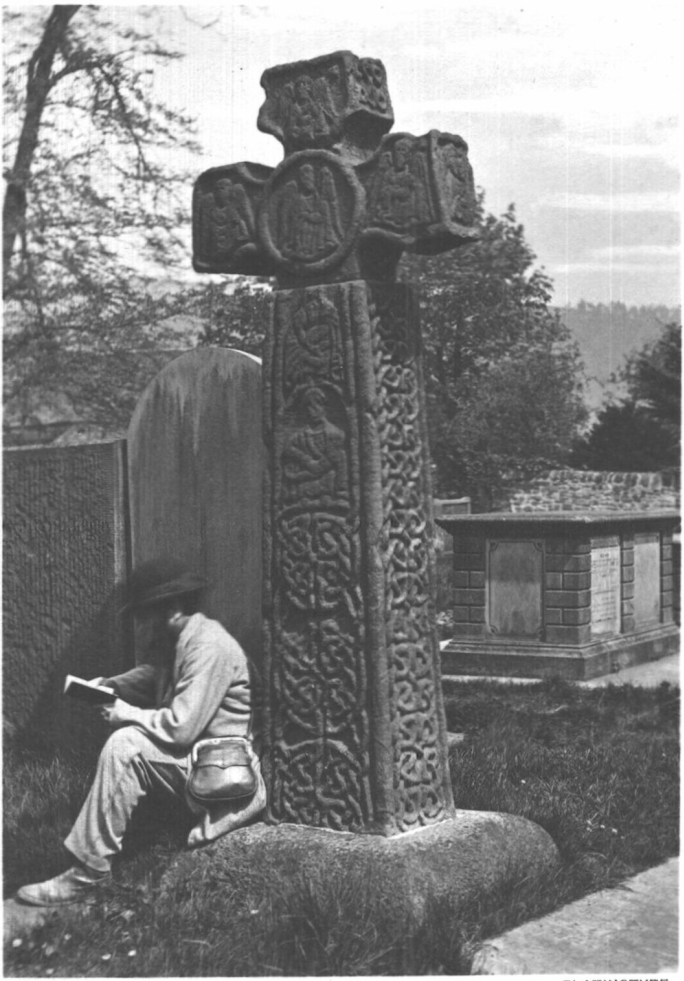


R. KEENE, DERBY. PLATINOTYPE.

ANCIENT CROSS, EYAM.

A Six Days' Ramble over Derbyshire Hills and Dales, in the Year 1858.

By Richard Keene.

 HOUGH a quarter of a century counts for very little from an archæological point of view, it means a good deal in a man's life; and during that time many changes take place, both in himself, his thoughts and feelings, and in the world around him. I have thought that a paper, compiled from my Journal of a Ramble in the Peak of Derbyshire some twenty-five years ago, might prove not uninteresting to the Members of this Society, being a narrative of facts and feelings experienced during a week's tramp through some of the most lovely and interesting scenery of our beautiful county. If it serves no other purpose, it may act the part of guide to those amongst our members who have not explored the hills and dales of Derbyshire, by pointing out how pleasantly and profitably a few days may be spent without going far from home; and though I have not dwelt on the archæology of the route, sufficient of the antiquities have been noticed to show what a rich field for further investigation lies before the patient antiquary. To the artist and lover of nature the journey would afford infinite occupation and delight, though it only embraces a very small portion of this wild and picturesque neighbourhood. Since the Journal was written, two of our party have joined "the great majority;" other changes have taken place, but I have thought it

best to keep the facts of the time in which they were written unaltered.

Without further preface I shall therefore commence my narrative of

A Six Days' Ramble over Derbyshire Hills and Dales.

MONDAY.

"—— not unrecompensed the man shall roam,
Who at the call of summer quits his home,
And plods o'er some wide realm, o'er vale and height,
Though seeking only holiday delight."

Looked forward to for many weeks with anticipated pleasure, the time at last arrived for our photographic ramble in the Peak of Derbyshire, and on the 26th of July, 1858, we left Derby by the 6.30 train, as happy a quartette as one could wish to see. We breakfasted at the "Thatched House Tavern" at Ambergate,* while waiting for the train which was to convey us onward to the terminus at Rowsley.† We had to spend two long hours here, though eager to get on, and had it not been for the good breakfast and soothing matutinal pipe, I don't know how we should have endured it. We watched the shunting of luggage-wagons; we counted the long row of chimneys at the lime-kilns; and we criticized the dauby pictures in our room, and got what fun out of them we could—amongst them the Temptation of S. Anthony is especially fine, and represented the time when

"The worsest devil of all"

had commenced her fascinating allurements. The next shows a bibulous boor sitting doubled up in a rickety chair, as though the sour beverage had been too much for his stomach; while another represents a couple of boosey-looking personages perambulating a wine-cellar in search of the choicest cask, armed with a formidable centrebit! Tired of the pictures, tired of the lime-kilns,

* Since pulled down, and in its place the Hurt's Arms Hotel.
† At this time the Midland Railway did not penetrate further.

and the everlasting shunting, we were heartily glad when the train from the north arrived, and we were once more in motion along the beautiful valley of the Derwent.

From Ambergate to Rowsley is a most charming railway ride—the green meadows and fine river—the noble tree-covered hills, with many a peep beyond—the passing glimpses of Lea Hurst on one side, and a pretty cascade on the other—of pine-crowned Stonnis, the Gothic-arched bridge and park-like meadows at Cromford—Willersley Castle, Matlock Bath, Oker Hill, Darley Dale Church and its celebrated yew, the wood-covered heights of Stanton, the meeting of the Wye and Derwent, and a hundred other unrecorded objects—make it one of the prettiest routes by rail in the kingdom.

"THE PEACOCK," ROWSLEY.

Arrived at Rowsley, I may as well, before proceeding further, describe our turn-out. Our party consisted of J. A. Warwick, W. Hirst, myself, and Tillett, who had charge of the cart, a light iron frame with good springs and large wheels, made specially for the work. On this cart was mounted a large box containing our photographic apparatus, waterproof coats, etc., closely packed; at one end outside this box swung a keg of bitter beer, and at the other was fastened a large waterproof pocket containing our linen

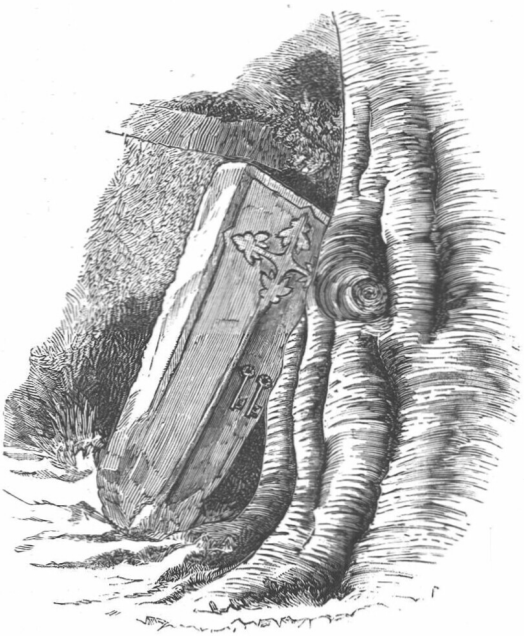
and other matters. The wheels were furnished with drags for descending steep hills more easily, while to the front part of the vehicle were attached ropes for pulling up-hill. The whole outfit would weigh about 3 cwt. as near as I can guess.

Rowsley has great attractions for angler and artist, and good accommodation too, at its famed "Peacock" Hotel; but our work commenced not here on this occasion, so off we started to Chatsworth, passing Beeley, with its recently-built vicarage and ancient tree embosomed church, on the road which keeps company with the river till we get to the rude lodge and gates* at the southern extremity of the park. The storms of Saturday and Sunday had laid all the dust and freshened the hedgerows; the wild honeysuckle, the beautiful blue wild geranium and harebell embroidered the roadside; the river sparkled in the sun, a fresh breeze moved amongst the trees, and light fleecy clouds chased each other o'er "the blue ethereal field."

We are now within the largest park in the county; an enchanting region of hill and dale, wood and water, patches of bracken and broad sweeps of greenest turf, enlivened by cattle and herds of deer. Soon we come to a halt on the south-west of the stately hall, "the Palace of the Peak," as it has been fitly termed; and, while taking a view, are informed by an old man at work on the carriage-drive, that sixty tons of glass had already arrived to repair the damages of the storms of last June, when upwards of five thousand pieces were smashed by the hail in the great conservatory alone! Another view from the north-west, and on we go to the northern and principal entrance to the park, taking the house built for Sir Joseph Paxton on the way—called, I believe, Barbrook Hall. Turning to the left, after leaving the lodge, and passing the pretty house of Mr. Condell, which, like the other Chatsworth buildings, is also in the Italian style of architecture, we entered the village of Baslow. Close by the Derwent stands the Church, a picturesque structure, in the Later English style; the chancel has lately (1853) been built. While Mr. W.

* A pretty lodge and gate have long since replaced these.

was taking a stereograph of the church, I made a sketch in my note-book of the lid of an ancient stone coffin, with an elegant foliated cross and two keys, which is reared against the churchyard wall,* close by a noble beech; and W. H. occupied himself in copying a quaint inscription from one of the stones of the thickly-inhabited churchyard. Near by is the old bridge over the river, from which some good views are obtained, especially on the



south over Chatsworth Park. While we stood there admiring, the Emperor fountain sent forth its fine jet of water and added no little beauty to the scene. There is a curious old stone watch-box on this side of the bridge, of which it forms a part, well worthy of a sketch, but we were in haste to get on to Stoney Middleton, and could afford no longer time by the way.

