

A GUIDE TO  
BAKEWELL  
AND  
HADDON HALL  
WITH  
EXCURSIONS TO THE PEAK DISTRICT  
1895, 1902, 1912

Edited by David Trutt

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BAKEWELL AND HADDON HALL  
WITH EXCURSIONS TO THE  
PEAK DISTRICT

ABEL HEYWOOD & SONS SERIES OF  
PENNY GUIDE BOOKS

1895 EDITION, WITH MODIFICATIONS OF 1902 AND 1912

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In 1866 Abel Heywood, the Manchester publisher, began issuing a series of *Penny Guides* which represented the first attempt to reach a working class public which was beginning to use trains for purposes other than travel to work. These guides covered places as far apart as Buxton, Southport, Bath and the Isle of Wight.

“There being no cheap guides in 1860, only expensive and bulky ones, we decided to issue a series which should contain all that was essential for a Guide, convenient in form, and at the nominal charge of one penny. These were an immediate success, but like all successful ventures were promptly imitated. Our Guides, however, from the first have held the premier position. No expense or trouble is spared in keeping them (as we intended they should be), the best, most attractive, and most accurate Cheap Guides ever published. Being revised annually, they are far more reliable than expensive Guides revised less frequently. The annual sale exceeds those of all other cheap guides combined.”

As of 1912, Abel Heywood had about one hundred different Popular Guides in publication. The first edition date of *A Guide to Bakewell and Haddon Hall* appears to be 1893.

Three editions of *A Guide to Bakewell and Haddon Hall* are addressed here: 1895, 1902, 1912, which are the ones that have been obtained. This editor is interested in the changes which, though usually unnoticed, occur from one edition of a work to the next. Errors are corrected and new errors are introduced. Sentences are honed and thoughts are subtracted and added. Errors are not noted here since they provide for tedious reading. But word and sentence changes are noted in the following manner:

{Words in brackets are unique to the 1895 edition.}

**{Words in brackets and bold are in the 1895 and 1902 editions, but not the 1912 edition.}**

Words underlined are in the 1902 and 1912 editions, but not the 1895 edition.

It is recommended that the reader peruse *The History and Antiquities of Haddon Hall - Illustrations* in conjunction with reading *A Guide to Bakewell and Haddon Hall*.

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BAKEWELL is a pleasant and healthy town, situated on the banks of the river Wye, in a valley replete with beautiful and diversified scenery. It is the principal market town of North Derbyshire, and was in former days the seat of jurisdiction for the High Peak, of which district it may fairly be considered the metropolis. It possesses all the characteristics of a comfortable town, being well lighted, watered, and drained; having good hotels, respectable shops, museum, literary and charitable institutions, schools, banks, and baths. The town is of easy access by railway from Manchester and the north, and from Derby and the south, lying midway between these two towns on the Midland line, and is a good centre for tourists, being two miles distant from Haddon Hall, four from Chatsworth, and twelve from Buxton.

The antiquity of the town of Bakewell is undoubted, as its history can be traced up to a very early period; the first mention of it dates back as far as the year 984, when Edward the Elder, having fortified Nottingham, marched from thence to *Baderanwylla* or *Badde-cum-Well*, signifies the "Bathing Well." In the Domesday survey it is written *Badevuelle* or *Baquewell*, of which its modern name is a corruption. This monarch commanded a castle to be built there and strongly garrisoned, in order to overawe the disaffected Mercians [*inhabitants of the area at that time*]. At the north-east of the town, on the opposite side of the river, on the eminence called Castle Hill, the remains of these fortifications, consisting of a trench and vestiges of foundations of the Castle, are still traceable. The fields around bear names that correspond with the out-work of a stronghold, as the "Warden field," the "Castle field," and the "Court yard." Upon the summit of the Castle Hill is a square plot with a tumulus [*artificial mound*] at the top, which is believed to be a part of the ancient rampart. From the summit of this hill a fine prospect of the town and surrounding country is obtained, including a pleasing peep up a portion of the beautiful valley of the Wye.

The ancient bridge, with its fine pointed arches and its angular buttresses, is a very interesting structure, and as the visitor descends the steep bit of road which leads from the railway station, over the bridge into the town, he cannot but be impressed with the pleasing view, crowned by the cathedral-like church, which lies straight before him; the town, which stands wholly on the other side the bridge, nestling on the banks of the clear stream which reflects the arches of the bridge like a mirror, and the opening vale on either hand, forming a picture delightful to look upon.

The baths were rebuilt by the Duke of Rutland, on the site of the former ancient well and baths, and are enclosed in a garden near the centre of the town, which forms a very pleasant promenade. {Adjoining the bathroom is the Bakewell and High Peak Institute, where a library, reading room, and museum are open to visitors under certain rules and restrictions.} Adjoining the bathroom is the Conservative Club. A new Town Hall has recently been built, in connection with which is a Library and Reading-room.

