and fountains, and to suppose that the nymphs, whom they imagined the goddesses of the waters, presided over them. Shaw, in his " History of the Province of Morray," observes, that " Heathenish customs were much practised amongst the people there;" and he cites as an instance--- " that they performed pilgrimages to wells, and built chapels in honour of their fountains." From this ancient usage, which has been continued through a long succession of ages, and is still in existence at Tissington, arose the practice of sprinkling the Severn and the rivers of Wales with flowers, as alluded to by Dyer in his poem of the FLEECE, and by Milton in his COMUS.

" ———— with light fantastic toe the nymphs
Thither assembled, thither every swain;
And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flowers,
Pale lillies, roses, violets, and pinks,
Mix'd with the green of burnet, mint, and thyme,
And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms:
Such custom holds along the th' irriguous vales,
From Wreakin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn."

DYER.

" The shepherds at their festivals
Carol her good deeds loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,
Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils." MILTON.

We were now about four miles from Ashbourne, and within two of Dove Dale; but as it was nearly dark, and as it was not our object to visit Ashbourne, and return four or five miles from thence on the following morning, we enquired at a small public-house by the road-side if accommodations for the night could not be obtained nearer the dale---when we were told, that a mile or two farther, across some fields and down a narrow lane, we should find as good accommodations as any gentleman could wish; and if we did not choose to stop there, we might go on to Mappleton. This exhilirating intelligence gave an elastic impulse to our almost jaded spirits, and we pursued with alacrity the path pointed out to us, until the night became so totally dark that we literally groped our way to the Dog and Partridge, a small public-house, that is well known by all who visit Dove Dale. We reconnoitred the place, and soon concluded to proceed farther. We observed in the house four or five men sitting over a solitary farthing candle, around a few almost-extinct embers in the grate, which cast a feeble light upon their pallid faces, and imperfectly exhibited a group of figures, better suited for the pencil of Salvator than of either Tenniers or Ostade.

Mappleton was the place to which we were next directed; but being strangers to the road, which lay partly through open fields, and our obtaining lodgings for three tired pedestrians in a small village being uncertain, we proceeded a few miles farther to Ashbourne. As we descended the hill into the town all was still as midnight, save

where in passing we disturbed the watch-dog in his sleep, and were accosted with his growlings.

There is hardly any silence more solemn and profound than that which pervades a country town at midnight. In the fields the sighing of the winds is heard amongst the branches; whenever the breeze stirs the very quiver of the leaves is audible, and there is a voice in every grove and thicket. Sometimes the low of cattle, the twitter of a lone bird among the bushes, or the purling of a stream, breaks the stillness of the night, even where the dwellings of men are few and far apart; but in the midst of a throng of houses, the habitations of beings like ourselves, the idea of silence is alien to the feeling that prevails, and the mind being sometimes more powerfully influenced by associations than actual existences, the stillness of a town is more awful and impressive than the stillness of the country. Ashbourne, when we entered it, seemed to be nearly deserted---not an inn door was invitingly open to receive us, and no lights were to be seen, except here and there a solitary bed-candle twinkling through the windows of the upper apartments, and lighting the inhabitants to rest. We however obtained lodgings at a tolerably good inn near the middle of the town, and recruited our jaded spirits over a short but hearty supper. We then retired to our separate apartments, and reposed our weary limbs, but not on beds of down, for we needed not such a luxury to make sleep sweet and refreshing.

> " Why rather sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,
> Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
> And hush'd with busy nightflies to thy slumber;
> Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
> Under the canopies of costly state,
> And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?" SHAKSPEARE.

SECTION VI.

Ashbourne Church.---Monument by Banks.---Walk to Dove Dale.---View of the Dale from the Descent near Thorpe Cloud.---Character of the River Dove.---Dove Dale Church.---Reynard's Cave.---Fatal Occurrence there.---View from this part of the Dale.---The Narrow Pass.---Retrospect of the Character of the whole Dale.---Rocky Portals, and the Meadows beyond.---Rousseau, and his Visit to the Vicinity of Dove Dale.

REFERRING my readers to the first section of this excursion, they will observe that it was undertaken in the month of May. Passing from Matlock through Via Gellia to Hopton, I recurred to a former journey made in the second week of September, to which the whole of the subsequent detail refers. It was at this season of the year when we spent the night at Ashbourne: the following morning, previously to our departure for Dove Dale, we walked through the principal streets, and paid a visit to the church. The town is pleasantly situated in a very beautiful country; high hills shelter it from the cold winds of the north, and towards the south it looks upon a fine open valley, richly cultivated, through which the River Dove meanders, amongst some of the most fertile meadows in the kingdom. The church was built about the middle of the thirteenth century, and is an excellent specimen of gothic architecture. It is in the form of a cross, with a square tower in the centre, from which a lofty and elegantly ornamented spire

arises. The interior is light and spacious, and the pillars that support the roof are strong and massy. These, in several places, have been strangely defaced, and partly cut away, that some unmeaning monumental tablets might conveniently be put against them. It is a pity that the churchwardens who suffered such a mutilation as this to take place, were not made to do penance for their neglect of duty. There is a beautiful little monument in this church, from the chisel of Banks—which for execution, design, and feeling, would do credit to the talents of any artist. It is to the memory of the only child of Sir Brooke Boothby, a daughter, who died at the age of five years and eleven months. On a marble pedestal, a mattress sculptured from the same material is laid; on this the child reposes, but apparently not in quiet; her head reclines on a pillow, but the disposition of the whole figure indicates restlessness. The little sufferer, indeed, appears as if she had just changed her position by one of those frequent turnings to which illness often in vain resorts for relief from pain. The inscription on the tablet below enforces this feeling:---

"I was not in safety, neither had I rest, and the trouble came."

The pedestal below, is inscribed---

To PENELOPE,
Only child of Sir Brooke Boothby, and Dame Susannah Boothby,
Born, April 11th, 1785—Died, March 13th, 1791.
She was in form and intellect most exquisite.
The unfortunate parents ventured their all on this frail bark, and the wreck was total.

It is impossible to hang over the beautiful image which the artist has here sculptured forth, and peruse the simple but affecting inscrip-

tions that are scattered around it, without sympathising with the afflicted parents who had "ventured their all of happiness on this frail bark," and found "the wreck was total." This monumental design, which is exquisitely finished, and full of tender feeling, suggested to Chantrey the execution of that master-piece of art, the group of the Two Children, which is now the grace and ornament of Litchfield Cathedral, and the boast of modern sculpture.

We left Ashbourne by the same road along which we had passed the preceding evening; and after a walk of about two miles, we beheld at a short distance on our left, the airy summit of Thorpe Cloud, which, instead of looking like a huge mountain, as we had expected, had only the appearance of a moderate-sized hill. Some richly-cultivated meadows, bounded by high hawthorn hedges, and a deep dale beyond, lay between us and this lofty eminence; we were therefore strangely deceived both in the dimensions of its base, and the altitude of its summit. Proceeding onwards, the peak of Thorpe Cloud again disappeared, and we shortly afterwards came to the Dog and Partridge, the public-house which we had passed the night before, on our way to Ashbourne. Here we rested, and took a short refreshment, previously to our proceeding to Dove Dale. Entering the house, we observed traces of blood on the threshold, and on a seat near the fire-place of the first apartment into which we were admitted. Farther on, in an unfrequented room, and half out of sight, lay the greater part of a man's dress, almost covered with stains of blood. I felt an involuntary shuddering at the sight, but it was only a transient feeling; yet I confess that the figures we had observed as we passed the house the former evening, were for a moment associated with the bloody clothes. We learnt before we left the house, that the man who kept it had been cut-

ting hay from a stack near his dwelling, and falling upon the knife, he had been wounded in a dreadful manner. Profuse bleeding ensued, and the appearances we had noticed were thus accounted for. Shortly we left the house, which, at this particular time, was literally a house of mourning, and passed along a good carriage-road, which, after descending into a valley near, led us to the little village of Thorpe. Our path now lay through some open pastures, until winding round the side of Thorpe Cloud, which was upon our left, we first beheld the translucid waters of the Dove playing and sparkling in the depths of the dale below. Here we paused in silent contemplation of the scene. The character of the first view of Dove Dale is simple grandeur: the hills swell boldly from both sides of the river, and their majestic summits are often hid amongst the clouds; the parts are few, and the outlines sweep gracefully into each other: yet here the dale exhibits only a small portion of its rich materials, and curiosity is rather excited than gratified. It was a fine morning when we first beheld the enchanting scenery of the river Dove, yet still the summit of Thorpe Cloud was sometimes obscured with vapour, or, in the phraseology of the place, the "mountain had its cap on." When we had reached the margin of the river, and were measuring with the eye the altitude of the hills which shape its course, we observed some sportsmen with their dogs ranging amongst the bushes on the steep acclivities on our right, and so far above us as to appear strangely diminutive in stature, and but the miniature representations of what they were. As we passed along the dale, the report of their guns occasionally rung in loud discord amongst the rocks, interrupting the solitude of the place, and destroying the peculiar tone of feeling that it is eminently calculated to excite.

The river Dove is one of the most beautiful streams that ever gave a charm to landscape; and while passing along the first and least picturesque division of the dale, the ear was soothed with its murmurings, and the eye delighted with the brilliancy of its waters: in some places it flows smoothly and solemnly along, but never slowly; in others, its motion is rapid, impetuous, and even turbulent. The ash, the hazle, the slender ozier, and the graceful birch, hung with honeysuckles and wild roses, dip their pensile branches in the stream, and break its surface into beauteous ripples. Huge fragments of stone, toppled from the rocks above, and partly covered with moss and plants that haunt and love the water, divide the stream into many currents; round these it bubbles in limpid rills, that circle into innumerable eddies, which, by their activity, give life and motion to a numerous variety of aquatic plants and flowers that grow in the bed of the river: these wave their slender stems under the surface of the water, which, flowing over them, like the transparent varnish of a picture, brings forth the most vivid colouring. Occasionally large stones are thrown across the stream, which interrupt its progress: over and amongst these it rushes rapidly into the pool below, forming in its frequent falls a series of fairy cascades, about which it foams and sparkles with a beauty and brilliancy peculiar to this lively and romantic river.

At the extremity of what I have here denominated the first division of the dale, the path leaves the margin of the Dove, and crosses a rocky knoll of considerable eminence. From this elevated situation a new picture is presented: the rocks have here a character peculiarly their own. On the left, they shoot their spiral heads from amongst a grove of thickest wood, or rise in insulated masses over the tops

of the trees: on the right, they are connected at their base, and their summits are split into immense cones and shattered pinnacles.

Descending from our elevation, and following the path by the side of the river, we came to a curious assemblage of broken rocks closely united together below, but above, indented with deep fissures, and divided into pyramidal terminations, which collectively are denominated Dove Dale Church. This fantastic resemblance of a dilapidated structure is finely situated at the base of an immense hill of wood, whose lofty summit is adorned with overhanging crags. The foliage of the trees is here of the most luxuriant description, and the river sparkles with the vivid reflections of the many picturesque objects on its banks. This is one of the richest parts of Dove Dale for the pencil of the artist, and Glover has made it the subject of one of his best pictures: he has given an accurate transcript of the features of the scene in all its parts---the local colouring is true to nature; and he has imparted to his representation of this portion of Dove Dale an appearance of magnitude, and a character of grandeur, which give all but reality to the scene he has depicted.

The graphic illustrations which have hitherto been published of this romantic dale, give but a very imperfect idea of the scenery it contains. Gilpin's, I presume, was made from recollection: rocks, woods, and a river, he remembered to have seen, and when at leisure in his study he combined them as best suited his fancy. The fact is, he painted much better with his pen than with his pencil. Dayes was more accurate. The view which he has given, in his northern excursion, of the first entrance into the dale, is correct in all its forms; but the effect is far from imposing: the whole is muddy, and an idea of

littleness rather than magnitude is excited. Farringdon, in his Derbyshire Depicta, is still more faulty; he has not given the character accurately of any scene or object in the dale. This is taking a liberty with nature on the one hand, and with the public on the other, which is utterly unwarrantable both in art and morals.

About two hundred yards beyond Dove Dale Church, on the contrary side of the river, is Reynard's Cave, one of the most extraordinary and curious specimens of rock-scenery in any part of Derbyshire. This cave consists of an immense rib of rock, which is partly detached from the general mass, and excavated into a magnificent natural arch, regularly formed, and of great extent; an open court is seen beyond, and in distance the entrance into an interior cavern appears. The rocks near this arch are adorned with ivy, and so formed and connected together as to present to an active imagination the rude resemblance of some mighty castle, and the fit abode of those fabled beings whom one of the greatest favourites of the nursery knew so well how to tame and subdue.

In Ashbourne church-yard there is a tomb-stone, inscribed to the memory of an Irish divine, the Rev. Mr. Langton, dean of Clogher, who lost his life near the entrance into Reynard's Cave. A party of ladies and gentlemen were spending the day in Dove Dale: the dean with difficulty had brought his horse thus far, and, with an unaccountable temerity, he proposed to ascend the hills, and scale the most accessible parts of the rocks on horseback. A young lady, a Miss La Roche, with more courage than prudence, requested permission to accompany him in his rash attempt: she mounted behind him: they clambered the hill to a fearful height, while their com-

panions below were shuddering at their danger, and gazing upon them with an anxiety intense even to pain. At length, the horse, unable to find secure footing, tottered under his burden, stumbled, fell, and rolled headlong down the steep. The dean was precipitated to the bottom of the dale: life had not departed when he was taken up, but he expired shortly afterwards. Miss La Roche was more fortunate; she was slightly hurt, and rendered insensible with the fall, but she ultimately recovered to lament the dreadful consequences of an adventure in which she had so unthinkingly participated.

