DERBYSHIRE GATHERINGS:

A

FUND OF DELIGHT

FOR THE

ANTIQUARY, THE HISTORIAN, THE TOPOGRAPHER, THE BIOGRAPHER,

AND THE GENERAL READER,

CONTAINING

Portraits and Memoirs of Eminent Natives and Eccentric Characters of the County of Derby,

VIEWS OF REMARKABLE PLACES, ANTIQUITIES, RELICS,

FAC-SIMILES OF AUTOGRAPH LETTERS, ANCIENT DOCUMENTS, ANECDOTES, &c., &c.

BY

JOSEPH BARLOW ROBINSON,

SCULPTOR, DERBY.

"Books, dreams, are both a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness may grow."—WORDSWORTH.

"To my unfolding lend a gracious ear."—SHAKESPEARE.

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MDCCCLXVI.

Success in Life.—If Biography teaches anything, it teaches this . that there has been a golden moment in the lives of most men, which genius has been enabled to seize and to employ; that there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. The sculptor Thorwaldsen has packed up his few belongings, and is about to leave Rome for Denmark. His life looks blank enough to him. His profession seems to be a great mistake. Nobody will buy his statues, or encourage the genius which he had fondly hoped was in him. But that very day an Englishman chanced to enter his studio, had the ability to recognize bis talent, and the money to purchase his great statue, the Jason. The time and the man had come, and Thorwaldsen's fortune was made. And that golden opportunity will come to you, also, my young friend; only take care that you are ready for it, when it does come. The stone that is fit for the wall does not lie long in the ditch.—*Macmillan.*

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PREFACE.

IN introducing to our readers this new candidate for public approval—a volume of Derbyshire Gatherings—it may not be deemed inappropriate if we offer a few observations on the work to which we have addressed ourself—the mission which we hope to fulfil.

This volume may truly be said to owe its origin to the suggestions of many friends; who, having inspected and admired our repository or museum of antiquities, portraits, autographs, &c., considered that some record should be published, to render a portion of its varieties accessible to "the many" in a printed form. "On this hint," after mature consideration, we went to work, although we have but little leisure time for such a purpose; however, "where there's a will there's a way," and here is the product of our labour. The volume makes no pretensions to high literary character; the greater portion of its contents is the result of our evenings' occupation; of what time could be spared from more imperative engagements. It appears, therefore, under all the disadvantages of a first essay in the literary world, unguarded by long and elaborate revision. This being the case, we trust that our defects or shortcomings will be pardoned, and every critical mercy extended to our maiden effort in biographic and antiquarian lore.

"Now reader, ere this book you scan,
Resolve to prove a candid man;
Not critic-like, seek faults to find,
And every beauty leave behind;
But, should a weed appear in sight,
A flower cull, to make it right.
And thus you'll prove a candid soul;
Judge not a portion, but the whole.
This done, premising you think fit
That others should in judgment sit,
Let Justice at the scales preside,
And strictest Truth the case decide."

We are conscious there are many faults, and possibly some errors, but not intentional ones. It has been a heavy and laborious task to collect and glean so many facts, as are given in the various memoirs of so many different characters; all of which we have endeavoured to pourtray in a pleasing, genuine, and attractive style. It may be objected by some, that these memoirs of individuals are too brief; but our limits would not allow of a more extended notice, and our readers will find we have sketched the principal events occuring in their lives.

Derbyshire, hitherto, has had few works devoted to the special biography of its numerous sons and daughters who have made themselves famous, not only in our own dear old county, but in every country of the world. Wherever the English language is spoken, there will Derbyshire men be found, occupying some of the *first* and *foremost* places in the van of enterprise and human progress.

These memoirs comprise but a few of those Derbyshire worthies, who first drew breath in the midst of the lovely dales and mountain scenery for which our county is famous; in fact, our difficulty has not been to extend, but to confine our materials within moderate limits, and to select generally such characters as would be an emulation and incentive to hope in our youth, an antidote to despair under any circumstances, and a subject of pride and reflection in maturity. A few portraits are introduced, neither as examples nor warnings, but as subjects of drollery or pity.