Bakewell is a most desirable place of residence in the summer months. The climate is healthy, the air being constantly agitated by the atmospheric currents that sweep the valley, whilst the hills on each side shelter the town from the cold blasts. It is also an admirable centre for excursionists, being in the immediate neighbourhood of Haddon Hall, Chatsworth, Matlock, Darley Dale, Monsal Dale, and Buxton. It is in fact the centre of the highlands of England, a district abounding for miles around in wild and romantic scenery. It is also one of the best fishing stations in England, the Derwent, the Wye, and the Lathkil, all being of easy access. The principal hotel, the *Rutland Arms*, is one of the best inns in the county, and in the old coaching days was a house of considerable note on the great thoroughfare between London and Manchester. It was built expressly for the accommodation of a superior class of visitors, by the Duke of Rutland, who is lord of the manor. Visitors staying at this inn are allowed the privilege of angling in the river Wye, famed for its trout and grayling. There are also many other houses, public and private, where the visitor will find good and {sufficient} efficient accommodation. Carriages and horses are always obtainable for excursions in the beautiful and picturesque neighbourhood.

THE CHURCH of Bakewell, dedicated to All Saints, is one of the principal objects of interest to the traveller; it is a fine old structure, and possesses many features worthy of note; it is one of the most interesting remains of ancient times in the High Peak, and occupies a commanding position on the slope of a hill. It is a cruciform building, rich in architectural beauty, with nave, side aisles, chancel, and north and south transepts, from the intersection of which rises an elegant octagon tower, surmounted by a lofty spire. Like most of our old English churches, the style is varied—Norman in one place, and early English and decorated in another, with examples of later periods in the {parts of the other.} other parts. The old spire, having become dangerous, was removed in 1826, and in 1841 the tower, the transept, and the Vernon Chapel were taken down and rebuilt, the old style being carefully adhered to. In 1895, the beautiful peal of eight bells were re-modelled and re-cast at a cost of over £300, which sum was raised by public subscription in the district. In excavating the foundations various interesting remains were brought to light, many of which are preserved, and now may be seen in the porch of the church. They consist of a number of Saxon remains, including several incised gravestones, and fragments of stone, inscribed with Runic circles and interlaced knots, resembling those on the old cross in the churchyard. A selection of most beautiful and elegant paving tiles thus recovered is also preserved, some being arranged in the church porch, and some being in the museum at LomberdalePark.

There can be no doubt that a church had existed here from early pre-Norman times. Some of the oldest portions of the church are believed to have been built by King John, while he was Earl of Moreton. In 1192, this early church, with its prebends [*revenues*], was bestowed by him upon Lichfield Cathedral, in return for which one of the prebendaries of that cathedral was to say mass for the soul of the king and his ancestors, and the patronage of the living of Bakewell still belongs to the dean and chapter of that cathedral.

The font is of great antiquity, and is sculptured over with figures rudely carved. In the south side of the nave is a monument with two half length upright figures of Sir Godfrey Foljambe, and Avena, his wife, lord and lady of the manors of Hassop, Okebroke, Elton, Stanton, Darley, Overhall, and Lokhawe, who founded a chantry here in 1366. The knight is habited in plate armour, with a pointed helmet, and over his head is an escutcheon [*emblem bearing a coat of arms*] charged with the arms of Foljambe, whilst above the lady is a similar escutcheon with the arms of Darley.

The Vernon Chapel is divided from the south transept by a beautiful oak screen; this chapel was erected in 1360, upon the site of the former one. This chapel was for many generations the principal burial place of the Vernon and Manners families, successive owners of the neighbouring mansion of Haddon. In the centre is a fine altar-tomb to the memory of Sir George Vernon, "The king of the Peak," who died in 1561, and to his two wives, Margaret and Maude. This tomb is an extremely beautiful example of the highly decorated monuments of that period. On it are effigies of the knight, clothed in plate armour, and of his two wives in Elizabethan costumes. But the most interesting monument to the visitor is that of Dorothy Vernon, who conveyed the manor of Haddon to Sir John Manners by marriage. This monument stands at the south end of the chapel; it is a large and imposing looking erection, and highly ornamented with the armorial bearings of the families of Vernon and Manners, and their alliances. Beneath a semi-circular arch are the kneeling figures, facing each other, of Sir John Manners in plate armour, and his wife Dorothy Vernon in close fitting dress, with cap, and ruff around the neck, while beneath are four figures of their children. Sir John Manners died in 1611.

At the north end of the chapel is a more sumptuous monument, erected to the memory of Sir George Manners [*son of John Manners and Dorothy Vernon*] and his wife, with effigies of themselves and three children. Under an arch are the figures of Sir George and his wife kneeling; on the pedestal is this inscription: "Christ is to me both in life and death an advantage," and on the opposite pedestal by the figure of his wife is inscribed: "I shall go to him, he shall not return to me," while over each of the figures of their nine children are beautiful and appropriate inscriptions. "This monument was raised at the sole expense of his wife, who had vowed that their ashes and bones should be laid together."