Near this fatal spot we sat down to sketch the scenery in this part of the dale. From the situation we occupied we had a fine view of the narrow part of Dove Dale. We looked into the deep ravine of rock before us. The sun was high in the heavens, but his rays were excluded from all the lower parts of the dell. A broad mass of light gleamed upon the higher rocks on the right of the pass---the left lay in deep shadow. One side was bare, save where a solitary bough or two of ash or yew shot from a fissure, where they had found a scanty soil and stinted nurture: the other was covered with trees of various and graceful foliage. The light played amongst the branches that crested the summit; but below, the blackness of shadow filled up the chasm, and dark flowed the river from out the narrow pass. We were sufficiently elevated to obtain the sight of some lovely scenery beyond this vale of rocks, which diversified and improved the composition. Sometimes the light fell softly on the remote hills, while nearer us the topmost cliffs were bathed in sunny splendour, which, by the force of opposition, deepened the effect of a mass of shade in the mid-distance of the landscape. The day was peculiarly favourable for picturesque effects. At intervals the sky was obscured by

Drawn by F. Chantrey, R.A.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

VIEW FROM NEAR REINARDS HALL DOVE DALE,

DERBYSHIRE.

clouds, which dispersing, admitted a flood of light, that brightly illumined all around---others succeeded, and occasionally threw the whole scene into gloom; but the finest effects were produced, when, through partial openings in the clouds, the concentrated rays of the sun darted in brilliant lines of light, and for a moment lit up the rocky summits of Dove Dale---while every object around them was enveloped in obscurity. The splendour with which they were occasionally touched was at times so intensely bright that they looked like turrets of fire, lifting their illuminated peaks from out the clouds that rolled about them. I wished to have seen this imposing picture an hour or two nearer sunset; at which peculiar time it would have realized one of Sir Walter Scott's most beautiful descriptions in the Lady of the Lake:---

> " The western waves of ebbing day
> Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;
> Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
> Was bath'd in floods of living fire;
> But not a setting beam could glow
> Within the dark ravines below—
> Where turn'd the path, in shadows hid,
> Round many a rocky pyramid,
> Shooting abruptly from the dell
> Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle,
> Round many an insulated mass,
> The native bulwarks of the pass."

About two hundred yards beyond Reynard's Cave is the termination of the second grand division of Dove Dale. Here the narrow pass commences, which affords only a passage for the troubled waters of the Dove, and a very scanty pathway beneath the rocks, on the Derbyshire side of the stream: the opposite bank is totally

impassable. Here the river, as if impatient at being restrained within the limits of this contracted chasm, rushes with great impetuosity to a more open part of the dale, when its turbulence subsides, and it becomes again a placid, but a rapid stream. Sometimes the river occupies the whole space between the rocks; at others, the traveller has occasionally to step from one huge stone to another, to avoid the water that passes between. Through this upper division of the dale, the rocks rise in perpendicular masses on both sides of the river. In some places, imposing precipices frown over the path below, inspiring emotions of awe and terror. Beneath these we passed in silence, as if we feared our voices would disturb the firm-fixed rock above, and bring the incumbent mass, like a tremendous avalanche, upon our heads. This, though not the most beautiful, is certainly the most terrific part of Dove Dale. The three divisions which I have noticed are dissimilar in form and feature, yet somewhat of the same general character pervades the whole. The entrance into this romantic dale, from the side of Thorpe Cloud, is an appropriate introduction to the beauties that succeed: proceeding onwards, the forms become more decidedly picturesque---the foliage thickens, and the rocks assume a greater portion of grandeur---every step varies the scene, but the same bold impress is upon the whole. The forms of some of the rocks are peculiar, perhaps fantastic---yet accompanied, as they are, with a variety of beautiful foliage, hung with ivy, and chequered with lychens, they are not only interesting, but even picturesque objects; and, where they call to mind the forms of things to which they have but a remote resemblance, they do it so imperfectly, that the imagination is amused in supplying the deficiencies. The whole scenery indeed of this dale, from the southern to the northern extremity,

Drawn by F.Chantrey, R.A.

Engraved by G Cooke

VIEW of the NORTHERN ENTRANCE into DOVEDALE,

DERBYSHIRE.

Proof

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improves at every step, until it reaches the very place where I have paused to retrace its character, and it terminates with one of its sublimest features. A mighty pillar of insulated rock, which has its base in the stream, rises from the left bank of the river; a bold mass of rock, whose conical summit penetrates the clouds, occupies the right: between these huge portals flows the river Dove. Through this contracted space, some flat meadows, clothed with beautiful verdure, appear; and still farther in distance, bold swelling hills close in the prospect. The effect of this scene is truly magical: it is one of those transitions from one description of scenery to another, which excites surprise by its suddenness, and charms with its beauty. Through this magnificent portal we passed into the lovely meadows beyond, where we stood a while to gaze upon the gloomy ravine we had just left. We then sat down amongst a grove of hazels in a sweet little vale, as dissimilar in character to the scenery of Dove Dale as if they had been hundreds of miles apart. The river flowed gently and beautifully before us---the cattle were grazing in the meadows, apparently unconscious of the presence of any human being---the red-breast poured his lone requiem from amongst the bushes, that were scattered over the rising ground where we sat---and the rush of the waters through the narrow part of the dale came softly upon the ear, which was soothed with its murmurs. The scene was delightfully tranquil, and the mind, which only a few minutes before was excited to emotions of sublimity and terror, sunk into a state of pleasing repose and luxurious languor.

Dove Dale was one of the favourite resorts of the enthusiastic and sensitive Rousseau during his residence in its immediate vicinity,

and he is said to have planted many rare and curious seeds in this sequestered spot. At this time he lived chiefly at Wooton Hall, a retreat which was procured forhim principally through the influence of the historian Hume. Rousseau lived in continual agitation and alarm. Plots and conspiracies, he supposed, were entered into and carried on against his personal safety and happiness in every country on the continent of Europe, and he sought an asylum in England from the imagined persecutions of imaginary enemies. In April, 1766, when Rousseau had just settled in Derbyshire---" Here," says he, " I have arrived at last at an agreeable and sequestered asylum, where I hope to breathe freely and at peace." But here he did not long remain " at peace;" he soon found cause of quarrel with those who were endeavouring to serve him---and in the month of April following he quitted his " agreeable and sequestered asylum," and returned to the Continent, heaping reproaches on his best friends. He was an unamiable, petulant, and angry man. The rent of the house in which he lived had been greatly reduced, to allure him into the country; his spirit revolted at this, and as soon as he heard of it he indignantly left the place. Whilst at Wooton Hall, he received a present of some bottles of choice foreign wine; this was a gift, and his pride would not permit him to taste it; he therefore left it in the house untouched, for the next comer. For some reason or other, or more probably for none, he had determined not to see Dr. Darwin. The Doctor, aware of his objections, placed himself on a terrace which Rousseau had to pass, and was examining a plant. " Rousseau," said he, " are you a botanist?" They entered into conversation, and were intimate at once; but Rousseau, on reflection, imagined that this meeting was the result of contrivance, and the intimacy proceeded no farther. It was indeed

impossible for any body to be on terms of friendship long with the eccentric and ill-humoured *Jean Jacques Rousseau.* Madame de Stäel, in her reflections on this strange man and his writings, has admirably depicted his character. " His faculties," she observes, " were slow in their operation, but his heart was ardent: it was in consequence of his own meditations that he became impassioned: he discovered no sudden emotion, but all his feelings grew upon reflection. Sometimes he would part with you with all his former affection; but if an expression had escaped you which might bear an unfavourable construction, he would recollect it, examine it---perhaps dwell upon it for a month---and conclude by a total breach with you. Hence it was that there was scarcely a possibility of undeceiving him, for the light which broke in upon him at once was not sufficient to efface the wrong impressions which had taken place so gradually in his mind: a word, a gesture, furnished him with matter of profound meditation; he connected the most trifling circumstances like so many mathematical propositions, and conceived his conclusions to be supported by the evidence of demonstration."

From the meadows, where we a while reposed, we pursued the course of the Dove nearly two miles farther, through a deep vale, barren of wood, and, with one or two exceptions, devoid of beauty. We then left the margin of the stream, crossed the hills to the Ashbourne and Buxton road; and, leaving Tissington on our right, returned, by the way of Bradburn, to Hopton, and from thence to Wirksworth.

SECTION VII.

Visit to Ilam.---Vale of Ilam.---Ilam Hall---interesting Apartment there. ---Village Church.---Chantrey's Monument for the New Chapel.--- Observations on Monumental Sculpture.---Ancient Stone Cross in Ilam. ---View in Ilam Vale after a Rain-storm.---Congreve's Grotto.---Morning Scene.---The rivers Hamps and Manifold.---Contemplated Improvements at Ilam.---Second Visit to Ilam.---The New Hall.---Intended Conservatory and Picture Gallery, &c.

DURING an excursion to Dove Dale in the autumn of 1820, I visited Ilam, one of the most romantic places in any part of the kingdom. On my way to this secluded spot, I passed along the road on the eastern side of Thorpe Cloud; and, approaching the mill where the river Dove emerges from Bunster Dale, I had a very pleasing view of Ilam Hall, nestled amongst woods, and environed with hills. This delightful place, which has long been celebrated for the beauty of its scenery, is the residence of Jesse Watts Russell, Esq. It is situated on the Staffordshire side of the river Dove, and therefore not properly an object for these excursions; but with those who visit Dove Dale, Ilam is always a point of attraction. Thorpe Cloud, one of the highest mountains of Derbyshire, stands like a mighty sentinel over its woods, gardens, groves, and meadows, that quietly repose in the deep hollow at its base. Its proximity to Dove

Dale, the interesting and peculiar character of its scenery, and the pleasure it afforded me while I was an inmate of the hospitable mansion there, have induced me to give it a place amongst my observations on Derbyshire; nor is this, I hope, an unwarrantable trespass: it is merely crossing the river that separates the two counties, and enriching my excursions with both sides of the sweet dale, that is watered by the brilliant stream of the Dove.

The hills about Ilam Hall have a magnificent character; they are thrown together in irregular forms, and, with one exception only, in connected masses. Some of their mighty steeps are covered with noble wood---others, with a smooth glossy verdure, and in the space between them lies the sweet vale of Ilam. A village of a few houses only, scattered amongst trees---a country church, with a tower nearly covered with ivy---verdant meadows watered by a busy stream, every where sparkling with light---and on a gentle eminence, a venerable mansion rising out of, and backed with luxuriant foliage, are the principal features of this lovely spot, which is one of the most romantic little vales that nature ever formed. No glen in the Alps was ever more beautiful, more picturesque, or more retired. As I approached Ilam, and contemplated the landscape around me, I felt as if I had been treading on fairy ground. The parts were so beautiful, and so exquisitely combined, and the whole so rare and unexpected, that it seemed more like a scene of enchantment that might soon pass away, than any thing real and permanent. When this train of feeling had a little subsided, I entered the house, which I found a good commodious " building, made with hands," and the residence of the elegancies, as well as the comforts of life.

My readers must keep in recollection that I am now describing a visit to Ilam in the year 1820, a short time before the old hall was pulled down, and a more noble structure erected in its place. The principal entrance, agreeably to the fashion that once generally prevailed, was a square hall in the centre of the building, which communicated with the adjoining apartments: a massy old-fashioned fireplace, admirably adapted for winter, with a huge unlighted log of wood and some faggots in the grate, occupied nearly one side of the room: in a niche opposite, hung a Chinese gong, whose loud and sonorous sound summoned the company at Ilam to dinner: bows, arrows, and targets, a fine old organ, and some antique chairs, completed the remaining part of the furniture of this apartment.

In the dining-room there were several good pictures, particularly a fine landscape by Gainsborough---a portrait of Mr. Watts Russell, by Sir William Beechey---an excellent and animated likeness of his Lady, by Phillips---and Hilton's admirable picture of "Una amongst the Satyrs," from Spenser's Fairy Queen.

One apartment at Ilam powerfully interested my feelings, and I regretted to hear that it was destined to share the same fate as the other parts of the building. It was a Gothic chapel in miniature, which had been fitted up under the direction of Mrs. Watts Russell, and was alike a monument of her taste and her feeling: a library which occupied one part of it, represented the exterior of an organ; the windows were stained glass, in which the figures of Faith and Hope were beautifully painted; the wainscot and the furniture were carved oak; and the whole place together had the appear-

ance of being set apart for devotional purposes. Over the door was an unadorned white marble tablet, inscribed---To MY FATHER. This simple inscription produced a series of images and associations of a pensive nature, with which all that is interesting and lovely in filial affection was intimately connected. To this place, sacred to pious uses only, did the daughter of the late David Pike Watts frequently retire, to muse on the being and character of her late excellent father, and hold communion with his departed spirit.

Within a few hundred yards of the front of Ilam Hall, is the village church, one of the most rural and pleasing objects that the place affords. The tower appears to be a structure of foliage, for the stone-work is so invested with ivy as to be almost entirely obscured with its verdant covering---and the dial of the clock is half buried amongst thickly entwined leaves. Ash, elder, and wild roses, of the most luxuriant growth and colour, flourish close around the walls of the church, and the adjoining burial-ground is covered with the richest verdure, amongst which a grey stone occasionally appears, inscribed to the memory of those who sleep beneath: no fence of stone marks the boundary line of this sequestered spot. Towards the house, it is open to the lawn, or only separated from it by an invisible fence---nearer the village, a hedge of hawthorn, intermingled with ash, divides it from the meadows of which it seems to be a part---and altogether, there is an air of great rural beauty and sanctified repose about the church at Ilam. During the time I was there, the workmen were excavating a vault on the north side, over which a spacious gothic chapel, communicating with the chancel, was intended to be erected. This place is to be the honoured receptacle of one of the finest works

of CHANTREY—a monumental group to the memory of the late David Pike Watts.