* On my last visit this had disappeared.

From Baslow to Stoney Middleton the road gradually rises and runs by the left bank of the Derwent. The little village of Bubnell appears amongst the trees on the opposite side of the river, while on our right frown the precipitous masses of Baslow and Curbar Edges. Crossing the river at Calver, close by the large cotton mills, and leaving its course for the present, another mile-and-a-quarter brought us to the village of Stoney Middleton, often spoken of as a most picturesque place—it had not that appearance to me. The stone houses looked too dirty and too much alike, though the inequalities of the rocky ground on which they are built break up their monotony: there is a want of gardens to the cottages, and trees to take away the bareness of the scene. Such were my first impressions. The church is of an octagonal shape, added to an older tower, and is exceedingly ugly. In the churchyard, near the porch, is an old font of eight unequal sides, three of which are ornamented with shields; two of the shields are plain, and the other has a chevron, the arms of the Eyres, of Hassop; it is most probable this font belonged to the old church. We photographed it. Near the churchyard is the tepid bath supposed to have been used by the Romans. The Hall, the residence of Lord Denman, is an old building on the right of the road just before entering the village. The Parsonage is built on the hill side, commanding fine views. We saw the effect of the late storms in this village, many windows still testifying to the force of the hail and ice that had battered them so thoroughly. The lower part of the village had been inundated, and in one house we saw marks on the walls showing where the water had risen to nearly four feet in height; many hundred tons of mud brought from the hills had to be removed from the brook-course and street. I observed in this place several chimneys crowned with an inverted W ($\overline{\text{M}}$) of slate or thin stones, with a heavier stone on the top to prevent them being blown away; a smoke preventer I imagined.

Refreshing ourselves at the "Moon" Inn, we continued through the village till we arrived at the entrance of its far-famed Dale.

Here we found William Wood,* the historian of Eyam, who had been waiting for us some time at the "Lover's Leap" Inn. We took two views here, showing the fine rock, which Mr. Wood assures us is a *genuine* Lover's Leap; that a young woman of the name of Baddaley, about a hundred years ago, threw herself in a fit of disappointed love from this height, and miraculously escaped with her life, her petticoat forming a parachute, and her fall being further broken by the boughs of a small yew-tree growing in the crevices of the rock; she fell into a saw-pit, and, though bruised and disfigured, was able to limp home, where she lived many years in a state of single blessedness.

The smoke from the lime-kilns in the valley beyond, drifting this way, made photographing very difficult, and sometimes impossible; and, much as Mr. Rhodes and others have praised the fine effects thus produced, we thought differently. Apart from all photographic considerations, it was really too much of a good thing—all the kilns appeared to be of one mind, and smoked away like Dutchmen during our whole time in the Dale. We managed, however, to get a view of the Castle Rock, a noble piece of Nature's handiwork,

> "On whose veteran front
> The storms that come at Winter's stern behest
> Have beat for ages."

This we got from the opposite hill side, just behind a picturesque paint mill, itself a study. Here we were joined by two artists, who proposed sketching the grand and castle-like rock from the same point. They were delighted at the bo-peeping of the rock behind the smoke-clouds. Some of the old kilns here are very fine studies, resembling the gateways of castles built in the rudest ages. The scenery of Middleton Dale is very bold and striking; on the right, huge masses of rock of fantastic shapes tower above the winding road, and threaten to hurl their tottering summits on

* Died June 27, 1865, in his 61st year. An excellent memoir of this self-made man, written by Mr. Peter Furness, of Eyam, appeared in the 6th Vol. of *The Reliquary*.

passers-by. The other side of the Dale is not so abrupt, but rises with a steep ascent to a greater height, covered with scanty herbage and numberless wild flowers, amongst which I gathered the wild thyme, marjoram, ladies' bed-straw, scabious, cranesbill, etc.; some large thistles, too, spread their tufted flowers of bright crimson in the warm rays of the sun, which was shining down the valley most charmingly, lighting up the gray rocks with fine effect. We had promised ourselves several nice pictures here, including the bold rock at the rear of the "Golden Ball," an old-fashioned wayside inn at the junction of Eyam Dale, but the smoke beat us; so we consoled ourselves by taking a small view of the hole, or cavern, close by the roadside, known by the name of Carl's-work, in which the skeleton and clothes of a pedlar were found some fifty years ago, about half-a-mile from the entrance. Mr. Wood can remember some of the clothes lying in Eyam church, where the unfortunate man's remains were left many years for identification. It is supposed by some that this opening communicates with a string of caverns reaching as far as Castleton!—but this can only be conjecture.

Passing by the end of Eyam Dale on our right, and one of the smoking kilns on our left, we presently came to the entrance of the Delf, Delve, or Cussy Dell, as it is variously called, branching off to the right, and guarded by rocky turrets on either side. A little further on we were clear of the smoke, and were enabled to take a couple of views looking down the Dale. There it was very pleasant, lying on a grassy knoll, to watch the white clouds chasing each other along the azure sky, while listening to the music of the water that babbled by in its artificial bed on the roadside, as though it rejoiced at its escape from the Watergroove Mine further up the valley; pleasant it was to watch the jackdaws and listen to their cawing as they hovered about the tree-crowned rocks that jutted out from the steep grassy slopes; the sun was getting low, and his level rays struck the bold prominences with a golden glow of light, which brought out their forms most clearly, and showed the glistening leaves of the creeping ivy in minutest

detail. We wandered up the Dale as far as the Upper Cupola,* where we used our last plate for the day. The sun had set to us. though the upper portion of the view was still illuminated by his beams, and as it was too late to get any more work done, we retraced our steps to the "Golden Ball," and overtook Tillet half-way up Eyam Dale, tugging away at the cart. It was a stiff bit of work to finish off with.

Eyam, standing on a rocky platform of considerable elevation, is approached by the steep winding road which runs up the rocky chasm of Eyam Dale, some half-mile in length; and glad were we when the top was reached. It was seven o'clock before we arrived at Mrs. Fox's, where we had arranged to stay during our sojourn at Eyam; and after despatching a hearty tea, which included some genuine Derbyshire oat cake, we set out for an evening stroll, under the guidance of Mr. Wood. Passing along the western portion of the village, we visited the tomb of Humphrey Merril, which stands in a field about half-a-mile to the north-west of the church. The sun had set, and a gentle breeze, laden with the scent of new-made hay, stirred the grass that waved round this lone tomb. While contemplating the fate of Humphrey Merril, and listening to the quiet, but clear and interesting account of the plague from our friend, a pensive feeling came over us, and we could not but admire the heroic spirit and the self-sacrificing principle which had induced him, through all the horrors of the pestilence, calmly to await his own doom sooner than be the means of spreading the contagion to other parts of the country. All honour be to the memory of this brave man and his compatriots; peace to their ashes and rest to their souls! By the twilight gleam, on the end of his tomb we could discern the initials "H. M., 1666." He died on the ninth of September, one of the latest victims.

Retracing our steps till we came nearly to the Hall, we turned off to Cucklett Dell, or the Delf as it is commonly called, the

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* Derived from the Saxon *cupel-lowe*, or wind-furnace, and still so pronounced by the natives of this locality.

upper ground of which we explored by the dim evening light, as far as its junction with Middleton Dale. Cucklett Church* was shrouded in shadow, and, standing beneath its rocky arches,

CUCKLETT CHURCH.

we could scarcely see between the dark overhanging branches of the surrounding trees to the bottom of the Dell :

"So hushed, so shrouded its deep bosom lies."

At the extremity of this secluded ravine, on the point of rock guarding its eastern entrance, we had a most beautiful view of Middleton Dale, though perhaps too dark to show it to the best advantage. Wending our way back again by the same rough route, through the long and dewy grass, we next went to the churchyard, just to notice the positions of the cross, Catherine Mompesson's tomb, etc., so that we might arrange for the morrow. It was a glorious evening, and with pleasant reminiscences of a former visit, I proposed a walk through the village and on to the Sheffield Road, towards the Riley graves, and we

* "Cucklet, or Cuckletts, is the name of certain fields, or plots of land, west of the rock where Mompesson preached; the name is said to be a corruption of the words, Cook's Lot,—that is, land that once belonged to a family named Cook."—*Wood.*

soon found ourselves on this elevated highway overlooking a vast stretch of country; we

"Saw the hills
Grow larger in the darkness."

Down in the vale at our feet lay Middleton, half shrouded in the assembling mists, through which twinkled many a cottage light; while above all in the calm sky we watched the red moon rising to assume her starry throne. It was a scene not easily forgotten, and, had we no thought for the morrow, should doubtless have wandered a good way further. It was half-past nine when we reached our cottage.

