BYGONE DERBYSHIRE

WILLIAM ANDREWS F.R.H.S.

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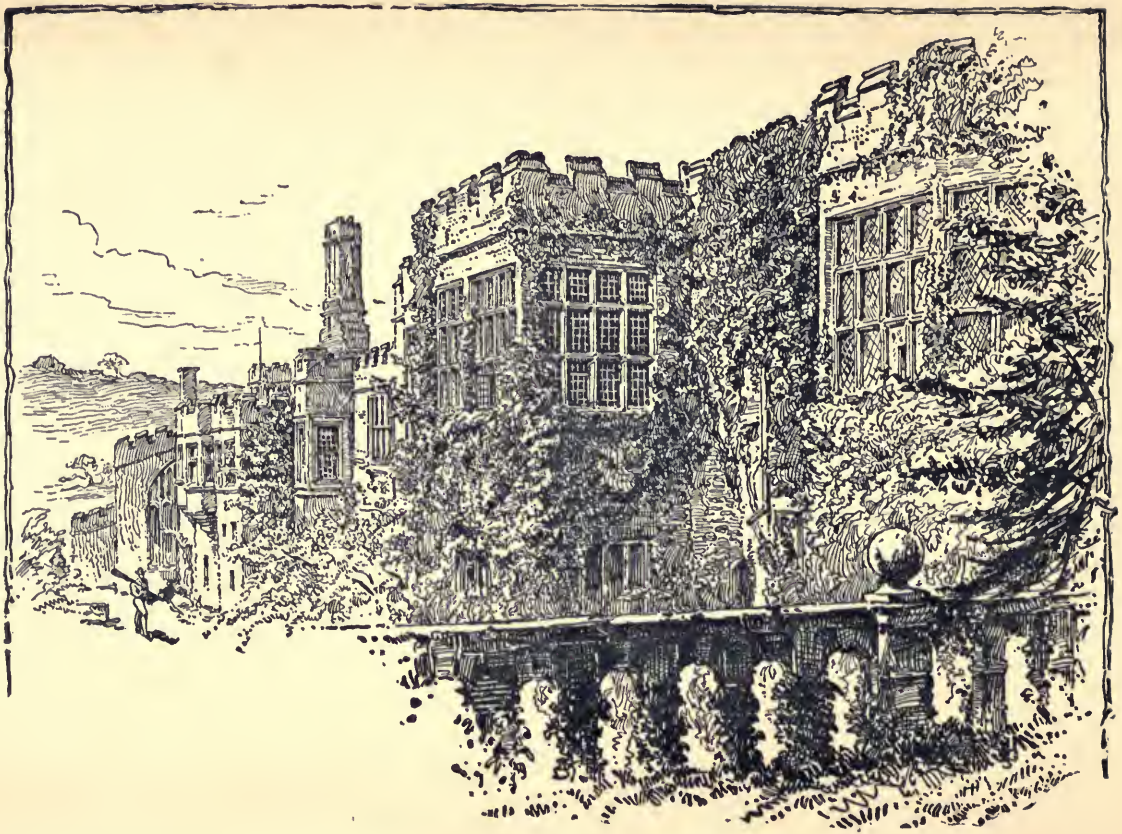

HADDON HALL.

BYGONE DERBYSHIRE.

EDITED BY

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"OLD CHURCH LORE," "CURIOSITIES OF THE CHURCH,"
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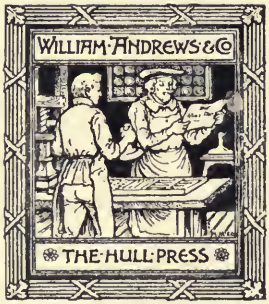
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Preface.

THE editing of this volume has been a labour of love, recalling happy memories of the past. It is more than twenty-five years since I resided in Derbyshire, and made myself familiar with its historic byways and highways. I have continued my studies of its old-time lore since I left the county, never missing an opportunity of obtaining a local work, and making a note of matters I deemed of interest and importance. In the following pages will be found the result of some of my gleanings.

In conclusion, I desire to tender my thanks to my contributors for assisting me to produce a book which I hope will not be regarded as an unwelcome addition to the literature of Derbyshire.

WILLIAM ANDREWS.

HULL LITERARY CLUB,
June 10th, 1892.

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BYGONE DERBYSHIRE.

Historic Derbyshire.

By Thomas Frost.

THE earliest records of the county of Derby have to be gathered from writers of the period of the Roman occupation, and they are exceedingly scanty. When the Roman emperors formed the central portion of England into the province of Flavia Cæsariensis, Derbyshire was inhabited by a tribe called the Coritani, who also occupied the counties of Notts, Leicester, Lincoln, Rutland, and Northampton. The county was then very thinly populated, and remained so for several centuries. The towns, or rather villages, were few and far apart. Lead mines were worked, however, and pigs of the metal have been found in the neighbourhood of Matlock, one bearing the inscription, "Socio Romæ" ("To my partner at Rome.") One of these is

now in the British Museum. Roman coins have been found near Chesterfield, and at Alfreton, Crich, Pleasley, and Burton Wood, near Ashbourne ; and an altar was, in the last century, dug up in the grounds of Haddon Hall, near Bakewell, with the imperfect inscription, "Deo Marti brasiacæ ositius Cæcilian pref. . . . J. Aquitano, V.S."

One of the excellent roads made by the Romans entered the county from the south, and antiquaries have found traces of it at Egginton ; but it is now almost entirely obliterated by the present road, which it follows to Littleover, near Derby, there diverging in the direction of that town, and being continued over Nun's Green to Little Chester. Glover, in his history of the county, notes that in 1829, traces of this road still existed near Breadsall, and on Morley Moor, a hundred yards eastward of Brackley-gate. It could also be traced close to Horsley Park, whence it was continued through the fields, crossing the road from Wirksworth to Nottingham, to a bye-road leading from Heage to Ripley. Vestiges of its course were also discoverable near Pakerthorpe, along the road to Clay Cross ; but no traces of it could be found beyond Egstow.

There was another Roman road from Brough to Braxton, which could be traced on the Brough side of Bathom Edge, and thence to a stone wall dividing the Bradwell and Tideswell Moors, "sweeping," says Whittaker, "in a long straight streak of vivid green over the purple surface of the heath." A third road of the Roman period entered the county from Cheshire, and joined that just described; while traces of a fourth, from Buxton to Ashbourne, were formerly visible on Brassington Moor. Penny Long Lane is also believed to have been a Roman road, entering the county on the Staffordshire side. It seems to have crossed the Dove a little below Rocester, and the road from Ashbourne to Derby between the second and third mile-stones, from which spot it was continued to Little Chester, where traces of Roman buildings were found by Stukely, in 1721.

When the tide of Anglo-Saxon conquest rolled over the country, Derbyshire and the adjoining counties were formed into the Kingdom of Mercia, the largest and most powerful of the seven petty monarchies known as the Saxon Heptarchy. The county was still sparsely inhabited, there being, according to Bede, only seven thousand families

in Derbyshire and Notts. It was the scene of many internecine wars before the seven kingdoms were united under Egbert. Repton appears to have been the Mercian capital, and several of the kings were buried in the abbey church there, including Ethelbald, killed in battle with the West Saxons, in 753, at Sekinton, in Warwickshire, and Withlaffe, who died there shortly after the final defeat of the Mercians by Egbert. The abbey was demolished by the Danes in one of their irruptions, during the reign of Alfred. The invaders were allowed to hold that part of the county on the condition of acknowledging Alfred as king. But in 912, in the reign of Edward the Elder, they rebelled, threw off their allegiance, and invited the Welsh to aid them in maintaining that position. The invaders were defeated, however, and took refuge in Derby, then a very small town, though, according to Camden, it existed in the time of the Roman occupation, when it was called Derventio. Edward's sister, the widowed Countess of Mercia, marched against the town, and took it by assault. The Welsh Prince was killed, the Danish leader fled northward, and the castle was entirely destroyed. This fortress, of which no trace now remains, appears to have been

situated in what was then the south-eastern quarter of the town, and has given its name to one of the municipal divisions of the borough.

Under the Saxon kings, Derby had the privilege of a mint, and coins struck there in the reigns of Athelstan and Edgar have at various times been discovered. Yet there were only one hundred and forty-three burgesses in the town in the reign of Edward the Confessor, and this number had diminished to one hundred when the Domesday Book was compiled. We learn from that record of the Conqueror's survey that these were under an obligation to pay to the King twelve thraves of corn annually on the feast of St. Martin. The county was thriving as badly at this time as its principal towns, and the abortive revolts of the Derbyshire men against the Norman rule were not conducive to its prosperity. The possessions of most of the landowners became forfeited to the King, and were conferred by him upon the nobles and knights who had followed him from Normandy. Twenty Derbyshire manors rewarded his illegitimate son, William de Peveril, who wielded almost as much power in the county as the Earls of Mercia had done under the old order of things. Twenty

manors were given to Ralph Fitzherbert, and one hundred and twelve others, with the town of Derby, were reserved by William for himself.

Few events of importance occurred during the century following the Norman conquest. Henry I. bestowed upon Derby its first charter, and from this circumstance it may be inferred that the town was then growing and prospering more than it had done during the three preceding reigns. The county did not, however, pass unscathed through the turmoil and strife of the civil wars which, at a later period, arose out of the resolve of the barons to curb the arbitrary power of the monarchs of the Plantagenet dynasty. When Henry III. threw off the restraints which had been imposed upon the Crown by the Great Charter of the preceding reign, and the nobles resorted to the arbitration of the sword in defence of their rights, Robert Ferrers, Earl of Derby, joined the baronial league. Prince Henry, a nephew of the King, marched into Derbyshire at the head of a large force of foreign mercenaries, and devastated the estates of all the opponents of absolutism in the southern portion of the county. After destroying Tutbury Castle, which belonged to the Earl of Derby, he marched across the lower

ridges of the Peak district, in order to intercept Baron D'Ayville, who had hastened from Yorkshire to support Ferrers, and had reached Dronfield. The Earl, who appears to have suffered a reverse at the outset, had, in the meantime rallied his followers at Duffield, levied contributions from Derby and other places in that neighbourhood, and marched in the same direction. His forces experienced some difficulty in crossing the river Amber, which was then much swollen, but he succeeded in effecting a junction with D'Ayville at Chesterfield.

Prince Henry was there before the Earl, however, and had fallen with fury upon the Yorkshire insurgents, who, upon seeing their leader thrown from his horse, immediately retreated. Ferrers entered Chesterfield with his troops exhausted by their forced march over the hills, and was attacked the same night by Prince Henry, whose followers, after burning some houses, forced their way into the town. A fierce conflict ensued in the market-place and the adjacent streets, and Ferrers, seeing his men overpowered and driven back, took refuge, with a few of his followers, in the church. Escape being impracticable, he at length surrendered, and was sent under escort to

Windsor. His estates were confiscated to the Crown, and conferred, with the earldom of Derby, upon Prince Edmund, the King's second son. He remained three years in prison, and eventually, through the intercession of influential friends, obtained the restitution of his estate at Holbrook, a small portion only of his former extensive possessions.

After the intestinal divisions and commotions of this period, the course of events in this county flowed smoothly on for many generations, so far as affairs of historical importance are concerned. During the troublous reign of Edward II., the royal and baronial forces marched through the neighbouring counties, but Derbyshire escaped the scourge of war that time, and was equally fortunate during the disturbed period when the country was harassed by the contentions of the descendents of Edward III. The religious persecutions which followed in the wake of the Reformation also passed lightly over this favoured county, the only victim whose name and fate have been recorded being a blind ropemaker of Derby, named Wast, who, being accused of heresy before Dr. Bane, then Bishop of Lichfield, and con-

demned to the stake, suffered at a place called Windmill Pit, near his native town.

Derby comes more prominently under the notice of the historian towards the middle of the seventeenth century. In 1641, that wrong-headed and unfortunate monarch, Charles I., passed through the town on his way northward, and paused there to raise Sir Francis Rodes, of Barlborough, and Sir John Curzon, of Kedleston, from the rank of knighthood to that of baronetcy. On the outbreak of civil war in the following year, he was again in Derby, passing through the town on his way to Shrewsbury, and stopping to borrow three hundred pounds from the Corporation, and as many arms and implements of war as could be found. Most of the burgesses and the gentry of the county were loyal, and their loyalty entailed the natural result of drawing upon them the attention of the Constitutional party in an unpleasant manner. Shortly after the visit of the King, Sir John Gell was commissioned by the Earl of Essex to raise a regiment in Derbyshire for the Parliament, and he came to Derby for that purpose, which he seems to have effected without the difficulty which might have been anticipated from the recent attitude of the

burgesses and the gentry of the neighbourhood.

In 1643, Sir Thomas Fairfax entered the town with a troop of Parliamentarian cavalry, and remained there three days, his object being to detach a portion of Sir John Gell's infantry for service in Yorkshire. There were, however, at that time Royalist forces at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Tutbury, and Lichfield, the commanders of which were awaiting an opportunity to attack Derby, from which, therefore, none of the defending force could be spared. Sir John Gell placed at the disposal of his brother officer the Winfield, Wingerworth, and Chatsworth companies of the Derbyshire regiment, however, and with these and his cavalry Fairfax proceeded to Chesterfield, and from there marched into Yorkshire. In the following year, the Marquis of Newcastle crossed the northern parts of the county into Cheshire, and incited the Royalists there to attack Derby, which barred the progress of the King's forces in every direction. The blow that had been so long suspended was at length struck, but without any advantage to the cause of the King. The Royalists were defeated at Tissington, and forced to retire; and the battle of Naseby, which

was fought soon afterwards, gave the death-blow to the monarch's fortunes.

Derby displayed another flash of loyalty to the cause of the monarchy and the Stuart dynasty in 1659, when the unstable government of Richard Cromwell had fallen, and the constitution hung in suspense between the House of Commons and the army. The tendency to a reaction of the public mind against the stern measures of the Puritans for the suppression of every form of amusement disposed a large section of the population to listen with interest and approval to the rumours which from time to time reached the town of movements for the restoration of the late royal family, and the effervescence thus produced increased until it reached the explosive point. A tumultuous demonstration was made in the market-place at Derby, and threatened to become so formidable that General Lambert, who commanded in the district, sent a force of 250 dragoons, under Major Groves, to suppress it. Bloodshed for a time seemed probable, but the country was so well known to the leading men of all parties to be in a state of transition that no one was disposed to push matters to an extremity. Colonel Sanders, who held a position of consider-

able influence in the town, prevailed upon the disturbers of the peace to withdraw to Nuns Green, and time was thus gained for reflection upon the unwisdom of precipitancy. On the following day, a troop of cavalry arrived from Uttoxeter, and by that time the would-be insurgents were prepared to return to their homes, and there await the issue of events.

As might have been expected from the character of the Stuarts, of which the nation had had dire experience in the past, the placing of Charles II. on the throne from which his father had been deposed was not attended with the good results that had been so fondly anticipated when the men of Derby shouted for him in the market-place. That generation had not passed away when they were as willing to be rid of the Stuarts once for all as they had then been to welcome them. The Prince of Orange had not landed on the shore of his future kingdom when the Earl of Devonshire—soon to become a duke—entered Derby at the head of 500 men, and declared against James and in favour of his Dutch son-in-law. The burgesses acted with exceeding caution on this occasion. They were unwilling to compromise themselves until they were sure that there

was no danger in doing so. They received the Earl's manifesto coldly, and even when Devonshire was joined by a Dutch regiment, the mayor was afraid to billet the foreigners. The situation was becoming awkward, when a courageous constable named Cooke took upon himself the responsibility of the necessary measures for the accommodation of this addition to the military force in the town.

The Earl of Devonshire had his reward for his bold support of the Revolution on this occasion when, in 1694, he was raised by William III. to the highest rank in the peerage. He was descended from the Gernon family of the eastern counties, a younger branch of which settled at Cavendish, in Suffolk, and took their name from that place. Sir William Cavendish, of this family, acquired possession of large estates in Derbyshire and other counties, and commenced the building of the noble mansion at Chatsworth, near Bakewell, which has long been one of the most notable show-houses in the kingdom. Dying while the work was in progress, it was completed by his widow, who subsequently became the wife of the Earl of Salisbury.

The people of Derbyshire accepted the

Revolution with tolerable equanimity when it was found to be inevitable, but their sympathies continued to be more generally with the Tory and High Church party than with the Whigs and religious toleration. The prosecution of Dr. Sacheverel aroused a most violent excitement, and the news of the unexpectedly mild sentence that was passed upon that hot-headed divine was received in Derby with the most extravagant demonstrations of triumphant rejoicing. Bonfires were lighted, the bells of the churches rang jubilant peals, and more congratulations could not have been exchanged if the most vital principles of Christianity had been at stake. The memory of the event is still preserved in the name of one of the streets of Derby.

Derby was at this time in a commercially prosperous condition. The silk manufacture had been introduced in 1702, but had made little progress, owing to the imperfection of the machinery employed. The failure prompted Thomas Lombe, an enterprising member of the trade, to go to Italy, and there study the jealously-guarded secrets of the manufacturers of that country. He obtained employment in a silk-mill there, and by the exercise of great caution and perseverance,

succeeded in learning all that he desired to know. Returning to England in 1717, after a residence of two years in Italy, he built a silk-mill at Derby, on a small island in the river Derwent, and there carried on the business of silk-throwing with great success until 1722, when he was poisoned by an Italian woman, at the instigation of some of her compatriots, rivals of Lombe, whose success they regarded with envy and resentment. The business continued to be carried on by Lombe's brother for some years, and on his death passed into other hands. Silk-throwing was for more than a century the chief industry of Derby, but, in common with the silk manufactures of this country generally, it declined with the removal of the duty on foreign silks, and Lombe's mill, after a long period of disuse, is now (December, 1891) about to be demolished.

Though the Tory and High Church party were in the ascendant in Derbyshire during the reigns of Anne and the first and second Georges, and the leaders of that party regarded with sympathy the claims of the Stuart family, in favour of which some of them were secretly intriguing, the Jacobite rebellion of 1745 created great excitement and dismay when it became known that

Charles Edward, with an army composed chiefly of Highlanders, was advancing from Manchester, and intended to march through the county on his way to Birmingham and London. This had not been his original intention, but on reaching Congleton, he learned that the Duke of Cumberland, with an army composed largely of veterans who had seen service on the continent, was advancing northward with long strides, he diverged from his intended line of march, and pushed across to Ashbourne, where he remained a few days, staying at Ashbourne Hall.

In the meantime, a public meeting was held at the George Inn, Derby, to concert measures for the defence of the town, at which the dreaded Highlanders, who were regarded as little better than savages, were shortly to be expected. Another gathering was held at the King's Head Inn, which occupied in those days the site on which the St. James's Hotel now stands, and at this it was determined to raise two regiments for the defence of the town, the command of these hasty levies being given to the Marquis of Hartington and Sir Nathaniel Curzon. The alarm which prevailed showed that the inhabitants had little confidence in the ability of these imperfectly

armed and wholly untrained forces to withstand the attack of the invaders, who were not long in reaching Derby from Ashbourne, and, having arrived, entered the town without encountering any resistance. The advanced guard was pushed on to Swarkestone Bridge, and scouts rode on to Melbourne to ascertain the amount of accommodation that could be provided there for men and horses.

There seems no doubt that Charles Edward Stuart, if he had been an able general, and supported by officers as experienced as they were loyal and courageous, might have eluded the Duke of Cumberland, and by a rapid march southward, have succeeded in reaching London. But he had by this time discovered that unity of counsel and action was unattainable by the Highland chiefs, whose clans formed the largest portion of his army. They were at variance among themselves, and their undisciplined followers would receive orders from no one else. Time had been lost in consequence at Ashbourne, and now more was likely to be lost at Derby. Meanwhile, the Duke of Cumberland was rapidly advancing to meet the rebels. If an advance was to be made, it had to be made at once. Jealousies and

divergent views prevented such a decision being arrived at, and the moment soon came when retreat was the only practicable course. The unfortunate Prince reluctantly gave the order for the retreat; the vanguard fell back upon Derby, and, to the great relief of the inhabitants, the unwelcome visitors marched out by the Friar-gate, and returned hastily to Ashbourne, *en route* for the north.

From this last notable event, the course of Derbyshire history has run mainly in the same channel as that of the kingdom generally. Its agriculture and its manufactures have steadily progressed, and, though the silk trade of Derby no longer holds its former prominent position among the local industries, the porcelain still flourishes there, and the collieries and iron works of the county, the cotton mills of the northern part, and the lace works of the south, employ a very considerable portion of the population.

On an Early Christian Tomb at Wirksworth.

By Rev. J. Charles Cox, ll.d., f.s.a.

THE lead-mines of Wirksworth, in Derbyshire, were well-known, and worked by the conquerors during the time of the Roman occupation of Britain. The manor of Wirksworth, with its valuable lead mines, was a royal gift to the anciently-established monastery of Repton, when it was first founded in the latter half of the seventh century. In 714, Eadburga, Abbess of Repton, sent a leaden coffin for the burial of St. Guthlac of Croyland (a neophyte of Repton), which was doubtless obtained from the Wirksworth mines. In 835, the Abbess Karewara granted the estate at Wirksworth to Humbert, on condition that he gave, as annual rent to Archbishop Ceolnuth, lead to the value of three hundred shillings for the use of the cathedral church of Canterbury. It is impossible to conceive, in the fervour of those early days of the conversion of the Mid-Angles, that Wirksworth

would be without a Christian church. It would be just as impossible to imagine Wirksworth churchless and priestless at that early period, as to conceive certain African villages, populous through some local industry, left without a missionary and a place of worship, if the said villages had been given say to the Universities Mission to Central Africa by the Sultan of Zanzibar, or by some native chieftain of the mainland. We take it, then, that a Christian church of some size was certainly erected at Wirksworth, as the centre of an active industry, as early as the end of the seventh century. Nor are we left merely to pious and well-based imaginings. Evidence, both documentary and monumental, is forthcoming to support an otherwise well-assured conjecture. Not only does the Domesday Survey name at Wirksworth a priest and church with sixteen tenants, and nine cottage holders having four ploughs, but the Lincoln charters, that we have consulted in the upper room of the beautiful Galilee porch of the minster, show that there was a wealthy and well-established prebendal church here in the days of Edward the Confessor, as recited by Henry I. when he gave the church to Lincoln early in his reign. Wirksworth, from

having been one of the first centres of Christian teaching to the pagan Mercians, became naturally one of the minsters or mother churches of Derbyshire in the later Anglo-Saxon days, such as were also the churches of Derby (All Saints'), Ashbourne, Chesterfield, and Bakewell. So late even as the end of the twelfth century, the rectory churches of Bonsall, Carsington, Kirk Ireton, and Matlock, were in the position of parochial chapelries, dependent on Wirksworth.

With regard to the monumental evidence, the fabric of the ancient church of Wirksworth, dedicated in honour of the Blessed Virgin, has suffered most terribly during the present century; but the very roughest of the treatment at the hands of the "restorer" has brought about certain revelations as to the past which might otherwise have been concealed. In 1820-1, the most barbarous innovations and alterations were made that nearly destroyed the transepts. In 1855, a shocking mess was made of the chancel. In 1870, an elaborate restoration, carried out for the most part on good lines by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, was begun, but was not completed satisfactorily owing to the more important parts of the fabric being in the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners

and their architect. These various upheavals of the building have resulted in numerous fragments of the old Norman church being brought to light, many of which are now built into the interior walls. These fragments, in conjunction with foundations revealed during the 1870-2 restoration, show that a large cruciform and lavishly ornamented Norman church was erected here in the style that was in vogue between 1125-1150. This seems to prove that the church was rebuilt soon after it came into the hands of the great cathedral church of Lincoln.

But what of the Anglo-Saxon church that preceded it? There are (or were) at least three fragments of carved stone that are clearly pre-Norman, and that did not probably pertain to any sepulchral cross. Others might have been preserved, and other traces not undefaced, had it not been for carelessness and divided authority at the time of the last restoration. Careful inspection, made since our "Notes" on this church were written and published (1876), shows that not a few of the plain stones of this church are of pre-Norman date, as well as very possibly certain small portions of the walls as they now stand.

Of the shocking havoc made in this church in 1820-1, the MS. notes by the Rev. R. R. Rawlins, that diligent collector of Derbyshire church lore, who was on the spot at the time, bear sad testimony. More than one standing tomb of alabaster, with effigies thereon, were carted away never more to be seen; but amidst all this upheaval of the fabrics and monuments of the church, one good accrued in the unearthing of one of the most remarkable memorials of pre-Norman date that England possesses. When removing the pavement in front of the altar, the workmen found, face downwards, two feet below the surface, a most curiously sculptured stone. [See plate.] It was over a stone built vault grave containing a large perfect human skeleton, and this slab, which covered it, had evidently been placed in the position it occupied with some degree of care. The slab measures five feet in length, by two feet ten inches in breadth. After its discovery, it was fixed against the north wall of the chancel, and suffered somewhat in the process. It is now to be found against the north wall of the north aisle of the nave. Below it is affixed a small brass plate thus inscribed :—

"This ancient piece of sculpture was discovered underneath the chancel when the interior of the church was newly arranged in the year 1821. Vide *Gentleman's Magazine*, November, 1821."

Mr. Rawlins made the drawing, and wrote the description which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It will be best to give his sufficiently ingenious and fairly correct explanation of the curious details of this elaborate and crowded piece of sculpture :—

"First, there is a representation of Christ washing the disciples' feet, of whom three appear; near the Basin lies the towel; secondly, the cross, on which is the lamb, emblematical of our Saviour. The figures above the cross are supposed to be intended for St. John and St. Peter; St. John on the left, from the head leaning towards the cross; that disciple, being the beloved one, is always represented reclining on Christ; beneath the cross are two birds, apparently cocks. The third scene represents the entombing of Christ, wherein He is figured lying on a bier, as in the act of being carried by Joseph of Arimathea and his attendants to the sepulchre. The figure beneath, in a recumbent posture, is significant of the victory obtained over Death and the grave by Christ's passion; the foot of the bier seems to retain Satan captive by being placed through his body, and thus pinning him to the earth. The faces in the centre, over the body of Christ, are intended for the guard placed by the Chief Priests and Pharisees at the sepulchre, to prevent the abduction of the body by the disciples; fourthly, we see the presentation in the temple. The figure with the palm-branch in its hand denotes the Christian's joy at being rescued from sin and misery by the appearance of Christ upon earth.

AN EARLY CHRISTIAN TOMB AT WIRKSWORTH.

"The first group of the lower range of figures is intended to show the Nativity. The busts beneath and the person pointing towards the Infant signify the wise men from the East. The next group exhibiting the Ascension, where our Saviour, bearing the cross, in token of having fulfilled His Father's will, is borne triumphant by angels to His heavenly home.

"The subject of the last division appears to be the return of the disciples to Jerusalem after the Ascension."

With regard to Mr. Rawlins' explanations of this sculpture, a few corrections must be made. The first scene is undoubtedly the washing of the feet. It is a subject that was not infrequently treated in early Christian art. It occurs on a fifth century sarcophagus at Arles, in which case the group consists of Christ and two disciples, instead of three, as shown in the Wirksworth example. The seventh century Gospels of Corpus Christi College have a like scene, in which ten disciples are shown. Various instances occur of tenth and eleventh century date.

The second scene is remarkable as showing, with restrained reverence, the Agnus Dei on the cross instead of the Divine Victim; in this the Wirksworth stone follows the example of more than one of the sculptured sarcophagi at Rome of fifth and sixth century date, as well as a few later instances. This is probably the earliest example

of a sculptured Agnus Dei in England. It is in itself a strong proof of the age of the carving, for the substitution of the actual figure of the Saviour for the symbolical lamb was decreed by the Quinisext Council, held at Constantinople, A.D. 603 :—"We pronounce that the form of Him who taketh away the sin of the world, the Lamb of Christ one Lord, be set up in human shape on images henceforth, instead of the Lamb formerly used."

Mr. Rawlins is quite at sea with regard to the four figures at the arms of the cross. They are undoubtedly meant for the symbols of the four Evangelists—Man, Lion, Ox, Eagle. Early sculptors showed much caprice in the arrangement of these symbols, the order of the Wirksworth slab, though they are somewhat defaced, seems to be Ox, Man, Lion, Eagle.

For the third scene, Mr. Rawlins' ingenious description may for the most part stand as it is, for the group undoubtedly represent the Carrying to the Tomb; but we cannot agree with the notion that the last part of this line of carrying represents a new scene, and least of all that it is the Presentation, which would be altogether out of place in a series like this. It is our belief that

the whole of these latter figures are connected with the procession to the tomb; that the figure immediately before the first corner of the bier has the fine linen over one arm; that the next figure is carrying spices in a vase; and that the mutilated figure with outstretched hands represents the first of the procession, who has reached the sepulchre and turns round to take the spices from the next one or to help them in.

The first group of the next range cannot surely be the Nativity, which would here be so incongruous. Is not this the Resurrection? Here again the figures are rather blurred, but much more nearly coincide with such a suggestion than with the Birth of our Saviour.