Monumental sculpture generally consists of very common-place ideas, dignified by the word classical, in which the cardinal virtues, unmeaning personifications—allegorical illusions, difficult to be understood—and winged females, representing angels—occupy the most conspicuous situations; but Chantrey's designs, in this department of his art, have a more simple, a more affecting, and a sublimer character; they appeal to the heart by a representation of what actually has occurred, or what the mind naturally associates with, the hour of death and the disruption of all earthly ties. Human beings are his only agents, and he employs them in those offices where human beings alone can bear a part. His monument for the new chapel at Ilam is strikingly illustrative of the correctness of these observations. In this fine work of art, the venerable David Pike Watts is represented on his bed of death, from whence he has half-raised himself by a final effort of expiring nature, to perform the last solemn act of a long and virtuous life: his only daughter and her children, all that were dearest to him in life, surround his couch, and bend at his side, as they receive from his lips the blessings and benedictions of a dying parent, when the last half-uttered farewell falters upon them. Nothing can be more affecting than this family group: the figures here committed to marble, have the semblance of beings like ourselves; with passions, feelings, and affections, similar to our own: we therefore sympathise in their afflictions, and mingle our tears with theirs. Fame, justice, wisdom, fortitude, charity, religion, are all represented by certain understood modifications of the human form, and they may be bodied forth in marble with great skill and felicity of execution; but, in com-

parison with the work I have described, how cold and feeble are the effects they produce! As specimens of beautiful workmanship they may excite admiration, but they cannot reach the heart and call its finer and more touching sympathies into action.

In the village of Ilam there is a curious old stone cross, sculptured with many figures, and originally richly ornamented; but the various devices which once adorned the different sides of this ancient relique are now nearly obliterated. The origin of these crosses is but imperfectly known, but that they are either Saxon or Danish, appears highly probable. Alfred the Great, who divided England into counties, hundreds, and tythings, erected a number of crosses as land-marks, which no man was permitted to remove, and, to give them a sacred character, they were sculptured with religious allusions, and the symbols of his faith.

I was now in the midst of the most delightful scenery, but I had not an opportunity of exploring its various beauties on the day of my arrival at Ilam. The following morning the rain fell in torrents, and I had the mortification of being prevented from walking abroad at a place where the cunning hand of nature has contrived to harmonize appearances that seem to be in opposition to each other, and blend the lovely and magnificent together with peculiar felicity. To be in the midst of such scenes, and detained but one hour from wandering amongst them, by so paltry a consideration as a shower of rain, though not actually one of the "miseries of human life," was yet a trial of patience, and I watched the watery clouds roll about the hills with an anxious wish that they would soon pass away. About noon they began to depart, and occasionally a sunny gleam, as it passed

hastily along, lighted up a little spot of verdure on the sides of the mountains: shortly, the hill called Thorpe Cloud appeared capped with light, while far below, the fleecy vapours, as they ascended from the valley, curled around its ample sides and obscured its base. The effect was transient, but as long as it remained, it was scarcely less imposing than the fine poetic picture with which Goldsmith has enriched his Deserted Village.

> " As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
> Swells from the vale, and mid-way leaves the storm ;
> Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

The sunshine, it is true, was very far from being eternal, but Thorpe Cloud was not less interesting on that account. A brisk wind prevailed, and as the clouds passed onwards, others appeared in succession, and their march athwart the heavens was pictured on the landscape below; one part of which was one moment warm with sunny light, and the next dark with shadow. It was highly amusing to mark the frequent and rapid change of appearance which the hills that surround Ilam, and the various objects in the vale, assumed as the clouds passed over them.

The shower having entirely subsided, I wandered over the meadows and along the margin of the river at the foot of Thorpe Cloud, and spent the remainder of the day in Dove Dale. The ensuing morning I devoted to the groves and gardens of Ilam Hall. At the end of a gravel-walk which passes the front of the house, I came to a path that is carried along the side of a steep rocky hill, covered with a variety of lofty trees of the most luxuriant foliage. In this cool sequestered place

there is a grotto, furnished with a stone seat and table, formed in the rock, where Congreve is said to have written his comedy of the "Old Bachelor," and a part of the "Mourning Bride." It is now too closely embowered amidst trees and branches to be a pleasant retreat. The holly, with its bright green leaves, stands at the entrance, and yew and elder bend over the rocky arch, but sun and air are now excluded from it, and it is but ill adapted for poetic inspiration. From this classic ground I descended the hill, and emerged from the thick wood into an open meadow, through which I rambled to a rugged seat, placed under a huge elm by the side of the deserted channel of the river Manyfold. It was morning; the sun shone brightly in the heavens, and the rain, which had fallen in copious showers the preceding day, had given a delightful freshness to the verdure of the fields, and a livelier tone of colouring to every object around me. My right, looking towards Thorpe, was a steep and lofty hill, covered with wood, and involved in shadow; another wood, still more beautiful, that glowed with the bright effulgence of the newly-risen sun, lay on my left:---in distance, rising behind a mass of trees, Thorpe Cloud reared his magnificent head: a beautiful light rested on the side of this lofty eminence, and some thin white clouds played about its summit. The cattle that were grazing near---the freshness of the herbage on which they fed---the smoke rising slowly from a cottage chimney at the extremity of the wood on my right---were all pleasing incidents in the delightful morning picture that was here presented. Delight was not the only emotion with which I gazed upon this tranquil scene: I heard around me accents of joy, and sounds of pleasure only. Every object that had life seemed to be freely and fully partaking of the beneficent gifts of heaven, and for a while I forgot the works, the employments, and the cares of man, in the con-

templation of that Being who has made so fair a world, and filled it with happiness; who reared the mightiest barriers of rock and hill with a word---adorned the vales with verdure---clothed the woods with beauty---and led the streams through pleasant pastures.

Returning from the meadows to the garden grounds of Ilam, I passed a narrow foot-bridge at the base of a rocky bank, from whence the two subterranean rivers, the Hamps and the Manyfold, burst into day, a few yards apart from each other. This is one of the curiosities of this romantic place. The river Manyfold formerly flowed beneath the amphitheatrical sweep of noble wood that forms the back-ground of Ilam Hall; but it has abandoned its ancient course, where it had continued to run for ages, and now pursues its way, for the space of five or six miles, through caverns deep in the mountains, where it has obtained a passage to its forsaken channel, which it again enters in the gardens at Ilam. Here the united rivers become a powerful stream, that within a few yards of the place where they first appear, is precipitated over an artificial barrier, where it forms a cascade of considerable extent and great beauty. The Manyfold now becomes a busy and brilliant stream, which after winding round a part of the village, about a quarter of a mile from the principal front of the hall, flows through some pleasant meadows, and enters the river Dove at a short distance from Thorpe Cloud.

This river is one of the beauties, and one of the blemishes, of Ilam. From the cascade in the garden to its junction with the Dove, it is all play and sparkle; above, it is an inactive pool, unless occasionally in winter, when it is inundated with heavy rains, or the breaking up of a snow-storm: then its subterranean passage, not being of sufficient ca-

pacity to admit so large a body of water, it flows into its former channel, and becomes an impetuous and ample stream. It is then in harmony with the scenery of Ilam, and the noble woods that decorate its banks; but during three-fourths of the year it is far from being an object of beauty. Every thing about it, with the exception of water only, has the appearance and the character of a river. To behold this element still and lifeless, amongst lofty and precipitous hills, with which the mind naturally associates impetuous streams and foaming cataracts, seems something like an anomaly in nature, and we are always dissatisfied at her deviation from her accustomed habits. Is it not practicable to remedy this defect? cannot the stream of the Manyfold, where it first commences its subterranean career be divided, and a part of it made to flow continually along its obvious channel?---the river scenery of Ilam will then be as beautiful as its woods. Other improvements may be made in this romantic place: the wood immediately connected with the house, should be rendered less impervious and gloomy. It should be made to assume the character of a grove, rather than a wood, and the trees, where they closely beset each other, should be partly removed, and a pleasant walk established amongst them, from whence occasional glimpses of the scenery beyond might be admitted. When the mansion now erecting is completed, this will no doubt be done, and other improvements added, to make Ilam one of the most delightful residences in the kingdom, and an object of attraction to all who visit Dove Dale.

The architecture which most prevailed in the reign of Elizabeth, has been made choice of for Ilam Hall. This peculiar style of building requires "ample space and room enough:" wanting these, it is sometimes devoid both of grandeur and of beauty. The structures of this

period were immense, and the park scenery around them of great extent. It is perhaps from association only, that such edifices, and such scenes, appear to be the natural concomitants of each other; but there seems to be a fitness in things that are usually connected, and time sanctions the union. Hence it probably is, that the splendid but ill-contrived structures of Elizabeth's reign, are not exactly adapted to the scenery of the quiet vale of Ilam, which appears to shun the gaze of the world, not court it. A building of richly ornamented gothic, like the structure at Fonthill, would have been a fine object in such a place. The monks and abbots of former times would gladly have selected so retired and so beautiful a situation: they loved to fix their habitations in picturesque dales and vallies, amongst embowering woods and murmuring streams; where, secluded from the noise and bustle of the world, nature's happiest harmonies and sweetest melodies alone prevail.

The above are general observations only: they were written shortly after my first visit to Ilam, which I again saw in June 1823. The scenery of the place, which had excited my highest admiration when I first beheld it, was still fresh in my recollection, and I anxiously wished that the new structure should be every way worthy of so fine a situation. I therefore approached the romantic vale in which it stands, under the influence of a more powerful interest than if I had been an entire stranger to the place. Descending the hill from Thorpe, I had the first view of the object of my journey. Ilam Hall, though not entirely finished, had a grand effect even at a distance: approaching nearer, the detail began to display itself, and the general design and arrangement to be clearly understood. On a verdant knoll, a little above the margin of the river Manyfold, which ran rippling and spark-

ling through the meadows below, I stopped to gaze upon the new mansion at Ilam, which is truly a noble structure, and a proof of the professional skill and taste of the architect. The principal part of the building, with its large bay windows, octagonal projections, and richly ornamented parapets, is in that peculiar style of architecture which was fashionable in the reign of Elizabeth; but there are portions of this structure that nearly assimilate with the gothic, both in character and ornament, and these are decidedly the finest and most imposing parts. The whole appears to be admirably contrived, both for picturesque effect and convenience; but the most beautiful feature in this noble mansion, is the circular gothic lantern by which it is surmounted. It is not a paltry thing, made merely for the purpose of admitting light: its dimensions are ample, and perfectly in proportion with the capacious base whereon it rests. The circle of which it is composed, presents to the eye a series of pointed arches, resting on appropriate shafts: these, in connexion with each other, describe a magnificent circle, and constitute the frame-work of the lantern. Where light is wanted in the central part of a building, the dome is sometimes so constructed as to be a noble ornament; but the lantern at Ilam is a more novel contrivance, and one of the most tasteful and elegant architectural ornaments that ever adorned a building. The place altogether does infinite credit to the taste and liberal spirit of the proprietor, who will make this romantic spot---this beauteous gem in British scenery---not less attractive than its neighbouring Dove Dale. I have here mentioned a part only, of what is already accomplished at Ilam: a museum, a splendid conservatory, and a picture-gallery, upwards of eighty feet long, are intended to be added. J. Watts Russel is in possession of some fine works of modern art, and he is rapidly increasing his collection by new purchases. Hilton's

picture of " Una amongst the Satyrs," which in colouring, composition, and character, is a *chef d'œuvre* of the British school of painting ---and Howard's " Solar System," a composition of rare and varied excellence, fine imagination, and elegant poetic feeling, already form a part of those select productions of the pencil, which are intended to adorn the picture gallery at Ilam Hall. The spirited proprietor of this delightful place, in his purchase of works of art, is not only influenced by good taste but by true English feeling. He knows there is abundance of fine talent in his own country, which if duly encouraged, and exercised on subjects of history and imagination, might produce works worthy of being associated in the same apartment with the best productions of any age or nation in the world.

SECTION VIII.

Wirksworth.---Moote Hall.---Mineral Laws.---Miraculous Escape of a Miner.---New Road from Matlock to Derby.---Unexpected Rencontre.---General Character of the Scenery.---Beautiful effect of Light during a Shower of Rain.---Walk to Belper.

ABOUT three miles south of Matlock Bath, within a capacious amphitheatre of hills, lies WIRKSWORTH, the principal town in the mineral districts of Derbyshire. It is a place of great antiquity, and was of some note as early as the Conquest. It is situated on the acclivity of a fine sweep of hill, that forms one side of a pleasant valley. Like all old towns, it is irregularly built, but it contains a number of good houses, and several very genteel families reside in the place. The church is built in the form of a cross, with a square tower in the centre, which is surmounted with a short conical spire that has neither grace nor dignity in its appearance. At the time I visited Wirksworth, this venerable structure was undergoing a thorough regeneration,---the pews were taken down, the pavements broken up, and vaults were excavating in various parts of the church. The monuments against the walls were covered to protect them from the dust,---nothing but dirt and littter were to be seen ; and, instead of the solemn breathings of the organ, and the sounds of psalmody, the noise of saws and hammers, mingled with an occasional laugh and the clamour of

tongues, were heard along the aisles. The whole place, indeed, appeared less like a church than a huge workshop, where every thing was in confusion and disorder.

During our stay at Wirksworth, we stopped at the Lion inn, a good house of entertainment, where we found a public news-room, and for a while amused ourselves with the conflicting opinions and observations of the Courier and the Morning Chronicle. Truth, says an ancient sage, lies in the bottom of a well: perhaps it would be as reasonable an expectation to find it there, as in the columns of these two rival papers. Wirksworth is the seat of the administration of the Mineral Laws for the Low Peak of Derbyshire, and the Moote Hall is the judicial session house where all complaints are heard, and all suits decided, that belong to this peculiar court.