Supper in Mrs. Fox's old-fashioned room, and a chat over our tobacco with her, round the fire, was not the least pleasant sensation of the day. This cottage where we were staying stands at a short distance to the west of the church, and next to the house where the plague broke out in the memorable 1665; indeed it is under the same roof, and was built at the same time. The walls are of immense thickness and well built, the floors are of stone nicely sanded, and the roof is covered with the same material; it would almost seem as if it was intended to stand as long as the rock on which it is built. Inside, the walls are washed with a bright blue colour (a favourite fashion in the Peak), and behind our venerable hostess hangs a row of glittering household utensils; an antique clock ticks against the wall, surmounted by a curious old jug made in the shape of a bear, a great curiosity, and as ancient as the clock; a bright fire-place and good fire; the door open till late in the night, whereat the jessamine peeps in and nods its star-like flowers; and the four travellers round the fire, kicking up their slippered feet, complete the picture. Old Mrs. Fox* is telling us stories of by-gone days, and puffing at intervals her long clay pipe, which she seems thoroughly to enjoy. The air grows chill, the door is closed, and we sit till midnight listening to our ancient friend's details of the plague, the gibbet

* Mrs. Fox died June 4, 1872, at the advanced age of 96.

on Wardlow Mires, and other interesting matters connected with the locality. Having spent the greater part of her life in the village, she has handed down many of the traditions of the plague, which Mr. Wood has embodied in his interesting History of Eyam. Amongst the stories we heard, she told us how, many years back, through burning the Christmas holly (which was a very unlucky thing to do!), a chimney took fire in the next house, where the plague had first appeared, and that it made the wall of her bedroom so hot that she could not bear her hand on it; that a sort of wooden flue, or passage for steam from the copper opened into the chimney; this getting on fire, was hastily chopped down, when a pair of old leathern stays fell therefrom. These stays were very heavy, and she supposes full of money sewed in them, and that they were hidden there in the time of the plague, instead of being burnt, as was most of the clothing. She never saw them again, and her neighbour said they were burnt for fear of infection; but he soon after left the house and appeared in much better circumstances. Thus, instead of ill-luck, the burning of the holly proved a very fortunate event for him.

We heard the midnight hour toll from the neighbouring church before we retired to rest.

TUESDAY.

"AMONG the verdant mountains of the Peak,
There lies a quiet hamlet, where the slope
Of pleasant uplands wards the north-winds bleak;
Below, wild dells romantic pathways ope;
Around, above it, spreads a shadowy cope
Of forest trees; flower, foliage, and clear rill
Wave from the cliffs, or down ravines elope;
It seems a place charmed from the power of ill
By sainted words of old:—so lovely, lone, and still."

WE rose soon after six o'clock, and while breakfast was preparing I strolled out in my slippers to the churchyard—one of the

prettiest I know.* Fine rows of limes surround it, and as I stood meditating beneath their scented boughs, the hum of myriads of bees rifling the sweet bunches of flowers fell on my ear,

"Like sound with which a dream is filled."

Truly this is an interesting and sacred spot, and to a thoughtful mind, full of the most thrilling associations: the runic cross with its interlaced knot-work and rude figures carrying one back in imagination to the days of good King Alfred; the church itself,

EYAM CHURCH.

though little is left of its original work, has witnessed many changes that have been wrought in this land; but its chief charm

* Wood, in his last edition of the History of Eyam (1868), says:—"The churchyard, as well as the village, are fast losing their Stoke Poges characteristics. Increase of population, and the introduction of trades, will soon obliterate every trace of the old English village."

lies in having been the scene of the worthy Mompesson's labours, and the burial-place of his dear wife, Catherine—

"Where tears have rained, nor yet shall cease to flow."

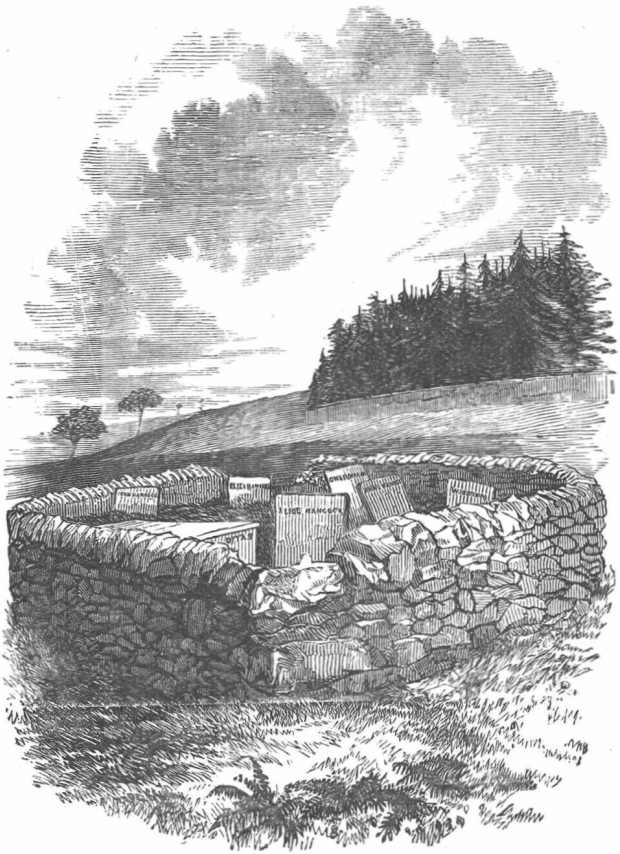
—and many other victims of the plague.

After a quiet stroll about the churchyard, looking at the famous dial over the porch, and taking a general survey, I joined my friends at the breakfast table, where we did ample justice to the eggs and bacon prepared for us. Thus primed for a good day's work, we commenced in the churchyard, taking several views, including a good one of the cross. Our next picture was a view of Eyam, looking west. Mr. Wood, who had again joined us, showed us at the east end of the village, at the rear of his house, in a small meadow, two flat gravestones to the memory of the Darbys, victims of the plague. Continuing our walk eastward, we visited the Riley graves, the approach to which is by a road branching off the Sheffield turnpike, about a quarter-of-a-mile from the village, through a plantation; the golden gorse, the graceful harebell, and the stately foxglove decorating the sandy banks on either side. Emerging from the shade of the trees into the open fields, ascending all the while, we soon came to the Riley graves. They stand on the steep slope of the hill, in the middle of a field, and are surrounded by a rude wall, in shape resembling a heart, which serves to protect them from the cattle; nodding ferns and foxgloves springing up from the rank grass decorate this rude cemetery, where sleep the plague-stricken forms of John Hancock and his children. The view hence is extensive and beautiful, embracing a vast stretch of country right away to Masson, where it meets the horizon.

Never shall I forget the stroll to the Riley graves, nor how we lay on the grass basking in the sunshine, while William Wood narrated in his straightforward, earnest, and simple manner, how the poor mother buried her husband and family, as one after the other they died of the plague—how she was seen of the people in Stoney Middleton, to drag them one by one, by the aid of a towel tied to their feet, to the shallow graves she scooped out on the moor-

side—and he pointed out a tree some fifty or sixty yards off, where the house of the Hancocks stood at the time.

But we must up and away, after taking a stereogram of the



THE RILEY GRAVES.

graves, to the house of the Talbots, now called Riley Farm House, some quarter-of-a-mile distant. The family of Talbot were all carried off before the Hancocks, and we saw the tabular tomb where they are interred in the orchard close to the house.

The inscriptions of these various tombs are all given by Wood in his exhaustive history, so that I shall not repeat them here.

We continued our walk on to the Moor, up a very rough road, high above Eyam, to see Mompesson's Well, as it is called, which consists of a stone, covering the source of a tiny mountain rivulet in a hollow on the left as we ascended, the upper surface of which is carved in the form of a cross. This was one of the points, on the imaginary line drawn around the village, which none were to pass, where provisions and other necessaries were brought for the villagers, and where the money used in the transactions was washed in the pure water of the spring, so that the contagion might not spread.* We returned by an upper road,

MOMPESSON'S WELL.

whence we had a fine view of Eyam, and passed through some fields with further memorials of the plague north of the church ;—the same fields where the young and beautiful Catherine Mompesson, the loving wife of the heroic rector, walked on the twenty-second of August, 1666, when she exclaimed to her husband what a sweet smell there was, and was immediately possessed by the plague, with which she struggled "for a few days, when her spirit took its flight to the regions of bliss." Our way continued through the churchyard, where we saw her tomb in

* Similar precautions were used at Derby in the time of the pestilence, a relic of which is now placed in the Arboretum, called the Headless Cross, which once stood upon Nun's Green.

a tolerably good state of preservation; a yew tree had recently been planted at its foot.

There is a curious custom in this churchyard of placing stone pillars at the four corners of the tomb, as shown in the accompanying illustration.

The interior of Eyam Church contains but little worthy of notice.

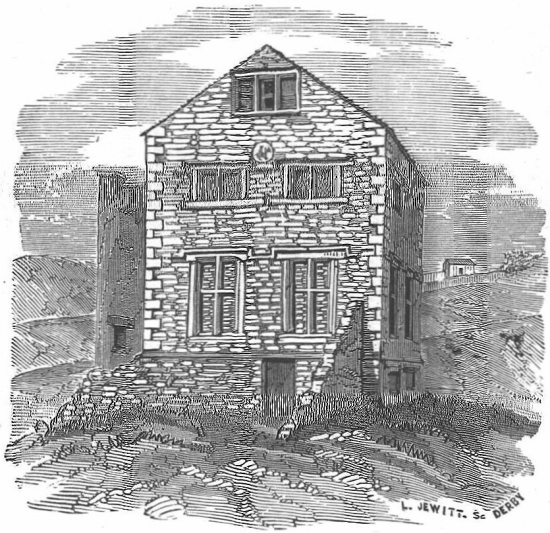
After lunch, we went down Eyam Dale to take a picture of "The Haunted House." Truly it is an "unked" place! and I suppose the scene of some outrage, which has caused its desertion and

EYAM DALE.

consequent decay. A gloomy sky and overhanging trees added to the melancholy of the spot, and we were not sorry to leave it for the more open part of the dale lower down, which is very picturesque. The woods of the Rock Gardens on one side, and the bold projections of limestone on the other, terminating with Blackwell Tor, a winding road and mumuring streamlet, the distance filled in with the green slopes of Middleton Pastures and the higher Moor, make up a fine picture. The "Golden Ball" public-house at the end of Eyam Dale, with Blackwell Tor in its

rear, compose well, but the lime-kiln opposite was kicking up such a pother we could not take it. We turned to the right, and fighting our way through a luxuriant bed of nettles breast high, made our way into the Delf once more. It was getting almost too late to take photographs, but we secured one of Cucklett Church, from whose rocky arches Mompesson, after the church was closed in the time of the plague, was wont to address his daily-declining congregation as they stood or reclined apart from and afraid of each other.

