

JOSEPH WATERFALL
POEMS

THE POET OF THE PEAK

Edited by David Trutt

Material for this book has kindly been supplied by the
Local Studies Library at County Hall, Matlock, Derbyshire.
Whose Web Site address is
http://www.derbyshire.gov.uk/leisure/local_studies/local_studies_libraries/county_hall_local_studies/default.asp

This book is dedicated to Ruth Gordon in appreciation of her past and present efforts in providing scarce information from the Derbyshire Library system.

INTRODUCTION	Page 3
A BAKEWELL TRAGEDY	Page 4
THE TOURISTS INTRODUCTION TO BAKEWELL	Page 7
REMARKABLE PLACES & ADVERTS	Page 9
COPY OF A LETTER FROM A LADY TO J. WATERFALL	Page 10
WATERFALL'S PENNY GUIDE TO BAKEWELL CHURCH	Page 11
THE MERRY BELLS OF BAKEWELL	Page 15
A LEGEND OF HADDON HALL IN 1536	Page 18
DOROTHY'S FLIGHT	Page 20
CYCLING THROUGH THE PEAK	Page 22
LINES ON BAKEWELL, HADDON, & CHATSWORTH	Page 24
ODE TO THE DIAMOND JUBILEE OF QUEEN VICTORIA	Page 26
CHRISTMAS IN THE PEAK	Page 28
OFFICIAL RECORDS PERTAINING TO JOSEPH WATERFALL	Page 30

Published 2009 by
David Trutt
Los Angeles, California
USA

email: davettt@verizon.net
Web Site: www.haddon-hall.com

Joseph Waterfall (December 1840 - July 1902) was born in Maidstone, county of Kent, England. He was born crippled, had limited use of his arms and hands, and could neither walk nor write. Joseph had poor parents and received little education. He lived in straightened circumstances during his adult life, eking out a meager living shining boots, and lived his last decade in an almshouse in Bakewell, Derbyshire. Many of his poems were collected and published as a book of broadsheets in 1896.

Waterfall writes of one of his poems, a statement which undoubtedly is applicable to all: “The author of this work, being an invalid for 58 years [since birth], never having walked in his life, born of humble parents, and deprived of the means of education, unable to write, cut from old papers the letters of this poem, which contain 2,500 pieces, placed them on a sheet for the printer and will be pleased to show them to anyone.”

During a trip to Derbyshire the summer of 2007, the editor was made aware of Haddon Hall poems which he had not previously discovered. Included in his travels was a visit to the Local Studies Library in Matlock. Their comprehensive manual card system yielded the poems and an obituary of Joseph Waterfall. Two of the poems had Haddon Hall as its central subject and have been included in the book on this web site *Haddon Hall's Poems — An Afterword*. They are also included in this book.

The editor, having a substantial library of Derbyshire books, has discovered that much of the material in Waterfall's ‘Information Broad Sheets’ has been ‘cribbed’ from publications to which Waterfall would have easy access. With his infirmities, Waterfall would have found it easier to cut-and-paste, rather than attempt the laborious letter-by-letter process he used for his poetry. He sold the Broad Sheets, cribbed information and original poetry, by the penny to supplement a meager public allowance.

The poems and unusual life story of Joseph Waterfall were found by chance. The editor has found no reference to Joseph Waterfall in books about Bakewell or Derbyshire; and is loath to allow this information, which surfaced by chance, to once again disappear. The Local Studies Library has graciously made available the items in their possession to be placed on this web site.

LOCAL BAKEWELL NEWSPAPER REPORT [on or about] 19 JULY 1902

The "Poet of the Peak" Burned to Death. The Cause of Fire a Mystery.

Intense excitement was caused in Bakewell on Wednesday [on or about 16 July] evening by the circulation of a report that old Joseph Waterfall, widely known as the "Poet of the Peak," had been burned to death in the almshouse in which he resided. It appears that old Waterfall had been slightly unwell as of late, and on the arrival of the young person—Miss Elizabeth Hamilton—who has been accustomed to perform the necessary household duties for him at her usual hour—about seven o'clock in the morning—he had told her of his intention to remain in bed later than usual. She returned again an hour later, and found him still disinclined to admit her, and still later in the day the same answer was given to her repeated inquiries.

At about 4:30 in the afternoon Dr T. Fentem went across to see what was the matter with the old man, who, by the way, has had no better friend than Drs P. S. and T. Fentem. In reply to the doctor's inquiry, Waterfall said he did not feel inclined to get up just then. Dr Fentem then told Waterfall that as soon as he did get up and opened the door, a cup of tea should be sent across to him. The door was not, however, opened, and at about six o'clock Miss Hamilton again sought admittance, and this time was surprised to find she could not obtain any reply. On looking through the window—across which the curtain was drawn—she noticed there was smoke in the room. She at once raised an alarm, and within a few seconds Fred Watson and William Smith came along, and broke open the window, and then the door. They found the room full of smoke, and Waterfall lying dead on the hearthrug.