The Ascension is a remarkable scene, and from the arrangement and number of the angels has more of art in it than the rest of this rude sculpture. The two angels that are extended horizontally bear no small resemblance to the two angels over the chancel arch of the early church of St. Lawrence, Bradford-on-Avon, which such an authority as Professor Freeman believes to be the very church founded by St. Aldhelm, in A.D. 705.

We can offer no improvement on Mr. Rawlins' interpretation of the last scene, and believe with

him that the last six figures are intended to represent the disciples returning to Jerusalem after the Ascension.

Mr. Bateman and other Derbyshire antiquaries considered that this stone was an altar-piece or reredos of the ancient church. It was not until the second volume of "Notes on the Churches of Derbyshire" was issued that the obviously right view was put forth—namely, that the stone had served as the cover of a slightly coped tomb, as it slopes down on each side from the ridge in the centre. This idea has been since accepted by such authorities as Mr. J. Romilly Allen and Rev. Canon Browne, and, as they are our two best writers on early sculptured stone, it may be taken to be a fact.

From the dimensions of this coped tomb-cover, though slightly mutilated at the ends, it is to be inferred that it may have stood originally upon a large, flat stone, and did not seemingly form the immediate lid of the coffin. The tomb was probably raised some little height above the floor of the church; a custom that we know prevailed in the Anglo-Saxon church with those it was wished to exceptionally honour, as is shown in the pre-Norman miniature of the tomb of St. Oswald.

It is our belief that the date of this carving is exceptionally early. Mr. J. Romilly Allen, in his invaluable work, "Early Christian Symbolism in Great Britain and Ireland," refers several times to the Wirksworth stone, and gives a drawing of it. Unfortunately, the drawing seems to be a reproduction of Mr. Rawlins' rather rude sketch for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which exaggerates the quaintness of the figures, and is inaccurate in some particulars. Mr. Romilly Allen thinks it Saxon, but apparently not early. When, however, the various facts of the crowded and undivided character of the groups, of the Agnus Dei on the cross, of the details of the angels round the Ascension, and of the very absence of any indication of Hiberno-Saxon knot work are all taken into consideration, it is our irresistible impression that we have here a monument that was designed by some Christian disciple of continental experience early in the eighth, or quite possibly in the seventh century.

It was about the middle of the seventh century that the conversion of Mercia or the Mid Angles began, and in 653, four priests took up their residence to instruct and baptize the people. Their names were Diuma, a Scotchman, and

Cedd, Adda, and Betti, all Englishmen. Diuma became first bishop of Mercia, took up his abode at Repton, where he died, and was buried in 659. Cedd became first bishop of the East Angles, and was buried at Lastingham ; Adda became abbot of the monastery of Gateshead, where he probably obtained sepulchre. It is not, we think, too much to suppose that possibly this slab may have covered the saintly remains of Betti, of whose death and burial nothing is known ; or, if this should not be the case, that at all events it was the pious memorial erected over the missionary priest who first built a church at Wirksworth, and whose name history has failed to embalm. The story told by the sculptures seems to confirm this surmise, for on an ordinary slab they would surely be meaningless or out of place. The stone speaks graphically of the tale of the Saviour's Crucifixion, Burial, Resurrection, and Ascension. This tale is preceded by the marvellous instance of His humility, a humility in absolute contrast to pagan self-assertion, and perhaps strikingly exhibited in His missionary of Wirksworth. It is followed by a representation of the Waiting Church, and so would their first teacher have the Wirksworth

converts wait for the Second Coming of their Lord.

Why was this once dearly-prized stone found in such a position in 1821? It was the habit of the conquering Norman to do all in their power to disassociate the name and memories of revered Saxons from the minds of the people whom they had subdued—and what more likely than that the builders of the proud Norman church of the days of the first Henry should reverse this slab and bury it beneath the pavement that they raised. We know that the objection to the Norman rule and influence was long and fiercely resisted in this part of Derbyshire, for it was at the lower end of this short Wirksworth valley that the great Robert Ferrers, himself mentioned in the gift-deed of Wirksworth church, built the powerful and over-awing fortress of Duffield Castle in the self-same reign.

Curious Derbyshire Lead-Mining Customs.

By William Andrews, f.r.h.s.

DERBYSHIRE has been celebrated from time immemorial for its lead-mines. Several pigs of lead bearing Latin inscriptions have been found, which go to prove that during the Roman occupation of England lead-mining operations were carried on in this county. Our Saxon ancestors have also left numerous traces of their activity in this industry. It is recorded that in the year 714, a lead coffin was sent from Wirksworth to contain the remains of St. Guthlac, Prior of Croyland Abbey. In 835, Humbert the Alderman obtained from Kenewara, abbess of Repton, an estate at Wirksworth in return for lead, to the value of three hundred shillings, to be used at Christ's Church, Canterbury. The Derbyshire mines were largely worked after the Norman invasion.

The mineral laws and customs of the county are extremely curious, and are of great antiquity.

Edward Manlove, for some time a steward of the ancient Barmote Court, holden at Wirksworth, to conduct the affairs connected with lead-mining, put into rhyme the regulations, so that the miners might commit them to memory, and thus be able to maintain their rights. This book was printed in London during the Commonwealth, and issued in 1653. It was reprinted, with a glossary and other important additions, in 1851, by Mr. Thomas Tapping, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. In 1871, he published, through the English Dialect Society, a third and revised edition. The poem opens as follows :—

> "By custom old in Wirksworth Wapentake,
> If any of this nation find a rake
> Or sign, or leading to the same, [he] may set
> In any ground, and there lead ore may get.
> They may make crosses, holes, and set their stowes,
> Sink shafts, build lodges, cottages and coes,
> But churches, houses, gardens, all are free
> From this strange custom of the minery."

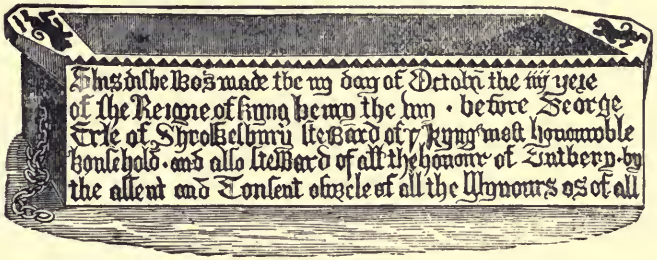
It is clearly set forth that any person under the Crown might, without asking permission or paying any money, "dig and delve" in search of lead ore, excepting in certain places that are indicated. In the glossary we find the somewhat singular terms in the poem explained. "Rake"

is the name given to a vein, "stowe" the old machine for drawing up in tubs the ore out of the mine, "coe" the small house miners erect in which to keep their ore and tools. The miners have to give to the Crown certain dues, or, rather, to the holder of the royalty, as the dues have been let on lease since the days of Edward IV., and perhaps were so even at an earlier period.

Respecting these dues, we find it stated in an able paper by Dr. William Webb, that "the working miners and the mineral proprietors in the Wapentake pay dues, which are known by the terms of 'lot' and 'cope.' 'Lot' signifies every thirteenth dish of ore, and 'cope' 4d. or 6d. (according to the locality for every lode), or nine dishes of ore. Moreover, all mines in the parish of Wirksworth pay to the vicar every fortieth dish as a tithe. This was in former days as one in ten; but as litigation was of frequent occurrence, the tithe was commuted, in 1778, to one in forty, by agreement made between the Rev. Richard Tillard, vicar of Wirksworth, of the one part, and the miners and maintainers of the other part. When a miner has searched and found ore in any land, he gives a dish to the lord to free the mine, but to get title and possession

he applies to the barmaster, who, with at least two of the jury, marks out two meers of ground, each containing twenty-nine yards."

Twice in each year a Barmote Court is held at the Moot Hall, Wirksworth, and is presided over by a steward, and amongst those taking part in the proceedings are a barmaster, a deputy-barmaster, and jurymen. At this court the lead-mining business is transacted. Here is the miners'



THE MINERS' DISH KEPT IN THE MOOT HALL, WIRKSWORTH.

standard dish, made of brass, for testing all the other dishes used for measuring lead ore. It bears the following inscription :—

" This dishe was made the iiij day of Octobr., the iiij yere of the reigne of Kyng Henry the VIII. before George Erle of Shrowesbury, Steward of ye Kyng's most honourable household, and also Steward of all the honour of Tutbery, by the assent and consent as well of all the Mynours, as of all the Brenners, within and adjoyning the

lordship of Wyrkysworth, percell of the said honour. This dishe to remayne in the Moote Hall at Wyrksworth, hanging by a cheyne, so as the Merchantes or Mynours may have resorte to the same at all tymes to make the tru mesur aft. the same."

Formerly, in cases of sudden death in the mines, the barmaster officiated as coroner. Manlove adverts to this in his poem :—

> "If perchance a miner damped be,
> Or on the mine be slain by chance medley,
> The Bergmaster or else his Deputie
> Must view the corpse before it buried be.
> And take inquest by jury who shall try
> By what mischance the miner there did die."

In the olden days, persons found guilty of stealing ore were severely punished. A man was fined for the first and second offence, but if caught a third time, says Manlove,

> "Shall have a knife struck through his hand to the Haft
> Into the Stow, and there till death shall stand,
> Or loose himself by cutting loose his hand ;
> And shall forswear the franchise of the mine,
> And always lose his freedom from that time."

The student of English history will find much that is curious, entertaining, and informing in Manlove's poem. It throws a good deal of light on the laws and customs of our forefathers.

The Place-Name Derby.

By Frederick Davis, f.s.a.

A SUBJECT like the present need not, in these days, be introduced with an apology, the time, fortunately, having passed in which antiquarian research was regarded as only "the frivolous work of polished idleness."

The derivation and devolution of place-names yield much information relating to the ethnology and chronology of the name-givers, their national and tribal immigrations, their patronymics, their customs and institutions, their traditions and mode of worship, of which history preserves no trace. Frequently the local nomenclature of a country is all that remains to tell the tale of early settlement.

"Time which antiquates antiquities" and makes dust of all things, has yet spared our philological fossils,—monuments which neither the winds nor the waves nor a succession of centuries have demolished.

"The pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders;" but in their place-names, the ancient Britons—whose "very tombs now vanish'd like their dead"—still speak, in silent eloquence, of their remote parentage.

The several names acquired, with successive change of environment, by the town now known as *Derby*, and by its suburb, now known as *Little Chester*, tell us of the nationality of the early settlers, of subsequent invasions and colonization, of Roman occupation, and something of the ancient physical conditions of the site.

By the Anglo-Saxons—prior to the first Danish occupation—Derby was known as *Northweorthig*, but at some period subsequent to the Danish conquest, the town acquired the name of *Deoraby*, of which the present name is a corruption. In the Chronicle of Fabius Ethelwerd, it is stated that in a battle fought in 871 between the army of Ethelred and the Danes, duke Ethelwulf fell, and that his body was carried into the province of the Mercians, "to a place called *Northweorthig*, but *Deoraby* in the language of the Danes." In the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, Derby is found only as *Deoraby*.

The name is a compound of the Anglo-Saxon *deor*—an animal, a wild beast, a deer, and the Scandinavian *by*—an abode, a habitation (and ultimately a village), the signification of the name being, the abode of wild animals or deer.

As the postfix *by* is a distinctively Danish word, and as the name-givers were Danes, it is extremely probable that the entire word had originally the Danish form—*Dyrby* or *Dyreby*—and that *Deoraby* is the Saxonised form of the Danish appellation, acquired during one of the intermittent occupations by the Saxons, between the earliest Danish conquests and the expulsion of the Danes by Edmund, A.D. 941.

That the component *deor* did not originate with the Saxons, and that it is the Saxonised form only of a vocable introduced by the Danes, is in some degree corroborated by the circumstance that Derby had an Anglo-Saxon name prior to the advent of the Danes, which circumstance renders a second and altogether dissimilar Anglo-Saxon name an improbability ; but it is extremely likely that the Saxons finding the place re-named by the Danes, adopted the Danish appellation, making only a slight change to reconcile the new name to their ears.

Derby was one of the Five Danish Burgs or Femborgene. In the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle —A.D. 941—are found the following lines:

"Here Edmund King,
ruler of Angles,
protector of men,
Mercia obtained,
dear deed-doer,
as the Dor flows,
course of the white-well,
and Humber's river,
broad sea-stream.
Five towns
Leicester,
and Lincoln,
and Nottingham,
so Stamford eke,
and Derby,
to Danes were erewhile,
under North-men,
by need constrained,
of heathen men
in captive chains,
a long time;
until again redeemed them,
for his worthiness,
the bulwark of warriors,
offspring of Edward,
Edmund King."

The Anglo-Saxon name *Northweorthig*, by

which Derby was known prior to Danish conquest, is from the Anglo-Saxon word *north*—north and *weorthig*—land, a portion of land, a croft, a homestead, an estate, also meaning a street or public way. *Northweorthig*, therefore, indicated the north land or homestead, or the north street or public way.

Had the Danes not provided a succedaneum, the original Anglo-Saxon name would have survived, though probably in an abbreviated form, the initial syllable of Northweorthig becoming *Nor*, as in the Derbyshire names Norton, Norwood, Norbriggs, Norbury, and Normanton; the postfix becoming *worth*, as in the Derbyshire names Chatsworth, Ludworth, Wirksworth, Chisworth, Charlesworth, and Mackworth.

Derby would thus have been known now as *Norworth.*

"*In tanta inconstantia turbaque rerum nihil nisi quod preteriit certum est.*"

It is noteworthy that Derby is not singular in having borne an Anglo-Saxon name which, after Danish occupation, was lost and replaced by a name from the language of the new settlers. *Streaneshalch* was the Anglo-Saxon name of Whitby, the present and later name having been

bestowed by the Danes. In "Bede's Ecclesiastical History," Whitby is found only under its Anglo-Saxon name.

The postfix *by* of Derby is not only a distinctively Scandinavian word, but as a component in place-names, is an unequivocal indication of Danish or Norwegian colonization. The Wash was the principal landing-place of the Northern invaders, and from that etymological focus Scandinavian nomenclature radiates with curious regularity. Largely represented throughout the whole area of the *Danelagh*, Scandinavian names in Lincolnshire greatly predominate. In this one county, the significant postfix *by* enters into the composition of two hundred place-names; whereas south of Watling-street—a Roman road crossing the country diagonally from Richborough, on the coast of Kent, to Holyhead—this Scandinavian foot-print is seldom found. *By* enters into the composition of the place-names of the following counties as noted below:

Essex 2, Warwickshire 2, Suffolk 3, Derbyshire 6, Cheshire 6, Durham 7, Lancashire 9, Nottinghamshire 15, Norfolk 17, Westmoreland 20, Northamptonshire 26, West Riding of Yorkshire 32, East Riding 35, Cumberland 43, Leicester-

shire 66, North Riding of Yorkshire 100, and Lincolnshire 200.

During the Danish occupation, Derby was also known as *Derwentby*—the *by* or village on the Derwent.

Many have been the orthographical vicissitudes of the name *Derby* as disclosed by Anglo-Saxon coins, by Domesday Book, by charters, grants, deeds, writs, seals, brasses, incised slabs, maps, and tradesmen's tokens; *e.g.*, Doribi, Deorabui, Deoraby, Deorabye, Deorby, Deorbe, Derbi, Dirbi, Dereby, Derbie, Darbye, Darby, Derby, etc.

Darby is not—as is frequently imagined—a form of the name older than Derby, the latter spelling having been in use some hundreds of years earlier than *Darby*.

Doribi appears on a coin of King Ethelwulf (837-857) and Deorabui on coins of King Athelstane (924-940). The appearance of the Danish name of an Anglo-Saxon town on the coins of Anglo-Saxon Kings of the ninth century is a significant circumstance, testifying to the stability and influence of the Scandinavian element at that early date, and the probability of Danish settlement, of more or less stability, at an even earlier period.

It is to be observed that the earliest settlements of the Anglo-Saxons and Danes were not accomplished by the sudden and almost dramatic exploits narrated by the Chroniclers, but, on the contrary by predatory and intermittent incursions extending over a long course of years antecedent to the dates given in the Chronicles. Under the date 787 the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle states "This year King Bertric took to wife Eadburga, King Offa's daughter; and in his days first came three ships of Northmen, out of Hæretha-land [Denmark]. And then the reve rode to the place, and would have driven them to the King's town, because he knew not who they were: and they there slew him. These were the first ships of Danishmen which sought the land of the English nation." This was an early, but probably far from the earliest Danish descent, and the advent of the Anglo-Saxons in this country, under Hengist and Horsa, is now regarded as little more than fable.

The word *shire*—as in *Derbyshire*—meaning a county or territorial division, is from the Anglo-Saxon *scir*, and is related to the word *share*, from Anglo-Saxon *scearu*.

Land-scearu=a share of land.

Derby is situated on the direct line of the *Ryknield-street*, a Roman road traversing the island from St. David's in Wales, through Gloucester, Tewksbury, Birmingham, Burton, Eggington, Little Chester (Derby), Alfreton, Stretton (*i.e.*, *Street-town*) and Chesterfield, to the north of England,—terminating near the mouth of the river Tyne, in Northumberland.

Derventio, the name of the Roman Station that occupied the site of that part of the town of Derby known as Little Chester, is formed from the name of the Derwent, on the east bank of which river the Camp stood.

England is full of the shadows of Roman occupation, and Derbyshire has its own abundant share but, alas! shadows only.

With the exception of their city and defensive walls, all the remains of the Romans have disappeared from view,—buried by the unremitting labours of earth worms. For fourteen hundred years and more, worms have been covering with fine earth, brought from deep below the surface of the ground, the remains of Roman villa, of tessellated pavement, of hypocaust, of basilica, forum, amphitheatre and

bath, of pottery, tools, weapons and ornaments; all of which would have perished had not the creature usually regarded as a destroyer, preserved them to us.

Although Little Chester—a suburb of Derby—was an important Roman Station, Roman *place-names* are not to be found in the county of Derby, nor, indeed, in any part of the country.

But the vitality and vigour of the place-names of other races are marvellous—as stable as the rocks, and as enduring.

In the local topography of some districts of England, nomenclature earlier than the Roman—that of the Celts—still survives, often uncorrupted: the Anglo-Saxons, whose early conquests were contemporaneous with the departure of the Romans, have indelibly stamped their place-names throughout the length and breadth of the land and in every corner of the island; and the Danes and Norwegians, who followed the Saxons, have left us a rich legacy of Scandinavian terminology in their *bys*, *thorpes*, *tofts*, *thwaites*, *garths*, *becks*, *scars*, and *holms*, "as plenty as blackberries" throughout that part of the country which they colonized—lasting landmarks of the fierce in-

vaders—but *not a single Roman place-name has endured.*

The greatest of all empires—a nation that dominated Britain for four hundred years and more, and during that period intersected the island with roads, constructed military earthworks and a mighty wall of masonry reaching from coast to coast, studded the whole country with fortified cities and towns with their stately piles for the administration of justice, spacious enclosures for the transaction of business, temples for the worship of their gods and palatial abodes,—that nation is indebted to the worms for all which, in this country, remains to tell the tale of Roman rule, of the pomp and power, of the glory and majesty, of the arts and luxuries of imperial Rome.

"How are the mighty fallen."

But the remains the worms have preserved to us still speak with suggestive eloquence.

It is to be observed that place-names formed from words related to, or even derived from, the Latin, are not necessarily nor probably derivatives of the Roman name, *i.e.*, of the place-name bestowed by the Romans.

The initial syllable of the Derbyshire place-

names Streetly and Stretton is the *Anglo-Saxon* word *stræt*—a street or way, and although derived from the Latin *strata*, is an Anglo-Saxon word, —*Streetly* and *Stretton* being appellations given to the places now bearing those names by the Anglo-Saxons, to indicate a *ley*, *i.e.*, a field, and a *ton*, *i.e.*, an enclosure or village, on the street, road, or way.

Likewise the *Chester* of the Derbyshire Chesterfield and Little Chester, is derived from the *Anglo-Saxon* word *ceaster*—a camp or fortified place—and although related to the Latin *castra*, is nevertheless an Anglo-Saxon word. The Anglo-Saxons, finding at Chesterfield a fortified field and at Little Chester a little fortified place, the camps were defined by them in terms consentaneous with the language of the name-givers, and although those terms are related to Latin words, and connote Roman occupation, they cannot be regarded as Roman place-names nor, in any sense, as derivatives of Roman place-names. Indeed, the two Derbyshire *ceasters* were, by the Romans, called by names quite unrelated to those bestowed by the Anglo-Saxons; Chesterfield was the *Latudarum* of the Romans and Little Chester, *Derventio.*

The local nomenclature of England furnishes abundant illustrations of place-names, having for components *street* and *chester*, that are not derivatives of the earlier Roman names:—Stratford was the Roman *Ad Ansam;* Colchester—*Camulodunum;* Chester—*Deva;* Lancaster—*Ad Alauna;* Stony Stratford—*Magiovintum;* Leicester—*Ratæ;* Winchester—*Venta Belgarum;* Chichester—*Ad Decimum;* Tadcaster—*Calcaria;* Chester-le-Street—*Condurcum;* Rochester—*Durobrivæ.*

And this record might be extended *ad infinitum.*

Reference has been made to the "bestowal of place-names" and to "name-givers," but it must not be inferred from these and similar phrases that names were invented for, and given to, places; the process of naming was incogitant and unconscious—a natural growth—but yet neither irrational nor illogical. Places came to be spoken of, described and known by some mere demotic expression in the language of the settlers, usually a term, or terms, defining a notable physical feature of the site, position, ownership or boundary, or having reference to a local industry, encampment, battle, or other event, place of worship,

abode or other building, the fauna, flora, nature of the soil, or other nature of environment, and although strange to our ears; such terms were, in the mouths of those by whom they were employed, quite ordinary colloquial expressions, as ordinary as, to us, are such designations as windmill hill, watermill dale, barnyard, home farm, rabbit warren, oak grove, fernbank, marshland, stonefield, or claypit.

As at the present time a farm established north of another farm might be called the North Farm; in Anglo-Saxon times, a farm similarly situated was called Northweorthig; and later, the village or town growing up around, came to be known by the name of the farm. Or, as premises occupied by one named Brown might now be called Brown's place; "Domesday Book" records that: "In Osmvndestvne (Osmaston) Osmund had three ox-gangs of land for geld," and the *fons et origo* of this place illustrates the genesis of much of our local nomenclature.

A large field might now be spoken of as the broad field; in Anglo-Saxon times such a field was called Bradley, which designation, later, became the name of the village that grew up around the field. Or, as at the present time,

the site of a new church might be called Church-place, and the vicarage the Church-house; so the many Kirkbys and Kirbys and the villages of Kirkhaugh, Kirkland, and Kirkthwaite furnish an illustration of the natural growth of Scandinavian place-names.

In the course of ages, terms thus unconsciously employed to define, describe or identify things, places, or events, became the universally accepted designations of populous towns and cities. Frequently, however, territorial terminology has acquired a signification very different from the primary meaning, and this transition is well illustrated by "town." Perhaps not another word in the English language has suffered less from corruption and phonetic mutation, but yet in a greater degree in signification, than this word. The Anglo-Saxon *tún*—of which town is a derivative—primarily signified a hedge or fence. Later, *tún* came to mean that which was enclosed with the hedge or fence—a plot of ground, a close or field; and, still later, the house or farm buildings within the enclosure—the homestead. The *bar-tun* was the *tun* or enclosure for the bear, *i.e.*, the produce or yield of the land —a term synonymous with the modern "rick-yard,"

—and, as a place-name, common throughout the Anglo-Saxon districts of England. *Tun-incle* was a small possession, a little farm; *tun-lic* signified rustic; *tun-cerse*, garden cress; *tun-minte*, garden mint.

As a district became more populous, and as civilization advanced, the once isolated homestead developed into a group of homesteads with cottages and houses, but the designation of a *tun* or *ton* was still retained. The group of homesteads became a village—a village a borough, which now—to the exclusion of earlier and rightful heritors—has appropriated the name of "Town." This restless word is still in a state of transition, being frequently employed exclusively in reference to the town *par excellence*—the metropolis.

Thus, from its primary meaning of a hedge or fence, *tún* has grown into a synonym for a vast and populous city; and *tun-lic*, *i.e.*, town-like, which originally signified rustic, has now come to denote the precise converse—the correlative—of rustic.

The Danish *by* had originally the restricted meaning of one house only—an abode, but later, as with the Anglo-Saxon *tun*, it came to mean a group of houses—a village, and now is the substantival component of the name of the large and populous town of Derby.

Duffield Castle.

By Jno. Ward.

FOR centuries previous to the close of 1885, the exact site of this stronghold was a *crux*. A field at this flourishing Derbyshire village had time out of mind borne the name of Castle Field, and another to the east of it, that of Castle Orchard,—*these* indicated the approximate position; but of visible remnants there were none, save a small exposure of the rubble of the east wall of the keep, which the writer, the year before, mistook for an outcrop of the parent rock. Not even could it be said with another Derbyshire "ancestral home,"—

> "Time, Time, his withering hand hath laid
> On battlement and tower;
> And where rich banners were displayed
> *Now only waves a flower.*"

This ancient fortress of the De Ferrers lived only in declining tradition, and in the vague allusions of time-stained records to its baronial builders. Even the hill on which it stood was, by

reason of its comparative insignificance, unfriendly to its memory: passengers by the road or railway at its foot might pass its steep tree-clad eastern face a hundred times without suspecting that it was once crowned with a feudal fortress, still less that this fortress was the largest in Derbyshire, and one of the largest in England. The decree of unyielding Fate might have gone forth against it and all its belongings: "I care for nothing, all shall go,"—and all seemed ready to go. So long time had the castle been levelled to the ground, that Anthony Bradshaw, a near relative of the famous president of the trial of Charles I., and whose quaint monument is one of the sights of Duffield Church, could write thus (Pray pardon the doggerel!)—

"At Duffield Placehead, placed was a statlye Castly
& Cortyard
Whereof the seyte yet beareth name now called
Castly Orchard.
The Duke there had great royalties of fforest p'ks of
warren
And wards and pleines of waters store, of grounds
not very barren."

And a careful Derbyshire antiquary, Mr. Reynolds, a native of Crich, could write in 1769 that "no visible ruins are now left."

The credit of discovering the vestiges of this castle belongs to Mr. H. T. Harvey, the son of the late owner of Castle Field. Suspecting that if anywhere the foundations would be in this field, this young gentleman dug a few holes in the highest part of it on December 26th, 1885, and had the felicity to find old masonry. He, however, had no time to prosecute the search; and in all probability the circumstance would soon have been forgotten, except for the wakeful interest of Mr. Bland, a well-known gentleman of Duffield, who speedily obtained permission to continue the excavation. After several weeks of careful trenching, Mr. Bland laid bare the outline of a huge rectangular building nearly one hundred feet square, and with walls of the extraordinary thickness of fifteen feet; and no doubt remained that it was the keep of the long lost Norman castle of Duffield.