> "Arch meeting arch, unwrought of human hands,
> Form dome and portals. On its roof the air
> Waves leafy boughs; the Alpine flower expands;
> It seems a spell-constructed bower."



BRADSHAW'S HOUSE.

It was too dark to get a view of the Salt-pan, as the narrow ravine at the upper end of this Dale is called, so we wended our way to Humphrey Merril's tomb, which we took in the dull evening light. Hollins House, where he lived, is only about a hundred yards distant.

A slight shower turned us homeward. On our way we noticed

the remains of President Bradshaw's House,* now used as a barn and cow-shed; and finished the day's work at photographing with a view of the village looking east.

After tea I went again into the churchyard, and was copying inscriptions from gravestones till the wind and rain drove me indoors. We spent another cozy, chatty evening; and, after talking over the next day's route, and regretting we could not bring in a visit to Wet-Within's Druidical circle on the Moor, went to bed rather earlier.

Amongst the inscriptions, I copied the following from a quaint tablet to the memory of Anne Sellars and her husband :—

Here Li'th
Ye Body of Anne Sellars Bu
Ried by this Stone. Who dy
ed on Jan.y. 15 Day 1731.
Likewise Here lise dear Jsaac
Sellars my Husband & my
Right. Who was buried on
that Same Day Come seuen
years 1738. In seuen years
time there Comes a Change
Obsarve and Here you'll See
On that same Day come
Seuen years my Husbands'
laid by Me.

Cunningham, a curate at Eyam near a century ago, has left behind him, on the tombstones in this churchyard, several specimens of his poetic ability. The following verses are said to have been written by him :—

To the Memory of
Edward, the son of
Thomas & Mary Froggatt
Who died December IV
A:D: MDCCLXXIX:
Aged XVIII years.

* See notice of this place by Mr. Furness, in *The Reliquary*, Vol. 2, p. 219.

How eloquent the monumental stone,
Where blooming, modest Virtues, prostrate lie!
Where pure Religion from her hallow'd Throne,
Tells man "it is an awful thing to Die."

Is Happiness thy Aim? Or Death thy Fear?
Learn how their Path with Glory may be trod,
From the lamented Youth who slumbers here,
Who gave the Flower of his Days to God.

The above is on a tombstone in the south-west part of the churchyard, near the path. At the east end of the church, "In memory of Sarah Cooper," is a stone with the following:—

In sure and steadfast hope to rise,
And claim her mansion in the skies,
A Christian here her flesh laid down,
The cross exchanging for a crown.

Meet for the fellowship above
She heard the call, Arise my love:
I come, her dying looks replied,
And lamb like as her Lord she died.

I also copied the inscription on the tomb of Catherine Mompesson:—

CATHERINA VXOR
GVLIELMI MOMPESSON
HVJUS ECCLESIÆ RECTS,
FILIA RADVLPHI CARR,
NVPER DE COCKEN IN
COMITATV DVNELMENSIS
ARMIGERI:
SEPVLTA VICESSIMO
QVINTO DIE MENSIS AVGTĪ.

AN̄O. DNI. 1666.

Besides this, at the west end of the tomb is an hour-glass with wings and the words *Cavete nescitis horam*; and at the east end a death's head with the motto, *Mors mihi lucrum*. The following inscription is from a lichen-stained stone placed by the east wall

of the porch:—"Abell: the Sonne . of . Thomas . & Alice Rowland . was bvried . Jan. the 15th 1665."

CATHERINE MOMPESSON'S TOMB.

WEDNESDAY.

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been."

"In changeful shapes the shadows fall
On rugged Higger Tor,
A mellow'd glory fills the dell,
And gilds each darksome scaur."

Rose at six o'clock, and breakfasted early; took a view of

Catherine Mompesson's tomb, and started on our journey to Padley, first providing some bread and cheese, and filling our barrel with excellent beer from the "Bull's Head," opposite the church. This reminds me that Tillett, hearing one of us talking about the Cussy Dale, thought we were speaking of the *cussed ale!* which he immediately took up cudgels for, and heaven knows he ought to be a judge!

The morning was cloudy and gray, but cleared up as we proceeded on our way along the Sheffield Road. We had a beautiful view of Stoney Middleton and Froggatt Edge, but too hazy for photographing. It soon cleared, and

> "With nought to bear us company,
> Save the goodly sunlight glancing free
> From every stream, and rock, and tree,"

we strode along joyfully, in good health and spirits, exhilarated by the fresh mountain air.

A turn in the road brought us in view of the Derwent, at our feet, with Stoke Hall and its beautiful surroundings. The cart ran very easily now, all the way down to Grindleford Bridge; but after crossing the river, it was all up-hill work for a long, long way.

Not knowing exactly where to look for the ruins of Padley Chapel, and being in a totally new neighbourhood, it is not to be wondered at that we passed the gate where we ought to have turned off the high road, and continued our up-hill course till we began to doubt—we knew our quest lay to the left, and that we should have to cross the brook, for this much the Ordnance map told us. However, we found a gate on the left, with a good road through the wood, which we determined to explore till we found the ruins; and O, what an enchanting region we had lighted on! The following quotation from Bryant will give a better idea of the place and the feelings it excites, than any words of mine:—

> Stranger, if thou hast learnt a truth, which needs
> Experience more than reason, that the world
> Is full of guilt and misery, and hast known
> Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares,
> To tire thee of it,—enter this wild wood,

And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze,
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men,
And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse
Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning earth,
But not in vengeance. Misery is wed
To guilt. And hence these shades are still the abodes
Of undissembled gladness: the thick roof
Of green and stirring branches is alive,
And musical with birds, that sing and sport
In wantonness of spirit; while, below,
The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the glades
Try their thin wings, and dance in the warm beam
That waked them into life. Even the green trees
Partake the deep contentment: as they bend
To the soft wind, the sun from the blue sky
Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
Existence, than the winged plunderer
That sucks its sweets. The massy rocks themselves,
The old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees,
That bend from knoll to knoll, a causey rude,
Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,
With all their earth upon them; twisting high
Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
Seems with continuous laughter to rejoice
In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren
That dips her bill in water. The cool wind
That stirs the stream in play shall come to thee,
Like one that loves thee, nor will let thee pass
Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace.

Amongst the wonders of this wonderful region we had wandered into, the numerous gigantic ant hills stand foremost in my memory—great living heaps of insect life, and short sticks and straws—hundreds of them, each three or four feet in diameter, and each containing myriads of ants. The ferns next claimed our admiration, growing in plumy clumps in every direction, and bilberry bushes hiding the rocky ground from whence they sprung.

We were often tempted to turn aside, but held our downward path till we came to the gurgling brook, which, leaping amid the huge masses of rock that had tumbled down from the hills above in some remote period, hurried along its varied course from lin to lin till it reached the Derwent below. A rustic bridge here and there crosses the brook, and seats are scattered about for resting-places in the most charming nooks. We did not know where we

SCENE IN PADLEY WOOD.

were (but fancied we were trespassing) till afterwards, when it appeared that these delightful walks, where the wildness of nature is not marred by man's improvements, belong to the neighbouring shooting-box of Longshaw, the property of the Duke of Rutland, and is known by the name of Yarncliffe, or Padley, Wood. The game was abundant, and so were the pictures, and we wandered about amidst the choicest "bits," hardly knowing where to

commence. We roamed up the steeps on the other side of the stream,

"Old as the hills that fed it from afar,"

till we reached the open moor, where we saw the curious pile of rocks called Owler Tor, some half-mile off. This gave us a better knowledge of our precise position, and we descended again into the leafy labyrinth, where

"The chequered earth seems restless as a flood
Brushed by the wind. So sportive is the light,
Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,
Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,
And darkening and enlightening (as the leaves
Play wanton) every part."

We explored to the south, and presently came to a bower on an elevation overlooking a most delightful prospect; this must be Cicely Tor, mentioned by Dr. S. T. Hall in his "*Loiterings near Longshaw.*" Numbers of brilliantly-coloured fungi which were scattered about the moist earth were very beautiful. Part of our explorations were made while Tillett was unpacking and packing our apparatus. All of us were loath to leave this charming spot, but time was flying very swiftly, and we had taken several pictures, and were anxious to get some of the old chapel; so after a stiff pull we reached the road again, and retraced our steps till we came to the gate leading to the Saw-mill and Upper Padley.