The most ancient, and one of the most interesting monuments in the church, is an altar-tomb of alabaster, on which is the recumbent effigy of a knight, in plate armour, with gorget [*armour for the throat*] and helmet. This ancient tomb represents Sir Thomas Wendesley, of Wendesley, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Shrewsbury, while fighting on the side of the House of Lancaster, in 1403. On his helmet is the inscription: "IHC NAZAREN [*Jesus the Nazarene*]."

There are many other memorials of the dead in this church, which are well worthy of inspection. There are also some beautiful obituary painted windows, some of which are old, and others of more recent date, one of which in the Vernon Chapel, placed there by public subscription in memory of the late Duke of Rutland about 30 years ago, is very fine and will well repay inspection. In fact, all parts of this ancient and fine old church are worthy of a careful examination.

The churchyard is rich in epitaphs, some of those being of the grotesque and personal kind, and others expressive of Christian faith and hope. One very beautiful inscription, said to have been written by Charles Wesley, brother to the founder of Methodism, is as follows:

"Beneath a sleeping infant lies  
To earth whose body lent,  
More glorious shall hereafter rise,  
And still more innocent;  
When the Archangel's trump shall blow,  
And souls to bodies join,  
Thousands shall wish their lives below  
Had been as short as thine."

On a table-monument at the west end of the church is a long and quaint inscription to the "rambling remains" of John Dale, barber-surgeon, and his two wives, Elizabeth, daughter of Godfrey Foljambe, and Sarah Bloodworth. Beneath their monument are the following lines:

"This thing in life might raise some jealousy—  
Here all three lie together lovingly;  
But from embraces here no pleasure flows,  
Alike all here are human joys and woes.  
Here Sarah's chiding John no longer hears;  
And old John's rambling Sarah no more fears.  
A period's come to all their toilsome lives,  
The good man's quiet—still are both his wives."



Near the east wall of the south transept may be seen one of the finest "Runic crosses" in the kingdom. It stands, exclusive of the pedestal, about eight feet in height. On the west side are sculptures in relief; and on the three others are the ornamented scrolls so prevalent on Saxon crosses. The sculptures illustrate the life, death, burial, resurrection and ascension of the Redeemer; the crucifixion, and the entry into Jerusalem, being the most conspicuous. It is supposed to be near one thousand years old, and though well preserved, yet the decaying hand of time has effaced many of the characteristics of this interesting relic. From the churchyard is obtained a magnificent view of the country around, and especially of the valley of the Wye, in the direction of Haddon.

Bakewell is an extensive parish, containing nine parochial chapelries, including part of the Chapelry of Buxton, and fourteen townships. Among the latter is Over Haddon, a pleasant hamlet about two miles south of Bakewell; this village is noted as the birth-place and residence of Martha Taylor, the celebrated fasting damsel, who caused so much wonder and investigation about the years 1668-9. Superstition seems to have lingered in this district, for we find that in the reign of James the First [1603-1625], two reputed witches, resident at Bakewell, were tried and hanged at Derby for practising sorceries.

HADDON HALL. A walk or drive of a couple of miles along the beautiful vale of the Wye brings you to Haddon Hall. You can either take the Matlock or Derby turnpike road, which turns off to the left from Bakewell near the Rutland Arms, or take the river bank to the left after passing over the bridge from Bakewell railway station, and following the path through the fields, striking the turnpike road about a mile from Bakewell Church. As you journey on by this pretty, rural highway, the prospect, at first limited to a somewhat narrow limit, opens out wider and wider and becomes more interesting. The striking feature of the Vale of Haddon is its sylvan beauty. On the right is a succession of gentle hills of varied form and elevation, ascending in gradual slopes, adorned with picturesque groups of trees, from between which peeps, here and there, a villa or cottage ornée [*small villa*]. To the left the country spreads in broad meadows or pastures, through which the Wye winds irregularly from side to side in the most erratic manner, forming innumerable bays and creeks crowded with aquatic plants, and from the opposite side of the valley rises a precipitous ridge of limestone rock, which is completely clothed with sombre woods {which form} forming a most striking contrast to the richer and brighter hue of the meadows and cornfields beneath.

After traversing a little over a mile of the road the old baronial mansion of Haddon comes gradually upon the sight. First the towers and turrets are seen peeping through trees, and as we draw near the projecting bays, the old mullioned windows of the hall become visible.

Nearly opposite the second milestone the visitor turns to the left, passing through a gate, and across a field, to an old bridge of three arches which crosses the river. Beyond this, at the foot of the hill, is a picturesque old cottage with a garden in front, in which are two ancient yew trees, clipped to form some resemblance to a boar's head and a peacock, the respective crests of the Vernon and Manners families. This is the residence of the custodian of Haddon Hall.

