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P R E F A C E .

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THIS little book originated entirely in the fact stated at the commencement. Seeing that a stranger was so impressed with the dales through which he was led; and committing the first rough sketch of our route to the inspection of a friend of mine, I was induced to continue it; and now it is completed, I can only say I carefully went over every step of the ground to make my notes, in order to give those precise directions and that information so needful to the stranger, artist, angler, or tourist, who may be pleased to take a summer's ramble over Derbyshire.— I should add that I have been much encouraged in the prosecution of the work, by the number of copies ordered by my friends and the public, I may say without solicitation; and I here beg to tender them my most grateful thanks, and hope it may meet with their approbation, and that of the public generally.

WILLIAM ADAM.

*Matlock*, 1861.



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## E R R A T A .

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- Page 14, line 8, *for* "hands," *read* "bands."
- Page 22, line 13, *for* "skitring," *read* "skirting."
- Page 24, line 17, *for* "wear," *read* "weir."
- Page 49, line 8, *for* "Lord Beresford," *read* "the late Lord Beresford."
- Page 84, line 26, *for* "ovly," *read* "lovely."
- Page 95, line 10 (note), *for* "and a variety of basalt," *read* "a variety of basalt."
- Page 121, line 22, *for* "jet d'eaus," *read* "jet d'eaux."
- Page 122, line 1, *for* "words," *read* "woods."
- Page 128, line 14, *for* "thouands," *read* "thousands."
- Page 136, line 11, *for* "Nor," *read* "Noo."
- Page 160, line 6, *for* "oalite," *read* "oolite."
- 5

## UP THE DALES, IN MARCH, 1860.

---

### THE PROJECTED RAILWAY ROUTE.

THERE may be more beauty and freshness about the lower portions of the Derbyshire dales in summer than in winter, but, the aspect of the sides and summits of the lofty hills which bound them is much the same in all seasons. They bear the same grey and rugged appearance of abrupt and overhanging rock, with huge patches of shingle spread here and there over their steep acclivities, and with but a scanty herbage, scarcely ever green at any period of the year, and the effect on the mind of a stranger is at all times imposing. This we had an opportunity of proving a short time since. A young gentleman, a stranger from the north, came to Matlock to be present at his sister's marriage, (Matlock seems to have become a favorite spot for having the nuptial knot tied), and on returning north, being a good walker, he determined to see the Dales, and so we started by train to Rowsley and then by 'bus through Bakewell to Ashford, which is within an easy walk of the

head of Monsal Dale, where we soon arrived, and now commences a series of surprises to the stranger. A few steps from the high road brings us on to the lofty precipice overhanging the dale, which is seen in all its loveliness stretched out far below; the sparkling "Wye," in many a mazy turn, flowing through it. The little farm, with its cluster of ash trees and rustic bridge, nestled in its bosom seems like a child's toy or baby-house from our dizzy height, and away to the right comes into view the pine crowned heights of Cressbrook, studded with cottages in the Swiss style, Mr. M' Connel's magnificent mansion about midway down, and the mill itself, with its millions of spindles and busy hands of young people, occupying the base, from which stretches off the dale eastward, from which it derives its name.

Now we had to descend into the valley, which is much facilitated by a good road cut out of the hill at a great expense by Mr. M' Connell, for his own use. We soon reached Cressbrook Mill and then commenced the laborious ascent of the heights already alluded to. From these heights we had a beautiful view of Cressbrook dale and the south end of Monsal. A little beyond these we left the road which leads to Tideswell and struck into a path through a plantation, which led us down to Litton Mill, which we reached with some difficulty by descending the steep acclivities. This mill is situated in a narrow gorge and occupies about one half of its width; a strong weir has been thrown across to the opposite rock, which rises perpendicularly to a great height, preventing all access to Litton Dale, which lies below and which can only be approached by the "lepping" (leaping) stones below Cress-

brook Mill. The weir is raised a considerable height and dams the water back, for the use of the mill, as far as the entrance to Miller's Dale, half a mile higher up, where the dale expands and forms as fine a sheet of water or inland lake as can be seen. The effect of this is exceedingly beautiful and imposing amidst such solitude. The mill itself, shut in amidst such scenery and apparently totally excluded from the busy haunts of man, is an object of deep interest, and its history is deeply interesting too. This mill for spinning merino was established at the latter end of the last century, at a period when few hands could be obtained from the country around, consequently they were obliged to be obtained from a distance, and these chiefly poor orphans from London who were often treated with the greatest cruelty, and it is reported that some of them in their deep distress here, committed suicide by throwing themselves from the windows of the mill into the dam. Be this as it may, we well know what oppression factory girls and boys were subject to, even to a much later date, until the government interfered in their behalf by the various factory acts. But a blessed change took place in the treatment of the hands when the good Mr. William Newton, the "Peak Minstrel" of Miss Seward, the poetess of Lichfield, came into possession of the mill. His son, the present proprietor, carries it on in the same benevolent way, and has provided two rooms well warmed by steam, one for the boys, the other for the girls, where they have dry clothing hung up ready to be put on in case of wet weather, when their own clothing is drenching wet in coming across the hills from Tideswell, a considerable distance off, and from the village of Litton above. During the working

hours their own clothing gets quite dry, ready for putting on at the end of the day. This is an admirable arrangement that we never saw adopted elsewhere. In consequence of the shortness of water in summer the proprietor has been obliged to employ steam power. But we have digressed and must proceed onwards. A little above the mill the dale has, in one of those volcanic fits so common in past time, been split in two, which laid open a beautiful rocky dell trending to the north-east, up which the road is carried from the mill to Tideswell (three miles off) for the use of the work people. Our way lay close by the beautiful lake, round a bluff headland, which obtrudes itself here, and where the rain and winds are making sad work with the softer beds of marble which compose the lower part of the cliff. It is rapidly perishing and block after block of the harder chert beds above it are being toppled down and strewed at the base. The marble bed from this exposed position is in part literally converted into a white powder, mingled with its beautiful organic remains of productus, spirifers, and entrochites. By the wear and tear of the elements this headland must be destroyed or vastly modified at no distant period. Rounding this point we espied Raven's Tor a short distance above. A few minutes walk brought us under it. Opposite to this is a lead mine in work, with its "co" close by, the only one we saw in all the dales. From the size of the mine hill-ocks there appears to have been a great deal of work done, but whether it had proved rich or poor there was no one to tell us, so we turned to Raven's Tor towering above us. This is a lofty, overhanging rock, its top beautifully fringed or adorned with hazel bushes and a projecting dwarf

oak, the result, no doubt, of some seed dropped by the birds of the air at some early period. But why called Raven's Tor? Did these dark birds of rich glossy plumage once nestle in its rents and chasms, in a far anterior time when man seldom or never trode its bleak solitudes? To this enquiry we can give no answer, for they are not here now. But it impressively reminds one of the sublime and sacred story, when these feathered beings were made heaven's messengers of mercy to the prophet in his loneliness by the brook Cherith, when "They brought him bread and flesh in the morning and bread and flesh in the evening, and he drank of the brook." And here, too, is a beautiful brook flowing at our feet to drink of.

On looking back we were presented with a picture of no common interest. Placed in the narrow pass with Priest-cliff rising on our right, at least, eight hundred feet, the noble Tor on our left, the Mill seen in the distance across the lake and apparently half buried in its waters; beyond the well wooded steps of Cressbrook overhanging Litton Dale, with the broken and shattered rocks bounding the lake near by, and the barren and bleak sides of Taddington pastures to the right—the lofty points of Longstone Edge and the Great Finn seen over all—must impress the mind of the stranger with the exceeding beauty and grandeur of the works of God.

Here we enter Miller's Dale, called so from the two small corn mills situated at its northern entrance, which belong to persons at Tideswell who take advantage of the stream, and bring their material here to be ground. At this point, from the height, character, and position of the limestone strata, we might have anticipated the appearance

of a basset or outcrop of the toadstone (Derbyshire basalt) if it existed, and here it is at our feet, shewing its dark and forbidding aspect, like the serpent in the midst of a scene of beauty and loveliness. The scanty herbage it bears has a sickly look, and no butter-cup or sweet flower adorns its surface to shed its fragrance on the landscape. No, it is well called a "Plutonic" rock, for it bears the impress of its origin, the deep and dark region of volcanic action. But here, where the Tor recedes and the dale expands, there is a cave canopied with limestone, the floor toadstone, where in summer thousands of the Buxton visitors resort from year to year, enjoy their luncheon with a peculiar relish and sip rills of pleasure from the beautiful and magnificent objects around them.

From hence we made our way over the ruddy path to the head of the dale, a very low escarpment of the toadstone skirted our way for nearly half the distance, till we neared Angler's Rest, a small inn nestled under a rock, with its garden patch taken in from the surrounding wastes, and which has experienced a great number of vicissitudes, even in our own time. The first time we came here was in a snow storm, and we had some difficulty in obtaining accommodation, for the short seasons and long winters have caused many a change in the tenants. Now we turned in briskly, though somewhat overdone, and found a clean house, a comfortable "settle," and a warm fire. A rather stout, but motherly looking woman welcomed us with great urbanity, and appeared as if she had been accustomed to better things than keeping a small inn in these deep dales. She soon supplied our wants, good home made bread and cheese and a capital glass of home brewed ale. She apologised for the

quality of the cheese, but hunger is the best sauce, we enjoyed it much. This house has acquired the name of "Angler's Rest" from the great number of gentlemen who come here to fish, during the season, from Buxton. The trout and grayling caught in the Wye, in this dale, are considered to be of superior quality. And besides, the Wye has acquired a greater width, depth, and importance at this point from the accession of the Wormhill springs which fall into it a little higher up. A very excellent road comes down into the dale from behind the house and which is brought from Tideswell along one of those valleys called geologically "valleys of elevation," along which the stranger might make his way and find considerable interest, for on the left as he proceeds he will find a remarkably fine quarry of blueish grey marble, full of corallines (*cyathophyllum cæspitosum*) hence called coralline marble. It lies under the toadstone bed, which has charred and changed it where in contact—the corallines frequently detached—but a few feet down it is solid and forms slabs of great beauty when sawn and polished. The corallines exhibiting, when cut in "section," a very beautiful radiated structure.

Tideswell is distant about a mile, and is a very old market town, once the chief mining town in the High Peak, and containing one of the largest churches in the kingdom. To measure the "ins and outs" of all its buttresses it is said to be *one mile round*. Its tower is lofty and handsome, and possesses a splendid peal of bells, to enliven this solitary and ancient town, and an excellent clock, renewed not long ago at the cost of about six hundred pounds. The stranger may find good accommodation at the George Inn, and if he

wishes to proceed to Castleton, Peak Forest, or Chapel-en-le-frith, his way is direct through the town.

We will now proceed on our tour. Our way led close by a low limestone cliff amply shaded with trees and shrubs, and the dale becomes so compressed as only to allow room for the road and river. Here we have seen, at one time, a dozen fishermen busily plying their rods on the Priestcliff, or opposite side, in the spring about the beginning of May. We now reached the two small corn mills, turned by the stream, at the other end of the dale, where it forms a junction with Chee-Tor dale and Blackwall, to gain which you cross the river by a good bridge, and the road which leads to Buxton, and wind round the base of Priestcliff. A little above, a lane, literally paved with whinstone boulders,\* leads to the left towards Taddington, and in the south cliff which bounds it, you may dig in the loose and perished toadstone for BUXTON DIAMONDS, (quartz crystals.) They often lie in clusters and are sometimes beautifully clear, or as we may be allowed to say, "of the purest water," and sometimes they assume the hue of the amethyst. But it is difficult to find a perfect crystal. The length of the road up Blackwall dale is one mile and a quarter, before it joins the Buxton road. Half way up there occurs a remarkable rounded cliff of the limestone, nearly circular, and for the most part detached from the cliff above and below it; and still further up the rocks close in on both sides, so much so as only to allow a very narrow pass for the roadway, and here, too, is a large opening or cave in the rock, which the gypsies in their summer tours this way make good use of,

---

\*The whinstone boulders are formed of the harder parts of the toadstone.

and it affords an excellent shelter in wet and stormy weather.

As our object was Chee Tor, our way led to the right and up a very steep tortuous road, to make the ascent of Wormhill. The nearest way is the angler's track by the river side, but we preferred the higher route for the views. And those views, obtained from the summit of the lofty conical hill now towering above us, are not surpassed in power and beauty by any in the three kingdoms. This hill rises in the midst of a multitude of others, of which it is the most conspicuous. But we must stand aside and let the good James Montgomery, of sacred memory, describe them in the sweet and beautiful language of his "Peak Mountains :"—

" My soul this vast horizon fills,  
Within whose undulating lines  
Thick stand the multitude of hills  
And bright the waters shine."

" Above, beneath, immensely spread  
Valleys and hoary rocks I view,  
Heights o'er heights exalt their head  
Of many a sombre hue."

" With rude diversity of form  
The insulated mountains tow'r ;  
Oft o'er these cliffs the transient storm  
And partial darkness lower ;  
While yonder summits far away,  
Shine sweetly through the gloom,  
Like glimpses of eternal day  
Beyond the tomb."

We will not lessen the effect of these beautiful lines by any remark of our own, but we hope the stranger may have a clear day, a clear head, and a *sure foot* when he descends the hill, if he does ascend to the top to gaze on this splendid view, which includes the most beautiful part of the Peak of Derbyshire.

The village of Wormhill lies on the side of the hill to the north overlooking Chee Tor, and may be seen from the Taddington coach road on the way to Buxton from that place. Being situated close to Chee Tor and in the neighbourhood of the dales and beautiful springs of that name, it is frequently visited in the summer months by the Buxton visitor. But the old road is one of the worst and most desolate in the kingdom, hence most parties prefer the longer route, after seeing the beauties, and return by Blackwall dale. *Pedestrians may do as they please.* The difference in length is just three miles. But we would suggest to a perfect stranger, the Wormhill guide at this point would be for his safety and advantage. By a bridge opposite the Hall, (C. Bagshaw's Esq.), we turn into a farm yard, and pass over a rather rugged road down into an equally rugged dell, with craggy overhanging rocks. The toadstone makes its appearance here with all its dark and imposing grandeur. The work of disintegration has done its best, destroying the softer parts and leaving large and dangerous looking masses of the harder parts still standing. Over these we had to make our way, which are partly cut into steps to enable us to do so with safety, and which reminded us of the Swedish *term* given to basalt, "trappa or trap," meaning a ladder. Now, the darkness and the gloom are speedily exchanged, for the bright and sparkling

waters of the springs and river appear, surrounded with a belt of meadow of the liveliest green.\*

These springs, rising amidst such striking scenery and throwing out around them such a vivid and refreshing aspect, contrasted with the grey and barren rocks, produce sensations of pleasure and delight on the mind of the stranger; but much more so on the minds of those belonging to the carboniferous limestone districts over the world, where water is always proverbially scarce. Hence the inhabitants of this neighbourhood used annually, a few years ago, to have a well dressing, as at Tissington, Buxton, and Wirksworth, to thank God, as the Israelites did of old, for the blessing of pure and refreshing water. Oh, yes, water which makes our earth a comparative paradise with its fruits and flowers; whilst the moon, now at the full, nightly travelling through the heavens in all her beauty, destitute of water, is only a dark and dismal region of volcanic action.

We now made our way up to, and through the rocky portal into the fearful chasm of Chee Tor. The only access to this is over a very narrow shelving rock, which overhangs the deep pool at its entrance, which admits but of one person at a time. To the left, on entering, rises this wonderful Tor in all its breadth of outline, which assumes the form of a magnificent curve, like a mighty crescent with its front formed on its convexity. The elevation is about three hundred feet, and its circuit may be stated at a

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\*It appears that this body of water is engulfed at the "Water Swallows" beyond Fairfield, on the Castleton road, and after traversing a subterranean channel for about three miles, reappears at this point. This water is derived from the drainage of the gigantic base of Comb Moss, that lies to the north of Buxton.

quarter of a mile. The top is deeply fissured and covered with light and elegant foliage, and here and there a yew and hazel may be seen starting from the broken rents of the face, varying and adorning this stupendous elevation with picturesque beauty. The opposite rock takes a splendid sweep, answerable to the curve of the Tor, and rises to the same height, but assumes a far different character, being divided into bands or ledges overhanging the chasm, in places some yards, which, with the pendant foliage, looks like a spacious alcove, fit for giants to repose in. This is the result of fractures in the rock when upheaved by volcanic agency, and smoothed off, since, by the action of wind and water. The whole forms a magnificent and even fearful picture. The lofty Tor on one side—the noble sweep of rocks on the other, both approximating to a point at the upper end, darkly shaded, the river issuing from the sombre and impassable abyss, and then spreading and flowing amongst fragments of rock, shrubs, flowers, and rich verdure, with which the bottom of the chasm is covered, and then again compressed between the gulph at the entrance, shut out from all the world, produces feelings of no ordinary character, that it would be difficult, nay, impossible to analyze.

Anxious to have a view from the heights above, we left the dell and made our way by a sheep track that led along the top of the overhanging crags, pushing, sometimes with difficulty, through the brushwood, till we reached a narrow headland that runs across to the upper end of the Tor from the north side, and which we found formed the lofty rocks that overhung the gloomy abyss and rendered all access from the dale above to that end of Chee Tor impossible.

Proceeding with caution to the extreme point, we had a commanding view of the splendid crescent sweep of the Tor on the one hand, and of the deep rocky gulf which stopped our passage on the other, and a more fearful scene we scarcely ever looked upon. To describe it would be impossible. Precipices "fearful like and fell," and every thing apparently tossed in one wild confusion, the rocks covered with stunted trees and underwood adding considerably to the deep gloom, besides, the awful silence that seemed to reign in this place filled the mind with awe profound! As we stood, we fancied we heard the loud scream of the eagle, which sometimes appears amongst these rocks and which are not unlike the lofty crags in the far north where this king of birds loves to dwell. If there is a spot, more than any other, where the heart quails beneath the majesty of God as exhibited in his works, it will do so here, on beholding the wild and grand scenery around and beneath the Tor.

From Chee Tor a party may take the footpath by the farm house to the north east, unless they choose to brave the rough and rather difficult part down the steps, on the upper side of the Tor, and so by the side of the Wye, but unless they are anglers and fond of the sport, they will be content to take the higher ground. A little beyond the farm there is a good footpath which leads down to the "lepping stones" at the bottom of Topley Pike. And here branches off on the right a deep narrow dale stretching north-eastward, without a shrub or mountain ash to enliven its dreary aspect.

Our way lay right ahead under Topley Pike, an off-shoot of Chelmerton Low, that raises its lofty head, at least, fif-

teen hundred feet above the sea level. Down the apparently inaccessible sides of these fearful steeps, the fifth Duke of Devonshire was advised to order the high road to be made from Bakewell and Ashford to Buxton, instead of being taken up the Dales which have afforded us such enjoyment during our tour. It was a mistake now happily to be remedied by the Railway.\*

Here our path was rough indeed, and close by the sparkling Wye, both sides of this being completely inaccessible from their exceeding steepness. The south was thickly covered with brushwood of nature's own planting; but the north is being gradually covered with dark firs in the most extraordinary way. Thirty years ago this side presented only one vast sheet of shingle or broken limestone, the result of the wear and tear of the elements over long periods of time, which being entirely exposed here to the furious westerley wind and rain, have completely destroyed the limestone crags that occupied the top escarpment. Above this top, reached from the other side, the Duke had planted these hardy trees which took root and flourished, a scanty vegetation sprung up beneath them, their seed fell yearly at their base and on the sloping edge, and took root, till the shingle was reached, which in turn was invaded by the vegetative energy nourished and fed from above. Then could be seen year by year the young fir, with its accompaniment of coarse grass, forming as it were an elegant zigzag fringe along the lower margin, until gathering strength and increased weight, patch after patch became occasionally detached and slid down the steep, where they acquired a safer lodgment, and now these once sterile and forbidding acclivi-

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\* The old road was by Wardlow Miers, Tideswell and Wormhill.

ties are almost covered with this hardy evergreen and where no human hand could have ever planted them. To have predicted such a result, at the time named, would have been termed madness, but so it is, sometimes in a far higher sense, that the "desert and solitary" place are made to "blossom as the rose."

We emerged from this wild spot at the foot of Topley Pike, down which the high road is made as already named. But who would have thought of such a road over these hills a century ago! However, our task is completed so far, except that some objects of interest on the way are yet reserved to the wayfarer, namely :—

The beautiful springs which bound out of the Tufa rock with great force, on the right. Mr. Goodwin's house, perched on the rugged and rocky height to the left. The mill and toll-bar are also soon passed, and lastly the fine, bold, and rocky pass in Ashwood dale, where the stream thunders along over gigantic blocks of limestone, and to the left here, is Shirbrook Dell, wild and drear indeed at most seasons, but the botanist may find some Ferns that may reward his search within its precincts and in its neighbourhood. The Railway is to be made direct up the dales to Buxton. It will pass close by a beautiful villa at its entrance, lately purchased by the Duke of Devonshire. It will then, by a viaduct, pass over the Fairfield road and terminate behind the Royal Hotel, Winster place. The Manchester, Whaley-bridge and Stockport line will have their station close by. The Matlock line will run into this by a short loop before reaching the station. Buxton with its potent waters is nigh at hand, over which hoary time has cast a halo of the deepest interest,

and now adorned and much beautified sits like a Queen amidst the Peak mountains, shedding around her pleasure, health, and happiness to thousands who come to partake of her royal bounties and do homage at her shrine.

There is not a more beautiful or prolific fishing stream than the Wye in the kingdom, and for the beauty and grandeur of its scenery, it surpasses them all, from its source in Pool's Cavern, a mile above Buxton, to where it forms a junction with the Derwent, just below Rowsley.

Parties may obtain all the needful information required by applying to Mr. Wilmot, the Duke of Devonshire's steward, at Buxton; Mr. Nesfield, the Duke of Rutland's steward, Bakewell, or to Mr. Greaves, of the Rutland Arms; also Mr. Cooper, of the Peacock Inn, Rowsley, can supply what is required for Rowsley and neighbourhood.

#### BUXTON.

Buxton has been long celebrated for its mineral waters and their healing properties. Many failing to obtain relief elsewhere from their "*pains and aches*," arising from colds, long exposure to the severity of the weather, at all seasons and in all climates, gout, rheumatism, sciatica, &c., and of the latter we can speak from practical experience as to the great efficacy of these waters. But, besides our individual case, we can appeal to thousands who have derived great benefit, if not in all cases absolute cure, from the potency of these hot springs, which spring up through a black marble bed, (a member of the *Great Shale bed*), and on the very margin of the grit stone; off this shale also is derived two other waters of great utility to the invalid, and those are an aperient water and chalybeate, which are ordered by

the medical men to be drunk in the morning, and considering the great purity of the atmosphere, there is everything at Buxton to facilitate the convalescence of the invalid, unless, as many do unfortunately, *neutralise the effects* of these waters and pure air by excess in eating and drinking. We say from experience be *ruled alone* by your medical adviser.

Buxton is an improving place; the Dukes of Devonshire have done much for it, and His Grace the present Duke is following in the footsteps of his fathers, and, under the able management of Mr. Wilmot, His Grace's steward, great alterations and decided improvements are being carried out on a large scale, and soon the railways will be completed to it, thus giving vast facilities from every quarter to this fine OLD WATERING PLACE.

#### BAKEWELL.

This beautiful little town has been long celebrated as a "point d'appui" for anglers, who flock here from all quarters in the fishing season—the spring and fall—and there is no question of the fineness of the trout and grayling to be had on the Wye here. It is, too, in the neighbourhood of the Lathkill, another fishing stream we have already noticed, and close by the old Hall of Haddon, and only four miles from Chatsworth, and is central for all the fine objects of interest in the High Peak.

Bakewell has its Bank, its Libraries, and its WORKS for converting the beautiful marbles of the county into chimney-pieces, monuments, slabs, pillars, &c.; and it is only a short distance from Ashford-in-the-Water, long celebrated for its earliest marble works in the kingdom, and some of

its workmen are manufacturers of ornamental goods, and are not surpassed by any in the kingdom. Fossils, too, are to be found here, and it has an excellent inn, the Devonshire Arms. But to return to Bakewell, the accommodation for all classes is ample and replete. The Rutland Arms has long been known as one of the best in the kingdom. It is of large dimensions, it has private rooms, coffee room, commercial room, and waiting room, (here all the coaches stop), and, of course, numerous bedrooms. Another we must name and that is the Castle Inn, by the bridge, an excellent little house and well managed. Besides these, there are a number of other good inns in the town. Finally, Bakewell has its Baths, Chalybeate Waters, and Mechanics' Institute.

Now we come to

#### ROWSLEY,

the last, though not the least in importance, on the beautiful fishing stream of the Wye. This is a delightful little village, situated between the forks of the Wye and the Derwent, and close to the railway terminus. Here the first artists, anglers, and others have long congregated, and taken up their quarters at its fine old Gothic Inn, built in the style of Haddon which gives it a peculiar charm. We need hardly say the accommodation is excellent. It is just within one mile and a half of Haddon and three from Chatsworth. The walks and rides in Stanton wood, above Stanton Woodhouse, the Duke of Rutland's shooting box, are extensive and the views exceedingly beautiful.

We must now take leave of the Wye, for the present, and beg to recommend the reader to our own "Gem of the

Peak (6th Ed.) for more ample particulars and extended information on every house and object of interest connected with our tour.

## THE LATHKIL AND BRADFORD DALES, WITH THE HARTLE BROOK.

HAVING completed our tour through the dales to Buxton, we next turn our footsteps to those named as our heading. The two latter are of very limited extent but still not without interest in more senses than one. The first is of considerable extent and deep importance; both as a fishing stream, of which it is one of the very finest, and for the beauty and loveliness of its scenery.

We will suppose ourselves arrived at Rowsley station, (if from the south especially), from which the 'Bus may be taken to Pickering Wood End, near by Haddon, or vehicles may be obtained to take the party to Alport, if required.

On arriving at the end of the wood we leave the Bakewell road and turn westward, skitring the wood for a mile at least. This was the original and only road for some years from Sheffield, through Bakewell, to Ashbourne and the south-west generally. To our left may be seen, on the sloping end of Stanton hill, the beautiful church of the village of that name, and the house, wood, and fine park of — Thornhill, Esq., M.P. for North Derbyshire, and, by the bye, amongst these pine crowned heights there are excellent grass rides and drives belonging both to Mr. Thornhill and the Duke of Rutland, who divide the ridge between them, and from these may be obtained some of the most beautiful and magnificent views in the three kingdoms. These in-

clude the dales of Matlock, Tansley, Darley, Two Dales, (Toadhole), Chatsworth, and Haddon, with the lofty peaks and wide spreading moors that environ them. But to proceed on our way, we pass lime-quarries and lime-kilns on our right and lead mines on our left. A bold outlier of the limestone lies also on this side, well wooded, with a farm-steading perched in one of its clefts, while green meadows and the bubbling stream rushing through them lie between in picturesque beauty. About the end of the wood a grass lane leads up to the right over Haddon pastures to Bakewell. Just at this point the road divides, one leading south over the ridge by Thornhill's plantation and Winster Lane Head to Ashbourne, &c. Our way led nearly straight on, and here commences what is termed the lower Lathkil—a sweet commencement indeed it is! As we stood looking over the parapet of the bridge upon the beautiful stream rushing impetuously below and bounding along over the ledges that impeded its passage above it, here and there forming a fine cascade and throwing its crystal water to the sunlight, a tiny cottage appeared on its upper side just under the cliff, the only one and apparently without a tenant, and we might well have thought so in this secluded spot except for a slight column of blue smoke that drew its lazy lenth upwards as we stood making a few notes, till the door opened and a fair girl stood within it, who, from her slight and sylph-like form might be taken for the presiding genius of this sweet and lovely scene. We wondered why a lone cottage should stand here, far away from all others, till informed it belonged to one of the Duke of Rutland's keepers.