The MOOTE HALL is a neat stone building, with the town's arms carved over the door, and on each side are some emblematic devices in bas-relievo. Within, secured by a chain, is the ancient brazen dish which regulates the admeasurement of lead ore throughout the whole district. The following inscription is engraved upon it:—

> "This dishe was made the iiij day of October, the iiij yere of the reigne of Kyng Henry the VIII. before George Erle of Shrewesbury, Steward of the Kyng most Honourable household, and also Steward of all the honour of Tutbury, by the assent and consent as well of all the Mynours as of all the Brenners within and adjoining the Lordship of Wyrkysworth Pervell of the said honour. This Dyshe to Remayne In the Moote Hall at Wyrkysworth, hanging by a cheyne, so as the Mchanntes or Mynours may have resort to the same att all tymes to make the trw mesure at the same."

The lead mines of Derbyshire are of very remote antiquity. The *Odin* mine at Castleton bears the name of one of the Saxon deities;

it may, therefore, be inferred that it was known to, and worked by the Saxons, previously to the introduction of christianity. In the wapentake of Wirksworth there were lead mines so early as the year 835; at which time a grant was made by the abbess of Repton, of her estate at *Wircesworth*, on condition that an annual stipend of lead, of the value of three hundred shillings, should be paid for certain religious uses as she then directed. The laws that now govern the mining interests of this county, contain some curious provisions; how they originated is now difficult to determine, but, from indisputable records, it appears "that Edward the First directed the Sheriff of the County to call a meeting at Ashbourne, of such persons as were best acquainted with the rights and customs of the Mines." On this occasion, their privileges were ascertained and confirmed; the two courts of Money-Ash and Wirksworth established; and a code of permanent regulations adopted. These regulations constitute the mineral law of Derbyshire at the present time. The principal officers of these courts are denominated barmasters, and it is their peculiar duty to preside on all cases of trial in which the mining interests of their respective jurisdictions are concerned; and generally to see that justice is fully and fairly administered. It is likewise the duty of the barmaster to put miners in possession of any veins of lead ore which they may discover. The mode of doing this is extremely simple, yet curious. When a man has found, or imagines he has found a vein of ore in any part of the "King's field," which, with very few exceptions, includes the whole of the mineral districts of Derbyshire, he may claim it as his own merely by fixing down a few sticks, put together in a peculiar way, and notifying the same to the barmaster, who immediately gives him complete and exclusive possession of his newly-acquired property in a way as summary as it is decisive. The barmaster, accompanied

by two jurymen belonging to the mineral court, enters the place, field, or meadow, where the miner intends to commence his operations, marks out a plot of ground of about fourteen yards square, takes it from the former proprietor, whether it be freehold or not, and gives it to a new possessor. But this is not all; the miner has now only obtained a piece of land in which to sink his shaft. The little insulated spot, which has just been made his own, is surrounded with fields, some covered with grass and some with corn: through these the barmaster and the two jurymen soon mark out a path to the public highway; they arrange themselves on a line with each other, and with their arms wide extended and their fingers' ends just touching, they march abreast from the mine in the most convenient direction to the nearest public carriage road, placing stakes on each side as they proceed, within which they confirm to the miner a carriage way in perpetuity, whereon he may cart his minerals, uninterrupted by any authority whatever. Neither standing corn nor any other description of property, with the exception of "a dwelling house, a high road, a garden, or an orchard," is, or can be, exempt from this fundamental law of the miners. A number of other provisions, equally singular, are included amongst their regulations. "If any miner be killed or slain, or damped upon the mine, within any groove," no king's coroner has power to interfere; the barmaster becomes invested with his authority, and holds an inquest accordingly. In article the thirteenth it is provided, that no person shall sue any miner for debt that doth belong unto the mines in any court but the mineral court, and if any person do the contrary, he shall lose his debt and pay the charges in law." In a subsequent clause it is enacted, "that no officer, for tresspass or debt, shall execute or serve any writ, warrant, or precept, upon any miner, *being at work in the mine, nor when the miners come and go to the*

Barmote Court, but the barmaster or his deputy only." These extracts are sufficient to shew how extensive and various the authority of the barmaster is ; they likewise exemplify the peculiar nature of those provisions which govern and regulate the practice of the miners of Derbyshire.

From Wirksworth we proceeded along the old Derby road, to Cromford, and passed near the mine called *Godbeheres Founder*, which has been rendered memorable from an occurrence that took place there about five-and-twenty years ago. Two men, named Boden and Pearson, were working in the mine at different depths, when the earth and water suddenly rushed in upon them, and in one moment buried them alive in the deep recess below. On the third day after the accident happened Pearson was found dead amongst the rubbish, and the men who were employed in clearing away the earth that had choaked up the entrance into the mine, had now so little hope of finding Boden alive that they were scarcely at all disposed to persevere in their exertions. They were, however, prevailed upon to proceed, until on the eighth day of their labours they distinctly heard Boden's signal, and ascertained that he was living. They now worked with greater energy, but more care, for a few hours longer, when they found the object of their search weak and almost exhausted, but still in existence, and fully sensible of the miraculous nature of his escape. His recovery from the effects of this premature entombment was slow but effectual, and he returned to his usual employment in about fourteen weeks, and lived many years afterwards. When this accident took place Boden was in the lower part of the mine; Pearson was at a windlass in the drift above, when the earth rushed suddenly upon him, and he was found dead amongst the mass. Boden's situation was

equally perilous, but the earth was stopped in its fall by a projection which considerably narrowed the shaft where he was. Thus circumstanced, with no prospect before him but death, this poor man passed eight days in this narrow cell, without light or food or wherewithal to quench his thirst, which he felt more severely than any other deprivation. Hunger he bore with fortitude; thirst was intolerable; and during the whole of his confinement he was sufficiently sensible to feel all the horrors of his situation. He likewise suffered greatly from cold, but having a few yards to move in he found a windlass, and exercised himself in turning it, but by some mishap the handle fell into the deep vacuity beneath, and he could not recover it again. Deprived of this means of employment he still found something to do. In the shaft where he was imprisoned a rope was suspended over his head; he clambered up it, and working at the earth above him, he loosened a portion of it from its lodgements, which fell into the chasm at his feet. While thus engaged he imagined he heard the noise of men labouring for his release; he listened, and was almost breathless with anxiety. The sound, for a time, instead of invigorating, only paralized his exertions, but while in this situation he yet contrived to make the signal that he was alive distinctly heard and understood. Shortly afterwards, he once more saw the light of heaven, and human faces gazing upon him, as if they had actually beheld a dead man rising from the grave, and not a living body. He was, indeed, little better than the apparition of a man; eight days of mental and bodily suffering had reduced him to a skeleton, and the palid hue and altered expression of his countenance, had nearly obliterated his personal identity. In this state he was restored to his family, who felt as if a being from the grave had burst "its cearments," and the dead had returned to life.

We now passed over Cromford Moor, leaving the rocks of Stonnes and the Gang Mine on our right, and after another mile of descending ground, came upon the new road from Matlock to Belper. The last time I saw this valley was in October 1822. I was on my way to Derby, and from thence to London, and the author of the Wanderer of Switzerland was one of my companions. Near the woods that cover the hills opposite to Crich, while he was bidding me adieu, and requesting me to be the bearer of his friendly remembrances to the celebrated artist whose illustrations of the Peak Scenery of Derbyshire adorn these pages, we observed a person by the road-side hammering amongst the rocks for geological specimens and vegetable impressions, with which they abound. We approached him more nearly, when on lifting up his head, we gazed upon him with surprise: the man of whom we were conversing stood before us. We were mutually pleased with this unexpected *rencontre*, and after spending a short time together, we separated at the place where we had met. The poet, accompanied by the sculptor, returned to Matlock; I proceeded to Belper, where he met me a few hours afterwards: we then travelled in the same carriage to within one mile of Derby, when I left him at Darley Abbey, the temporary residence of Watts Russel, Esq.

The road from Cromford to within four miles of Derby, is carried along the side of the Derwent, through a succession of the most beautiful dales in the country. The scenery is every where marked with the same general character: high sloping hills, luxuriantly wooded, form the two sides of the dale; well cultivated meadows lie between, and in the deepest hollow of the valley, the Derwent, which throughout the whole of its windings is a truly noble stream, rushes rapidly

over its bed, amongst trees of as stately a growth as ever adorned the margin of a river. My readers will call to recollection the date of my excursion through those delightful vales which separate Matlock from Belper, and the bright Italian summer which preceded the autumn of 1822. It was October, but I never saw the trees more beautiful: in some places, the alders, by the side of the Derwent, formed a dark green margin of wood; beyond these, and occasionally mingled with them, every variety of tint that leaves can possible assume was displayed, and blended together in that harmonious manner which nature invariably observes in the management of all her colouring. The ash had lost none of its leaves—some of them, indeed, were yet of a deep green; others had put on a livery of pale and beauteous yellow:---the elms were richly varied; every hue, from a lively green to the deepest orange, marked the foliage, all sliding into each other by the nicest gradations, as beautifully as the colours of the rainbow.

I had parted with one artist amongst the woods of Alderwesley, and was proceeding on foot to Belper, accompanied by another. Near Hurt Stanwell Bridge, we were overtaken by a shower of rain. A high hill, covered with majestic wood, was immediately before us: the sun shone brightly, through an opening amongst the clouds, and strongly illuminating the falling shower, converted the watery particles, as they descended, into drops of light. The leaves of the trees were freshly wet, and glowed with the richest colouring, which was somewhat softened and subdued, but not obscured, by the thin transparent veil through which they were beheld. A screen of lofty trees, in deep shadow, lay between us and this vivid picture, and we looked through the intervening spaces upon the brilliant scene beyond. The effect

was transient, but full of beauty, and we loitered about this picturesque spot until the rich sunny gleam, which had just "lighted up the storm," had passed away.

After a walk of another four or five miles, by the side of the Derwent, amongst high hills and overhanging woods, we reached Belper, a place which, within less than half a century, from a little village has become a populous and thriving town.

SECTION IX.

Recurrence to a former Visit to Belper.---Bridge Hill.---View of Belper from the Road to Heage.---Pentrich.---Revolutionists of 1817.---*Roman Station on Pentrich Common.---Alfreton.---Hardwick Park.---Hardwick Hall and Picture Gallery.*

I HAD been at Belper on a former occasion: it was the most southern point of my excursions, and the last place I visited within the mountainous districts of Derbyshire. I shall, therefore, in my present detail, follow the route I then pursued, and bring my various rambles in this interesting and picturesque county to a speedy termination. My remaining observations will therefore be brief. Belper is one of the most flourishing towns in Derbyshire: the old part of it, although not actually hidden amongst better and more modern erections, is but a very insignificant portion of the whole place. New buildings, with neat exteriors, flower gardens, orchards, and plantations, are fast spreading along the rising grounds on one side of the Derwent: on the other, is Bridge Hill, the residence of G. B. Strutt, Esq. most delightfully situated on an eminence that swells gracefully from the margin of the river, and commands an uninterrupted view of the many lovely spots and comfortable habitations that are scattered around his dwelling. When he arises in the morning---looks across the vale before him---contemplates the moral improvement---the rapid increase, and the present consequence of Belper; he may with fervent and

honest exultation say, " blessed be the memory of my father; he has brought order and beauty out of rude and chaotic materials, and given richness and fertility to a once-neglected and barren waste."

From Belper, my companion and myself had a long tract of country to traverse before we reached Alfreton, the next place where we intended to make a pause. We ascended the hill towards Heage, and having attained the summit, we turned to gaze upon the scene we were leaving before we proceeded on our journey. On our right and on our left, lay a long range of lofty eminences; before us, hills of great altitude and steep acclivity rose from the margin of the Derwent, which was seen winding through the valley far below. I remember to have passed these hills when they were nearly barren from their base to their highest elevations: I now beheld their lofty slopes every where cultivated, and the dales between beautifully wooded and adorned with buildings. What was once a little village only, had now become a populous town. The capacious valley in which Belper is situated, is the seat of great mechanical skill and commercial enterprise: a spirit of industry has moved over the face of it, and orchards and gardens, villas and plantations, have succeeded, and a wilderness of naked hills has been transformed into a paradise of beauty. Beholding such a scene as this, and contemplating the power that called its beautiful adornments into existence, I could bless the spirit of trade, and almost forget the consequences that result from the erection of immense factories, and the hardship of peopling them with children of both sexes as soon as they have passed the years of infancy, and making their pliant sinews and tender hands perform the work of adults, at a time when they should be either running wild about the fields, like nature's heirlings, or receiving lessons that might prepare

them for the society of their fellow creatures, and have a beneficial influence on their future lives.

About four miles from Belper we passed through Pentrich, a small village, but of some note in the local history of this district. During the wars between King Charles the First and the parliamentary forces of that period, Pentrich Common was the theatre of military operations, and in the year 1817 it was the scene of one of the most silly and absurd attempts that ever entered into the contemplation of men. Here, in the month of June, an infatuated rabble, nearly without arms and destitute of a leader, assembled together, for the purpose, as they avowed, of overturning the government of the country. Such conduct would really excite contempt, were not the consequences frequently of too serious a character to admit of such a feeling. These misguided men entertained the idea of progressively increasing their number by terror. As they proceeded, they demanded arms and men at every dwelling, and being denied admittance at a house in the vicinity of Pentrich Common, Brandreth, the reputed captain of this "set of lawless resolutes," shot a man who refused to accompany him in this mad expedition. More outrageous conduct never characterized the proceedings of any body of men, however hardened and atrocious they had previously been. The scheme ended, as all such attempts generally do, in the speedy dispersion of the force collected, and the consequent punishment of the most active. About forty of these revolutionists were convicted at the ensuing Derby assizes. Brandreth, the murderer of the man at Mrs. Hepworth's house, was executed, as he richly deserved: two of his less culpable associates shared the same fate, and the greater part of the others, who had pleaded guilty, were transported.