Haddon Hall is the most complete of our baronial mansions now remaining. It is situated on an eminence on the left bank of the Wye, and is the property of the Duke of Rutland. The stone bridge alluded to crosses the river close by the Hall, and the old foot bridge—a curious and interesting structure, only wide enough to admit one foot passenger—is a few hundred yards further down the stream and right under the mansion walls. The river banks at this part are richly clothed with fine trees, and the old weather beaten walls of Haddon tower above them with striking and picturesque effect, whether seen from the north or the south. Few scenes in England have proved more attractive to the artist than this interesting ruin, and consequently few are better known.

Haddon, anciently written *Haduna*, was a dependency of the manor of Bakewell, and was bestowed by the Conqueror upon his natural son, William Peverel. One of the Peverels subsequently gave it to a follower of his, Avenell by name, on tenure of a Knight's service. The honour of Peverel having passed by forfeiture to King Henry II, the Avenells became tenants to the Crown. In the time of Richard I, Avicia, one of the daughters and co-heiresses of William Avenell, the last of his line, brought a moiety of the manor of Haddon to Richard de Vernon, son of Warin de Vernon, baron of Shipbroke, and by covenant in the reign of Henry VI, the second moiety was also vested in the Vernons, who for several generations made Haddon their residence, during which time it was a seat of feudal splendour and lavish hospitality.

The wealth and influence of Sir George Vernon, the last of this race of feudatory chieftains, caused him to be styled the "King of the Peak," he being lord of thirty manors. He died August 31st, 1561 [*1565 is the best estimate of his death*], leaving two daughters his co-heiresses, the eldest of whom married Sir Thomas Stanley, second son of the third Earl of Derby; and the youngest, the celebrated Dorothy Vernon, espoused Sir John Manners, second son of the first Earl of Rutland, bringing the manor of Haddon to him as her dowry. This alliance is said to have been a clandestine one, she having eloped, during the festivities given by Sir George Vernon in honour of his eldest daughter's marriage, eloped through the side door of the ante-room adjoining the grand banqueting room with her lover, who carried her into the adjoining county of Leicester on horseback, and there married her. The doorway is still shown to visitors under the name of "Dorothy Vernon's doorway." [*One of the many versions of the elopement tale, all lacking actual proof.*]

Haddon Hall continued to be the family residence of the descendants of Sir John Manners, whose grandson, John Manners of Haddon, succeeded to the rights and titles of the Earl of Rutland on the death without issue of the seventh Earl in 1641, until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it was abandoned for the more stately castle of Belvoir. Though now unoccupied and shorn of its ancient splendor, it still remains one of the most perfect examples of old English baronial mansions which now exist.

The Hall was built at several periods, which cannot be ascertained with any great certainty, but the oldest portion was probably built in the reign Edward the Third [1327-1377], and no portion is more modern than the seventeenth century. The most ancient part is the tower over the gateway; the chapel is of the time of Henry the Sixth [1422-1461].

The entrance is at the north-west angle of the building, and on reaching the gateway we see a number of sculptured shields on which are the armorial bearings of the Vernons and their alliances. The flagstone in front of the entrance is worn into a deep hollow by the stepping in and out of visitors. Entering the little wicket doorway in the great gate we ascend a flight of steps into the lower courtyard, around which are disposed the principal apartments. Proceeding along the western side of the quadrangle we reach

THE CHAPLAIN'S ROOM, an apartment which {had} has been used for the storage of useless lumber. Here we are shown a quantity of pewter platters, a pair of old jack-boots with ancient spurs, a hunting horn, an old matchlock, {and an old oak cradle in which the infant members of the house of Manners passed once their early stages.} and sundry other relics of antique manners and customs. Leaving the room by a low arch-way we pass through a small vestibule into

THE CHAPEL, which is perhaps the oldest and certainly the most interesting portion of the mansion. It is composed of a chancel, nave, and side aisles, and has evidently been erected at two distinct periods, the late Norman period being evinced in the circular columns which separate the south aisle from the nave, as well as in the aisle itself, {whilst} while the rest of the building belongs to the perpendicular Gothic, prevalent nearly five centuries ago. The remains of the original burnished gilt ornamentation of family pews, pulpit, and reading desk are still visible on the mouldings. The Vernon arms are carved in a fret on an old oaken chest in the south aisle, and a circular stone font, attached by the plinth to one of the pillars in the same aisle, is probably coeval with the original structure. A structure against the wall of the north aisle, which is reached by a flight of steps, described by the guide as a confessional, was probably a music gallery of the Elizabethan period. The large traceried window over the altars was once ornamented with stained glass, but the greater part of it has been stolen years ago. The plain and simple roof of open timber appears to have been repaired or restored in 1624, as that date is carved upon one of the beams. An ancient stoup [*basin*], of octagonal form, is in the porch, and a piscina [*basin*] and sedilia [*stone seats*] are in the sill of one of the windows.