We found the farm-house of Mr. Seth Thorpe, and, close by, the ruin we were in search of, now used as a barn and cow-house, I explored its interior, and in the hay-loft saw some good carved corbels for supporting the roof-timbers. Sir Thomas Fitzherbert, who married the heiress of Sir Arthur Eyre, lived at Padley Hall, and here it was that, in the year 1588, two Catholic priests were arrested, and afterwards barbarously executed in Derby, together with another priest, Richard Simpson. The two priests taken at Padley were Nicholas Garlick, one time schoolmaster at Tideswell for the space of seven years, and Robert Ludlam, who was born near Sheffield. Tradition says the estate was confiscated, and that the Earl of Shrewsbury, then Lord Lieutenant of the

county, used his authority with great severity towards the family at Padley.*

After photographing this relic of olden time from every point of view, we retraced our path amid the erratic blocks of gray limestone with which the field is scattered over, and continued our upward route on the high road, with woods on either side, till we halted at a moss-covered milestone, close by the wood-gate leading down to the Burbage Brook, where we had first wandered. Here we enjoyed our bread and cheese, and finished the beer; and whilst resting, a gamekeeper and his assistant came up the road. We entered into conversation, and were invited to look over the grounds we had so lately left!

Up! up! up! it is a long pull, but there is Longshaw. Not a very pretentious, but a comfortable-looking place, and I dare say, the Duke enjoys himself at this shooting-box quite as much as he does at

"Belvoir, art's masterpiece and Nature's pride."

Some repairs are going on at the house, a distant view of which we take from the road.

Fox House Inn was next reached, but at this moorland hostelrie we only stop for a slight refreshment, and on again, for the sun is getting very low, and we must reach Hathersage this night. The rocks of Owler, like the Cheesewring in form, on the left, the road before us, and the vast moors on our right—what shall we do? The road to Hathersage is good, whence the most gorgeous views are obtained? Shall we look for the Druid stones on the other side of the road below Owler Tor, or shall we cross the moor, and try to find our way to Hathersage, leaving Tillett to take the cart by the road? The latter course seemed the best, as having more of adventure in it, besides, I very much wished to get the rocks of Higgar and the ancient British wall at Caelswark, if sufficient light were left.

The Burbage Brook crosses the road a little below Fox House, on its wild way to the recesses of Yarncliffe Wood, where we first made its acquaintance. A little further on we came to a strange-

* See Rhodes' *Peak Scenery* and Wood's *History of Eyam*.

looking rock, projecting over the road on the right, called the Toad's Mouth, a large black mass of sandstone very much resembling that reptile, or like some antediluvian monster crawling down from the moor and becoming fossilized in ages past. It was at the Toad's Mouth we left the unfenced road, and turning sharp to the right, struck out across the wild, free moor.

"Bearing up to the right, knee-deep in ling, bilberry wires, ferns, bents, and mossy stones, we came, in about another half-mile, to a place known even now by its old Saxon name of Caelswark, *i.e.*, the work of the Caels or Gaels—the earliest inhabitants of this island.* I cannot tell the precise extent of these stupendous masses; but they occupy a lofty oval platform of perhaps two acres, and overlook a vast outstretch of country to the south of east. . . . . The platform presents its sublimest aspect to the east, where an enormous stone (is it in rude imitation of the ark?) appears half launched into the sky from the top of a rocky projection, and beneath which two wedges of gritstone seem just to sustain it in its perilous position. Along the southern side of the platform, and at its western end, portions of a massive wall, well-built, though without cement, yet remain, and it revives some curious associations, if we recall the attachment of the Druids to that tree when a stunted oak, probably, from its appearance the successor of one more powerful but now decayed, is seen,† waving its branches in this part of the ruins. . . . On the north and north-eastern sides it would seem that the vast piles of stone, most of them many tons in weight, had all been undermined, and plunged in one dread commotion deep into the valley beneath, where, lying one upon another, they now form a scene of desolation indescribable." For this very reason I have used the above words of Dr. Hall, in his chapter on "*Caelswark and Hu-gaer*," the best chapter he has written in his *Peak and the Plain*. *We* were struck with astonishment and lost in awe and admiration.

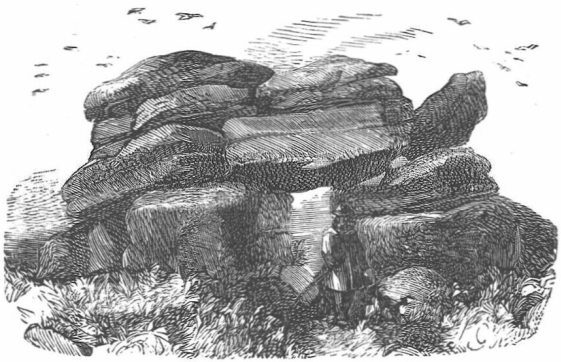
We had some difficulty in getting over a bog before we reached Caelswark, and the labour of walking through the stiff vegetation

* See note in *The Reliquary*, Vol. I., p. 163, for further information.
† There were no signs of a tree when we were there.

of the rock-strewn moor was very heavy. We succeeded in obtaining a small photograph of the wall, and then by planting the camera on the top of it, where it is level with the earth above, a general view of the whole area. The overhanging rock mentioned by Dr. Hall has a basin on the top which contained about two gallons of rainwater on our visit. There are some fine rocking stones amidst the vast assemblage—one on the south could be easily moved, the large one in the centre also vibrated under our pressure; it is above seven feet high, and twelve or fourteen feet in diameter.* The scene on the north side of Caelswark is one of dreadful confusion, immense masses of sandstone lying on the steep descent in thousands; while from this eminence the prospect beyond and all around is grand and overpowering. A lurid light illumined the dusky moors, which stretched away to the far horizon, and the solitude is almost unbroken; save a keeper's lone house on the other side of the Burbage Brook, which springs from the mosses of this moor, and another (Morten's) which cuts against the sky on the north-west, there is no sign of human life on the broad and ocean-like expanse. About half-a-mile away, the immense stones of Higgar, with the Slifter Tor on the extreme left of the pile, tower in majesty against the northern sky; towards this eminence we now pushed our way, and stiff work it was. We reached the pile near its centre where the great cromlech-like stones, so prominent in its distant outline, stand. By the very faint light now left to us, Mr. Warwick tried to take a view of this curious assemblage of rocks on the north side, while I made a sketch of their more imposing but darker front from the south, from which the accompanying cut is taken. It was above half-past seven o'clock and getting dusk, but we examined the Slifter Tor, which is separated by fearful chasms from the main pile, and found a trap for weasels on the top.

* The Rev. J. C. Cox, in his able paper on the *Archæological Needs of the County*, speaking of Cael's-wark, says, "Within the last fifteen years some of the most Cyclopean part of the work has been dislodged and worked up into millstones. Surely *our* Society might have this ancient fort carefully surveyed, which has never yet been done, and then perhaps move Sir John Lubbock to procure its being scheduled in the next Session."—*Derby Mercury*, Jan. 23, 1884.

Regretting again and again there was no light by which to take some views of this magnificent temple of Nature, this City of God as it has been called,* the gloom of the place still clinging to us, we reluctantly descended on the north side to make the best of our way to Hathersage. The number of grouse we disturbed was wonderful, the place hereabouts seemed to swarm with them, and on after consideration it seemed strange we were allowed to pursue our way unmolested by the keepers, especially as it was so near the time of grouse shooting.† However, we had accomplished our heart's desire of crossing a real Derbyshire moor, and did not then care for all the keepers in creation. Down, down, down we went, plunging and perspiring, through the bilberries; now sinking in deep moss, now treading on a stone, till we came



HIGGAR TOR.

to a rough road which seemed to be used by Dame Nature for a watercourse when necessity required. We crossed the road, jumped the wall; then down again, steeper still, another piece of moorland, amongst the whirring grouse, till, panting with exertion,

* "It is called by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood 'Higgar,' which I take to be a corruption of 'Hu Gaer', *i.e.*, the city of God.—*Dr. S. T. Hall.*

† Sir Gardner Wilkinson, speaking of Caelswark, says, "I regret not having been allowed to make a plan of it; but researches among ancient remains on these moors, whether camps, or sacred circles, are greatly interfered with by the importance of the still more 'sacred grouse,' and the keepers ruthlessly prohibit any examination of the antiquities within their beats."—*Reliquary*, Vol. 1, p. 163.

we reached a decent-looking road that promised to take us down to Hathersage,—which it did.

We saw, at a lone house, a garland stretched across the road, with a wreath and a pair of gloves cut in paper suspended from the centre.

Calling at the Vicarage to see the Rev. H. Cottingham, I was informed he was in the church; here I found him, and I shall never forget the beautiful effect I both saw and felt on entering the fine old edifice. He was in the chancel practising the choir by candlelight, and the mysterious gloom of the place, here and there only partially broken by the twilight creeping through the richly-stained glass windows, produced a Rembrandt-like effect with the stronger light which illuminated the faces of the choristers as they woke the slumbering echoes of the sacred pile with their melody.

> "The music bursteth into second life;
> The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
> By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;
> Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before the eye
> Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!

My friend recommended us to the "George" Inn at the bottom of the village, which we found quite full. On our way thither we found Tillett had taken up his quarters with the cart, and was refreshing at the "Ordnance Arms, by Richard Perks," so we returned to the same place, and partook of a good substantial tea. A smoke in the bar afterwards made us very comfortable, and at peace with all the world.

THURSDAY.

> "THE rocky parapets of Peak I see,
> And in those mountain holds my spirit pants to be."

WE rose at six o'clock in the morning (I need not record that we slept well), and went to the churchyard, where we took some views.

Little John's grave was rather a disappointment in a photographic point of view, as it consisted only of two very small stones at a very great distance apart, "only this and nothing more;" and if Little John's head touched one and his toes reached the other, he was indeed John le Tall! At a short distance to the south-east of the church is the ancient cottage where he came to die—Jenny Sheard's cottage.* We found the cottage, but Jenny Sheard was dead; her nephew, however, lived in it, an old man, and on asking him whether this really was the cottage in which Little John died, he replied, "Ay, I reckon this is it." We got a large view of this.