P.s. [Police sergeant] Payne was promptly on the scene, quickly followed by the fire brigade with the hose cart; the smouldering fire was soon extinguished, and the terribly disfigured remains of the deceased removed. The interior of the cottage and its effects were only very slightly damaged by the fire, but the injuries suffered by the unfortunate old crippled inmate were of a shocking character. At a very early hour the following morning P.s. Payne removed the remains to the fire station office—placed at his disposal by Mr. William Redfearn.

Waterfall has had a remarkable career. He was 63 years of age last December, having been born in a barn near March [which is 25 miles north of Cambridge] in Cambridgeshire while his parents were on tramp. [Official records show a birth date in the last quarter of 1840 in Maidstone, Kent. This would give an age of 61 years as of "last December." It would appear that Waterfall believed his birth was in December 1838, which is reflected in the writings which follow.]

He received no education, except what he was able to give himself in later life, and at an early age he became chargeable to the union [government unit responsible for administering to the poor]. He was a paralytic cripple from birth, and had spent his early years in hospitals in various parts of the country. Medical skill however, was of little avail in his case, and he was thrown upon the world thus terribly handicapped, being unable to stand or walk, and having only the partial use of his arms and hands.

While in the hospitals he had managed to learn to read by watching the doctors chalking on the blackboards, and by slow and tortuous efforts he gradually increased his knowledge. For many years he resided in a cottage at Nottingham, kindly lent by Mr John Loverseed, and with the aid of a weekly dole of 2s 6d from the union, eked out a very precarious livelihood by the cleaning of boots. At length his health gave out, and he was removed to Bakewell, from which his family originally came. In 1892 he obtained one of the almshouses and a weekly grant of 4s per week from this old Bakewell charity, and discovering his facility in versification, turned this to good account.

He was unable to write, in consequence of his affliction, but laboriously cut out words from printed matter, and stuck these on card board. In this tedious manner he turned out from time to time compositions on local and imperial affairs of topical interest, that having regard to the circumstances of his life, his terrible affliction, and the crushing adversity against which he had had to struggle from his earliest years, were of a remarkable character. These efforts he had printed, and by their sale to the numerous visitors whose sympathetic interest was aroused in this plucky and persevering old man, he was able to live in comparable comfort.

He has been honoured by the visit of many distinguished men. The members of the British Archaeological Association, whose conference was held in Buxton in 1899, paid him a visit, and marvelled at the wide range and depth of knowledge revealed by the old poet. Sir William Stoke, Dr Richard Garnet, Sir John Bennet Lawes, Bart., F.R.S., the late Lord Russell of Killowen, Sir William Turner, Sir T. Grainger Stewart, are amongst those who have visited or corresponded with Waterfall, and his collection of curios and acknowledgements from Royalty and other distinguished people to whom he had sent literary contributions were among his most treasured possessions. It is perhaps a somewhat remarkable coincidence that he had repeatedly expressed his fear of two dreaded calamities—that he would be burned to death and that he would have a pauper's funeral. The first has unhappily overtaken him; the second, it will be no slight consideration to his friends to learn, has been provided against by the kindness of Dr Fentem.

BY JOSEPH WATERFALL

The Author of these works being an invalid for 57 years [55? in 1896], never having walked in his life, born of humble parents, and deprived of the means of education, obtained his degrees from the following Universal Colleges:—The College of Adversity, governed by the hand of Misfortune; The College of Experience, [governed] by the hand of the World; and the College of Self-denial, [governed] by the hand of Necessity. J. WATERFALL.

True! O King, this world is but a stage,
And every man plays his part. *Shakespeare.*

And now the Author will endeavour to play his part in the Peak of Derbyshire.

The Author, in introducing his Seven Wonders of the Peak to Tourists, feels assured that the long experience of his and his forefathers' residence, and knowledge of the Peak district, enables him to lay before Tourists such information, and a guide which will be of service to him in visiting those three places combined, Haddon Hall, Chatsworth, and Bakewell Church. Bakewell Church contains the illustrious dead of Haddon; therefore all visitors to Haddon should visit the last resting place of its noble owners, and be well rewarded for their trouble. The name of the author [Waterfall] is as old as the grey walls of Haddon; therefore to those visiting Bakewell he will endeavour to lay before them such facts as cannot be obtained elsewhere.

Bakewell being the centre of the Peak district, travellers from east, west, north, or south, will find no difficulty whatever in visiting Haddon, Chatsworth, Lathkill Dale, Millers Dale, Monsal Dale, Dove Dale, Buxton, Matlock, Hope, Eyam, and Castleton, as from Bakewell they can easily be reached either by road or rail; therefore he strongly recommends tourists, from whatever part of the globe, to arrive at Bakewell, surrounded as it is with scenery unequalled in Switzerland. The accommodation in Bakewell for the tourist be he Lord, Duke, or peasant, will be found equal to any in England.