The dale narrowed as we proceeded onward and bounded

only by abrupt and barren cliffs, but strikingly relieved by the crystal stream broken up by ledges and fragments of rock into numberless cascades and falls of great beauty. About a mile brought us opposite to the "Cupola" or smelting works of the Messrs. Barkers, of Bakewell. Here the lead is brought ready dressed by the miners, that is, freed from all foreign matter, to be smelted and formed into long oval masses called "pigs," ready for the market. These weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds each. The works are worth seeing to a stranger ignorant of the process of smelting the ore, and here they might be gratified by passing over and asking leave of the manager, Mr. Bennett. A few minutes from hence brings us to Alport, situated apparently amidst the sparkling and rushing waters. Below, to the left, is the mill and farm, darkly shaded with trees, but full of life from the waters which, like masses of molten silver, bound over the wear and among the fragments of Tufa that abound at this point, and of which all the houses are built. We must examine these rough and grotesque masses on our right, and just at the entrance to the upper Lathkil. And how come they to hold such a *high position* here? Did some *hot springs*, strongly impregnated with lime and carbonic acid, once issue from a *high source* above and beyond? If so, there is not the slightest geological appearance to warrant such a fact, for they form in lofty overhanging masses the highest ground here, and one gigantic mass stands "sentinel like" at the entrance of the dale, and their broken and confused masses occupy a great portion of the cliff beyond. That a series of hot springs must have existed, during a very early age, along the line of the Toad-

stones and connecting the hot springs of Buxton and Matlock can hardly be doubted; for we have traced the tufa rocks along this fault in different parts of its course, and this is one of the points where they occur. But they have been upheaved and broken up by volcanic disturbances, and hence we find them in this peculiar and apparently unnatural position. The hot springs that formed them are entirely lost or now mingled with the waters of the Lathkil. The character of the tufa, as forming a sort of hot bed for delicate flowering plants in gardens, is now well known, and consequently thousands of tons have been formerly sent from Alport. It is now prohibited, but the gypsies still pitch their tents beneath the shelter of these rocks.

Alport is formed of a cluster of farm houses and some rather handsome private mansions, and is divided and partly belted by the stream that lies in parts high above some of its lower dwellings. A rustic bridge connects the two, and here is one of the finest specimens of a mountain stream, as clear and as bright as rock crystal, dashing along and over its rough tufa bottom that can be seen; mosses and the fine green cress that form a shelter for its finny tribes, covering it in many places and contrasting most beautifully with its sparkling waters.

We are now on the borders of the Alport and Youlgreave mining basins, so we will just step into this farm house as well as inn, and ask "mine host" a few questions about it. The mines here have been in work for a long period and been vastly productive, and we are glad to state that they still yield about forty tons of lead per month. But this is all obtained in the *upper* workings, or, as the men

phrase it, "above the Hilcar," meaning the sough driven years ago to relieve these mines of water. This Hilcar sough, above three miles in length, took twenty years in driving, at a great cost. The sough was commenced at the water level, about 20 fathoms down (120 feet), and driven south-eastwards under Stanton hill and issues in a powerful stream just below the Duke of Rutland's shooting box (Stanton Woodhouse) in Darley Dale, and then soon empties itself into the Derwent. The sough is strongly arched over with gritstone, and kept still in complete repair at a cost of twenty pounds yearly; a man or two in a boat, kept for the purpose, are bound to see to its safety. And through these means they are able to get this scanty supply of ore; whereas, had the proprietors agreed (so we are told) to carry on the works with the powerful machinery they once had in the mine, these mines might have continued rich. The machinery once set up, the cost of carrying on was trifling, for the water wheel was driven by means of strong iron piping of great bore, which carried the water of the Lathkil from above the little bridge down into the mine. All these works were broken up and sold at an enormous loss to the proprietors; such is the folly of men for want of judgment and union. But we know of another case, at Crich, not very dissimilar, where the proprietor and the old agent broke up and sold the engine and works, which had cost thousands, and why? just because the mine failed a short time to be productive, and he seemed determined nobody should try to get anything after his death. Since his death another splendid engine has been erected at great cost, and the mine is again at work, and proving rich by sinking deeper and driving to the north. Before proceed-

on our tour we may name a little incident which occurred here, and which shows the sagacity and fidelity of a dog. The road to Youlgreave takes a very sharp turn close by the end and back of the inn, and up a very steep pitch. On passing up here some months before, a large dark grey bull-dog came bounding round the corner and placed his fore paws on my chest and licked my face with a whining tone, which rather startled one, and away he went as fast as he came. On rounding the corner there we saw a poor horse down under the shafts, with the whole weight of a heavily laden carrier's cart upon him, and groaning mournfully. Help was speedily obtained and the poor brute released. The dog, with his quick ear, had heard my foot-step and rushed to tell me in his way. Here is more than instinct; it is, we think, intelligence and deep feeling strongly manifested.

But to proceed. By a stile just above the bridge we entered the *upper* Lathkil, which, bounded by hills gently rising right and left, covered with verdure, and the dale rather expansive with its stream now hushed into calmness, its surface like a polished mirror. The old bridge in sight above and Over Haddon seen on the crest of the ridge beyond, exhibited to our view a scene of great quietness, beauty, and peace! As we proceeded, ever and anon glancing into the clear waters, some fine trout appeared to be taking their pastime therein. We soon reached the old bridge and stepped upon it, anxious to have a view of that which lay beyond, and here we were not disappointed. The scenery improved and deepened in interest and we could have gazed for hours on the pellucid stream flowing beneath and the sweet view presented upwards, but we

must cross, and take along the upper and left hand side over the pastures, to get a more extended view. The bridge consists of three low arches and is a heavy structure, formed more with a view to join both sides of the deep and precipitous valley and thus to ease the roadway, than merely to cross the stream, which is everywhere very shallow. On the Haddon side there is a grass ride carried along the margin of the stream, commencing at Alport and terminating just below Over Haddon, but this is forbidden ground, being protected by a series of high strong gates kept always locked, no doubt for the use of the Duke and his keepers when they come this way shooting and fishing. The stream is banked up, where needful, to prevent it spreading, and at intervals of about a couple of hundred yards ledges, or low stone embankments are thrown across to throw back the water, thus giving sufficient depth and breadth for the fish to live and thrive in with freedom. All the space from Alport to below Over Haddon, near the mill, is strictly preserved. But there the Duke of Rutland's property terminates, and Lord Palmerston's commences and extends up the north side to the end of the dale. This his Lordship possesses in right of his wife, who was the sister of Lord Melbourne. The Duke of Devonshire owns the south or left hand side all the way to Monyash, and even as far as Buxton. Now, to ascend to the pastures, which is rough, steep, and difficult; but what an extended and magnificent view meets the eye here the moment we reach the crest of the hill! Away to the left of Alport appears the lofty pine crowned ridge of Stanton Moor running nearly south-west for a mile or more, then it heads directly to the west and terminates in a high

angular Peak between the mountain limestones of Elton south, and the pretty village of Middleton north of it, and everywhere studded with masses of pines, relieved here and there by open arable fields and pastures, and just midway between the highest ridge north-east and the angular point west we can descry the lofty points of "Mock Beggar's Hall," on Hartle Edge, and a little to the east of this Bradley Tors appear, near to which are the famous *rocking* stones. Youlgreave and Alport basins are bounded by these bleak moors. These form an immense *outlier* of the grit stone, which seems to thrust itself as a wedge into the middle of the limestones and is completely cut off, by nearly a mile, from the massive and lofty Caulton Lees that divides the vales of Haddon Hall and Chatsworth and equally distant from the great moorlands eastward. We might ask, did the force of the waters coming from the higher ground north scoop out this gap as our present continents emerged from the vasty deep? This must, for the present, be left unanswered, and we proceed to Over Haddon. And here turning to look into the beautiful dale, now far beneath us, we are presented with an exquisite picture. The dale takes a north-westerly direction, and is laid open to the eye for a mile and a half, and very gradually narrowing in its course, the sides exceedingly precipitous—the right side thickly covered with hazels, hawthorns, and stunted trees, in fact, like a perfect Indian jungle—the right planted with dwarf oaks, pines, larch, and elms, then higher up appear to become entwined in one impenetrable mass of wood. These cover the whole of the steeps to the very crest of the ridge, beyond which the green pastures are seen spreading out in all their richness, and, flowing below,

the lovely stream broken up in one place into a number of miniature falls, and in others dashing itself into foam over the rude limestone blocks that impede its passage, all forming a picture of great beauty and loveliness that fills the mind of the beholder with grateful pleasure, that there yet remains in our fallen world, some fragments of the once glorious and beautiful Eden!

We had observed amongst the copse a mine hillock, and here it is just below, a curious object amidst this scene of beauty. It is now entirely abandoned as unprofitable, but some years ago this mine created a great effect on the mining interests of England. It is what is termed an "audit," or level driven into the hill under the limestone and on the top of the toadstone clay, which abounds with *auriferous pyrites* (a sulphuret of iron), *so like gold*, that the miners really took it for that metal, and fully expected to make their fortune at once, by what they termed this wonderful discovery. Their delusion would not have continued long had it not unfortunately happened that one of the most influential of the proprietors took up the subject with considerable zeal, and wrote article after article on the extent and value of the mine in the *Mining Journal*, which sent the shares up to an enormous premium and they were bought with great avidity, till the "bubble burst" and, as usual, the knowing ones had realized handsomely by selling out, and left the poor dupes, in too many cases, great sufferers. A little nitric acid applied to the surface of this beautiful looking mineral, shows that its beauty is but skin deep, a black spot is the result of this test; gold is unaffected by it. It is a dangerous matter for a party to have to do with what he does not and cannot well under-

stand. It is very painful to reflect, that such a person cannot, in many cases at least, with safety trust to the honor or truthfulness of his fellow man. The writer examined this mine and did his best to prevent the mischief wherever he had the opportunity at the time.

A short walk from hence brought us to Over Haddon, which seemed to be barricaded by a high stone wall, with so narrow an opening, that we had some difficulty to squeeze through, and our own dimensions are not very great, we wondered, therefore, how persons of larger make, especially ladies with crinoline, if any in this rude quarter, could reach the place. We enquired and found the wall was obliged at times to be pulled down. Here we are at last, and within the precincts of its small and only inn, the "Miner's Arms" where we rested and found a civil and obliging attention.

This hamlet occupies the crest of the hill bounding the valley. The inhabitants are chiefly miners and small farmers. The prospect from hence is very extensive and exceedingly fine ; but yet the young woman who managed this house for her brother, being brought up in the neighbourhood of the great manufacturing city of Manchester, could not enjoy this almost boundless prospect, or the nearer beauty of the lovely dale beneath her. No! she seemed to have neither heart to appreciate the calm, sweet, still life of this mountain height, with its pure and healthy atmosphere, nor an ear for the song of its hundreds of feathered tribes which make the valley ring with their soft and lovely melodies. And yet she was a sensible good girl, but all her associations had been directed another way in her childhood and youth ; when all at once she is trans-

planted from the bustling city to a retired spot amongst the hills of Derbyshire. This brought back to our mind reminiscences of other days, associated with the time-hallowed name of Haddon, where fair maidens on their beautiful palfreys enjoyed the then fashionable sport of hawking, over these pastures of the "King of the Peak." Yes! Sir George Vernon held entire lordship for many miles around, for Haddon Hall, or Nether Haddon, lies only a mile and a half below; and so, when a hunting or fishing party had been determined on over night, in the halls of Haddon, next morning might be seen a bustling group, below the noble gateway, of eager esquires and high personages assisting the fair daughters of the house and their friends to mount their fiery steeds, while hawk and hound and their keepers are impatient to be off. Now all is ready and they start, and slowly winding over the old bridge that spans the Wye, this accomplished, they dash along at full speed without let or hindrance\* up and over these rich pastures to reach the Lathkil. Landseer has given us a graphic and splendid sketch of one of these "meets" in the olden time at Haddon.

From hence we descended by a rather rough and winding road down into the dale, where there is a corn mill in full work, and its owner was busily employed shovelling over some oats in his kiln, that smoked (steamed) and

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\* Sir George Vernon commanded an immense tract at that time on both banks of the Wye and Lathkil, hence, by marriage, the Dukes of Rutland enjoy a great part now, but not to the same extent. No stone walls to impede their progress existed then. It was one extended and magnificent park, and no road to Bakewell, as now, by the tortuous Wye. The road, still existing, went up by the back of Haddon and along the side of Caulton Lees, while the road to Rowsley, &c., branched off to the right out of this, down the south end of the Lees.

crackled as if on fire, and we, in our perfect innocence of such things, asked if it did not injure the corn; "no," he replied, "it is a sign of a healthy drying of the grain to prepare it for grinding. "He was very civil and communicative, and told us of a fact worth recording to the angler, that nothing but trout existed in the stream above the mill, while both trout and grayling lived below it. The grayling, he remarked, would not come up. This is singular, for the monks who once lived in Meadow Place, just above this, are said to have been the first to have brought the grayling from the rivers of the south of England, and to have placed them chiefly above, or in the upper part of the stream.

The water, dammed up here for the sake of the mill, is thrown back and forms a fine sheet of water, giving plenty of room for the fish to thrive and multiply. Just below the mill, the keeper of Lord George Cavendish has a nice cottage, where he resides as conservator of the game and fish on the Duke of Devonshire's property. A rustic bridge, constructed of rude blocks of limestone, just enables one person at a time to cross over; and as we wished to reach Meadow Place, we crossed and made our way up the tremendous steep through a dense forest of pines, larch, and brushwood, in which a zigzag pathway had been cut to facilitate the ascent. At the top we passed through a gate, and looking south, we beheld just beneath, snugly esconced in a *petit* limestone basin surrounded with lofty trees, Meadow Place, where cowed monks once swarmed like bees—some "workers" among them—some leading a life of learned leisure, but the most of them dragging on a lazy life of ennui at the best, but often one of misery, and they

were perfectly useless to the community at large. A very different scene meets the eye here now, one of active industry and profitable labour, this being one of the best and largest farms in the neighbourhood, and admirably managed by Mr. Gregory, who has rented it of the Dukes of Devonshire for many years. The half-sister of this gentleman became the second wife of the great George Stephenson, the elder. But what we came to see has vanished. The fine old chapel, the only relic of the ancient monastery, has given place to modern improvements; it had been converted into a barn, but it required such constant repair of late that it was deemed more economical to pull it down and build a new one, and we were told that if we wished to look upon any of its ancient carvings and adornments we must visit our old friend Thomas Bateman, Esq., of Lomberdale House, who had, by permission, removed all the finest portions to that place, about a mile off. We were civilly invited into the house and hospitably entertained by Mr. Gregory and his lady.

We cannot help here stating the great improvements made or progressing over all the farm homesteads of the Duke of Devonshire, who personally looks into everything, and then sends his agents, (who were here to-day), to carry out his instructions in making all needful alterations and improvements wherever required, so that in a few years his Grace's estates in Derbyshire may become a model for others, as those of the Holkar estate have long been in north Lancashire.

We left this interesting spot and found our way by an intricate mining path through the brushwood, by a part higher up in the dale than that by which we ascended,

which brought us down nearly opposite to the once celebrated Lathkil mines, which some years ago presented a scene of life and constant activity. What is it now? Ruins and dreary stillness are only here. The great wheel, fifty feet in diameter, is removed; the miners' "coes" thrown down, and the agent's cottage, once a picture of life and beauty, its once beautiful garden plat covered with rank weeds. In fact, all presenting a picture of desolation, except the stream which once moved the leviathan wheel, itself only still as busy and lovely as ever. A short distance above brought us to the higher and last mill in the dale, singularly enough called Haddon Grove Mill. We wondered why the mill below Over-Haddon was not so called, but names sometimes are fanciful things. We obtained what information we could here of the miller, and have little more to tell. The road branches off here, up and out of the dale by an opening in the rocks; and above the mill the hills close in on all sides, presenting bold overhanging crags, and the tremendous steep acclivities rising immediately from the bed of the river, forming simply a trough for its flow. A few sheep and lean young cattle seemed to find a dangerous footing under the beetling rocks on the right side, but nothing could live on the left. It is one of the *wildest* scenes we ever looked upon, and in this respect nothing that we have seen in Derbyshire, or elsewhere, can we compare to it. It was not without fear and dread that we determined to accomplish the object we had in view, that is, to reach the source of the stream at all hazards. With considerable difficulty and great labour we reached Scalesdale, half a mile up, a romantic opening on the south of the dale. Above this, on the same side, com-

menced the first indication we had of the head of the springs ; a series of jets of pure water leaped out of the hill side, and bounded down into the valley. These continued a short way up, till we came to a rude wall apparently blocking our way, rounding which we beheld, to our delight, the chief source of all, rushing with impetuous force from beneath masses of shelving rocks, forming a recess or cave on the mountain side. With some difficulty we crossed from ledge to ledge, until we managed to leap on to a huge block in the very middle of the chasm, and stood in the midst of the rushing waters, and felt that all our toil and labour had been amply rewarded. The full volume of the river bursts from this cavernous opening, with the exception of the few beautiful crystal rills that streamed from the hill side below. The Lathkil derives *no* other accession of water till it reaches Alport, where it forms a junction with the Bradford.

Here, indeed, is a scene of wild magnificence and awful grandeur, relieved only by the rushing waters at our feet, and the deep interest felt by arriving at the *Spring-head*, which suggests emotions of no ordinary interest. O yes! there is another Spring-head, which from its deep, its eternal source, throws up perpetually, and without limit, "fountains of living waters, of which if a man drink he shall never die," but have immediate communion with God, be admitted finally into his "presence chamber" on high, where all his troubles will be for ever ended, his bitter tears wiped away by the soft hand of his Redeemer ; where his views of God and His great works will be for ever expanding, and his enjoyments deepening throughout the ages of eternity !!!

As the pioneer simply of the stranger to these dales, we must give a few directions. If he wishes to proceed north to Buxton, or west to Hartington and Ecton Mine, he must follow the dale to its termination, and he will find a nice path on the left which will lead him direct to Monyash. This is better than a mile further up. Let him there inquire at the Bull's Head, where he will get every information as to his best and nearest way to *any point*. Also how he may gain a sight of the Marble Quarries above, and to the Druidical Circle on Arbor Low, still higher up, if time permits.

We think the angler might find permission to fish above Haddon Grove Mill, if not below, where he will find ample scope and employment for his rod and line; and when the day begins to close in, he may cross over, take up the *left* hand side of Scalesdale (which we have already named), and pass along the pastures of Caling Low Farm, keeping still a *little* to the left, and he will see a plantation a field or two beyond, close by which is the farm (Mr. Blore's) where the needful information will be given, either direct to Youlgreave, or to Middleton, close by; and at that place he can find a good bed and comfortable quarters; at the Bull's Head the former, and Bateman's Arms the latter. Next day he can visit the deeply interesting and splendid museum of Thomas Bateman, Esq.

We beg our readers to attend to these instructions, for it is *no joke* to be *lost* among these hills, as we found to our cost.

## THE BRADFORD.

This beautiful little stream falls into the Lathkil at Alport. It possesses all its sparkling brilliancy, but is of less depth, and far less in extent. The hills on each side are also lower ; but it is distinguished from the Lathkil by bold, projecting rocky promontories, of picturesque beauty and geological interest. From the curvatures in the sweep of the rocks, shewing that they were not perfectly *consolidated*, or hardened, before they were disturbed, the dale deepened, most probably, and widened, at the same time. From Alport to the little romantic bridge just below Youlgreave, it is clothed with brushwood ; but here it becomes an ornamental, babbling stream, with a nice carriage road, made by order of the Dukes of Rutland, for their own convenience, which forms a delightful drive, or ride, by the stream, from Alport up to Lombardale, near to Middleton ; and for a great part of this distance (from the bridge at least), on the right side is covered with houses connected with the town of Youlgreave, which occupies the top of the ridge with its old church and square massive tower with crocketed pinnacles—a fine object from where we stood in the deep dale. It contains a very ancient font of the Eleventh century, and several old and handsome monuments. The nave arches on the south are early Norman, the north side rather later, but the body of the church is more modern. Altogether it is a handsome and interesting church. The town is not large. Many of the inhabitants are chiefly engaged in mining operations, which abound in the neighbourhood. There is a good, comfortable inn (Mr. Winson), the Bull's Head, where the stranger can find accommodation, if required.

We pursued our way from hence to Lombardale House, the residence of Thomas Bateman, Esq., in order to examine his splendid museum and very valuable library. This gentleman, who has been a collector for many years (and his father before him), kindly throws open his house to all parties who feel an interest in the antiquities of their country, and love to see *some* of the oldest and most valuable books and manuscripts in the kingdom. Here is the largest collection of skulls, weapons, pottery, &c., &c., of anywhere in the world, disinterred, at a great cost, out of most of the Barrows and Cromlechs of the kingdom, Celtic (ancient British), besides many objects of *virtu* of a much *later* date. One beautiful thing we saw, a Diptych of the Eighth century, carved in ivory, with subjects from the New Testament, mounted in chased metal, and set with antique intaglios, &c., which cost a large sum of money. Some illuminated and other manuscripts, of great beauty and perfection, in various languages, from the Seventh century. Very ancient metal coffins, too, are here. Mr. Bateman has contrived to find the bones complete of a male and female out of his mass of bones, and put them together with great skill. The male is of very large proportions. This gentleman is now forming a museum of natural history, and has made considerable additions of late for this purpose; so that the stranger in his rambles this way may find pleasure and instruction in a visit to this house.

The house stands in a commanding position, embracing views on the east and south of the extensive woods and moorlands which nearly enclose the basins of Alport and

Youlgreave, and on the south-west the fine pastures and great limestone hills, as far up as Newhaven and Arbor Low, on which occurs the Druidical Circle so often visited by the antiquarian.

The village of Middleton is scarcely a quarter of a mile beyond this, which is one of the best built and *cleanest* mountain villages we have ever seen. The inhabitants, who are chiefly farmers, are a well-to-do race of men. Here dwelt Christopher Fullwood, who during the Civil Wars raised a regiment of horse for his royal master, Charles I., but was defeated, and fled here for security ; but Sir John Gell, whose head-quarters were then at Lichfield, sent to arrest him. He tried to hide himself among the rocks in the dale below, but was discovered and shot by the troopers who made him prisoner. He died shortly afterwards, on his way to head-quarters. How thankful we should be to the God of the Universe, that our country has been so long exempted from such bloody deeds of arms which then swept across it. This was about the last great throw of the demon of misrule. Others of minor importance have occurred, and violent political struggles have taken place ; but by the over-ruling providence of God, each succeeding struggle has only tended to purify, improve, and consolidate our institutions, which are the admiration and envy of the nations of the earth. Other nations have had their changes and terrible struggles, only to be thrown back again at times into deeper woe ; while we have been going on improving in agriculture, manufactures, arts and commerce, with ever-increasing intelligence and *moral power* ; with an amount of civil liberty and freedom hitherto unknown

with an unfettered Press that forms by tacit consent a kind of Fourth Estate in the realm ; and with a Queen at our head who, as a wife and a mother, sets a noble example of virtue, wisdom, and prudence, to all her subjects ; and who is enshrined in the hearts of her people, who would rally as one man in defence of her throne ! And why are we so favoured ? Because the foundations of those institutions and that throne are *laid* upon the WORD OF GOD !

Beyond Middleton the Bradford is of little value as a fishing stream. It issues from off the shale at the end of the gritstone ridge, near a farm house a mile below Elton. The lower and longer part belongs to the Duke of Rutland, the middle to Thos. Bateman, Esq., and the upper to W. P. Thornhill, Esq. For permission to fish in it apply to Mr. Nesfield, of Bakewell, and the two latter gentlemen.

It should be observed that all parties wishing to see the Druidical remains or "ring," on Arbor Low, should do so now. The great stones are there still, but prostrate. It lies about two and a half miles above Middleton.

### THE DOVE, MANIFOLD, AND HAMPS.

Our next tour to visit the beautiful streams from Matlock, was by Winster, Pike Hall, and Newhaven House, to Hartington. Between Winster and Newhaven we pass over a high limestone basin, where *no springs* exist, and the inhabitants are supplied by what are called "meirs," that is, a circular hollow is made, sloping all round equally to the centre, which is generally from four to five, or sometimes six feet deep. A coat of gravel is first spread over it, a coat of lime succeeds,

then a thick coat of clay, which the miners call "puddling;" again gravel is spread over. The whole is then very carefully pitched with stone,\* and a channel or channels to it cut from the road or higher ground, to obtain water to fill it, and this is its only means of supply at all times. But for these, both man and beast would be destitute of the blessing of water over these high limestone regions. They are to be seen by every farm house, and in every field or place where needful. We have been reminded of this by seeing a very large one in the course of formation near Newhaven.

Newhaven House was built by the fifth Duke of Devonshire, at the cross roads which join the Ashbourne and Buxton at this point, as a convenience to travellers from the south and east. It was the direct road from London, by Derby and Ashbourne, to that celebrated watering place; and at the time of its being built (upwards of sixty years), the country around was one of the most bleak and sterile in the county; but it has been since well planted and cultivated, and is now very productive. A very large fair is held here annually on the 30th day of October. Vast quantities of cattle, sheep, &c., are collected, and every kind of wares for sale laid out on a plat of ground near to the House. Pursuing the Buxton road about a couple of hundred yards, we turn to the left and drop down upon Hartington, about two miles distant.

We arrived at this delightful little town early in the evening, and obtained most comfortable quarters at the Sleigh

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\* The gravel and lime are to prevent the worms from piercing the clay, and causing it to leak, and it is pitched to prevent the cattle from treading it up.

Arms (late Bull's Head), Mrs. Clarke's. Hartington is situated on the east side of the Dove, which here divides Derbyshire and Staffordshire. Hartington gives the second title to the Dukes of Devonshire, and a great part of the town and country belongs to the Duke.

We were up and off early next morning, with Mr. Francis Clarke (the son of the landlady), to view the grounds and fishing stream of Beresford Hall, about half a mile below on the Staffordshire side, and also to enjoy the beautiful scenes so often visited by old Izaak Walton and Cotton, in days long gone by. We soon reached a clump of tall trees clustered at an angle of the stream, which here flows very quietly through the meadows, and in their midst, and overshadowed by them, we found the quaint, square old house of one storey built by those noted sons of the rod and line. Over the door, carved in bold characters, is the Latin word "Piscatoribus ;" and beneath, beautifully interlaced, the initials of Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton, *I. W., C. C.*, and the date 1674. Inside there still exist the old arm chairs and the round marble table, mounted on a pedestal of the same material. It was once panelled and hung round with pictures of fishing scenery, but these are gone. It is open to the public during the summer months, who may enjoy their "pic nic" within its walls. A little below this the Dove plunges at once amongst some of the most romantic and delightful scenery. Rock upon rock, and hill upon hill, raise their huge sides one above another, with the Dove rushing rapidly between them ; in places its crystal waters dashed into foam and spray by the rocky masses which impede its passage. It is at this point where the Dove begins to flow

through scenery of such beauty and grandeur, and that for many miles, that it may be said to be unrivalled by any in England. No wonder that Walton and Cotton chose this as their chief residence, during the summer months, for their favourite sport of angling. Above this, to its source at the foot of Ax-Edge, four miles west of Buxton, the Dove is bounded by limestone hills, lofty indeed in part, but not rocky; but on the west the hills are low, and composed of gritstone, which recedes far away to the west a short distance above Hartington, leaving a fine open country, for about two miles in breadth, between this town and Hulme End, near to the lofty limestone hill of Ecton. The limestone is continuous to the south-west from hence as far up as Cauldron Low Quarries and Wever Hills, four miles above Cheadle, where it terminates. But to the point.

We now made our way amidst this scene of wonders, under the beetling rocks. A high, lofty rock presents itself near the entrance (east side), called Pike Pool Rock; simply, we presume, because it starts up from the bosom of the waters, here both deep and wide. This, with the rustic bridge near by, and the beautiful miniature falls of water—giving, as it were, a voice to nature—together with the delightful associations called up from the past, produces sensations of no ordinary character on the mind of the stranger; for he can hardly fail to recall the fact, that our Saviour's *first* chosen disciples were *fishermen*, who long plied their net, and *line* too, it may be, on the Lake of Gennesarat and in Jordan's sacred stream, from whence they were taught that they should become "*fishers of men*," and received those sublime

lessons of faith and love, to discipline them for that noble but arduous work to which they were destined.

Our way led up the cliff, over narrow walks long untouched by the gardener's hand, with here and there rustic seats fast falling to decay, and old moss-covered steps on the steepest acclivities to ease the toil upwards. The top is covered and darkly shaded with lofty elms, limes, and ash trees. A numerous colony of rooks had taken possession of these, and their hoarse caw, caw, mingled strangely with the murmurs of the waters below. We counted not less than *forty* nests on one tree, a wide-spreading ash. The same number on one elm. A difficult path was shown us, which led to *Cotton's Cave*, nearly round on the inside; but we declined to enter, and ascended at once to the old ruined tower, which stood on a lofty rocky headland, where we were presented with a splendid view of the dale. The cellar beneath the tower still shows the marks of the barrels which contained the good cheer of those days, of which they were not loth to partake. Here too is a "Lover's Leap," and it is a tremendous one; but the only living creature on record that went over was a fine greyhound, in pursuit of a hare, which came bounding through the cellar on to a small space in front, protected all round by a low wall. Poor puss took the wall, knowing it well, no doubt, and secured herself on a narrow ledge on the other side; but the dog was smashed by his fall into the gulf below. A large cave exists on the other side of the river, called "Frank in the Rock," which we did not visit.\*

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\* It is said that a deserter from one of our regiments secreted himself and family here about forty years ago, for some time, plying his trade as a shoemaker; and when all pursuit of him had ceased, he took a house and lived and died in the neighbourhood of the town.