It is impossible to think of this transaction without reverting to the generally disturbed state of the country when the South Winfield and Pentrich men undertook their hazardous expedition, and the vile means that were resorted to to organize disaffection and foment disturbances. The agents in this wicked business were far more reprehensible than the men whom they misled: they were labouring under many privations---their sufferings had made them desperate---and prepared them for the commission of crime and outrage. Under such circumstances, it was worse than cruel to send spies and informers among them, to make them rebels, that they might be punished for being so.

On Pentrich Common, the scene of a Roman encampment may be traced: its form is nearly square, and the indications of a double vallum, by which it is distinguished, are not yet entirely obliterated. This is supposed to have been the first Roman station north of Little Chester, from whence it is only twelve miles distant. The Rev. Mr. Pegge, the antiquary, in his observations on the Roman roads in Derbyshire, has fixed the intermediate establishment between Little Chester and Chesterfield, at, or near to, Higham; but this supposition divides the distance very unequally: it is therefore more probable, that Pentrich Common was the site of this middle station, and the present remains there favour the opinion.

Another two miles walk brought us to ALFRETON, a small market town, said to have been founded by Alfred the Great, and originally called ALFRED-TOWN, a tradition which is countenanced by *Camden* himself. It is indeed pretended that King Alfred once resided here, and some individuals, fond of making discoveries, are ingenious enough

to point out the place where the palace of this monarch once stood. This probably is all idle and groundless conjecture, but that it is a town of great antiquity, can hardly be doubted. In the Doomsday record it is called *Elstretune*, and it made a part of the extensive possessions originally bestowed upon Roger de Busli, a Norman chieftain who accompanied William the Conqueror on his successful expedition to this country. Subsequently it belonged to Ranulph, Lord of Alfreton, whose son Robert was the founder of Beauchief Abbey. Afterwards it became the property of a family of the name of Latham. The Chaworths, the Babingtons of Dethick, and the Zouches of Codnor Castle, it successively belonged to, from the latter of whom it was purchased by the Moorewoods, who have now possessed it for nearly two centuries. The family mansion stands upon a hill finely embosomed amongst majestic trees, the growth of many a century. The church occupies a pleasant situation near the house. It is an ancient, and in some respects, a rude structure; but its embattled tower, surmounted with knotted pinnacles, rising from out the mass of wood by which it is nearly environed, has a pleasing and even picturesque effect from many situations in the vicinity of Alfreton. The town contains about two hundred houses; there is a good inn and post-house in it, and stockings and a common brown earthen-ware are manufactured in the place.

From Alfreton we left South Normanton and Blackwell on our right, and passed through Tibshelf to Hardwick, one of the principal objects which had induced us to cross this part of the country. Approaching the hall, we traversed an extensive park well stocked with deer, and clothed with trees, whose knarled trunks and broad-spreading foliage, bespoke them the monarchs of the scene, in the midst of

which they had flourished for ages. Symptoms of decay were seen in some of their scathed and weather-beaten ramifications, and their appearance excited a feeling of regret that their sylvan honours were on the wane, and that the ravages of time had desolated any of their branches. Pensive emotions are always excited by a contemplation of the dilapidating march of this mighty destroyer, but the objects that exhibit the deepest impress of his frequent footsteps are rendered more truly venerable by the change. The man whose brow is furrowed with age,---the oak of the forest that has stood the pelting of many pityless winters, and whose boughs are scantily covered with foliage and nearly sapless,---the ancient hall or castle mouldering away and sinking into ruins, are infinitely more picturesque to the eye, and more interesting to the mind, than mere beauty of form and fulness of perfection can possibly be.

Hardwick was built by Elizabeth, the celebrated Countess of Shrewsbury, and the parapets, that, like a light and graceful coronet, crest the structure, exhibit some rich carved open work in stone, in which the letters E. S. the initials of the countess, repeatedly occur. Hardwick is a magnificent old-fashioned edifice, and its four towers, when seen at a distance emerging from the woods by which they are surrounded, have a grand and imposing effect, but when nearly beheld, they lose their consequence. This place, which is now the property of the Devonshire family, and occasionally the residence of the present duke, was built about the middle of the sixteenth century. It is certainly a stately mansion, but rather singular than beautiful: a long connected series of large windows inserted in huge stone frames, with comparatively but little space between, the whole arranged in regular divisions, and formed into spacious bays that project from within,

with intervening recesses without, constitute the whole of Hardwick; which, in its general character and appearance, may not inaptly be compared to an immense but magnificent lantern. This house, indeed, seems to have been designed as an experiment, to ascertain how little of stone and how much of glass might possibly be combined together in the formation of a splendid edifice. A flood of light is admitted into all the apartments at Hardwick, and a person seated within them has an ample and almost uninterrupted view of the scenery without. The rooms are lofty and spacious---some of them enormous, and where they are not wainscotted half way from the floor, they are hung with loose tapestry, now strangely faded and never good. Above, the walls are filled with figures and designs in plaster, uncouthly formed, and very indifferently executed. A profusion of ornament, made-up of miserable relievos in stucco, covers the ceilings; but such was the taste of the age in which this costly mansion was erected, and altogether it affords a good specimen of the architecture and the style of decoration that prevailed in the days of Elizabeth.

The gallery at Hardwick is an immense apartment, every where hung with pictures, chiefly portraits, many of which are placed at so great a height from the eye that their excellence, if they have any, cannot be felt. There is, however, one use in storing this vast room with portraits, even though as works of art they do not individually possess much merit. There is no being amongst these numerous resemblances of men without recieving serious and salutary impressions; men who, while they "strutted and fretted" away their little hour of human existence, attracted the attention and obtained the honours and regards of mankind, possessed splendid palaces, and had a crowd of followers to do them homage,but who now have no habitation but the grave. It

is not the skill of the artist alone which imparts to these portraits their most powerful interest, but the associations they excite and the train of thinking, and tone of feeling produced on beholding them. We have here the likenesses of many dignified and noble personages, and of some who are known only by name, or remembered perhaps for something that had better be forgotten. Here is the picture of Henry the Eighth, by Holbein, which I have previously noticed in my observations on Chatsworth;—of Elizabeth, the arbitrary daughter of this haughty monarch, who, whatever were her excellencies in some respects, one cannot love. Near the resemblance of this cruel queen is the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, not in the zenith of her beauty, but with a countenance faded, and marked with grief and suffering. Here too is Stephen Gardiner, the persecuting Bishop of Winchester, and others likewise who revive unpleasant recollections, and whose portraits are beheld with emotions remote from love and veneration. In this gallery there are some good pictures of the Devonshire family, one of the most splendid of which is the long armed duke on horseback. His horse is richly caparisoned, and he is himself gaily dressed, as if for the purpose of exhibition. The picture is nevertheless a valuable production; it is well painted, and displays an accurate portraiture of the splendid costume in which the duke sometimes appeared. The most pleasing effort of the pencil which I noticed at Hardwick, is a fancy portrait of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, the mother of the present duke. She is standing amongst the clouds in the character of Diana, with the crescent beaming on her forehead. Advancing from out the dark starry sky, the clouds appear to recede before her, and to be lighted up by the effulgence that emanates from her. There is a fine poetic feeling in this picture, and the whole is exquisitely managed.

Hardwick Hall was another of the prisons of the Queen of Scots, and some of her needle-work is still preserved with great care, particularly the covers of a set of chairs, a counterpane, and the hangings of a bed, all of which are richly and beautifully embroidered. Mrs. Ann Radcliffe, the author of the Mysteries of Udolpho, &c. &c. in her Northern Tour, when speaking of Hardwick, observes, that "the second floor is that which gives its chief interest to this edifice, as nearly all the apartments were allotted to Mary, and the furniture is known by other proofs than its appearance to remain as she left it." From Hardwick we proceeded to Bolsover, which I shall make the subject of the last section of my excursions in Derbyshire.

SECTION X.

Walk from Hardwick to Bolsover.---Bolsover.---The Buckle Manufacture formerly there.----Bolsover Church.----The Dead Robin.----Bolsover Castle.---Ancient Fountain.---Historical Notice of Bolsover Castle.---The Terrace, Rampart, and Watch Towers.---King Charles' Visit to Bolsover.---Renishaw Hall.---Return to Sheffield.---Retrospection.---Conclusion.

A PEDESTRIAN ramble of a few miles through Hardwick Park, and by Glapwell, the seat of B. Hallows, Esq. brought us to Bolsover; and I have not, in any of my excursions in this picturesque country, found a more delightful walk. A foot-path is carried along the brow of a hill, which overlooks the beautiful mansion and grounds of Sutton: on the right, situated at one extremity of the same eminence, is Bolsover Castle: on the left, the towers of Hardwick Hall, rising majestically over the surrounding woods, occupy the other: in the middle of this graceful sweep of hill lies the village of Palterton. The houses are all ranged on one side of the road, which passes through it; the other is open to a wide expanse of valley, rich in culture, and beautifully adorned with nearly every object that can give a charm to landscape.

BOLSOVER is a populous village only; it was once a market town;

and it still retains many indications of an importance which has passed away. The inhabitants are now almost entirely employed in agricultural pursuits: formerly a considerable manufacture of spurs and buckles was carried on in this place. These were made in a very superior manner of the best malleable iron, and then hardened on the surface only, that they might admit of a very fine polish. The process of hardening used by the buckle-makers of Bolsover, which is technically called case-hardening, is well known amongst those who are connected with the manufacture of articles of steel and iron; to those who are not it may be useful to intimate that iron, properly so called, is incapable of receiving a very high polish; the buckles and spurs were therefore formed and filed into shape when in the state of iron only; the exterior surface was then converted into steel by a peculiar process, in which burnt bones, and ashes made from the leather of old shoes, were generally used. The manufactured article was now internally iron, and therefore not liable to be easily broken, but the exterior surface was converted into the purest steel, and fitted to receive the highest polish that can possibly be imparted to this beautiful metal.

The land in the neighbourhood of Bolsover is very good, and the rents reasonable, not more on an average than twenty shillings an acre; the farmers are therefore many of them in easy and comfortable circumstances. Those who are esteemed the best managers pursue the following routine; they lay down their land in fallow every four or five years, and generally get a crop of turnips at the end of the fallow; they have then first year wheat---second, clover---the third wheat again, and the fourth oats.

Bolsover church is but a plain and homely structure without, but within it is neat and even handsome. In a small chapel, which has been added to the original building, there are some costly monuments; one of them contains a group of figures in alabaster, and all the parts are richly and elaborately ornamented: another to the memory of H. Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, is composed of different coloured materials, chiefly marbles. In design it is architectural: the columns which form part of the composition are lofty, and two figures in white marble occupy the pediment they support: emblematic devices, honorary inscriptions, and a variety of decorative sculpture, are scattered about this splendid monument. My visit here was in autumn: at this season of the year the red-breast begins to leave the fields and the woods, and resort to the hedges and trees of the cottage garden: there he warbles forth his matins and his vespers amongst the habitations of men: grown more familiar, he enters their dwellings and picks his food from their tables. A robin at Bolsover had flown into the chancel of the church, and unable to obtain subsistence, where perhaps there was neither a crumb of bread, nor a living thing besides himself, he had perched upon this sumptuous monument, chaunted forth his own melancholy requiem, and died amongst the tombs of the noble and the great. When I found him, life seemed to have only just departed; his plumage was fresh and unruffled, and he occupied a situation on the monument as if he had been a part of the design of the artist: no red-breast had ever a more splendid sepulchre. A few months afterwards, when looking over the museum of a friend, I regretted that I had not brought away and preserved this bird, to complete his collection. "Here," said he, "you see every British bird, from the eagle to

the wren, with the exception of the robin—him I can catch and kill at any time whenever I want him, but---he shall live until then.——

The church yard at Bolsover is a remarkably clean and neat looking place. The grave stones are placed in an upright position at the head of the grave, and many of them contain devices and inscriptions that refer to the uncertainty of life, and the evanescent nature of all human enjoyments. This resting-place of the departed is capacious, and when I saw it it was covered with a fresh and cheerful verdure. The turf is here but rarely disturbed, and when it is, the removal appears to be done with care, and, as soon as the body is interred, the grass sod is again laid upon the place.

Bolsover Castle, which we next visited, occupies the plain of a rocky hill, that rises abruptly from the meadows. This building is of great extent, and, from the elevated situation it possesses, it is a land-mark for the country round. The various parts of which the structure denominated Bolsover castle is composed, was built at different periods. The north-east end, which was erected by Sir Chas. Cavendish, about the year 1613, is the oldest. It is now occupied. A broad flight of steps leads to the entrance, and over the door is a kneeling figure of a Hercules, who supports on his shoulders a heavy balcony, that seems to oppress him with its weight; two lions sculptured in stone stand by his side. The interior of this portion of Bolsover castle exhibits a curious specimen of the domestic arrangements, and accommodations of the age in which it was built. The rooms are small, and the walls are wainscotted and fancifully inlaid and painted. The ceilings of the best apartments are carved and

gilt, and nearly the whole of the floors are coated with plaster. In the pillar-hall there are some old portraits of little or no value, and the labours of Hercules are painted in different compartments. The star-chamber has been richly gilt and carved, and the walls are decorated with the portraits of twelve Roman emperors. The only comfortable apartment which I observed in this old structure, is now called the drawing-room, which name it has recently assumed in place of the pillar-parlour, by which designation it was formerly known. A column of stone is placed in the middle of the room: the capital is the point from whence the ramifications of an arched ceiling branch; the walls are wainscotted, and many old-fashioned devices, partly gilt, are introduced amongst the ornaments. Emblematical representations of the five senses, all very indifferently painted, occupy various compartments round the top of the room, and the windows are formed and fashioned to correspond with the interior decorations. We had wandered over a great part of Bolsover castle before we entered this apartment, where, in the days of chivalry and romance, "courtly dames and barons bold" communed with each other. Whilst my companion proceeded onwards, I sat down in a corner of the room to meditate on those "by-gone" days: a species of delusion, of which I have sometimes been the sport, soon began to interfere with the realities of the scene: a train of thinking, in which I was disposed to indulge, was soon succeeded by an almost complete abstraction from every thing like thought, and the mind was bewildered amidst its own creations: while thus absorbed, the wind swept gently over the strings of an Eolian harp, and the soft strain swelled wildly to the breeze, then died away in sounds, that the ear followed with eagerness, until all was still. The effect of these mysterious strains, breathed out in

such a place at such a time, and the breathless pause that succeeded their close, I have sometimes endeavoured to recal to recollection, but how feeble is the impression that now remains!