When the aged man arrived at Bakewell Station he stood in the Station Yard, uplifted his eyes, and looking round, said, "Have I lived my three score years and ten, and not known where the English Switzerland lay till now?" The schoolboy, holding his father's hand, said, "Father, oh! this is a pretty place, do bring me here again." And when you arrive in Bakewell you'll find upon the stand, from the gentle pony and the tub, to the high-steppers four-in-hand. Then you have one of the most beautiful drives of 13½ miles down the valley of the Wye and Derwent to Haddon and Chatsworth, from Chatsworth to Pilsley to Bakewell, through the most beautiful scenery that the eye can behold. Then the tourist acknowledges the existence of that Supreme Being, the Living God.

After the sunny isles of [the English] Switzerland, if the tourist has courage to brave the winter, he beholds the snowclad hills and the icebound waters of the Peak, and is transferred to the Arctic Regions of the North; therefore come to Bakewell for the knowledge that you'll never forget. Bakewell is 12 miles from Buxton, from Chesterfield 12 miles, from Haddon 2 miles, from Matlock 10 miles, from Rowsley 4 miles, from Ashbourne 16 miles, from Taddington 6 miles, from Lathkill Dale 3 miles, from Chatsworth 4 miles, from Baslow 4 miles, from Winster 5 miles, from Sheffield 16 miles, from Manchester 33 miles, and from London 152 miles.

The Author's Seven Wonders of the Peak packet contains a guide to Bakewell Church, the Ancient Mottoes inside and out; The Romantic Elopement of Dorothy Vernon, a true history of Haddon from its foundation; A Legend of Haddon; History of the Old Roman Cross in Bakewell Churchyard; Almshouses, etc.

[The following material does not appear to fulfill the complete description of the preceding paragraph, and therefore is probably an incomplete collection of the items in Waterfall's packet, which may be dated at 1896.

No information can be found about the inn "Isle of Sky Hotel" in Yorkshire. The highest inn in Yorkshire is "Tan Hill," between Barras and Keld, in the North Riding, 1,620 feet; however some sources list it at 1,732 feet. There appears to be a disagreement as to which inn is higher: "Tan Hill" or "The Cat and Fiddle," 1,690 feet; which some sources list at 1,765 feet.]

BY JOSEPH WATERFALL, BAKEWELL

The highest inn in England, "The Cat and Fiddle," on Buxton Moors, in Cheshire, 1,690 feet.

The highest inhabited house in England, "Rumney's House," south of Alston, in Cumberland, on the Durham border, 1,980 feet above the level of the sea.

The highest inhabited house in Yorkshire, "Grouse House," near the source of the Cover in the North Riding, 1,790 feet.

The highest inn in Yorkshire, "The Isle of Sky Hotel," south of Metham, 1,477 feet.

The highest village in England, "Cold Cleugh," West Allendale, Northumberland, 1,650 feet.

The highest village in Yorkshire, "Greenlow Hill," between Pately Bridge and Grassington, 1,441 feet.

The highest market town in England, Buxton, in Derbyshire, 1,039 feet.

The highest market town in Yorkshire, Hawes, in Wensleydale, 850 feet.

The highest passenger railway in England, the South Durham and Lancashire Union Railway, Between Barras and Bowers, on Stainmoor, 1,378 feet.

The highest church in England, Chelmorton, near Buxton, Derbyshire. [Church of John the Baptist, 1,200 feet].

Bakewell Church, first erected in 924, by the command of "Edward the Elder." One day's march from Nottingham Castle.

Haddon erected 1102 by William Peverill, illegitimate son of William the Conqueror and Margaret Gregory, daughter of George Gregory, the keeper of Lenton Peverill.

Chatsworth, by Bess of Hardwick, 1541.

These words placed in the British Museum 2nd day of September, 1896.
 [Joseph Waterfall does not appear to be listed in the British Museum index.]
 [Waterfall appears to have read most of this information in The Craven and North-West Yorkshire Highlands by H. Speight, 1892.]

ALMS HOUSES BAKEWELL

Manchester, July 23rd, 1896.

Dear Mr. Waterfall,

I have read the poems I bought from you on the 15th inst. [instant: the current month] with great interest, and I am glad to find in them the true spirit of our Savior's teaching, namely, sympathy with others in joys as well as in sorrows. Although you are denied the blessed privileges of following your inclination to visit all the interesting places in your charming neighbourhood, still you seem so thoroughly to enter into the pleasures of those more fortunate than yourself that by your perfect sympathy with your fellow-men, you make their pleasure your own happiness.

Your cheerful contentment under trying circumstances and your patient and painstaking endeavour to make the most of the talent which Our Heavenly Father has given you, have left an impression on me which I trust will remain while memory lasts.

I am glad that chance or Providence has led us to your dwelling, and though we may perhaps not visit Bakewell again, I sincerely hope that when our earthly pilgrimage is done, and those afflictions which fall to the lot of all of us while here below, though in different form and degree, shall be o'er, we may meet above to sing eternally and more perfectly the praise of Him who loves us all. Meanwhile, wishing you ever blessing.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

A. Marsden.

The author thanks the trustees of the British Museum for the honour they have conferred upon him by handing his works down to posterity.