Hathersage Church is a fine structure, in the later style of English architecture, with a handsome crocketed spire. It had recently been restored at a considerable expense, and both church and churchyard showed signs of great taste and care in their proper preservation. The stained glass is very beautiful, though modern, and the west window, presented by Mr. George Eyre and his three sisters, I thought particularly good. A fine altar-tomb on the north side of the chancel, richly-sculptured, has had a new marble top, in which are inserted the old brasses. It bears the effigies of Robert Eyre, who fought at the battle of Agincourt, and his wife, two fine figures; both are in the attitude of prayer. He is in armour, at his feet a lion. Above their heads is a shield, and below their feet a row of children. The date of this tomb is 1459. I got rubbings as well as I could in my note-book of the shield, and a male and female child from the row, to show the costume. There are three other brasses on the south wall of the chancel, a triple trefoiled sedilia, and an elegant projecting piscina with trefoil arch. The chapel on the north side of the chancel contained nothing worthy of note, and is occupied by new plain slabs to the Shuttleworths. A fine octagonal font, richly decorated with the arms of the Eyres, etc., stands near the south entrance.

We visited Camp Green, just outside the churchyard to the east, supposed to be a Danish fortification. It is a grassy mound

* Since pulled down.

of circular form, about a furlong in diameter, surrounded by a dry moat once fed by the little stream running down from Car Head.

The Vicarage, close by the west end of the church, completed our photographic operations here; and, after breakfasting, we hurried away on our northward course, not daring to stay any longer in Hathersage, though it contains much we should have liked to have taken away with us on our magic plates.

The old hall of North Lees was our next point, about a mile-and-a-quarter from Hathersage. We started at ten o'clock, and a very pleasant walk we found it on this bright summer morning. How beautiful everything appeared in the warm sunshine; and what delightful sounds fell on the ear, from the throbbing music of the soaring lark, high up in the fervid sky, to the ringing of the mower's scythe in the fields below; the ceaseless hum of happy insects, and

> "the blended voice
> Of happy labour, love, and social glee"

of the rustics who are tedding the swaths of grass, or turning and spreading the scented hay. How refreshing are the sights, the scents, and sounds of summer, out in the green fields or on the hill-tops, by the babbling brook or in the deep wood.

> "O God! methinks it were a happy life
> To be no better than a homely swain."

Derwent Chapel was our destination, and we had planned to take North Lees *en route*, but the way being rather rough and hilly we had sent Tillett by the highway again, down to Mytham Bridge and along the Derwent valley to Ashopton, where we purposed to meet him.

A curious incident occurred to us just before reaching North Lees:—a little dog belonging to the house seeing us advancing along the unfrequented road, barked at us with all his might, but finding we took no notice of him, he ran off to an adjoining field where the haymakers were busy, and, going to a distant tree,

presently returned with a large shepherd's dog, who also commenced growling and barking, showing a menacing front; but we sent them both off with stones. That the little dog *fetched* the larger one, we had not the least doubt, but by what language or signs he procured his friend's assistance I know not.

We took two small views of the fine old Elizabethan house of North Lees, and were very kindly received by Miss Eyre, her brother and sisters being in the hay-field. I believe they are descendants of the Eyre who built this house, and whose monument I noticed in Hathersage Church. We were shown over the house, and hospitably invited to some capital bread and cheese and porter. What a jolly old room we sat in! Great mullioned windows with Latin sentences over them in the plaster-work, an ornamental frieze filling up the remainder; the furniture all of dark oak, quaintly carved. One piece, I remember, had the emblems of the crucifixion, etc., cut in a very rude fashion.* There was an old mezzotint after Morland, and a date over the west window, 1594. We went up the spiral staircase, formed out of solid oak blocks running round a great pole or newel, right to the top of the house, and on to the flat lead roof, from the battlemented parapet of which we had an extensive and beautiful view over the valley of the Derwent to the heights of Sir William in the distance. I forgot to name a fine carved bedstead on the first floor from Derwent Hall. This house is said to be one of those built by Robert Eyre for one of his eleven sons. The kitchens and back part of the house are comparatively new, and this view we took from near the beehives in the garden.

Thanking our kind hostess for her hospitality, we enquired the way to the ruins of the old Chapel, which we found after crossing three fields to the north-west. Rank nettles and ash trees of considerable growth occupy the area of the ruin, which is about forty feet in length. The west end has a low round-headed doorway, and the east end is shown in the accompanying illustration. This chapel stands on the hill side between North Lees Hall and

* This is now at *Fox House* on Hathersage Moor.

the paper mill. The walk was very beautiful and tempting to wanderers in search of the picturesque like ourselves; we

> "often paused, so strange the road,
> So wondrous were the scenes it show'd."

The brook which served the paper mill seemed to solicit an exploration, and pictures for the camera abounded in every direction. We could see in the distance, looking back, the forms of Higgar and Owler towering against the sky; at our feet lay the valley of the Derwent; and beyond, the Vale of Hope, with the majestic form of Win Hill on our left. Our way now lay beneath

RUINS OF CHAPEL AT NORTH LEES.

Bamford Edge, over the moor, and we soon got down to Ashopton Inn and Tillett. Fiddling and fuddling seemed the order of the day here, being the wakes, but we "refreshed and travelled on," keeping by the side of the river Derwent, which here flows over a rocky bed along a rather confined valley, Derwent Edge keeping us company on our right.

From Ashopton Inn to Derwent Chapel is a mile-and-a-half, and the road being very rough we had all to tug at the cart. I noticed great quantities of meadow-sweet growing by the river side. It was nearly three o'clock when we reached Derwent Hall, the

residence of George Newdigate, Esq.,* an old mansion built by one of the Balguy family in 1672. The gardens on the south are large, and we took a view of the house from hence for the stereoscope, and some larger views from the road. Near the Hall, the river is crossed by an old bridge, formerly used by pack-horses; this made a beautiful subject for us. We dined in the entrance hall, which contains some fine tapestry. On the south-east is a large fish-pond. On the keystone of the front doorway are carved the arms of the Balguys, and a quaint old dial is fixed on the garden wall to the right of the house. Thanking Mr. Newdigate for his hospitable reception, we turned our faces southward and retraced our steps to Ashopton.

The evening was beautiful, but the walk a long one, and the rough road added much to our labour. Tillett fell down with the cart handle on the sharp stones and cut his knuckles badly; fortunately I carried some sticking-plaster and bandaged him up. The road improved after passing Ashopton Inn, but we were all getting tired. Six miles further, and we reached the village of Hope, regularly done up. We turned into the Inn near the Church, and soon had our dry throats moistened with a mixture of ale and ginger beer. Thus refreshed, we once more took to the road, for we could not rest in Hope. It was too late to examine the interesting old church, and we proceeded on our way to Castleton, beyond which a gorgeous spectacle was spread before our eyes by the setting sun—it is soon over, and

"No wreck of all the pageantry remains."—

Venus is left in the twilight sky to reign supreme. It was nine o'clock, and dusk when we reached Castleton,

"The castle, looming dimly,
Stands out in bold relief;
Mam Tor is faintly gleaming
In the clear and cloudless west,
And the chimes in warning numbers
Ring—'tis near the hour of rest."

* Now the Shooting-box of the Duke of Norfolk.

We entered the "Nag's Head," had a jolly good meal, stretched our tired limbs, and smoked a pipe or two as we talked over the events of the day, and retired at 11.30.

FRIDAY.

"*All* scattered round in breadth and beauty lies
A scene most charming to a poet's eyes.
Behind, the Castle-hill uprears his head;
In front, the vale, magnificently spread—
Bounded by lofty peaks on either side."

TURNED out of bed at 5.30, and made an exploring excursion in our slippers up Cave Dale, to the Great Cavern, and up the zig-zag to the Castle. Another stiff day's work was in store for us, so we each made a hearty breakfast and then set to work.

Our first view was of Peveril Castle on the east side. There is a turret at the south-east corner. The ashlar-work has nearly all tumbled off from this part of the old keep,* and the hard mortar projects beyond the time-worn stones it so tenaciously holds together. There is a small piece of zig-zag moulding on the inside of the wall, and ashes and scyamores spring from the floor. Very little else remains except this old tower or keep, and from the size of the area, and the crumbling outworks still existing, it would appear that Peak Castle was never a very large place, but, from its insulated position, almost impregnable. Looking down into the chasm and over the entrance to the Great Cavern, it is a sheer precipice of great depth. The Castle is quite unapproachable from Cave Dale; and from the only side whence it is accessible, it has to be reached by traverses on the steep face of the hill. The view from the Castle yard is most imposing and beautiful; including the village of Castleton at our feet; the giant Mam Tor on the west; Lose Hill, Win Hill, Bamford Edge, and

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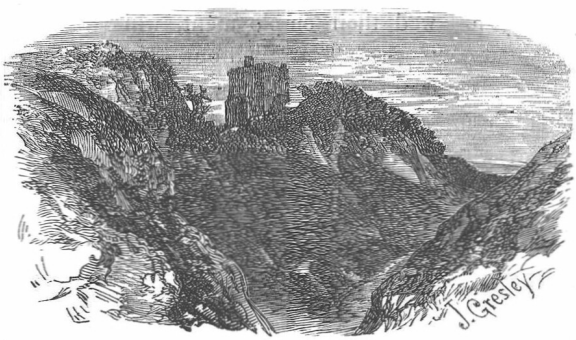
* Croston, in his *On Foot through the Peak*, says that these beautifully-worked stones have been stripped off by some former churchwardens to repair the church!

away to the heights beyond Hathersage on the east. The delighted eye wanders over the wide and luxuriant Vale of Hope, spread out in slyvan beauty, and contrasting with the savage grandeur by which it is almost surrounded.