The author cannot refrain, in this place, from naming some of those who have rendered themselves illustrious by their virtues or their talents, in the Field, the Senate, the Bar, the Church, Engineering, Painting, Sculpture, and in the other various walks of art, as well as in the products of its horny-handed

sons of labour. Wherever and whenever any great peril had to be encountered; any great enterprise conducted to a successful termination; or any great work in any branch of labour, which required both head and hands to bring it to perfection, there will their names be found, amongst the promoters or the producers, or both. Amongst its numerous warriors who have fought and bled for the sake of their native land, may be named Sir Ralph Shirley and the Derbyshire archers, who, with their good yew bows and cloth-yard shafts, fought, with Edward the Black Prince, at the battles of Cressy and Poictiers, and were victorious against overwhelming odds; who, also, under Henry the Fifth, were placed in the front rank at the memorable battle of Agincourt; and who, with their bare breasts and arms and warlike appearance, and well-earned reputation in former battles, struck terror into their enemies. This is not the time or place for details of these battles; the French, though overwhelmingly superior in numbers, had to succumb, after an obstinate and bloody resistance, to the sturdy valour of our archers and others. At the latter battle, the archers killed the principal commanders and the Constable of France; and to them was allowed the honour of the day.

To give a tithe of all the memorable battles in which Derbyshire has taken its honourable share, would fill a volume; but all our readers will remember the celebrated charge of the gallant 95th (Derbyshire) Regiment, which was first and foremost on the *Heights of Alma;* in which conflict they suffered severely, their colours being so riddled with shot, that the word "Derbyshire" could hardly be deciphered. These same colours may now be seen over the monument erected in All Saints' Church, Derby, to the memory of those who fell in the Crimea.

Of eminent dignitaries of the Church, who were natives of the county, we find Cardinal Repington; Cardinal Curzon; Lawrence Bothe, Archbishop of York; Anthony Bec, Bishop of Durham; Geoffrey Blythe, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry; John Blythe, Bishop of Salisbury; John Bothe, Bishop of Durham; George Coke, Bishop of Hereford; William Grey, Bishop of Ely; Samuel Halifax, Bishop of St. Asaph; Francis Hutchinson, Bishop of Down and Connor; Thomas Fanshaw Middleton, Bishop of Calcutta; Robert Pursglove, Bishop of Hull; W. A. Shirley, Bishop of Sodor and Man; and the present Bishops of Sydney and Madras.

Amongst the eminent Law-givers of the county, we may name Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, of Norbury, whose quaint old volumes, entitled "An abridgement of the Law," "The Natura Brevium," &c., published in the 15th century, are still highly esteemed; Sir John Cockayne, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, in the reign of Richard 2nd; Ralph Pole, Justice of the King's Bench, who died in the year 1452; Francis Rodes, Justice of the Common Pleas, in the time of Queen Elizabeth; Sir John Eardley Wilmot, Chief Justice; Sir William Coke, Justice of Ceylon; Lord Denman; Judge Balguy; and the recently deceased Judge Crompton, who was born in Derby.

Did space allow, this list might be extended indefinitely, through all the multifarious professions, sciences, trades, and philosophies, that have flourished and faded. Derbyshire sons are to be found in the ranks of imagination, fancy, poetry, art, morals, and invention; and many of them have gained a niche, not only among the worthies of Derbyshire, but as benefactors of the human race. Few counties can produce a more splendid array of talent and ingenuity, than is to be found amongst our native Engineers and workers in iron. We ought to bless God, who has placed in our midst those two genii of the lamp of England's glory, Ironstone and Coal—precious gifts, by which the brain of science and the hand of art have wrought out a nation's wealth and power. Our Derbyshire Iron was acknowledged to be the best, at a late competition with the manufacturers of France and Sweden, on a trial of armour plates for French vessels. Our Derby railway waggon-wheels are noted for their strength and durability. When the great World's Fair was proposed to be held in London, in the year 1851, Derbyshire found a Paxton to *plan*, and a Fox to *erect*, the magnificent palace of glass, in which were exhibited the wonders of nature, science, art, and industry, of every principal nation on our globe.