BY JOSEPH WATERFALL, BAKEWELL

On entering the South Porch, to the right is the Vernon Chapel—

Dear reader, tread softly,
The bones that lie here
Oft rode in the chase
When they hunted the deer;
Lords, Dukes, and Kings
Came pleasure to seek,
As they rode in the chase,
With the bold King of the Peak.

The south end of the chapel is filled with the stately monument of John Manners and Dorothy (Vernon) his wife, who are represented kneeling in prayerful attitude:

“Here lieth Sir John Manners of Haddon, Knight, second son of Thomas, Earl of Rutland, who died the 4th of June, 1611, and Dorothy, his wife, one of the daughters and heirs to Sir George Vernon, of Haddon, Knight, who deceased the 24th day of June, in the 26th year in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 1584.”

The earliest of the Vernon monuments is an altar-tomb of alabaster round the margin of the top slab of which runs the inscription [translated from the Latin into English for our readers]:

“Here lies John Vernon, son and heir of Henry Vernon, who died the 12th day of August, 1477, whose soul may God pardon.”

The oldest monument in this chapel is an altar or high-tomb with effigy, in alabaster, of Sir Thomas Wendesley, Knight, of Wendesley, the parish of Darley, who was mortally wounded in the battle of Shrewsbury, in 1403.

The effigies of Sir George Vernon and his two wives are super-incumbent upon the fine altar-tomb.

“Here lies Sir George Vernon, knt., deceased the ...day of ... anno 156 , and Dame Margaret his wife, daughter of Sir Gilbert Tayleboys, deceased the ...day of ... anno 156 ; and also Dame Maude his wife, daughter of Sir Ralph Langford, deceased the ...day of ... anno 156 , whose souls may God pardon.” [The blanks are the same as in the original.]

[Nearby is a monument for George Manners, son of John Manners and Dorothy Vernon, with a Latin inscription of which Waterfall provides a translation.]

“Sir George Manners, of Haddon, knt., here waits the resurrection of the just in Christ. He married Grace, second daughter of Sir Henry Pierrepoint, knt., who afterwards bore him four sons and five daughters, and lived with him in holy wedlock thirty years, here caused him to be buried with his forefathers, and then placed this monument at her own expense, as a perpetual memorial of their conjugal faith, and she joined the figure of his body with hers, having vowed their ashes and bones should be laid together; he died April 23rd, A.D. 1623, aged 54; she died A.D. ...aged...”

Over the chrisom child and over the niches in which are the other eight children:

“Mine age is nothing in respect of Thee.” (Infant)

“One generation passeth and another cometh.” (Son)

“A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.” (Daughter)

“The wise woman buildeth her house.” (Daughter)

“My days were but a span long.” (Son)

“By the grace of God I am that I am.” (Son)

“A gracious woman retaineth honor.” (Daughter)

“A prudent wife is from the Lord.” (Daughter)

“She that feareth the Lord shall be praised.” (Daughter)

Six small canopied niches in the chancel front of the screen, intended for figures, have lately been filled with medallions, skilfully designed and elaborately carved in lime wood. The subjects illustrate the six works of mercy, Matthew XXV:

“I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat.”

“I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink.”

“I was a stranger, and ye took me in.”

“Naked, and ye clothed me.”

“I was sick, and ye visited me.”

“I was in prison, and ye came unto me.”

[The font within the church is of great antiquity. Its form is of an octagon, and on each side is a different figure of uncertain attribution.]

The date of this font is probably about 1300.

Archdeacon [of Bakewell, Edward] Balston thinks the fifth figure might be a representation of Moses and the serpent, shewing the efficacy of faith. The Archdeacon also suggests that all the figures may be typical of what is required in baptism: I. The Holy Spirit (the dove) from on high (Thy King); II. The Church (S. Peter); III. The Word (S. Paul); IV. The Bishop; V. The Priest; VI. Repentance (S. John Baptist); VII. Faith; VIII. Prayer. Over the knight are the arms of Foljambe, and over the lady *gu. 6 fleurs-de-lys arg.* (Ireland). She was Avena, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Ireland.

The attendant at the Church informs me that many visitors admire the following epitaphs; they are therefore printed here for their special benefit:

Here lies the breathless sight
Which lately was my comfort and delight;
Just on the verge of joy my hopes are fled,
The offspring lives, but oh! the mother's dead.

Reflect, O stranger, what is mortal life,
A complicated scene of woe and strife,
More fleeting than the blossom of a flower
Which blooms at morn, and, ere the day is o'er,
It droops its head, it fades, and is no more;
'Tis short indeed, 'tis merely but a span,
Reflect on this, and learn to live, O man.

Life's busy, restless stage with me is o'er
And now I go to find that destined shore
Where once arrived there, then, oh then, remain
To prove this truth, that loss of life is gain.

Beneath, a sleeping infant lies,
To earth whose body lent,
More glorious shall hereafter rise,
Though not more innocent.

“Know posterity, that on the 8th of April, in the year of grace 1757, the rambling remains of the above-named JOHN DALE, were in the 86 year of his pilgrimage, laid upon his two wives.