We now return from the chapel and cross the courtyard to the porch of the Great Hall, which is slightly advanced from the line of the main structure. Above the arched doorway are two shields, one bearing the arms of Vernon, and the other those of Pembrugge. A Roman altar, found in the grounds some centuries ago, is in the portal, on which {is an inscription now scarcely} was an inscription, but which is not now legible. Beyond this portal is a passage leading to the upper courtyard and on the left side of this passage is the buttery, in the middle of the large oaken door of which is a small wicket just large enough to pass a trencher through. Adjoining the buttery, is a vaulted apartment, probably once used as an ale cellar. Along a dark passage we are now taken by our guide into

THE KITCHEN. Here are two immense fireplaces, with irons for a great number of spits and other cooking requisites. A huge chopping block is in the middle of the room, and a range of dressers are placed round the walls. There is also a large table with hollow places scooped out of it, which answered the purpose of kneading troughs. The bakehouse, larders, and pantries are connected with the kitchen. We next pay a visit to

THE GREAT HALL, which is separated from the vestibule by an oaken screen. Before the grand banqueting gallery was erected this hall was the principal entertaining room in the early days of the Vernons. A dais, or platform, is raised a few inches above the floor opposite the entrance, on which stands the high table, at which formerly sat the family and guests, whilst the dependants occupied the long tables which flanked the walls. A music gallery occupies two sides of the hall, the front of which, like the screen, is oak panelled, and is ornamented with tracery and various hunting trophies. Two or three decayed pictures still hang on the walls, one being a portrait of John Ward, doorkeeper to the lord of Haddon in 1527. To the screen is attached a curious relic of a bygone baronial custom—a strong iron handcuff, in which the wrist was confined of any recreant who refused to drink the orthodox quantity of liquor. His hand being held by the ring high above his head, his companions poured the rejected liquor down the sleeve of his doublet. A doorway at the upper end of the wall communicates with the garden by a passage [*said by some to be the door by which Dorothy Vernon exited*], on one side of which is the entrance to

THE DINING ROOM, which is much smaller in dimensions than the Great Hall, and badly lighted, presenting a rather gloomy appearance. Richly ornamented wainscot panelling covers the walls, surmounted by a cornice of carved woodwork, the upper panels being adorned with shields of arms, alternate with boar's heads (the crest of the Vernons). A panel over the fire place has carved on it the Royal Arms, with the motto:

*"Drede God and honour the Kyng."*

The monogram near this contains the initials of Sir George Vernon (the king of the peak) and his lady, with a shield bearing their family arms quartered, with the date 1545. The ceiling is divided by the beams into bays which were formerly enriched by paintings, as traces of the latter are still visible. A recess near the entrance, with an oriel window looking into the garden, contains portraits on its panels of Henry VII (whose son, Prince Arthur, occasionally resided here), and his queen, Elizabeth of York; and the grotesque head with cap and bells, carved near them, is supposed to be that of Will Soames, the jester. In this window recess stands an ancient copper wine cooler. Round this room are most beautiful carvings surmounting the oak panelling, representing a boar's head and peacock, divided by the Rose, Shamrock and Thistle. We now return to the Great Hall, and are conducted by a staircase to a corridor communicating with the upper range of apartments, which occupy the south side of the building. There are two paintings in the corridor, one of Abraham's sacrifice, and the other represents Christ reproving Peter. The first apartment we enter from this corridor is

THE STATE DRAWING ROOM. Here the panelled walls are hung with faded tapestry, and around the ceiling is an ornamented cornice of stucco. Near the entrance is a recess containing an ancient state chair. A doorway at the upper end of the state drawing room leads to the Earl's dressing room and bed-chamber, which are also hung with faded arras, and adjoining the bed-chamber is a small apartment which we are told was the valet's room, but from the ornamental character of its neat decorations was more probably "my lady's." A doorway behind the tapestry in this room communicates by a narrow flight of stairs with the lower courtyard.

We now return to the corridor, and notice, opposite the drawing room doorway {a few steps, by ascending which} some steps, which, with the ball-room floor, were made from the roots and branches of one tree, ascending them, we enter

THE GRAND [*or LONG*] GALLERY, which is the most splendid apartment at Haddon. Its length is 109 feet 9 inches, and its width 16 feet 10 inches, exclusive of the bays. This gallery occupies the greater part of the south side of the mansion. The wainscoting which covers the walls is relieved by Corinthian pilasters, supporting from their capitals semicircular arches, the spandrils being embellished with carved escutcheons and other heraldic ornaments. A fine frieze and cornice surmounts the whole, the frieze being ornamented with roses and thistles, alternated with boar's heads and peacocks. The elaborate ceiling of stucco work was originally adorned with painting and gilding, but the whole is now covered with whitewash. The windows lighting the three deep bays or recesses contain some well executed specimens of stained glass. In the first bay the window is pictured with the arms of Manners and Vernon impaled and surrounded by a garter; the centre, or largest bay, which measures 15 feet by 12, is lighted through the royal arms of England, surmounted by a crown; and the window of the third bay contains the arms of Shrewsbury and Manners. An old painting over the fire-place represents the Scythian queen, Tomyris, receiving the head of Cyrus, and in a glass case at the further end of the room is preserved a cast of the face of Lady Grace Manners, taken just after her death at the age of ninety years. Upwards of 200 couples are said to have danced in this apartment in 1802. In 1836 a grand ball was given here to celebrate the coming of age of the late Duke of Rutland, and a fancy fair was held in this gallery in aid of the restoration fund of the church of St. Peter at Derby. Through a doorway near the glass case above mentioned, approached by a few steps, we gain entrance to an ante-room, containing a number of old paintings, amongst which are portraits of Queen Elizabeth, Charles I, Prince Rupert and Prince Eugene of Savoy. From the ante-room we pass to