Cave Dale is reached through an exceedingly narrow pass, on looking back through which, the church and hills beyond form a pleasing view, Win Hill filling in the distance; this we photographed. It was very delightful up this secluded ravine, lolling about on the dry grassy slopes, and looking back at the Castle,



PEVERIL CASTLE.

with the bold jutting rocks in the foreground; while in the azure vault above, the clouds kept rising rapidly from the near horizon, then sailed away

"Like ships upon the sea."

The wind was brisk and exhilarating, and not having much foliage in our views, was not so objectionable as it usually is to landscape photographers. We took several pictures in Cave Dale, some of which include the Castle, and show the angle-shaft with Norman capital. The casing of the walls too on this side has been unmolested. It is rather curious that the Castle should have been built with sandstone when all the surrounding rocks are of mountain limestone.

The Great Peak Cavern, as it is usually called now (though it

boasts of several *aliases*), next claimed our attention; and we were soon within sight of the truly wonderful entrance to this far-famed wonder of the Peak, than which nothing is finer in the whole county: the immense span of the natural arch, with the enormous precipice above, and the gloom of its deep recesses, all give it a grandeur unsurpassed. From the comparatively small amount of light in the deep ravine where the cavern is situated, we were obliged to give our plates a very long exposure; in the meantime we were much amused in watching the busy groups of twine-makers as they walked to and fro, into and out of the darkness, as they followed their employment, while ever and anon a singing shout of "tur-r-r-n!" assailed our ears, and round went the great wheels and reels. I sat here, close by the guide's hut, watching their nimble movements and listening to their monotonous cries with a running accompaniment of caws from the jackdaws in the rocks and trees above, till I fell into a doze, from which I was awakened by my companions when the plate was done. So long had been the exposure that the moving figures left no trace in the picture, which turned out a very good one.

The guide told us that since my last visit here the innermost recesses of the cavern had been made more easy of access, and that visitors had not now to lie on their backs in the flat boat to be pushed over the "first water." What a pity! I remember well that it was about the most exciting and interesting part of the underground journey, for I was afraid of my fair companion setting fire with her candle to the straw in which we lay! There was no jumping up out of the way of fire in such a case, for the solid roof of rock came down to within a few inches of our noses.

We had no time for exploring caverns* now, for we wanted to get on our journey, yet it was four o'clock when we left Castleton by the rocky pass of the Winnats, or Wind-gates, for the wind is supposed always to be blowing great guns up here. Before reaching the Speedwell Cavern, we came across Soft Sammy,—or

* Besides the Great Peak Cavern, Castleton boasts of the Speedwell and Blue John mines, each worthy a visit. The Odin mine is still worked, and is one of the oldest lead mines in the kingdom.

more correctly speaking, he came across us, for it is his business to waylay all strangers—but he was not soft enough to help to pull our cart up the Winnats, not he ; however, as he was not willing to work, he got no pay, and soon left us. Hercules ! what a pull it was up that steep and stony road. The wind whistled through the rocky portals, and we puffed and blowed too—one ought not to be short of wind to pull a cart, be it ever so light and springy,

GREAT PEAK CAVERN, CASTLETON.

up the Wind-gates ! But turn and behold the scene at your feet, where the sweet Vale of Hope lies mapped out in light and shade. Look at the everlasting hills in grand array stretching away into the dim distance, fleckered over with the shifting shadows of the clouds ! "The eye can hardly wander over a more delightful scene than is here displayed." Turn again, and precipitous slopes and rugged rocks make up the savage scene ; and "the tale of

horror" comes to mind, how a lover and his lady fair were foully murdered near this spot whereon we stand. We rested while a view was taken, and again, further up the defile, hemmed in by mountains on every side, we took another; but never will any of us forget our journey up the Winnats—and yet this was once the coach road!

We got over the ground much quicker after we reached the top of the pass, and three miles further on we came to Perryfoot, where the stream that runs through Peak Cavern is engulphed. These *swallows*, as they are called, are very numerous in the Peak of Derbyshire. Eldon Hole, on our left, was passed about a mile further back, but we had neither time nor inclination to visit either it or the ebbing and flowing well, for we wanted to get on to Peak Forest, another three miles, where we intended to pass the night.

Nothing of note occurred on our walk round by Sparrow Pit to Peak Forest; the shades of evening were closing over us rapidly, and we hailed the appearance of the village with delight. *Our* appearance seemed to afford unlimited pleasure and curiosity to the young Peakrels, who evidently took us for travelling showmen or tumblers, or somebodies of that ilk. The village seemed all alive; what could be the matter? We soon learned to our sorrow, for on enquiring for beds at the first inn we came to, we were told that it was the eve of the wakes, and that there was no room for us. Here was a pretty state of affairs! We tried all three of the inns, and we tried their beer, but they would none of them let us try their beds; we were told, however, that a quarter-of-a-mile further on there was an inn at Mount Pleasant where we should most likely get accommodated. After at least half-a-mile's walk all up-hill, in the dark, we saw a gloomy building looming before us—and this was Mount Pleasant!—it was not a pleasant mount for us at any rate! Now for something to eat, and then to bed, that "heaven on earth for a weary head," and legs and back too, Thomas Hood. We are not quite sure if the house has not itself retired to rest, all looks very dark. No, there is a light under the door, and in we go. A damsel receives us, and on enquiry, says we can have

beds; so we begin to inwardly congratulate ourselves on getting housed at last, when we observed a lean old man in the chimney corner talking to two other Peakerins, and *we* seemed to be the subject of their conversation. After calling the girl to him and some further confabulation, the old man, who it appeared was the landlord, spake up and addressed us with, "An what might yo'r bizziniss ba?" We told him we were on a tour through the Peak, taking views, and that we had a little vehicle at the door,—where could we put it for the night? He had supposed us railway surveyors. "Well, yo' canna sleep here," said Boniface. He evidently did not quite like the looks of us, either from two of our number wearing beards, or from the stated object of our journey, which to him no doubt seemed a very frivolous one for four able-bodied men to employ themselves in. We explained that any room or rooms would satisfy us, for we were too tired to be particular, but the old fellow would none of us. "Yo' canna sleep here," was all the answer we could get; so travel-stained, worn and tired, we had to turn our backs on the inhospitable house, and once more face the dark road.

It was nearly 10 o'clock, and a starlight night, when we issued from the "High Peak Tavern" (it might as well have been Cavern), as it is called in the Ordnance Map, but coming from the bright glare of a tap-room fire, we could scarcely see which way to go at first; becoming more accustomed to the darkness, we found ourselves on the capital road which connects Chapel-en-le-Frith with Tideswell, but

> "There is no light in earth or heaven
> But the cold light of stars,"

as Longfellow sings, and the stars did shine most resplendently on that night. Stars, however, did not suffice to show us the way to Tideswell, and more than once I had to strike a light by which to study the Ordnance Map, and make sure we were going right. A mile-and-a-half brought us to a turning in the right direction, and though our candle would not sufficiently illuminate the guide-post, the map showed us that it ran parallel with a brook right down to Tideswell; therefore it must be down-hill, and the

nearest road if none of the widest. Little more than a mile then along Brook Bottom brought us to Tidser, as it is locally called. We did not waste time in looking about for the best inn; nearly all the houses were in darkness, and as we were strangers in the land, turned into the first we came to—I believe it was called the "Reindeer," but at any rate it was an *inn*, and we took prompt possession of the commercial room, ordering tea and meat, *and beds*. The landlord was very sorry, but he had two gentlemen staying there, who occupied the only beds they had to spare—they were going away to-morrow. Yes, and so were we, but not before; we would rather sleep on the sofa and chairs, hearthrug, anything, than turn out again; the idea could not be entertained for a moment. We had tea, and some bad frizzled ham, for which our host, who was really a very civil and obliging fellow, made many apologies; but we could not touch it, hungry as we were, though there was nothing else in the house, and it was too late to procure meat elsewhere, so we filled our vacuums with bread and butter. The two gentlemen came in, and we sat and chatted and had a glass of grog together while we laughed over our adventure. Meantime, the landlord, by altering his family arrangements, had prepared a little room for us to sleep in, which again called forth his apologies, and not without cause, but I don't think we should have refused a hay-loft! It was midnight before we went to roost, up a rather narrow staircase, which was half taken out of our bedroom; this and the two beds occupied nearly the whole area—indeed there was not space for us all to undress at once, and we laughed and joked not a little. The door of our room had a wooden latch with a finger-hole, and the ill-fitting planks of which it was made ensured a certain amount of ventilation; but the two bedsteads were a much closer fit, head and foot they touched each other, and they also touched the walls at either end of the room! Two of us, without much effort, could reach the heads of the others by stretching out our toes, while they in turn could tap at the latticed window as easily with theirs! We soon got to sleep and slept soundly, notwithstanding our queer quarters.

SATURDAY.