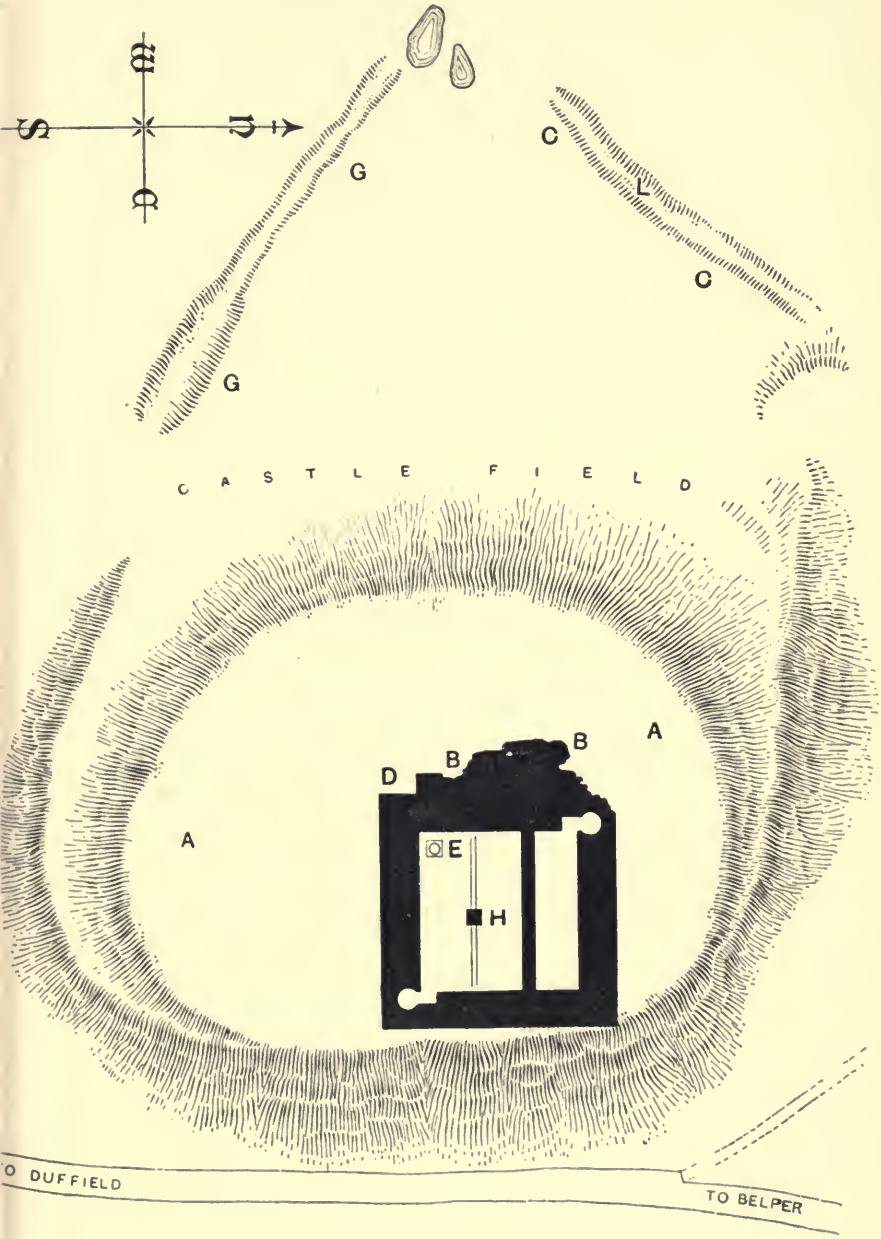
The discovery came as a surprise to the district. How came so apparently unimportant a village as Duffield, and one with so few visible signs of antiquity, to be possessed of so great a stronghold? How came the stronghold to become so utterly demolished? But perhaps the most puzzling question of all to the lay-mind was the seemingly

unhappy choice of the site for a district so wealthy in rugged heights, being a low knoll barely eighty feet above the river (the Derwent) it overlooks, commanded on three sides by loftier hills, and with a clear outlook only to the south, down the valley towards Derby. The latter objection, however, has no real weight when it is considered that the projectiles of the most powerful trebuchets planted on these hills by a besieging force in the days before cannon, would fail to reach the castle. Bearing this in mind, it must be allowed that the site was by no means ill-chosen. In general configuration, the knoll bears a remote likeness to Gibraltar : it is connected with the mainland of high ground on the west by a neck of less high ground, hence the approach from that quarter is gentle ; but to the north, east, and south it presents a more or less steep declivity, which must have rendered any attack from these points a difficult task. The eastern slope, however, is steeper than it originally was, having been cut back to allow of a slight deflection of the highway at the foot when the railway was constructed in 1838. To render the position less accessible from the west, a ditch (G.G. on the accompanying plan) was cut across

the neck at its lowest point, which, to judge from the remaining indications, must have been of considerable breadth and depth, but it is difficult to say how far the hollow is natural, for without doubt it is so to some extent. This ditch probably originally surrounded the knoll, C.C. being a less distinct portion of it.

But the demerit, if there is any, of the selection of the position for defensive purposes can hardly be said to rest with the Norman builders. There is good reason (as will be seen later) for believing that they found it already a fortification, and simply adopted the even-then-ancient earthworks for their stronghold as more expedient than raising new ones elsewhere ; and besides, it was the policy of the conquerors to conciliate, as far as possible, the English,—to pose as the successors, rather than the supplanters, of their nobility, and to this end the Norman keep was usually planted on the site of the English *aula*.

To return to the work of exploration—The importance of the discovery being now established, the complete excavation of the site was called for. The interest and aid of the Derby Archæological and Natural History Society were enlisted ; a committee was formed ; funds raised ; and under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the able supervision of Mr. Bland, and the antiquarian research of the Rev. Dr. Cox, the well-known founder of this society, the work was brought to a successful issue in the autumn of 1886, at a cost of £160. Both these gentlemen have left on record the results of this work, each account having points of view, details, and excellencies not shared in by the other. That of the former consists of a published lecture delivered at Wirksworth in this county, on January 11th, 1887; and that of the latter is a masterly and well-illustrated paper of 60 pages, in the ninth volume of the above society's *Journal.* The present account draws, of necessity, considerably from these, but, wherever possible, the writer (who took a personal interest in the work on the spot) depends upon his own observations, and draws his own conclusions.

The facts of the excavation were of a somewhat unexpected character. To use the words of the honorary secretary's general report in that volume of the *Journal*:—"The result has been the laying bare of the foundations of the walls of a Norman keep, larger than any known example save the Tower of London, . . . and the unearthing of 'finds' so numerous, so varied in character, and

in the period of history to which they belong, as to defy description." The spade revealed the fact that the Romano-Briton and the Saxon had both preceded the Norman at Duffield, and had left abundant traces of their residence there; and —so the excavators alleged—there were indications that the spot was occupied in pre-Roman times. Thus the village is an interesting example of continuity of habitation from early times, in spite of successive waves of invasion,—perhaps not so unusual a circumstance as is popularly supposed.

The "finds" attributed to pre-Roman times were very few and meagre. They consisted of "a few small pieces of cinerary urns, or other pottery of the peculiar and almost unmistakable hue and texture of this date" (these were evidently plain); a fragment of the same sort of pottery with a "dotted and thumb-nail pattern;" and half-a-dozen "stone implements, often known by the generic term of 'elts.'" * The pot-sherds were found in several places, the decorated piece being associated with others of Romano-British origin in the infilling of the foss (C.C.) on the north-west side of Castle Field.

* Quoted from the above Report of Dr. Cox.

Dr. Cox regards this as indicating "that the Romans when making their camp, probably disturbed a Celtic interment." Unfortunately, none of these potsherds can now be found; there is, however, no reason to dissent from his conclusion of their British manufacture. But to argue from their British manufacture that they were of pre-Roman date is unwise: as well argue that the earthenware exposed for sale in a present crock-shop was made before the introduction of porcelain, simply because it is a well-known fact that the former kind of ware was made centuries before the latter. The fallacy is self-evident: despite the superiority of porcelain, earthenware is still made in much larger quantities than ever. Force of habit; ease of manufacture—necessitating only clay, fire, and a pair of hands; and the then costliness of the plant for making wheel-made ware, must have all conduced to the survival of the manufacture of hand-made pottery long after the Roman invasion. But we can appeal to facts; in numerous cases (several being notable Derbyshire ones), the two kinds have been found associated together upon Romano-British sites in such a way as to indicate their contemporaneity; and there is no apparent reason why the inter-

mixture at Duffield should be otherwise interpreted. In these cases the ruder ware appears to have always been of domestic rather than sepulchral character. If it could be satisfactorily proved that the Duffield specimens were truly sepulchral (as Dr. Cox intimates), it would go far to prove their pre-Roman date. But in the case of plain potsherds, unless large enough to indicate the shape of the vessel of which they once formed part, it is quite impossible to say whether they have a domestic or sepulchral origin,—perhaps the former rather than the latter, as vessels of the latter variety were usually highly decorated. To judge from the sketch in the above *Journal*, the decorated fragment was equally uncertain. All that can be said of it, is that it belonged to a slightly ornamented vessel of unknown use. Several years ago the writer found many similarly decorated pieces of rude hand-made domestic ware on a Romano-British site, at Harborough Rocks, near Wirksworth.

The stone implements, of which six were found in various trenches, are of a very indeterminate character, as to both use and age. They are all of close-grained stone, but not flint. Only one

approximates to a celt-form, but it is so obviously of natural formation, that it is difficult to say whether it was ever used as an implement at all. The rest are more decided, and might better be termed knives, as each is more or less ground to form a longitudinal edge, but so unsatisfactory are they as cutting implements, that Mr. Franks of the British Museum surmised they might have been used for fashioning pottery instead; nothing, however, transpired in the excavations to suggest that pottery had ever been manufactured on this Duffield hill. The fact is, these implements are very vague,—they do not accord to the prevailing forms of any age; their use is obscure; and it is impossible to say whether they were contemporaneous in origin or no. Even if it could be said for certain that "they pertain to the latter days of Celtic inhabitants, when stone implements were sparingly used," they would as little prove that the site was originally occupied with "one of their communistic camps," as the fragment of decorated pottery proves that "near by they interred their dead." Stone implements are found *everywhere*, and these camps almost invariably crowned the *highest* hills.

The passage from British Duffield to that of

the Roman occupation of Britain, is as from darkness to light. It is true that no traces of buildings of this era were found *in situ*, but this will not be wondered at when it comes to be seen how very much the hill was disturbed in after times. Nevertheless, the footprints of this era were strongly marked in the soil, in the abounding potsherds,—no less than nine-tenths of the whole being Roman and Romano-British according to the excavators. This may have been an over-estimate, as it is always difficult to distinguish the fragments of the coarser ware of this date from those of the twelfth and succeeding centuries; but the fact remains that a very large number of typical specimens of all the commoner Roman varieties, including the beautiful coral-red Samian ware, were generally diffused throughout the diggings. They were, however, most plentiful in a small trench (L.) cut across the nearly-filled north-west foss, where also were found fragments of the characteristic tile-like bricks of the period. This interesting little trench represents all that was done towards the exploration of these moats, —sadly too little, as further excavation would probably have thrown much more light on this branch of our subject. From the presence of

these remains, Dr. Cox concluded that the moat formed part of the Roman defences of the hill. Its rectangular disposition with the south-west moat, goes far (as he hints) to support this conclusion; and it is reasonable to think that they formerly quite engirdled the hill, the neighbouring highway and houses having long since obliterated all traces on the eastern side.

Roman camps, villas, and other sites were usually in the vicinity of the wonderful "streets" of the time; and Duffield is no exception of the rule. Years before the discovery of the castle, Dr. Cox's keen eye had detected in field-names and straight lanes, indications of a Roman road crossing the Chevin (a lofty hill immediately north of the castle) and pointing in one direction to Wirksworth, and in the other to the Derwent in the vicinity of the castle. Whether it actually crossed the river is uncertain; but at a likely spot for a ford, the Doctor found some indications on the west bank of what might have been a pavement, between the large stones of which he dug out fragments of Roman tile and pottery. There can be no doubt that the goal of this ancient "street" was the important station of Derventio (now Little Chester near Derby); and its former

great value becomes plain when it is considered that even then, as in later times, Wirksworth was one of the headquarters of lead-mining. The products of the mines would be conveyed by this branch-road to Derventio, and thence by the great Roman highway, the Rykneld Street, to some south-western port; or by another branch-road and the Foss-Way to some eastern or south-eastern one. Derventio lay on the opposite bank to our castle and about four miles lower down the river, so that the lead would have to be carried across the stream somewhere in order to reach the station. But as it was spanned by a bridge at the latter point, it seems hardly likely that the bearers would go to the trouble of fording at Duffield, when a simple continuation of the ancient Wirksworth "street" along the east bank would land them at the foot of the bridge. As much of the present highway between Derby and Duffield is in a line with that ancient "street," it may represent this continuation; and the Doctor's ford may simply mark a short cut to the Rykneld Street north of the station.

Both this gentleman and Mr. Bland assume that the castle site was necessarily a Roman camp to protect the ford. Was the ford of sufficient

importance to need or to warrant the expense of protection? The numerous Romano-British remains prove that the site was too long occupied for it to have been a transitory expeditory work; and, add to these its great size, they render it impossible to have been a mere *campus æstivus.* The alternative is that it was a station. But laying aside the unsuitability of the site for this purpose, where are the remains of the substantial masonry with which the Romans gloried to construct these elaborate permanent works, and their various offices? And why should one have been erected so near to Derventio? A more feasible theory is that it was a villa. Let the reader disillude his mind of any idea that a Roman villa had anything akin to the modern "eligible" residence that goes by the name. It was, strictly speaking, an estate in-land,—the parent (thanks to the researches of Seebohm) of the mediæval manor, with which it had much in common. Its exact constitution is hazy; doubtless it varied with the times. But this much is clear,—around the residence of the *dominus* were the enclosed *cohortes*, from which has sprung our "court," a word by which the mediæval manor-house itself was often desig-

nated. In these courts were the stables and stalls of the horses and cattle of the dominus, and the huts of his *servi.* Stretching away on all sides were the arable land, meadows, woods, etc., that formed the *vicus* of the villa. Here and there in the vicus were little groups of cottages of the half-servile *coloni* (the future *villani*) holding of the dominus plots of land and rights by various customary tenures, and joining in the common cultivation. From such groups of cottages, perhaps, arose the dependent villages of the manor of Duffield at the time of the Domesday Book, Bradelei, Holebruc, Muleford, Machenie, and Herdebi. Such, perhaps, is as true a picture as we can draw of Roman Duffield.

We pass by the troubles that followed the withdrawal of the bronzed legionaries of Rome, simply because we know nothing of what transpired in our district. Our next halting-point in history is in settled English times. The sun shines upon Duffield as of old, but how changed is it? The lord of a new race reigns there, speaking a new tongue, and whose tastes and habits are widely different from those of his predecessors, for Britain is now England. Our hardy English ancestors did not find much that

was congenial in Roman civilization. City-life and commerce they cared little for; the stations were forsaken; the great roads neglected. But, in settling themselves in the country, they had the same prime necessity their predecessors had—the cultivation of the land. So far from finding a wild and uncultivated waste, they found ready to hand on every side a settled and perfected agriculture, and a rural population trained to it. To use a homely simile, they had but to step into their predecessors' shoes. The English lords enstalled themselves in their villas; the surviving Britons on the estates became their *theows*, and by means of them the agriculture proceeded on the old lines. That the *domus* of Duffield should become the *aula* of some English chieftain, is just what might be expected, and it is well borne out by facts. There is considerable uncertainty as to what the residences of the smaller lords were like, but there is plenty of evidence in respect to those of the greater. Duffield, to judge from Domesday indications, belonged, in the reign of the Confessor, to one of the chief English landowners of Derbyshire—Siward. This was certainly a common name, and it is just possible that it *there* refers to several

different holders. Indeed, there were at least *two* of the name, one being the great Earl of Northumbria, who held one manor in this county. But he alone of the Siwards is entered as *Earl.* In every entry of plain Siward—of course we are dealing only with Derbyshire—the land referred to as thus held, was afterwards given by the Conqueror to the great Henry de Ferrers, a name closely entwined with the subsequent history of Duffield; and in no instance is it otherwise. This is a good presumptive evidence that these Siward-holders were one and the same. If so, he must have been one of the most locally influential gentlemen of the time, owning no less than nine important manors in the county. Beyond this, we know nothing of him; but as Duffield was the chief seat of his Norman successor, we may reasonably surmise that it likewise was his. And being a great landowner, this seat would be fortified, which, indeed, was the fact; the evidence of the excavation clearly showing that an English *castle* preceded the Norman one.

A pre-Norman castle, be it remembered, had little in common with those of later date, whose ruins lend interest to many an English landscape.

A few extracts from Clark's masterly "Mediæval Military Architecture," will better explain the peculiarities of these castles than any words of the writer :—"These works, thrown up in England in the ninth and tenth centuries, are seldom, if ever, rectangular, nor are they governed to any great extent by the character of the ground. First was cast up a truncated cone of earth, standing at its natural slope, from twelve to even fifty or sixty feet in height. This mound, 'motte,' or 'burh,' the 'mota' of our records, was formed from the contents of a broad and deep circumscribing ditch. This ditch, proper to the mound, is now sometimes wholly or partially filled up, but it seems always to have been present, being in fact the parent of the mound." Mr. Clark then gives examples not only of these, but of others consisting of natural eminences shaped by art. "Connected with the mound is usually a base court or enclosure, sometimes circular, more commonly oval or horse-shoe shaped, but if of the age of the mound, always more or less rounded. This enclosure had also its bank and ditch on its outward faces, its rear resting on the ditch of the mound, and the area was often further strengthened by a bank along

the crest of the scarp of the ditch. . . . The mound and base court, though principal parts, were not always the whole work. Often there was on the outside of the court, and applied to it, a second enclosure, also with a bank and ditch, frequently of larger area than the main court, though not so strongly defended. It was intended to shelter the flocks and herds of the tenants in case of an attack. These mounds, where they have descended to us, and have undergone no change at the hands of the Norman architects, are mere green hillocks, clear indeed in their simplicity, though having lost by time the sharpness of their profile, and more or less of their height and of the depth of their ditches. No masonry has ever been observed upon them which could by any possibility be attributed to their founders, or which could be supposed to be part of their original design. It is evident, however, that the earthwork was only the support of some additional defence. On the mound was certainly a residence, and both its crest and base, as well as the appended courts, must have been encircled by some sort of barrier besides the earth-bank. . . . Upon a burh, or upon an artificial earthwork of any height, masonry of any

kind was obviously out of the question. Timber, and timber alone, would have been the proper material." Mr. Clark then gives a series of proofs that this was the material used; and that even long after the introduction of castles of masonry, it was largely relied upon. He then presents a short word-picture of one of these ancient fortresses. "In viewing one of these moated mounds we have only to imagine a central timber house (the 'aula' of records) on the top, built of half trunks of trees set upright between two waling pieces at the top and bottom, like the old church at Greensted, with a close paling around it along the edge of the table top, perhaps a second line at its base, and a third along the outer edge of the ditch, and others not so strong upon the edges of the outer courts, with bridges and planks across the ditches, and huts of 'wattle-and-dab' or of timber within the enclosures, and we shall have a very fair idea of a fortified dwelling of a thane or franklin in England, or of the corresponding classes in Normandy from the eighth or ninth centuries down to the date of the Norman Conquest."

Of special interest, from their bearing upon our subject, are the cases wherein "the English lord

took up his abode within a Roman camp or station." In these "he often turned the Roman works, whether of earth or of masonry, to account, and threw up his mound in one corner, altering the contiguous banks and ditches to suit his new arrangements." Something of the sort has taken place at Duffield, with this difference, —the natural eminence within the Roman site determined the position of the mound (A.A.), and left the English lord but little to do beyond to bring it into the requisite shape. Although not very conspicuous, its general configuration is still plainly marked, especially when looked at from the north-west. There is no doubt that it was originally loftier, the evidence of the excavation showing that the summit had been planed off to the natural rock for the foundations of the Norman keep. Beyond the shaping of this mound, it is impossible to say how far the general site was modified in other respects. Each of the small trenches cut near the inner edge of the south west foss (G.G.) disclosed charcoal at about two feet below the surface. This almost certainly indicated the line of a burnt stockade, which possibly related to this period. A seam of iron refuse was attributed to a smithy of the same

period, as also certain rude potsherds. But the most definite "find" was a portion of a large bronze cruciform fibula, associated with an amber bead and some human bones which proved to relate to a young woman, all found near the outer north-west angle of the keep. These fibulæ (which were usually in pairs, one for each shoulder to fasten the mantle) are frequently found in the graves of ladies of distinction of the 7th, 8th, and 9th centuries; and from the fact that the Duffield bones were not in anatomical relation to one another, it was inferred that the Norman builders, in laying the foundations of their keep, disturbed the remains of the wife or daughter of a former lord of the burh.

We now pass to another era of English history, —that of the Norman domination. The English had too much in common with the new-comers and their more advanced culture, for the rude shock that they sustained on the fateful field of Senlac to be of more than a temporary character. In little more than a century, the foreign aristocrats and the native masses were fused into one solid nation, and the king and his barons loved to call themselves Englishmen. One of the first cares of the Conqueror was naturally to

strengthen his hold on the country, and in order to do this, he developed the land system that he found already established here. Many of the English thanes had been killed in the recent wars; many more had been evicted from their estates for their real or supposed complicity in the numerous conspiracies that marked the early years of the conquest. Into their vacant seats William placed his followers, creating at the same time many new over-lordships or baronies. He thus placed between himself and the English masses, a Norman aristocracy charged with the administration of their respective territories. To effectually carry out this policy, he repaired and improved the already existing castles of the old crown lands, and, where necessary, constructed new ones, and the great barons had a similar charge in respect to their holdings. Masonry was now largely used in castle building; and the gaunt, rectangular, and circular keeps of the period, stern in their passive strength, were of all forms of fortification the best adapted for small garrisons to keep at bay the populace of their surrounding districts until help from a distance arrived, for it was the case of the few holding the many in subjection.

Among the Conqueror's followers was a certain Henry de Ferrers, lord of Ferrières-St.-Hilaire, a small village in the Department of Eure, Normandy, now devoted to agriculture and cotton-spinning, but for time out of mind until recently, to the working of iron. The latter industry was of such antiquity that it had already given name to the place,* and the place to the owners, decades before the conquest of England. But the family were identified with iron not merely in name: the first member with whom we are acquainted—Vauquelin de Ferrers, the father of the Henry who accompanied the army to England, who fell in the battle of Vimoutiers against Hugues de Montfort in 1039—possessed iron pits and works in the vicinity of his Normandy village, and doubtless drew therefrom great wealth. The son Henry, with whom we are now concerned, must have been a man of great ability and trustworthiness, for he was an especial favourite of the Conqueror, who rewarded him with Chambrais in Normandy and vast possessions in England. He was one of the commissioners who drew up the Domesday Book, and from this survey we learn that he possessed no less

* Lat. *Ferrum.* Compare our word "farrier."

than 114 manors in Derbyshire, thirty-five in Leicestershire, twenty in Berkshire, and forty-one distributed through Staffordshire, Oxfordshire, Essex, Warwickshire, Wiltshire, Hampshire, Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, Herefordshire, Buckinghamshire, and Gloucestershire. As his chief possessions lay in and around Derbyshire, it was necessary that his authority should be focussed in this district. Conformable to this, we find that he had two great strongholds therein,—one, the ancient burh of Tutbury, and the other that of Siward at Duffield, in each of which he erected a keep. It is difficult to say which was the more important. Duffield was central, and its keep was huge: Tutbury was naturally strong, and this must in some measure have made up for strength of keep; and the beautiful priory that this De Ferrers founded there and in which he was buried, seems to show that he delighted more in that picturesque place than in Duffield. Perhaps the former was designed more as a residence; the latter as a fortress. That Duffield was regarded in some sense as secondary to Tutbury, is also borne out by the fact that it was the residence of his eldest son, Engenulph. This corroborates the tradition that he, and no later De Ferrers, was

the original builder of our keep, for if the stronghold was of such importance as to be entrusted to his eldest son, it is hardly likely that he would be satisfied with the mound and palisades of an English burh. Still the excavation disclosed fair evidence that the keep underwent great alterations at a later period. Henry de Ferrers died in 1088, and his death was preceded by those of his two sons. His vast possessions descended to his third son, Robert, a staunch supporter of Stephen, who, in consequence of this and his prowess at the famous battle of the Standard, created him Earl of Derby. We now leave the owners, to consider their great central stronghold.

On entering the iron fence which now encloses the site, the visitor's eye takes in at a glance the outline of the rectangular keep, which measures ninety-three feet one way and ninety-nine the other, exclusive of the projecting masses of masonry which formed the foundation of the forebuilding on the west side. The massive foundations and lower courses of the outer walls average fifteen feet in thickness,—the thickest Norman walls of England, Dover only excepted. They consist of consolidated rubble faced with ashlar. The internal

space is, as usually was the case with keeps of this period, divided into two great apartments, a north one and a larger south one, by a cross wall about four feet six inches thick. The south apartment contains the massive square base of a circular pillar (H); a puzzling stone trench or gutter crossing the space from west to east, and passing *en route* through the base of the pillar; and a deep well (E) in the south-west corner. In the substance of the masonry of the south-east and north-west angles of the keep, are clear indications of spiral staircases, each opening into one of these large apartments. The well is about eighty feet deep, or several feet lower than the Derwent. For the first ten or twelve feet, it is irregularly square, and is now lined with railway sleepers. Below this, it takes the form of a nicely cut circular shaft of about four feet six inches in diameter. Although it passes through shale it is not, nor has it been, in any way lined. Amongst the rubbish with which it was filled, were some of the most interesting relics of the Norman castle. Thus much for the structural remains.

Norman rectangular keeps had so much in common, that it is not difficult to rebuild in imagination that of Duffield from its existing

remains. Soaring from a common plinth, the keep, "four square to every wind that blew," raised its giant head to a height of probably 150 feet,—most keeps of this period being from one and a half to two diameters high. Its expanse of flat walls would be relieved by broad but shallow pilasters. String-courses or set-offs would mark the levels of the various floors. The narrow loops of the basement would be exchanged for the characteristic small round-headed windows of the time, as the summit was approached. The whole would be crested by a formidable embattled parapet. On the western side was the elaborate forebuilding with its external portcullis through which alone entrance could be made to the interior.

Now the interior—The basement, as already intimated, was divided into two rooms, and with but little doubt the wall of intersection was carried upwards to the roof. About fifteen feet high and gloomy—aired rather than lighted, by a few narrow loops—these rooms would be used chiefly for stores. All the upper floors were of substantial oak. Ascending to that immediately above by one of the well-stairs, the somewhat loftier and better lighted storey devoted to the garrison would be entered. The well probably opened to

this floor, its shaft being carried through the basement in a square mass of masonry, which had its foundation in the expanded upper portion already described. There must have been some contrivance for supplying the well water to the rooms below, and the curious trench crossing the larger of these rooms had probably to do with it. In the external wall at the eastern extremity of this trench, there are some indications of the shaft of a garderobe: it is just possible that one use of this trench was to allow of the latter being flushed occasionally. The rooms above the barrack constituting the state apartments would be the loftiest, best lighted, and most lavishly furnished and embellished of any in the building. If the intervening wall was pierced with arches, the whole storey could be converted into one spacious hall on special occasions. It was usual (and probably it was so at Duffield) for this and the storey above to have small intra-mural chambers entered by doors in the broad jambs of the windows, and used as sleeping-rooms, oratories, garderobes, etc. The upper storey would be divided by wooden partitions into chambers for private occupation. The roofs of the earlier keeps were rather steep and covered with shingles; but as mediæval

warfare developed, it was necessary to replace these by comparatively flat lead-covered ones, so as to admit of military engines being used from the summit. This change seems to have come about rather late in the Norman period, and as there are many indications that our keep underwent considerable alterations subsequent to its erection, there is little doubt that it possessed such a roof. The two well-stairs had no connection whatsoever with the outside: they simply served as means of communication from floor to floor. The external entrance was through a cunningly devised forebuilding,—a sort of extension of the western side of the keep, about two-thirds its height. The site is indicated by a shapeless mass of concreted rubble (B.B.) disclosing but little of the original structure. The straight entrance steps were clearly at the south-west angle, where a well-defined rectangular recess is clearly marked (D). Reaching the summit of these steps—to do which a powerful portcullis and perhaps several strong doors would have to be burst open—the invader would find himself on the brink of a deep pit, the drawbridge being drawn up as a screen to the doorway into the vestibule. The latter roomy and arched chamber would

contain the actual door-way to the keep, opening into the first or even the second floor. Doubtless it was well covered by loops for archers, and other means of defence. In the foundations below the site of the steps the outline of a small chamber can be traced, which, to judge from the analogy of some other keeps of the period, was a prison.

The keep was always the crowning feature of Norman castles. It stood free within, or was attached to the curtain wall of a court or "ward," which had a well defended gateway. It was also usual for there to be an outer ward similarly protected. The Norman curtains of castles of pre-Norman date usually followed the lines of the older earthworks. But it is curious that although no effort was spared to discover the foundations of these walls at Duffield, not a solitary trace was found. This goes far, as Dr. Cox remarks, to prove that stone curtains never existed there, the older stockades being perhaps retained instead. Does not this explain the huge size and strength of the keep; the Norman builders finding the site not naturally adapted for defensive purposes, directing all their energies to the keep?

Of all the odds-and-ends relating to the Norman

occupants that were found during the excavation, the old bucket drew the most attention. It was found at the bottom of the well in a state of general collapse, as might be expected after its burial of six centuries. It was just such a bucket as may be seen in almost any farmhouse to-day—oak staves, iron hoops and handle, and nine inches deep and eleven in diameter (internal measurements). Associated with it were the blade, *minus* its iron protecting edge, of a wooden spade, and the fragments of a coarse earthenware bowl or globular jar. Among the *debris*, were also many carved stones, all of coarse Norman workmanship,—engaged capitals and shafts of window-jambs, vousoirs with chevron moulding, fragments of string-courses, etc. Some of these have been axed into shape, others, apparently for inside work, chiselled; and they do not all seem to be of the same date. Many of these, besides other stones, have been discoloured by heat; and the large quantity of charred wood found, not only in the well (among which was a portion of a huge beam of oak), but generally over the site, sometimes as a solid seam several inches in thickness, corroborates their testimony, that Duffield Castle ended its days by fire. Among

the smaller items must be noticed a prick spur, table knives of singularly modern shape and look except for their thick rust, a bridle bit, and a window fastener, all of iron. The numerous bones were, with few exceptions, kitchen refuse. From their relative quantities, we learn that beef and pork were the favourite dishes of the castle occupants; less so were those of mutton and venison; while hare, rabbit, goose, and fowl, were only occasionally indulged in.