The old Hall of Beresford is now pulled down, to be at once rebuilt by Lord Beresford, who has ordered all the stones of the windows and doors, and any other that are carved or curious, to be preserved and rebuilt into the new structure. These splendid and romantic grounds, and the large park which stretches to the west of the rocks, deserves to have a noble mansion. Here everything is ready, though long deserted, for a beautiful residence. Lord Beresford married the widow of Thomas Hope, Esq., of Deepdene, Surrey, and daughter of the Most Rev. William (Beresford) Lord Decies, Archbishop of Tuam. This property having originally belonged to the family, Lord Beresford purchased it after his marriage. His lordship, as is well known, was one of the most distinguished officers of the Peninsular war, and re-organized the Portuguese army, which he commanded ; consequently was a Field-Marshal of Portugal, and Duke of Elvas in that kingdom.

We returned, delighted with what we had seen, to our inn for breakfast, and then visited the church, a very ancient and interesting little structure. It is cruciform, has two side aisles, transepts, and chancel, with a large, handsome stained-glass window, and one of the finest old Norman fonts we ever saw. It is hexagonal, each compartment finely carved with various devices appropriate to its use. It is of elegant proportions, and is placed under the arch of the tower. In the north transept there are some old paintings on wood of the twelve tribes of Israel. In the south, a stone coffin lid, with a head sculptured in relief at the upper end, and the feet appear at the other. The arches of the nave, if we may so call it, are pointed. At the chancel end these are supported

by beautiful clustered columns. The whole appears to be of very ancient date. We found an old broken cross on the outside, under the tower, with runic knots like those on the fine one at Eyam, and a fragment of stone lying by it, with carved devices, evidently of the same age as the cross. The pulpit is new, and of elegant design, placed on a hexagonal pedestal of Caen stone; and the reading-desk, also new, is decidedly superior to any we have seen elsewhere. The tower is rather low, square, and pinnacled, with three bells. None should visit Hartington without paying it a visit, when the sexton will communicate more than we have space for. Hartington is an improving place. They have enlarged the inn, renovated the interior, the windows composed of only two sheets of plate glass, in mahogany frames, and the attendance, fare, and charge cannot be questioned: a great acquisition to the angler, artist, or tourist, who *should* by all means visit this lovely and interesting neighbourhood.

#### ECTON MINE AND VALLEY OF THE MANIFOLD.

We left for Ecton Mine, and crossed the Dove by a good bridge at the lower end of Hartington. A very pleasant walk of two miles brought us to Hulme End, on the banks of the Manifold, which rises high up amongst the gritstone hills between Leek and Buxton. A good road leads by a bridge direct to Leek. Our way lay by the left of the stream southward, on the high road to Ostenfield, &c. For two or three hundred yards, then, we took the road to the left, and were speedily under the north-east end of the lofty hill of Ecton, which rises at an angle highly inclined to about a thousand feet above the valley. This point is called "Ape

Tor," and exhibits some of the most remarkable flexures in the limestone beds that can be seen anywhere. The beds on the east, which are not more than from four to five inches in thickness, rise at about an angle of ninety degrees, or nearly on end. The others from the west sweep up to this in bold curves, and all round the north end, towards the mine, the strata appear to be thrown up into the most extraordinary contortions, in some places apparently folded into each other. This effect results from the abrupt way it had been originally thrown up by volcanic agency. Ecton may be said to be an *isolated* hill, with tremendous steep acclivities at least on three sides, so that a goat could hardly keep his footing on them. Out of this hill hundreds of thousands of pounds worth of copper have been obtained ; but its glory in this respect is departed. The mine is unproductive in copper, but they are now working the *upper levels* for lead, and are tolerably successful. At one time the Dukes of Devonshire cleared £50,000 a-year out of it, and for a *few months*, in the fifth Duke's time, they raised the extraordinary sum of ten thousand pounds *per week*. Then it was a scene of life and activity, but now its powerful engine to lift the water is removed, its mining coes and smelting houses are in ruins, which, with the immense hillocks of broken material, the product of the mine from blasting the rock ; the *débris* from the copper ore, and the black slags from the smelting furnaces, it presents a scene nearly of complete desolation. True, there is an agent still here (Mr. Bonsall), whose house is nestled on the cliff side, his offices below ; and there, too, is the same clear and rapid stream of the Manifold rushing by. But these fail to relieve the mind of the effect produced

by the gigantic and silent ruins before you. High up on the opposite hill side (north west), is what is termed the Dale Mine. This, we are glad to say, is at present pretty productive ; from fifteen to twenty tons of lead ore are raised per month. They require a powerful engine to lift their water. Following the course of the Manifold, that flows round the base of this gigantic hill, in about half a mile (at the extreme south-west end), we came to the second mine worked for copper in connexion with Ecton. But this, too, is worked out, and at an end. We picked up two or three little bits of copper ore, to keep as relics of the past, where we had many a pleasant chat with the men, when busily dressing their ore, in our former trips this way. Butterton, a mining village, lies over the bridge about a mile above this to the south west. Our way lay still round the base of the hill. Here the road winds upwards and overlooks the Manifold. The force of the stream has laid bare the limestone rocks that form its bottom, and shows a fine section of their basset edges, which crop out at a high angle, in places quite as much so as those at Ape Tor before noticed. The river rippling over them has a singular effect now, but what must it be when it is swollen by heavy rains over such a jagged and rough bed ? After rounding another high angle of the hill, we had a beautiful picture before us. Down in a nook of the deep dale appeared Wetton Mill,—the old bridge of three arches spanning the river,—a large mass of detached rock, partly covered with ivy, close to it on its upper side,—the stream, dammed up and thrown back, forming a beautiful sheet of water,—the lofty hills closing in on all sides, and every object reflected from its glassy surface,—formed a picture of no common

character, and one that might be a fit subject for the pencil of one of our first landscape painters. A short walk brought us to another high bridge, of one arch, where we had to cross to the left-hand side ; and here is a solitary farm, in a corner of Wetton Hill, round which we had to ascend to that village. At this point we found the Manifold becoming much shallower, and less busy in its course. The fact is, just a little above this it is engulfed, and makes its way through the rocky caves of the earth to Ilam Hall, where it again appears to day, and where we shall have once more to notice it. As we wound our way up the steep hill, Thor's Cave came into view. This is situated in a lofty rock, high above the Manifold, which is seen flowing, sluggishly and darkly, far down amongst the hills, and quite impassable. The cave is an object of deep interest ; but as the difficulty in getting to it is great, we, having visited all the larger caverns in Derbyshire, did not feel disposed to visit it. Wetton lies high up on the east side of the hill—high and bleak enough. About a mile off, on the opposite hill to the north-east, is the large village of Ostenfield. Wetton has lately become rather noted for its fossils. The stone walls, being so exposed on this lofty hill, get what is called "*perished*," or decayed ; so that with the greatest ease the numerous fossils they contain leap out on the stroke of the hammer, and in most cases quite perfect. The schoolmaster, an intelligent man, has wisely taken advantage of this circumstance, and collected together a great number of the finest fossils of the carboniferous limestone. His name is Mr. Carrington, and he will be happy to supply any party with a set, at a *moderate* rate. We viewed them with great pleasure in his little room, fitted up expressly for the purpose.

From Wetton we dropped down into Mill Dale, as we wished to reach the Izaak Walton, Ilam, that night, and it was getting late. Taking a stile, we struck into a lane running down directly to the top of Mill Dale, which we soon reached. This dale obtains its name from the mill at its head; and here again we meet with the beautiful Dove, with its sparkling waters, and here, too, is one of its prettiest points. The mill, the rustic bridge below it, two or three cottages close by, are exceedingly picturesque in their grouping, and with the lofty hills above and the rushing stream below, would form a splendid picture. We stood on the little bridge contemplating the scene, buried as it were in the deep glen from the world, while the shades of evening were closing on us.\* We had yet about four miles to go before reaching our destination, and scarcely a track to guide us through these lonely but beautiful dales. The moon was up, and we were no stranger to them; so we took heart, although tired, and tripped onward, and were well rewarded in viewing

DOVE DALE BY MOONLIGHT.

From Beresford Hall the Dove takes many a mazy turn amongst high hills and deep solitudes, in parts impassable,

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\* As we trotted down the dale, on our right we observed a small cottage nestled under the rock, with a tiny garden, walled round, in its front. The goodman had just returned from his day's work, and was beginning to do a bit of gardening. His thrifty-looking wife was at the door, where she had given him the glad welcome. The children were gambolling about in high glee, and one or two trying to help their father. It appeared a sweet picture of simple, happy life, where all were of one mind and of one heart, the secret of a happy, contented home. Would that all homes were so.

till it reaches a point just below Ostenfield, the village we had seen to the left of Wetton. Its course above this runs down from the eastward. Now at the mill its course is direct south, as far as Dove Holes, where Mill Dale ends, and which we soon reached, and looked into these two large openings, within whose recesses rare and beautiful ferns, and close by many indigenous flowers, are to be found. This is the real commencement or head of Dovedale, although few come so far, because of the sudden turn in the dale, which now leads through a gate to the west for a short distance, then again direct south. Now come into view the towering rocks that form the portal or northern entrance to Dove Dale, the pale moon appearing between their giant forms. The pass through these is narrow and difficult.

The view from hence is magnificent at all times ; but by the light of the moon, which seemed to give additional magnitude to everything within sight, it was highly impressive and sublime. A series of rocky pinnacles rise in succession one above another in the form of a curve ; on the left, just below these, a massive headland appears, with a huge block perched on its extreme point ; so poised as if the next blast of wind would topple it into the dale. On the right, a bold and rugged form seems to start up from the bosom of the Dove, here both deep and strong, completely isolated from the mountain side, which towers high above it. These convert the narrow pass into a gloomy abyss. This, together with the rippling waters silvered by the light, just at our feet, then lost in an instant as they rush into the gloom beyond, presents such a combination of beauty and grandeur, with which the moon in her fulness invests all objects of such magnitude,

that we could pity the individual who could look upon such a scene at such an hour, without the most profound emotion, and without lifting up the heart to Him who made them all, —“to whom the darkness and the light are both alike,” and whose care of those that trust in Him *never fallers!*

We now made our way, not without difficulty, down the narrow pass close under the beetling rock. The winter torrents had made such work with the original path, that we had to leap from one huge stone to another to prevent getting into the stream. It is here only a *few yards* wide. Escaping from this, we obtained light and a better footing. Presently we came to Reynard's Cave, situated at a considerable elevation on our left, with its vast mural wall and mighty archway completely detached from the mountain side in front of it. The moon peering between threw these huge forms into deep shadow.

Tissington spires come next ; then Dove Dale church, on the opposite or Staffordshire side. Now we had to mount the bold, lofty headland, which makes the dale impassable below, even to the fearless and daring fisherman ; and now comes into view the giant oblong form of Thorpe Cloud, standing clearly out and well defined against a moonlight sky.

In Dove Dale we could fancy we heard the Poet Cotton, singing :—

“ O, my beloved nymph, fair Dove,  
Princess of rivers, how I love  
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,  
And view thy silver stream,  
When gilded by a summer's beam ;  
And in it all thy wanton fry  
Playing at liberty.”

We soon reached the end, just under Thorpe Cloud, and made our way over the rude bridge (a tree thrown across, with a protecting rail on each side) to the Staffordshire side ; then across two fields brought us to the Izaak Walton hotel.

#### GEOLOGY OF DOVE DALE.

Before we proceed further we must say a word on the geology of this celebrated dale. Its hills are lofty, craggy in places, exceedingly steep, and it is narrow throughout. We should therefore suppose all the limestone measures would be present here. But on examination it is not so. Only the *upper* limestones are to be found, viz., a very dark limestone, of a fine grain, similar to the Ashford, which is the lowest member of the shale, a dark grey lime, with some chert, but no regular chert measure. The entrochal marble beds are largely and finely developed, and highly *inclined*. It occupies the entire of the top of Thorpe Cloud, and where it is seen on the side of the dale (*south* end) it dips rapidly to the south west. The darker marbles are higher up in the dale, and the more northern parts, which are the most broken and craggy, appear to be what the miners term the *first white* limestone, which at Matlock is 132 ft. in thickness, and rests upon toadstone. But here no toadstone (a basaltic rock) appears.

It would seem that this singular igneous rock is confined entirely to the eastern boundary of the limestones, and nearly on the margin of the millstone grit ; for after Winster there was no basset, or the slightest appearance of it, throughout our entire route, by Newhaven House, Hartington, Ecton, Wetton, and all down the dales to this point. And for the five miles direct west, by Weaver Hill to Cauldron Low, it is

absent, and, as we have already stated elsewhere, this is its extreme western boundary, and no doubt the true outcrop of the deep limestone.

Reynard's Cave and the Dove Holes are all in the gray limestone of the north end of Dove Dale. The *deepest* limestone does not appear to be cavernous, at least in Derbyshire.

Our next point was Ilam Hall, just a mile distant from the hotel, to see the emergence of the Hamps and Manifold, which takes place within fifteen yards of each other; a rather interesting circumstance, when we consider that the Manifold is engulfed at the Waterhouses, half way between Leek and Ashborne, and the other, as already stated, below Wetton Mill, two places very widely apart. The former travels about six miles under ground, the latter about four-and-a-half, which shows that there must be a chain of caverns connected with each other, of more or less magnitude, through these hills, as is *known* to be the case at Castleton. These two lovely streams unite in the beautiful grounds of Ilam Hall, and after travelling unitedly above a mile, fall into the Dove. In these grounds, which are extremely beautiful, Congreve wrote in a little grotto, his comedy of *The Old Bachelor* and part of his *Mourning Bride*; while it is of deeper interest to know, if true, that Doctor Johnson took his fine idea of the "Happy Valley," in *Rasselas*, from a view of these grounds,—for on arriving at a given point you seem to be shut in on all sides, excluded from the world, and amongst the sweetest scenery imaginable. The hall is a fine structure, in the Gothic style, and embattled. It was built by the present proprietor, Jesse

Watts Russell, Esq. In the church, or rather in an octagonal Gothic building connected with the church, there is one of the finest specimens of Chantrey's chisel, a monumental group to the memory of the late Pike Watts, Esq., worth going a good way to see to all who have a taste for such fine objects.

We now returned to our hotel, the Izaak Walton ; a house where the best accommodation can be found, and the best attention is given to the visitors. It contains excellent private sitting-rooms, and a coffee-room of large dimensions, all of them commanding fine views of the scenery, and it is close to the entrance of the dale. Mr. Prince, the proprietor, has the privilege of granting leave to fish in the streams, and who will cheerfully give every information on the subject.

From hence we proceeded to the village of Thorpe, about a mile distant, and cannot help quoting a passage from the Rev. Richard Warner's "Tour through England," in 1802. On arriving here, he remarks :—"The village of Thorpe surprised us with one of the most agreeable objects we had long noticed, its small church, seated on the brow of a hill, and so circumstanced with trees as to be rendered highly picturesque." Not only the church, but the whole village, is now richly adorned with them.\*

Here is an excellent house for the accommodation of visitors to Dove Dale, the Peverel of the Peak hotel, built by the late Mr. Waterfall, who once kept the Izaak Walton. His widow still conducts it, and will pay every attention to the

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\* For fuller information on Dove Dale, Ilam, &c., &c., see the "Gem of the Peak," 6th Edition, p. 209.

comfort and wants of her visitors. The house stands well in this pretty village, and is within a moderate distance from Ilam and the beautiful Dove. Here also the angler may obtain a ticket for fishing. As our object was to proceed direct by the river side down to Hanging Bridge, we, by direction of the landlady, passed through her garden, crossed the high road and by the little church, and on clearing the village a view of such quiet beauty was presented to us that formed a perfect contrast to the route we had traversed the day before. Instead of the towering, bleak hills ; bold, lofty, and rugged rocks, some like pinnacles piercing to the skies, with a powerful rushing stream between, fretting and foaming over its numberless falls and the blocks of stone that impeded its passage, even lovely in its turbulence,—we had meadows of the richest green, amongst which the river calmly flowed ; a line of low hills rising gently on each side, covered with a luxuriant foliage, villages, hamlets, farm-houses, and cattle, &c., in plenty, exhibiting a prospect to the eye of many miles down the valley. We felt that, notwithstanding all the grandeur of the former, we must give the preference to this scene of beauty, fertility, and stirring life ; and as we stood on the slopes of the limestone overlooking it, we knew we had *reached the boundary* of the triassic, or new Red sandstone system, which here *overlaps* the limestone, without the intervention of the gritstone, coal beds, or the magnesian limestone, and lower new red sandstone (Permian system). Should these latter measures exist here they must be at a considerable depth from the surface.

We now stepped quickly down into the valley, to reach Oakover Hall, the ancient seat of the family of that name,

which stands on a gentle eminence on the Staffordshire side, backed by fine woods, and which, although its situation is low, presents an imposing appearance, and is well worth a visit for the splendid pictures it contains. The visitor is only permitted to see one room in the house, but this is a gem. Our limits will not permit of enlarging, but a few of these are of such beauty and value, that we must find space for them.

Over the chimney-piece a Holy Family, by Raphael ; a picture of great power and beauty, about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ft. by  $2\frac{1}{2}$ , for which some thousands of pounds have been offered—it is said seven !!!

The Three Marys at the Tomb of Jesus, by Carlo Dolci.

Christ Bearing His Cross, by Titian.

The Baptism of Christ, by Rubens.

The Unjust Steward, by Rubens.

Venus and Two Cupids, by Luca Giordano.

The Head of St. Paul, by Rubens. Full of deep thought and grandeur.

The Head of St. James the Less, by Rubens.

Women in the Garden Conversing with Two Angels, by Rubens.

A Flower Piece, by Varelst.

Two Sea Pieces, by Vandervelt.

A grand picture by Titian ; a group, full length, of the Saints Isidorus, Ignatius, Franciscus Xavier, Sancta Teresia, and St. Philipus Nerries, &c., &c.

From hence we soon reached the pretty village of Mappleton, and so passed down to Hanging Bridge, about one and a half miles below. In our way we had to cross the narrow but

rapid stream, called Bentley Brook ; and parties *must be sure to keep* the foot-path, for they cannot cross near the Dove but by the *plank* the foot-path leads to. The bridge, with its accompaniments, is an object of great interest. The Dove, expanded into an important river by the junction of three additional streams, and being dammed up above bridge for the use of the large cotton mill below, forms a clear and beautiful sheet of water. The cliffs of the new Red sandstone, here thrown up considerably, covered with luxuriant foliage ; the cottages and well-built inn, with its tea gardens, occupying various positions here and there upon it on the right ; and a group of houses, with the mill shaded by tall trees, on the left ; the handsome bridge spanning the river between, is highly picturesque and even beautiful. At this point we have about finished our task on the Dove, now flowing in many a mazy turn through a flat but rich country, till it falls into the Trent a short distance below Burton-upon-Trent.

The Dove has been long famed as one of the most beautiful and prolific fishing streams in England. No doubt the splendid and beautiful scenery through which it flows, and the reminiscences thrown over it by the sayings and doings of two of the most complete and persevering anglers England has ever known, add much to that fame ; but the quality and quantity, for its length, of the trout and grayling, cannot be questioned.

At Hanging Bridge the road divides, one leading to Leek, and the other to Uttoxeter and Alton Towers. Pursuing this route for two miles we come to Mayfield, and Moore's pretty cottage, where he wrote his "Lalla Rookh."

Bidding adieu to the beautiful Dove, we directed our steps to Ashbourne, a mile and a quarter off, one of the oldest towns in the county, with its beautiful church, within which is one of the most exquisite pieces of sculpture, from the chisel of Banks, in existence. This monument represents the death of the only daughter of Sir Brook Boothby, who died at the early age of five years. It has others of great interest, but we cannot enlarge.\* Ashbourne also contains a fine old Grammar School, a bank, libraries, schools, and many shops, and one of the largest and best inns in England, the Green Man (Wallis's), where we soon arrived, to rest awhile and make notes of the day. There is the Wheatsheaf and several other very comfortable houses in Ashbourne besides. Ashbourne being so close to the Dove, is a capital rendezvous to all parties wishing to commence their operations in fishing either above or below Hanging Bridge, as well as for tourists and artists to start from. The Rail is now brought close to the town, so that all parties have an opportunity of being brought with facility to it, either from Derby on the east, or Birmingham on the west, &c., &c. A 'bus from the Green Man meets every train, and Mr. Wallis will give every needful information to the traveller.

Having finished this tour, we left by train for Derby, and reached Matlock per rail by nine at night.

#### THE DERWENT.

Our next subject of interest is the noble stream of the Derwent, and the exquisite scenery which, in many places,

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\* See "Gem of the Peak," 6th Edition, p. 221.

adorns its banks. It is the longest and most important river in Derbyshire, as it is navigable up to and a little above Derby. But its waters cannot be said to be so clear, limpid, and beautiful as the Wye, the Dove, or the lovely Lathkil; because it flows chiefly through the gritstone, and receives, therefore, the boggy waters of the vast moorlands in which it takes its rise, and at every flood brings down a vast quantity of matter from the softer rocks and superficial materials through which it passes. The Wye and the Lathkil rise in and flow through the hard and solid limestones. The Dove, although it rises in the north-west angle of Axe Edge (grit), yet it leaves the grit in about a mile, at least on one side; so that these streams seldom put on a dirty look, even during the heaviest rains, whilst the Derwent becomes terribly muddy and dirty; and it is at these times that the Derwent in some parts is extensively poached, by persons who have no authority to fish at all, with their *nets* (*hand* and otherwise). We have seen it. Nevertheless the Derwent is perhaps the best fishing stream of the three, and clear and beautiful too in dry weather. Thus it will be perceived that geology has an important bearing on the character and purity of our rivers and streams of water.

We left Matlock for Derby, in June, 1860, to make the tour of the Derwent *upwards* from that point. The confluence of this river with the Trent is about seven miles south-east of Derby; but there is nothing in its scenery in this part of its course to call for remark. Here it may be said to flow through the low and rich pastures of the wide-spread valley of the Trent. It is only at Derby that it becomes

bounded by the low hills of the new red sandstone, on which the town stands ; inclosing in places immense beds of gravel, rolled pebbles and boulders, evidently, from their character, brought from great distances by the action of water, at some remote period of time.

As the railway went almost close to the river, as far up as Duffield, we took it, and had a fine view of the town of Derby, with its old, round, lofty Shot Tower,\* the handsome tower of the Town Hall, the beautiful and graceful Gothic tower of All Saints (said to be the finest in the kingdom), the lofty spire of St. Alkmund's, the tower of the Catholic church close by it, and the many towering, but less graceful chimneys of the manufactories in connection with the extensive and magnificent station we had just quitted ; all which gives to Derby, from this point, a most imposing appearance, and indicates to the stranger something of the still growing importance, energy, and activity of the old town of Derby, which proved to poor Charles the Pretender, in 1745, the end of his southern progress towards the object of his ambition, the Crown of England.† Happily for us, these days of rebellion, anarchy, and confusion, are at an end, and, we trust, for ever, in our beloved country.

We need hardly add that there is ample and excellent accommodation in Derby for the traveller; at the Midland, the Royal (Mrs. Cantrill's), the King's Head (Mr. Huggins), the Bell (Mr. Campion), and a number of others, less extensive

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\* A vast quantity of small shot, of different sizes, is made here annually.

† See "Gem of the Peak," 6th Edition, for all particulars of its manufactures, and a historical account of Derby.

indeed than these, but comfortable, and suited to every class of visitors.

As we proceeded rapidly up the valley, we observed the left to be bounded by a rather bold ridge of the new red sandstone, covered with rich plantations, amongst which the mansions of the wealthy could be seen; and then appears the pretty village of Darley-by-Derby, with its large manufactories of cotton spinning and paper mill, belonging to the Messrs. Evans, who are also Bankers, in Derby; close by is the mansion of Samuel Evans, Esq.; above is the pretty church; and over all, in the distance is the village of Allestree, with its church, the old tower of which is distinctly visible. Then succeed the noble park and fine house of T. W. Evans, Esq., M.P., our excellent Member for South Derbyshire. This park extends as far as Burley Hill, which forms the extreme boundary of the new red sandstone on that side.

The right is bounded by a gentle rising ground terminating in low hills, amongst which we found nestled the sequestered village of Breadsall. The church with its spire is an interesting object; and close by are the ornamental buildings of the Derby Water Works Company. Little Eaton, with its extensive manufactories for paper, is right before us.\* Here the valley takes a sudden turn north-west, and we got at once near to the extreme eastern boundary of the gritstone measure, which forms a low cliff where it dips under the new red which terminates here. The Ripley railway, lately made, joins the Midland at this point.

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\* The Little Eaton Mills belong to Messrs. Harvey and Son, and Pickwash, higher up the valley, to Messrs. Tempest and Son.

As we ascend the valley, we find the gritstone cliff becomes loftier and bolder, covered with profuse plantations, on which, studded here and there, are elegant houses and villas erected, exhibiting a superior style of architecture, admirably in harmony with the beautiful scenery of this sweet valley, than we usually find, shewing the good taste of the proprietors. Edge Hill House belongs to — Tempest, Esq.; and in succession, we find J. Lewis, — Foterbys, W. Holmes, and Anthony Strutt, Esqrs. The two latter are nearest to Milford, and are fine buildings.

On our left we had the fine old antiquated, gabled house, (Duffield Hall), enclosed within high walls, of A. J. Smith, Esq. Now we rapidly pass close by Duffield old church and parsonage, and immediately reach the station, which ended our railway trip for the day.

Duffield is a very pretty village, and contains several large houses belonging to the wealthier class; but the houses and cottages of the poorer are neat and clean, and they seem a contented people. The old road into the Peak turned out of the valley here, and it was the only road till the new one was made in 1821 and 2, up the valley by Belper, Ambergate, and Whatstandwell. It is still the high road to Wirksworth, by Green Bank and Idridgehay, and winds along by the Ecclesburn, a fishing stream in which are plenty of fine trout, especially as far up as the Puss in Boots Inn, a mile or two beyond Duffield. J. Balguy, Esq., who has a handsome house on this road, and Lord Scarsdale, hold the right of fishing as far as Windley Bridge; and then the Cromptons, who have a fine mansion and splendid grounds near Milford,

hold the right as far as Turnditch ; and then the Stathams, of Green Bank, have it to near Wirksworth.

But to return to Duffield, where the angler might pleasantly spend a day or two, and get good quarters at its inn, where the landlord (Mr. Hiram Morton) will gladly give all needful information. By staying here a party may have the opportunity of fishing in the Derwent as well as Ecclesburn. The artist, too, will find many a sweet bit of scenery up the " Burn."

The view from Duffield is very striking—Sunny Hill, as it is locally called, rises to a great height, and crosses the valley right in front, only half a mile ahead. Through this hill the Railway runs, by a tunnel half a mile in length, made both in the shale and gritstone, the most costly and difficult on this line, except Clay Cross tunnel. The slopes of this hill, covered with rich woods, leave room only for the road and river—the high bank and quarries of the grit on the right side running close to it. But here, in this narrow spot, are the celebrated cotton manufactory and bleaching mills of the Messrs. Strutt ; a very pleasant walk of nearly a mile brought us to them, and on one of our lecturing tours we had the great pleasure of looking over them, through the kindness of Captain Holmes, a proprietor and the manager of the works. The cotton spun here is of the finest quality—the machinery is of the first class—the frames, the chief part of them mahogany, and as clean as a new pin ; the water wheel is most powerful and of a peculiar construction. On the opposite side of the high road is the bleaching department, where the thread is dyed in every colour of the rainbow,

the various tints, as we have seen it finished at Belper, of the most brilliant hues. In order to pass from the spinning department to the bleaching, without exposure to the weather, Captain Holmes has thrown an *arched* passage over the road to connect them, so that himself and the hands may have free access to each—an admirable arrangement. A little farther up the stream they have a forge and blast furnace, to enable them to renew and repair all their own machinery. The Belper mills (all under one management) are still more extensive, but all the bleaching is done at Milford; for extent and completeness they are not equalled or exceeded by any in the kingdom, no less than 3,000 hands being employed at both places. The education of the children and the comfort of the hands are equally cared for, and this may be seen at a glance over the neat gardens and comfortable habitations of the work people. This is equally the anxious desire of the Messrs. Strutt as of Captain Holmes, who so admirably manages these extensive establishments. One fact speaks to this more than any language can convey: here there are no ill-dressed or dirty children to be seen playing about, they are all too well employed or cared for.

To conclude our notice of these important works, we have to state that in 1832 Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, with Her present Majesty, then in her fourteenth year, accompanied by the late Duke of Devonshire, visited the Belper Works, and afterwards lunched with the late Jedediah Strutt, at his fine mansion in King Street, Belper. The Belper Works were established in 1778, and the Milford in 1788.

Passing between the works, we step on to the handsome bridge built by the first Jedediah Strutt, across the Derwent, in 1779. Here, on looking below, we have an interesting view of the weir, built in the form of a horse-shoe, and a suspension bridge of iron, of a light and elegant structure, thrown across to connect a portion of the works which lie on the north bank of the river—a mere footway, but one of the first iron bridges ever constructed on this principle.