This thing in life might raise some jealousy,
 Here all three lie lovingly,
 But from embraces here no pleasure flows;
 Alike are here all 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.”

In remembrance of Philip Roe, ob. [died] 1815.

“The vocal powers here let us mark
 Of Philip our late parish clerk;
 In church none ever heard a layman
 With a clearer voice, say, Amen.
 Who now with Hallelujah's sound
 Like him can make the roofs resound?
 The choir lament his choral tones.
 The town—so soon here lie his bones,
 Sleep, undisturbed, within this peaceful shrine,
 Till angels wake thee with such notes as thine!”

A former Vicar was requested by a parishioner to write an epitaph for his brother's grave, with this result (1782):

“Encomiums on the dead are empty sounds
 And mockery : the last great day alone
 Shall wipe the colouring off, and man
 In his true state shall stand exposed to view.”

[Except for Waterfall's eight line poem at the beginning of this section, the content was taken from A Day In The Peak by Andreas Cokayne, 1889.]

BY JOSEPH WATERFALL, BAKEWELL

The following inscriptions have been copied from the bells in the Tower at Bakewell. The [eight] bells were cast by Thomas Mears, of London in 1796, and hung by Edward Simmons, his agent, in 1797. Richard Chapman, B.A. Vicar, Matthew Strutt and George Heathcote, Churchwardens.

The following inscriptions were composed by Mr. Michael Williams, a Local Poet, then residing in Bakewell. [English measures are used, 1 cwt. = 112 lbs.]

1st. BELL, 5 cwt. 3 qrs. 3 lbs.

When I begin our merry din,
This band I lead from discord free,
And for the fame of human name,
May every leader copy me.

2nd. BELL, 5 cwt. 3 qrs. 16 lbs.

Mankind like us too oft are found,
Possessed of nought but empty sound.

3rd. BELL, 6 cwt. 3 qrs. 6 lbs. [Should be 6 cwt. 2 qrs. 6 lbs.]

When of departed hours we toll the knell,
Instructions take and spend the future well.

4th. BELL, 7 cwt. 1 qr. 24 lbs. [Should be 7 cwt. 1 qr. 27 lbs.]

When men in hymens band [marriage bond] unite
Our merry peals produce delight,
But when death goes his weary rounds,
We send forth sad and solemn sounds.

5th. BELL, 8 cwt. 2 qrs. 22 lbs.

Thro' grandsires and tripples with pleasure men range,
Till death calls the bob and brings on the last change.

6th. BELL, 10 cwt. 3 qrs. 15 lbs.

When vict'ry crowns the public weal
With glee we give the merry peal.

7th. BELL, 12 cwt. 2 qrs. 1 lb. [Should be 12 cwt. 3 qrs. 11 lbs.]
Would men like us, join and agree,
They'd live in tuneful harmony.

8th. BELL, 18 cwt. 2 qrs. 1 lb.
Possess'd of deep sonorous tone,
This belfry king sits on his throne,
And when the merry bells go round,
Adds to and mellows ev'ry sound;
So in a just and well pois'd state,
Where all degrees possess due weight,
One greater pow'r one greater tone
Is ceded to improve their own.

Total Weight Of The Eight Bells : 76 cwt. 2 qrs. 17 lbs.

[Waterfall appears to have read most of this information in the Journal of the Derbyshire Archaeological Society. Volume XI, February 1889.]

POEM BY JOSEPH WATERFALL, BAKEWELL

All travellers throughout Derbyshire
That pleasure love to seek,
Come and hear these Merry Bells,
In the Capital of the Peak.

They've rang for Lords, Dukes, Kings and Queen,
And the man all tattered and torn;
They've rang for the Merry Milkmaid,
And the Princess all forlorn.

They've rang for the ploughboys of the field,
And Shepherd's on the hill,
And if you'll the ringer's fee
They'll ring for you then still.

And oft times has their merry sound
Brought lover's to the door,
To tell that Old Old story
They so oft have told before.

They've rang for hunter's with the horn,
Clothed in his coat of green,
When he's taken to the church
His bride, his May-day Queen.

The far famed Haddon and Chatsworth,
And to Dove-Dale you may roam,
But you can take the Bakewell Bells,
In your pocket to your home.

Then sitting by your fireside,
You'll tell friends where you've been,
And you will say that Bakewell Church
Is the most Ancient you have seen.

It contains the Ancient Vernon's
Now crumbled into Dust;
For ever then dear reader
Do learn your God to trust.

If your friends would like a copy,
And come them for to seek;
Tell them that they can be had
From the Poet of the Peak.

POEM BY JOSEPH WATERFALL, BAKEWELL

The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky
Silvered the walls of Haddon Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.
Now naught was heard beneath the sky,
The sounds of busy life were still;
Only the unhappy Lady's sighs
That issued from that lonely pile.
Vernon, she cried, is this thy love,
That thou so oft hast sworn to me?
To leave me in this lonely Hall,
Secluded in shameful privacy.
No more thou comest with lover's speed,
Thy once beloved bride to see;
But be she live, or be she dead,
I fear, proud Sir, its the same with thee.
Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's Hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appall.
I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark so blithe, no flower more gay;
And, like the bird that haunts yon thorn,
So merrily sang the live long day.
If that my beauty is but small—
Among Court Ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from the Hall,
Where, scornful Sir, it well was prized?
Among rural beauties I was one:
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my passing beauty rare.