For the demolition of Duffield Castle, we must return to the great Earls of Derby, for castle and family fell together. After an exceptionally brilliant career for nearly two centuries, marked at every step by royal favour, the sixth Earl, by his wayward fickleness, reversed the family fortune. So impetuous and violent was he, that Matthew Paris summed him up as "fidus nec Regi nec Baronibus." From the first, he threw in his lot with the disaffected barons. In 1263, at the early age of twenty-four, he marched his Derbyshire men-at-arms to Worcester, sacking the city and working havoc with the neighbouring royal parks. The king hearing of it, sent a force under his son, Prince Edward, to lay waste his Derbyshire territories. Tutbury Castle was

destroyed, but Duffield seems to have escaped; perhaps the royalists gave the formidable keep a wide berth. The Earl was present at the great battle of Lewes. At the conclusion of the war, the rebellious barons were treated with great clemency by the king, but two were exempted by name from the royal pardon, the great leader, Simon de Montfort, and our youthful Earl. The latter, on October 23, 1265, was formally charged with high crimes and misdemeanours; knowing, however, the certainty of conviction, he, a few months later, threw himself on the king's mercy. Whereupon the king, in consideration of a beautiful golden cup set with precious stones and a further fine of 1500 marks, granted him full pardon and the restitution of his lands, and undertook to secure him against all whom he had wronged; but with the condition that if he again rebelled, he should be disinherited without hope of favour.

Notwithstanding all this, the infatuated Earl, whose perfidy seems to have been boundless, was no sooner back among his Derbyshire tenantry than he began to arm them, and in conjunction with several other turbulent barons, to work mischief again. The king immediately dispatched

his nephew Henry with troops to chastise him. Hearing of the royalist approach, he thought to make Duffield his base; but the prince, instead of attacking him there, made a bold dash round by Wirksworth, in the direction of Chesterfield, to intercept a Yorkshire contingent of rebels. This caused the Earl to hurry with troops to their support, and he arrived at Chesterfield just as the Prince was attacking them. Then followed a fiercely fought battle, which ended in the complete defeat of the combined rebel forces. The Earl with many of his followers took refuge within the walls of the town; but the inhabitants, being favourably inclined toward the King, gave admission to the royal troops. The Earl hid himself among some bags of wool deposited in the nave of the church by the traders of the Whitsuntide fair, but his hiding-place was revealed by a girl whose lover had been compelled to join the rebels and was killed in the battle. He was conveyed to London, and after a few weeks, was formally attainted of high treason. His life was spared, but his lands were confiscated and bestowed upon Prince Edmund, who was afterwards created Earl of Lancaster. Thus closed the Ferrers' ownership

of Duffield, and commenced its long and eventful connection with the Earldom, and afterwards Duchy, of Lancaster.

There is no order extant for the demolition of the castle, but the constant testimony of tradition has been that it was destroyed by the king's forces immediately after the battle of Chesterfield. We know how thoroughly the work of castle-razing was accomplished by the forces of Henry III. when resolved upon, and there is no reason to suppose that Duffield was any exception to the rule. The keep was obviously first of all fired. The great heat to which the masonry was subjected, would render its overthrow much easier. That it was levelled to the ground, we may be sure, if only to impress the tenantry with the complete subversion of their rebel lord. We can picture the heaps of *debris*. For centuries they must have served as a convenient quarry for the district: the old bridge of Duffield was probably to a great extent built of their stone; here and there in the fences and cottages of the neighbourhood may still be seen stones bearing undoubted Norman axeing; and as recently as 1838, when the eastern face of Castle Hill was cut away, much ashlar was

uncovered and used in the construction of the neighbouring railway bridge.

Thus concludes this most interesting glimpse of Bygone Derbyshire. The full history of the large and important parish of Duffield is not yet written: its famous Frith, with its wealth of old-world customs and traditions, has received nothing more than passing notices. If some patient and gifted pen took up the task, and, commencing with the Roman dawn, rolled on the story through Saxon Ferrers, and Lancastrian Duffield, to the Arkwrights and Strutts of the last century, what a picture would it present of the successive steps by which the England of to-day has mounted from the England of the past!

Haddon Hall.

HADDON Hall is situated midway between Rowsley and Bakewell, crowning a gentle eminence with its lordly pile of grey stone battlements and towers, around which the ivy wreathes its dark green festoons in graceful profusion. The building presents an especially picturesque appearance from the highway, lifting its towers and battlements from the luxuriant foliage of the embowering trees.

Thus the appreciative Bradbury :—" The Autumn-time is, perhaps, the best of all periods of the year to see Haddon Hall. The colour of the woods is now in harmony with the pensive graystone of the baronial battlements. The foliage, no longer an uniform monotonous green, is a study of intense tints. The tresses of the lady-birch are spangled with yellow. Bronzes and russets and coppery reds are mixed up with the dark green of the solemn yews. The beech-trees gleam with rose-colour. The brilliant beads of the mountain-ash burn amid the soft brown of

ripening nuts and the dark hues of wild berries. The woods are silent. A solitary robin's note on the terrace intensifies the stillness. Faded leaves fall at our feet with a musical sigh. The river is running away with argosies of yellow leaves. The Autumnal sadness suits the deserted old towers of Haddon. The castle itself is almost as perfect now as in the feudal days of chivalry, when its walls echoed the noisy revelry of retainers, and the wassail-cup went its merry round."

Such is the beautiful natural setting of this fine old English hall. To trace the history of the estate is to trace the history of the building, and this has been divided into five periods by Mr. Duesbury: "To that extending from A.D. 1070 to 1250, he assigns the south aisle of the chapel, the walls of the north-east tower, and a portion of the walls in the south front; 1300 to 1380, the great hall and offices, the hall porch, lower west window of the Chapel, and the re-building of north-east tower; 1380 to 1470, the eastern portion of the Chapel, repairs at west-end, and buildings on the east side of the upper court; 1470 to 1550, fittings and finishings of the dining room, and the western range of buildings; 1550

to 1624, *et seq.*, the long gallery, the gardens and terrace, pulpit and desk, and pews in Chapel."

When Norman William conquered the land, Haddon passed into the possession of Henry de Ferrars. In the course of time it passed to the Avenells of Haddon, and with them remained until the end of the 12th century, when two sisters divided the estates, and Haddon passed by marriage to the Vernons, with whom it remained for a period of about three hundred years. Then the male line of the Vernons failed, and two sisters again inherited the estates, and Haddon passed, with fair mistress Dorothy Vernon, into the possession of that handsome and accomplished gentleman, Master John Manners, son of the first Earl of Rutland.

The changeful centuries that swept away the ancient owners of Haddon, and passed it from the Avenells to the Vernons, and afterwards to the noble house of Manners, dealt not ungently with its towers and battlements, for they bear to-day no trace of fire, no breach made by the battering ram or by the cannon of the 17th century. Other ancient holds have been dismantled and reduced to ruins, but Haddon remains in all its pride and dignity, a monument

of the old baronial times, and of the princely state that was maintained by the ancient gentry, before they grew into the fashion of wasting their substance and frittering away their years at the court of the Stuarts.

The old hall has, however, lost the warmth of its ancient hospitality, the glow of its ancient gaiety; for although it is kept in repair, and is open to the antiquary and student, it is no longer the home of the Rutlands, and it is now but an historical memory that the first duke kept open house for twelve days at Christmas, with 140 servants to wait upon his guests.

The mansion, which, as we have seen, was completed early in the seventeenth century, consists of various suites of apartments disposed around two irregular courts. Perhaps one of the best views of the exterior of the building, as well as of the beautiful surrounding scenery, is obtained by ascending the outside steps which give access to the summit of the Eagle, or Peveril's Tower.

The chapel may well claim first attention, but in passing through the so-called chaplain's room, a few moments may be devoted to its most unclerical furnishings, consisting of a number of immense pewter plates, and some ancient

accoutrements, as an old matchlock, a leather doublet, a few jack boots, old spurs, and the first Duke of Rutland's cradle, appropriately enough wrought out of oak. The variations in the architecture of the chapel are interesting; the nave, its pillars, and the font, belonging to the later Norman period, while the building is completed in the Gothic style, prevalent early in the fifteenth century. Two family pews, high-railed and ancient, are located in the chancel; and the rood-loft or gallery, reached by a worm-eaten staircase, is an object of interest to the prying antiquary. The chapel was originally rich in stained glass, and the principal window in the east end represents the pathetic story of the Cross, with some mutilated remains of saints and angels. It also bears an inscription to Sir Richard Vernon, "Treasurer of Calais, Captain of Rouen, and Speaker of the Parliament of Leicester in 1426." The windows were once rich in stained glass, but some years ago it was sacriligeously carried off, and the efforts made for its recovery were not attended with success. The building is roofed in open timber-work, of plain construction, one of the beams bearing the probable date of the repairs, 1624.

From the chapel, so solemn and tranquil, with its silent lessons of the mutability of earthly things, the attention is attracted to the great centre of activity—the great hall. Sculptured over the gateway are the arms of Vernon and Pembrugge. At the upper end of the hall the floor is raised to form the dais, bearing the long oak table, where, in the old times, the lord of the hall sate in state, with his guests around him, and the boar's head, the swan, and the peacock were served up on state occasions, the wine passed around, and beards wagged merrily in the hall.

Perchance in this old hall the youthful chivalry of Derbyshire may have recorded their vows of achievement, let us hope less extravagant vows than those that Praed puts into the mouth of Don Pedro :—

> "He vowed a vow, that noble knight,
> Before he went to table,
> To make his only sport the fight,
> His only couch the stable,
> Till he had dragged, as he was bid,
> Five scores of Turks to Cadiz,—
> And this that gallant Spaniard did
> For me, and for the ladies."

And while the Vernon feasted, from the opposite end of the hall the minstrels sang ballad

and stirring lay from the music gallery, with its panelled and carved front. The hall-screen, panelled and carved, is also remarkable for a peculiar iron hook intended for the punishment of the unlucky wight who could not drink his fair share of the good liquor that went round so freely at the festive seasons. His hand was attached to the hook, and while his arm was at full stretch, the liquor was poured down his sleeve. Beyond the screen are four doors, which give communication to the principal domestic offices. The first door leads to the buttery, furnished with chest, cupboard, and shelves for bread, cheese, and butter. The buttery communicates with a beer-cellar, a brew-house, and a bakehouse, with rooms for the storage of corn and malt. The second door leads to the great kitchen, the sloping passage to which was divided by a broad-topped hatch, on which the servitors received the dishes from the cooks. The kitchen is furnished in right old English style, with two huge fireplaces, furnished with fittings for numerous spits, and with dressers and chopping-blocks of substantial frame. The table is a massive wooden affair, cut into basins or kneading-troughs, a meet servitor for the ancient oaken dining table in the banquet-hall, which

roused the enthusiasm of Mr. Jewitt:—"This table is one of the finest examples of its kind yet remaining anywhere in existence. It is now worm-eaten and decayed, like those who once feasted around it; but still it stands a proud monument of those ancient times so long gone by." The kitchen is amply supported by its proper larders, pantries, and store-rooms. The third doorway communicates with a small vaulted room, believed to have been the wine-cellar. The fourth door gives access to a steep staircase leading to many small apartments, the lodgings of guests or retainers.

The time came when an advanced civilization separated the lord from his vassals, and the hall has its handsome dining room, well-lighted, oak-panelled, and enriched with carven shields of arms and the boar-head crest of the Vernons. A panel over the fireplace bears the royal arms with the motto:—

"Drede God and honor the Kyng."

Two panels on one side of the fireplace bear the initials, in cypher, of Sir George Vernon and his lady, between them, a shield, with arms quartered. Above them appears the date, 1545, probably indicating the completion of the room.

Five beams divide the ceiling into bays, upon the moulding of which still lingers a faint trace of the gold and colours which once enriched them. The recess at the lower end of the room is especially interesting, being lighted by an oriel window, with heavy stone mullions, and containing, among its quaint carving, the head, presumably, of Will Somers, Henry VIII.'s Court fool; and also the heads of Elizabeth of York, and her husband, Henry VII., whose poor claim to the throne her own clearer title bolstered up.

The drawing room is situated over the dining room, and is approached by the grand staircase at the upper end of the great hall. It also has its recess, lighted by a fine oriel window, and remarkable for its panelled walls and ornamental ceiling. The room is hung with tapestry, above which runs a series of stucco cornices, but the omission of this species of ornamentation from the side opposite the fireplace gives the impression that paintings were hung there.

The long-gallery is one of the glories of Haddon Hall, and runs along the south front for the space of one hundred and nine feet nine inches, by sixteen feet ten inches in width, with a height of fifteen feet. It has a square recess

in the centre of the south side. Three bow windows, and one in the recess, light it, and are enriched with the arms of England, and those of the Earl of Shrewsbury and the houses of Vernon and Manners. The room is panelled in oak, and elaborately carved in arches springing from Corinthian pillars, with a frieze and cornice above. Between the pilasters are carven shields of arms, and the frieze is enriched with roses and thistles, the boar heads of the Vernons and the peacock of the Manners. The ceiling is decorated with armorial bearings, quatrefoils, etc., in stucco. It is said that the oaken flooring of the room was furnished by a single tree, which had long flourished in the garden. Two hundred couples have danced in the gallery within the present century.

From the upper end of the gallery a few steps lead to a private apartment, tapestried, and furnished with folding doors communicating with a flight of steps giving access to the upper garden terrace.

The state bed-room adjoins this private apartment, generally styled the ante-room. It is ornamented with arms, crests, boar heads, and peacocks, and is hung with Gobelin tapestry,

illustrating Æsop's fables. The state bed is interesting for the great antiquity of its hangings, said to have been embroidered by Eleanor, wife of Sir Robert Manners, in the reign of Henry VI.

The Earl of Rutland's bed chamber is hung with tapestry, and decorated with a frieze and cornice. The frieze consists of four bands of leaves and flowers, and is very deep. Communication with the great court is obtained by means of a steep flight of steps opening near the arched entrance to the chapel.

It only remains to mention the small apartment situate in the north-west tower, and which was evidently intended as a place of confinement for any suspicious persons or unruly servants, whose crimes or faults might require a course of enforced solitude and hard fare, assisted by a salutary apprehension of more stringent remedial measures in the not very far off future. It is not a very dreadful place when compared with the diabolical dungeons of most mediæval strongholds. It is lighted by a narrow window, and is furnished with primitive simplicity, containing only a stone seat.

Before passing out of the courtyard, the visitor will probably pause to inspect a Roman altar,

of stone, with an inscription said to run as follows, although it cannot now be deciphered,—

DEO
MARTI
BRACIACAE
OS(I)TIVS
CACCILIA (NOS)
PRAEF, COH. I. AQVI TARO
V.S.

If the visitor is not an antiquary of profound attainments he will probably pay a simple but genuine tribute of respect to this memorial of a great people, whose iron strength girdled the world, while their spirits peered anxiously forward into that profound silence and darkness into which they strove to project life, unity, purpose, even as men strive to-day, although the east is radiant with its dayspring, and a brighter hope soothes their souls amid the mutations of time. So the visitor passes from Haddon, from the solemn, almost funereal stillness of the deserted courtyard, placing his foot on that time-worn portal stone, the deep hollow in which is eloquent of the transit of departed generations; and so passing out by the tower in the north-west angle of the wall, adorned with the time-scourged and rudely carven shields displaying the arms of

the Vernons and the distinguished families with which they were allied by marriage.

The magnificence of Haddon, the princely hospitality of the Vernons, is without dispute, but it may be questioned if the occupants enjoyed all the comfort which they might justly claim, for "Haddon, like many other magnificent abodes, appears, on close examination, evidently built when *comfort* was not a peculiarity of art in household construction. The doors are very rudely contrived, except when picturesque effect is the object; few fit at all close, and their fastenings are nothing better than wooden bolts, clumsy bars, and iron hasps. To conceal these defects, and exclude draughts of air, tapestry was put up, which had to be lifted in order to pass in or out; and when it was necessary to hold back these hangings, there were great iron hooks fixed for the purpose. All the principal rooms, except the gallery, were hung with loose arras, and their doors were concealed behind."

Through green pasturage, unto the margin of the river Wye, and over its bridge, the visitor approaches Haddon Hall, to probably smile over the two ancient yews that ornament the garden, and are cut to the shape of a boar's head and a

peacock. Before he leaves he will surely contrive to spare a little time to the beauties of the ancient gardens; four terraces stretching along the southern side of the hall, with the fresh greenery of lawns shaded by avenues of noble trees, and the margin of free woodland that embowers the grand old pile where the king of the peak reigned when our lady Elizabeth held sceptre and sword in picturesque England.

The Romance of Haddon Hall.

IN the chequered but not inglorious days when our Lady Elizabeth ruled the broad realm of England, Sir George Vernon, a gallant gentleman of the old faith, reigned at Haddon Hall, where two fair daughters, Margaret and Dorothy, contributed to the happiness, perchance also to the anxieties, of the good knight.

Sorrow had entered deeply into the strong man's life, and the bond of gentle years had been severed by the angel of death, when his dear girls were deprived of the tender care and guiding wisdom of a mother. Time healed the wounded spirit, and Sir George, prompted by love or ambition, took to himself a second wife, the proud and ambitious Dame Maude.

The lady bore him several fair sons, but none reached the careless, happy age of boyhood, to cheer the worthy knight's heart as he rode forth with hawk and hound by mere and wood. Proud hopes rose high, only to wither and pass away; but the two fair girls throve, and grew up into

gentle womanhood. Then lovers came, as lovers ever did and will, while girls are fair and life is young; but, alas for true love's errant course, sweet Mistress Dorothy, gentlest and fairest of the sisters, attracted the attention of handsome and courtly John Manners. Very soon there was trouble in Haddon Hall.

A younger son of the Earl of Rutland was surely no match for Dorothy Vernon, co-heiress with her sister of the great wealth and thirty manors of Sir George. The good knight, whose heart was wrapped up in his fair daughter, his "winsome Doll," might have succumbed to the pleading of bright eyes and the persuasive pressure of sweet lips, but dame Maude was above such weakness, and John Manners was mortified by a cold rejection of his suit, although he was happily conscious that he had won the heart of the damsel.

Margaret, the eldest sister, was betrothed to Sir Thomas Stanley, son of the Earl of Derby, a suitable match, highly approved by her haughty step-mother. To add to the perplexity of the fair Dorothy, another of the Stanleys came awooing, and it really appeared inevitable that John Manners must lose a fair and loving wife,

and that the obtrusive Stanley must take his chance with the cold heart and cold hand of an unwilling bride, unless, indeed, Mistress Dorothy warmed into a little shrew, and made him pay heavily for his unwisdom.

While life moved serenely to the music of wedding bells for the stately Margaret, poor Dorothy was kept under observation and treated with a salutary severity by her worldly step-mother. The girl bore up bravely however; her bright eyes were undimmed by secret tears; the bloom left not her girlish cheek; smiles and laughter came and went; and none would have guessed that the fair girl cherished a hopeless passion, and wasted the wealth of her young heart over a forbidden lover.

In that long past summer a pretty little romance was being enacted, for there were traitors in the household of Sir George, and pretty wilful Dorothy was her father's own girl, and not likely to pine away in despair without trying to thwart the project of dame Maude. When twilight passed, and the stars appeared in the evening sky, a fair girl and a comely young forester held secret love-trysts; for John Manners, disguised as a woodman, had prevailed over the fidelity of

the head forester of Haddon, and Dorothy had been equally successful in cajoling her old nurse, Luce. Thus a very pretty and successful wooing was being carried on, dispite the presence of a harsh step-mother, a careful sister, a fiery old knight, and a gay young lover.

Summer passed into autumn, and autumn came, with its premonition of shorter days and stormy nights. It brought mistress Margaret's wedding day; and great was the glee in Haddon Hall on that auspicious night, when fair ladies and courtly gentlemen mingled in the dance; wine flashed in the cup; old greybeards lived old days over again as they toasted bride and bridegroom, and smiled upon Mistress Dorothy, the fairest maiden in the hall, as she danced with the lightest foot, and laughed with the wittiest there—the belle of the bridal.

Midnight closed in, dark and cold outside the hall, but lights flashed within, and the sounds of revelry rose and fell with the changing humour of the gay company. Suddenly from out a door—the famous Dorothy Vernon door—there issues a lady, cloaked and hooded for travel; she descends the steps, and passes swiftly onward, into the outer darkness, to be caught in the strong arms

of John Manners, who carries the fair Dorothy off in triumph, and thus wins the sweetest of brides, and one of the wealthiest heiresses in broad England, for poor Margaret's married life was extremely brief, and Dorothy ultimately inherited the whole of her father's estates.

The Ordeal of Touch.

THE old judicial superstitions that the wounds of a murdered man shed forth fresh gore at the touch of the murderer, doubtless terrified many a guilty wretch into the confession of his crime. Sir Walter Scott has well described the solemn and impressive character of the ordeal in "The Fair Maid of Perth."

> "Then strange sympathies shall wake,
> The flesh shall thrill, the nerves shall quake;
> The wounds renew their clotter'd flood,
> And every drop cry blood for blood."

Two brief quotatations from the lengthy description of the inimitable Scott will serve to indicate the solemn and awful character of the ordeal.

"The scene presented that effect of imposing solemnity which the rites of the Catholic Church are so well qualified to produce. The eastern window, richly and variously painted, streamed down a torrent of checkered light upon the high altar. On the bier placed before it were

stretched the mortal remains of the murdered man, his arms folded on his breast, and his palms joined together, with the fingers pointed upwards, as if the senseless clay were itself appealing to Heaven for vengeance against those who had violently divorced the immortal spirit from its mangled tenement."

The touch is thus graphically told:—"Eviot was summoned to undergo the ordeal. He advanced with an ill-assured step. Perhaps he thought his internal consciousness that Bonthron must have been the assassin, might be sufficient to implicate him in the murder, though he was not directly accessory to it. He paused before the bier; and his voice faltered, as he swore by all that was created in seven days and seven nights, by heaven, by hell, by his part of paradise, and by the god and author of all, that he was free and sackless of the bloody deed done upon the corpse before which he stood, and on whose breast he made the sign of the cross, in evidence of the appeal. No consequences ensued. The body remained stiff as before; the curdled wounds gave no sign of blood."

When the wealthy and hospitable Sir George Vernon held sway at Haddon, and was popularly

known as the "King of the Peak," a cruel murder caused some sensation in the locality, and moved Sir George to the exercise of a little ultra-judicial rigour.

The corpse of a man, discovered in a secluded spot, was identified as that of a pedlar who had recently been trading in the neighbourhood. Evidences of violence were not lacking, and suspicion attached to a certain cottar, who was reported to have received the pedlar into his residence on the night preceding the discovery of the corpse. By Sir George's command the corpse was carried to Haddon, sheeted, and laid in the hall. The suspected man was then summoned to the hall, and straitly questioned by the knight as to the whereabouts of the pedlar who had been seen to enter his cottage. The answer was a denial; no pedlar had entered his cottage; he had never seen the man. In reply to this affirmation, Sir George drew off the sheet, and displayed the corpse to the gaze of the unhappy wretch, at the same time calling upon all who were in attendance to lay their hands upon the body, and declare their innocency. When the suspected man was called upon, he refused obedience, and, conscience-stricken, rushed wildly from the hall,

sped through Bakewell, and was making for Ashford, when Sir George's men caught him up near the Ashford toll-bar. The knight had ordered them to hang the wretched man, and hanged he was incontinently.

For this summary proceeding Sir George was called upon to appear in Court, and proceeded to London, but declined to answer to the indictment as he had been summoned under the title of the "King of the Peak." The indictment necessarily fell through, and Sir George escaped with a salutary admonition; no doubt to be thereafter regarded with greater veneration and fear by his tenants and neighbours at Haddon.

The Monumental Brasses at Tideswell.

By James L. Thornely.

ONE of the features of our country which strike an American visitor most forcibly after he has recovered a little from the amaze into which its cultivated and parcelled-out appearance has thrown him, is its wealth in antiquities, and especially ecclesiastical antiquities. The triteness of the remark need not prevent our saying here that the New Englander as a rule appreciates more truly than the Old those silent "chronicles of eld," of which we in their midst, are many of us unconscious.

But those of us whose bent of inclination has led them to visit our old country churches, know, full well, how deep and how rich a mine of interest awaits them there. Those in particular who have made stone monuments and monumental brasses their study, must have had many reflections suggested to them such as give vivid glimpses and throw strong sidelights upon the history of the English people, which we may

look for in vain in the pages of the chronicler and historian.

Of monumental brasses in general, it may be said that, although met with on the Continent, they are far more common in England; many sumptuous specimens may still be found through the length and breadth of the land, and the traces yet left by the ravages of the puritan and the "restorer" (most ironic of terms), tell us of a time when England might boast of many thousands of effigies of armoured knight, courtly dame, and vestured churchman. A significant token of the distribution of the population, and of the rank and wealth of the people through the different counties is given by the number of the churches, and the richness and number of their stone or brass monuments. In the south and eastern counties, beautiful examples of the latter lie as thick as the falling leaves of Vallombrosa. In the midlands and western shires, though many rich specimens may be found, they are fewer and further between. In the north they are comparatively rare. Hardy, indigent Scotland, contains scarcely a single example. The sleepy, stagnant towns of East Anglia, Kent, and Sussex, from which all commerce and traffic has

long since departed, were once the wealthiest and busiest centres of England, and they teem with handsome churches and costly brasses. The factory and colliery-disfigured counties of Lancashire and Yorkshire have very few brasses, for they were thinly peopled, and their inhabitants were poor.

Having once, in the course of a walking tour, visited the old church of Tideswell, and seen its brasses, I resolved on the earliest opportunity to revisit it, equipped with all a "brass-rubber's" paraphernalia; to wit:—a long roll of thin white paper and a piece of shoe-makers' heelball, which when rubbed upon the paper over the brass will make a fac-simile impression of the engraved effigy, the lines remaining white while the rest of the surface is a glossy black; smooth and durable, and throwing the outlines into strong relief. The long-awaited opportunity presented itself in the summer of 1885, and on the afternoon of my arrival I made the coveted treasures mine.

In some respects the finest of the four brasses in the old church is that of Robert Pursglove (who seems to have borne the *alias* of Sylvester), Suffragan Bishop of Hull in the time of Queen Mary. Most extant brasses of priests and

prelates, many of them very graceful in design, and richly ornamented in detail, are of the 14th and 15th centuries, and it is rarely that one meets with a prelate in full pontificals later than Henry VII.'s reign. Very possibly, and for aught I know, Pursglove's brass may be the only instance of a Romish prelate so attired dating later than the Reformation. The marvel is how this effigy has escaped the tide of anti-popish devastation that set in with the rise of Protestantism, and continued to rage long after the reformed belief had become established as the State religion.

The earlier examples just referred to are many of them much larger,—as indeed *all* early brasses were,—many of the figures being six feet in length; their lines were bolder, broader, and more deeply incised.

At a later stage, it became usual to supplement these lines by small patches of cross-shading, especially where the folds of drapery were to be indicated. In the course of time, the increasing use of cross-shading had sapped the strength and boldness of the principal lines, until, before its final disuse in the eighteenth century, the art of designing brasses had decayed to a miserable extent.

Considering how far this decay had proceeded at the time, the brass of Bishop Pursglove may be considered a remarkably fine specimen of its class. The main lines are bold and easily flowing, and although there is a good deal of cross-shading in its composition, in general breadth of effect the brass has suffered but little.

The countenance of the reverend prelate is particularly happy in execution. Whether as an individual likeness it be accurate or not, we have no means of judging; but we see in the face before us wisdom and gravity combined with a benevolent expression, such as inspires involuntary reverence for one of the last of the Romish bishops, who was left like a withered leaf upon the tree before the rude blasts of winter had whirled it, with its few remaining fellows, from the bough. The expressiveness of the old man's face is the more noteworthy inasmuch as there are very few brasses where the delineation of the human countenance has achieved one tithe of the success which has attended the elaboration of embroidered vestment or damascened armour.

Like most contemporary brasses, it is much smaller than those of the fourteenth century. It

lies in the chancel of the church, let into a stone slab.

The bishop is attired in his eucharistic vestments, with mitre (and it is worthy of notice that his mitre is of an early shape, short and angular, not high and curved, as was more common at that time); *amice*, or embroidered collar; *alb*, the most ancient of vestments, being the long-sleeved robe worn under the other garments, and adorned with *apparel* or panel of embroidery or *orfrey-work* at the front of the skirt, but not,—as in many other examples,—at the wrists; *dalmatic*, *i.e.*, the short, fringed robe worn over the alb; *chasuble*, the ample cloak which in great part covers both alb and dalmatic; *stole*, a long, narrow scarf of rich embroidery, the two fringed ends of which appear below the dalmatic; jewelled gloves and shoes; and a handsomely foliated pastoral staff. The absence of the *maniple*, or embroidered handkerchief, usually dependent from the arm, will not escape the observation of the technical.

Below the figure is a long epitaph in a somewhat halting metre, inscribed upon a different kind of brass, and, as has been conjectured, of later date. Thus it runs :—

ROBERT PURSGLOVE, SUFFRAGAN BISHOP OF HULL.