The views, both above and below the bridge, are very beautiful, and while enjoying it—the thunder of the machinery—the rush of millions of spindles, mingling with the sound of the waters dashing over the weir below—had a solemn and imposing effect, and we could not help reflecting that but for these works this part of the valley of the Derwent would have remained almost untenanted; now all is life, energy, and apparent happiness. The cotton trade of this county has been of immense importance in her social progress and still increasing power.

Proceeding from hence to Belper, which is now nearly connected with Milford, at the turn of the road beyond the houses, we had the whole valley of Belper stretched out before us. The hills here recede away to the south, presenting a large surface of rich pastures and highly cultivated land, for several miles in extent; the noble river flowing through it, with here and there a tiny island, covered with trees and shrubs, standing in the middle, which give to it a highly picturesque effect; and it is just about these spots that the best fish are to be caught.

The Messrs. Strutt have a length of some miles both above and below Belper and Milford, and we have no doubt Captain Holmes, if written to, would state what privilege in this respect a stranger might obtain. Of course the *artist* may ramble almost where he likes to obtain good points of view for his pencil. We soon arrived at Belper station, which lies just below the Railway bridge, over which the high road passes; for here the line is made directly through the middle of Belper, that is, between the high and low parts of the town. This was done to keep the line as far off the manufactories as possible, for fear of accidents from the sparks of the engine. But it proved expensive, from the magnitude and length of the retaining walls, and numerous bridges to connect the town.

Belper, from being a small village, has become a large town, numbering now about 20,000 inhabitants. The church—a modern erection—with its tower, is a fine object. Another handsome church has been since built, and there are large chapels belonging to various denominations. Belper is also celebrated for its manufactories of hosiery. Messrs. Ward's and the Messrs. Brittle's are extensive concerns. It possesses an excellent inn and posting-house—the Red Lion, Mr. John Charles Taylor—where the traveller will find very comfortable quarters and all needful creature comforts.

The Messrs. Strutt's large factories are at the west end of Belper, where a handsome bridge has been thrown across the Derwent, to connect their works with Bridge Hill, where George Henry Strutt has a fine mansion. This is up on the

hill side, and nestled at the foot, on the river's bank, are ranged the neat and comfortable cottages of many of the work people. The river here is dammed up to a great height, to obtain a sufficient weight of water to turn the two powerful wheels which set in motion the extensive machinery of these large mills, which we had the pleasure of looking over some years ago with the late Mr. Jedediah Strutt.

The river above the mill forms an immense sheet of water, some hundred yards across, and it is just above this that the railway crosses, and from which, if a party is on the alert after leaving Belper cutting, he may have a fine view of the mills, Bridge Hill, and this splendid lake of waters. The banks of the river here are kept in beautiful order, as forming part of the Bridge Hill property, with ornamental ponds for preserving fish.

The high road is carried over the railway, and proceeds in a long sweep close to the foot of a high ridge (the Heage range), towards Ambergate, and everywhere overlooks the river and the fine valley, bounded by rather high undulating hills, covered with the richest verdure. A few years ago this presented a very different aspect, a great part being barren and uncultivated; but thirty years of progress has effected wonders in this respect. The whole of the Derwent valley, from Milford to near Cromford, is bounded entirely by the gritstone, in which some good quarries of this stone exist.

About two miles and a half brings us to Ambergate, and the angler for about two miles on the north side could get

very good fishing, providing he has obtained permission from the Messrs. Strutt to do so. Near Ambergate the Shining Cliff commences, called so, we believe, from the great number of beech trees that once existed here ; and some still remain, which give to the wood a bright appearance, compared with the character of woods in general. The gritstone now begins to rise in lofty cliffs, profusely covered with luxuriant foliage. Some of the finest oaks in the kingdom, lofty and very straight, have grown on this cliff. The railway, after sweeping across the valley, passes through the east end of the cliff by a cutting and a very short tunnel ; then crosses the river and road by a viaduct to Ambergate station. We pass under this and immediately obtain a remarkably fine view up the valley for some miles, confined within lofty hills, rich in hanging woods and water. Crich Chase bounds the right, and the shining cliffs and hills above it, the left of the valley. The old bridge leading to Alderswasley, the seat of Francis Hurt, Esq., occupies about the middle of the view. The whole of this property belongs to this gentleman, who has kindly placed the right of fishing at the disposal of Mrs. Burley, landlady of the Bull's Head inn, two miles higher up at Hotstandwell Bridge (Whatstandwell), to whom all parties must apply for permission. This lady has long managed one of the most comfortable and beautiful little inns in the kingdom, and most pleasantly situated, too, to the Derwent: good rooms, delightful views of the scenery, and comfortable quarters.

But we have shot a-head. The toll-bar here is placed at the cross roads leading from Ripley, Buckland Hollow, &c., which join the main road at this point ; and being also close

to the confluence of the Amber river with the Derwent, we presume it was called Ambergate, and hence the station above was so denominated. Here is the junction of the Midland line with that of Matlock, Buxton, and Manchester. A series of lime kilns will be observed near by, first established by the late Mr. Robert Stephenson. The limestone is brought down from Crich Cliff, where it is quarried, and by a tram-road from thence. Thousands of tons are despatched annually from these kilns. The quarry at Crich is of great extent, and worth a visit. About fifty men are employed, and many tons of the limestone are despatched into Staffordshire, as a flux for the iron ore daily, besides that required for the kilns.

Hitherto the scenery of the Derwent partook only of an ordinary character ; but now it assumes an aspect of beauty and power. The hills rise on each side to a great height, and are almost everywhere covered with dense woods, of every variety of trees common to an English climate, as we have already stated. Here is the noble oak peculiarly developed, in almost straight lines, instead of the crooked, and very lofty ; the beech, elm, lime, sycamore, larch, and pine, seem to thrive with equal vigor ; and it is the angler, who is plodding his way by the lonely stream, that can see to the best advantage, and enjoy these rich and splendid woods. From the old bridge already named, the banks are easily accessible on both sides of the river, and the fishing usually excellent. This continues for full two miles and a half up to Hotstandwell Bridge. On the way the stranger will pass the "Forge" belonging to Mr. Hurt, and may have the

pleasure of seeing how easily the huge hammer can mould the rude piece of pig iron into malleable bar iron, fit for the use of the blacksmith. Many other things are done here. The pig iron is brought from Morely Park, a coal district near by, where it is converted into the "pig" from the clay ironstone (a carbonate of iron); and in this Mr. Hurt has a large interest.

Over the hills to the south about a mile, situated in a lovely valley, is the fine mansion of Mr. Hurt, whose ancestors have held this splendid property for some centuries. On the left, high up on what is called Crich Car, may be seen a beautiful Gothic house (Elizabethan), just built by the Misses Hurt, the sisters of Mr. Hurt of Alderwasley. This may be observed from the railway.

Approaching Whatstandwell Bridge, the river, road, railway, and canal, are brought into close proximity, and at the bridge it required considerable engineering skill and care to carry the railway through. But here we are at the pretty inn, where, in a nice room with its bow window overlooking the river, an old friend of our own, now gone to his glorious rest, delighted to take up his quarters for the night on his periodical tours north from Derby. This is a nice fishing station, and the visitor will find all he may wish for at the inn. The landlady, Mrs. Burley, has long been well known as especially careful of the wants of her visitors. Here the main road is crossed by the old road from Wirksworth to Alfreton. It takes up the hill by Crich, then by South Wingfield Manor House to Alfreton. The present bridge was, we believe, built on the

formation of the present road down the valley in 1822. It is a plain substantial structure, of two arches. Here is a station on the line for the accommodation of the town of Crich and neighbourhood, and here, too, are the celebrated stone quarries belonging to Mr. Sims, where thousands of stone troughs, millstones, and stones for building purposes, are sent to all parts of the kingdom. They are of great extent, and some fine calamites cannæformis (ancient reeds), are sometimes found.

On passing the bridge we find the lodge-gate to Mr. Hurt's house, a pretty little structure covered with ivy. The road now winds by the side of the river for upwards of three miles, and is full of picturesque beauty and grandeur. The valley narrows so much as only to leave room for the road and river, which is at a considerable depth below. The Wirksworth road takes up to the left. We now soon come to a toll-bar, beyond which is an extensive gritstone quarry, now unworked, the fragments of which are strewed in all directions, and piled up to a great height; amongst which a mountain stream comes tumbling down with great force, rushes under the road, and forms a fine cascade, as it dashes down the rude cliff to the Derwent. This would form an excellent subject for the pencil. About one hundred yards up on the left may be seen the tall chimney of the Messrs. Milne's smelting works, that a stranger might wish to visit. From hence we have a commanding view of Crich Cliff and Stand, from the top of which, on a clear day, Lincoln Cathedral can be seen. This lofty conical hill has been thrown up by volcanic agency, during which action it has burst through the gritstones of

considerable thickness, and forced some of its members or beds to stand completely on end, that is, raised the horizontal or slightly inclined beds to a perpendicular position. This cliff has proved the richest mineral field for lead ore in the county, and it is still very productive. Below, on the opposite side of the river, the angler will find the level, or sough, which drains the water from the mines on the cliff. A mining coe stands on one side of the opening, and if a stranger wished he might go up by boat under the cliff, or he may amuse himself by picking up interesting bits of spar that have been washed down during floods.

At the Wakebridge Mine, which is on the lowest part of the western margin of the cliff, they have a powerful engine to lift their water into this level. It is 500 feet to the level from the top of their working shaft, and they are 60 feet below this; hence the pump road is 560 feet long. They are now driving to the north, in hope of falling in with a rich lode of ore. It has been exceedingly rich. The Gingler Mine, on the south of the cliff, belonging to the same proprietors, is still productive, and has been in continual work for many years. The Old End, to the north of the cliff, is now at a low ebb. On the road from the Wakebridge Mine to Holloway, there are some of the most beautiful and commanding views of any in the county.\*

Almost opposite to Crich Sough mining coe occurs the Cromford Moor Sough, throwing its powerful stream of warm water into the Derwent. This Sough is three miles in length,

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\* See "Gem of the Peak," sixth Edition, p. 188.

and was cut at great expense to drain the mines in Wirksworth basin. It has lately been driven up as far as under the higher part of the town, for the whole of the under parts of the town are mined to a great extent. Wirksworth basin and the neighbouring village of Middleton, as well as Cromford Moor, have been long celebrated for mining operations. The Romans have left clear indication of their mining activity. Their tools, as well as a pig of lead, bearing the name of the Emperor Adrian, have been found. The latter is now in the British Museum.

The Sough was commenced many years ago but only lately completed. Its completion was necessary to drain the whole district, so as to enable the miner to get to the deep lead ore without pumping the water. It is arched and about 5 feet high and 8 wide. It can be traversed, but the rush of water on the incline at the lower end makes it dangerous. Such an extensive work will give some idea of the expense sometimes entailed by mining operations, and the result often far from satisfactory. Much lead has been originally found in these mines, but they appear to be nearly exhausted at present.

We resume our journey up the river, and glancing to the westward, a little below Holloway, we perceive Lea Hurst, the residence of W. E. S. Nightingale, Esq., the home of Florence Nightingale, who is well known as the ministering angel to our poor wounded soldiers at Scutari. Her noble conduct on that occasion is so well known that it needs no remarks from us. Her name will be gratefully cherished by thousands who

took part in that desperate and terrible war. Lea Hurst is an ancient house in the Elizabethan style. It stands high up on a gentle slope, backed by fine woods, in a park of considerable extent, and commands beautiful views of the Derwent valley.

Here on the right, nestled under the cliff, is a picturesque object, called Homesford Cottage Inn. Coming once down over the line of the Cromford Moor Sough, and taking a romantic lane through the wood, we dropped upon this most unexpectedly. For who would have thought of an inn in such an out-of-the-way place, and especially the comfort which seemed to reign within. If the angler or the artist choose to rest he will not be disappointed here.

At this point the hills to the south of the Derwent take a bold sweep northward, and are covered with thick woods to their very summits. These are Longnor woods, belonging to Captain Goodwin, which seem to shut in the valley in this direction; and which, with the river flowing rapidly below, and between steep banks, covered with brushwood, give to the whole picture an aspect of great beauty and power, that would be difficult to meet with amongst some even of our finest Highland glens.

The railway is carried along on the north side of the river, is taken under the Cromford Canal, and then immediately dashes into a tunnel in the gritstone hill, on which stands Lea Hurst, already named. It emerges from this opposite Lea Mills, where it passes again under the canal, and over the

Derwent instantly afterwards : such are the engineering difficulties they had to contend with here in making the line.

On the south of the river the High Peak Railway proprietors have formed a junction with the Matlock and Buxton line, in order to facilitate their traffic over it. The fisherman's way, therefore, is much facilitated along this very romantic part of the river by the completion of this work. But a little way above this the stranger will find something still more interesting, by observing an arch of large dimensions spanning the stream, over which the canal is carried, and which canal commanded a large traffic for many years before our present railways were thought of. This was the great leading communication with the corn districts to the east, and the mining districts west ; and by the High Peak Railway, made over immense steeps with terrible inclines, the great manufacturing districts of Lancashire were in complete communication, and millions of sacks of wheat and flour have been conveyed over it, besides other materials of all kinds. It is still of great local value, for the improving districts of the High and Low Peak. We come to its terminus a little beyond, which is seen just below the high road, and passes over it. The inclines on the line are worked by stationary engines. Their summit level is above one thousand feet above the sea. The canal is carried on to Cromford, one mile further up, hence its name.

Before proceeding we cannot help naming in connection with the Cromford Railway, the "Black Rocks," about a mile above, and under the very foot of which the Railway is

carried. These wild dark frowning rocks, are composed of gritstone, overhang considerably, and are about one hundred feet high, broken up into sections, with huge projecting masses, piled up one upon another like immense pillows, and look as if they had been exposed for ages to the powerful action of stormy seas. We know of no such cliff of gritstone existing anywhere besides, and none should miss seeing them, and witnessing the grand—the commanding prospect from their summit.\*

Now the Valley opens out considerably, presenting beautiful views of hill and dale. Away to the right are Lea Woods, through which a little valley opens amongst the hills, covered now with rich pastures, here and there, and thick woods which were once barren enough. The first object of interest at its entrance, is the extensive hat manufactory of Messrs. Walker and Sons, who have made hundreds of thousands of hats for the London market, the lining and trimmings of which being added in London, hence they are sold as London made hats. The same with soldiers' caps, of which the firm has made vast numbers, having on hand at one time not less than 50,000, these, too, are trimmed in London. But they make besides, great numbers of caps, or Bobby Tods,† *alias* wide-awakes, which are finished on the premises. These were built in 1794. Any stranger wishing to see the works would no doubt be admitted. Just above this is Lea Bridge, that spans the brook, which in heavy rains is often

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\* See the "Gem of the Peak," Sixth Ed., p. 80, for particulars.

† A man in Chesterfield, of the name of Bobey Tod, is said to have made the first, hence the name in this county.

swollen into a torrent, and it has been swept away more than once. Close by the bridge is a beautiful little cottage, belonging to the Allsops, and on the opposite side of the road is the residence of John Smedley, Esq., a benevolent man of world-wide fame, as an hydropathist. Here, after receiving great benefit from the treatment at Ben Rhydden, he first erected baths (a free hospital), for the use of his workpeople and friends, that has led to the erection of the splendid establishment in MATLOCK BANK, of which we shall presently speak. Mr. Smedley's factory for Merino Spinning, and the manufacture of very fine hosiery, singlets, drawers, waistcoat pieces, &c., is close by, where a great number of persons are employed, under the kindest treatment. These were established 1819.

Still higher up the valley is the cupola or smelting works for lead ores of Messrs. Wass, which are about the oldest in the county, and, we might add, to all these, the stranger might find admission, if he desires to enlarge his knowledge of the manufactures of his country. There is a foot path on the branch cannal bank to all the Lea Works.

We turn our eyes now to the left side of the river, and here we find ourselves close under the engine-house, erected some years ago, to raise the water from the Derwent into the canal in very dry seasons. A little beyond is the terminus of the High Peak Railway, and canal sheds for goods. The Manager's house just above it. At this point, as we stand on the canal bank, a splendid prospect is opened up of the woods and rocks, and beautiful meadows of Willersley Castle—the Castle itself, on its elevated platform, backed with thick woods,

is a fine object seen here over the rocks, in our immediate front. On our right are the woods and pastures, farmhouses and cottages of Riber hill—beneath flowing rapidly along, its banks lavishly covered with foliage, is the beautiful Derwent, and over all rises loftily the noble hill of Masson Low, at the base of which, but unseen, is nestled the lovely village of Matlock Bath. Here is the first peep to the stranger of the Peak of Derbyshire, and it is one which probably he will never forget the longest day he lives.

It was evening when we arrived at this point. The sun shone out splendidly and our ears were greeted by the varied but melodious songs of the feathered tribes, as they appeared to vie with each other in singing their evening hymn. The woods on all sides seemed to be filled with their sweet music which gave point and completeness to the beautiful and glorious scene before us. How much there is yet left for us to enjoy in this fallen world, if the heart is but in tune with the works and ways of God. Milton might well sing—

“ These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,  
Almighty, thine this universal frame,  
How wondrous thus ; Thyself how wondrous then,  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works, yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought and power Divine.”

*Paradise Lost.*

From the Canal Viaduct upwards to Cromford Bridge the fishing is excellent, provided a party obtain leave of Peter Arkwright, Esq., for the left side ; and of W. E. S. Nightingale, Esq., for the right. The latter gentleman has a length

of nearly four miles. The river takes a splendid sweep round the meadows, and is less obstructed by trees and shrubs. All above the bridge, in front of Willersley Castle, is strictly preserved. The railway is carried along these meadows, and over the river and the Lea road by a handsome bridge, to Cromford station, and then it passes by a tunnel in the shale, and an open cutting in the upper limestones, to Matlock Bath station.

But we will now step out, taking the canal towing path for about three quarters of a mile, which brings us into the Cromford Wharf, where this canal terminates. Just above it, standing on a bold rock, is Rock House, long the residence of Mr. P. Arkwright, while his father lived, Mr. Richard, who was the son of Sir Richard Arkwright, the founder of the immense property belonging to the family. Opposite to the wharf is the Cromford Chapel, lately altered and much beautified by the present Mr. Arkwright. It stands just within the beautiful grounds, and close to Cromford Bridge, of which there is a curious anecdote related.

Two artists came down from London, at two different times, to sketch in this lovely neighbourhood, and each took a drawing of this romantic bridge with its adjuncts. The one took it from *below* the bridge, but the other, a *little* bolder than his brother artist, took French leave, walked within the gates into the private grounds, and took it from *above*. On shewing their sketches, at their first literary *soirée* in town, the sketches were totally unlike each other, the one representing a *Roman* arch, the other a *Gothic*, yet each insisted that

his was really Cromford Bridge. To settle this knotty question an arbitrator was chosen, to go down expressly to look and decide between them. The fact is, he found *both were right*. The bridge having been built in ancient days, only for pack horses, and in the Gothic style, was obliged to be widened for vehicles, and instead of making it uniform, they built a *round* arch as the cheapest. Had these artists only had their wits about them, they would have saved themselves much trouble and expense, which in those coaching days was no trifle.\*

From thence we proceed to Cromford and come at once upon Cromford Cotton Mills, the first part of which was erected in 1771, by Sir Richard Arkwright, who considerably enlarged it afterwards. At this mill a few years ago, about six hundred hands were employed, but only one hundred is now at work, for want of sufficient water power, which they originally possessed in great abundance. When Sir Richard built the mill, he obtained the power of bringing the water from the Cromford Moor Sough, and turned it down through another channel to his mills, but in doing this the water was thrown back into the mines of Wirksworth hollow or basin, so that the miner in search of ore could only descend to a comparatively small depth, thus leaving no chance of getting the *deep* ore. This led to a serious dispute between the miners and Mr. Arkwright. The case was thrown into the Court of Chancery, where thousands of pounds were spent

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\* Matlock and Darley bridges have been widened also, and with the same indifference to style, the upper side of each being Roman and the lower Gothic.

on both sides, with little result for some years ; till at last it was decided in favour of the miners, who sent their water down the Sough,\* already described in page 74, and by this means drained the mines in Wirksworth hollow. But what was the consequence even to them ? Just this : Mr. Arkwright, deprived of his water, was obliged to discharge *five hundred* of his hands ; and these, the children, wives, and friends of these very miners, who of course had to get work elsewhere, in Manchester, &c., so that families were broken up and scattered, and Cromford has scarcely looked up since ! And are the miners much benefited ? No ! At first they did in one or two of the mines very well, but at present there is little or no prospect of much ore being got. The author has heard some of the men regret their folly in depriving Mr. Arkwright of the water. For the life of the miner is one not only of danger, but of poverty, unless there is abundance of ore, and mining can never be depended on, but the cotton trade was a sure and safe speculation.

The water for the mill at present is derived from a small and uncertain stream, which comes down the Via Gellia ; a very beautiful dale, that leads out of Cromford westward, by Bonsall Hollow, and towards Grange Mill, on the way to Dove Dale. Just beyond Cromford, the water is dammed up to a considerable height, and forms a fine sheet of water ; and as the valley gradually rises, three or four of these embanked waters are continued in succession for nearly half a mile up,

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\* It was facetiously remarked at the time, that the Sough was stopped up by cotton bags.

and are used as preserves for trout and grayling for the family of the Arkwrights. But the largest, deepest, and finest, is in Cromford itself. One corn mill exists at the entrance to Bonsall Hollow. The walk up this, and up by the Pig of Lead Inn, to the mining village of Bonsall, is exceedingly interesting ; for the stranger will find about a dozen mills of different kinds, driven in succession by a little streamlet that comes leaping down the hill from Bonsall.

But to return to Cromford. The entrance to it from the mills and the Derby road is exceedingly fine. Vast rocky ramparts beset you on all sides, and what is termed Scarthin Nick, is a rocky ridge, completely built over on the south side, while the north, that bounds the road to Matlock, is steep, rocky, and covered with a dense foliage. Here (Cromford) Mr. Arkwright has schools for boys and girls, and an infant school ; in all about three hundred and fifty children are educated at his sole expense. There is an excellent inn, the Greyhound, Mr. Kinder's, which was a busy bustling spot in the coaching days. Cromford may contain about two thousand inhabitants.

We here give a list of the finny tribes found in the river between Cromford and Hotstandwell Bridge. These are, trout, grayling, pike, barbel, chub, roach, dace, perch, and sudgeon.

We now pass the rocky portals of Scarthin Nick, into the lovely valley of Matlock Bath. Immediately on our right, is the entrance lodge to Willersley Castle, and the Castle

itself, in all its breadth of outline, standing high up on the other side of the Derwent, with beautiful lawns sweeping both ways down to the river's edge. This is a beautiful point of observation for the artist. The Castle, backed with fine woods—the noble cliff, equally enriched, leading down to Cromford Bridge, which is clearly defined—the elegant chapel close by—the high magnificent chain of massive rocks, fringed along the top with a luxuriant vegetation, bounding the south-east—the river murmuring over its pebbly bed between, and the lofty, pine-crowned heights of Ribber over all, are included within this splendid picture.

And this was the fine seat and magnificent grounds of Sir Richard Arkwright, to whose untiring energies and splendid discoveries in the art of spinning cotton, this country is largely indebted, and who left such a noble appanage to his descendants.

The road is bounded here on the south by the lofty cliff already named. When we first entered this pass (and it is a narrow one) in 1812, it was a very narrow lane, very steep and difficult; but now it is a wide and excellent road. We now come to Glenarchy Chapel, with its chapel-house, founded by a lady of that name about 1768. It was once the property of Messrs. Need and Arkwright, when in partnership, and the road to Masson, just above, evidently led through the archway of a part of the chapel-house, instead of up the road as at present. On our left, as we proceed, are the offices of Messrs. Milnes and Newbold, solicitors of great repute and long standing.

If the stranger will take the trouble of passing up the lane by these offices, and the cottages to the right of them, it will take him into the wood above, and by turning to the left as soon as he reaches the mountain path which leads to Cromford, and proceeding about fifty yards, he will obtain one of the loveliest peeps imaginable into the vale of Willersley. The road, castle, rocks, river, and Riber Hill, are all in view, under a new aspect. This will amply repay the labour of the ascent, which is but short after all.

A little beyond we find the Rutland Arms, Mr. Pearson's ; a good and comfortable house for travellers, where they can be well accommodated. High above, on the same side but unseen, is the elegant mansion and beautiful grounds of Charles Clark, Esq., a lawyer, and one of the presiding magistrates of the county. On the opposite side rises in bold relief, Masson Mill ; the second built by Sir Richard Arkwright. The whole force of the river can be put on to this mill, without let or hindrance from any one. The Cromford Mills were built too high up, and too far from the river, to make it available for them. Such is the magnitude of Masson Mill, that five hundred hands are constantly employed.

The Rev. Richard Warner, in his "Tour through England" in 1802, remarks upon the power Dr. Darwin possessed of "clothing in poetical language, and decorating with beautiful imagery, the unpoetical operations of mechanical processes, and the dry details of manufactures."\*

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\* Vol. i. p. 143.

And he quotes the passage as we do now —

“So now, where Derwent hides his dusky floods  
 Through vaulted mountains and a night of woods,  
 The nymph Gossipia treads the velvet sod,  
 And warms with rosy smiles the wat’ry god ;  
 His ponderous oars to slender spindles turns,  
 And pours o’er massy wheels his foaming urns ;  
 With playful charms her hoary lover wins,  
 And wheels his trident — while the Monarch spins.  
 First, with nice eye emerging Naiads cull  
 From leathery pods the vegetable wool ;  
 With wiry teeth revolving cards release  
 The tangled knots and smoothe the ravell’d fleece.  
 Next moves the iron hand with fingers fine,  
 Combs the wide card, and forms th’ eternal line ;  
 Slow with soft lips the whirling can acquires  
 The tender skeins, and wraps in rising spires ;  
 With quicken’d pace successive rollers move,  
 And these retain, and those extend, the rove ;  
 Then fly the spoles, the rapid axles glow ;  
 While slowly circumsolves the lab’ring wheel below.”

*Darwin’s Loves of the Plants.*

Next to this, down on the river side, is a paper mill, erected soon after that of Masson Mill, where papers of all kinds and qualities are manufactured. Mr. Simonds is the proprietor of the works, but whose warehouse is in Nottingham. The manager here is Mr. Stevens. Beyond this the stranger will be attracted by the thunder of the Derwent, as it rushes over the weir just above, and breaks into foam amongst the stony fragments that impede its passage. Above it a vast wall of perpendicular rock appears, the commencement of that noble line of rocks which distinguishes Matlock Bath from all other places.

Now we come to the toll-bar, placed in a rocky pass, and one of the narrowest and most dangerous points in all the valley. Here we have a first glimpse of Matlock Bath. The New Bath Hotel stands at the head of the left hand road above, on a terrace of great beauty, and it commands some of the finest views of the scenery of the Bath. Here are all the essential comforts of a family hotel that heart can wish, with every possible attention from Miss Ivatts and Mrs. Jordan, the joint proprietors. A large bath of tepid water (68 degrees) is within the establishment. The garden is extensive and beautiful, and contains one of the largest lime trees in England. Also a circular pool, containing a shoal of golden fish. These beautiful little creatures are admirably preserved here by the tepid water in all seasons. It is never frozen.

Walker's Hotel is at the other end of this fine terrace, and enjoys equal advantages of scenery with the New Bath. It is a large, well-built house, and contains within it every accommodation for the visitor. Mr. Walker is the proprietor, who is unremitting in his attention to the wants of his visitors.

From the terrace the whole power and beauty of the scenery of Matlock Bath is brought into view. The massive rampart of rocks takes a grand sweep northward; the entire length of the valley on our left, is covered with a rich and luxuriant vegetation to their very summits, of almost every kind of shrub and tree, which, in the changing leaf of Autumn, is exceedingly beautiful; appearing like one mag-



W. MORTON, J.C. MANAGER

### MATLOCK BATH.

WALKER'S HOTEL IS PLEASANTLY SITUATED, HAS RECENTLY BEEN ENLARGED AND REFURNISHED, AND COMBINES COMFORT WITH ECONOMY. ESTABLISHED 1798.

GOOD STABLING, POST HORSES &c



nificent bouquet, in a dry, warm, and propitious season.\* Immediately in front, are the lofty pine-crowned Heights of Abraham, with the Higher and Lower Towers nestled in their woods, their base dotted with elegant villas and hotels, shutting in the view northward, and apparently barring all progress in that direction; away to the left, Masson raises his towering head, and his green, thickly-wooded slopes reach the sweet platform on which we stand; the river, like a glassy mirror of the highest polish, flowing just below us—all comprising objects of the first order in nature, rendering Matlock the charm and delight of every beholder.