Then, Vernon, why again I plead?
 The injured surely may repine:
 Why didst thou wed a country maid?
 When proud Bess of Hardwick might be thine.
 At Court, I'm told its beauty's throne
 Where every Lady's passing fair:
 The Eastern flowers that shame the sun,
 Are not so glowing nor so fair.
 Then, Sir, why didst thou leave the beds
 Where roses and where lilies vie?
 To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
 Must sicken when those gods are by.
 The village maids of Rowsley
 Salute me lowly as they go;
 Envious they mark my silken train—
 They think a Lady can not have woe.
 The simple maids they little know
 How far more happy is their estate:
 To smile for joy, than sigh for woe,
 To be content than to be great.

[The story of this poem appears nowhere else and must be supposed to be factually untrue. Other considerations are addressed below.

Sir George Vernon, father of Dorothy, was born in 1508, and came into sole possession of Haddon Hall about 1529 when he became of age; his father died in 1517. The date of his first marriage is not clear, but their first daughter, Margaret, was born in 1540; Dorothy was born in 1545. Clearly, this poem tells of marital difficulties between the King of the Peak and his first wife, who died in 1558.

A reference is made to Bess of Hardwick having been a candidate for marriage; however, she would not have been of marriageable age in 1536. This may be taken as an allusion to the belief that Sir George had his choice of women and chose the subject of the poem as his wife.]

POEM BY JOSEPH WATERFALL, BAKEWELL

In that noble pile of Haddon
In the year fifteen hundred and fifty-eight
A father called his daughter
To him, her future to relate:—

And now, my dearest Dorothy,
I have an offer for thy hand;
From the lion-hearted Stanley,
The bravest in our land:

It is my wish that you should wed
The bold and brave youth, said he;
He vows he loves none other,
Dear Dorothy, but thee.

His brother, Sir Thomas Stanley,
Thy sister Margaret he will wed;
Now, dearest child, give thy consent
To the lion-hearted Ned.

My wish is law! you shall obey!
Though you tell me with a tear
You'd rather wed the Outlaw,
That slaughters Vernon's deer.

Dear Father! he's not an outlaw—
He's of noble family and birth—
I will love him, and wed none other
While I live upon this earth.

I ask thee, noble father,
Do not break thy fond daughter's heart?
Because to him I've pledged my love,
And from him I cannot part!

Dear Father, then, I pray thee
Let me single at Haddon stay,
And be thy loving Dorothy
Until my dying day!

No! go, my wish you shall obey:
And Dorothy turned and fled,
And to her room to be alone,
With a heart that beat like lead.

She seats herself by the window,
To still that beating heart;
She hears the wild note of the owl
And she to the window darts.

Dear Dorothy! I'm here,
A loving voice it said;
Come, and with thy lover fly,
And do not be afraid.

Thine honour, dearest maiden, I will guard,
As I would the angels that are above;
Oh, fly with me, dear Dorothy,
I cannot live without thy love.

Dear lover, cried the maiden,
And the tears bedimmed her eye:
You've gained the victory over love,
Dear John, with thee I'll fly.

Farewell, dear old Haddon,
From thee I must fly,
And all thy broad acres
On the banks of the Wye.

[Waterfall makes the common error of having the story occur in 1558, rather than the generally accepted 1563, at which time Dorothy would have been eighteen. George Vernon's insistence that Dorothy marry Ned (Edward) Stanley, brother of her sister's fiancé, was first broached in the 1823 novel *The King of The Peak* by William Bennet.]

CYCLING THROUGH THE PEAK
FROM SHEFFIELD TO BAKEWELL AND BUXTON

POEM BY JOSEPH WATERFALL, BAKEWELL

Good Citizens of Sheffield,
That pleasure love to seek,
There's nothing like the cycle
For journeying through the peak.

We started one morning early,
And proud it made me feel,
When I beheld my little wife
So graceful on her wheel.

The romantic youth and maiden
Left Sheffield's noisy strife.
Pedalled their wheel along the Peak,
To be made man and wife.

We pedalled on to Broadfield Park,
And as far as eye could see,
The hedge-rows were in blossom,
And busy was the bee.

We came in sight of Owler Bar,
And at every turn of the wheel
We breathed the Peak's fresh morning air
Our muscles turned to steel.

The Hunting Tower of Chatsworth
Comes gently into view,
With its ancient hawk trap on the pole,
Where the famous oak once grew.

We bowl then into Baslow,
By old Chatsworth's gilded gate,
Where the far-famed Bess of Hardwick
Her fourth husband did await.

Then coming into Bakewell,
We dismount upon the bridge,
And turn to view old Castle Hill,
Edward's standard on the ridge.