"Under this stone, as here doth ly, a corps sumtime of fame,
In Tiddeswall bred and born truely, Robert Pursglove by name;
And there brought up by parents' care, at schoole and learning trad,
Till afterwards by uncle dear, to London he was had,
Who William Bradshaw hight by name, in Paul's wch did him place,
And y'r at schoole did him maintain full thrice 3 whole years space.
And then unto the abberye was placed as I wish,
In Southwarke call'd, where it doth ly, St. Mary Overis.
To Oxford then, who did him send, into that colledge right,
And there 14 years did him find, wh. Corpus Christi hight.
From thence at length away he went, a clerke of learning great,
To Gisburn Abbey streight was sent, and plac'd in Prior's seat.
Bishop of Hull he was also, Archdeacon of Nottingham,
Provost of Rotheram colledge too, of York eak suffragan.
Two gramer schools he did ordain with land for to endure;
One hospital for to maintain twelve impotent and poor.
O Gisburne thou with Tiddeswall town, lement and mourn you may,
For this said clerk of great renoun lyeth here compast in clay.
Though cruel death hath now down brought this body wc here doth ly,
Yet trump of fame stay can be nought to sound his praise on high.
Qui legis hunc versum crebro reliquum memomeris,
Vile cadaver sum, tuque cadaver eris."

Little can be added to the above biographical compend, which incidentally commissions the "trump of fame" to sound, no less than his own, the praise of the good uncle to whose kindly nurture the bishop's eminent career must have been largely due.

The figure and inscription are enclosed within a riband or strip of brass ornamented at the corners—a very common practice—with the symbols of the four Evangelists, and bearing the following legend :—

"Christ is to me as life on earth, and death to me is gaine,
Because I trust through him alone salvation to obtaine.
So brittle is the state of man, so soon it doth decay,
So all the glory of this world must pass and fade away."

The same lines, we are told, may be met with on at least five other brasses in different parts of the country. Following the verse just given, is the following inscription, "This Robert Pursglove, sometyme Bishoppe of Hull, deceassed the 2 day of Maii in the yere of our Lord God 1579."

For the further details of the bishop's life I am indebted to Mr. Cox's "Churches of Derbyshire."

"Pursglove," he says, "was consecrated Suffragan-Bishop of Hull in 1552, and Archdeacon of Nottingham in 1553, but on the oath of

supremacy to Elizabeth being offered to him, he refused to take it, and was deprived of his Archdeaconry and other spiritualities. He then retired to the neighbourhood of Tideswell, where he remained till his death. Though considered a Protestant Bishop under Edward VI., he seems to have been a vehement papist under Mary, and was appointed, in 1557, one of a commission to inquire into heretics, etc. This commission is regarded by Burnet and other writers as a mere preliminary to establish the Inquisition in England. Letters patent were granted to him in the second and third of Elizabeth to found the Grammar Schools of Tideswell and of Gisburne, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. The pension awarded to Robert Pursglove on the suppression of the Priory of Gisburne (*alias* Guisborough), in 1540, was £166 13s. 4d. It is said, in a contemporary MS., that, 'the pryor lived in the most sumptuous style, being served at table by gentlemen only.' He was seventh and last Provost of Rotherham College, which was dissolved about 1550." The good bishop's original foundation, the Grammar School of Jesus, is still a thriving school; the building lies on the north side of the church.

In Mr. Cox's book is given a woodcut of Bishop Pursglove's brass, for which, he says, he was indebted to Mr. George Markham Tweddell,

JOHN AND ISABELLE DE LITTON.

who had it prepared for his "Popular History of Cleveland." There is also, he says, a good engraving of the whole of this interesting plate

in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1794 (pt. ii. p. 1100); also on a larger scale in the *Tideswell Parish Magazine*, for 1869; and in "Cambridge Camden Society's Illustrations," I., p. 19.

On the floor of the aisle of the old Lytton Chapel, in the south transept, lie the brasses of Robert Lytton, of Lytton, and his wife Isabella. The brasses are not very large: they are accompanied by two ribands or scrolls of brass, as shown in the accompanying illustration. The scroll adjoining Robert Lytton bears the legend: "*Fili Dei miserere mei;*" the lady's, "*Mater Dei memento mei.*" Robert Lytton is dressed in the long fur-trimmed robe with wide sleeves worn by civilians and persons of substance, a very simple but graceful dress; at his girdle hangs the large *gypcière*, or tasselled purse, of the period. He is clean-shaven, and in this effigy has an almost boyish appearance, which is increased by the length of his hair, worn low upon the forehead. Isabella Lytton, to whose attractions it is fair to assume that the artist has done scant justice, is also simply clad. She wears one of the stiff pedimental head-dresses in vogue during the latter part of the fifteenth and the earlier years of the sixteenth centuries, being identical with those

which are familiar to us as the head-gear of the four queens upon our playing-cards. Of this head-attire, Mr. Boutell says: "It was composed of velvet or embroidered cloth, and sometimes of lighter materials, and, being pointed somewhat stiffly over the forehead, descended in lappets upon the shoulders and back."

She also has a girdle with long depending and ornamented end. The dresses of this couple are similar to many other contemporary brasses.

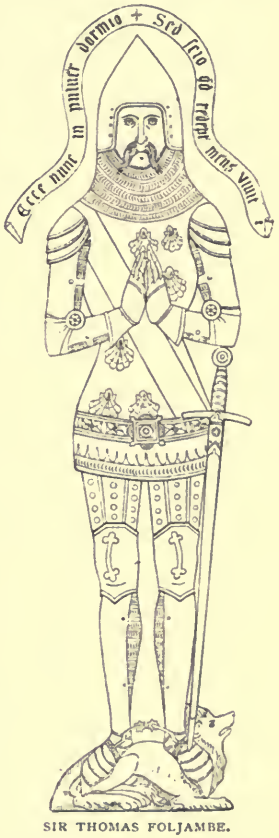
Both figures are pleasing from their very simplicity: there is a quaint charm in the mixture of stiffness and flowing grace of the lines that is redolent of true mediæval art. Two shields of arms were formerly seen above the figures, but now only the *matrices*, or hollowed beds in the stone in which they lay, remain. Beneath the effigies is this inscription: "Orate pro animabus Robti Lytton de Lytton et Isabella uxoris hic quiquidem Robertus obiit sexto die mensis May anno dni millimo CCCCLXXXIII et predicta Isabella obiit XV die Octobris anno dni millimo CCCCLVIII et pro āiabus omn fidelium defunctorum, quorum animabus propicietur Deus."

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the novelist, was a descendant of this couple. The family is one of

great antiquity, and took its name from the little village of Litton, which lies about a mile distant from Tideswell. Again turning to Mr. Cox, we learn that recent excavations have shown that the lead coffins of Sir Robert and his wife are immediately below the brass. Sir Robert Lytton was Under-Treasurer of England in the reign of Henry VI. He purchased the manor of Knebworth, Hertfordshire, which became the principal seat of the family. Litton Hall, however, remained in the family till 1597, when it was sold by Rowland Lytton to John Alsop.

The last of our Tideswell brasses represents the good knight, Sir Thomas Foljambe, a member of the ancient family of that name, existing at the time of, or soon after the Conquest, and which has continued to the present day. Mr. Cox quotes from an account of the Foljambe family written by Mr. Cecil G. Savile Foljambe, and which I shall refer to later on. From this extract and from Mr. Cox's remarks, it would appear that the brass of Sir Thomas, shown in our illustration, is not the original one, but is a modern effigy placed there in 1875, by Mr. Foljambe, to commemorate his ancestor. At the time I took my rubbings of the Tideswell brasses

being then, let it be said, somewhat of a novice in the art, I was under the impression that I had before me the original brass, so happily does the figure imitate in appearance the examples of knights contemporary with Sir Thomas Foljambe. As regards outline, the modern engraver cannot have gone astray, for the *matrix* of the old brass in the stone slab was clearly defined and unmistakable.



SIR THOMAS FOLJAMBE.

This being so, it would require little creative skill to fill in the lines, so uniform in detail are all the effigies of this period,—the period of pointed helmets and narrow-waisted surcoats, with richly embossed sword-belt worn low upon the hips. The heraldic blazon of the Foljambe family (*sab.* a bend between six escallops *or*) is correctly portrayed upon the knight's surcoat. Upon the whole we can have few misgivings as to the faithfulness of the reproduction of the Sir

Thomas of former days. The boldness and grace of the delineation is most creditable to the modern designer.

Prior to its restoration the only memorial of the old brass was its *matrix* in the stone slab, and a piece of brass placed thereon "by one of the family some two hundred years ago," bearing a shield with the Foljambe arms and this inscription, "Tumulus Johanis filii Domini Thomæ Foljambe qui obiit quarto die Augusti ano Domini millesimo trecentesimo quinquegesimo octavo, qui multa bona fecit circa fabricationem hujus ecclesiæ."

In his account referred to above, Mr. Foljambe says:—"The chancel of this church was probably the burial place of the Foljambe family from the time of their first settlement in the parish, soon after the Conquest (for John Foljambe, who died in 1249, desires to be buried in the chancel of the church at Tideswell *with his forefathers*), and it was used as such by them until the extinction of the male line of the elder branch by the death of Roger Foljambe in 1448." There are said to have been formerly other brasses of the Foljambe family in the church.

Our collection, though small, is nevertheless

singularly complete, for it comprehends and represents by good examples the four principal types of the monumental brass,—the ecclesiastic in his priestly robes, the knight in full armour, the civilian in his garb of peace, and the lady of high degree.

It will be sufficient here to mention that there is also in the centre of the chancel a large altar tomb to the memory of Sir Sampson Meverell, the sides consisting of carved tracery, which reveals within the body of the tomb the stone effigy of an emaciated corpse swathed in its shroud, with two attendant angels at its head. Let into the slab of purbeck marble, which forms the upper surface of the tomb, are plates of brass engraved with quaint symbolical figures, and dated 1462.

As already mentioned, the brasses of Derbyshire are comparatively few, but good examples may be found at Hathersage, Ashbourne, Dronfield, Morley, Muggington, and other places in the county.

The stately old church at Tideswell has many other curiosities and antiquities which will repay inspection; but of these I may not here speak. Yet how few know, and of these, alas! how few

care, that within the grey walls of this upland village church, surrounded by bleak open hills and windswept moors, away from the world, in a land of farmers and sheep-owners, lie stately monuments of "Albion's elder day," telling of the times when Tideswell could boast of her mitred prelate, her belted knights, her high-born dames,—of the good old days when knights and gentlemen were content to farm their own lands, and live and die in their own houses, and to attend each sabbath at their parish church until the time should come when their bones were to be laid there to rest for ever.

The accompanying illustrations (with the exception of the engraving of Bishop Pursglove) are from pen and ink drawings which I took from my heel-ball rubbings as a memento of that happily-spent summer afternoon in the old church of the Peak country.

Bolsover Castle.

By Enid A. M. Cox.

BOLSOVER is a small country town in the Hundred of Scarsdale, six miles east of Chesterfield. Its population is less than three thousand, its trade is almost *nil*, and were it not that the manufacture of tobacco-pipes is still said to linger here, we should have said that no commercial activity whatever had any footing in this tranquil spot. Yet in other days it had a very different history. Five centuries ago it was a busy market-town, renowned for its manufacture of buckles and spurs; so celebrated indeed were Bolsover buckles for their elasticity, that it is said the wheel of a loaded cart could pass over them without in any way affecting their shape.

The whole town of Bolsover was formerly fortified, and it is conjectured that it was a strong garrison of the Danes; of this we have no authentic evidence, though extensive earthworks can still be seen. After the Norman Conquest, the manor of Bolsover was conferred on William

Peverell, and he built the ancient fortalice, of which there is now but small trace. From this time it was considered an important station as a place of defence; and there are some interesting entries relating to the castle in the Pipe Rolls. Bolsover changed hands many times in the course of its career, but it was for the most part a royal fortress, and its castellans were appointed by the crown. In the nineteenth year of Henry II.'s reign, there is a curious item showing the cost of food in those days. Bolsover Castle was victualled for a very small expenditure, 40 qrs. of corn costing 53s. 4d.; 20 bacons, 53s.; and 60 cheeses, 19s. 8d. The said castle was also repaired in the same year by the sheriff, Reginald de Lucy, for the sum of 40s. The next notice in the Pipe Rolls occurs in the year 1200, "for enclosing the park at Bolsover for £3, by the view of Galf Lutrel and Wm. Fil Wachel."

In 1204, John bestowed the government of the castle on his favourite, William de Briwere; but a few years later, it was seized by the rebellious barons and held by them until 1215, when William de Ferrars, Earl of Derby, re-took it for the king. During the next three centuries, frequent mention is made of the castle, indeed the

list of its owners and governors is of such a length that one is almost tempted to say that its possession brought loss and misfortune along with it, for it never remained long in the same family. After many vicissitudes, it was granted by Henry VIII. to Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk; but, on the attainder of his son, the second duke, it once again reverted to the crown. When Edward VI. bestowed it on the Earl of Shrewsbury, the ancient fortress was fast decaying, and so little pains were taken to preserve it, that ere the seventeenth century dawned it was a mass of ruins. In 1613, Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, sold Bolsover to Sir Charles Cavendish, younger son of the renowned "Bess of Hardwick," and probably congratulated himself on the bargain he had made. The new owner was an energetic man. In the year of his purchase he cleared away the tottering ruins of the Norman keep, and on the same site "the foundation of the newe house at Bolsover begune to be layde." This "newe house" is the present castle, and is situated on the brink of a high lime-stone rock at a considerable elevation above the valley overlooking a great extent of country. It is a square, lofty fabric of brown stone, having a tower at each

angle, the one at the N.E. corner being of much larger dimensions. It was not intended for a fortress, but rather for a domestic residence. The architect was Huntingdon Smithson. The interior is a curious specimen of the arrangements and accommodation of the age; to our modern eyes it appears ill-contrived and inconvenient. The rooms are small, the floors are of stone or plaster, the walls are wainscoted; yet the fortress is still inhabited, and forms a picturesque, if somewhat unconventional, abode.

The entrance is by a flight of steps leading into a high enclosed court; over the door is a figure of Hercules supporting on his massive shoulders the heavy balcony above. The hall is of moderate size. Its elaborately groined ceiling is supported by two circular stone columns. The "pillar-parlour" is of similar construction, and is a remarkable apartment; it, too, has an arched roof sustained by a central pillar, round which is a plain circular dining-table; the wainscoted walls are ornamented with quaint gilt devices. The largest room is the Star Chamber, with its decorated ceiling of blue and gold, its rich chimney-piece, and its portraits of the twelve Cæsars. It has now been fitted up as a museum,

and contains a valuable collection of Etruscan curiosities.

As soon as Sir Charles Cavendish had finished this reproduction of the old Norman keep, he began to erect the magnificent range of buildings

BOLSOVER CASTLE.

which extends along the grand terrace. He died in 1617, and left the completion of his work to his son, Earl, and afterwards Duke, of Newcastle. This immense fabric was of almost royal dimensions, the dining-room was 78 feet by 33 feet, the

drawing-room 39 feet by 33 feet, the picture gallery 220 feet by 28 feet, and the other rooms were proportionately large. The noble owner (better known in later times by his well-earned title of "The Loyal Duke") entertained Charles I. three times in this new castle. In 1633 the King paid his first visit, and so well-pleased was he with the hospitality that he then received that he determined to repeat his visit without loss of time. Accordingly, we read in the Duchess of Newcastle's "Life of the Duke," that a year after the king was pleased to send my lord word that her majesty the queen was resolved to make a progress in the northern parts, desiring him to prepare the like entertainment for her majesty, which my lord did, and endeavoured for it with all possible care and industry, sparing nothing which might add to the splendour of the feast, which both their majesties were pleased to honour with their presence. Lord Clarendon speaks of the entertainment as "stupendous," and the term seems hardly too strong when we remember that the cost was between fourteen and fifteen thousand pounds. All the neighbouring nobility and gentry were welcomed to the hospitable roof, open house was kept, rich banquets were spread, merry-mak-

ing and feasting were the order of the day! The generous host spared no effort to make the entertainment worthy of the occasion, and to this end he procured the services of Ben Jonson, who was entrusted with the task of writing a masque and superintending its performance. "Rare Ben" was a courtly poet, and his work was right well done, eulogistic phrases and delicate flattery flowed with a happy grace from his pen. The masque was entitled "Love's Welcome," its chief object was to introduce a course of quintain "performed by the gentry of the county, neighbours of this earl, in the guise of rustico in which much awkwardness was affected, and much real dexterity shown."

The entertainment was very quaint and diverting, and as the Earl of Newcastle was at that time Lord Lieutenant of both Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire, the union of the two counties was typified by an allegorical marriage between "Penn, daughter of Father Fitz-Ale, herald of Derby," and "Bold Stub of Sherwood."

The play concluded with a panegyric on Charles, in blank verse; it contains the following fine passage :—

"——— such a king
As men would wish, that knew not how to hope
His like, but seeing him! A prince, that's law
Unto himself; is good for goodness sake.
And so becomes the rule with his subjects!
That studies not to seem or to show great,
But be:—not drest for other's eyes and ears,
With views and false rumours, but makes fame
Wait on his actions and then so speak his name."

At the beginning of the contest between the King and the Parliament, the Earl fortified and garrisoned the town and castle of Bolsover for the King's service. He was made commander-in-chief of the royal army, and in consequence of his success in that capacity was created the Marquis of Newcastle.

In 1644, the castle was attacked by the Roundheads under Major-General Crawford. The following account of its capture is given in a Parliamentary chronicle bearing the curious title "The Burning Bush not Consumed":—"Shortly after August 16, 1644, the noble Major-General having left Colonel Bright, a commander of my Lord Fairfax's, and a party of foot in the castle (Sheffield) by order from the most noble Earl of Manchester, advanced towards Bolsover Castle, about eight miles from Sheffield. It being

another strong house of Marquesse Newcastle's, in Derbyshire, which was well manned with soldiers, and strengthened with great guns, one whereof carried eighteen pound bullets, others nine pounds, and it had strong works about it; yet this castle also, upon summons, was soon rendered up to my Lord's forces, upon fair and moderate articles granted to them. It pleased God to give us, in this castle of Bolsover, an hundred and twenty muskets, besides pikes, halberts, etc. Also an iron drake, some leaden bullets, two mortar pieces, some other drakes, nine barrels of powder, with a proportion of match, some victuals for our soldiers, and some plunder."

The grand range of buildings in which Charles I. had been entertained, was partially pulled down during the Commonwealth, and the costly furniture destroyed.

After the Restoration, "the Loyall Duke" returned from exile, and repaired to a great extent the grievous damage that had been done to the building. But it was not destined to any great length of life, for early in the eighteenth century it fell into decay, and now little remains but bare walls and the spacious

Riding House. The valuable pictures and furniture were removed to Welbeck.

In 1711, the duchy of Newcastle became extinct; the estates have since devolved to the present noble owner, the Duke of Portland.

The Lamp of St. Helen.

By T. Tindall Wildridge.

WHEN the custom arose no man knows, but for ages certain lands at Eyam were held by the tenure of keeping a lamp perpetually burning on the altar of St. Helen in the parish church. Thus the Staffords held it through many generations. It was to be maintained by the actual male possessor, or in default of male issue, by female issue during her life on condition of her utterly abstaining from marriage, at which, or at her death, the estates should revert to the Lords of the Manor or to the Crown.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth these wide-spread lands were in possession of Humphrey Stafford, whose family, from the time of King Henry III., had enjoyed the estate, acquiring it by marriage with a Furnival, a name occurring among ancient British records. Humphrey Stafford was a man of noble mind, of un-

sparing benevolence, and judicial integrity. His father had died impressing upon him the injunction to perpetuate the line, and thus keep alive the lamp on the altar of St. Helen. Humphrey married, and became the father of five daughters, Margaret, Alice, Gertrude, Ann, and Catherine, and two sons, Humphrey and Roland.

The sons, however, died in early youth, and his wife died shortly after the birth of the second.

This was a great bitterness to one in Humphrey Stafford's position; of great wealth, lord of a wide domain, he could not, while recollecting the terms of his tenure, centuries old though it was, look round upon his domain without reflecting with a sigh that it must shortly pass away from his family for ever. Of a lofty soul and high-strung temperament, he had imbibed all the refinement of the age without participating in the least of its vices; all the chivalric devotion and religious purity of his ancestors were embodied in him, and he adopted, in its fullest sense, the saying "once a wife, always a wife." He never entertained the thought of replacing the lost companion of his bliss, so from the prime of middle life to approaching age gave himself up to regrets for the past, and, so far as this

world was concerned, to gloomy contemplation of the future.

Ready as had been his wont to adjust the differences of his tenantry and neighbours, to assist the indigent, and encourage the struggling, he became a less and less familiar figure on the village green, where the competitors in the rural and warlike sports had been long accustomed to measure their prowess by his approval. At the tiny church of Eyam he continued to be a regular worshipper, joining to his attendance there the duty, almost as sacred to him, of replenishing the ancient lamp which burned with unceasing flame on the altar of St. Helen.

His daughters grew up in the lovely likeness of their mother, and to see them develope in virtue, beauty, and accomplishments, was by its necessary cares, a pleasing abstraction for the brooding Stafford. But from far and near suitors shortly came to seek the hands of his fair children. Rowland Morewood, of Bradford, in Yorkshire, married Catherine; an ancestor of the Earls of Newburgh, Gertrude; while Alice became the wife of John Savage, of Castleton; and Ann, of Francis Bradshaw, of the famous Judge Bradshaw's ancestry.

The beauteous Margaret alone was left, and she refusing to leave her aging father, gently declined all solicitations to look with favour upon the gallants who would fain have sought her in marriage. It is hinted, perhaps with truth, that had she been disposed to have bestowed her heart upon any of them, it would have been upon young Anthony Babington, a rich gentleman of the county, with whom she and her father were on terms of intimate friendship. She considered, however, it was her duty, brief though the respite might be, to take upon herself the charge allowed by the Stafford tenure, and maintain unmarried till her death, should she survive her father, the lamp of St. Helen's. If there were any truth in the conjectures of gossips, they were prevented by the course of events from having any confirmation.

In the neighbourhood of Eyam is the glorious Chatsworth House, where the great Earl of Shrewsbury, the kinsman of Humphrey Stafford, had his seat. Humphrey Stafford, by his place in the district, and by a mutual arrangement, was the guardian of the earl's manorial interests during his absence, and the most friendly relations existed between the families. One day the earl sent

a letter which had a momentous interest for the recipients. The earl expected shortly to have in his charge as a prisoner, the beauteous Queen of Scots, the unfortunate, however culpable, Mary Stuart. There is little doubt that the dethroned and fugitive queen had among the subjects of this realm a great sympathy, and the numerous plots formed for her release entangled very many who, though they were sufficiently loyal to Queen Elizabeth to be guiltless of treason, yet could not withhold active commiseration from her royal captive, and a philosophical disapproval of Elizabeth's policy. Among such might be reckoned the Staffords. They went with eagerness to Chatsworth, and there saw the Queen of Scots, though the accounts do not speak of their seeing her otherwise than through a latticed casement as she walked on the terrace without. They thus, and apparently in no other way, had an opportunity of seeing her whose redoubled misfortunes had so often engaged their pity. Before they left the palatial abode of the earl and countess, the earl took the opportunity of speaking with Stafford upon two subjects of deep interest to both of them. The earl expressed his intention of having the custody of the Scottish

queen transferred to some other loyal person, apparently having in his mind the probable success of one of the plots directed against the life of Queen Elizabeth.

He also alluded, in the course of his conversation, to a hope that he might, by his influence, be able to secure the expungment of the limiting clause in the Eyam tenure. He was the titular lord of the manor, though Stafford held the possessions and represented him at its courts.

The Staffords returned home, full of melancholy excitement produced by the vivid impression of the sorrows of the queenly prisoner, as evidenced by the sadness and despondency of her face, which they had now themselves looked upon.

It happened that on this day the enthusiastic Margaret had purposed writing a letter to their friend Babington, who was then abroad. The next day it was written, and in it Margaret gave an account of the visit to Chatsworth, dwelling on the injustice of Mary's imprisonment, and expressing the hope that she would yet ascend her throne. To this letter she attached her own signature and that of her father.

Unhappily, this letter arrived at Paris at the moment when Anthony Babington was being led

to set on foot his well-known plot aimed at the life of Elizabeth. Not long after the fateful visit to Chatsworth, Humphrey Stafford died. He was found dead in his chair one evening while his daughter had gone on her daily errand to the village. He was buried in simple pomp at Eyam Church, and his daughter was left, as she had sadly anticipated, to serve the Lamp alone.

Time beat his laboured flight slowly but surely on, bringing in his wake troubles for the beauteous Margaret, through her friendship for Anthony Babington, now more deeply engaged in his plot to subvert the government, kill the Queen, and establish Mary Stuart upon the English throne.

In this conspiracy, of which he was the chief mover, were concerned also Chidioke Tichborne, Charles Tilney, Edward Abingdon, Thomas Salisbury, and Edward Jones, John Savage, Robert Barnwelle, Henry Dunn, John Travers, John Charnock, and Richard Gage, "Esquires or Gentlemen," and John Ballard, a seminary priest. Babington returned to England, and all was ready for the murder and invasion. Savage bound himself to perform the assassination. Ballard, however, while on his way to signify to Mendoza

of Spain the readiness of affairs, was arrested through the vigilance of Secretary Walsingham. Upon this, Babington, with Charnock and Savage, determined to kill the Queen without waiting for the arrival of the Spanish ships. Here again the omnipresent eyes in the pay of the inimitable Secretary prevented. Babington was arrested; he escaped, staining his face and hands with walnut leaves, which Speed says "shadowed neither his shame nor sinne," for while, under the appearance of a labourer, making his way to the seas, he was discovered, and committed to the Tower.

Before his seizure at Harrow, however, Babington remembered that among the papers of encouragement he had forwarded to the Queen of Scots, and which were seized, as he heard, at Chertsey, was the letter he had received from the Staffords, and it affords some colour to the suggestion of the old gossips aforesaid, and to the probability that Stafford and his daughter had a greater knowledge of the plot than the historian has generally allowed, that the flying conspirator should warn Margaret to seek safety in flight. It also argues in the same direction that Margaret should have

promptly done so, and that her pursuit should have been so persistent.

A yearly autumnal festival of the Midlands is the Wakes, the chief holiday time of the year. A large company of merry-makers on Wake Monday, 1591, were carousing at the Shrewsbury Arms, Eyam, when the host, one Decket, was summoned from his singing and shouting guests to the door of his inn by a tall stranger, whom after a brief colloquy, he joined, and both set off to Stafford Hall as expeditiously as possible. They arrived there just as Margaret was leaving the Hall to proceed to the Church to fulfil her self-imposed task of replenishing the still steadily burning Lamp of St. Helen's altar. The stranger at once advanced towards her, and implored her to read without delay the letter he handed her. It was from Babington. She did so, and stood in consternation. Whither should she fly. The stranger counselled some secret cave or wood. Decket, aware of the whole circumstances and the need of immediate action, hurried her away to the "Salt Pan," a deep and intricate natural cleft in the rocks near Eyam. Here he left her, promising speedy return. The stranger's humane mission performed, he took his way.

Within an hour, Decket was again summoned from attending the carousing company of his hostel. This time the strangers were four in number; they were mounted and armed. Dismounting, they ordered their horses to be stabled, and the road to Stafford Hall to be pointed out to them. Arrived, they demanded to be conducted to the presence of Humphrey and Margaret Stafford. The astonished domestics informed them that Stafford was dead, and that Madame Stafford was gone to church. Believing this to be an attempt to deceive them, they rushed into the hall and searched it minutely. They were soon convinced that Humphrey was indeed dead, but imagined the servants knew where Margaret was hidden in some secret corner of the ancient building; the inmates of the hall could not, though threatened with death, reveal what they did not know, and the day passed without any success in the search. During the next day, every cottage in the village was ransacked. During the night, Decket had quietly availed himself of the darkness, and conducted Margaret from the Salt Pan's labyrinths to a cottage at Gother-edge, two miles across Eyam Moor, where she remained while the queen's emissaries

held watchful guard at Stafford Hall. Soon, however, the country began to be scoured for the fugitive lady. In view of the long pursuit, it is evident that some treacherous tongue could not keep the secret of her whereabouts; but from a hundred dangers she had as many miraculous escapes. It is not to be supposed that the search would continue as unremitting as at first, but it is certainly recorded that for many years the unhappy Margaret was hunted like a wild animal, never venturing near any house or building by day. Many times by night she ventured into Eyam itself, and then silently would pay her heart-felt devotions before the Lamp of St. Helen, with her friends, probably Robert Talbot, the rector of Eyam, an old friend of herself and her father. In one humble cottage or another her nights were passed, her days in the dark woods and wilds of that rugged district.

In process of time the queen died. Then Madame Stafford returned to the home of her ancestors without further fear of being disturbed, and the villagers welcomed their beloved mistress home with unfeigned joy.

The sufferings which Margaret Stafford had undergone on his mother's behalf was made

known to King James, who asked how she might be compensated for her painful experiences. She had now an opportunity which to her was worth all the tedious years of her dangerous concealment. She requested that the Stafford tenure connected with the Lamp of St. Helen might be abrogated, and that the lands might henceforth descend in fee simple to the co-heiresses of Humphrey Stafford and their heirs for ever.

Long lived Margaret as Madame Stafford, the idol of the villagers, whose interests she made her own. She erected a new church-tower in the room of the old, and added a peal of bells. Then she, too, passed away, the Lamp of St. Helen being placed, at her request, at the foot of her coffin. The stone on which for centuries the lamp had stood was also put in the same place, but this was in later times taken up, and beneath the window of the north aisle it may yet be seen with its quaint Runic scroll, telling of some far-off period when the mystic Lamp of St. Helen was first lighted by an early devotee.