From the roof of this building, to which we ascended by winding stairs, the view is nearly boundless; earth and sky are blended together in the far-off horizon, and the boundary line is lost in the indistinct haze of distance. Descending from our elevation, we visited the garden, which is surrounded with a high wall, about three yards thick. In this garden there is an old fountain of curious and expensive workmanship. The Rev. S. Pegge, in his history of Bolsover castle, has inserted two or three very indifferent sketches of this fountain, which are accompanied with a communication on the subject, from Major Rooke, who speaks in terms of commendation of the elegance of the whole design, and the great excellence of the sculpture: it is certainly a singular, but not an elegant structure: it is ornamented with griffins, birds, satyrs, and niches, in which are the busts of eight Roman emperors. A more curious assemblage of objects can hardly be imagined, and by what cunning they have been brought together to decorate a fountain, it is equally difficult to conceive. The rusticated pedestal, which forms the central part of this fountain, is surmounted with a statue of Venus in the action of stepping out of a bath, with some wet drapery thrown over her arm, but she is altogether as unlovely in form and feature as any Venus can possibly be.

My observations hitherto have only extended to that part of Bolsover castle which was formerly denominated the *Little House*, to distinguish it from the more magnificent structure near, which we

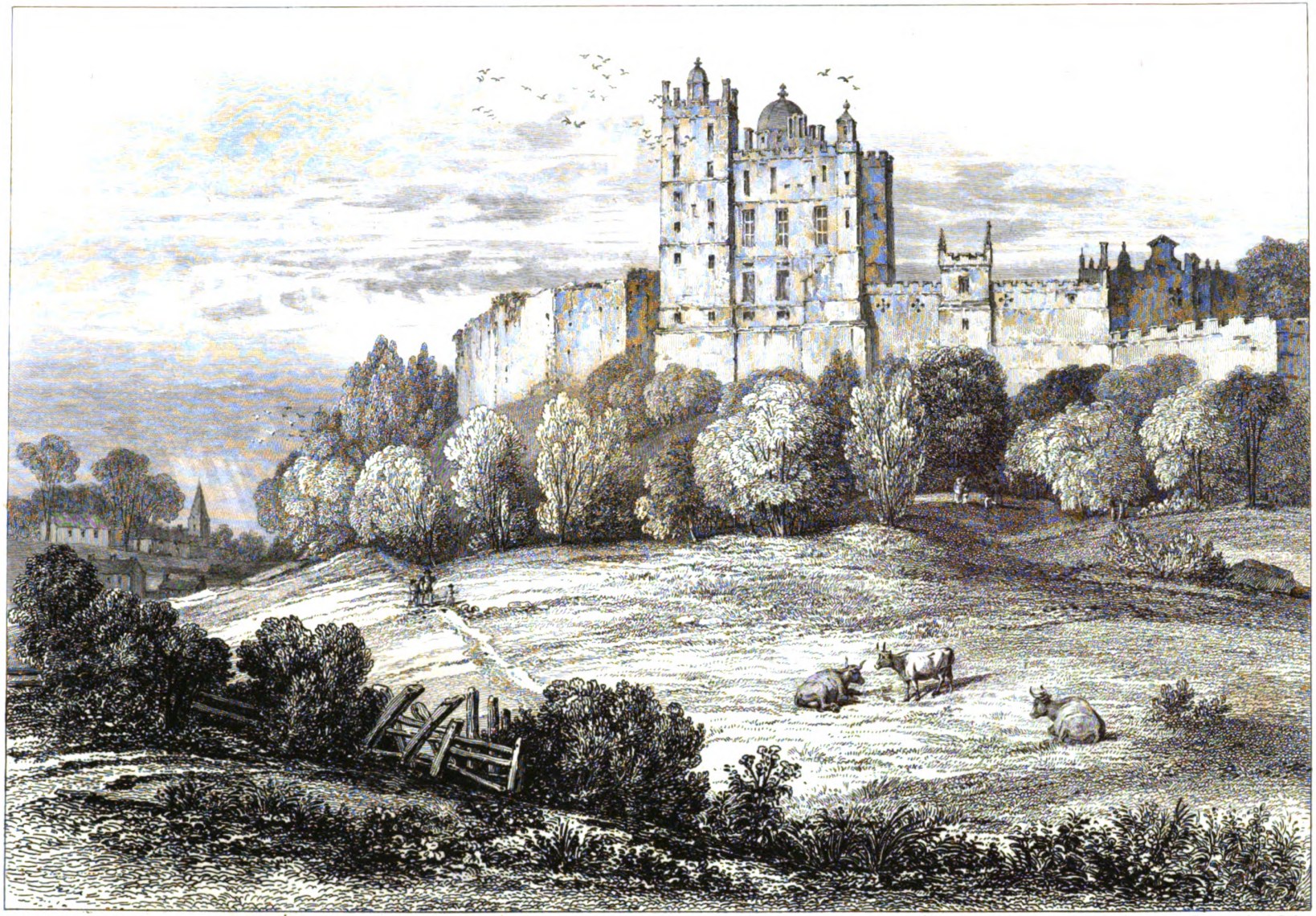
proceeded to explore. This immense fabric, whose walls are now roofless and rent into fissures, was built by William, the first Duke of Newcastle, some time in the course of the reign of the Second Charles; but it is said never to have been entirely finished; yet there are some appearances about it that lead to a different conclusion. The interior walls, that now exhibit nothing but bare stones, have evidently been wainscotted, in conformity to the taste that then prevailed, and the iron hooks on which the huge shutters for the windows hinged, are worn with frequent use; it does not however appear that this immense edifice was ever long inhabited. The doors, the windows, and the different apartments about it, have all been designed on a scale of magnitude beyond what is common in such structures; every thing appears enormous: the principal apartment now remaining is two hundred and twenty feet by twenty-eight, and the whole western part, including the *Little House* at the northern extremity, extends about one hundred and fifty yards.

Huntingdon Smithson, an architect who has been honoured with the notice of Horace Walpole, is understood to have furnished the designs for Bolsover castle, but he did not live to witness its erection. He collected his materials from Italy, where he was sent by the Duke of Newcastle for the purpose. Smithson died at Bolsover in the year 1648, and was buried in the chancel of the church, where there is a poetic inscription to his memory, in which his skill in architecture is a principal feature. Walpole says, that "Many of his drawings were purchased by the late Lord Byron from his descendants, who lived at Bolsover:" hence it appears that he was a man of considerable eminence in his profession. The immense pile of building which his genius contributed to produce, is gradually,

though slowly, wearing away. Trees now grow in some of the apartments, and the ivy creeps along the walls; but there is nothing strikingly picturesque in any part of the structure which is now in ruins. The best view of Bolsover castle is from the road, on the north-east entrance into the town, from a place called Iron Cliff. From the Chesterfield road below, a good view of the whole structure may be obtained, but the almost total want of majestic trees and luxuriant foliage, renders it but an indifferent subject for the pencil.

The terrace, which commences at the northern extremity of Bolsover castle, extends along the whole front of the building; it then sweeps round the southern side of the village, and inclines towards the east. On the right border of this terrace four watch-towers yet remain; they stand on the brow of a natural rocky rampart, that terminates against the ridge of hill along which we had just passed in our walk from Hardwick through Glapwell and Palterton. Where this junction takes place an artificial rampart, with a deep ditch, commences and spans the other half of Bolsover from the south to the north-east.

Bolsover has been the site of a castle from the Norman Conquest to the present time; but of the first fabric of this description not a single vestige now remains. When the Doomsday Survey was made it belonged to William Peveril, Lord of Derbyshire, in whose family it remained for three generations. King John, when Earl of Moreton, became the possessor of Bolsover; but during his contention with Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, it became the property of that prelate. Subsequently it again reverted to



Drawn by F. Chantrey, R.A.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

NORTH WEST VIEW OF BOLSOVER CASTLE.

DERBYSHIRE.

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John, who, "in the eighteenth year of his reign, issued a mandate to Bryan de L'Isle, the then governor of Bolsover, to fortify the castle, and hold it against the rebellious barons; or if he could not make it tenable, to demolish it*." This no doubt was the period when the fortifications, which are yet visible about Bolsover, were established. In the long and tumultuous reign of the third Henry, this castle still retained its consequence. William Earl Ferrars had the government of it for six years: afterwards, it had eleven different governors in twice that term. It is not necessary to trace this place through all its possessors. In the reign of Henry the Eighth it was the property of Thomas Howard, the first Duke of Norfolk. On the attainder of his son this castle escheated to the crown. Shortly afterwards it was granted to Sir John Byron for fifty years. In the reign of James the First, Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, was the owner of Bolsover. In the year 1613, he sold it to Sir Charles Cavendish, whose eldest son William was the first Duke of Newcastle, a personage of great eminence amongst the nobility of his time, and in high favour at court. He was sincerely attached to his royal master Charles the First, whom he entertained at Bolsover castle, on three different occasions, in a style of princely magnificence. On the King's second visit here, where he was accompanied by his Queen, upwards of fifteen thousand pounds were expended. The Duchess of Newcastle, in her Life of the Duke her husband, says, "The Earl employed Ben Jonson in fitting up such scenes and speeches as he could devise; and sent for all the country to come and wait on their Majesties; and, in short, did all that ever he could imagine to ren-

* Dugdale Bar. Vol. I. page 737.

der it great, and worthy of their royal acceptance." It was this nobleman who erected the edifice which is now in ruins. Mr. Bray, in his Tour in Derbyshire, observes, "This place was seized by the Parliament after the Duke went abroad, and was sold, and begun to be pulled down, but was then bought by Sir Charles, the Duke's youngest brother, and so restored to the family.

In our way from Bolsover we took the road to Renishaw, leaving Stavely in the valley on our left: we had now but few observations to make during the remainder of our excursion. We therefore passed rapidly over scenes, which, under other circumstances, might have delayed our steps, and excited admiration. We, however, made a pause at Renishaw, the residence of Sir George Sitwell, and the last delightful spot which attracted our attention amongst the scenery of Derbyshire. Renishaw Hall is situated on a gentle elevation amongst groves of trees, lofty in growth and beautiful in foliage. The park is spacious, and the gardens and the pleasure-grounds are laid out with great taste, and exhibit a very favourable specimen of the present improved style of landscape gardening in England. The scenery that surrounds this elegant mansion, although not of a sublime and elevated character, is full of rural and sylvan beauty.

We were now but a short distance from Sheffield, where we terminated our long and laborious peregrination. Having regained my home, I sat down quietly at my fireside, and took a brief retrospect of the principal scenes I had passed during my various excursions

amongst the hills and dales of Derbyshire. Imagination moved rapidly over East Moor, the boundary line of separation between the coal and limestone districts of the county: Eyam, with its interesting local history, Tideswell, the River Wye, Buxton, and its numerous improvements, Miller's Dale, Monsal Dale, Bakewell, Haddon Hall, Chatsworth, and the River Derwent, were all presented in succession to my view, as beautiful, as brilliant, and as full of change, as the figures in a Kaleidescope: the Lathkill, with its bright transparent stream, Alport, the friendly hospitality of Stanton, the recent loss of a dear friend, and the domestic afflictions there. The pleasurable recollections connected with this place were chequered with emotions of a very different description: the peculiarly kind and friendly attentions of the late Henry Bache Thornhill, Esq. will long have a place amongst my most cherished remembrances. Unworthy should I be of the esteem with which he honoured me while living, if, "while memory holds a seat within my brain," I could either forget him or cease to lament his loss. In the autumn of 1821 he went to France, with the hope that a change of climate might restore the health of a beloved daughter, just blooming into womanhood: his hopes and wishes were alike defeated, and he shortly followed her to the grave. Early in 1822 he returned to England, for a few weeks only, and in June he wrote me an affectionate adieu from Stanton. He was again visiting the country where the mortal remains of his daughter were interred, and from whence he never returned. In a few months after his arrival on the Continent, a severe illness terminated his existence at Tours, in France. These were not the only privations his family were destined to suffer: in the succeeding month of May, his eldest son, a young man about nineteen years of age, of great acquirements, died at his father's house in

Montague-Square, London. This brief but affecting history of domestic calamity is given with a feeling of sorrow, and as a testimony of attachment to the memory of a man whom I shall ever remember with affection: his death has left a chasm in my friendships, but his kindness and character will remain indelibly impressed upon my mind. Peace to his ashes!

From this gloomy subject I once more recurred to the recapitulation of my excursions: my third closed with the romantic and luxuriant scenery of Matlock; my last included a vast extent of country, and a great variety of objects: Norton, the birth-place of Chantrey, Whittington, the Centenary Commemoration of the Revolution there, Chesterfield, the Rainbow-Scene from Stainage, Ashover, the Majestic Ruins of South Winfield, Crich, Via Gellia, the Well-Flowering at Tissington, Ashbourne, Dove Dale, Ilam, Belper, Hardwick, Bolsover, and Renishaw, all came into the review of places I had visited, and the sensations and emotions with which the scenery of these gems in English landscape was beheld, were once more felt and recognized.