THE STATE BEDROOM, the large bay-window of which overlooks the upper courtyard. The room is both lofty and handsome, and the walls are hung with Gobelin tapestry, illustrative of some of Aesop's fables. The state bed, still preserved in a dilapidated condition, is hung with dark velvet, lined with white satin, the embroidery of which can still be traced. This embroidery is said to have been worked by the hand of Eleanor, wife of Sir Robert Manners, in the Reign of Henry VI. George IV, it is said, once slept in this bed, which was removed to Belvoir Castle for the purpose. A large bas-relief over the fire-place represents Orpheus charming the Beasts, but it is a wretched piece of execution. In the bay is an old fashioned dressing table and a large mirror. Standing by the bed's foot is an old oak cradle in which the infant members of the Manners family passed their early days. [*See page 11; cradle has been moved from the Chaplain's Room.*] Through a door behind the tapestry we are admitted to

THE STATE ROOM, which is one of the oldest rooms at Haddon, and is remarkable for its almost total absence of decoration. The floors are of plaster, much worn; the narrow windows, and the doorways and other details being of the most primitive workmanship, gives the apartment a most gloomy appearance. A short passage from this room leads to

PEVERIL'S TOWER, which occupies the north-eastern angle of the building, a circular flight of very uneven steps leading to the roof. At the north-west corner is a square watch tower, where once was stationed the sentinel. The top of this turret is reached by steps on the outside, somewhat difficult of access, but the view from the summit is magnificent. Beneath you are the spacious courts, embattled parapets of the hall, its terraced gardens, and the majestic woods which encompass it. Next we take in the valley of the Wye, and the lovely dale of the Lathkill. Northward the eye passes over the town of Bakewell, and extends in the direction of Monsal Dale and Cressbrook. In the opposite direction the view is equally grand, whilst in the immediate foreground is a succession of woods and meadows, and beyond them the lofty range of the peak extending as far as the eye can reach, the dark hues of the far-off moorlands only serving to enhance the rich beauty of the nearer landscape. In front is Stanton Hall and Moor, and on the extreme left is the little village of Rowsley, and the wide opening between the hills beyond marks the course of the Derwent through Darley Dale towards Matlock.

Retracing his steps, the visitor may now make his way to the ante-room adjoining the grand gallery, on the east side of which is Dorothy Vernon's Doorway, through which we pass, and descend by a few steps to the terrace garden, which is planted with yew and holly. A flight of fifteen steps at one end of this garden leads to an avenue of lime and cedar trees, which has long been known as Dorothy Vernon's Walk, the popular tradition being that it was a favourite walk of that celebrated lady. From the centre of an open balustrade on the north side of the terrace is a broad flight of steps leading to the middle or principal garden, the sides of which are laid out in pastures, bordered with box and yew, and the centre is occupied by two grass plots separated by a gravelled walk. Leaving the gardens, {we re-enter the building by a doorway which communicates with the great hall, and passing through this to the porch we cross the lower courtyard to the entrance tower and gateway by which we first entered,} we round the lower end of the building, coming out at the wicket-gate close to our first entrance, and thus ends our visit to Haddon Hall.

On leaving Haddon Hall, the nearest railway station is Rowsley. Cross the Wye by the little narrow foot-bridge at the base of the hill, and strike across the meadows, coming to the highroad at Fillyford Bridge, where the Wye receives the tributary waters of the Lathkill and the Bradford. The road here curves to the left, following the course of the stream, and you continue your walk through a well wooded country for the distance of about a mile, when you arrive at the *Peacock*, the favourite resort of the disciples of Izaak Walton, and see the railway station close by.

ASHFORD, two miles distant from Bakewell, is a good specimen of an old English village, with its clean little inn, and its pleasant river and roadside villas. By taking the main road from Bakewell to Buxton, a short distance brings us to the extensive chert quarry, belonging to the upper measures of limestone. The chert often contains entrochites, and is called "screw stone" in the Potteries; {it is converted into the beautiful} and is used for producing the beautiful polish on porcelain ware. Proceeding a few hundred yards, we come to a high ridge, opposite the cotton mill, where the trap, or toadstone measures, are laid bare—an interesting spot to the geologist. Some distance further on is Ashford Hall, and here the Wye forms an expanse of water sufficiently ample and lovely to be called a lake; and from this point the higher we ramble, the more interesting do we find its course becomes.