Peveril Castle.

By James L. Thornely.

SIR Walter Scott's love of romance and local tradition occasionally led him to blend fiction with fact in a manner which jars somewhat upon the sense of reverence which all lovers of history must feel for the records of the past.

In one of the most stirring of his novels, "Peveril of the Peak," this defect is more than once apparent. Charmed, doubtless, by the noble beauty of the old Norman name, and possibly still more by the convenient alliterative title which it furnished for his novel, Sir Walter was constrained to lay the *venue* (to borrow a phrase from the lawyers) in the county of Derby, and to weave around the old ruined keep, that towers above the valley of Castleton, a tissue of gay romance with the most fragile of historic foundations, and one which strikes even the casual visitor to those regions as incongruous and ill-placed. In short, his local descriptions are not those of a man who knew the place and loved it, but rather

the artifices of a dramatic painter seeking a background for his scene, not for the sake of the scenery, but of the play and its characters.

To put it yet more briefly, Sir Geoffrey Peveril and the other *dramatis personæ* might just as conveniently have strutted their little hour upon the stage in any other portion of the United Kingdom: the story would have in no wise suffered.

Other inaccuracies of a kindred origin disfigure the tale, and offend us by giving the impression of an author whose vast knowledge of history and tradition has encouraged a licence in the utilisation of real persons and real places for the exigencies of fiction, to which we grudge even the mighty "Wizard of the North" his title. *Per exemplum*, shifting the *locale* to the Isle of Man (which he had never visited), Sir Walter makes a strange confusion between the castles of Peel and of Rushen. But far less excusable in our eyes is the use he has made of the heroic Charlotte de la Trémouille, Countess of Derby. Who, in the colourless presentation which is given in the book, would recognise the lofty and high-souled defender of Lathom, or the noble woman whose years of patient widowhood amid neglect and misfortune

have been so well depicted for us by Madame Guizot de Wit? In Scott's novel she is too obviously a mere connecting link with the little Kingdom of Man, whose bounds contained a wealth of romance, tradition, and blood-curdling mysteries which the great writer well knew, when placed in the magic crucible of his brain, would give a rich yield of brilliant ore to furnish his tale withal.

But it is time to pass away from Sir Walter's novel, and to leave the consideration of what the Peak Castle and its inhabitants were *not*, and turn to the page of history, if haply among the scattered fragments which are left us, we may discern in some dim fashion what the old fortress was, why it is here, and who were its inmates.

"Peveril's place in the peak," as it was anciently styled, was destined to have a very brief connection with the family of the man who had built it, and given his name to it. Three generations of Peverils, but no more; and then the annals of a princely house were cut short; a base escheat had transferred the wide lands of the Peak to the Crown, and henceforth the strong fortress was to shelter only a long series of chatelains, or custodians, on behalf of the Crown, or—at a later

period—the Duchy of Lancaster, to which it came to be, as it now is, appurtenant.

The man who gave to the castle both its local habitation and its name is indeed to us of the present day a shadowy enough—we had almost said a mythic—personage, were it not that he figures in the pages of more than one chronicler, and in the great Book of Doomsday. This survey describes the place as "Terra Castelli Wi. Peverel in Peche fers," which has been considered by Lysons as showing that the castle was built by William Peverel; but might, we think, be applied with equal force in support of the opposite theory advocated by the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne (journal of the Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, 1848) that the fortress was built in Saxon times. When it was built is one of those things which "no man shall know;" but what evidence there is points towards a Norman, though undoubtedly early Norman, origin.

When we called William Peverel mythic, we merely meant to point out the lack of information with which we have to put up: he appears as one of those huge, rough-hewn soldier figures who loom out of the darkness of that stormy epoch of history beginning with the battle of Senlac.

Like the Conqueror, he was a bastard—son of that Conqueror by a Saxon lady of high degree. His surname was borrowed from the man whom his mother subsequently married, Ranulf Peverel, of Hatfield Peverel, in Essex, whose father, Payne Peverel, was standard-bearer to Robert, Duke of Normandy, father of the Conqueror. The bend sinister in those days was a small hindrance to advancement, and William Peverel had no cause to complain of his father's treatment. Shortly after the invasion, the honour and forest of Peke, and numerous other territories were granted to him. Under William Rufus, Peverel served in Normandy against Duke Robert, and did his utmost to hold the castle of Helme, though without success. The second Peverel was also named William, founder of the Cluniac Priory of Lenton, near Nottingham, which he endowed with broad lands, and a tithe of his lead and venison in the Peak. Church patronage and charity, according to the views of the time, seem to have characterised this lord of the Peak. St. Mary's Abbey, at York, was largely benefited by him, and he was also founder of an abbey of Black Monks near Northampton. A record of the latter house gives his death as occurring on

the fifth of the calends of February, 2, Henry I. (*i.e.*, 1113).

It had been well for the son of the founder of Lenton Priory had he followed in his father's steps. This son, however, the third William in succession, was convicted, or at least accused, of having poisoned the great Earl Ranulf of Chester in league with the guilty Countess Aloisa. More than one monkish chronicler records this evil deed: the work of "quendam Will. Peverel," as Gervase of Canterbury tells us. But justice in those days did not wholly slumber, and the atrocity of this act, aggravated by the complicity of the victim's faithless wife, and perhaps, more than all, by the rank and power of the unhappy Earl, cried not in vain for vengeance. There was nothing for it now, so Peverel thought, but to flee for sanctuary to his father's priory at Lenton, and as a last resource to assume the monastic garb. But this last shift did not avail him, and he was forced to leave the country, and go into voluntary exile. Thereupon the king seized "his plate, his goods, his money, and his lands," and the castle was added to the number of the royal strongholds. Before bidding farewell to the Peverel family, we

may mention a rather apocryphal joust or tourney, which is stated, on the authority of Pilkington, to have been held at the castle in their days. The meed of the victor was to be the hand of a fair lady, Mellet, the daughter of Payne Peverel, with the castle of Whittington, in Shropshire, to boot. The hero of the fray was one Guarine de Metz of Lorraine, while the vanquished were a Scottish prince and a Burgundian baron.

The kings of England found their newly acquired castle most convenient as a hunting lodge, while the peak country was rich in beasts of venery; and during their residence here, the kings kept good tables, as appears from the sheriff's accounts entered in the great Pipe Roll.

Henry II. gave the Peak to his youngest son, afterwards King John, who appointed Hugh de Neville his governor, but the castle afterwards passed into the hands of the barons. In 1215, William de Ferrers, Earl of Derby, seized the castle for King John, and was appointed governor, being succeeded in that office by the Earl of Chester. Among the castellans appointed by the Crown at various times may be mentioned Piers Gaveston, the favourite of Edward II., and John, Earl of Warren, who held the office in the same

reign. The post was frequently changed in the reign of Henry III., in the thirty-fifth year of whose reign it was held by Prince Edward. Simon de Montfort held it in the forty-ninth year of the same reign. In Henry III.'s reign also Richard de Vernon held it (47, Hen. III.), and also Bryan de l'Isle, who was also at one time confined in the castle.

The next stage of the old castle's history was reached in the forty-sixth year of Edward III., when, after having bestowed it as a part of the portion of his sister Joan on her marriage with David, Prince of Scotland, the king gave it, with the honour and forest of Peke, to his son, John of Gaunt, and the latter having been subsequently created Duke of Lancaster, the castle became, as it is at the present day, part and parcel of the Duchy.

Mr. Croston tells us that the castle was used at times as a prison. "In 2, Edward I. (1273), John de Nedham, a companion of Hubert the Robber, who was afterwards hung, was immured within its walls, and Henry, the clerk, took from the said John, whilst he was in prison, an acre of land worth 40s., that he might assist him in his delivery. Upon his release he paid a

fine of five marks for being allowed to dwell in the district. At a later period, 4, Henry IV. (1402), Godfrey Rowland, a poor and simple squire of the county of Derby, as he styles

PEVERIL CASTLE.

himself, petitioned the parliament against the injustice that had been inflicted on him by Thomas Wandesby, Chivaler, and others, who

came and besieged his house at Mickel-Longsdon, and having pillaged the same, carried him off to the castle of the High Peak, where they kept him six days without meat or drink, and then, cutting off his right hand, sent him adrift."

The Duke of Devonshire is lessee from the Duchy of Lancaster of the castle, honour, and forest of Peak.

For some centuries the castle has been ruinous and untenanted. Charles Cotton (author of Part II. of the "Complete Angler") in his "Wonders of the Peak," speaks of it as—

> "An antick thing, fit to make people stare,
> But of no use either in peace or war."

Little enough now remains of the structure, but the old square keep still stands on the verge of the sheer precipice at the foot of which is the mouth of the Peak Cavern; still stands "four-square to every wind that blows," as it has now stood for at least eight centuries. Fragments of the outer wall are also standing. The castle can never have been a large one, for there is little space on the rocky hill upon which it is perched. Well-nigh impregnable it must have been in those ante-artillery days. The keep, which commands a sweeping view of the Hope Valley

on one side, and the little ravine known as Cave Dale which runs at the rear of the castle on the other, is built on the very edge of a great precipice of perpendicular rock, on which numerous bushes and plants grow wild; the remainder of the crest of the hill is occupied by the site of the old courtyard and other buildings of the castle.

In the travels of Charles P. Moritz, the Prussian pastor, who visited England in 1782, and made a journey on foot to Castleton, he speaks of his visit to the castle:—

"This morning I was up very early in order to view the ruins, and to climb a high hill alongside of them. The ruins are directly over the mouth of the hole, on the hill, which extends itself some distance over the cavern beyond the ruins, and also widens, though here in front it is so narrow that the building takes up the whole. From the ruins all around there is nothing but steep rock, so that there is no access to it but from the town, where a crooked path from the hill is hewn in the rock, but is also prodigiously steep. The spot on which the ruins stand is now all overgrown with nettles and thistles. Formerly, it is said, there was a bridge from this mountain

to the opposite one, of which one may yet discover some traces, as in the vale which divides the two rocks we still find the remains of some of the arches on which the bridge rested."

From the main street of the little town of Castleton the view of the old keep is very striking: it stands upon the steep rock behind the town, in strong relief against the sky; and when thus seen on a grey, windy day, with the clouds driving past it, the effect is one of grandeur and sadness never to be forgotten.

Mr. Croston, in his little work "On foot through the Peak," has given an accurate and succinct description of the relics of "Peverel's place in the Peak" as we find them to-day. "The ballium, or castle yard, occupies nearly the entire area of the summit, and is enclosed by a curtain wall, partially destroyed and overgrown with ivy. The plan is in the form of an irregular paralellogram, with a donjon or keep at the south-west angle, immediately over the entrance to the great cavern, and at the extreme edge of the rock which, on this side, is quite perpendicular, and upwards of 260 feet in height. Flanking the eastern and western angles of the north side were two square towers, now in part

destroyed, and between them are the remains of what appears to have been a sally-port. The postern, or entrance gateway, some traces of which yet exist, was on the east side, and here was stationed the porter, whose annual allowance is entered upon the great Pipe Roll of the Exchequer. The keep is quadrangular in plan, being about twenty-one feet from north to south, and nineteen feet from east to west, internal measurement, with walls eight feet thick, the height from the basement being about fifty-five feet. The masonry is of a very substantial character, and strongly grouted, the heart of the walls being composed of broken and irregular pieces of lime-stone, cemented together with a mortar of such excellent temper as to render the whole almost as hard as adamant. The walls have been faced on the outer surface with finely-wrought ashlaring, set in regular courses, and the south and south-west sides (those least accessible) remain in a tolerably perfect state, but the north and east sides have been denuded of nearly the whole, the stone having been appropriated by some vandalistic churchwarden to repair the church of Castleton. Enough of the outer walls yet remain, however, to give a tolerably accurate idea of the

general features and characteristics of the building. From these it would appear that there was originally a broad pilaster-like buttress placed rectangular-wise at each corner of the keep, with a plain torus moulding or small cylindrical shaft worked on the angle, an addition frequently met with in buildings erected during the later period of the Norman style; buttresses, similar in design, were also disposed against each face of the building. The entrance is at the south-east angle, in which is a narrow winding staircase, much dilapidated, giving admission to the upper storey. The interior of the keep is a complete vacuity, and remarkable only as exhibiting an almost entire absence of ornament, and an equal want of accommodation. It originally consisted of two chambers, in addition to the basement, the floor that once separated them no longer existing. The lower storey, about fourteen feet in height, is lighted by a semi-circular window on the north and east sides; the one above is sixteen feet high, and lighted by three windows; this was originally approached by a flight of steps on the outside, but these no longer remain, though they are said to have existed until within a comparatively recent period. The doorway that leads to this

staircase still remains, and has a curious archway." Although, as stated by Mr. Croston, the interior of the keep is *almost* devoid of ornament, its walls, nevertheless, exhibit some examples of the carved zigzag pattern in which we recognise one of the most characteristic forms of decoration common among the Norman builders.

Meagre and brief as are these notes, little further can probably be gleaned of the history of the old fortalice.

Imagination, may, perhaps, be allowed the freer scope to weave her own romances: this consolation at least, if such it be, can be withheld from no pilgrim to the hoary ruin. It has been our duty alone to set in order some of the few memorials of the silent past which the zeal and research of the antiquary have put within our reach.

The accompanying illustration shows the old keep as seen from Cave Dale at the back of the castle rock, a point of view which, artistically considered, is, perhaps, the finest, where all are fine.

Such is "Peverel's place in the Peak" as it stands to-day—and long may it stand!—as a link with the past, to which the most indifferent among us must look at times with feelings of reverence, wonder, and regard.

Samuel Slater, the Father of the American Cotton Manufacture.

By William E. A. Axon.

THE man to whose enterprise and business ability the United States owes the successful introduction of the cotton manufacture, was a native of Derbyshire. *

On 9th June, 1768, the family of William Slater, who farmed the small paternal estate of Holly House, Belper, was increased by the birth of a fifth son, to whom the name of Samuel was given. Of his childhood little is known, but he doubtless enjoyed himself with the orchards and meadows that surrounded his father's farm, and looked with curiosity and amazement at the "new mills" built by Strutt and Arkwright, where several years of his life were to be passed. Towards the close of 1782, Samuel Slater was

* The authorities for this notice are: (1) "Memoir of Samuel Slater, the Father of American Manufactures," by George S. Whites (Philadelphia, 1836)—a book containing much important and interesting matter, mixed up with much that is irrelevant, and exhibiting an almost entire absence of orderly arrangement; (2) "Appleton's Dictionary of American Biography." There is a portrait of Slater in each of these.

taken on trial by Mr. Jedidiah Strutt, and whilst he was thus on probation, his father fell from a load of hay, and injured himself in a manner that ultimately caused his death. The indenture by which Slater became apprenticed to learn the art of cotton-spinning, was executed in January, 1783, and for six years he engaged to serve his master faithfully, to keep his secrets, to avoid fornication, matrimony, cards, dice tables, and other unlawful games, taverns and play-houses. In return for so doing, he was to be found in meat, drink, washing, and lodging, and taught the art of cotton-spinning. Slater was devoted to his business, and for six months did not visit his own home, which was not more than a mile away. An improvement in the arrangement known as the "heart motion," secured the boy a reward of a guinea from his master, who was as swift to reprove as to encourage. Mr. Strutt one day noticed that Slater did not pick up some loose cotton that was lying on the floor; this omission was pointed out, with the reminder that it was by attention to such "trifles" that great fortunes were made. "I am afraid," observed Mr. Strutt to his wife, "that Samuel will never be rich."

The industrious apprentice was reticent, and

kept his own counsel as to his future, but he seems to have had a fear that the business would be "overdone" in England, and to have conceived the notion that there would be an ampler scope in America, where, according to rumours that reached Derbyshire from time to time, the Federal, as well as several of the State governments, were anxious by liberal bounties to encourage the foundation of manufactures. The export of machinery from England was then prohibited, and the authorities were very jealous of the departure of skilled artizans. These facts may, in some degree, account for the secrecy of Slater's actions. He went to Holly House one day after the close of his apprenticeship, and told his mother that he wanted his clothes as he was going by the stage coach to London. This was the last time he saw her, nor did he write to tell her of his real intentions until he was going to the ship that was to carry him to New York. This was on September 13th, 1789, and after a voyage of sixty-six days he landed in the New World. Up to that time the attempt to introduce English patented machinery into the United States had failed. Slater obtained employment with the New York Manu-

facturing Company, but he heard that a manager of cotton-spinning was wanted in Providence, and wrote to Mr. Moses Brown of that city. That worthy Quaker at once responded, and Slater went to "perfect and conduct" the business of Almy and Brown. When he reached Pawtucket he was disappointed to find that the machines he was to "perfect" were useless. "These will not do," he said, "they are good for nothing in their present condition, nor can they be made to answer." After full consideration, it was decided that Slater should construct and erect fresh machinery, embodying all the inventions and improvements made by Sir Richard Arkwright. This was a heavy undertaking, for he had neither models nor drawings, but only his mechanical skill and retentive memory to depend upon, and some even of the tools for the construction of the machinery had to be specially made. A partnership was agreed upon between Almy and Brown and Slater, by which he was to be proprietor of one-half of the machinery. Slater was recommended by Brown to lodge with another Quaker, a skilful blacksmith named Oziel Wilkinson. As the young fellow went into the house one way, two daughters ran out the other way, but the

younger, Hannah, touched by feminine curiosity, peeped through the open door, and her eyes met those of Samuel Slater. A mutual affection soon resulted, to the great perplexity of the Quaker father and mother, who liked the lad, but did not wish their daughter to marry out of the Society. The family took great interest in the young Englishman, and sympathised with his difficulties. These were great, and there came a critical moment when failure seemed certain. After his frames were ready for operation, he prepared the cotton, and started his cards; the cotton rolled up on the top of the cards, instead of passing through the small cylinder. This was a grievous trouble to him, and he was for several days in great agitation, and as he stood leaning his head disconsolately over the fireplace the tears were seen rolling from his eyes. "Art thou sick, Samuel?" asked Mrs. Wilkinson. He explained his difficulty, and added bitterly, "If I am frustrated in my carding machine, they will think me an impostor." He then saw M. Phinney Earl, who had made the cards for him, and who, of course, was without previous experience, and they found that the teeth of the cards were not crooked enough, and the card leather not sufficiently

strong. They beat the teeth with a piece of grindstone, and, to the joy of Slater, the machinery moved "itself aright." It has been said that the solution of the difficulty came in a dream, but this is denied. Slater's success as a wooer equalled his success as a mechanic, and he married Hannah Wilkinson on 2, Oct 1791.

In 1798, he entered into partnership with his father-in-law and two brothers-in-law; the name of the firm was Samuel Slater and Co., and Slater held half of the "stock." He had the reputation of a good master, though he was not afraid to risk a strike in resisting demands which he thought unreasonable. The Sunday school started in connection with the Pawtucket Mills is said to have been the first of the modern type in America, though a Sunday school of the kind is believed to have been working at Germantown early in the last century. In 1806, another brother, John Slater, came over, and the large spinning business and village of Slatersville was founded, and in 1812, mills were started at Oxford, now called Webster. Samuel Slater's wife, the Quaker Hannah, died in 1812, and on the 21st November, 1817, he married the widow of Robert Parkinson. The letter in which he

offered his hand and heart to the lady may be quoted as a curiosity in its way :—

"*Mrs. Robert Parkinson, widow, Philadelphia.*

"North Providence, R.I., September 23rd, 1817.

"Dear Madam,—As the wise disposer of all events has seen fit in his wisdom to place you and me in a single state—notwithstanding, I presume none of his decrees have gone forth which compels either of us to remain in a state of widowhood. Therefore, under these and other circumstances, I now take the liberty to address you on a momentous subject. I have been inclined for some time past to change my situation in life, and have at times named you to my brother and sister for a partner, who have invariably recommended you as suitable, and have fully acquiesced with my ideas on the subject. Now if you are under no obligation to anyone, and on weighing the subject fully, you should think that you can spend the remainder of your days with me, I hope you will not feel reluctant in writing me soon to that effect. You need not be abashed in any degree to express your mind on this business, for I trust years have taught me to receive your reply favourably, if my understanding has not. I have six sons to comfort you with, the eldest is about fifteen years; he has been at Oxford about a year (not Oxford in Great Britain). The youngest is in his sixth year. I believe they are all *compos mentis*, and they are as active as any six boys, although they are mine. Cousin Mary is now down from Ludlow on a visit. She has a noble corpulent son about six months old. I should have divulged my intentions to you months past had not my brother given me to understand that he expected you daily on this way on a visit. Probably you may consider me rather blunt in this business; hope you will attribute that to the country that gave me birth. I consider myself a plain, candid Englishman, and hope and trust that you will be candid enough

to write me a short answer at least, whether it be in the affirmative or negative; and should it be in the negative, I stand ready and willing to render you all the advice and assistance in my power relative to settling your worldly matters.

"With due respect, as a friend and countryman, I am, dear madam, your well-wisher,

"SAMUEL SLATER.

"N.B.—Hope you are a Freemason as respects keeping secrets."

In 1829, the commercial outlook was bad, and Mr. Slater, whilst perfectly solvent, had so much capital locked up in securities that were not immediately realisable, that he needed accommodation to gain time. He reckoned that his assets exceeded his liabilities by from 800,000 dollars to 1,000,000 dollars. The year was one of great trouble and anxiety, and he did not escape without loss.

When General Jackson was President of the United States, he visited Pawtucket, and paid a high compliment to Slater as the founder of the industry. "Yes, sir," said Slater, "I suppose that I gave out the psalm, and they have been singing the tune ever since." "We are glad to hear also that you have realised something for yourself and family," said the Vice-President, who accompanied General Jackson. "Yes, sir, I have obtained a competency." "We are glad to

hear that." "So am I glad to know it," said Slater, "for I should not like to be a pauper in this country where they are put up at auction to the highest bidder." This was a characteristic though not a courtly speech. Slater was always helpful to the new-comers to America, and was generally of a charitable disposition, which he coupled, however, with a strict determination to help only those who were willing to help themselves. His second marriage, like his first, was a happy one, and his wife nursed him tenderly through the illness that ended his days. His last word was a "Farewell" addressed to her and his children. He died at Webster, Mass., 21st April, 1835. His descendants are known as respected citizens, and his nephew, John Fox Slater, has left a name for generous and enlightened philanthropy. He was born 4th March, 1815, at Slatersville, and died 7th May, 1884, at Norwich, Conn. In 1882, he gave 1,000,000 dollars for the education of the freed men in the south. A memorial building, erected by his son, Mr. William Albert Slater, at a cost of 150,000 dollars, was given by him to the Free Academy of Norwich.

A portrait of Samuel Slater has been engraved, and shows a man of high forehead, keen eyes,

straight long nose, firm mouth, and broad margin above the upper lip. Presumably, he was not indifferent to the charms of heraldry, for beneath his portrait is a coat-of-arms, or. a chev gu. between three trefoils, slipped vert. Crest, a dexter arm in armour, couped below the wrist, holding in the gauntlet a sword all ppr. hilt and pommel or. Motto, *Crescit sub pondere virtus.* This is the coat of the Slaters of Chesterfield, in Derby.

America has good cause for gratitude to the mechanical talents and business enterprise of Samuel Slater, and Derbyshire may also remember the name of this son who learned within her borders the lessons which brought him fame and fortune in another land.

The Bakewell Witches.

By T. Tindall Wildridge.

THE name of Stafford in high places has furnished the theme for a chapter on Derbyshire history bordering on the heroic. It shall now be the medium of setting forth a narrative on a lower plane of life—a story of witchcraft and judicial murder. It is a story that must be twice told to be explicit.

THE FIRST TELLING.

Mrs. Stafford, a milliner of Bakewell, kept there a lodging-house. Early one morning, as one of the lodgers, a Scotchman, was lying awake while it was yet dark, he perceived through the clefts of his chamber-floor rays of bright light. Peering down through one of the crevices, he recognised his landlady and a female companion in the room below, dressed as though for a journey. As he crouched over the hole, he heard Mrs. Stafford repeat these strange words :—

"Over thick, over thin,
Now, devil, to the cellar in Lunnun,"

when on the instant all was silence and darkness. They had gone.

The Scotchman, startled at the occurrence, wondered what there might be in the lines, and mechanically endeavoured to repeat them. He rendered them :—

> "Through thick, through thin,
> Now, devil, to the cellar in Lunnun."

And "through" instead of "over" it was, for a hurricane immediately caught him up, and whirled him away, half-naked as he was, and, in a moment, breathless, confused, and tattered to ribbons, he found himself sat by the side of the two witches—for they could be nothing else—in a cellar, lighted by a dim lamp. The witches were busily engaged in tying up parcels of silk and similar goods, which, he somehow understood, they had "lifted" from shops as they passed along in their aerial flight through the city,—for he knew instinctively he was in London. The witch, Mrs. Stafford, handed him some wine, and, upon drinking it he immediately became unconscious.

When he came to his senses, he found himself alone in the cellar. Shortly after, he was taken into custody by a watchman, and, being haled

before a justice, was charged with being found in an unoccupied house with felonious intent. Asked by the justice where his clothes were, he replied that they were at the house of one Mrs. Stafford, at Bakewell, in Derbyshire.

"Bakewell, Derbyshire!" cried the astounded justice, "have you walked thence, clothed but with that shirt, torn in such a manner?"

"I came—I know not how. But Mrs. Stafford came hither in like fashion. I was abed at three of the clock this present morning in Mrs. Stafford's house, in Bakewell. I repeated certain words used by Mrs. Stafford and her sister—as I think—and I came to London as I have said, but they have gone back, as I suppose, in like manner as they came."

"This," said his worship solemnly, "is verily a clear case of witchcraft. Take down the depositions of this worthy man. See that he be provided with apparel. Lay information before the justices of Derbyshire to the end that these witches may be committed to gaol, tried according to the evidence, and duly executed."

Whether the astute justice before whom the Scotchman was brought said these actual words, may be doubtful, but his suppositious instructions

indicate what was done. The witches were committed, tried, and duly executed upon the Scotchman's evidence.

THE SECOND TELLING.

In the year 1608, a Scotchman, whose execrable name has not come down to us, lodged at the house of a Mrs. Stafford, an industrious milliner of Bakewell. With her there lived as her assistant, a person who was her sister, or a female friend. The Scotchman got into arrears with his rent, and, he leaving his lodgings, Mrs. Stafford detained some of his clothes as a lien. We know tongues in the early days of King James I. were likely to have been more unpolished in their usage than they are now on similar occasions; and it is far from unlikely that some biting words took place, perhaps on both sides. At all events, the Scotchman, gravitating by the inexorable laws of northern nature to London, there conceived the diabolic plan of vengeance he so successfully carried out. He retired to a cellar, stripped himself, hid his clothes, and attracted the attention of the watch. On being subjected to the "interrogatories" of the worshipful member of the bench, he invented a story of how, imitating a magic spell of Mrs. Stafford, he had,

in the twinkling of an eye, been transported over no less than five counties, to find himself the companion of the two witches. Days had been when all men—save Macbeth—feared witches. They had now come when they were more hated than feared. Nearly every man in magisterial authority was called upon at one time or another to decide upon cases of witchcraft, and it was but an imitation of the silly and superstitious king, for each man to take pride in being a witchfinder, or a witch exterminator. The London justice was an extreme specimen of such foolish credulity, and set the cumbrous but dreadfully effective machinery of the law in motion.

The ex-lodger had his revenge. The "witches" of Bakewell were hanged,—a notable example, but only one among many which might be adduced to fill to the full the account of one of the most deplorable and disgraceful periods of English history.

Mary Queen of Scots in Derbyshire.

HISTORY contains few more pathetic chapters than that which covers the years of captivity upon which Mary Stuart entered when she fled from the associated lords, after the sanguinary conflict at Langside.

Hunted from her native land, her authority usurped by the kinsman who should have protected her, she sought an asylum from her enemies, and found a prison and an executioner.

The jealous fear that troubled the soul of Elizabeth, induced her to retain Mary Stuart in a long captivity, and brought upon her guilty head a terrible retribution of long years of suspense, distrust, and of foreign and domestic embroilments. Perhaps no monarch was more secure in the affections of her people, for Elizabeth was singularly fortunate in following Queen Mary, and that at a time when the tyrannies of Henry VIII. were fresh in the minds of the people but, by her conduct to Mary Stuart, she raised con-

spiracies and rebellions within her borders—the natural retribution that her crime deserved.

Queen Mary is intimately associated with Derbyshire by her confinement at Chatsworth and Wingfield, and her visits to Buxton for the benefit of her failing health. How jealously Elizabeth watched her prisoner is proved by the state correspondence relative to her changes of residence, her majesty probably being at greater ease when the captive queen was under safe ward in Sheffield Castle, although Burleigh regarded Chatsworth as "a very mete hows for good preservation of his charge, having no town of resort where any ambushes might lye." Yet it was with evident reluctance that Elizabeth granted permission for the prisoner to take the air on horseback, and it was distinctly enjoined that she should not ride more than one or two miles from the mansion, unless riding on the moors. Tradition has it that when Chatsworth was rebuilt, the rooms occupied by Mary were preserved; but this belief is erroneous, the whole of the south and east fronts being pulled down and rebuilt, although the site of the rooms was retained, and it is supposed that a portion of the original wall was preserved. The apartments were

shrouded in the strictest seclusion ; the imprisoned lady being unable to view the gardens or park from their windows.