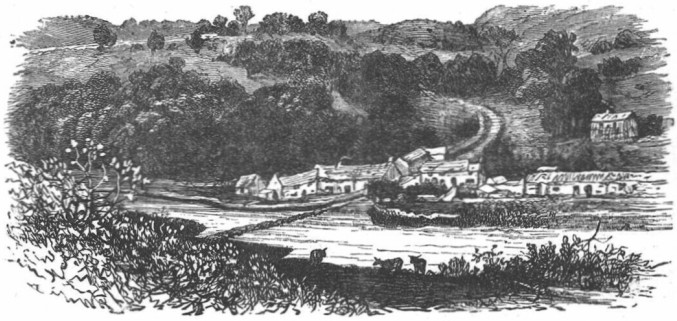
"Again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain springs
With a soft inland murmur.—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That in a wild secluded scene impress
Thought of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky."

In the morning we got up soon after six o'clock, *one at a time*, so as to have room to wash. We were provided with a good breakfast, and with many thanks from our host, and further apologies and promises of better accommodation should we ever honour him again with a visit, we commenced our last day's work.

Tideswell, a small market-town with a large parish and a fine church, is a place of considerable antiquity, and takes its name from an ebbing and flowing well which once existed here. It boasts of a Free Grammar School, founded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; but the chief glory of Tideswell is its church, which is of the decorated order of Gothic architecture, though the tower with its somewhat heavy pinnacles appears of a later date. The interior is very spacious and light, having large windows, all void of stained glass, the introduction of which would add much to the beauty of the building—there are nine great windows in the chancel alone. This church is cruciform, and I noticed that the pillars of the transepts were out of the perpendicular from the unequal pressure of the different arches supported by them. The wood-work of the chancel roof is particularly beautiful, and the numerous tombs which occupy this part of the church furnish interesting subjects for the antiquary. There is one to Bishop Pursglove, who founded the Grammar School and Hospital here, which has a particularly fine brass, the most notable one in the county, I believe. There is a brass in another part of the church

of the Lytton family. The altar-tomb of Sampson Meverell is a very strange one; the sides being left open reveal an emaciated figure, such as one sees in Holbein's Dance of Death, wrapped in a winding sheet.*

After seeing the church, there is little else at Tideswell to interest the stranger, and I was not very favourably impressed with the general appearance of the town; so taking a view of the church from the south-east, we wended our way over the hill to Wheston, along a narrow Peak road, passing the base of an ancient cross on the way. Wheston is about a mile-and-a-half from Tideswell, and possesses a very beautiful cross, which formerly stood on the roadside opposite the Hall, now a farm-house. This cross is in the farm-yard. It is of elegant proportions, rising from three steps; the shaft is square and tapering, with chamfered corners; on one side is a mutilated



MONSAL DALE.

representation of the crucifixion, and on the other the Virgin and Child; the latter we could not get at, clear of obstacles, for photographing; but it is very accurately engraved in Rhodes' *Peak Scenery*, from a drawing by Chantrey.

* The Rev. S. Andrew, the present vicar, has done and is still doing much for the preservation of this noble specimen of church architecture.

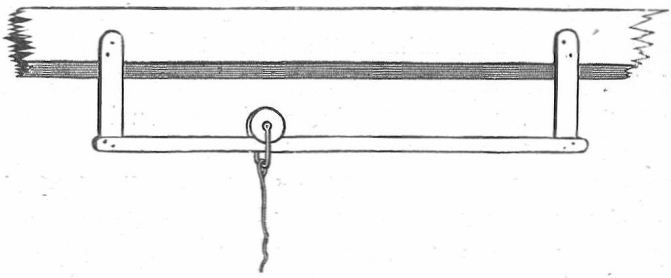
Retracing our steps to Tideswell, we purposed making our homeward journey through Monsal Dale, but instead of consulting the Ordnance Map, we asked our way of a native and were misdirected, going out of our way a mile or more, and retracing our steps up-hill. It was a dreary and uninteresting road near Litton, and all the way to Cressbrook, and the descent into Monsal Dale, just behind Mr. McConnell's mills, required our united strength to get the cart down the steep, smooth slope.

Monsal Dale is a most charming place to spend a day in, but we were tired and jaded, and only took one view of "the Arcadia of the Peak," as it has been called. The best way of seeing this famed valley is to come suddenly upon it from Edgestone Head, from whence the greater part is seen lying at your feet in sylvan beauty, the bright and sparkling river Wye winding along the whole length, through meadows of the richest green. Groups of fine ash-trees and a few farm-houses and cottages, with a rustic bridge and a row of stepping-stones, add much to the beauty and interest of this picture, closed in on every side by high hills and waving woods. Perhaps the most picturesque part of this pretty dale is near the "lepping-stones;" but, lower down the river, after its sudden turn westward, in its more secluded part, between the giant hills of High Field and Fin Cop, the scenery is very fine. On Fin Cop the Romans had an encampment, and at its foot stands the curious assemblage of rocks called Hob's House.*

I must not dwell any longer on the beauties of Monsal Dale; our holiday ramble draws near to its end. We left the Dale by the steep road up to Edgestone Head, where we rested awhile, and refreshed ourselves at the "Bull's Head." In the house-place of this old inn is a curious arrangement for training up children in the way they should walk; neither the old-fashioned go-cart nor the modern baby-jumper, but a strange-looking piece of mechanism fixed to one of the rafters in the ceiling, a little distance from the fire-place, which at first sight I took to be

* Hobgoblin, Puck, or Robin Goodfellow.

some arrangement for drying clothes. It is something after this fashion : —



After a good deal of puzzling, we gave up all attempts at guessing its object; but the landlady explained that it was "to tie the baby to," and so help it to walk. A wheel with hook attached traverses a long strip of wood which is fastened to one of the joists; a cord is attached at one end to the hook, and at the other to the baby, keeping the latter on its feet and thus developing and assisting the power of locomotion.

Two miles further, and we were at Ashford-in-the-Water, a pretty little village noted for its marble works and quarries. The church is a small and ancient building; we got over the wall, (for the churchyard gates, like many others, I am sorry to say, are kept locked,) to examine the curious piece of old sculpture with a new text added to it, near the south door, the base of a cross, and the defaced stone carving over the priest's door. We also found a curious inscription on the outside of the north wall of the church. But the inside, which we could not see on this occasion without a loss of time in hunting up the keys, contains the most interesting, though fragile memorials, which are becoming extremely rare in our county churches; I mean the funeral garlands made by the friends of unmarried women on their decease, and which after the funeral were hung up in the churches. This old custom, like many others, now belongs to the past. Miss Seward, in some lines on her native village of Eyam, writes :—

"Now the low beams with paper garlands hung,
In memory of some village youth or maid,
Draws the soft tear, from thrill'd remembrance sprung;
How oft my childhood marked that tribute paid!

The gloves suspended by the garland's side,
White as its snowy flowers with ribbands tied,
Dear Village! long these wreaths funereal spread,
Simple memorial of the early dead."

Later (1818), Rhodes, in his *Peak Scenery*, speaking of Hathersage church, alludes to this custom as having been prevalent there, but rapidly falling into disuse. That it has not yet died out will be seen from what I noted last Wednesday in the same parish. As a boy, above twenty years ago, I well remember noticing a paper garland of flowers with a pair of gloves hanging in Ilam Church, which I was told had been there a great many years.*

Bakewell, one of the cleanest and prettiest little towns in the county, was reached next, after a walk of about two miles. The church is partly a very ancient structure, and contains many interesting monuments to the Vernon and Manners families, Sir Godfrey Foljambe, and others. The west doorway, together with the intersecting arches of the arcading above it, are Norman, and the arch of the doorway is decorated with what I took to be the zodiacal signs; the font is of the same period, I fancy, and has rude figures on each of its eight sides. In the churchyard is a mutilated cross of a similar style of ornamentation to the one at Eyam. On the front of the cross the figures appear to represent the birth, crucifixion, entombment, resurrection, and ascension of our Saviour; on the reverse is Christ entering Jerusalem on an ass. There are good baths here, and good inns in abundance; a pretty river, good fishing, and charming walks in every direction. We had still nearly four miles to walk to Rowsley, along "the sweet Vale of Haddon," and, though too late to see its beauties, and too tired to thoroughly enjoy them if we could, I cannot pass it by without a word, for I think the view of Haddon Hall from the

* Mr. Jewitt has an excellent article on Funeral Garlands in *The Reliquary*, Vol. I., p. 5.

north-west, on a fine evening at sunset, most beautiful. Haddon Hall is a place one never tires of; each succeeding visit discovers new beauties, and different seasons and times produce varied effects on its gray old walls and towers. Many a happy day have I spent there, and many a picture have I taken away. Haddon is "a joy for ever"—and whether we ramble along the sinuous banks of the sparkling Wye to obtain delicious peeps through the grand old trees, or tread its

> "Silent courts
> Deserted halls, and turrets high,"

or wander musingly in the old gardens beneath the shade of yews; at every step and every turn, Haddon presents some new feature, some new charm to interest and delight the lover of the picturesque and the beautiful.

> "I have seen
> Old houses, where the men of former time
> Have lived and died, so wantonly destroyed
> By their descendants, that a place like this,
> Preserved with pious care, but not 'restored'
> By rude, presumptuous hands, nor modernized
> To suit convenience, seems a precious thing;
> And I would thank its owner for the hours
> That I have spent there; and I leave it now,
> Hoping that his successors may preserve
> Its roof with equal tenderness. It gave
> Good shelter to their fathers many a year."

In half-an-hour after passing Haddon we were once more in the train at Rowsley, and soon reached "home, sweet home." We have since had many pleasant journeyings together, but none more thoroughly enjoyed than this our SIX DAYS' RAMBLE OVER DERBYSHIRE HILLS AND DALES.