And then we look around and see
The river, valley, fields;
Old Haddon in the distance,
And the Waterfall on wheels.
We walk then into Bakewell.
And gently lead our steed,
That never once grew tired,
Though great has been our speed.
The cabby looked downhearted,
As we passed him slowly by,
And when we came up to the inn
The ostler [stableman] heaved a sigh.
And then we heard him whisper
To his stable boy, called Joe,
“The winter will soon be coming,
Then they cannot wheel in snow.”
We mounted then on Buxton Road,
Where the peasant in the lane,
If he had courage to mount the wheel,
Would soon be young again.
We travelled on through Ashford,
And admired the lovely scene;
My wife sat still upon her wheel,
And rode like beauty’s queen.
And next we pause in Taddington Dale,
To view the blissful scene;
A man and wife on tandem,
With a baby in between.
The little child was smiling,
With dimples on its face;
And in its baby language said,
“Mam and dad will win the race.”
P.S. The “Waterfall on wheels” is the author, J. Waterfall.

THE VISITOR'S FAREWELL

POEM BY JOSEPH WATERFALL, BAKEWELL

Farewell to thee, Bakewell, I leave thee at last,
The joys I have had in thy woodlands, now past;
The walks I've had on thy breezy hills o'er,
Perchance I may visit these sweet scenes no more.

When morn's early beams gild the glorious east,
'Tis all the free bounty of nature's high priest;
When sunset foreshadows the day's dewy close,
To the Cottage I go for welcome repose.

I've stood by the waters and gazed on the trees
That bow with such grace in thy beautiful breeze,
In sadness I bid thee a lingering adieu,
In sadness I part with heart warm and true.

I leave the sweet region where nature is fair,
I leave thy clear skies, thy soft balmy air,
I leave thy clear streams, thy fresh valleys and hills,
Thy groves, and thy dells, and thy beautiful rills.

Oft, oft I shall see thee again in my dreams,
Thy springs, and thy rocks, and thy rippling streams;
I often in fancy shall traverse thee round,
If never again on thy hills I am found.

If the scenery of Heaven pictured could be,
'Tis surely fair Bakewell reflected in thee;
Thy beautiful woodland, the glen, and the glade,
Drinking the sunbeams, or courting the shade.

Farewell dear old Haddon, I must bid thee adieu;
Among Rural beauties the wanderer will view
Thy mouldering walls, by old Father Time,
Thy old ancient Halls un-shadowed by crime.
Yes! beautiful Haddon, we love thee the more,
As tracing veil'd beauties undreamt of before,
For whene'er I've roved, I was certain to view
Some landscape of nature delightful and new.
To childhood, to manhood, to age thou art dear,
Yes! thou art beautiful everywhere!
Did angels descend from their golden land
To pencil those beauties? No! twas an Almighty hand.
Then beautiful Chatsworth, I bid thee adieu.
If I ne'er again shall thy beauties review,
And climb thy hills, breathe thy healthsome gales,
And wander once more in thy picturesque vales.
Your odours impregnate with odours the breeze,
Ye furnish a feast for the banqueting bees;
The far-famed Peak Palace un-stained by a blot,
Farewell, dear old Chatsworth, you beautiful spot.
Most beautiful Bakewell, I leave thee behind,
Never on earth thy equal to find;
When nature has brought life's storm to a close,
Among thy beautiful hills I should like to repose.

26 ODE TO THE DIAMOND JUBILEE OF QUEEN VICTORIA
JUNE 22, 1897 BEING THE SIXTIETH YEAR OF HER HAPPY REIGN

BY JOSEPH WATERFALL, BAKEWELL, DERBYSHIRE

Victoria, the only child of Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III, came to the throne in the year 1837, when only nineteen years of age. Left when but a few months old to the care of her widowed mother, she had been watched and trained with the keenest anxiety, to fit her for the lofty position she might one day be called upon to fill. When the young Queen met her council for the first time, the impression she produced was most favourable; her youth, her gentle bearing, and her dignified manner, roused in the minds of all present, feelings of devotion and loyalty.

Grand and glorious was that golden happy time,
When Victoria rose majestic, devoted and sublime;
Arm'd with the strength that only arms the mighty and the just;
The light of truth and love flashed from her eyes august.

Wide o'er the realm her loving hands she spread,
While rays of glory beamed about her royal head;
When listless England started, and from her dreams awoke,
As, with loud voice, these blessed words she spoke:

“No more,” she cried, “no more, old England dear,
For me or mine, shall my people live in fear;
Cursed is the wealth that springs from human woe,
And he who trades in it is God's and Britain's foe.

Freedom, God's blessed gift, was kindly meant for all,
England, dear England, from this hour thy fetters fall.”
England, as she heard the loud royal majestic voice,
Shouted “thy conflict's o'er, my sons rejoice.”

The wise and good from every clime and caste,
Hail'd a fair future, fairer, happier than the past;
And pictured fondly in the gladsome coming time,
Less darksome days, sorrow, want and crime.