The great Iron Works at Butterley, Codnor Park, Staveley, Clay Cross, and Derby, have turned out many of the most stupendous works of modern times, and have also furnished many Engineers for the Royal Navy and our ocean steamers. Joseph Beardmore, the manager of the works of the General Steam Navigation Company, who, we believe, own the largest fleet of vessels of any company in existence, was once a whimsey

engine tenter, under the Butterley Company. Derbyshire men have also been connected with most of the great works executed in London. Mr. George Allen, a native of Ashover, had the management of the stone-work at the New Houses of Parliament; and Mr. James Cowlishaw, of Derby, had the entire management of the works, during the erection of the Royal Exchange. Mr. George Furness, of Great Longstone, is the contractor for the present magnificent undertaking, "The Thames Embankment," which will cost *at the very least*, £520,000! He also executed the works for the "Great Northern Outfall Sewer, and Great Reservoir;" the most gigantic enterprise ever undertaken for a sanitary purpose, not only in London, but in the world. In the Army Works Corps, formed by Sir Joseph Paxton, to face the dangers, and assist our soldiers in the Crimean war, many of the officers and men were from Derbyshire. To Derbyshire the world owes James Brindley, the founder of Canal Navigation, and other large engineering works. But, as already remarked, it is impossible even to give an outline of the worthies and their works, which Derbyshire has given to the world; else we could dwell upon the silk manufacture and its founders; of the introduction of silk into this country; of Mr. Crochet, who established in 1702, the first silk-mill in England, in Derby; of Mr. John Lombe, who erected, about the year 1717, a silk-mill, on an island in the river Derwent, at a cost of £30,000; which mill, yet standing, is called "*The Old Silk-mill.*" But space forbids; we may, however, mention the dangers and difficulties encountered by John Lombe, such as assassination in Italy, while learning the secrets of the manufacture; the difficulty of building on a swampy island; and, during the four years occupied in the erection of the building, using hired rooms in our Town Hall, where he erected temporary machines, worked by hand. All this is but emblematic of the ingenuity, bravery, and perseverance of many of our county sons, whose names we must omit *at present.*

"Our Fathers! time its record bears
To their unblemished fame;
And every olden spot endears
Some high and saintly name.
Earth teems with memories of those
Whom ages guard in deep repose."

Our county itself, as well as its natives, is worthy of an elaborate pen and pencil. Being situated in the centre of England, with an irregular and mountainous surface, which gives rise to a beautiful and ever-varying scenery, to which are added many wonderful natural curiosities, it is rendered particularly interesting, not only to the tourist, the artist, but also to the invalid, for its pure and healthy atmosphere. Derbyshire, although it lacks the charm of a sea-view, yet, from its inland position, escapes, in a great degree, from the raw air which pierces the lungs of the weak, and from the storms which devastate the coast.

The mineral and geological treasures of Derbyshire, such as alabaster, crystal, antimony, marble, lead, iron, and coals, are well known everywhere. Its lead mines were worked in the byegone time of the Roman occupation. Its building stones form the principal material in the finest erections of modern times, in London, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and other towns. Its rivers are as beautiful, silvery, and famous, as ever poet embalmed in song. Lord Byron, in his letter to Moore, said the scenery in Derbyshire was as noble as any in Greece or Switzerland; and Sir Walter Scott found a subject for one of his most celebrated Waverley Novels, in the "Peveril of the Peak."