In the progress of this work, which I have now brought to a close, I have experienced both trouble and anxiety; it has likewise been attended with gratifications and pleasures of no common order: I have learnt accurately to note the appearances of nature, and to relish her various beauties. In my perambulations in Derbyshire, I have been taught to "look through nature up to nature's God," and, under the canopy of heaven, in the midst of open fields, heathy wastes, and rocks, and mountains, I have felt those sublime and elevated emotions, which neither temples built with hands, nor the crowded assemblies of

men, could excite. " My task is done," and with the exception of what memory may once more call into existence, the pains and pleasures that have attended it are at an end.

" My task is done ; my song hath ceas'd ; my theme
Has died into an echo ;—it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted dream :
The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit
My midnight lamp—and what is writ is writ—
Would it were worthier ! but I am not now
That which I have been—and my visions flit
Less palpably before me—and the glow
Which in my spirit dwells, is fluttering, faint, and low."

LORD BYRON'S *Childe Harold.*

September 1823.

ERRATA.

Page 15, line 16, *for* " Master's," *read* " Master's house."
23, line 1, *for* " conveys," *read* " convey."
80, line 16, *for* " angry," *read* " choleric."
82, line 8, *to* " J. Watts Russell, Esq." *add* " M. P."
93, line 3, *after* " architect," *read* " John Shaw, of Bedford-Square, London."

THE FLORA OF THE PEAK.

To Mr. Wm. Edwards, of the Moravian Academy at Fulneck, I take this opportunity of returning my acknowledgments for the following List of the Peak Plants of Derbyshire. His accurate knowledge of the subject has enabled me to lay before my readers a valuable document. The communication is given with the accompanying letter, in the form in which it was received.

To Mr. E. Rhodes, *the Author of* Peak Scenery.

Dear Sir,

Various necessary engagements have prevented me from sooner completing the subjoined list of Peak plants, remarkable for variety or beauty or other peculiarities. It may still be in time for insertion at the end of your Fourth Part; for its scientific and tabular form would make it appear like a blotch in the midst of your glowing pictures of that delightful region. I am sorry that I have not been able to render the catalogue more worthy of a place in your work: it is principally defective in the ordinary class of plants, to which I never directed much attention, having before gleaned a tolerable collection of them elsewhere. This particularly refers to the grasses, mosses, sedges, and willows; in which classes, I believe, the Flora of the Peak does not possess any great richness. Whatever plants I have not myself seen, I have referred to their proper authorities, either in Pilkington's History of Derbyshire, or Smith's Flora Britannica. If this trifling contribution can in any degree repay the pleasure which I have derived from your labours, I shall think myself extremely happy.—With compliments to your family,

I am, very respectfully, your's,

W. Edwards.

Fulneck, Feb. 24, 1820.

DIANDRIA.

Ligustrum vulgare; Privet.
Fraxinus excelsior; common Ash: abundant on limestone rocks.
Circæa alpina B. *Smith's Fl. Brit.* A variety of the Alpine Enchanter's Nightshade: Lover's Walk, Matlock Bath.

TRIANDRIA.

Eriophorum vaginatum; single-headed Cotton-grass: East-moor.
- - - - - - - - angustifolium; common ditto: Dove Dale, and turfy bogs.

TETRANDRIA.

Dipsacus pilosus; small Teasel: Matlock Bath.—*Sm.*
Scabiosa columbaria; fine-leaved Scabious: Heights of Dove Dale.
Galium pusillum; least Mountain Bed-straw: Matlock Bath, in plenty.
Cornus sanguinea; wild Cornel-tree.

PENTANDRIA.

Lithospermum officinale; common Gromwell: frequent.
Cynoglossum officinale; Hound's-tongue: Ashover, Matlock.—*Pilk.*
Primula vulgaris; common Primrose.
- - - - - - elatior; Oxlip.
- - - - - - veris; Cowslip.
Lysimachia nummularia; creeping Loosestrife: moist shady places.
Convolvolus sepium; great Bindweed.
Polemonium cœruleum; Greek Valerian, or Jacob's Ladder: Lover's Leap, Buxton; limestone cliffs near Bakewell. Its colour greatly exceeds that of the cultivated plant in brilliancy.
Viola lutea; yellow Violet: near Middleton, as plentiful as kingcups, in the meadows.
Campanula latifolia; giant Bell-flower.
- - - - - - - - trachelium; Throatwort.
Verbascum thapsus; great Mullein.
Atropa belladonna; deadly Nightshade.—*Pilk.*
Rhamnus catharticus; Buckthorn.
Euonymus europæus; Spindle-tree: Matlock.
Gentiana amarella; autumnal Gentian: high pastures at Matlock Bath.
Conium Maculatum; Hemlock.
Parnassia palustris; grass of Parnassus: Matlock, Buxton: a beautiful floweret.
Linum catharticum; purging Flax.
Drosera rotundifolia; round-leaved Sun-dew.

HEXANDRIA.

Allium vineale; crow Garlic: plentiful at Matlock Bath.
Ornithogalum luteum; yellow Star of Bethlehem: near Derby. Mr. Whately.—*Sm.*
Scilla nutans; wild Hyacinth.
Convallaria majalis; Lily of the Valley: Via Gellia, Dove Dale, in abundance.
Colchicum autumnale; meadow Saffron.
Alisma plantago; great Water-plantain.

OCTANDRIA.

Vaccinium myrtillus; Bilberry.
- - - - - - - vitis idæa; Whortle-berry.
- - - - - - - oxycoccus; Cranberry.
Erica vulgaris; common Heath.
- - - - tetralix; cross-leaved ditto.
- - - - cinerea; fine-leaved ditto.
Daphne Mezereum; Mezereon: Matlock.—*Pilk.*
- - - - - - laureola; spurge Laurel.
Adoxa moschatellina; tuberous Moschatel.
Paris quadrifolia; herb Paris.

DECANDRIA.

Saxifraga cæspitosa; tufted Saxifrage: Castleton.—*Pilk.*
- - - - - - tridactylites; rue-leaved ditto: Buxton.
- - - - - - hypnoides; mossy ditto: Castleton, Dove Dale.
- - - - - - granulata; white ditto: limestone hills.
Dianthus arenarius; pheasant's-eye Pink: Edensor.—*Pilk.*
- - - - - - deltoides; maiden Pink: Bakewell hills.—*Pilk.*
Silene nutans; Nottingham Catchfly: Dove Dale.
Arenaria verna; mountain Sandwort: near the mouths of mines at Matlock.
- - - - - - - saxatilis; rock ditto: Middleton Dale.—*Pilk.*
- - - - - - - laricifolia; larch-leaved ditto: Middleton Dale.—*Pilk.*

ICOSANDRIA.

Pyrus domestica; true Service-tree.
- - - - aucuparia; mountain Ash.
- - - - aria; white Beam-tree: fissures of rocks, Matlock.—*Pilk.*
Rosa spinosissima; Burnet Rose.
- - - - villosa; apple ditto: Dove Dale.
Rubus Chamæmorus; mountain Bramble or Cloudberry: Kinderscout. *Pilk.*—Axedge: A. B. Lambert, Esq.—*Sm.*
Rubus saxatalis; stone Bramble or Cloudberry: hills opposite Matlock Bath.—*Pilk.*

POLYANDRIA.

Chelidonium majus; greater Celandine: Matlock.
Nymphæa lutea; yellow Water-lily.
- - - - - - alba; white ditto.

Cistus Helianthemum; dwarf Cistus: Matlock, &c. common.
Aquilegia vulgaris; common Columbine: ditto.
Thalictrum minus; lesser Meadow Rue: Castleton.
- - - - - - - - flavum; common ditto.
Helleborus viridis; green Hellebore: Matlock.—*Pilk.*
Caltha palustris; marsh Marigold.

DIDYNAMIA.

Ajuga alpina; Alpine Bugle: summit of a mountain near Castleton. Mr. D. Turner.—*Sm.*
Mentha piperita, var. *a.*; Peppermint: in a rivulet in Bonsal Dale, near Matlock.—*Sm.*
Clinopodium vulgare; wild Basil.
Origanum vulgare; Marjorum.
Thymus serpyllum; wild Thyme.
- - - - - - acinos; Basil ditto: Dove Dale.
Digitalis purpurea; purple and white Foxglove.

TETRADYNAMIA.

Thlaspi alpestre; Alpine Shepherd's Purse: on limestone rocks, and about the lead mines, Matlock Bath.—*Sm.*
Cardamine impatiens; impatient Lady's Smock: Matlock Bath, abundant in the woods.
Erysimum cheiranthoides; treacle hedge Mustard: near Ashbourne.—*Sm.*
Turritis hirsuta; hairy tower Mustard: Masson Hill.
- - - - - - glabra; smooth ditto.—*Sm.*

MONADELPHIA.

Geranium lucidum; shining Crane's-bill: Matlock Bath.
- - - - - - - sanguineum; bloody ditto: rocks opposite Haddon Hall.

DIADELPHIA.

Fumaria lutea; yellow Fumitory: old walls near Castleton.—*Sm.*
Spartium scoparium; Broom.
Ulex nanus; dwarf Furze: Dove Dale.
Ononis arvensis; Restharrow.
Anthyllis vulneraria; Lady's Finger: common on limestone.
Vicia sylvatica; wood Vetch; Abraham's Heights, Matlock.

SYNGENESIA.

Carduus nutans; musk Thistle: common.
Cnicus eriophorus; woolly-headed ditto: Matlock Bath.
Eupatorium cannabinum; hemp Agremony: Matlock, &c.
Tanacetum vulgare; common Tansy.
Conyza squarrosa; Plowman's Spikenard: High Tor.
Tussilago farfara; Colt's-foot.
- - - - - - - petasites; Butter-beer.
Inula dysenterica; Fleabane.

GYNANDRIA.

Orchis bifolia; butterfly Orchis.
- - - - - pyramidalis; pyramidal ditto.
- - - - - ustulata; dwarf ditto.
- - - - - conopsea; aromatic ditto.
- - - - - militaris; man ditto.
Ophrys apifera; bee Ophrys: Abraham's Heights.
- - - - - muscifera; fly ditto: ditto.
- - - - - cordata; heart-leaved ditto: Peak Forest. *Sm.*
- - - - - ovata; Twayblade.

MONŒCIA.

Poterium sanguisorba; Burnet.
Fagus sylvatica; Beech-tree.

DIŒCIA.

Empetrum nigrum; black Crow-berry: Peak Forest.
Juniperus communis; Juniper.
Taxus baccata; Yew-tree.

CRYPTOGAMIA.

Lycopodium clavatum; common Club-moss: Bogs on East Moor.
- - - - - - - - selago; fir ditto: ditto.
Polypodium calcareum; rigid three-branched Polypody: Woods opposite the New Bath, Matlock.
Aspidium aculeatum; prickly shield Fern.
- - - - - - dilatatum; great-crested ditto.
Asplenium trichomanes; maiden-hair Spleenwort: old walls, Matlock, &c.
- - - - - - - ruta muraria; wall Rue ditto: ditto.
Scolopendrium vulgare; Hart's-tongue.
Blechnum boreale; rough Spleenwort.
Cyathea fragilis; brittle cup Fern: Matlock.
Sphagnum latifolium; broad-leaved Bog-moss.
Trichostomum fontinaloides, B.; river Fringe-moss: in the river at Matlock Bath.—*Sm.*
Hypnum Teesdalii; Teesdalian Feather-moss: in woods on the south-east side of the river at Matlock Bath. Mr. Teesdale.—*Sm.*
- - - - - - proliferum; opaque proliferous Feather-moss: Matlock.
Hypnum recognitum; lesser opaque Feather-moss: Matlock.—*Sm.*
Bryum nutans; silky pendulous Thread-moss: Cromford Moor.—*Sm.*
Jungermannia pulcherrima cochleariforme: near Hathersage.

PEAK ARCHERY.

SINCE the last page of these Excursions was written and in the press, the Derbyshire Peak Archery Meeting has been held at Chatsworth, and numerously and brilliantly attended. This society of Bowmen originated with the Duke of Devonshire, who is its head and patron. This distinguished nobleman lives in a style of princely magnificence. Wherever he is—whether at his beautiful paladian villa, on the borders of the Thames at Chiswick—at Devonshire House, in Piccadilly—or at his Palace of the Peak, at Chatsworth—the gaieties and the elegancies of life are there also. Wherever he moves, a thousand fashionable satellites attend upon him; and at the Derbyshire Bow Meeting his accustomed influence brought around his person both the noble and the lowly born—from those who rode in carriages, blazoned with coronets or armorial bearings, to the humble pedestrian, who, for many a weary mile, had plodded it on foot across the heathy moors that surround his mansion. The day was delightful; and a fine day, in such a climate as ours, is a wonderful exhilirator of the animal spirits. When the air is chill, or humid, and the sky covered with clouds, the gloom that prevails without not unfrequently throws a shadow over the sunshine of the heart, and saddens the feelings; but the day on which the archers of the Peak were assembled was one of the finest of the year; and the rains, which had fallen in copious showers at intervals for six or eight weeks preceding, had given an uncommon freshness to the verdure of the park. The foliage of the trees had recovered from the shrivelled state in which it had been left by the blights and unseasonable frosts, that had not only lingered about departing winter, and "chilled the lap of May," but had actually trespassed upon the brighter months of summer. The lime-trees in Chatsworth Park are some of the finest in the county, and their white blossoms sparkled amongst the green leaves as the light of a clear summer sun shone full upon them. The eye was delighted with the delicate colouring and pensile filaments of the blossoms of the lime, which filled the air with fragrance, and breathed a delicious odour far around them. On a rising ground, under the shade of these majestic trees, the company that had visited Chatsworth to witness the skill of the Peak Archers, were assembled. The plain below was occupied by the tar-

gets,—the rival Bowmen, and the personal friends of the Duke of Devonshire, who were seated in groups, or parading the grounds in parties—giving life and splendour to a scene as gay and brilliant as fashion, rank, and beauty, could possibly make it. The Archers were habited in green dresses, lined with purple: the ladies wore small white hats, ornamented with dark green pendant feathers. The gentlemen had drap-coloured beavers, with black and green feathers intermixed. The costume in which the whole of the Archers were dressed was simple, picturesque, and elegant, and admirably adapted for an advantageous display of both form and feature.