Before us, too, but near at hand, is the elegant little Gothic church, with its tower and slender spire, finished in October, 1842; and we are glad to say, it is in harmony with the scenery. This was a most desirable addition to the Bath, for the parish church is two miles distant, and Cromford church one mile.

As we proceed onward, we are sorry to find that the Old Bath Hotel is still untenanted. This was the largest and oldest hotel in the Bath. It contains two rooms of great capacity, a dining and a drawing room, besides numerous others, and a large swimming bath. It has never been let since Mr. Greaves, of the Rutland Arms, Bakewell, gave up the tenancy. But surely some one will be found to occupy such a valuable property. Its position is beautiful, and from its terrace by the rails, there is one of the most splendid

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\* It thus appeared in 1832, when her Majesty visited it with her illustrious Mother, and the late Duke of Devonshire.

views in existence—perfectly unique of its kind. The Temple Hotel is a little beyond this, on the same side, in a beautiful and commanding position. The proprietor and owner of this is Mr. Evans. Below these, deeper down in the valley, on the museum Parade (full of shops, &c.), is Hodgkinson's Hotel, where every comfort and attention will be found by the visitor. It commands fine views of the river and rocks, with ornamental grounds, &c. in front. The Vaults on the North Parade belong to the same proprietor, Mr. Brooker. Opposite to this is Ellis's Hotel, an excellent house also. Beyond these are the Fountain Baths, one of which is a large swimming bath ; and still farther on, are villas and houses, and one very fine shop (Greenough's), leading to the station.

Thus we have given a rapid sketch only of the Bath, as it is not our design to speak at large on such subjects, and we beg again to refer the reader to the "Gem of the Peak," written expressly to give an account of the beauties, drives, rides, and all the objects of interest in Matlock and the neighbourhood.

We must now consider Matlock Bath as a fishing station ; and in this respect it is of some importance, from the length of the fishing ground it may be said to command. Commencing at the toll-bar (left hand side), the angler may obtain the privilege of fishing as far up as Darley Bridge,\* a distance of about *five miles*. The right hand side is only about three quarters of a mile shorter, so that there is ample room

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\* He may proceed to fish beyond the bridge about a mile, not further.

for the angler to gratify his taste for this most interesting sport. There is very fine trout and grayling in the river, besides other fish. The writer once saw a salmon trout, obtained from the river above Matlock Bridge, which weighed upwards of *seven pounds*. We must warn the stranger, that the river along the length stated is dreadfully poached, and that openly too. But if the angler will call in the aid of Mr. Alfred Smedley, or Mr. Fletcher, they are experienced in the river, and can take parties to the best points, and can also furnish the proper fly, worm, or other bait needful for the season, either for top or bottom fishing, and for the character of the fish required. Mr. Smedley may be found at Wellington House, and Mr. Fletcher on the North Parade. Of non-professional amateurs, there are a few of the best fishermen in Matlock that can be found anywhere.

The angler will proceed from hence onward till he reaches the mighty Tor, who rears his giant head about four hundred feet above the bed of the river, and it may be said to be almost perpendicular. It is one of the boldest limestone escarpments in Great Britain, and of great interest in a geological point of view. On thoroughly examining the various measures in this bold limestone rock, the great problem of there being more than one toadstone, or basaltic rock, was solved. The first of these basaltic beds is found about one hundred and forty-six feet below the first limestone measures, and the second is at the foot of the Tor, one hundred and twelve feet lower down; and these two different beds are interpolated, or regularly imbedded with the limestones; not cutting through or crossing the beds, like all other basalts as found

in different parts of the world. This is clearly proved by examining Masson Hill, opposite to the Tor. For on passing over this hill, and walking down to Bonsall, the bassetts, or out-crop of these measures, may be passed over, and clearly defined to a depth or thickness of five hundred and thirty-four feet. The first basaltic bed is ninety-six feet thick, and the second one hundred. The first bed has been traced over a distance of ten miles (from Grange Mill to Ashover); the second only about two, and that in the neighbourhood of Matlock and Bonsall. The dark regions of Pluto (volcanic action) must have been exceedingly active at some remote period in this neighbourhood. But, singularly enough, there is not the slightest trace of a volcanic vent. Hence we may infer, that this prodigious mass of "lava" may have been thrown out under deep seas.\*

The scenery in the vicinity of the Tor is really grand, and the angler has the best opportunity of estimating that grandeur, when he looks up from his low position in the river's bed, upon the broad face of this colossal rock. The opposite side to this presents massive ridges of limestone, like buttresses, as if to support the mighty mountain. These were called "the marble jaws of Matlock" by the celebrated Dr. Darwin. But the greater part of this side is covered with houses and villas, not all in the best taste, which must detract from its primitive grandeur. To visit it when only the miner has made his way amongst its solitudes to the mines, must have been truly imposing.

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\* See a little work by the Author, "First Lessons on Geology, by W. Adam," for sections and a description of these measures. Mozley, London, Paternoster Row.

The High Tor veins were once very productive of lead ore, but they have been long worked out. By the toll-bar (north end) the best view of the Tor is obtained. It has been sketched by thousands; some of whom have given it truthfully, but others, not perhaps understanding such scenery, have made sad work with it.

The rocks abruptly terminate at Matlock Town, and the beautiful Green Meadows appear beneath and beyond them, with Matlock Bank seen in the distance. These altogether, with the river gently flowing amongst them, form a sweet picture, which we have often admired; but no sketch as yet has been given of it. We quote here a stanza from *Piscator* applying not inaptly to this beautiful spot —

“Bless'd silent groves, O may you be  
 For ever mirth's best nursery!  
 May pure contents  
 For ever pitch their tents  
 Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,  
 And peace still slumber by these purling fountains;  
 Which we may every year  
 Meet, when we come a-fishing here.”\*

We cannot forbear quoting from the same author (p. 242) a part of the dialogue between *Venator* and *Piscator* —

“*Venator*—And, my good Master, I will not forget the doctrine which you told me Socrates taught his scholars, that they should not think to be honoured so much for being philosophers, as to honour philosophy by their virtuous lives. You advised me to the like concerning *angling*, and I will

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\* “Complete Angler, Edited by Ephemera,” p. 240.

endeavour to do so ; and to live like those many worthy men of which you made mention in the former part of your discourse. This is my firm resolution ; and as a pious man advised his friend, that to beget mortification he should frequent churches, and view monuments and charnel-houses, and then and there consider how many dead bodies time had piled up at the gates of death : so when I would beget content, and increase confidence in the power, and wisdom, and providence, of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and then contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those many other various little living creatures, that are not only created but fed, man knows not how, by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in him. This is my purpose ; and so let everything that hath breath praise the Lord ; and let the blessing of St. Peter's Master be with mine."

"*Piscator*—And upon all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in His providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling. 'STUDY TO BE QUIET.'"—1 Thess. iv. 11.

These two passages show clearly Izaak Walton's opinion of the effects of angling, in producing generally quietness and peace, especially to the contemplative mind.

We passed Tor Cottage, nicely situated, and one of the first houses built in the vale, by Colonel Payne, in 1827. It is now the property of Mr. Aldam, who resides in it. At the toll-bar there is a large house, not long built ; then Dale Cottage, the residence of Mr. Tunnicliff. A beautiful house, standing in a commanding position higher up, is Rockville, the residence of Mrs. Greaves. This house possesses fine views of the scenery. Still higher up the cliff to the left, is Cliff House, the residence of Miss Leacroft. Passing the carrier's (Mr. Smith's, close to the road) and the lime quarries, we come to the ferry and Boat-house, one of the oldest inns in the county. Here the river

is deep and the fishing considered excellent. Just beyond we pass under the railway, which is carried over the river by an excellent stone bridge, and the road by a flat iron one, the height not admitting of an arch. Close to this on the left, we find the old road, now called Holt Lane, suddenly branching off to the left up a very steep pitch, by some old cottages. Truly our forefathers, like the old Romans, were fond of hilly roads instead of taking the valleys. True, they had one advantage over the lower. You obtained such magnificent views of the country that often well repaid you for the time and trouble of the ascent.

We remember one view, of unusual magnificence, extent, and splendour, of which the traveller was deprived (in Scotland) by such a change, from crossing the mountain ridge to that of the valley—a view obtained, by crossing the Weeks of Beagley, between Kinross and Perth, of the richly cultivated Carse of Gowrie\*—the noble river Tay, bounded by the great chain of Kinnoul the Dunsinnaun† and the

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\* Said to be the Garden of Scotland. The Tay is considered to be one of the finest rivers for salmon in Europe, and the fisheries, which commence two miles below Perth, are let for considerable sums yearly. These are netted. But for the two miles up to Perth, and for fifteen above it, near to Dunkeld, the angler employs his skill, as old Walton phrases it, “in *deceiving* fish.” Here we say salmon. It is a delicate and exciting sport, and very pleasant, too, to hook and safely land one of these fine fish. Below Perth the river flows round the base of the gigantic Crag of Kinnoul, towering about eight hundred feet above the bed of the river. This rock is composed of greenstone, ~~and~~ a variety of basalt. The noble Crag gives the title to the Earl of Kinnoul, who has no property about it. It belongs to Lord Gray, whose Castle of Kinfauns stands on the slopes of its eastern border. Here is a delightful spot for the angler to employ his time and talents.

† The scene of Macbeth’s tragedy.

Sidlaws, on the shelving slopes of which stands the fine town and thriving port of Dundee, clearly discernible in the far distance. On the south the Tay, from two to four miles broad, is bounded for above twenty miles by the long sweep of the Fifeshire Hills. Within these towering ridges, shut in apparently from all the world, lies this fertile valley, for many leagues in extent, studded with farm-steadings, villages, and the old castles, splendid mansions, and parks of the proudest nobility and lairds of Scotland. It would be difficult to find a single yard uncultivated, in all this rich and beautiful valley.

But we have been tempted by the remembrance of the beauty and glory of the scene we once looked upon, years ago, crossing this ridge, to diverge far from our beaten track, and must return to it.

At the point at which we have arrived, we can look upon and examine the limestone rocks, which abruptly terminate here, and run into a long undulating or arched sweep, right away to the eastward, where they suddenly dip under the shale and gritstone in Matlock village, about a quarter of a mile beyond. The river flows round and washes the base of these rocks, which are finely curved or arched in succession for some distance, like the long swell of the waves of the sea when settling down after a storm. These limestone measures, therefore, must have been in a plastic or soft state, when they were gently upheaved by volcanic action. The church, with its fine old tower, stands nearly on the edge of these bold rocks; hence they are called the "Church Rocks." Imme-

diately below them, over the river, are the richly ornamental grounds, belonging to Mr. John Knowles, who has built some beautiful villas opposite to them. Thus a spot once barren and useless, is converted into a little paradise. The rock itself here is adorned with trailing plants and the lovely rose. Matlock Town has indeed been highly favoured, by having two such spirited gentlemen, holding property there, as Sir Joseph Paxton and Mr. Knowles; the latter having altered and adorned the west end, and the former the east, together with the elegant buildings of Limetree View (Mr. Cartlidge's), and others on the slopes of the hill. So that with the excellent improvement and enlargement of the shops, Matlock may vie with any village in England.\*

This part is called the Green, or lower part of the village; above the rocks is the upper town, where we find the church, the Rectory, and the old Market Place, with a magnificent and wide-spreading sycamore tree of considerable age. This is in front of the Wheatsheaf, a very convenient and respectable old inn (Mr. Spencer's). There are others besides. Below, on the Green, is the Horseshoe Inn (Mr. Froggatt's), lately rebuilt on a new site, having the advantage of being at the angle where the high roads cross. This is a well-built good house, so that the traveller cannot fail to find good accommodation in Matlock. Matlock is a very old mining village; once almost solely dependent on the mines but now very fruitful in agricultural produce. The original richness of the mines in the neighbourhood no doubt led to the pre-

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\* Sir Joseph Paxton possesses a large property in this village.

sent fertility of this district, once so barren, but now rich in pastures and fields, and all well wooded.

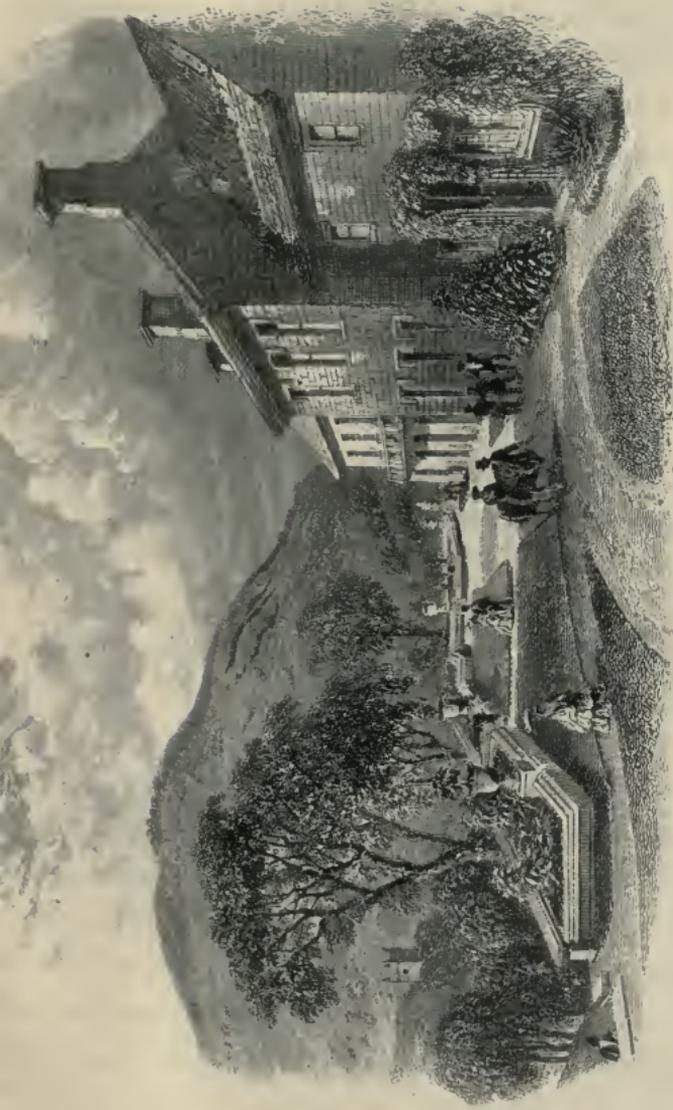
The Gothic tower of the church is elegant, and contains six good bells. The body is just the reverse, heavy ; but the chancel, now rebuilt, is a beautiful little structure, especially on the inside ; and adorned with two beautiful stained glass windows ; the one, chancel end, the gift of Lady Paxton ; the other, of Mrs. Greaves of Rockville.\*

We have written all this by anticipation. Now we must step on to the bridge and cross over to the town. The bridge is exactly similar to that of Cromford already named, page 81. It has been widened, and is built at a shallow, once a ford, and no doubt once a settlement of the ancient Britons, for on cutting away the embankment to form the present railway station, a "cist" was found, containing a sun-dried urn, with burnt bones within. On the top of the bones was placed a smaller urn, which no doubt contained the heart ; it being the practice of the ancient Druids to burn their dead, but preserve the heart, a practice common also to the ancient Romans. The Romans, however, were more distinguished by having silver urns made for them. This practice doubtless was confined to the rich or most distinguished among their tribes.† This bridge was sketched about 1790 by Turner, and found, with many other sketches, among his papers after his death. But so altered were the adjuncts of the bridge

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\* See "Gem of the Peak," Sixth Edition, page 87.

† Both urns are in the possession of Mr. Bateman, of Middleton, by Yculgrave, who has a large collection. See page 39.



**LIME TREE VIEW, MATLOCK BANK.**

**MATLOCK.**

Lime Tree View, Matlock Bank, Matlock Bridge Station, near the Hydropathic Establishment.

For Families, Invalids, and Visitors, the Healthiest, Best Situate, and most Commodious Residence in the Neighbourhood.

TERMS VERY MODERATE.

References in London, Manchester, Liverpool, and Malvern.



that the author scarcely recognized it as the same, but for the view it contained of Riber Hill, and the mound or Cromleck visible on its top.\* An old house stood on the middle of the present road, near to the Queen's Head Inn (Mrs. Roper's), whose front too has been changed. The old road went by the present Post Office. The old cottages too, on the east of the bridge, have been swept away, and handsome houses and shops built in their stead ; but the old bridge stands as stern and antique looking as ever.

The Matlock-Bridge station is close by, and also a very handsome old dwelling-house, enclosed by walls and ample foliage, an agreeable retreat ; now converted into a young ladies' boarding-school, carried on by the Misses Reddish. The inn, a good house, is a great convenience by being so near the station.

We must now take the stile on the other side of the bridge, and cross the meadows to Matlock Town, in order to examine the Lums, a small stream arising from the drainage of Tansley and Coocklestone Moors. It is a pretty stream of itself, but interesting and important from the number of mills worked by it in the space of a mile. We will step by Knowles' Villas, have a peep at them, and then through the Green, or lower part of Matlock, already described ; and first we find ourselves by the large flour mill and malting-houses of Messrs. Blackwell, on the right ; Mr. Clark's academy for

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\* See a very handsome publication, by Hogarth, Haymarket, London, entitled "Sixty Years Ago."

young gentlemen, and lastly, the pretty little cottage of the resident engineer of the Matlock line. Opposite to these are two neat villas, with highly ornamental grounds, one the residence of the Rev. Mr. Shepperd, and the other of Mr. Blackwell. Here we will take the stile on the left through the field, and the footpath will lead us by the back of the next flour mill (Mr. Oldfield's) and the seminary for young ladies, nicely situated, carried on by Miss Bromley. Soon we are led across the busy stream, and arrive at what is termed locally, the "Bump" Mill, where cotton wicks of all kinds are manufactured on a large scale, belonging to Messrs. Radford. The resident proprietor, Edward Radford, Esq., one of the presiding magistrates, has a handsome house and grounds just above on the slope of the hill. The stream which drives the machinery here is a tributary of the Lums, called Tansley Brook, which, a mile up, is pressed first into the service of a flour mill, then one for wood-turning, and lastly, before reaching this, it sets in motion two tape mills belonging to Mr. Hackett.

The walk to Tansley village is very pretty. But we must turn up this narrow and romantic dell, overhung with rich foliage, and a clear and beautiful stream rushing close to our side. And first we come to Mr. Farnsworth's bleaching works, and just above are Mr. Garton's, who bleaches the cotton thread for Arkwrights, &c., and has besides a manufactory for Dutch lead, the same as the works we noticed under the High Tor. But now we must ascend a few steps higher, and see on the right how the stream comes leaping and foaming down the massive and perpendicular rocks of the

grit. The fall is about thirty feet, rugged and stern in the shade, but when the sun is on it, you might at times catch a glimpse of the lovely tints of the rainbow reflected from its spray. Then it is a beautiful sight, and all the accidents attendant on it add to its beauty and interest.

Mr. Garton has a very nice villa nestled under the cliff above on the left, with beautiful grounds well sheltered, being backed by a wood of pines. The bleak moors are high up on our right. Before concluding this part we cannot help remarking on the terrible effects produced by this stream, when swollen into a mighty torrent, on the night of the 25th of June, 1835, when George the Fourth died. That ever-memorable night, when the whole heavens seemed crashing and rending to atoms — a scene, alternately every instant of intense light, and profound darkness, that might be felt — this little stream, swollen into a mighty torrent, thundered along, carrying everything in its course near it. Walls and bridges were all swept away throughout its course. In Matlock Town the gardens were completely destroyed, and many of the heaviest stones were carried by the force of the torrent to considerable distances. So much for the power of water in its terrible strength. But of how much utility is this little busy stream in its gentleness, in turning so many mills, giving employment to so many busy hands, and thus in many ways contributing its quota of benefit to the well-being of man. Although it is deficient in what the angler is in search of, viz. — trout and grayling, to the artist it is of considerable interest, for the scenery of this romantic spot has been said to be worthy of the pencil of a Salvator Rosa. From this point

down to near the Messrs. Radford's mill, is called Lumsdale. The source of the stream is about three miles higher up on the moors to the north, but it is uninteresting and not worth a visit.

## MATLOCK BANK.

The Bank has long been considered as totally distinct from the town. Geologically considered, it is the first "step" of the high moorlands which lie between Matlock and Chesterfield, but all this, to the altitude of at least six hundred feet above the valley, is now highly cultivated and enriched with hedge-rows and trees; with houses and cottages scattered irregularly over its surface. It has a plentiful supply of pure water. This water flows from the faults of the gritstone and off the coal clay, which is distinctly traceable in places, and which has led some to consider that a seam of good coal may be found about Tansley; but such is not the case, for the grit is the base of the deep coal in Derbyshire.

The changes in the Bank were slow and unimportant, as well as the improvement of the people, till within these very few years. But since the establishment of the hydropathic system by Mr. Smedley, commenced in a spirit of pure benevolence, the Bank has improved immensely for the better in all respects. The cottages are cleaner, many enlarged, and new houses and villas have sprung up everywhere, so that with Mr. Smedley's large establishment, it has a most imposing appearance. It is to the existence of this establishment we must look for the cause of this happy change. It had a very small beginning, and was added to and enlarged

as circumstances required ; but these additions were found inadequate and inconvenient, so that Mr. Smedley having purchased sufficient land, was determined to put an end to half measures, by erecting an extensive and suitable pile of buildings, comprehending a great increase in the number of rooms, and every possible convenience and comfort that his patients might require. Nor, in this respect, was the ornamental overlooked, every window in the noble pile being composed of two large squares of plate glass, with coloured glass margins, the frames mahogany, which has a pleasing and beautiful effect, and to a mind enfeebled, or affected by bodily ailments, attractive objects have a soothing influence on the mind. The new drawing-room is a noble room, worthy of such a large establishment. Its dimensions are sixty-five feet by thirty, and a good height, fitted up in a peculiar style, adapted equally for the most delicate patient, and others who can move about at their ease. One side is fitted up with an ornamental wooden canopy, if it may be so called, supported by pillars, finished at the top with carved work, and divided into seven compartments, each furnished with a couch for the invalid and chairs for friends, so that each party may enjoy their own *tête-a-tête* undisturbed by any other. Couches also occupy the right side under the windows, and a double row, back to back, run down the centre, with ample space between these and each side to promenade the room freely. The whole of the front, from about three feet above the floor, is plate glass, in large mahogany frames, with margins of stained glass in crimson and blue. Along the top of these there are ventilators, with paneled slides, to regulate the temperature, the room being warmed with hot-air pipes. Thus the room

is not only very large and handsome, but exceedingly comfortable in all weathers, and the rich and magnificent scenery seen from hence adds an indescribable charm to the whole.

The new kitchen is of colossal dimensions, with a very large domical lantern in the roof, which serves both for light and ventilation.

New and extensive baths have been also erected connected with the new structure, and approachable at all times and seasons under cover. The grounds are very greatly extended, and laid out in terrace walks and landscape gardening, highly ornamental, so that the invalid may take walking exercise and enjoy himself at pleasure in these extensive grounds, without leaving the premises, a great acquisition at any time. The position of this establishment on the Bank gives to it a commanding view of the beautiful scenery, while it is effectually screened from the cold winds by the lofty heights above it.

#### MINES.

Taking the stile or gate at Matlock Bridge, left side of the river, a road will lead a party directly to Caudor Mine, which is in constant work. It belongs to Messrs. Milne, who have spent many thousand pounds in getting to the ore, and in erecting a powerful engine to lift their water, which was very troublesome ; for every time the river became swollen it filled the mine and drowned them out, hence the upper part of the shaft is tubbed to keep the river out. This is done by covering the shaft with a series of curved cast-iron plates,

which fit exactly to each other, and form a circle. Thin strips of very dry wood are placed in each joint, which becoming moist expands, and keeps the whole firmly bound together. A small space which is left between the iron casing and the natural wall of the mine shaft, is carefully puddled with clay, so that no water can penetrate it. This casing or tubbing (miner's phrase) is continued down about sixty feet. The depth of the mine is nearly three hundred feet.

They have obtained some good ore here, and a good deal of blend, or black jack, as the miners term it, a sulphuret of zinc, which they break up, dress, and send to Birmingham, where it is amalgamated with copper to form brass. It is sold at forty shillings per ton. This helps slightly to pay expenses.

But the chief of the lead ore has been obtained from a mine half a mile above, called the Seven Rakes, which belongs to the same parties. This was abandoned in consequence of the water; but by draining the Cauder Mine below, they have effectually laid dry the Seven Rakes, and obtained a good deal of valuable ore. At present they are not obtaining much. To see such a mine at work, with its powerful engine in motion, together with a smaller one for crushing the ore — the troughs and implements for washing and drying it, and the coe where it is placed when ready for sale — must be an object of interest to a stranger.

The Snitterton Mine, a mile to the west on the road to Wensley, is worked by a company (limited), who are trying for ore, and hope it will turn out well. They have not yet

been obliged to employ steam power to lift their water, but we expect they will have to resort to it before they can do any good. The "trial" should be a good one, for it is in the shale, with all the limestone measures below them. The mines above this on Masson side have been worked centuries ago, and are quite exhausted of lead ore; but calamine, or the carbonate of zinc might be found in quantity if the price was high enough.

Along the hill side towards Wensley, there is still a little done. At the Oxclose they are getting iron pyrites, a sulphurate of iron. Above the top of Wensley, on the right, they do pretty well in getting the brown ore, once neglected, not being understood. This is a carbonate of lead, and produces about thirty-five per cent. of pure lead ore.

On the opposite side of the valley to this, Mr. Wass has erected a very powerful engine at the Mill-close Mine, or Mines, long out of work — abandoned in consequence of the water. The measures are all favourable, and there is no doubt this trial will prove highly productive, when the mines are properly drained, so as to enable them to sink low enough. This beautiful engine cost about six thousand pounds, and a visit to it would well repay the trouble of going. It is only a short distance above the fishing stream at Darley Bridge, perhaps half a mile, not over.

At Wensley the limestone hills terminate northward, and take a direct westerly course by Winster and Elton, a narrow valley separating the limestone, the grit and shale, all the

way. Along the margin of the limestone, mine shafts and mine hillocks are numerous ; but most of them are completely worked out. The chief ore obtained at present is the brown carbonate, already named. These points bring us into the neighbourhood of the Alport and Youlgreave mines, already described pages 25, 26, and 27. The narrow gritstone ridge only separates them, and runs in between them like a wedge, terminating in a point below Elton.

Here it will be seen that no lead mines exist on the gritstone. There is not one mine hillock on the north of this little valley, which shows how important a thorough knowledge of the measures is necessary to success in mining operations. The study of geology would aid the miner if he would only avail himself of it.

The celebrated Router Rocks, or Rocking Stones, are in this neighbourhood, and ought to be named here, for they are decidedly worth a visit.\*

We have thought it right to name all the mines and the mining operations together, so as to connect the series. We must now return to Matlock for the scenery and fishing.

#### FISHING.

From Matlock Bridge, as far up as a mile beyond Darley Bridge, the angler may proceed without let or hindrance. At that point the Duke of Rutland's property commences, which

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\* See "Gem of the Peak," p. 271, Sixth Edition.

is strictly preserved, and no one can obtain leave to fish without a card of permission from Mr. Cooper, landlord of the Peacock Inn, Rowsley. All visitors at the inn have the right. The distance which may be considered free, from Matlock Bridge to the point named, is about four miles, and this length is decidedly one of the best on the river for fishing. It is particularly free from wood nearly throughout, with many nooks and corners of deep still water, where trout and grayling are likely to be found; while at the same time there are objects of interest and beauty on each side of the angler's path, should he choose to examine them. This we will now proceed to show.

The Cauder Mine we have already described, but of the scenery said nothing. Here we shall find ourselves in a narrow dell of the limestones, almost entirely occupied by the rail, the river, and the road, to Bakewell. The rocks on the left, above which is a cluster of houses called the Dimple, are low, but once exceedingly rich in lead ore. On the right is a very bold escarpment of the limestone, extensively quarried for limestone, which is sent away into Staffordshire and elsewhere as a flux for the iron-stone. Hundreds of tons are sent off weekly.

Proceeding onwards, per road on the left side of the river, or by the meadows on the right, we shall perceive, on entering Darley Dale, at the end of the dell, a very singular hill, standing right in the middle of the valley, called Oker. This is an outlier of the grit and shale, and on its top once existed a Roman encampment. These people left sufficient traces

of its existence, but which are now totally obliterated by the plough. On its top, however, exist two trees, and only two, said to have been planted by two brothers, who separated immediately after, each taking his own way, and, as Wordsworth beautifully observes, never met again,

“ Until their spirits mingled in the sea  
That to itself takes all — Eternity.”