Edensor church contains a monumental brass to the memory of John Beton, one of Mary's confidential servants, who was cut off in the thirty-second year of his age, A.D. 1570, the year in which the queen made her first enforced visit to Chatsworth.

Perhaps, however, the most interesting memorial of Mary, is the small square tower in the grounds, known as Queen Mary's bower, accessible by a stairway, surrounded by a pool of water, and having on the top a miniature shrubbery.

This was a favourite haunt of Mary's, and it may be recorded that the fair captive's second letter to Pope Pius bears date of Chatsworth House, October 31st, 1570.

While Mary was under ward in Wingfield Manor, a conspiracy, having for its object her restoration to liberty, was detected, and she was removed to Tutbury Castle. This is her own description of her forlorn condition while under confinement in the stronghold :—"I find it necessary to renew the memorial of my grievances, respecting the remittance of my dowry, the

augmentation of my attendants, and a change of residence,—circumstances apparently trivial, and of small importance to the queen, my good sister, but which I feel to be essential to the preservation of my existence. Necessity alone could induce me to descend to earnest and reiterated supplications, the dearest price at which any boon can be purchased. To convey to you an idea of my present situation, I am on all sides enclosed by fortified walls, on the summit of a hill, which lies exposed to every wind of heaven: within these bounds, not unlike the wood of Vincennes, is a very old edifice, originally a hunting lodge, built merely of lath and plaster, the plaster in many places crumbling away. This edifice, detached from the walls about twenty feet, is sunk so low, that the rampart of earth behind the wall is level with the highest part of the building, so that here the sun can never penetrate, neither does any pure air ever visit this habitation, on which descend drizzling damps and eternal fogs, to such excess that not an article of furniture can be placed beneath the roof, but in four days it becomes covered with green mould. I leave you to judge in what manner such humidity must act upon the human frame; and, to say every-

thing in one word, the apartments are in general more like dungeons prepared for the reception of the vilest criminals, than suited to persons of a station far inferior to mine, inasmuch as I do not believe there is a lord or gentleman, or even a yeoman in the kingdom, who would patiently endure the penance of living in so wretched an habitation. With regard to accommodation, I have for my own person but two miserable little chambers, so intensely cold during the night that but for ramparts and entrenchments of tapestry and curtains, it would be impossible to prolong my existence; and of those who have sat up with me during my illness, not one has escaped malady. Sir Amias can testify that three of my women have been rendered ill by this severe temperature, and even my physician declines taking charge of my health the ensuing winter unless I shall be permitted to change my habitation. With respect to convenience, I have neither gallery nor cabinet, if I except two little pigeon-holes, through which the only light admitted is from an aperture of about nine feet in circumference; for taking air or exercise, either on foot or in my chair, I have but about a quarter of an acre

behind the stables, round which Somers last year planted a quickset hedge, a spot more proper for swine than to be cultivated as a garden; there is no shepherd's hut but has more grace and proportion. As to riding on horseback during the winter, I am sure to be impeded by floods of water or banks of snow, nor is there a road in which I could go for one mile in my coach without putting my limbs in jeopardy; abstracted from these real and positive inconveniences, I have conceived for this spot an antipathy, which, in one ill as I am, might alone claim some humane consideration. As it was here that I first began to be treated with rigour and indignity, I have conceived, from that time, this mansion to be singularly unlucky to me, and in this sinister impression I have been confirmed by the tragical catastrophe of the poor priest of whom I wrote to you, who, having been tortured for his religion, was at length found hanging in front of my window."

Elizabeth was suspicious, with the suspicion of an evil conscience, and she even distrusted Burleigh as being too favourably disposed towards Mary; nevertheless, she gave a reluctant consent to Mary's request to visit Buxton, and the Earl

of Shrewsbury escorted his illustrious prisoner to the baths on four occasions. Burleigh gave very strait instructions to the Earl on the first visit. The Queen was to be treated with respect and care, but her visit was to be kept as private as possible, and "all others, being strangers from your lordship's company, be forbidden to come thither during the time of the said Queen's abode there." "And this I write because her Majesty was very unwilling that she should go thither, imagining that her desire was either to be the more seen of strangers resorting thither, or for the achieving of some further enterprise to escape."

The following extract from a letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury to Lord Burleigh, under date of August 9th, 1580, refers to Mary's third visit to Buxton :—"I came hither to Buxton with my charge, the 28th July. She had a hard beginning of her journey; for when she should have taken her horse he started aside, and therewith she fell and hurt her back, which she still complains of, notwithstanding that she applies the bath once or twice a day. I do strictly observe her Majesty's commandment, written to me by your lordship in restraining all resort to this place; neither doth she see, or is seen to any more than her own

people, and such as I appoint to attend : she hath not come forth of the house since her coming, nor shall not before her parting."

On her last visit Mary took her farewell of Buxton in a Latin couplet, scratched on the window of her apartment, and which has been thus rendered :—

> "Buxton, whose fame thy thermal waters tell,
> Whom I perhaps shall see no more—farewell."

Poole Hole is associated with one of Mary's visits to Buxton by a column of calcareous matter, called Mary Queen of Scot's pillar, because it marks a point to which the Queen attained when visiting the cavern.

The detention of Mary led to one of the saddest and most tragic chapters of English history, the Babington conspiracy, originated by foreign priests, fostered by Elizabeth's tools, and used as a means of bringing the unhappy princess to the block in the hall of Fotheringhay Castle.

The Babington Conspiracy.

ELIZABETH taught the partisans of Mary Stuart a sharp lesson when she caused the axe to pass between the head and shoulders of the Duke of Norfolk, but the lesson was not accepted, and as conspiracies continued to disturb the realm, a very bitter feeling towards the captive princess rankled in Elizabeth's breast, and was shared by her advisers and loyal subjects. The excommunication issued against Elizabeth by Pope Pius V. was calculated to arm the most fanatical of her enemies against her life, and was to some extent fenced by the following act of Parliament, A.D. 1585 :—"That if any rebellion should be excited in the kingdom, or anything attempted to the hurt of her Majesty's person, *by* or *for* any person pretending a title to the crown, the Queen should empower twenty-four persons, by a commission under the Great Seal, to examine into and pass sentence upon such offences; and that, after judgment given, a proclamation should be issued, declaring the

persons whom they found guilty excluded from any right to the crown; and her Majesty's subjects might lawfully pursue every one of them to the death; and that, if any design against the life of the Queen took effect, the persons *by* or *for* whom such a detestable act was executed, and their issues, being in any wise assenting or privy to the same, should be disabled for ever from pretending to the crown, and be pursued to death, in the like manner."

The occasion for putting this act into operation soon arose. Elizabeth's subjects were remarkable for their loyalty, but the virulent hatred of foreign priests was projected into the land, and stirred up some of the disaffected Catholics, and amongst others Anthony Babington, of Dethick, who became one of the mediums by which Mary communicated with her friends.

The primary movers in the Babington plot were three priests of Rheims, Dr. Gifford, Gilbert Gifford, and one Hodgeson, with whom a seminary priest named Ballard, and Savage, a soldier of fortune, were afterwards associated. Walsingham was also engaged in the plot, through Maude, one of his spies, by whom it was, probably, largely organised and developed.

Babington drew into the plot the following gentlemen, his devoted friends :—" Edward, brother to Lord Windsor; Thomas Salisbury, of Denbighshire; Charles Tilney, one of the band of pensioners; Chidicock Tichbourne, of Southampton; Edward Abingdon, whose father had been cofferer of the household; Robert Gage, of Surrey; John Travers, and John Charnock, of Lancashire; John Jones; Patrick Barnwell, an Irishman; and Henry Dun, a clerk in the first fruits office."

The objects of the plot were, the assassination of Elizabeth, the release of Mary Stuart, and a Catholic movement, fostered by foreign invasion.

When Babington drew his friends into the conspiracy, Walsingham succeeded in introducing Dolly, another of his agents. The confederates were bound by a mutual oath of secrecy, and, with a vanity utterly inconsistent with the tragical gravity of their design, they engaged an artist to produce a painting, in which they all figured; various mottoes, mysteriously expressed, and obviously alluding to some desperate undertaking, being added. This picture was shown to Elizabeth, and deeply impressed her. Afterwards

meeting Barnwell in her garden, she recognised him as one of the group of assassins.

Communications with Nau and Curle were opened, and according to their evidence their mistress, Mary Stuart, was cognisant of the plot. In this advanced stage of the conspiracy Gilbert Gifford visited England for the purpose of inciting Savage to strike the fatal blow, but, turning traitor, he assisted Walsingham in perfecting the plot; for in all its latter stages Walsingham and Elizabeth had it in their hands, and could at any moment have arrested the plotters. Mary Stuart was not, however, sufficiently in the toils, and Gifford was commanded to open communications with her. She was confined at Chartley, in Staffordshire, Sir Amias Paulet being her goaler. When Walsingham proposed that Gifford should be permitted to bribe one of her servants, Sir Amias, a conscientious, if somewhat narrow-minded, man, refused to allow any of his household to be drawn into the plot, but found another agent, a brewer's boy, who deposited the letters in a hole in the wall, under the cover of a loose stone. The correspondence thus passed through Walsingham's hands. He deciphered and copied

the letters, communicating their contents to the Queen.

Babington was anxious to secure foreign assistance before striking the blow, and procured a license enabling Ballard to go abroad; but when he applied for one for his own use, Walsingham held him in crafty play, and even induced him to lodge under his roof, for he was anxious to work out the fullest development of the plot. Elizabeth, threatened by many daggers, wisely concluded that further risk would "seem rather to tempt God than to trust in God."

Ballard was arrested, and Babington incited Savage to the immediate assassination of Elizabeth, supplying him with money for the purpose. It was patent that the plot was discovered, and Babington, finding that he was shadowed by Scudamore, one of Walsingham's servants, escaped from the city. The alarm spread, and the chief conspirators stole from the city, and for some days lurked about the environs, but were captured and carried into London, while bells rang and bonfires gleamed in the streets. So closely were the toils drawn that only one of the guilty men escaped.

Trial and condemnation followed, the culprits

making ample confession of their guilt. Mercy was accorded to none. Ballard, Babington, Savage, and four others were dealt with as traitors, on the 20th of September, 1586, in St. Giles's Fields. They were cut down and disembowelled while alive and sensible to the horrors of their butchery; but when Elizabeth heard of their torments, she issued orders that the seven remaining conspirators should hang until life was extinct, and then be embowelled and quartered. They suffered on the following day.

Babington's plot against Elizabeth was necessarily a failure, being in Walsingham's hands from its commencement, but if Walsingham and Elizabeth used it as a mask to cover a plot of their own against Mary Stuart, they were brilliantly successful, for Mary's trial and condemnation followed, the state machinery acting most perfectly. Honest Amias Paulet certainly refused to poison the condemned lady, but the resort to axe and block was accepted as regular and judicial, not to be excepted to, while poison would surely have caused grave suspicion, and might even have attached a stain to the memory of Elizabeth.

Eyam and its sad Memories.

By W. G. Fretton, F.S.A.

IN a somewhat secluded valley, south-east of the High Peak of Derbyshire, about half a mile north of Middleton Dale, and about a mile west of the valley through which flows the Derwent, on the west bank of which is the high road to Bakewell, is the very interesting village of Eyam. For centuries part of an important mining district, rich in lead ore, but of late years of less note in this special feature, yet abounding with picturesque and wild scenery. In the immediate neighbourhood are still to be found evidences of primitive occupation, Druidical remains, traces of Roman roads, tumuli, entrenchments, and other ancient indications of a bygone period, of peculiar interest to the antiquary and historian.

My earliest recollections of Eyam date back to 1853, when, on a hot sultry day in autumn, a friend and I walked over from Sheffield, by way of Burbage Moors and Hathersage, and spent the following day in investigating the sad memorials

of this celebrated village, the devastation of which in 1665 and 1666, have marked the spot with such painful associations, but in which the terrible visitation of pestilence was not more remarkable than the extraordinary exercise of self-denial exhibited by the villagers, from the rector to the humblest of the inhabitants. We arrived early in the evening, and sought out the venerable and genial historian of the village, the late Mr. Wm. Wood, who kindly undertook to be our guide on the following day. Our homely inn furnished us with good accommodation ; it had been one of the "visited" houses at the time of the plague, we learned from our hostess, so the sentimental element was not wanting.

The morning was unfavourable, but the ramble was not abandoned, and joining our friend, Mr. Wood, we procured one of his interesting narratives, and it is from the recollection of our conversation, and from the perusal of his little volume, that I give this epitome of the history of the plague year at Eyam.

It will be remembered that the Plague in London broke out in 1664, and continued with various degrees of violence till the latter end of 1665. This awful scourge appears to have been

conveyed to Eyam in a box of clothing which had been sent from London to a tailor, who, it is said, lived in a house near the west end of the church, a part of which (the kitchen) still remains, incorporated with a more recently erected building. The servant, George Vicars, who opened the box, finding the goods damp, was ordered to dry them before the fire, and, taking the infection, died. This was on September 7th, 1665. From this person the disease spread to the family, of whom only one escaped—the mother. From this house the disorder extended to the neighbourhood, and the death roll, which numbered six in September, increased to twenty-three in October. There was now no doubt as to the identity of the visitant. Seven died in November, and nine in December; five only in January, an abatement somewhat cheering. In February, eight died; in March, six; April, nine; and in May, four; making in all seventy-seven, out of a population of about 335, a result, up to then, sufficiently alarming. The usual services at the parish church had been hitherto continued, and the dead buried in the grave-yard attached, but the danger of infection was so manifest, that both were discontinued by the rector, who removed the

scene of the services to a retired and narrow valley west of the village, extending southwards into Middleton Dale. Here the pastor, standing in the hollow of a rock (still called Cucklet Church), administered consolation to the members of his flock, who were seated on the opposite side of the dale, and here he led their devotions. The conduct of this brave minister, the Rev. Wm. Mompesson, in this awful crisis was worthy of all praise: he never left his people, but, in conjunction with his predecessor (under the Commonwealth), the Rev. Thos. Stanley, devoted himself to the stricken parishioners. No doctrinal subtleties interfered with the performance of the duties they had undertaken on behalf of their sorrowing and rapidly-diminishing congregations. It was by their self-sacrificing example and advice that the villagers remained within the limits of the infected area, instead of flying from the spot, urged thereto by a natural terror, and so prevented the contagion from spreading to other districts. Mr. Mompesson wrote to the Earl of Devonshire and the neighbouring gentry, and thereby secured supplies of food and other necessaries; and it is difficult which to admire most, the bold scheme of concentration devised by the rector, or the ready

acquiescence given by the parishioners. His efforts were nobly seconded by his wife, who remained by his side till nearly the end of the troublous time, when she fell a victim to the

EYAM CROSS.

pestilence. Their children had been sent away early in the visitation, and were thus spared.

In June, 1666, the table of mortality rose rapidly, the number of deaths was nineteen. No ceremonial attended the burial of the dead; no coffin pro-

vided; no interment in consecrated ground; in the gardens and fields near to the homes of the dead, shallow graves were dug, mostly by the sorrowing relatives, where in after time humble memorials were erected by the survivors. In July, fifty-six succumbed; but in August the number rose to seventy-five, the highest monthly record. Twenty-four died in September, and fourteen in October, leaving only about thirty: the fire was exhausted for lack of fuel. The number of deaths altogether in Eyam during the visitation appears from the register to have been 267. Mompesson says that 259 of these died of the plague, leaving eight deaths from other causes. At the outbreak of the pestilence it is recorded that there was a population of about 350; some of them, including the more wealthy, left the parish at the commencement, so considering the very few that remained of the inhabitants, the village was practically depopulated.

There are but few memorials of the dead now remaining; of these, perhaps, those known as the Riley graves are the most remarkable. They stand in a field about a quarter of a mile east of the village, on a very elevated position, and consist of a table monument, on

which is recorded the burial of John Hancock, on the 7th of August, 1666, and six head-stones to the memory of six members of his family, who all died during the same month. These stones are enclosed within a rough stone wall, heart shape, built round to preserve them. There are no remains of the house in which they lived existing. The mother, the sole survivor, afterwards went to live at Sheffield with her only remaining son. It is a local tradition that the poor mother buried all her family herself. Within a short distance, on the site of Riley farm, stood the house of a family named Talbot (he was a blacksmith), this was the first of the two residences attacked. On July 5th, two of the daughters died of the epidemic, and one after another the rest of the family were taken, the father, mother, two sons, and three daughters, all within the month of July. The disease then took the Hancocks, with the result before narrated. Out of eight only one was left, the grief-stricken mother. Two stones recording the deaths of Margaret and Alies Teylor, 1666, lie in a field at the back of the church, and a raised tomb in a field near the village bears only the initials of the tenant beneath, H.M., inscribed on one end, and

on the top stone the date 1666. One of the most interesting memorials in the churchyard is the tomb recording the death of Catherine, the faithful and loving wife of the rector, the Rev. William Mompesson, who remained by her husband's side through the dreadful visitation, to which she fell a victim just as the plague was on the point of abating. Of monumental memorials outside the churchyard the number was formerly considerable. Many have unfortunately been removed, and in some cases broken up. We occasionally meet with traces of ruined homesteads, and in one case at least an unfinished mansion known as Bradshaw Hall, the residence of the Bradshaw family. When the plague broke out, the house was forsaken, and never afterwards completed.

The church is an interesting structure, consisting of chancel, nave, north and south aisles, with a tower at the west end nearly sixty feet high, in which is a small peal of bells. On the south side of the church is a fine specimen of the Runic cross, somewhat shorn of its original height by the loss of a portion of the upper part of the shaft. The church was restored about a quarter of a century ago, not before it was needed.

Apart from its melancholy associations, Eyam possesses many attractions. The scenery in the parish itself and in its immediate neighbourhood would well repay the searcher after the picturesque, and a pilgrimage to Eyam and the dales in its vicinity would not readily be forgotten.

Well-Dressing.

By the Rev. Geo. S. Tyack, b.a.

A PLEASING characteristic of the Derbyshire peasantry appears to be a love of flowers, for of the customs of no county has floral decoration formed so essential a part. Witness, for example, the garland with which Castleton annually crowns its old church tower on Royal Oak Day; and the kit-dressing, or festooning of the milk-maids' pails with flowers, once a yearly observance at Edensor; witness, too, the flower-bedecked wains that in times gone by brought in, on midsummer eve, the load of rushes to strew the floors of the village churches throughout the Peak. In the same connection also we might point to those nosegays of wild flowers, with which visitors to Buxton must be familiar, so skilfully arranged by the country folk, and in which the only fault perhaps is that art scarcely sufficiently conceals itself.

But of all such floral customs none is more worthy of continuing than that of well-dressing,

which has not only survived, but even extended its sphere within our own day.

The Tissington festival has good reason for claiming to be the mother of all the rest, and concerning its origin a word or two must be said presently; but in recent times several other places have taken up the custom. Belper began to "flower" its wells or springs in 1838, and Derby, with S. Alkmund's well, in 1870, while between these dates well-dressing (or tap-dressing, as it is sometimes called,) was introduced, or revived, at Wirksworth, Buxton, Tilsley, Clown, Barlow, Makeney, and Endon.

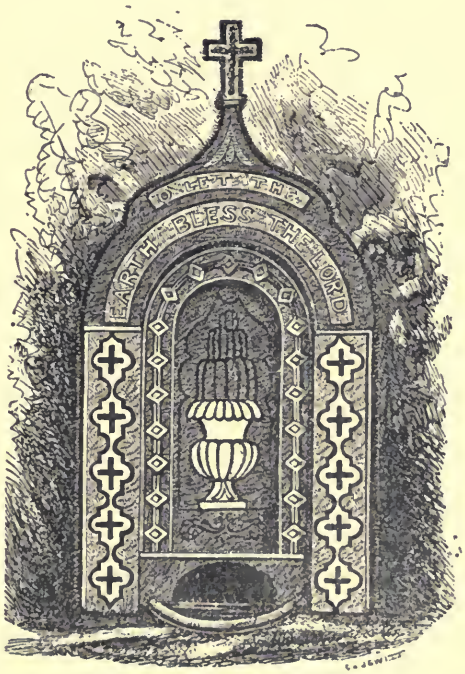
The general outlines of the observance are the same everywhere, except that at Tissington it preserves a more distinctly religious tone than elsewhere. A description of the festival as there kept, therefore, will suffice for the rest.

Five springs of clear and limpid water rise from their native rock at different points within the parish of Tissington, and each of these is duly decked with flowers every Ascension Day (Holy Thursday). Behind the well a screen is reared, and the whole is arched over so as to form a grotto, a temple, a wayside chapel, or what not, according to the decorator's taste. The face of

this structure is covered with soft moist clay to receive the stems of the flowers, which are arranged in graceful patterns therein, until the whole forms one rich mosaic. During all the preceding week gardens and hedgerows far and near have been ransacked for their store of party-coloured bloom, which at earliest daybreak on the important day nimble fingers work into such various forms of rainbow-tinted beauty as taste suggests and skill contrives. In one case perhaps the marsh marygold gives a golden groundwork on which to embroider floral devices. Another rich in wild hyacinths seems to reflect Heaven's own blue; and while the chiefest glories of the garden find their appropriate places in the design, the humblest field flower is not despised. Within this grotto the spring itself is seen flowing forth from a bed of cool green moss, starred it may be with bright points of colour. Sometimes it is all fashioned into a representation of some appropriate Biblical scene or allegory, such, for instance, as Moses striking the rock in Horeb; a prominent feature also is the introduction of suitable mottoes, worked like all the rest in flowers, and consisting of apt quotations, generally from Holy Scripture:

"He sendeth the springs into the valleys," "Come ye to the water," "Let the earth bless the Lord," or other similar passages.

At Tissington, where, as we have said, the



THE TOWN WELL, TISSINGTON.

well-dressing is part of the religious observance of Holy Thursday, the local friendly society goes in procession to church in the morning for matins, at which a sermon, fitted to the occasion, is preached; then accompanied by choir and

clergy, and led by the village band, the parishioners make the tour of the wells, at each of which a portion of one of the psalms or lessons for the day is said, and a hymn is sung. Elsewhere also the well-dressing usually takes place in connection with some holy day, and at the present time frequently forms part of the annual Sunday School festival; thus at Derby it takes place on Whit-Tuesday, at Wirksworth on Whit-Wednesday, at Buxton on the Thursday nearest S. John Baptist's Day (June 24th). The day is usually observed as a general holiday, with much feasting of friends and homely merriment, finishing with a dance on the village green, or other rural jollity, that gives us, if but for the nonce, a glimpse of "Merry England."

As to the origin of this pretty custom, in most modern cases it is either avowedly an imitation of older practices elsewhere; or, as at Buxton and Wirksworth, an annual commemoration of successful efforts to improve the town's water supply. Local tradition tells us that the Tissington well-flowering is a yearly thanksgiving for the uninterrupted flow of water enjoyed there during a great drought in 1615, which is thus referred to in the Youlgreave parish register:—"There was

no rayne fell upon the earth from the 25th day of March till the 2nd day of May, and then there was but one shower; two more fell betweene then and the 4th day of August, so that the greatest part of this land was burnt upp, bothe corn and

THE HALL WELL, TISSINGTON.

hay. An ordinary load of hay was £2, and little or none to be gott for money." During all this parching season the Tissington springs flowed on for the blessing of all the countryside. But the whole character of the custom seems to point

to an earlier origin than this; no part of the seventeenth century, one would think, would have proved very favourable for the growing up of such a festival; and the fact that Holy Thursday would come, not at the end of the drought, when the wells had stood their long test, but in the midst of it, while the issue was yet doubtful, seems to show that that event did not originate the well-dressing, though it might naturally revive a flagging interest in it, and help to perpetuate it.

Well-dressing is rather one of that fairly numerous class of customs which have come down to us from our heathen forefathers, customs which the early Christian teachers found to be so harmless, or even praiseworthy, in themselves, that they preferred endowing them with Christian souls to uprooting them.

Heathen Rome was used to deck its springs with flowers in honour of the water-nymphs, and even had its festival of Fontinalia, which might almost be translated "well-dressing." Milton refers to a similar custom in his *Comus*, where, speaking of the river-goddess, Sabrina, he says :—

". . . the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils."

Here the idea, probably, was suggested to the poet more by his familiarity with classical usage than by his knowledge of any contemporary English one.

Whatsoever its origin, however, we of this prosaic age, in which grace and beauty are so often sacrificed for utility and gold, cannot afford to lose one custom which leads our thoughts away for a time from "the struggle for life," and turns our eyes to the loveliness of Nature, and our hearts to the goodness of Nature's God. Far distant therefore be the day when Tissington, and Wirksworth, and their sister parishes of town or country, shall forget to dress their wells.

Old-Time Football.

By Theo. Arthur.

ALTHOUGH it is well-nigh impossible to discover the date when football, that most ancient of British sports, first became acclimatized in this country, it is not unreasonable to accredit the Romans with having introduced it, considering that they played a military game almost identical with it in character.

Between our modern scientific game, as played under Rugby or Association rules, and the rough-and-ready pastime, as understood by our ancestors, but little resemblance undoubtedly exists, beyond the fact that a ball should be the article agreed upon as a subject for strife.

The ancient game must have partaken of the nature of a mimic battle, the realism of conflict being heightened by the frequency of casualties (and even fatalities) sustained by the players, for it must be remembered that in former days parish would contend against parish, the entire able-bodied male population of a neighbourhood turn-

ing out to sustain the honour of their native district.

One can naturally imagine the fine opportunity a game played under such conditions would afford for the wiping-out of old private scores, and the settlement of differences of opinion between rival combatants who owed each other a grudge. The remark of a French prisoner-of-war, who happened to be passing through Derby when a game was in progress, is curiously significant. "If," said he, "the English call this playing, it would be impossible to say what they call fighting." Stubbs, the ancient chronicler, must have held much the same opinion, for he calls football "a bloody and murthering practice, rather than a fellowly sport or pastime."

Allusions to the game frequently crop up in old chronicles and acts of parliament. It must have been general in England during the reign of Henry II., for it is alluded to by Fitzstephen in 1175. In 1365, Edward III. essayed to put it down, because the public fascination it possessed tended to interfere with the practice of archery. James I. specially included "footballe" among the "rough and violent exercises" which he, in his regal wisdom, "debarred;" football, in his opinion,

being "meeter for laming than making able the users thereof." Samuel Pepys, too, in 1664, speaks of it in terms which show that it must have been a public nuisance when played in narrow streets.

All enthusiastic footballers should surely feel that they owe a deep debt of gratitude to those sturdy ancestors who kept alive public interest in the favourite and popular game through times when it rested under the ban of royal discountenance and severe criticism.

Derbyshire has acted as the custodian of football's "pix," for within its boundaries the ancient game is still played, with its original characteristics only slightly modified.

THE DERBY GAME.

From time immemorial up to the middle of the present century, every Shrove Tuesday, when it came round, was the occasion of a stirring and exciting scene in the town of Derby.

The pancake-bell was rung at mid-day as a signal that apprentices were to be set at liberty, in order that they might repair to the Market Place and join the populace assembled there to witness the throwing-off of the ball.

Then commenced that giant match, "All Saints' *versus* St. Peter's."

All Saints' goal was at Nun's Mill, the water-wheel of which had to be knocked three times. St. Peter's goal was a nursery-gate about a mile from the town.

The ball being once delivered over to the players, the contest commenced. There were no rules for them to trouble their heads about; the survival of the fittest was the only rule necessary to remember. Hard kicking, hard hitting and hard running were now the order of the day.

About the Derby game there was also an added spice of excitement, for subterfuge was not disallowed, indeed a suggestion of hide-and-seek was thrown in. When the ball got driven on to the outskirts of the crowd, an opportunity arose for a cunning player to secrete the ball somewhere about him, and then attempt to proceed with as much unconcern as possible in the direction of the desired goal; but many things might happen before the ball arrived there; it not infrequently, in company with a group of players, got into the river, where the contest would still continue. So the fortunes of the game went, until a victory was

scored for the parishioners of either All Saints' or Saint Peter's.

On the following day, Ash-Wednesday, the game was repeated for the benefit of boys, whose youth had disqualified them from participating in the struggle of the previous afternoon.

In the year 1847, the Derby football game was threatened with extinction. The Mayor, Mr. William Eaton Mousley determined to suppress it as a public nuisance, conducive to riot and disorder. But the populace were not going to be deprived of a game which they looked upon as a birthright, inherited from their forefathers, without putting the authorities to considerable trouble. Horse-soldiers had to be called upon to assist the police. It was forbidden that the ball should be brought into the Market-Place, but it was forthcoming there all the same at the appointed hour, thanks to the offices of Mother Hope, who entered the Market-Place with a basket of nuts on her arm, and the football concealed under her petticoats.