Queen, thy Accession was like the glorious spring;
 Thy name is like the ivy, around our memory it shall cling,
 Thy reign has made thy people live as in a happy dream,
 Thy voice was like the music, the whispering of the stream.
 When mercy rolled about thine empire, it calm'd our trembling breath,
 When famines raged, thou fed thy people, and delivered them from death;
 When the notes of war were sounded, and our enemies they grew,
 Thou thought of thy dying Saviour and his pardon for the Jew.
 When in devotion, this was her prayer: cease bloodshed, war and strife,
 For ye, for ye, my subjects dear, for peace I'd give my life;
 Let spears and swords be printed words, the mind our battle's plain,
 We've won our victories with love before, and so we shall again.
 Triumphs that are gained by force, stain the brightest cause;
 'Tis not the blood, but liberty inscribes her sacred laws;
 She writes them on her people's hearts, in language clear and plain,
 She's ruled with love for sixty years and she'll rule with love again.
 We yield to none, but in love of freedom's cause sublime,
 We join the cry of liberty, we keep the march of time;
 And yet we grasp no spear nor sword, our victories to obtain,
 Kindness and love have won before, and so they shall again.
 We want no aid of barricade, to show a front to wrong,
 We have a fortress in our Queen, more durable and strong;
 And, O God, grant this blessing, her majesty's long life spare,
 It is the prayer that oft arose, from the humble poet's chair.
 Wake! Britons, wake! your voices raise, from mountain, shore and glen,
 And bless the day Victoria came to reign o'er sons of men;
 She cast away the tyrant's rule, she cast away the rod,
 With her heart she loved her people, with her soul she loved her God.

POEM BY JOSEPH WATERFALL, BAKEWELL, DERBYSHIRE [1898]

Ye citizens of England,
That pleasure love to seek,
Come, and spend a Christmas,
In the Capital of the Peak!

There you view old Haddon Hall,
With its ivy-mantled towers,
Its leafy shades in summer time,
Now turned to silver bowers.

Then take a walk through Chatsworth Park,
Among the trees so tall,
And view the fleet and stately deer,
And the ice-bound waterfall.

The Peasant in his lonely cot
Has a heart that beats with joy,
When forth he sees the stranger come
His native air to try.

Ye followers of Izaak Walton,
Now cast your rod aside,
Your skates and sledge instead of net,
And across the ice you'll glide.

Then you will feel the glow of health
Run through from head to toe,
And you will bless the day you came
To tramp the Peak in snow.

Come forth and hear our Bakewell bells,
Renowned both far and wide,
To tell us of our Saviour dear,
And welcome Xmas Tide.

Then come and leave your City homes,
Be it cottage or a hall,
And spend your Christmas in the Peak:
The poet welcomes all.

Let's roam in peace with all mankind,
And watch the sunset's glow;
And view the beauties of the peak
All wrapt in fleecy snow.

Silence pervades this beauteous scene
Throughout these lonely dells;
The trees now stripp'd of their coats of green
Are clad in silver bells.

Then sitting by your fireside,
You'll tell your friends where you've been,
And you say the snow-clad hills
Are the finest sights you've seen.

A Happy Christmas to you all!
Ere I say good-bye;
And may we meet in heaven above
To share our Saviour's joy.

[The following are taken from a search of British government records.

Joseph Waterfall's parents were Abraham Waterfall born 1803 in Bakewell and Ann Peake born 1805 in Horncastle. Abraham and Ann were married on April 4, 1831 in Horncastle. The Waterfalls had seven children:

Mary Ann, born 1833	Elizabeth, born 1835	Eliza, born 1837
Joseph, born 1840	Sarah, born 1843	Charles, born 1845
Hannah, born 1848.		

Most of the data that follows comes from British census records, recorded at ten year intervals.

Abraham Waterfall's occupations were listed as "agricultural laborer" in 1841 and "hawker" (peddler) in 1851. Ann Peake Waterfall's occupation is listed as "needlewoman" in 1851, presumably an occupation she could perform at home while caring for her large family. It appears that Abraham died between 1851 and 1861. Ann's occupation is listed as "washerwoman" in 1861, presumably a higher earning occupation as she no longer had a wage earning husband. Over this twenty year period, Joseph is shown as part of the family, with no notations other than age associated with his name.

Joseph is no longer included as part of a family listing and is shown living alone in Lenton, Nottinghamshire in 1871, with the notation "No occupation. Parish relief. Cripple from birth."

He is listed as still living in Lenton in 1881, with the notation "Occupation - Nil. Paralyzed."

Joseph is listed as living in Lenton in 1891, with the notation "Occupation - Gentleman. Cripple from birth." He has changed his date of birth from the previous "about 1840" to "about 1839."

Joseph is listed as living in Bakewell, Derbyshire in 1901, with the notation "Occupation - Author. Poet of the Peak. Paralyzed from birth."

The Death Index lists	Name: Joseph Waterfall.
Estimated Birth: about 1840.	Year of death: Third quarter 1902.
Age at death: 62. Note that the age at death is 61 years and seven months.]	