Ashford has long been celebrated for its marbles, which are obtained from the surrounding hills, and cut into form and polished at the mills erected for that purpose. The finest and purest black marble in the world is here obtained. The grey marble, when cut, exhibits an infinite variety of vegetable and animal remains, some of which are both curious and beautiful. Near the entrance to the village are some marble works, where the visitor may see the different processes of sawing, grinding, and polishing the marbles; the marble quarry is close by. In the village are several repositories for the sale of marble and spar ornaments.

The Church, which stands a little way out of the road near the end of the village, is a venerable structure, surrounded by a spacious graveyard, in which are some fine old yew trees. Near the entrance to the church, on the south wall, is a stone, evidently belonging to some more ancient building; on the surface are rudely sculptured the figures of animals, below which, on a small tablet, is the inscription, "The boar of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it."—Psalm LXXX, 13. In the interior are some interesting relics.

Leaving Ashford-in-the-water, as it is sometimes called, and its neat little cottages, with their trim flower beds, and pebbled paths in front, the sight of which wins the admiration of the visitor, and speaks much in favour of the domestic virtues of the inhabitants, and passing onwards, we see the Wye coming down on our left. From Ashford, a walk of half an hour will bring us to an angle of the GREAT FINN, a mighty rock, bounding the south entrance to Monsal Dale; on the side of this rock may be seen an immense mass of toadstone, distinguished by its dark colour. Here we cross the Wye by a bridge, and soon come to the entrance of Monsal Dale on the right. The road here gradually ascends for a couple of miles till we reach Taddington, where there is a fine old Gothic church.



TIDESWELL is best reached from Millers Dale station, from which it is a mile and a half distant, omnibuses meeting all trains. This is a very ancient market town, and derives its name from an ebbing and flowing well, that formerly existed in the locality. The chief object of interest is the Church, which is a large and interesting building, erected in the fourteenth century. It is in the decorated style of Gothic architecture, with some additions of a later period, and from its size and architectural beauty has been styled the "cathedral of the Peak." The interior is well deserving of careful inspection; it contains some very antique monuments, and gaunt looking brasses, which are excellent specimens of mediaeval work, and amongst which are some of the progenitors of Lord Lytton. In the chancel, which is lighted by nine richly ornamented Gothic windows, there is a tabular monument, to the memory of Samuel Meurrills, who was made a knight by John, Duke of Bedford, for military services in France; he died in 1462.

There is also a monument to the memory of Robert Pursglove, suffragan Bishop of Hull, who in the reign of Queen Elizabeth founded the Grammar School at Tideswell, and endowed the Almshouses there for twelve poor people. On a black marble slab is an effigy of the reverend prelate in Pontifical robes, accompanied by a long and tedious inscription in verse. He was born of humble parents at Tideswell and rose to be one of the greatest instruments of Henry VIII.

William Newton, the Peak minstrel, was born a short distance from this town; his remains are interred in Tideswell churchyard, where a splendid tomb has been erected to his memory by his son; William Bagshaw, popularly known as the "apostle of the Peak," was also born at Tideswell. A clear stream flows through the midst of the town. The inhabitants are chiefly employed in mining and hand-loom weaving. At Wheston, {a little hamlet adjoining the town,} a hamlet 1½ miles west by north of Tideswell, there is an ancient cross of elegant design.

MIDDLETON Dale, the sternest defile in Derbyshire, is {five} six miles distant from Bakewell; it is approached either through the flowery village of Hassop, or along the banks of the Derwent, passing through Baslow and Calver. Passing for the distance of a mile beneath the gloomy grandeur of its whitened bluffs and tors, the nature and appearance of which are strong evidence of the rocky chasm through which the road passes having been once formed by a sudden convulsion of nature, the traveller enters, through a chasm to the right, and softer vale of Eyam.

**{Eyam, once the scene of a tremendous tragedy, calling forth the Christian heroism of its village pastor, the Rev. W. Mompesson. For in the year 1666, out of a population of three hundred and fifty, two hundred and sixty fell victims to that direful scourge, the plague. The good pastor now closed the church, and gathered the scattered remnant of his flock into the glen, lying between this village and Middleton Dale, where, from a natural archway in the rock, he addressed to them words of affectionate exhortation, and endeavoured to lead them for comfort to that compassionate Saviour, who is a refuge from the storm, and as “the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.” The place is still known as Cucklet Church, and the Pulpit Rock.}**

At the entrance to Eyam Dale is a little public house called the *Golden Ball*, and beyond this is the “Castle Rock,” an enormous pile of limestone rising in tiers to an immense altitude, its bastion-like projections and craggy pinnacles having the appearance of an ancient castellated building. Still lower down the dale is the “Lover’s leap,” another rocky cliff of great and almost perpendicular height, from the brow of which, it is said, a love-stricken damsel cast herself, in 1760, and sustained very little injury from the fall.

**{Note: Bracketed bold indicates 1895 and 1902 editions, but not the 1912 edition.}**

CHATSWORTH, the "Palace of the Peak," is four miles from Bakewell.