*Keepsake, 1838.*

At the end of the dell we enter Darley Dale, and all the limestones disappear on our right. The grit and shale take their place, and the Derwent from hence flows through these measures from its source; and these dark and frowning moorlands extend from this point as far as the Cheviot Hills in Scotland—with only two breaks—unbroken in their entire course, except by the valley of Todmorden and the Derwent Valley. Everywhere else you must climb these lofty hills, and Blackstone Edge in Yorkshire is one of its highest roadways, except the Manchester road above Buxton, which is about 1600 feet above the sea. Hence too, some of the longest railway tunnels are to be found in this range, owing to its great breadth.

The walk through the meadows to Darley Bridge is beautiful and the fishing excellent. There is scarcely a shrub or tree in the whole distance on the west side, and the river, which is therefore at all points accessible, and the dale too, are spread out in all their loveliness to the angler, with the rich woods and pine-crowned heights of Stanton Lees nearly right ahead of him; a knoll covered with pines (an outlier), standing sentinel like at the north entrance of the dale on

the left — another knoll equally bold (an outlier from the great gritstone range too), standing about midway up the valley on the right, and the irregular and broken mass of oker, a geological nondescript, occupying the middle, with green meadows in all their freshness, filling in between. The river in its tortuous course, sometimes rapid, at others slow, deep and still in its flow, like a thread of silver, completes the scenic effect of this fine and extensive valley, as seen from the heights at its entrance on a sunny day.

## DARLEY CHURCH.

Arriving at Darley Bridge, we have Wensley, a straggling mining village, high up on our left, where a pretty little church has of late years been built, for the benefit of the Wensley people, Darley Church being so far off. Winster, a very old mining town, lies two miles above Wensley. A few houses are scattered about the bridge, but the church and the rector's house are still nearly half a mile beyond, and with only about four or five houses, and the school-room connected with them. Thus so singularly detached is the church from the mass of the population in this very large parish, but it is beautifully situated amongst shady trees, likewise the rectory, which is close by.

The church in structure may be compared to a "tiny" cathedral, having a nave, chancel, and transept, and a handsome square tower containing five bells. Here is an old monument to John of Darley, who was killed in the Holy Wars, and two others, very singular; namely, to two families of the name of Rollisley, one in the north transept. The figures,

rudely carved on alabaster slabs, are father and mother, full length, with the children, twelve in number, underneath, viz.— eight sons and four daughters. The other family consists of three daughters and nine sons, and in the chancel is a very striking and well executed monument, sculptured in relief, to their memory. The respective dates are 1512 and 1513. There is also a very large and handsome Norman font, very well sculptured, with the quarterings of some family, but unfinished. This is large enough to immerse a child, with a plug at the bottom to let the water out, which shows the practice of that early age to baptize infants by immersion. Close to the font is a part of the old chapel, screened off by open tracery work in stone, now converted into a large family pew, belonging to Darley Hall, the property of the celebrated Joseph Whitworth, Esq., who owns Stancliff Hall, and a large property in the neighbourhood.\*

There is a very fine memorial window of stained glass, to the memory of Mrs. Waltholl, the relic of the late Peter Waltholl, Esq., who presented to the church, on its being altered and repaired, a beautifully carved stone pulpit. The panels, top, mouldings, and gothic pedestal, are richly carved, and around the top these words are engraved — “The entrance of Thy Word giveth light.”

The church is decidedly Norman, and a very unique and interesting little structure it is ; and if parties are not induced to come and see it for itself, they will infallibly be

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\* The maker of the rifled cannon.

attracted by its far-famed Yew tree, the largest and oldest in the kingdom. Its age is doubtful, but all agree in attributing to it a great age ; some state it to be fifteen hundred, others two thousand five hundred years old.\* It is thirty-two feet round the base, and one of the massive stems, in a state of decay, at the height of nearly twenty feet will allow room for four men to stand within the cavity. This remarkable yew is still in full vigour.

We cannot pass on without referring the stranger to Toad-hole (Two Dales), nearly a mile off, where there is a large thread manufactory, not common in this kingdom ; Marshall's splendid establishment at Leeds is the only other one we know. But it is to the character of the machinery we direct attention. The proprietors, the Messrs. Dakeyne, have contrived an iron globe or ball crank, placed within an iron cup, the bottom of which is connected with a crank below it. The globe is set in motion by a small stream of water, brought down a steep hill in an iron piping, of no great bore, and thrown on this ball, which by its oscillation moves the crank below. This in its turn moves an iron rod or beam, which, supported on wheels, crosses the high road, enters the manufactory, and sets the machinery of one room in motion. When the water has accomplished this, it is forced up again, by the same agency, through another pipe, into the goat above it, which carries it into the mill-dam above that, and which receives the drainage of the valley beyond, for the purpose of driving the chief part of the machinery in the mill, which

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\* Some learned *savans* from London considered it to be of immense age.

stands on the opposite side of the valley to this extraordinary machine-house.\* We have often seen the large water-wheel in motion, but to describe the principle exactly by which this is effected, we cannot tell, for the water power available is very small. The water is brought down from the small reservoir about two hundred yards. A good many hands are employed here in spinning flax. Here are also the fine Nursery grounds of Mr. James Smith, a practical landscape gardener. We must now return to Darley Church, and we shall find our next object of interest close by.

From Darley Church it is but a short distance to the celebrated Darley Quarry. This quarry is in an outlier of the gritstone already noticed in our observations on the dale. (See page 110.) It is of a deep colour, rather fine in the grain, compact, tolerably hard, and very durable, as the oldest parts of Chatsworth, which is built of a similar stone, will prove. In fact it forms a splendid and durable building stone. The quarry has been long worked, and is of considerable extent. Nothing but large stone is quarried here, all the smaller pieces or blocks being cast on one side, which, when the rail is opened throughout, will no doubt be of great value for general building purposes. Some blocks we have seen obtained in the quarry, which, when squared and wrought, have been fifteen tons weight. Parts of the pillars for the station at Birmingham were of this weight. The lions placed on each side of the gateways of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, were sculptured in this quarry, and weighed, when finished,

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\* Such are the extraordinary means used to supply these mills from the great scarcity of water in this valley.

exclusive of the tail and fore legs,\* six tons each. All the large stones for that building were sent from hence. This fine bed of gritstone forms the lowest measure of the great gritstone range, and is from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in thickness at this point, and is a most valuable stone. Stonecliff Hall, the residence of Mr. Whitworth, stands on the low ridge which connects this knoll with the high moorland, and most of the property in the neighbourhood belongs to that gentleman.

For the next two miles, there is nothing of importance on the right bank of the river, but on the left we have the magnificent woods, with the beautiful grass rides and drives of the Duke of Rutland, and W. P. Thornhill, Esq., which we have already alluded to (page 22).

Amongst the open glades of the woods on the hill side, may be observed Stanton Woodhouse, the shooting-box of the Duke of Rutland, and just below it the angler will find the eastern end of the Youlgreave and Alport Sough (described at pp. 25 and 26), which relieves the mines of their water in that important mineral field. The Sough on this side, at its mouth, is said to contain most excellent fish. About two hundred yards from the outlet, the Scugh empties itself into the Derwent.

From hence we are soon at Rowsley, and its pretty gothic inn, and once more in the neighbourhood of Haddon, of which

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\* These were sculptured and sent separately.

we shall speak presently. (See page 20, for Rowsley and its fine Inn.) But here we must observe that the toll-bar keeper has a large assortment of the proper flies and tackle for fishing the Wye and Derwent, and this is not a hundred yards from the inn; so that parties visiting Rowsley need be at no loss for the required material for fishing, when it will depend upon their own skill to obtain a well-filled k reel of trout or grayling.

Before we proceed on our tour upwards we must name Haddon Hall, an object of the deepest interest from its having been the residence of Sir George Vernon, so often styled the "King of the Peak." None visiting Derbyshire ought to omit visiting this fine old baronial residence, still in a state of complete repair, although uninhabited for about two centuries—such care and such regard have the Dukes of Rutland for this Hall, which came into their family by the marriage of Sir John Manners to the beautiful Dorothy Vernon, daughter of Sir George. But our account of Haddon is so ample and complete in the "Gem of the Peak," and was so highly approved of by the late Duke of Rutland, whose note is appended below,\* that we cannot do more than refer to the "Gem," (page 165) and

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\* "Belvoir Castle, Sept. 24th, 1847. Sir,—Time did not permit me to express my thanks sufficiently when you presented to me a handsome copy of your "Gem of the Peak," on my last visit to Matlock. I have since perused it with pleasure, and, in a literary point of view, think it a work of great merit; and I am especially pleased with your description of my old Hall of Haddon,—Yours, &c., RUTLAND."

only notice an interesting event which happened there this year, (August 17, 1860), when Haddon appeared again to be filled with "beauty and fashion." In order to restore the old church of St. Peter's, at Derby, the Duke of Rutland was applied to for the use of Haddon to hold a bazaar, to raise the required funds for the purpose. This was freely granted, and for three successive days Haddon was a scene of festivity. The Ball room was occupied along one side and at the top with stalls, canopied over with rich muslin curtains, on which were displayed articles of virtue and fancy work of all kinds, the latter wrought by the delicate hands of the ladies, who in their sumptuous and elegant dresses floated around their various stalls, and seemed as *au fait* in tempting their customers to buy as if they had been accustomed to it for years, and in which they were indeed eminently successful. The Ladies Patronesses were not forgetful of "music that charms," for an excellent band was provided, which played on the lawn under the ball room windows, where the merry dance was ever and anon continued during the time, while groups paraded the upper terrace walks, or lounged on the balustrades, looking down on the dancers beneath them. Nor were the good things of this life forgotten either. The great Hall was again filled with eager crowds to partake of refreshments, the old oak table on the dais was loaded with delicious viands of every description, while a long table stretched down one side for the accommodation of those who chose to sit, and two reverends condescended to be servitors to the public, assisted by other gentlemen. It was a noble and interesting gathering, and brought back

vividly to our mind's eye the glorious doings in Haddon on one of her ancient festive days, when the "King of the Peak" kept open house for all comers, especially on the bridals of his daughters.

We must retrace our steps to Rowsley and the valley of the Derwent, and here we cannot help introducing some beautiful lines of Eliza Cook's, on the Derbyshire dales: for here we are at the junction of some of the loveliest in Derbyshire—Darley lies below us in all its beauty, Chatsworth Dale stretches away to our right, Haddon to the left, and as an off-shoot from this we have the lovely Lathkil and the Bradford, and although neither are noticed in the composition yet it will not fail, doubtless, to be appreciated here:—

## DERBYSHIRE DALES.

I sigh for the land where the orange-tree flingeth  
 Its prodigal bloom on the myrtle below;  
 Where the moonlight is warm, and the gondolier singeth,  
 And clear waters take up the strain as they go.

Oh! fond is the longing, and rapt is the vision,  
 That stirs up my soul over Italy's tales;  
 But the present was bright as the far-off Elysian,  
 When I roved in the sun-flood through Derbyshire Dales.

There was joy for my eye, there was balm for my breathing;  
 Green branches above me—blue streams at my side:  
 The hand of Creation seemed proudly bequeathing  
 The beauty reserved for a festival tide.

I was bound like a child, by some magical story ;  
 Forgetting the "South" and "Ionian Vales ;"  
 And felt that dear England had temples of glory,  
 Where any might worship, in Derbyshire Dales.

Sweet pass of the "Dove !" 'mid rock, river, and dingle,  
 How great is thy charm for the wanderer's breast !  
 With thy moss-girdled towers and foam-jewell'd shingle,  
 Thy mountains of might, and thy valleys of rest.

I gazed on thy wonders—lone, silent, adoring ;  
 I bent at the altar whose "fire never pales :"  
 The Great Father was with me—Devotion was pouring  
 Its holiest praises in Derbyshire Dales.

Wild glen of dark "Taddington"—rich in thy robing  
 Of forest-green cloak, with gray lacing bedight ;  
 How I lingered to watch the red Western rays probing  
 Thy leaf-mantled bosom with lances of light !

And "Monsal," thou mine of Arcadian treasure,  
 Need we seek for "Greek Islands" and spice-laden gales,  
 While a Temple like thee, of enchantment and pleasure,  
 May be found in our own native Derbyshire Dales ?

There is much in my Past, bearing waymarks of flowers,  
 The purest and rarest in odour and bloom ;  
 There are beings, and breathings, and places, and hours,  
 Still trailing in roses o'er Memory's tomb.

And when I shall count of the bliss that's departed,  
 And Old Age be telling its garrulous tales ;  
 Those days will be first when the kind and true-hearted  
 Were nursing my spirit in Derbyshire Dales.

Our way now led up what we term Chatsworth Dale, or Valley, by Beeley; it is a mile to this little village and the banks of the river are high, rough, and very steep, but from thence they are low and free from wood. The left-hand side is low throughout from Rowsley to Chatsworth Park, and everywhere accessible to the angler, where he may obtain excellent sport. This, taking the turns of the river into account, would be two miles. There is a footpath through the meadows to the park gates, which affords a beautiful and pleasant walk for the tourist during the summer months. But we must take the high-road, where, after passing the station and ascending the high ground, we obtain a fine view of Chatsworth Park and its hunting tower, on which floats proudly the Duke's flag—an indication of the Duke's presence at Chatsworth—beyond, the lofty [frowning crags and bleak moors of Corber Edge appear. Looking back from hence we have a splendid view of hills and dales—rich in pastures, fields, and water stretching many miles far away towards Newhaven, Hartington, and Buxton. We now soon arrive at the pretty little village of Beeley, with its little church and new and gothic parsonage: this the late Duke ordered to be built for a resident clergyman; before it had none, being attached to Baslow, three miles off. The Duke had the church elongated and repaired, and handsomely endowed, and here His Grace sometimes in summer, walked from Chatsworth (two miles) to church. His Grace enlarged and beautified the village also. It is situated at an angle of the dark moorlands—which tower above it, and which contrast powerfully with the rich valley and flowing river beneath

them. There is a small inn here, where the tourist may obtain refreshment if he wishes.

The entrance to Chatsworth Park is scarcely three quarters of mile distant, where the present Duke is building a beautiful lodge, in the gothic style, instead of the old one which has been long wanted. This private entrance has long contrasted strangely with the beautiful gates and lodges at Baslow.

Here we turn to the left over the old bridge, which is the public road through the park to Edensor, Baslow, &c. The view from the bridge, both up and down the river, is exceedingly pleasing. Above we have a view of the south end of this noble park, with its groups of deer, cattle, and sheep (alpacas) in great numbers, and through it rushes the rapid stream of the Derwent, now clear and limpid; as we look down upon it, but a little above the bridge it throws itself with great force over a slight fall amongst large masses of loose gritstones, which has a beautiful effect. Here—if the angler has obtained a ticket of leave from Mr. Jepson, of the Edensor Hotel—he may fish all the way up to the bridge at Chatsworth.

We must take the high road in order to obtain views of the splendid scenery of the park and country around.

#### VIEW OF CHATSWORTH PARK.

As we ascend the road, darkly shaded with trees at the commencement, various parts of the park ever and anon appear of great beauty, but when the summit is attained

and the whole is laid open to view, south, north, and east, it presents a panorama of great extent, beauty, and grandeur, that may be equalled but not surpassed by any in the three kingdoms. On the south we have the green knolls and rich pastures ridging upwards to the margin of the purple heather which covers the moorlands. Eastward there is the park laid out in all its beauty of glade, and glen, and mountain side, covered with thick plantations, and the forest trees—oaks, elms, &c.—of gigantic size, which have weathered many a storm. Lower down, on a splendid platform, stands Chatsworth in all its breadth and beauty of outline, highly adorned with vases, figures, carved pediment, with the Duke's arms in full relief on the tympanum, pilasters, and various other enrichments, while the large and splendid windows of plate glass\* in gault frames give out gleams of light, the stone of the building itself being of a fine cream colour,† give to Chatsworth a splendour that few houses possess. All this backed with magnificent woods, rising tier above tier, amongst which the top of the magnificent conservatory can be seen, and between, rushing down the heights like a torrent of molten silver, the waters of the fountains appear, the two *jet d'eau* at the same time sending up their brilliant columns of waters to a great height and then falling in spray has a grand effect. These

\* This is especially the case of those in the south front.

† If the houses of Parliament had been built of this fine and durable stone they would have needed no renewal, and much money would have been saved.

woods, "Fountains and Conservatory," were all brilliantly lit up on the night of the grand ball at Chatsworth on the Queen's visit in 1843. The *coup d' œil* was truly magnificent.\* But to proceed with a description of our view, to the left of the house are the great stables, built by the fifth duke at the cost of £40,000; directly above these is the hunting tower, and everywhere, spread over the vast extent of the park, are clusters of tall trees, as well as detached ones, of every description, with fine knolls equally covered with them—the rich plain below stretching north by the gardens to Baslow—the river flowing between, and so close to Chatsworth as to reflect that noble pile with great distinctness and power in its clear waters—and away to the northeast are seen the lofty moors of Corber—Eyam Edge, above Stony Middleton, and the great limestone ridge of Longstone Edge, direct north, and the High Lees west; so that the beautiful valley in which Chatsworth stands is encircled by lofty mountains covered with purple heath and dark dense woods—like a gem set in an ebony frame, the better to set off its unrivalled beauties.

The interior of Chatsworth is equal in beauty and splendour to its exterior, only of a different character: its great hall, noble state-rooms, beautiful drawing-rooms, extensive

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\* This is no exaggerated account, for at least 20,000 people saw this splendid sight on the night of the great ball, when the Queen was down, in the year stated above. We ourselves, having the privilege of the *entree*, both to the house and grounds, saw it to perfection.

library, and new dining-room, all richly furnished and highly decorated and filled with objects of virtu, with the galleries of drawings and cabinet pictures, sculpture gallery and orangery beyond it, besides numerous other apartments of great interest, make Chatsworth equal, if not superior, for completeness and splendour to any other house we know of; it is well named "The Palace of the Peak." But, as before, we beg to refer to the "Gem of the Peak" for special information, as our province lies in another direction.

We will, therefore, proceed from our position to Edensor village and the hotel there. This village has been completely rebuilt on a new model by the late Duke, with an entrance lodge to it. The old church and the parsonage are the only parts that have not undergone any change. There are very nice school-rooms, one for boys and another for girls, and a house for Mr. Cottingham, the Duke's steward. Within it is every comfort a man may reasonably require; everything is so clean and neat, shrubs, flowers, and well-kept grassplots, are seen throughout, and an air of contentment pervades the whole. The church contains a fine monument of one of the Earls of Devonshire, but the late Duke lies outside amongst his tenantry. His Grace, sometime before he died, went and selected the spot himself. We visited it soon after he was buried in this his last resting place, and could not help paying a tribute of deep respect to a nobleman whom we had long known—whose refined tastes, princely magnificence, high principles of political rectitude and honour, and great kindness of heart, made him to be looked up to by many as a guide and

a true friend, and to be beloved by all who were the most intimately acquainted with him. His Grace's many acts of private benevolence is known to few except the recipients.

Our next point is the hotel, which is within a short distance. This house was originally built for the accommodation of the numerous visitors to Chatsworth, as, from their number and importance, there was no place near at hand or of sufficient magnitude: therefore it contains within itself every essential requisite for the entertainment and comfort of visitors and tourists. A very large and handsome ladies' coffee-room, a number of excellent private sitting-rooms, and numerous bed-rooms, all well-furnished and lofty, and, from the continued increase of visitors, there is a new and beautiful room, with a large bow window, in course of completion, with additional bed-rooms; a new kitchen too, upon a large scale, is about finished, with other offices needful for an increasing business. Families and parties may enjoy themselves for weeks here and in rambling about the park and visiting the fine objects to be found on every hand in the neighbourhood. The views from the house of the park, &c., are fine. The proprietor, Mr. Jepson, is unremitting in his attentions to the wants of his visitors.

An excellent pathway leads direct to Chatsworth house, affording very beautiful views. We cross the stream over a handsome bridge of three arches; here we saw a beautiful

trout caught by a gentleman who stood above the bridge. The path takes to the left and leads by Mary Queen of Scots' bower, who was at Chatsworth some time, and now we enter on the great *plateau*, where the various rifle corps and part of the cavalry of the county were reviewed this last October by His Grace the Duke of Devonshire; Sir G. Wetherall inspected them, and, it appears, highly approved of their discipline and general bearing. It is said there were no less than forty thousand spectators on the ground, gathered from all quarters, some even came from London and other places equally far off. Tents were provided for their refreshment after the review; a number of tents were also provided for the public convenience, so that everyone was cared for. All this was under the management of Mr. Jepson, of Chatsworth Hotel, who performed this duty admirably, and with great satisfaction to the public generally. There was no stint—nothing deficient. This was the largest and most splendid gathering that ever took place in Chatsworth Park, not excepting that of 1843, when our gracious Queen was here.

The fishing along this part is excellent, being quite free from wood of any kind; the other side of the river is equally so. But here we are at the gardens, which terminate the river route of this side (right); space does not allow us to do more than name them. In their midst is the beautiful residence of Sir Joseph Paxton, surrounded with a galaxy of beauty—flowers of every hue, shrubs and exotic plants of the rarest kinds, and the gardens of twelve acres in extent contain grapes, fruits, and esculents of all

kinds required to supply the wants of an establishment like that of the Duke of Devonshire.\*

Taking our way by the gardens and through the plantation we arrive at the old and interesting village of Baslow; There is no public road through the park to Baslow, therefore all parties with carriages must proceed by Chatsworth hotel, and on attaining the high ground above it, turn to the right and Baslow will be found a mile below. Baslow is a straggling village, part of it being on the left side of the bridge, but the chief part is on the right. The bridge is an antiquated structure of three arches, but awkward to pass, being narrow and steep, and they have placed the toll-bar close to the east end, at which point the road divides—one to the left to Stoney Middleton and Castleton, and the right to Baslow, Sheffield, &c. To look over the bridge, up and down, is deeply interesting; above there is, on the right, a small inn, then the old fashioned corn mill, with its ponderous water wheel dashing the spray from its buckets, and the high weir over which the Derwent flings itself with great force and beauty, the agitated water dashing onwards over its pebbly bed, and sparkling as it flows through the old arches of the bridge below. The ancient hall of Bubnell, rearing its venerable towers, appears on the left, with an antiquated farm-steading peering from amidst the profuse vegetation which clothes this bank of the river with beauty as far as the eye can see, and forms

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\* See "Gem of the Peak" for all particulars, page 146-7, &c.

a combination of interesting objects which the artist might copy to advantage. Below, and close to the river, is the church, with its square tower and pretty tapering spire. This little house of God has been repaired and much beautified some years ago, by the late Duke of Devonshire. It has now its fine chancel window filled in with stained glass, besides other embellishments. The parsonage is close to it, and next to it some well built schools for the children. The chief part of the village lies on the hill, but the inns, which are three in number, occupy the lower part on the Sheffield road, and we shall proceed to notice them as they occur. The first, standing, *solus*, on high ground, is Mrs. Broomhead's, (Peacock), which was the shooting box of the late Duke of Rutland for many years. Its situation is exceeding beautiful, and of its capacity for comfort as a residence no one knowing this can have a doubt.\* Behind it is a bowling green surrounded with a margin of lovely flowers and shrubs, and it commands, from its position, an extensive view of Chatsworth park and the house. Here the tourist and families may rest and enjoy themselves at pleasure, every attention being given to their comfort and wants. Lower down, on the same side, is the Devonshire Arms, a pretty castellated structure, nicely shaded with trees, here also is every comfort and accommodation needful for visitors and tourists. The rooms are large and roomy, comfortable, and well furnished; one new suite has just been added which makes the house of considerable

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\* The Duke built Longshaw on the moors, some years ago, instead.

capacity, and Mrs. White, the landlady, pays every attention to the wants of her guests. Further on, on the left, is the old and well known house, the Wheat Sheaf, Mr. Ingleby's. It stands well connected, with a nice garden, and here too everything needful for the traveller can be had. It would be but a repetition of the same thing about good and comfortable rooms, and ready attentions, to speak of it as the others; the author has long known all of them from his position and repeated visits. But it may be asked how can a small village like this support three such establishments, and all posting houses. No, it does not support them by its own resources, but the great influx of visitors does; especially in the summer season, when thousands upon thousands flock here to get refreshments, and leave their carriages before they proceed to Chatsworth gardens and the house—taking the gardens first, which are close at hand, and then on to the house, spending the day, and then returning to resume their journey home—besides artists who come to sketch, and the anglers to fish, for from hence they can fish all the way up to Calver mill, two miles. Besides, too, it is a great thoroughfare from many districts to Sheffield and Chesterfield, and the last resting spot before all have to climb the dark and lofty moors which commence only a quarter of a mile above the village. This road winds up one side of a deep ravine, strewed everywhere with dark blocks,\* steril and wild, so that the

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\* This blackness is the result of the decay of incipient vegetation which grows upon the blocks.

traveller all at once passes from the rich and beautiful in nature to the wild and the savage. But, to proceed, on the right, at the extremity of the village, Doctor Condell, the Duke's physician, has an elegant villa, beautifully situated, and beyond the plantation are the lodges with handsome gates, the private entrance to Chatsworth. Through the village runs the Barbrook, a beautiful mountain stream in which some fine trout are found, this falls into the Derwent behind Chatsworth gardens.

We must now retrace our steps to the bridge, and proceed to Calver, and here we have little to remark upon, except to tell the tourist or angler if he likes to cross the bridge and pass Bubnell Hall, he will find a good footpath by the river's side, leading to the same point. The artist will find a few nice bits to sketch, and the angler may perhaps fill his k reel with trout and grayling—about the latter, however, he must consult Mrs. Broomhead.

#### GEOLOGY.

The road on the right of the river is exceedingly good, and winds by the side of the river nearly to Calver bridge. About three quarters of a mile onward, about the junction of the old road with the new, the geologist will find something to interest him. The high bank being cut away for the new road, some forty years ago, laid bare the top measures of the gritstone which alternates with very thick beds of shale. There the shale beds "weather" (perish) or crumble away by the pressure of every tempest and gra-

dually undermines the gritstone beds, (which are durable), and in course of time block after block comes thundering down, bearing tons of rubbish with them, by which cause part of the fields above and the end of the old road have been nearly swept away. The face of the lofty and celebrated mountain, Mam Tor, at Castleton, owes its destruction to the same cause.

Proceeding onwards, we find the village of Curbar high up on the hill side, which gives the name to the frowning, overhanging rocks high above it. Below the village is Cliff House, the residence of J. H. Hulme, Esq., and presently we come to Calver bridge, and the mill, belonging to a company for cotton spinning, and where numerous hands are employed. The bridge is a handsome structure of three arches, and here, above the bridge, we begin to see the first rude and dark blocks of gritstone strewed over the river's bed, which, toppled from the cliffs above, have been washed down as far as this by the force of the torrents during floods.

From hence the river takes a long sweep round the hill to the village of Froggatt, where there is a fine old bridge which crosses the river to that village; hence we have Froggatt Edge, out of which is quarried some of the best and most durable mill-stones in Derbyshire. It is of a very fine light colour, and granular. We did not visit Froggatt as our way led by the high road, to the lead mines at Calver.

At Calver we come again upon the limestones. The east end of Longstone Edge terminates here.

Here we come, once more, upon the limestones, and the great mineral field which has been, up to nearly the present period, exceedingly rich in lead ore. But, like all other things, mining has its changes,—and now after some years of prosperity—ore, as we have seen, at the “Dusty pit,” was obtained from the mine faster than they could crush and dress it at the surface. Now this is all reversed, we are sorry to say, for the present, but it may happen, as it did at the “Dusty pit,” that in driving the next few feet they may break into a rich load of ore. We are now on the eastern boundary of the limestone which runs in an irregular line by Eyam, where it emerges from under the shale and gritstone of Eyam Edge, and forms all the magnificent and lofty crags of Stoney Middleton,\* just below Eyam. It then trends away by Foolow, Great Hucklow, and Bradwell, to Castleton, its eastern boundary. From hence it runs almost in a straight line for twelve miles, to Buxton; thus it pushes itself like a wedge amongst the gritstones northeast, as the gritstones do (as mentioned page 107) south-westward between the limestones. But there is no confusion of measures in all this variety of position; the measures lap on to each other with the most perfect regularity, that is to say, the gritstone and shale are always in the proper order above the limestone. Now lead ore has been mined for all over this mineral field for ages. The original inhabitants of Britain worked them, and there can be no doubt the Saxons did also, for they give the name

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\* The clergyman here, the Rev. Mr. Smith, has a good collection of the fossils.

to one, originally one of the richest mines in England, and that is the Odin, at the foot of Mam Tor, at Castleton. The ore obtained was argentiferous, viz., rich in silver. Here we are at the Calver sough and the mill dam, and about half a mile off, near to Hassop westward, is the Brightgate and other mines, all which have been very rich, but poor now. Northeast about two miles, near to Eyam, we have the "Dusty Pit," and other mines on the great fault about Foolow, Great Hucklow, and the windmill, and the whole country, for four miles, to Castleton is covered with mine hillocks, shewing the extent and activity of mining operations in times gone by, as well as at the present. But the whole field is poor at present; may it soon be rich again for the sake of the miner! But these remarks do not exhaust the value and benefit of the limestone. Here, and in Stoney Middleton, it has been burnt for lime for many years, and millions of tons have been sent off to all the surrounding counties, for manure, as well as for building purposes. This, too, has fallen off considerably of late, because the rail has given more facile and cheaper modes of transport elsewhere than they possess at Calver.