THE ASHBOURNE GAME.

In its characteristics and method of play, the Ashbourne Shrove-tide game closely resembled that which was simultaneously taking place at

Derby. But Ashbourne football is noteworthy because of the obstinate resistance made when its suppression was attempted. It continues to the present time to be played in the ancient fashion.

The attempt to put down the game was made in 1860, under the mayoralty of Mr. Frank Wright. The difference of opinion between the authorities and the players actually became a legal question. The case was first heard before the Ashbourne Bench of magistrates, when the players were worsted; they, however, confident of their rights, carried the case to the Court of Queen's Bench, but the decision was the same.

The event is commemorated in a handbill issued at the time, which reads as follows:—

Death of

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GAME FOOTBALL.

Copied from the *Court Circular*.

"It becomes our painful duty to record the death of the Right Honourable Game Football, which melancholy event took place in the Court of Queen's Bench on Wednesday, Nov. 14th, 1860. The deceased Gentleman was, we are informed, a native of Ashbourn, Derbyshire, at which place he was born in the Year of Grace, 217, and was consequently in the 1643rd year of his age. For some months the patriotic Old Man had been suffering from injuries sustained in his native town, so far back as Shrove-tide in last year; he was at

once removed (by appeal) to London, where he lingered in suspense till the law of death put its icy hand upon him, and claimed as another trophy to magisterial interference one who had long lived in the hearts of the people. His untimely end has cast a gloom over the place, where the amusement he afforded the inhabitants will not soon be forgotten.

"We cannot allow a calamity like the one we have detailed to pass over without giving publicity to circumstances proving so fatal in their results. It appears that the Honourable Game Football has long celebrated his birth in the most rational and peaceful manner, the tradesmen closing their shops, and the entire population turning out to take part in his festivity. The old custom was carried on from generation to generation, until it so happened that 'certain of the powers that be' determined that this harmless old custom should be done away with, and they accordingly issued a formal Notice that they intended riding *iron shod* over the town on Shrove Tuesday and Ash Wednesday, and any person causing any annoyance or interfering in any way with their authority would be dealt with according to *their* Law. As the eventful day approached, great was the anxiety manifested as to whether these Distributors of Justice and Friends of Liberty would carry out their threat. Not long, however, were Mr. Football and his friends kept in suspense; sixty persons were more or less injured through their reckless determination, and the Right Honourable Gentleman, whose name we adore, received those fatal wounds from which he never recovered. Professional aid was at once obtained, a celebrated Practitioner recommended immediate removal to another district, giving his opinion that if the instructions laid down were strictly adhered to, the unfortunate victim would ultimately recover; but those who knew him best saw that his end was fast approaching. He died honoured and in peace.

"The funeral was public, though without ostentation, and the expenses (£200) were subscribed by his surrounding friends.

"We understand that the Honourable Gentleman is succeeded by an only Son, a young man of Herculean strength, who inherits the valour of his Father, and his coming of age will be celebrated by Playing at the Old Game next Shrovetide.

"The following Epitaph will be found on the Hon. Mr. Football's Tombstone :—

May Liberty meet with success,
  May Prudence protect her from evil ;
But may tyrants and tyranny tine * in the mist,
  And wander their way to the Devil."

* Tine—kindle.

After Thirty Years: An Incident of the Civil War.

By Edward Lamplough.

MANY pathetic and heroic passages shed a living interest over the great rebellion of the seventeenth century, but few appeal more to our interest and sympathy than that which relates to the tragic death of Colonel Charles Cavendish, son of the second Earl of Devonshire.

In the eventful summer of 1643, young Cavendish commanded in Newark for the King, and was exceedingly popular with the loyal townsfolk; but when Cromwell marched his Huntingdonshire troops, and other levies, to succour the garrison of Gainsborough, threatened by the Earl of Newcastle's northern army, Colonel Cavendish led the advanced column of the royalists, and encountered Cromwell. A short but severe engagement ensued. Cromwell charged uphill against the cavaliers, although exposed to a brisk fire from the carbines of the royal horse, who, after delivering their fire,

charged down upon the advancing enemy. Cromwell repulsed the attack, broke their ranks, and put them to flight. Cavendish strove to redeem the fortunes of the field by falling upon the Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire regiments. His charge was partially successful, but, before he could re-form his horse, Cromwell took him in flank, routed and drove his command into a marsh at the foot of the rising ground on which the conflict had taken place.

The broken troops, involved in the bog, were cut to pieces. It has been stated that Colonel Cavendish was murdered rather than slain in honourable conflict during this sanguinary *mêlée*, quarter having been extended to him and his men by Colonel Bury, but that he was stabbed to death whilst helplessly involved in the midst of his enemies. It is difficult to believe this statement: no doubt he fell, as many gallant cavaliers and parliamentarians fell during the war, in the first heat of the pursuit, after the ranks were broken.

When the corpse of the brave young soldier was carried into Newark, the people were deeply affected, and would not suffer it to be immediately interred, paying every honour and respect to the memory of their lost commandant.

Thirty years passed, and the Countess of Devonshire died, when her express desire that the remains of her gallant son should be taken up, and carried with her own corpse for interment at Derby, was complied with.

It is said that the old folks of Newark, who had passed through the evil days of the war, were strangely affected when the soldier's ashes were removed from their midst; nor were their children uninfluenced by the story of the young soldier's early fame and tragic death, for during those changeful thirty years the memory of the loyal gentleman had been kept green in Newark.

As the two hearses containing the last relics of the long separated mother and son proceeded to Derby, great honour was paid to them by the loyal gentlemen who held for the Stuarts.

At Leicester the magistrates and gentry received the *cortege*, and attended it without the town. Derby received its honourable dead with equal veneration, as they were committed to the family vault. "In the one town her funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Frampton (Chaplain to the Earl of Elgin), afterwards Bishop of Gloucester; in

the other, his funeral sermon by Mr. Naylor, Chaplain to the Countess."

The memory of Cromwell's victory is preserved in the locality of the battle by the following local, or rather memorial, names: "Red Coats' Field," "Graves' Field," and "Cavendish's Bog."

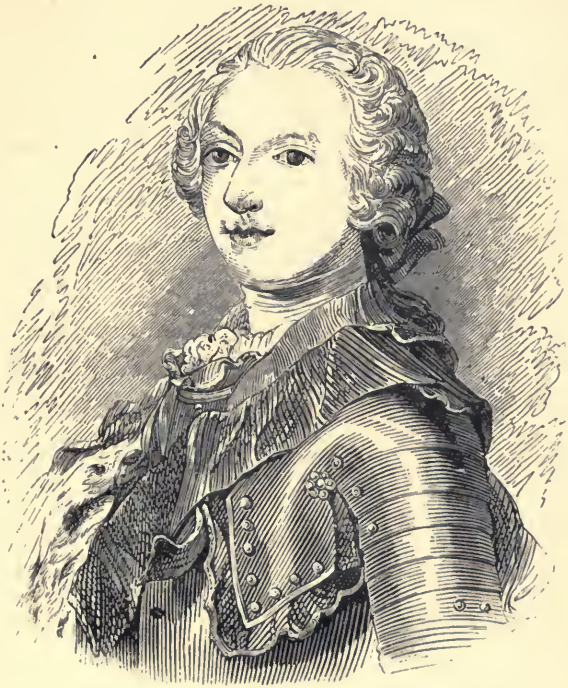
Derbyshire and the '45.

By the Rev. Geo. S. Tyack, b.a.

FEW indeed are the countries of the world which can boast that for one hundred and fifty years no invader has set foot upon their soil, nor has any serious attempt been made to change their ruling dynasty. Yet England's last experience of either kind was in 1745, and Derby takes an important place in history as marking the high-water mark of the invading tide.

Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, called by the adherents of the ill-fated House of Stuart, the Prince of Wales, had sailed from France, and landed in the north of Scotland early in the August of the above year. He was then in his twenty-fifth year, handsome in person and engaging in manner, and had already seen military service with Don Carlos in Spain. Success of the most brilliant order crowned his earliest efforts: the highlanders rose in great numbers to greet him, and Edinburgh flung open its gates to him with scarcely a day's hesitation. One wild charge

of his highlanders at Prestonpans, on September 22nd, cleared the route into England, and a month later the border was crossed, and the march on London seriously begun.



THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

But the high hopes that the Prince's first successes had roused and the enthusiasm of his Scottish followers had stimulated, began to wither almost from the moment that they were transplanted to English soil. Lancashire, whence

many recruits had come to the Old Pretender's standard in 1715, had been expected largely to augment the forces now enrolled by his son, but the expectation proved vain. On the contrary, even the friends of "the cause" were terrified by the appearance of the undisciplined army as it swept through the country, the Gaelic speech and tartan dress of the highlanders, at that time scarcely more than half-civilised, striking so strangely on English ears and eyes as to create distrust far more readily than enthusiasm. Moreover, everywhere before their advancing steps rumour ran of their excesses and exactions, so that the populace hastened to conceal their property in out-houses or in holes in the ground, lest they should be compelled unwillingly to contribute to the expense of the expedition. When the Pretender therefore crossed the boundary line from Staffordshire into Derbyshire at Ashbourne, on December 3rd, his forces were not materially stronger than when the advance commenced. At Ashbourne there was a halt, during which the Prince, who was baiting at the "Three Horse Shoes," was proclaimed at the Market Cross; all then pushed on towards Derby, which they occupied the following day.

There is extant an account of the billeting of this army in Derby for the two nights of December 4th and 5th, from which it appears that there were quarters required for 7,008 men on the 4th, and for 7,148 on the following day; they had

EXETER HOUSE, DERBY.

with them also fifteen small field-pieces and some fifty waggons of ammunition, etc.

The townsmen of Derby, in their loyalty to the reigning house, had raised a subscription for the King's service, and had paid the money in shortly before the arrival of the highlanders; but

unfortunately for them, information of this and a copy of the subscription roll fell into the Pretender's hands, with the not unnatural consequence that all who had contributed to the one cause were compelled, under pain of military execution, to give a like sum to the other. Besides this expense to the town, we are told that the troops "were very industrious in providing themselves with cloaks, stockings, shoes, and other necessaries while at Derby," but were not equally industrious in the matter of payments.

The Prince, during his stay in the town, took up his quarters at Exeter House, a fine mansion of the Earl of Exeter, which stood, until it was pulled down in 1854, in Full Street. Other houses rendered memorable by the occupation of Derby by these forces, are two houses in the Market Place, the first, the noble residence of Mr. Franceys, * where were lodged Lady Ogilvie and those ladies whose romantic devotion to the cause of "bonnie Prince Charlie" led them to follow his fortunes even into the field; the other house (now occupied by Mr. Thomas Hall) contains a noble chamber with a ceiling of

* This has now become two houses, in the occupation respectively of Mr. C. J. Storer and Mr. Haskew.

elaborate design and oaken wainscot, within which were held those stormy councils of war, which eventually resulted in the retreat of the Chevalier to Scotland. Another incident of his stay in Derby, which local tradition, at least, records, is, that on the morning after his arrival, the Prince had mass said according to the Roman rite in the parish church of All Saints.

So far the advance into England had been unresisted, but now opposition began to gather around his path. The Duke of Cumberland with the royal forces lay at Lichfield, Coventry, and Stafford; to push forward to London and leave the Duke to menace his rear, would have been to risk all on one throw of the dice; to meet him without first gaining reinforcements was almost equally dangerous. Council after council was held throughout the day, not without engendering some bitterness, and at last a retreat was resolved upon in the hope of meeting reinforcements which were coming up from Scotland. The advanced guard had been pushed forward as far as Swarkestone Bridge, on the Trent,—the furthest point southward touched;—this was recalled, and on the 6th December the whole army began sullenly to retrace its steps. The

same route was followed as in the advance, and the Prince quartered at Ashbourne Hall the first night of the retreat.

So the invading force passes beyond our province once more, to meet its fate in the following April on Culloden Moor. With the romantic adventures of its unfortunate leader, and with his final escape from the country, we have nothing to do here.

Bess of Hardwick.

By Frederick Ross, F.R.H.S.

STANDING in a deer park, with clusterings of magnificent old oaks, on the eastern border of Derbyshire, and close upon that of Nottinghamshire, on one of the more picturesque eminences of that eminently picturesque county, stand two mansions almost close together, the one, old Hardwick Hall—a venerable, dilapidated, and ivy-clothed building, the home of the Hardwicks, and birthplace of Elizabeth Hardwick, who died Countess of Shrewsbury ; the latter, a quaint Elizabethan structure, erected by the said Countess Elizabeth, who considered the old home of her fathers not sufficiently stately for her subsequent exalted position, and who, in carrying out her mansion-building mania, spent an extraordinary amount of care in re-building her native domicile.

The approach to the mansions is by a noble avenue of majestic trees, which commands the admiration of all who pass along it, and the aspect

of the two Halls on the eminence is very imposing, the old, venerable, and weatherworn contrasting with the more modern, with its eccentricity of architecture.

The modern Elizabethan house is very large, and seems to consist of more glass than wall, hence the saying :—

"Proud Hardwick Hall
More window than wall."

The house consists of projecting towers, pierced in the walls with a multitude of lofty windows, and surmounted by a balustrade, whilst the initials E.S. (Elizabeth Shrewsbury) are introduced wherever practicable, both outside and inside. The interior consists of large, lofty apartments, wainscoted and hung with tapestries, the most notable being the Picture Gallery, extending the whole length of the building, 160 feet in length, 22 in width, and 26 in height ; lighted by eighteen broad windows, 20 feet high, and containing portraits, two hundred in number, of the Cavendishes, the Countess's relatives and friends, herself when young and when old, of Queen Elizabeth, of Mary Queen of Scots, and of several other historic personages of the time.

One room is shown as the apartment of

Queen Mary, which is not correct, as her place of confinement was in the old Hall, the new one not having been built until after her death, the new room having been constructed for the reception of her relics, on the model of the original room.

From the veriest girlhood, Elizabeth Hardwick, of a vigorous, politic, and masculine type of character, seems to have been animated by one supreme passion, that of accumulating wealth, with the object of aggrandising herself and children, and elevating their position in the world of rank, and in later life by a passion for building, which was subordinate to the former, inasmuch as it arose from a desire to leave them palaces in which to enshrine and display their greatness. She chanced to die during the prevalence of a hard frost, when her workmen were prevented from carrying on her building by the severity of the weather, which gave rise, in that superstitious age, to a silly apocryphal tale that, on consulting an astrologer, she was informed that she should not die so long as she continued building, which was said to have been the cause of her mania for building, and the prediction to have been fulfilled by her death during the frost, an outgrowth

worthy of the mediæval monkish miracles and prophecies.

She was one of the daughters of John Hardwick, of Hardwick Hall, a country gentleman of ancient family, but of diminished fortune, since he was only able to give his daughters wedding portions of forty marks each. He died in the 19th of the reign of Henry VIII., his estate of Hardwick passing to his son James, who bequeathed it to his sister Elizabeth.

At the early age of twelve she married Robert Barley, of Barley, in Derbyshire, whom, thus in youth true to the principles which actuated her through life, she cajoled into making a will before she gave him her hand, by which he left her and her heirs the whole of his vast estates, and died very soon after, leaving no issue. Her second husband was Sir William Cavendish, of Chatsworth, P.C., and Treasurer of the Chamber to Henry VIII., formerly Gentleman Usher to Cardinal Wolsey, to whom she seems to have been sincerely attached. At her desire he commenced the building of Chatsworth, which he left unfinished at his death, in 1557, for his widow to complete. By this marriage there was issue :—

Henry, who died *v.p.* and *s.p.*

William, created Earl of Devonshire.

Charles, from whom the Cavendishes Dukes of Newcastle.

Frances, who married Sir Henry Pierrepoint, ancestors of the Dukes of Kingston and Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

Elizabeth, who married Charles Stuart, Duke of Lennox, brother of Lord Darnley, whose off-spring was the ill-fated Arabella Stuart.

Mary, who married Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury, stepson of her mother.

She did not long remain a widow for the second time, but immediately after the death of her husband Cavendish, began to cast her eyes round to find another wealthy man to marry, and to secure to herself and children a goodly share of his fortune. Such a person she found in Sir William St. Lo, of Gloucestershire, a possessor of broad acres in that county, Grand Butler of England, and Captain of the Guard to Queen Elizabeth, who became violently enamoured of the still beautiful widow, but she, shrewd and crafty, whilst most anxious for the union, kept him at arm's length until she had succeeded in inducing

him to settle the whole of his large fortune absolutely upon her and her heirs, to the exclusion of his children by a former wife. He was much older than she, but seems to have been enslaved by her charms, and to have spent as much time as he could in her company to the prejudice of his duties at court, as appears in the following passage from one of his letters to his lady :—

" My honeste swete Chatesworth. . . . The Quene hath fownde greatt fawtt wyth me farder and that sche wolde well chyde me, whereunto I anseryd thatt when her hyghness understode the trawth and the cawse sche wolde nott be offendyd, whereunto sche sayed 'Verye well! verye well!' Howbeit hand of hers I dyd not kiss."

He did not long survive his marriage, but died leaving her a widow for the third time, with vastly increased possessions, still comparatively young and beautiful, and ready for a fourth husband and his wealth. Having, however, already secured by her various marriages riches enough to satisfy the longings of ordinary cupidity, she experienced a craving for rank in her next marriage, holding no higher rank thus far than the widow of two deceased knights, and she fixed her eyes upon

George Talbot, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, the representative of that illustrious and historic family, whom she manœuvred by her wiles and fascinations into becoming a suitor for her hand in the year 1568-9, she stipulating before she consented to go to the altar, that his eldest son and heir should marry one of her daughters, and that one of her sons should become the husband of one of his daughters, with all suitable and competent settlements.

For a short time after their marriage the Earl and his Countess appear to have lived happily and affectionately together, as the extract of one of the Earl's letters to his wife testifies :—

"I thank you, swete wone, for your podéngs and venyson. The podengs I have bestowed in this wyse : dosen to my Lade Cobham, etc., the rest I have resarved for myselfe to ete in my chamber . . . offe all erthley joyes that hath happenyd unto me, I thanke God chefest for you ; for wth you I have all joye and content asyon of mynde, and wthoute you, dethe is mor plesante to me than lyfe if I thought I shulde long be from you ; and therfor good wyfe doo as I wyll doo, hope shortely of our metenge, and farewell dere swete wone."

With her usual tact, the new peeress, not contented with her elevation in the scale of rank to which her marriage advanced her, schemed so as to have a magnificent jointure settled upon her. She held also, as the wife of one of England's greatest nobles, a more exalted position in the court of Elizabeth, to which she had been introduced by her former husband, St. Lo, and at first everything seemed to promise happily for the future lives of the couple, but in an evil hour they undertook the custodianship of Mary Queen of Scots, who, in 1568, took refuge in England, and sought the protection of her cousin, Queen Elizabeth, who, instead of according her that protection, treacherously detained her as a state-prisoner, confined her for a short time in two or three northern castles, and then consigned her to the care of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury. The arrival of the Queen at Sheffield put an end to the halcyon days of the Shrewsburys' connubial life, and altercations, followed by squabbles and quarrels, occurred, rendering their union a miserable contrast to their earlier years. With the politeness of a true gentleman, the Earl treated the captive with the courtesy due to her as a Lady and as a Queen, which excited in the

breast of his Countess sentiments of jealousy, and gave rise to recriminations in opprobrious language. She offended also Queen Elizabeth by allying one of her daughters to the Earl of Lennox, brother of Queen Mary's first husband, Darnley, and by the affection she displayed for her grand-daughter, Arabella Stuart.

The unfortunate Mary was barbarously beheaded in 1587; her jailor, Shrewsbury, died three years afterwards at Sheffield, and the Countess in 1607, aged eighty-seven, at Hardwick Hall. Her seventeen years of widowhood were spent in completing Chatsworth and re-building Hardwick, Owlcotes, and other of her numerous mansions.

Shadows of Romance.

THROUGH the mutations of the centuries, after lingering long in tradition and song, many romantic, touching, or gruesome incidents of the old life before us gradually disappear from the memory of mankind; or dimly survive in the last phases of a doubtful obscurity, before the night closes over them for ever.

Of such dim traditions is that which clothes Whin-Hill and Loose-Hill, near Castleton, with the subtle tincture and movement of human life—with the mournful throes of defeat, and the proud elation of victory. Here, from early morn until the closing in of the solemn eventide, a fierce and bitter conflict was maintained; then one army won its bloody pathway to the summit of Loose-Hill, and slew or put to flight its decimated defenders. Such is the tradition—vague and dim, and disbelieved in now, the more practical age preferring to identify the titles of the two heights with local names and productions. Yet there is usually a substratum of truth underlying the dimmest traditions.

Perhaps a little more satisfactory, because more definite and consistent, is the story that clings to the mansion of Banner Cross, supposed to stand on ground where a noble Briton met his Saxon foe, boldly under shield, with war-flags billowing overhead, and enacted all the pageantry, glory, and tragedy of war; to draw closer his decimated, but unconquered ranks, amid the rain of missiles and the crash of axe and sword, until the Saxon steel hewed down the last man of that devoted army.

Over such heroic soil as this Collins might inscribe his graceful ode :—

> "How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
> By all their country's wishes blest!
> When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
> Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
> She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
> Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
> By fairy hands their knell is rung,
> By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
> There honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
> To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
> And Freedom shall a while repair,
> To dwell a weeping hermit there."

The old life becomes more definite, government more certain, and life and property a shade more assured when we reach the feudal era, with its

quaint tenures and widely ramifying vassalage. Brough Mill was held by the Strellies in the reign of Edward III., subject to the not very arduous service of being in mounted attendance on the king, with a heron falcon for the royal pleasure, when his majesty entered Derbyshire. The royal visitor had, however, to pay for his entertainment by providing two robes and *bruche* of court. Moreover, if the holder's horse died during the course of the service, the king had to furnish his vassal with another mount.

An old tradition that probably goes back to the twelfth century relates to the magnificent bridge at Swarkeston. At the distant period when the first foundations of the bridge were laid, two sisters named Bellamont were resident at Swarkestone, and were so liberal of their money in the building of a portion of the bridge that they reduced themselves to poverty, and ultimately died in extreme destitution, being buried in one grave in Prestwold Church, Leicestershire. The story may have some foundation in fact, and receives some measure of confirmation by an ancient and remarkable tomb in Prestwold Church, which is void of mark, name, or inscription, but bears the figures of two ladies.

The romance of earlier days clings around the old church of Hathersage, the reputed birth and burial-place of that famous Derbyshire archer, Little John, Robin Hood's ancient comrade.

"When shaws beene sheene, and shradds full of fayre,
And leaves both large and longe,
Itt is merrye walking in the fayre forrést
To heare the small birdes songe."

During the course of his adventurous life, the forester fought under Simon de Montfort, and drew his bow at the sanguinary struggle at Evesham, when Prince Edward avenged his former defeat at Lewes. A notable archer was Little John.

"Then John he took Guye's bow in his hand,
His boltes and arrowes eche one:
When the shiriffe saw little John bend,
He fettled him to be gone."

After toil of battlefield and the danger under the greenwood tree, he retired to Hathersage to end his days. Opposite the porch, on the south side of the church, two stones indicate his place of burial, and by their distance apart it is inferred that Little John attained to the respectable stature of thirteen feet, four inches. His long bow and cap hung in Hathersage Church for some centuries, until they were removed to Cannon

Hall, near Barnsley, about the year 1800. It is said that a thigh-bone twenty-nine and a half inches long was disinterred from the outlaw's grave; but the length of this bone has been also given as 32 inches, while the length of his grave has been modified to ten feet.

The name of Hunloke recalls a mingling of romantic and tragic incident, and carries the mind back to the advent of a new dynasty, and to that great heroic tragedy of the seventeenth century, the conflict between King Charles and the Parliament. When James I. visited Ilkeston in 1623, the aged sheriff of the county, Henry Hunloke, hastened to welcome his majesty; but the fatigue of travel and the excitement of the hour overcame the old man, and he suddenly expired in the king's presence, "acquiring so much renown by dying in his duty to the sovereign, as if he had lived to secure the honour of knighthood, which the king designed to confer upon him." His son Henry served the king zealously with his purse and sword, and on Edgehill field acquitted himself so valiantly, that the king knighted him on the spot. He was afterwards created a baronet, but the Parliamentarians did not allow his zeal to pass unnoted, and in the

year 1643 they sent an expedition against Wingerworth Hall, which they garrisoned and maintained for a time.

To the same period of cruel internecine strife belongs the sorrowful incident of William de Rossington's death and burial. He was an active partisan of King Charles, and was slain during an engagement with the enemy, near Hartington. When the news of the sad event reached his betrothed, she proceeded to the scene of the battle, searched for and found her lover's corpse, and conveyed it to Hedburn wood, ten miles from the battlefield. Tools and a light she found in a solitary hut, and in rude fashion, with no burial service save the yearning sorrow of her widowed heart, she buried the body of her cavalier. It is said the Parliamentarians attached so much importance to Sir William, that they vainly sought for his body, and offered a reward for its production; but the place remained unknown, the lady passed from the scene of her sad ordeal, and decade after decade passed, bringing new phases of history, until the sorrows of that old time of warfare became a memory of the nation, although the solid benefits that accrued therefrom entered into the national life. Some thirty years ago, a farmer, while

putting down a gate-post, unearthed the bones of the cavalier, with the arms and armour in which he was arrayed when his lady with her own fair hands gave him hasty and sorrowful sepulture.

A melancholy instance of mistaken zeal, or official despotism—probably the former—and of the low moral tone that too frequently manifested itself in the lives of the ministers of religion, is furnished by a memorial stone in the vestry of Eyam Church. It records the death of a rector of Eyam, Joseph Hunt, buried December 16th, 1709, and of Ann, his wife, who predeceased him in 1703. The young rector, whilst making merry in the village inn, liquor being in and wit out, went through a mock marriage with the publican's daughter, Ann. This freak coming to the ears of the Bishop, he caused a greater evil than Joseph Hunt had been betrayed into by his folly. He commanded the rector to marry the girl. Although engaged to a Derby lady, the unfortunate gentleman obeyed the command, when an action for breach of promise was taken against him. Several years were occupied in legal proceedings, and large sums of money were swallowed up by legal expenses. In the end Joseph Hunt found himself not only stripped of

friends and fortune, but harassed by the officers of the law. In this strait he buried himself in the vestry, supposed to have been built for the purpose of providing him with a place of refuge from his enemies. Secluded from the companionship of his equals, and practically a disgraced man, he dwelt in the vestry until his death. The sorrows of this unfortunate couple may only be surmised, and it may be hoped that affection and mutual respect grew out of their poverty and grief, and purified their lives, fitting them for a state where rectors sin not, and bishops make no mistakes.

Tragedies were numerous in the century of the Georges, and in 1758 a sad murder is said to have defiled the magnificent scenery of the Winnats—Windgates, or portals of the wind. The tradition is that a maiden had eloped with her lover, and that while proceeding on horseback to Peak Forest chapel for the hurried performance of the marriage ceremony, they were way-laid by a gang of miners, and by them robbed and murdered.

Three years later a sad accident lent a tragic interest to the magnificent precipitous scenery of Dove Dale. Mr. Langton, Dean of Clogher,

while visiting at Longford Hall, in July, 1761, visited the dale with a party of friends. During the return, the Dean proposed to ride over a steep hill, over which ran a path to Tissington. One of his fair companions, Miss la Roche, agreed to accompany him in his adventure, and was accordingly mounted beside him. Unfortunately the Dean got confused as to the proper path, and turned into a sheep-track, which proved so steep and difficult of ascent that he decided to retrace his way. The horse, embarrassed by its double burthen, lost its footing when Mr. Langton endeavoured to turn it in the narrow path, and rolled backward down the hill. The unfortunate riders were severely bruised, and the Dean expired a few days after the accident, and was interred in Ashborne church. The lady, more fortunate, was arrested by her hair being caught in a thorn, and, although her fall was thus opportunely broken, she was so severely bruised that two days elapsed before she recovered consciousness.

Many Derbyshire steeps are famous for legends of lovers and lovers' leaps, and chief of these is a lofty perpendicular rock at the entrance to Middleton Dale. From this dreadful height,

about the year 1760, a poor girl cast herself headlong, while under the temporary excitement or despair of an unrequited passion. Brambles and rocky projections caught her clothing as she fell, and so effectually broke her fall that she reached the foot of the rock in a comparatively uninjured state, and, with a little kindly assistance, was able to walk home. The reflections induced by her rash act, and the contemplation of her narrow escape from a dreadful and shameful death, calmed her troubled mind. Triumphing over her unfortunate passion, she lived an exemplary life, and died without entering into the married state.

Such are a few old memories of Bygone Derbyshire, not uninteresting to the reflective mind, nor void of lessons in the endurance of trials and sorrows inseparable from the conditions of human life. Above all they are fraught with the spirit of mutability and change; lying beyond us in a dim and hazy atmosphere, where distance tones down the language of life to the whispered accents of tradition, and the colours, once flashing brightly in the morning sun of life, are reduced to a cold and opaque mass, from which the poet and the artist reproduce the colour and movement of the life that was "in the old times before us."

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