**{But if the if the visitor is willing to take a longer and more picturesque route, he should start from Haddon Hall, by going up the steps leading to the refreshment house and ascending the hill by the footpath behind the building until it crosses the cart track. Take the cart track to the right hand, and follow it between the fence and the wood until you are stopped by the boundary wall of some farm buildings, then turn to the left and skirt the wall, at the end of which you come to a gate which leads into a lane on the right. Passing through this gate, follow the lane to the very end, through a second gate, and onwards until the lane emerges into a road, which winds round to the right towards Rowsley. Do not turn to the right here, but proceed straight on till you come to a gate and style leading into a thick wood, the gate being in the extreme corner of it. Pass through the gate and follow the cart track up the hill through the wood for a considerable distance, until you come to a foot track leading sharp off to your right, along the side of which runs an open drain. This leads you uphill to the wall which bounds the plantation, along the inner side of which wall the footpath runs till you come to a gate in the wall, through which you pass into a meadow, which is crossed by a cart track in a slanting direction. Pass along this track to a gate at the other end of the meadow, which opens into a plantation of trees, and follow the gravelled track through the plantation, when you will see some extensive farm buildings below you, and on the opposite side of the valley the Russian cottage. Descend the hill by the grass tracks, and ascend the opposite side by the cart track leading to the cottage, and from this road runs a grass track on your left which leads to the wooded summit of the hill. On passing the summit you see on the other side of the hill the village of Edensor and Chatsworth before you, with the Derwent flowing through the vale between.}**

For a description of the famous "Palace of the Peak," see Abel Heywood & Son's Guide to Chatsworth.

**{Note: Bracketed bold indicates 1895 and 1902 editions, but not the 1912 edition.}**

In travelling along the roads, the maps which accompany the 2d. edition of this series of Guide Books will be found to be amply sufficient, but if the Tourist leaves the beaten tracks and takes to the pathless mountains, he should by all means provide himself with a 1 inch Ordnance Map, by the careful observance of which, and by the compass, he may tread his way anywhere. To prevent confusion among the hills, it is best for the Tourist always to observe the streams carefully, rather than the mountains, and find the mountains by the streams, rather than the streams by the mountains. If he should at any time be completely lost (and sudden mist is the only excuse for anyone losing himself who has map and compass) it will be best for him to take Sir Walther Scott's advice, and follow a stream down, walking by or in it, and he will certainly, by and by, arrive at a human habitation, and that by the least dangerous route he could select. The number of precipices down which most streams tumble is few, and the noise of falling water will give timely warning of them.

It is very important that the Tourist should remember that the compass does not point true North; there are considerable variations in different parts, even of Britain, but generally, at the present time, the difference may be said to be 20 degrees West: in order then to ascertain true North, the needle of the compass should be over the letters N.N.W., and the letter N. on the table of the compass will then point North. If the map be placed in this way, with its North to the true North, the Tourist may see correctly the direction he ought to take.

It is well to remember that the sun at 12 o'clock each day is in the South, or very near it, and therefore, if a stick be struck straight up in the ground at that time, the shadow points exactly North. A watch may be used as a compass by pointing the hour-hand towards the sun. Due South will then be midway between the hour hand and 12 o'clock.

No Tourist should ever venture on a walking excursion without a good waterproof coat, sound boots, and a stout walking stick, and if he takes a small parcel of provisions he will find more advantage from them than from drink. Of the latter he may get the best and most plentiful supply at the rivulets.

For walking, strong double-soled boots, with soles projecting beyond the side of the feet (and thus shielding them from bruises) are best, and it is well to have a few nails in both soles and heels, as slipping on the rocks is prevented by them. Socks or stockings should be stout woollen ones, knitted. Knickerbockers are a great comfort in walking, allowing the freest use of the legs, and at the same time keeping them cool.

*[From the 1902 Edition.]*

The Peak and other Derbyshire towns—unlike our coast resorts—have in their vicinity a net-work of roads radiating in every direction, which cross and re-cross, and apparently conspire to bring our popular towns within easy access of their beauties.

The necessity of exercising the greatest precaution in descending strange hills [*when cycling*] cannot be too strongly emphasised. The Derbyshire roads in fine weather being greatly congested, should deter cyclists from coasting. Almost every route during the summer is crowded with health and pleasure-seekers—pedestrians, four-in-hand coaches, char-a-bancs [*sight-seeing motor coaches*], and “brother’s-a-wheel.” On this account alone—without reference to the extremely dangerous and strangely meandering nature of the highways, torturous twists, and in many places circular curves—it would be well to feel our way by brake and back-pedal for the sake both of our neighbours and ourselves. The Cyclists’ Touring Club have fixed danger boards on most of the worst hills but many are still without these useful un-illuminated beacons—Topley Pike being a notable instance.

Derbyshire highways are for the most part in very good condition, thanks to the almost general adoption of the steam roller, but short stretches of bad road will sometimes be found, and in rainy seasons sad havoc is made by the torrents in their descent from hill to dale.

[*From the 1912 Edition.*]

**THE END**