Having made these remarks we shall proceed on our tour, only first observing that there is a very nice little Inn here, conducted by Mrs. Richard Howe, who is very civil and obliging, and her little parlour is fitted up with great taste and beautifully furnished. Many roads cross at this point.

Before proceeding to the bank of the Derwent, we must take a peep at Stoney Middleton. The church is built in

the form of an octagon and is a very good structure, close to it is Middleton Hall, the seat of Lord Denman, whose park and property occupy all the right side throughout the dale, and we are glad his Lordship had the good taste to prevent the lime burners from making an inroad upon, and despoiling any of the bold, nay, magnificent rocky ramparts on the right,\* some of which even overhang the houses in masses. Here, too, they have their Lover's Leap.† A powerful stream runs through the dale, but it is so dirty by the refuse thrown into it, that nothing can live in it. Here is an excellent inn and posting house, the Half Moon, Mr. Higginbotham, where parties will meet with polite attention and good fare.

The village of Eyam is only half a mile above, and should be visited if time permits. Its fine old cross, with Runic knots, and the church are decidedly worth seeing.

Our route from Calver is close by the side of the Derwent, which, with the road, occupies the entire space between the lofty hills on each side, presenting a narrow glen of great beauty. Stoke Hall, the property of — Simpson Esq., of Babworth, Nottinghamshire, forms a fine feature on this line. The Hall is an elegant object and may be considered one of the most delightful residences in North Derbyshire. It stands on an eminence to the right, on the very brink of the stream, commanding views of the valley up and down.

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\* The left hand side is terribly disfigured with lime pits, cupalos, &c.

† See "Gem of the Peak," page 336.

Beyond Stoke, turning up a short but steep hill, we passed the small hamlet of Grindleford Bridge, where a road diverges to Sheffield; then we come to a quarry in the grit-stone, where a fine section of this measure is laid open. Here the birch tree, scotch fir, and the underwood or copse are most luxuriant, ornamenting the stream, which is "dark with shadow," and majestically flowing. The lofty and frowning crags of Booth Edge, seen towering to the right, and Sir William, a gigantic hill to our left, are most imposing amongst so much sylvan and romantic beauty. On our way we passed Leam Hall, the residence of G. C. Athorpe, Esq., and high on the moors above is the shooting box of the Duke of Rutland, and Fox House, an inn and farm house placed at the cross roads, one leading to Sheffield the other to Chesterfield. Proceeding onwards we pass a cupalo, or smelting mill for lead, and then the toll-bar just at the entrance of the splendid valley of Hope, one of the richest and most beautiful in Derbyshire. From the heights above Hathersage, at which we have now arrived, the view of this dale is magnificent. The first time we saw it, some fifty years ago, we were taken by surprise at its extent and richness; we had just passed over the bleak moorland, and were descending upon Hathersage, when a view of this extensive dale was all at once laid open to us. Hemmed in on all sides by lofty mountains—Win Hill, Loose Hill, &c., on our right, Sir William, and the lofty heights above Castleton and Mam Tor, on the left, the valley, six miles long, rich in pastures, scattered over with cattle and a profusion of wood and well watered, was spread out before the view, and was really magnificent.

Hathersage is situated on the slopes of the gritstone, and close upon the moors. It has been long celebrated for the manufacture of pins, needles, wire-drawing, awl-blades, &c. The church, which is an imposing structure, is in the latest style of English architecture, with a chancel, nave, aisles, and a tower with six bells, surmounted by a lofty and elegant spire. The chancel contains the tombs of the Eyres, the forefathers of the late Earls of Newburgh, of Hassop. On an altar tomb there are effigies in brass of Robert Eyre, who fought in the battle of Agincourt, and of his wife and fourteen children. In the church there is a very ancient stone font, well carved, and inside the churchyard is the burying place of Little John, "the favorite companion of Robin Hood." Two upright stones are pointed out to the stranger to mark the spot where he lay until exhumed many years ago. Tradition points to Win Hill and Loose Hill, in the neighbourhood, as being at one time the scene of his exploits. Camp Hill, not far from the town, is said to have been the site of a Danish camp. There is an excellent inn here, the Ordinance Arms, Mr. R. Perks, proprietor, where the artist, angler, and tourist will find comfortable quarters, and there are some beautiful bits of scenery in the neighbourhood to tempt the one, and a good fishing stream or streams as far up as Castleton, to tempt the other. Castleton is six miles from Hathersage, where we shall now proceed, leaving Bamford and its mills away to our right, until we go to Derwent Head.

Within one mile of Castleton we find the pretty village of Hope, which gives the name to this extensive and beautiful

vale. On our way to Hope we have to cross the Derwent, about three miles from Hathersage, by a handsome stone bridge. Below this the river abuts against the shale beds of the broad base of the lofty Sir William and scooped away during floods vast masses of this very perishable material; the cliffs on the left side being exceedingly steep and allowing not a single path for the fisherman on that side of the river till he reaches the bridge. The river Styx or Peveril, as it is sometimes called, falls into the Derwent here and affords some very good trout, but the fishing on the Derwent above the bridge and the No<sup>o</sup>, as before observed, is let to a party for five years, so that the stranger must be content with the smaller stream.

The village of Hope is soon reached, and is a pretty little spot with a handsome church, having a fine tower surmounted by a spire; the tower contains six bells. Here is a free school, and it also possesses charities to the annual value of £49. It once, too, had a weekly market, which is now disused.

Within somewhat of a mile of Hope, westward, in a nook of the valley, is Bradwell, well known for its quarry of Derbyshire roofing slates (the thin micaceous grits), which form the upper measures of the gritstone.\* But here also is a cave, or series of small caves, the most beautiful that can well be imagined. These caves we visited some years ago, and they are covered with stalactites and stalagmites in

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\* See "First Lessons on Geology," page 71.

profusion ; roofs, sides, and floors are literally studded with them in forms the most extraordinary—to describe them is impossible—but the difficulty of reaching them is so trying that few will venture. The audit or level is wet and low, so that you are obliged to proceed in a stooping posture till they are reached. There is nothing like them in the county.

From Bradwell there is a footpath to Castleton. This village contains the PEAK CAVERN, one of the wonders of the Peak, long celebrated for its gigantic and magnificent openings. The stream which rushes through it, and which gushes out in a rent of the limestone rock near the entrance, forms the clear and limped stream of the Styx, which flows through the village and falls into the Derwent ; three miles below, this stream, we are told, contains some very fine trout, and as it wanders through the valley it affords the angler some fine views of the bold and beautiful scenery of Hope Dale. Win Hill, Loose Hill, Sir William, Mam Tor, Tre-cliff, and the fine rocks on which old Peveril Castle rears its proud head, are all within view, and the dark Yorkshire Moors are seen rising to a great height to the northeast of them. It is just such combinations of lofty and bold scenery surrounding Castleton, with its wonderful caverns, which has trumpeted the fame of Castleton through many lands. The Blue John Mine, which is situated opposite to the foot of Mam Tor, is a splendid cavern. The descent into it is easy and pleasant enough, and some of the openings are magnificent ; one, in which there is a chandelier drawn up, shows large and fine stalactites as

white, apparently, as snow. There is also the Rocky "Winnates" and Speedwell Level below that should be visited. But, as we are not writing specially on these, we must refer to our "Gem of the Peak," where all those highly interesting subjects are fully described, and, we trust, full justice done to them. The spring-head of the Styx or Peverel is three miles above Mam Tor at Perry Foot, but it contains no fish of importance, being too small before it falls into the caverns which abound in this district. It is supposed there is a complete series of caverns from the Peak up and through the Speedwell Level and Blue John Mine, all the way to Perry Foot, where the stream is engulfed, and thus it passes through all these caverns and does not appear till it reaches Castleton, a distance of four miles. The entrance to the Peak Cavern is close to the town. Under the tremendous opening there is a regular twine and cord manufactory, where the parties have ample room to ply their trade in all weathers, it being quite dry. On the lofty massive walls of the limestone the jackdaws build their nests, and the castle, of the Peverels stands, sentinel like, on the very margin of the high perpendicular rock overlooking the entrance to the cavern. The church is a very pretty Gothic structure with a square tower, pinnaced, and contains eight bells. For the accommodation of the traveller there are two good inns and posting houses. The Castle Inn is an old and long-established house and well known. The Nag's Head is the other, both well managed and good fare. Mr. Godbere, of the Nag's Head, drives the mail 'bus to and from Sheffield daily, leaving at six o'clock at night and returning by eight

in the morning, thus affording parties a good opportunity of spending an agreeable day at Castleton. This interesting village we have often visited, and each time with great interest. Its scenery is peculiarly its own, and the interest of its ancient mining operations, when the Saxons and the Romans before them wrought its lead mines, throw yet deeper interest on all we see in and about it. Castleton also contains its old museum (Peverel), once the scene of the celebrated Mr. Mawe's first mineralogical labours, now under the management of Mr. Howe, who has always on hand a good stock of minerals and the beautiful spar of the neighbourhood (Blue John). The Blue John, as it is called by the miners—in contra-distinction to "Black Jack," an ore of zinc (a sulphuret)—is only found at Castleton, and in three different mines in one hill there, Trecliff. These mines are the Old Tor, the Cliff Side, and the Blue John mines. The latter has produced of late years most of the fluor spar, the best and largest lumps of which are sold at £40 per ton; the inferior pieces at much less. This stone is supposed to have been known and appreciated by the Romans, who worked it into vases which sold at enormous prices. The spar is a fluuate of lime (lime and fluoric acid) very brittle, and therefore difficult to work; but when made into vases it is extremely beautiful. The lovely colours of this stone are owing to the presence of oxide manganese. Exquisitely beautiful vases made of this stone are to be seen at Howe's Museum, Castleton; Mr. Bright's, the Crescent, and Mr. Turner's, Hall Bank, Buxton; the Museums, Matlock; Hall's Marble Works, Derby, and Professor Tennant's, 149, Strand, London. It is said

that the mines are entirely exhausted of it. See "Gem of the Peak," page 360, for a special account of the ancient and modern history of this beautiful material. The Duke of Devonshire possesses one of the largest and finest in the kingdom.

## EDALE AND WOODLANDS.

On Friday we started from Castleton, where we had passed the night, to visit Derwent Head, and as the shortest cut, we were advised to cross that part of the great ridge which bounds Hope valley northward. Our mountain path lay to the west of Win hill, (the highest point), and after labouring up the height and standing on its summit, we had nearly the whole of Edal, with its green pastures and sheep-walks, laid beneath the eye; and away to the left we beheld the tops of the lofty hills that overlook the Chapel valley,\* and part of the plains of Cheshire, and in their midst the giant form of Kinder Scout stood conspicuous.† Looking behind us, we have a beautiful view of Hope dale, and Castleton, with its gloomy entrance to the Peak cavern, the ruined old castle standing on its high rocky edge and Cave dale, appeared to be almost at our feet. The descent into Edal dale is very steep, but we made it in safety. Here, by a rude bridge, we passed over

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\* Chapel-en-le-frith is a Saxon word for a forest of trees.

† Kinder Scout is about 2,000 feet, and Madwoman's stones 1,880 above the sea.

the busy and sparkling stream called the Noo—why so called we could not learn. It is certainly a very pretty green valley, but with scarcely a tree or shrub to relieve it, and these are confined chiefly to the margin of the stream. A farm-house and a few cottages were all that we could see, and they appeared to be the only occupants of the valley. We called at the farm-house to ask for a cup of water, but were politely offered a glass of home-brewed ale (old Walton's favourite beverage) if preferred, by the lady of the house; and we found that the master of this well-to-do farm, with its vast extent of sheep-walks, was also the proprietor (Mr. Champion) of the celebrated Blue John mine at Castleton, and by consequence of the beautiful material called fluor spar, or Blue John found in it. We shall speak of this hereafter.\*

We had instantly to breast the next ridge, still higher than the first, but in time managed this also, and then dropped into the far lovelier dale of Ashop,† with a brook of that name running through it. This dale was broader, well watered by the rapid stream, and here and there covered with luxuriant plantations, with an excellent road up to the Snake inn, four miles above, so well known to travellers passing over these wild regions. One solitary farm-house only in sight. We crossed the stream by a good

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\* See an especial article on this remarkably beautiful substance in the "Gem of the Peak."

† A little lower down it is called Woodland dale.

bridge of one arch, and found just below it three men busy in their hay (latter end of September.) This did not exceed an acre, and besides this there was a patch of oats about the same size. Fatigued from such constant exertion for some hours we would fain have rested and had some refreshment. We asked if such could be obtained near by. No, but go up to that farm-house and enquire. We did, were kindly received, had some bread and cheese and a glass of water, and were glad to obtain it. We warn others taking such a journey to provide accordingly—take a sandwich, &c., in your pocket.

Now came our last pull for the Derwent valley. We had directions carefully given us, as far as possible, for here again there was no regular track. Away we went, up and through what appeared to be an impenetrable Indian jungle—trees filled in between with apparently an impenetrable brushwood of all kinds closely interlaced. Clearing this we got on the open common or moorland, and came to a patch of beautiful heather in full bloom. It was of a lovely pink colour and fragrant. We could not help thinking of those beautiful and oft-quoted lines by Pope:—

“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

We plucked a sprig and passed on.\* We now soon

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\* On shewing it at Ashopton farm when we arrived there, they called it Ling, (*calluna vulgaris*.)

attained the top of the ridge and were delighted to behold the valley of the Derwent lying immediately beneath us, and Derwent village about a mile below. But we made our way first down to a small farm-house near by, which is situated at the foot of a little dell that runs high up to the northwest, down which we heard rushing a powerful stream, but so completely hidden from view by the trees and shrubs which invested it, (not a tree elsewhere), that not a peep of it could be obtained, till on arriving at the farm we saw it and then crossed over this one of the tributaries of the Derwent—we should say, one of its spring heads. Thus we had the great pleasure of accomplishing one of the chief objects of our journey by being so far up. It appears that very few fishermen ever come so high as this, and these uplands are so tame and general in their outline and aspect that there is nothing to tempt the artist to try the experiment. This was Ashopton farm, a snug little place, very clean, and the people apparently quite contented and happy. Here they had some few well cultivated fields, and some thousand sheep scattered over the uplands belonging to the farm. Following the directions very civilly given, we passed through the yard, across two fields, and over the chief stream of the Derwent by a wooden bridge, and reaching the lane above it, half a mile brought us to the little village of Derwent and its little but very comfortable inn, (John Thorpe), where we rested and obtained the needful refreshments, and glad we were for our chief obstacles now were all overcome.

Throughout our journey to-day we found that the head

of every dale had its spring, and its rushing brook or stream through its whole course, fed at numberless points by the tiny rill or larger rivulet, thus increasing its power at every step of its flow. This was more particularly the case in the Derwent valley, which is much wider than the two former, Edale and Ashop, both of which empty their accumulated waters, at different points, into the Derwent, it being the major stream. Here is a beautiful illustration of the passage in the Psalms, "He sendeth the springs into the valleys which run among the hills." And the source of these is also beautifully stated, "He watereth the hills from His chambers."\* And, it is added, "They" (the springs) "give drink to every beast." What would the thousands of animals which feed upon these hills and dwell in these dales do, especially in hot summers, were it not for these beautiful rills, brilliant brooks, and dashing streams which come tumbling along over the broken ledges of the rocks, giving beauty and life wherever they flow? Here, at least among these hills, neither man nor beast could live from the impossibility of knowing where to sink for water. They would only be a useless barren waste, instead of, as now, giving life, pleasure, and happiness to thousands, and adding their quota to the wealth of the nation at large. But they do not end here; they flow on, uniting with

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\* Psalm 104, v. 10 and 13, &c.—The word "Chambers," used here, obviously means the atmosphere, or that firmament of elastic vapour established at the beginning of time, which gives the rain upon the earth, and which is supplied and replenished from the ocean, and the general evaporation from the land and rivers.

others at various points, and all ultimately form the noble river which in its course through the wide spreading plains, distributes incalculable benefits in many ways, till it falls into the great ocean. What the arteries are to the body, so are these lovely streams and rivers to the earth, giving it vitality, energy, and power.

These streams are called by good old Izaak Walton "Black waters,"\* in contradistinction to what he terms the "purest crystalline streams" that flow through the limestones, and which we have observed at page 27. These streams, except in floods, are perfectly clear and transparent, but they have a reddish brown appearance compared with those of the Lathkil, &c. This arises solely from the water percolating through the peat on the moors, and the peat bogs which accumulate oxide of iron, hence all these springs are tinged more or less with it. And we observed that the rocks which form the bed of the Derwent, and which appear like a pavement in places, are covered or encrusted with reddish oxide of iron. We should remark that these springs are thrown up from the faults and fissures of inclined strata, and among these hills the strata† at many points are highly inclined.

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\* "Complete Angler," pages 260 and 262.

† A "fault," in the language of the miners, is the sudden interruption of the continuity of the strata, in the same place accompanied by a crack, or fissure, of varying width, from a mere line to several feet, and generally filled in with broken stone, clay, &c."—See Glossary of "First Lessons in Geology."

This little village has a nice little chapel and a good house for the clergyman, newly built, and an old hall, Derwent Hall, the seat of G. Newdigate, Esq. The inn, as we have said, is small but comfortable, and here we are at the highest village in upper Derwent valley; nothing but farm-houses (sheep-farms) scattered here and there above it for many miles. Its situation is good, with considerable fertility around it, and this appears to be the widest part of the vale. From hence the road is excellent and the scenery very fine all the way down, four miles, to Bamford, or near to the entrance into Hope dale. We started with the little postman as our guide. He had to meet the mail at the end of this road, where it joins the Castleton and Sheffield, at half-past six, and to call for the letters right and left on his way as he proceeded—not overpaid for such hard quick work poor fellow, so we found.

The valley is full of interest from its structure and comparative fertility with those we had crossed before; in every receding ravine or glen, completely sheltered, there is a farm house, we might fancy like the “Chalets” or Cottage of the Swiss, in the Alps. The hills on both sides are lofty and broken here and there, with an appearance of good pasturage to a considerable height up their steep acclivities but there is a marked margin where rough and stony ground begins, covered with ling or heather, towering above all things are the gigantic and frowning Peaks, which may be truly termed the “High Peak.” One to the North East of the village is “Black Tor,” nearly 1800 feet high, and the “Druids Stone” towering on our left

is nearly of the same elevation. The savage and the civilised—beauty and grandeur—are here strongly contrasted in one picture. Half way down we came to Ashop-ton Inn, nicely situated at the cross roads, one leading from Sheffield and passing on to the Woodlands and the Snake Inn, and here is laid open westward a beautiful dale leading up in that direction. Through this dale the river Ashop flows and joins the Derwent below it. The Inn is a very good one where the traveller may find comfortable quarters.

Peeping right and left, a sharp walk of three quarters of an hour brought us to the pretty village of Bamford and apparently into a new world. Bamford is beautifully situated, just at the entrance of this upper valley of the Derwent out of Hope Dale. The church recently erected stands on the slopes of the gritstone hills. It is an exceedingly pretty structure with its tower and tapering spire together one hundred and eight feet high. The style of architecture is the decorated early English. It consists of a chancel, nave and north aisle. The floor is inlaid with encaustic tiles; the steps up to the communion table are marble. The windows are filled in with stained glass, the subjects are exquisitely done. The window at the west end is *round* and very beautiful, this is not often seen, being difficult to execute and expensive—The whole of the seats are free; the tower contains six bells. The whole cost of this beautiful little church has been liberally borne by W. C. Moore, Esq., the proprietor of the large twist-spinning manufactory of Bamford. This gentleman also endows

it and intends to build a parsonage, and we should add that his Lady laid the first stone of this building last year. Before this no church existed in this district nearer than Hathersage, three miles distant. Would that all manufacturers so situated would act in the same benevolent way with their people.

We were just in time for the mail 'bus, which took us on to Hathersage, and by carriage we speedily left for Bakewell and staid at the Castle Inn (Mr. Taylor's) all night, in excellent quarters, and so home next day, thus completing in three days our deeply interesting and beautiful tour of the Derwent.

## VALLEY OF THE AMBER.

WE must now proceed to our next point, the valley of the Amber, and in order to get near its source we must take the Chesterfield road, which crosses the valley about five miles from Matlock. The road leads up Matlock Bank, and passes over the first ridge very near the gritstone quarries, which lie a short distance on the left and are worth a visit. Here are obtained mill-stones, stone troughs of all sizes, and building stone. Part of this stone is variegated and is the second gritstone measure, of very variable thickness. From hence we descend into the valley of the Lums, already described (page 99), then a long pitch of road by a plantation leads to the top of the moors, through an extensive plantation of firs, &c. Beyond the plantation we have a commanding view of the country and the valley of the Amber. Right ahead, on the high ground beyond the valley, are the lofty heights and woods of Stanage, which command most extensive views of the whole valley of the Rother, stretching north and south and eastward. Hardwick is distinctly seen about twelve miles to the southeast, and Chesterfield and its busy neighbourhood seem to lie at your feet. But we must return to our point. Descending one of the steepest hills in Derbyshire, we drop into the lovely valley enriched with wood and water. Here, on our left, is the magnificent pool of water

belonging to the bump mill for spinning candle wicks, in which some fine fish are to be caught. Taking through a stile from the road, just below the first inn, Mr. Bower's, we find a very pleasant footpath leads by a nearer way to the village of Ashover, and now we enter on a rich mining field, for here, after passing over the grits, we find the limestones have been thrown up with great force throughout the length of this valley. Now we pass near to the Rector's residence, the Rev. Joseph Nodder, M.A. This is a pretty place and beautifully situated. Just beyond the fine old church appears, with its embattled tower and lofty spire. The church is a very large and beautiful structure in the gothic style of architecture; there are several fine old monuments, among which are those erected to the memory of the Babington, Dakyne, and Rolleston families, also a very ancient bronze font ornamented with figures in relief. The chancel has a magnificent gothic obituary window of stained glass, for the Nodder family, who possess a considerable property in the parish. This window was placed in the chancel in 1845. Excellent roomy and airy schools were built by the Rector for girls and boys in 1846, which form a handsome building in the village. The village itself is clean and well built, which shows that the inhabitants are well to do. This is a pleasing feature to reflect upon when making a passing visit to the villages of the country, for there can be no mistake here; if the houses are bad and uncomfortable looking you will invariably find the people are not well to do. There are two very well managed and comfortable inns here, if the angler or artist choose to stay a day or two. The scenery is good, and

angling at times also good, but sometimes dreadfully poached. Parties in the night time get into the river and spear the fish. This is a great pity, but some men will dare to do anything, being perfectly indifferent as to the consequences. High up on the right side of the valley, standing on the limestone ridge that partly projects into it, is Overton Hall, the handsome residence of John Bright, Esq., M.D., backed by fine woods and luxuriant plantations; the views from it are fine.

## GEOLOGY AND MINES.

Proceeding from this village to Mill Town, three quarters of a mile distant, we find on our left very large limestone quarries, that have been worked for a considerable period for lime burning. They are not now so extensively worked as formerly, but they should be looked into, for in one part of the quarry they worked down to the basaltic or toadstone bed, and as the toadstone appeared strongly developed on the road side, they cut through it so as to make a lower road into the quarry, which is deeply interesting to the student of geology. In this cutting he will find bands of fibrous carbonate of lime, of a fine silken lustre, some of the specimens when polished, are very beautiful and not unlike the satin spar of Cumberland. On the limestone cliffs, on the same side, are veins of ochre, which have been worked successfully for this material as a pigment. At the end of the cliff we come upon one of the richest lead mines in the county. When we paid it a visit last they had about twelve or fourteen men and boys on the hillock, crushing, washing, and dressing the ore, and the miners below seemed

to send up continually as much as they could manage, and yet they told us it had been still richer. Opposite to this mine is a large quarry in the limestone, which is extensively worked for stone to mend the roads for many miles around this neighbourhood, and this is highly necessary, for the gritstone is very soon crushed into powder by the carriage wheel. This section, which the geologist should study, is in the upper limestones. A rustic bridge takes across the stream that leads into a gloomy chasm of the rocks where it exists. High up on the steep hill side above this quarry is the Old Gregory mine; its mine hillock is immense, composed of calcarious and fluor spars. Beautiful pieces of the latter have been picked up on the hillock and turned into vases or into the form of an egg, when such specimens often exhibit cubes in the interior, coated by brilliant cubical crystals of iron pyrites, (a sulphuret of iron); these may be had of the spar workmen at Matlock. This mine was once very rich in ore; the level, or audit, was driven a good way under the grit, where it proved the richest, but owing to a fault the mine gave way, or fell in, and hence it has been abandoned. At Mill Town the limestone terminates, being overlapped everywhere by the grit. Its width is less than half a mile, and its length does not exceed one mile; and yet see how productive in wealth this little space has been. Lead ores, ochres, lime, limestone for the high roads for miles around, and a great number of beautiful minerals have been found here; and the grass on the limestones are always the greenest, the richest, and the most productive of any—the dairy farms on it are some of the most extensive, as well as being very productive.

Two good inns are to be found here, "William the 4th," Mr. Bennett's, by the stream, and higher up on the road side, by itself, the "Greyhound," Mr. Lofts. Above this, on the hill, amongst thick woods with an extensive park, is Stubbin Edge, the noble residence of William Milnes, Esq., one of the largest mining proprietors in the county. Before quitting this interesting valley we must observe that the late Sir Joseph Banks, in his latter days, used to take up his residence in it for some months annually.

## SOUTH WINGFIELD.

We have little to remark till reaching the valley of South Wingfield, and where we get upon the western edge of the great Derbyshire coal field, which abounds with objects of interest. The village of South Wingfield is beautifully situated on a gentle declivity of the lower red sandstone, but the church, which should occupy the best position, is built in the lowest part of the valley. It is a neat structure with a square embattled tower, with pinnacles. But the glory of the place is the deeply interesting ruins of the Manor House, which stand on an eminence close by, overlooking the valley. It must have been a magnificent place at the time that poor Mary Queen of Scots, was confined in it, having one of the Earls of Shrewsbury (George, fourth earl) for her gaoler. It still shows the entire outline of its vast extent, which consisted of two large quadrangles. A small part of it is inhabited as a farm house, while the cattle and pigs roam over the remainder; the grained roof of the cellar alone is perfect. Such is the end of what was once one of the noblest buildings in England.

One of the loop-holed turrets may still be ascended with care, and the party doing so will have before them a magnificent and almost boundless prospect. The valley, for at least two miles in extent, is called Wingfield Park. In the "Gem of the Peak," page 188, will be found full particulars.

Opposite to Wingfield is the hamlet of Oakerthorpe presenting a very different scene. Here are coal mines, iron works, and tall cupalos, sending forth their dense smoke; but these and such as these, through British enterprise, have extended the wealth and promoted the glory of this nation. These works, which are extensive, belong to Messrs. Marshall, & Co. Close by these, and in strange contrast with them, are very extensive nursery grounds, &c., Mr. Powell's, where we have seen the fruit in the most beautiful perfection. Above these is the old hall of Oakerthorpe, belonging to R. C. Strelley, Esq., and opposite to this is a very extensive and well managed farm, the property of the same gentleman. The high road from Derby, through Belper, to Chesterfield, passes this way, and hence we find a large and well built inn here, the "Peacock," Mrs. Hoyland,\* where every accommodation may be had for the tourist, angler, or artist, and there is much in the neighbourhood to interest both, for Alfreton is only two miles above, the great iron works and coal mines of Butterley and Ironville, and Swanwick and

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\* A nice little inn, Mr. Shaw's, is a little below.

Ripley, are not far off. Some good fishing may be had in the Amber throughout the park, and close by Oakerthorpe is South Wingfield station, so that the traveller has every facility to visit this interesting locality.

On ascending the road leading to Buckland Hollow, we find on our right Castle Hill, over which passed an old Roman road from Chester Green, near Derby, to York. They also formed, as was their custom, an encampment on this bold hill, which commands a view of the valley and of the country around for many miles. To the southwest Crich cliff and stand appear, the church with its lofty spire, and the village lying a little below it. From hence the eye can range northward along the bold sweep of hills and moorlands, with the rich valleys below them, stretching as far as Chesterfield, while to the eastward it commands a view of nearly all the undulating hills of the coal fields. There could not have been a better spot chosen to overawe the tribes of ancient Britons who inhabited this district. But this hill has been distinguished at no very distant period in our own history, for Sir John Gell, of Hopton, commanding the troops of the Parliament in 1644, placed his cannon on this hill, to breach the walls of Wingfield Manor, when he took it from the Royalists. But all traces of these warlike operations are perfectly obliterated, the hill being now covered with rich pastures.