From fifty to sixty ladies and gentlemen entered the lists as competitors for the prize, and a band of music intimated the commencement of the sports of the day. The Duke of Devonshire, who was attended by a page, had the honour of drawing the first bow-string, and he early placed an arrow on the outer verge of the target. But it was reserved for a lady to bear away the prize; with an aim as unerring as the "blind boy's but-shaft," she hit the bull's-eye in the centre: her success was announced by a signal from the provost or superintendant of the target, and the pealing in of a loud strain of music communicated her triumph to the assembled multitude of spectators. Mrs. Jedediah Strutt was the fair victor on this occasion, and shortly afterwards an arrow from Miss Bateman's bow, penetrated the inner circle of the target. At the termination of the contest, the two gold medals were adjudged to Mrs. J. Strutt and Col. Clowes. When this victory was decided, two sets of bows and arrows, in addition to the usual prizes, were given by Mrs. Mundy, the lady paramount of the field,—and Sir Charles Colville, the president. In the contest for these prizes Miss Bateman was again successful, and W. Mundy, Esq. won the gentlemen's bow and arrows: the ladies, indeed, were the best *marks*-MEN; they directed their shafts with greater certainty than the men, and more frequently hit the target.

As the different candidates took their places in succession on the ground, I watched the fixing of the arrow on the string,—saw the bow gradually drawn to its extreme tension,—heard the twang of the winged messenger as it departed,—tracked its progress through the air, and saw it strike or miss the target with an interest far beyond what I had imagined could have been excited by such an exhibition. Some of the arrows trembled and wavered in their progress; others, driven by a more determined and a firmer hand, passed steadily and swiftly to the mark: but the archers of the Peak are new to the

sport; and probably some years of practice will pass away before they will be sufficiently expert either to "notch" each others shafts when on the target, or split a willow wand at a hundred paces distant, with the skill and adroitness of Locksley, the brave bowman of Ivanhoe.

The scene altogether was novel and pictorial in effect; gratifying to the eye by its peculiar and characteristic beauty, and interesting to the mind from the associations it created: the ballad history of Robin Hood, which was the delight and wonder of my boyhood, and the achievements of his faithful associates, were once more revived and recollected. In advanced life, when the space between youth and age is a division of fearful length, our early impressions seen through the vista of departed years, become more powerfully interesting as they are farthest removed: we love to dwell upon scenes and circumstances which delighted us when life and all its enjoyments were new, and threw a charm over our earlier years. A pensive feeling that lingers about half-forgotten remembrances, was connected with the animated picture in Chatsworth Park: although far more refined, elegant, and imposing, than the archery of Nottingham and Sherwood Forest, it was still a scene of archery; and the females who were mingled with it, adorned it with beauty, and made it lovely to behold. When drawing the arrow to the head, they were graceful in figure as the statue of Diana; and the anxious feeling with which they marked its flight through the trackless air to its destination, gave additional lustre to the eye, and to the whole countenance a more animated and interesting expression. An artist was upon the grounds studying the scenery of Chatsworth, and storing his mind and his sketch-book with the brilliant picture which the park presented: but only a TURNER could do justice to such a subject: *he* dips his pencil in light itself, and every thing it touches glows and sparkles with sunshine; his colours are as ethereal, as beautiful, and as transparent as the rainbow: *he* could impart to such a scene its peculiar splendour, people it with groups of living figures,—give grace to their motions and animation to their features; *he* could cloathe the hills and woods that surround this lovely spot with the majesty of nature, and the glittering play of the waters of the fountains amongst the branches of the trees would be but sport for his pencil. Turner, at Chatsworth, on this bright and busy day, might have produced a successful rival to his own celebrated picture of Richmond Hill.

During the hours of shooting, the Duke of Devonshire's Russian carriage was upon the ground, and the singularity of its construction, together with

the long-bearded Russ coachman, and the beauty, spirit, and prancing of the horses, attracted general attention. At the close of the Archery, the Duke seated himself in this curiously-fashioned vehicle, and passed along the park, through a crowd of spectators, with astonishing rapidity. The horses appeared to be as wild as the untamed colts of Arabia; they were, nevertheless, as manageable and as docile as any road-horse could possibly have been. From the park, the Duke and his friends retired to an out-building, which had been fitted up for the occasion, at Edensor. A company of about one hundred and seventy sat down to dinner. A ball succeeded, and thus ended the Peak Archery Meeting of 1823, in Chatsworth Park.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE Author of these Excursions having now accomplished his original intention, and brought his labours to a close, bids adieu to his readers, with a few words at parting. During the progress of this protracted work, he has found the public his most liberal patrons. To one individual only, besides his engraver and his draftsman, is he under any extraordinary obligation, and that individual is now no more. While living he promoted the interests of this publication by his communications, his suggestions, and exertions. In some instances the writer has been disappointed: he has solicited information from those whom he thought competent to give it, and his letters have been too often unnoticed. With this last part of his work, he presents to the public a very respectable list of subscribers; but, with the exception above alluded to, he is not aware that he is indebted to any individual whatever for any name besides his own. His townsmen, and those who reside near him, appear to have felt a more lively interest in this work even than the inhabitants of the county the scenery and local history of which it has been his object to explore. It was his intention, originally, to produce a work nearly unique in the beauty of its decorations, elegant in its typography, interesting in matter, and worthy of the patronage of the county it professes to illustrate. To Derbyshire he is under many obligations, to his townsmen more, and he returns them his sincere thanks for their support, with a satisfied feeling, that the last part of his PEAK SCENERY will not be found inferior to the first.

September 1823.

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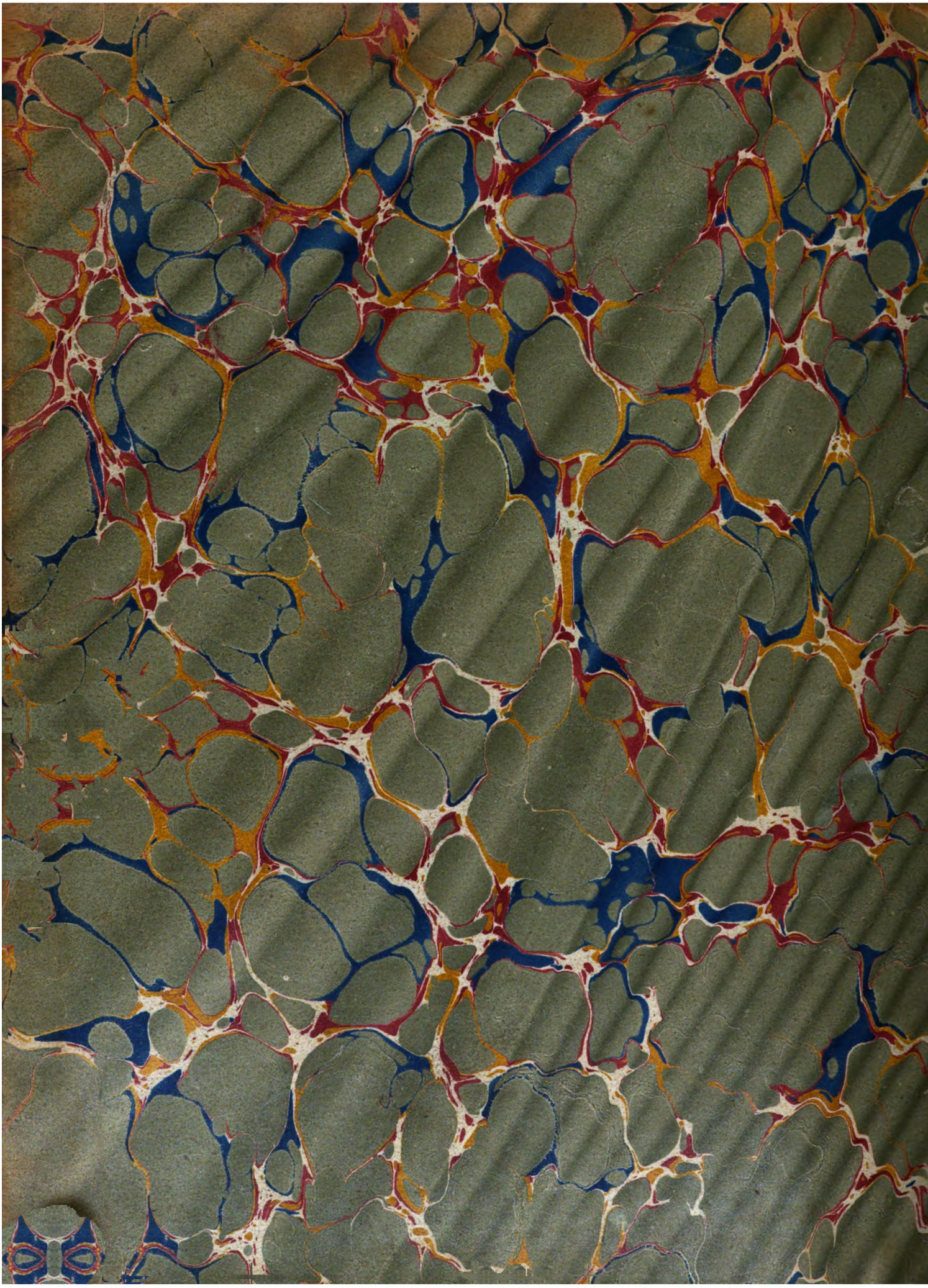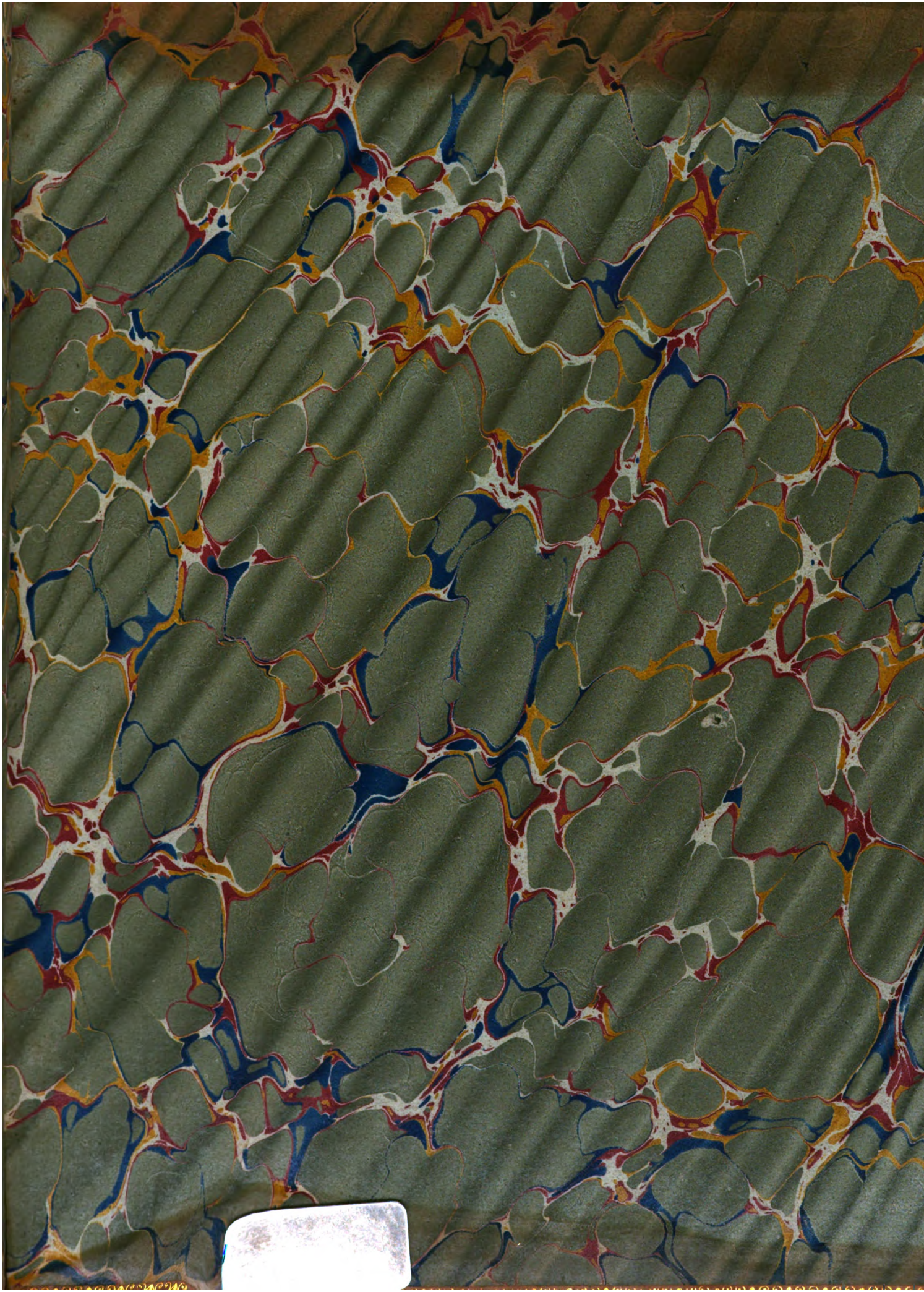
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