There is little more to observe from hence to Buckland Hollow, about three miles distant. The road, a very good one, nearly follows the course of the stream. We pass a

wire and a corn mill on the left of the road, and at the cross roads a very pretty octagon chapel, with domical lantern, has been built by the Wesleyan Methodists. The road to the left leads to Ripley, and the right to Ambergate. A little onwards, to the left on the latter road, is a villa, pleasantly situated, the residence of R. C. Strelley, Esq. This, with the large premises connected with it, was once the great depot of the Messrs. Wheatcroft and Sons, carriers, before railways came into fashion; the Cromford canal passes the back of the premises. The residence of the only remaining son, David Wheatcroft, Esq., is nicely situated in the extensive park below. In about three hundred yards we come to the extensive marble and stone works established by the Wheatcrofts some years ago, where they manufacture chimney-pieces, slabs for side tables, columns, vases, &c. The Hopton stone, from the celebrated quarries on Hopton moor, about twelve miles off, is sawn into slabs for landings, floorings, &c., it is also cut into blocks and moulded for ornamental staircases. The machinery is driven by steam power. The firm has built a number of very comfortable cottages close by for their workmen. These are decidedly worth a visit *en passant*.

The railway, the embankment of which may be seen to the right, passes out of Wingfield Park by a short tunnel into the Hollow, and on towards Fritchley, where it passes over the Amber, and immediately sweeps under the Cromford canal, then along a high embankment supported by strong retaining walls, the narrow space and the high road requiring this, then through a deep cutting of the lower

end of Crich chase, and is soon by a viaduct again over the river at Ambergate station, a little below which the river Amber is lost in the waters of the Derwent. Such were some of the engineering difficulties to be overcome in the short space of a mile. The road passes under the canal, close to the rails, and a road takes to the right a little on, leading under the rail to Bull-bridge, Fritchley mill, and Crich, while ours lay along the valley and round a headland to Ambergate. Thus we have finished another of the Derbyshire fishing streams ; one more remains to be done.

## THE TRENT VALLEY.

A VERY different scene now opens upon our view, for we have quitted the hills and the rocks for the plains, and have to speak of one of the richest, most beautiful, and extensive valleys in England, with its low eminences, gentle knolls, or rounded hills, often covered with clumps of trees; its arable land and green pastures, everywhere divided by hedge-rows in every imaginable and unimaginable form; whilst its pure, still, and glassy waters flow gently and almost imperceptibly along. How changed from the rushing, rattling streams, mountain torrents, lofty hills with such steep acclivities, on which even the chamois could scarcely keep his footing, so deep that the winter's sun cannot enliven them with his bright and cheering beams.

The length of this fine valley from near Catton Hall, where the river Tame falls into the Trent, to the point where the Trent enters the Humber, thirty miles northeast of Gainsborough, is upwards of seventy miles, and its average breadth may be stated at nine or ten miles; bounded on each side by the new red sandstone, in its upper half, and the oolites on the south, and the magnesian limestones generally on the north, in its lower half. A splendid view of the upper half may be obtained from the

heights on which stand the ruins of the old castle of Castle Donington, and of the lower from the lofty point of Nottingham Castle.

## GEOLOGY.

To inspect it from either of these points the intelligent geologist would, we think, come to the conclusion that the sea rolled up through its whole extent, long after the emergence of the higher eminences in the neighbourhood or those on each side forming its present boundaries. On many points of this extensive tract there are evident traces of tidal action, for in some places we have pretty deep beds of rolled pebbles to a great extent. So that one could imagine we saw heavy seas breaking in upon these ancient shores, grinding at every swell the angles off these now smooth and rounded pebbles. As we have stood on the beach at Brighton during a storm, or when there was a ground swell, then, as every wave thundered in and broke, the whole mass of pebbles were put in motion with a painfully harsh and grating sound. So that we have before our eyes in the present day the means by which these immense pebble or gravel beds were formed in remote ages. We have already intimated something of the geology of the valley, but we must be a little more precise. The upper half, and as far down as six miles below Nottingham, is the new red sandstone and red marl, the sandstone being chiefly at the surface in the upper part of this section, and containing the large chellaston beds of the variegated alabaster or gypsum (a sulphate of lime); in the lower part the red marl is chiefly the surface bed, especially on the

southern boundary, and in which is found that beautiful silky material, so pure and white, the fibrous gypsum, of which millions of beads have been formed, to make necklaces, bracelets, &c. On the southern part of the valley, below Nottingham, we have the lias limestone, and above it the *oolite* which extends beyond Lincoln, and on the other (northern) we have the magnesian limestone of north Notts. and Yorkshire. These various measures complete generally the geology of the Trent valley. Having made these few remarks on its geology, we must proceed to notice the Trent as a fishing stream, in its course chiefly through Derbyshire, remarking as we go along the principal objects of interest on its banks.

The name "Trent" applied to the river has given rise to a variety of conjectures as to its meaning. Some derive it from the word "Trente," meaning thirty tributaries, and to prove it make Milton say in the following lines:—

"Or Trent, who like an earth-born giant spreads  
Its thirty arms along the indented meads."

But in some editions of Milton the word used is *thirsty*. On the contrary, Walton inclines to the opinion that the Trent derives its name from thirty different sorts of fish found in it, and not because it is said to have thirty tributaries. We only allude to this to show the importance attached to the river at all times. We all know that names at times are very arbitrary.

The Trent rises in the northwest part of the county of Stafford, near Stoke, hence called Stoke-upon-Trent, passes Stone, receives the waters of the Sow at Great Haywood, and at King's Bromley those of the Blythe, and is further increased by the waters of the Tame near the Midland bridge, where we shall commence our observations on this river. At the junction of the two rivers, and as far up on the Tame as Tradley, the fishing is not surpassed by any stream in the kingdom, for the noble pike, fine grayling, barbel, perch, and chub, besides abundance of roach, dace, &c., are to be found in these waters. Fortunately for the Waltonians the ticket of leave is vested in the hands of M. T. Bass, Esq., M.P., a gentleman who deals them out with no niggardly hand. The fisherman as he follows the stream will arrive at Catton Hall, the residence of Lady Wilmot Horton where there is splendid fishing. This is now rented by some gentleman from Birmingham, whose name we cannot give at present. Pursuing our way we come to Barton and Walton-on-Trent; here the Gisborne family have their ancient seat, Walton Hall, and who will very freely grant leave to angle upon their liberties by application at the Hall. The fishing from hence (about four and a half miles) to Burton bridge is, as the phrase is, "first-rate." It is sometimes hard run, but a good steady fisherman will seldom leave its banks without a well filled kreel. The Trent, for about two and a half miles above Burton, runs through the estate of Sir De Veaux, Bart., of Drakelow Hall, who kindly permits all parties applying to fish on his property. The remainder of the stream to Burton is rented by Mr. Bass and other gentlemen.

Here we arrive at the long noted town of Burton, the fame of whose ales is so well known, we might say throughout the world, that little need be said about it and might well be passed over. But here the river becomes a wide and imposing stream, with a fine old gothic bridge of thirty-seven arches, and considerably more than a quarter of a mile in length, and some of the most elegant little skiffs or pleasure boats are built here for the "Dons" of Burton to ply on the lovely stream for their summer evening's recreation. It has its old Grammar School, and numbers of other good schools for teaching the young of all classes. The Town Hall, with the assembly rooms in connection, is a noble building. The church, too, is worthy of observation; it is large, with a handsome square tower, containing eight bells and a beautiful set of chimes. Some years ago a new and highly ornamental gothic church was added to the town, which has enlarged and extended itself immensely, especially since it became a junction for several railways. To see the pyramids of casks piled up in this neighbourhood, belonging to the various brewers, Bass and Co., Allsop and Co., &c., must be very striking to a stranger. We have had the pleasure of looking over the vast premises of Bass and Co, which is a great treat to a stranger. These occupy both sides of High-street, and we were informed that, instead of using the waters of the Trent, they had brought a pure spring of water in pipes four miles off, which rises in the sandstone hills to the north, and which they consider better adapted to their purpose than the Trent water. We rather demurred at this, for we had always thought that the soft waters of the river had been

one cause of the superiority of Burton ale. One thing is certain, that for beauty and flavour nothing can be better than the ale brewed at this establishment, as well as at others in the town. Burton has its libraries, and excellent hotels and inns, where the stranger will find the utmost civility, accommodation, and comfort.

Now we shall beg the stranger to step across the fine old bridge with us, to the other side of the river, and a more delightful walk he will not find anywhere than that to Newton Solney and Repton. A good house occurs just a little way beyond the bridge, nestled under the cliff, which is a ladies' boarding school. Below this the river contains a few little islands covered with osier beds, and below these, where the stream is thus parted, it is pressed into the service of a large flour mill, always an object of deep interest, with its wheel and other accessories. There is some capital fishing at this point, and as far as Newton Solney, where resides William Worthington, Esq. This is in the lordship of Bretby, belonging to the Earl of Chesterfield, who is very liberal in allowing the angler to enjoy his sport; Bretby Hall, about three miles off, is his lordship's seat. Opposite Newton Solney the Trent is augmented by the waters of the silvery Dove, whose banks we have already and with great delight traversed.

Now we arrive at Repton, supposed to have been the "Repandunum" of the Romans, where they had a station. But antiquarians state it to have been the head of the ancient Saxon kingdom of Mercia, and the burial place of

some of her sovereigns. It is a fine site for a town, being high and dry, above the Trent, and overlooking the splendid valley. It is about a mile in length, and contains many good houses, and with its old church, priory, grammar school, and detached gothic archway, it has an air of antiquity about it. The church is a handsome structure with a square tower, surmounted by a very elegant and lofty spire which is seen for miles around. It is chiefly of Norman architecture, but exhibits portions in the several later styles of English architecture; under it is a very ancient crypt, supposed to have been part of the conventual church, which was destroyed by the Danes. We visited the church and crypt a few years ago with our excellent friend the late Rev. Joseph Jones, the then incumbent. The fine old priory is close by, the residence of Dr. Pears, the head master of the grammar school, which is near to it. The school has become so increased in numbers of late, that an additional house and school-room have been built.

The Trent sweeps by Willington, a small village and one of the Midland stations. This is about three quarters of a mile from Repton, but the ancient bed of the Trent bathes the walls of the old priory, and it is said to contain some fine trout—certain it is that there is some good fishing here, and the stranger will find comfortable accommodation at its inns. A handsome bridge has been built across the river at Willington, which is a great advantage to the Reptonians.

Our next point of observation is the little village of Foremark, where Sir Francis Burdett has a splendid residence

situated amongst rich and bold scenery. The pleasure grounds are tasteful and the park extends down to the river, — Clay, Esq., now occupies the mansion.\* In the immediate neighbourhood is “Anchor Church,” which has long been a favourite spot for pic nic parties from Derby and elsewhere. Here a bold cliff lifts its head above the waters of the Trent, which flows rapidly by its extreme angle. This cliff is composed of the upper bed of the new red sandstone, containing a boulder or gravel bed of about three feet thick, but isolated gravel beds occur in this district from ten to twenty feet in depth, and are very profitably worked to mend the roads in the neighbourhood. The cliff contains some rather deep openings or caves, said to have been excavated artificially, but it is more likely that this, as we have already hinted, being originally a sea beach, the waves have done the work now attributed to man. It is said an anchorite, or hermit, once took up his abode in these caves, and as a door once evidently existed on one opening, we can have little doubt of it, and this fact we presume gave the name to these interesting rocks. The scenery is beautiful, wood and water in rich abundance, and so retired, too, from the haunts of man.

The extensive property of Sir John Harpur Crewe, Bart., joins the Burdett estates and extends a considerable way down the river, which leads to the villages of Barrow,

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\* See an admirable work on Melbourne, &c., by John Joseph Briggs, Esq., in one vol., second edition,—Bemrose and Sons, Derby; Whittaker, London.

Twyford, and Swarkestone, but these waters are strictly preserved, so that we have nothing to say about them. But Swarkestone bridge is an object of deep interest, being nearly one mile in length. The fact is that the meadows are so low between the villages of Swarkestone, on one side, and Stanton-by-bridge, on the opposite, that they are very little elevated above the river, hence they are flooded at every partial rise of the Trent, consequently the bridge was extended the entire width of the valley.

Melbourne is about three miles from hence, which is well worth a visit from the stranger. The gardens and grounds of Melbourne Hall, now, by marriage, the property of Viscount Palmerston, are laid out with great taste, but chiefly in the olden style. Baskets of roses, groups of various flowers in beds and vases, with rare exotics, fountains, and statues adorn these lovely grounds, which are arranged in the best possible style. Thousands visit these gardens during the summer months. Melbourne is a flourishing market town; gloves of spun silk and woollen cloths of all descriptions are made here. No less than about 126 dozens are made annually, also lace, &c., &c. Melbourne is a place of great antiquity, and it had its share of troubles during the civil wars.

We proceed a mile lower down to Donington Park, the seat of the Marquis of Hastings, but now occupied by C. Daniel, Esq. This fine park extends down to, and for a considerable extent along the margin of the stream. It contains some fine herds of red and fallow deer, and is

encircled by noble woods and flourishing plantations. Within itself it has pleasant little valleys and gentle undulating hills, studded by noble oaks,\* in fact, with the Trent bathing its northern border, it has all the accessories which enhance the beauty of an extensive demesne, connected with a noble mansion. "The cliff on the north side of the park has always been the admiration of the traveller and amateur in picturesque scenery, and it terminates abruptly near the margin of the Trent, which here being dammed up by the weir of King's Mills, its rich foliage overshadows the stream. From the top of the cliff a scene of the most fertile beauty presents itself. The eye is directed over the magnificent vale of the Trent, studded with well-leafed tree, village spire, and cottage home, through which the river, like some gigantic serpent, winds its folds."†

Near by is King's Mills, which appears to have been a place of considerable importance, as we find it was strongly fortified during the time of the civil wars; Sir John Gell, writing to the Earl of Essex, states it to be exceedingly troublesome to him, his ordnance being so small it made but little impression upon it; nevertheless, it was ultimately taken by Sir John. Now, happily, all vestiges of these bloody tilts have disappeared, and instead we have the more useful and peaceful occupations of grinding corn, making paper, &c., at this point. There is a salmon leap here,

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\* Some of these oaks are from twelve to fifteen yards in circumference, and no doubt as old as the conquest.

† "History of Melbourne," by Briggs, 2nd edition, page 25.

where many a fine salmon has been entrapped; one of about twenty-five pounds was hooked this year, but it managed to escape. King's Mills has long been celebrated for its splendid fishing grounds. The river above the weir is deep and presents a magnificent sheet of water.

Not far below this we come to Cavendish Bridge, said to have been built by the Cavendish family at a cost of about three thousand three hundred pounds. It is a handsome structure of three arches.

Within a quarter of a mile of the bridge is Shardlow, a place of some activity from the transhipment of goods upon the Trent and Mersey Canal, where are extensive wharfs for coal, wood, &c. The church is a handsome gothic structure with pinnacled tower, containing six bells, and here, too, the angler and artist will find the best accommodation, and the neighbourhood is very delightful. The right of fishing is in the gift of the Holden family, of Aston Hall.

Wiln Mill is not a great way off; here they manufacture a particular kind of cotton, called Wiln yarn, which is in great request.

Near this point the Trent is again augmented by the waters of the Derwent, and just below is the pleasant village of Sawley, where a handsome stone bridge has been thrown across the Trent. The church is a pretty little building with an embattled tower and lofty spire. The

Earl of Harrington is Lord of the Manor, who doubtless would grant the right of fishing on the stream.

Now we pass the boundaries of Derbyshire and step into that of Nottingham, and here we find, on the right bank, Thrumpton, a small picturesque village, with a little old church. Thrumpton Hall is close by, the residence of the the Wescomb family. The hall stands in a fine park, of considerable extent, which abuts upon the Trent. A little above the river Soar joins the Trent. The fishing is excellent lower down. On the opposite side the Erewash falls into the Trent, which, thus augmented, becomes a navigable river down to the great Humber.

Our work is about closed, but we cannot finally do so without stepping as far down on the Trent as Clifton Grove, the scene of the good Henry Kirk White's meditations, who was born at Nottingham, March the 21st, 1785. On its banks, too, at Swarkestone, the poet Bancroft was born, and in the sixteenth century old Michael Drayton sang its praise.\* Scott and Shakespeare have both named the Trent. We quote the following lines from that pretty piece, "Clifton grove," by Kirk White:—

"Now, now, my solitary way I bend  
Where solemn groves in awful state impend,  
And cliffs that boldly rise above the plain  
Bespeak, bless'd Clifton! thy sublime domain.

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\* He died in 1631, aged 68, and was buried in "Poet's Corner," in Westminster Abbey.

“How lovely from this hill’s superior height  
 Spreads the wide view before my straining sight  
 O’er many a varied mile of lengthening ground,  
 E’en to the blue ridged hill’s remotest bound.

“Above, below, where’er I turn mine eyes,  
 Rocks, waters, woods, in grand succession rise ;  
 High up the cliffs the varied groves ascend,  
 And mournful larches o’er the wave impend ;  
 Around, what sounds, what magic sounds arise !  
 What glimmering scenes salute my ravish’d eyes !  
 Soft sleep the waters on their pebbly bed,  
 The woods wave gently o’er my drooping head.

“The lengthening vista and the prudent gloom ;  
 The verdent pathway, breathing waste perfume ;  
 These are thy charms, the joys which these impart  
 Bind thee, bless’d Clifton ! close around my heart.”

These were the strains of one who at an early age attained the highest honours of his University (Cambridge), but it was not, observes his biographer, his acquired classical or mathematical knowledge, nor the superiority of his acquisitions in language and science, but his true piety, his persevering labours, his exalted poetical genius, displayed at a period of life so early. His unexpected and lamented death, at an age so young as twenty-one, with so bright a prospect of fame and honours glittering before him, has given interest to his character. All these circumstances combined have drawn forth an attention to his writings, and given them an effect on the manners and principles of the rising generation, and they have produced more good than his improved abilities might have achieved had he

been spared to the age of threescore years and ten. Lord Byron, a man of such different principles to those of the gentle Kirk White, has nevertheless given some touching lines upon his early death, in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." We only quote a few lines :—

" Oh ! what a noble heart was here undone,  
 When science self-destroyed her favourite son !  
 Yes, she too much indulged the fond pursuit—  
 She sow'd the seed, but death has reaped the fruit.

" 'Twas thine own genius gave the fatal blow  
 And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low ;  
 So, the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,  
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
 View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,  
 And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart."

Such are some of the lovely scenes to be found on the banks of the Trent, and such are a few of the reminiscences connected with Clifton Grove, which we have passed on our way to Ruddington and admired it much, and surely the angler and artist will visit these "loved haunts," and, while trying to "deceive fish" or sketch the beautiful scenery, they will calmly review the past and the present, and, like Kirk White and all good men, prepare for scenes transcendantly more beautiful and lovely: where the foliage is ever fresh, the flowers ne'er decay, the springs are ever full and life-giving, and "the pure river of life, clear crystal, proceeds from the throne of God."\*

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\* Revelations xxii. 1.

We will now beg the stranger to step across the valley and ascend that castle hill and take one more survey of this magnificent valley before we bid him adieu ; and now, standing in front of the ruined castle, we have the valley stretched out right and left before us and the town at our feet. It is about fifty years since we first looked on this scene. The river flows now as it did then with little change, except its banks are more enriched with foliage and the valley more fruitful by improved cultivation ; but the town, since then, has made gigantic strides in population, in arts, in science, in manufacture, and in commerce. The streets are clean and well kept. The market place is the largest in the kingdom. It has its mechanics' and other institutes ; its educational establishments, of which the People's College, for both sexes, is a splendid example ; its hospitals, banks, and libraries are important. The old church is a beautiful specimen of gothic architecture, a handsome tower embattled with pinnacles rising from the centre ; the south porch is highly enriched with panels and fan-tracery depending from the roof, which is finely groined, and the interior is lighted by ranges of noble windows of exquisite tracery. The park is extensive and surrounded, except from the south, with fine buildings. This may be considered the "west end" of Nottingham. The cemetery lies to the north of the town and is most tastefully laid out and adorned with flowers and shrubs. Its hotels and inns, too, are excellent, and they possess the best cellars in the kingdom, and are full of good store, all the cellars are cut deep down into the New red sandstone, which is here very thick and very dry, hence their ale, which is

of first quality, can be kept for any length of time without injury from change of weather. The trade of Nottingham, too, is very important, and comprises the manufacture of bobbin-net and beautiful laces, hosiery of all kinds, the throwing and dying of silk, and bleaching, with various other branches. There are several mills for spinning and twisting silk and spinning cotton and woollen yarn.

We have thus given a brief sketch of Nottingham, it being so connected with the Trent, and finished our task, and must now make our bow and say adieu!

## COMMISSION FOR IMPROVEMENT OF FISHERIES, HELD AT BURTON-ON-TRENT IN 1861.

### TRENT AND DOVE.

SIR Oswald Mozley and Mr. Thornewell live on the Dove and have fisheries, where formerly some excellent salmon were to be found, but the weirs of the mills have of late, it is supposed, prevented them going up. It appears Clay Mills is the most difficult for salmon to pass. At one time they passed up as high as Tutbury and Rocester.

Lord Vernon also has a right of fishing of five miles on the Dove. Mr. G. W. Hay is Lord Vernon's agent. Trout and grayling may be obtained in the Dove here, but not salmon.

Mr. Hanson, a fisherman, of Burton, can give special information on the fishing in the Dove and Trent.

Messrs. J. N. Soresby have a right of fishing for about four miles between King's Mills and the junction of the Derwent. A good deal of salmon once taken, but now it is sadly diminished. Fishing for trout and grayling, however, is generally good. But we should decidedly refer the amateur angler to Mr. Peach, of Peter Street, Derby, for all particulars.

### LENGTH OF THE TRENT RIVER THROUGH THE VARIOUS COUNTIES IN ITS COURSE TO THE HUMBER.

Lincolnshire, 20 miles; Nottinghamshire, 55 miles; Derbyshire, 30 miles; Staffordshire, 40 miles; entire length, 145 miles. The tributaries are the Terne, 35 miles; Erewash, 20 miles; Derwent and Wye, 70 miles; Dove and Churnet, 60 miles; Sow (Stafford), 20 miles; Tame (Warwick), 25 miles; Blythe and Anker, 30 miles; Soar and Wreck (Liecestershire), 65 miles; and Devon, 20 miles; total of river and tributaries, 575 miles.

Salmon pass over six weirs and get up to Burton, which is about 145 miles from Spurn Head, or the sea.



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OF unparalleled success during the last sixty years in promoting the GROWTH RESTORING and IMPROVING the HUMAN HAIR, THE BEARD, WHISKERS, AND MUSTACHIOS.

For CHILDREN it is especially recommended as forming the basis of A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, while its introduction into the Nursery of ROYALTY, and the numerous Testimonials constantly received of its efficacy, afford the best and surest proofs of its merits.—Price 3s. 6d.; 7s.; Family Bottles (equal to four small, 10s. 6d., and double that size, 21s.

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An oriental Botanical Preparation for IMPROVING and BEAUTIFYING the COMPLEXION and SKIN.

THIS Royally patronized and Ladies' esteemed Specific exerts the most soothing cooling, and purifying action on the skin, eradicates *Freckles, Tan, Pimples Spots, Discolorations*, and other *Cutaneous Visitations*, and renders

THE SKIN SOFT, CLEAR, AND BLOOMING.

During the heat and dust of Summer, the frost and bleak winds of Winter, and in, cases of sunburn, stings of insects, or incidental inflammation, its virtues are, universally acknowledged.—Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

WHITE and SOUND TEETH are indispensable to PERSONAL ATTRACTION, and to Health and Longevity by the proper mastication of food.

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It eradicates Tartar from the Teeth, removes spots of incipient decay, and polishes and preserves the enamel, to which it imparts a PEARL-LIKE WHITENESS.

Price 2s. 9d. per box.

Sold at 20, Hatton Garden, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

\*.\* Ask for "ROWLANDS" Articles.

# MATLOCK BANK

## Hydropathic Establishment,

NEAR MATLOCK BRIDGE STATION, DERBYSHIRE.

ABOUT sixteen miles from Derby, situation highly advantageous for health, entirely sheltered from north and east winds, soft water of the purest kind, and all necessary apparatus for carrying out the treatment. House comfortably furnished, strict attention paid to the comfort of the patients; pecuniary emolument not the object of the Proprietor, as the charges will show. At this Establishment Hydropathy is practised on the principles of mild and rational treatment, in accordance with the requirements of constitutions weakened by the effects of ill health or disease, which cannot bear violent and sudden shocks without great risks, and his uniform success in curing or relieving a large number of cases confirms the Proprietor in his convictions that this is the only principle on which Hydropathy can be safely and efficaciously practised. A thorough knowledge may here be gained of the domestic application of Hydropathy, and general personal management as regards baths, diet, clothing, &c., &c., so as to meet all the contingencies of life. There is not the slightest risk to the most delicate constitution, and the treatment is applicable to every ailment the body is liable to. The beautiful scenery of the locality is well known; Matlock Bath, Chatsworth (Duke of Devonshire's), Haddon (Duke of Rutland's), and the Peak, are all within easy distances. The principal saloon is lofty, 66 feet long, and the whole front glass; and an outer saloon, 95 feet long, also glazed, with new drawing-room, 60 by 30 feet, so that the inmates are independent of the weather for exercise. The new baths, with separate private bath boxes, are models for Hydropathic baths. Bedrooms, thoroughly ventilated and warmed with steam pipes, have been added to accommodate all the Patients in the house, and the whole Establishment made as comfortable as possible, without regard to expense.

Hydropathic treatment is peculiarly applicable to the cure of Nervous Debility, Spinal Irritation, Congestion of the Brain, Paralysis, Indigestion, Incipient Consumption, Liver Disease, Asthma, Sleeplessness, Mercurial Affections, Skin Diseases, Tic Doloieux, Rheumatism, Gout, Apoplectic Fullness, Constipation, Piles, and various other acute and chronic affections, and in all cases of Female Complaints, unrivalled for efficacy, and for the absence of all painful or disagreeable applications.

Ladies can correspond with Mrs. Smedley, who also personally attends their baths.

Advice, board, lodging, baths, and attendance, with sheets and blankets for baths, 6s. per day. Particulars of terms post free.

J. PEACH & SONS,

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# GOODALL'S BUTTER POWDER,

For the Speedy Production of Good Butter.

**W**HILE every other art and manufacture has progressed with the advance of scientific knowledge, the art of Butter-making has remained stationary. Chemistry has worked its countless wonders, but, until the present time, little has been done in its application to butter-making, yet every one is acquainted with the fact that Butter is still far from being uniformly good, wholesome, and palatable.

By the use of GOODALL'S BUTTER POWDER, and following the simple directions given with each packet, all the objections complained of will be removed, and many advantages gained. *By this process much time and labour is saved, the Butter being made in half-an-hour: the produce is greater, while the colour and quality are much improved:* the unpleasant taste of turnips, wild garlic, or other strong food which the cows may have eaten, is entirely removed.

Another great advantage arising from the use of this Powder is that the Butter will keep for a longer period in any weather, and is almost as hard in the summer as in the winter season. It is perfectly harmless, does not mix with the Butter, but passes off with the butter-milk, carrying with it all impurities. All who have given it a trial declare themselves perfectly satisfied with the result, and can always depend upon having

## GOOD FRESH BUTTER.

Reference can be given to numerous parties who use this Powder regularly.

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WHOLESALE AGENTS:—MESSRS. BARCLAY AND SONS, London; MESSRS. RAIMES AND Co., Liverpool and York.

RETAIL:—By Druggists and Grocers throughout the Kingdom, in packets at 3d., 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each.

# THE ORIGINAL MUSEUM, TEMPLE WALK, MATLOCK BATH,

**E**STABLISHED upwards of Seventy years by the late THOMAS PEARSON, ancestor of the present Proprietor, adjoining to Mrs. Pearson's Lodgings, midway between the Royal Old Bath Hotel and the Temple Hotel, contains a large and splendid assortment of Derbyshire Fluor Spar and Marble Ornaments, Jewellery, Specimens, &c.—As the Temple Walk is situated on an elevated position, overlooking the Museum Parade, Mr. PEARSON'S Museum commands some of the most beautiful views of the Dale. Mr. Pearson is also the Proprietor of a Museum near the Obelisk, leading to the Old Bath Hotel, and of the Royal Petrifying Well on the opposite side of the road, which was visited by the Princess Victoria in 1832.

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## MATLOCK GREEN.

### Horse Shoe Inn & Posting House.

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A Carriage is sent daily from his Establishment to meet the Trains at Matlock Bridge Station. The house is not far from Mr. Smedley's Hydropathic Establishment.

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