"Never sun
Viewed in its wide career a lovelier spot
For all that life can ask; salubrious, mild;
Its hills are green, its woods and prospects fair,
Its meadows fertile; and, to crown the whole,
In one delightful word, *it is our home!*"

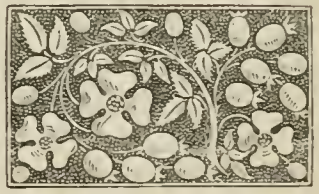
In conclusion, we must offer our sincere thanks to those friends who have rendered us assistance in producing what, without the charge of presumptuous confidence, we may call the beautiful volume, now presented to our readers. To Mr. John Haslem, Mr. F. D. Broadhead, Mr. George Bailey, and Mr. J. Brassington, we are indebted for the pictorial illustrations; and from J. L. Fytche, Esq., F.S.A., Mr. J. Croston, Mr. Paterson, Mr. Springthorpe, and Mr. John Tym, we have received much information for the

literary portion of the work. We also look with both pride and pleasure on the numerous list of Subscribers, as showing the great interest taken in the subjects to which we have devoted ourself, and also the confidence they have reposed in us.

We now take leave of all, with our heartfelt wishes for their welfare and prosperity; hoping, ere long, as we have been unable to do full justice to the worthies of the county, to produce, if spared, and in compliance with the wishes of many of our subscribers, a second volume, which we will endeavour to make more interesting, if possible, than the present, as we have abundant materials for the purpose. We shall, nevertheless, at all times, be glad to hear from any of our readers, who may possess any relics or objects of interest, worthy of illustration in our pages; and to all who take a pleasure in these matters, we shall be pleased to show our museum of Derbyshire antiquities, portraits, &c., collected during a long series of years.

1, Stafford Terrace,
Derby, 1866.

J. B. R.



SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY. R.A.
BORN AT NORTON, DERBYSHIRE.

SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY, R.A.

"Little efforts work great actions;
Lessons in our childhood taught,
Mould the spirit of that temper
Whereby glorious deeds are wrought."

HORACE WALPOLE said, that men are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent; but when they do draw to the full extent, their lives become history; for what is history, but the biography of great men. As Longfellow says—

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

Events are the elements of history, but men are the creators of events. Biography, therefore, takes us more into the interior of circumstances than history, and brings us nearer a true comprehension of social life, than chronicles and annals. History is a large hemispheral map, on which minutiæ are not desired. Biography is a smaller map, but it is better filled in with details. The scales on which they are constructed differ; events occupy the foremost position in historical narration; in biography, on the contrary, the inner life is the primal object of investigation and exhibition. The results of life appear in history, the *productive forces* of results receive the attention of biography. The greatness, value, and responsibility of life consist in this, that it is the originator of change, the agent by which the evolution of events is accomplished. This is why we have all a right of property in each other's being, and a desire of knowing in what manner the purposes of life have been fulfilled by our neighbours; for

"All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone."

And when, among the men of our neighbourhood, as it were, we discover one whose career was one of taste, intelligence, and wealth, we shall do well to inquire whether some instructive lesson may not be drawn from his life.

Francis Chantrey, the subject of this sketch, was born on the 7th of April, 1781, at Jordanthorpe, Norton, a pleasant village, near the northern boundary of Derbyshire. His parents were rather poor; and his father dying when he was twelve years old, the principal education he ever received was at home, from his mother, with some irregular tuition at a village school. He was driven by necessity to earn his own living, at a very early age; and his youthful occupations were, driving an ass, daily, with milk-barrels, between Norton and Sheffield, and attending cows, in the fields or the byres at Jordanthorpe. He was afterwards apprenticed to a grocer, in Fargate, Sheffield; but a very short probation behind a counter, in an unintellectual occupation, sufficed to convince both the lad and his friends, that this business was not to his taste. He selected carving and gilding as the business best suited for him, and accordingly was transferred from the grocer's to Mr. Ramsay, carver and gilder, of Sheffield. In this establishment, where there were a large collection of prints, plaster models, and other works of art, young Chantrey's taste for Sculpture developed itself. Allan Cunningham well illustrates the assertion that genius draws its materials from many sources, by stating, "The sight of a few prints in an obscure village in Yorkshire awakened the spark in Stothard; the carved figures in an old picture frame did as much for Chantrey."

There are many traditions afloat as to young Chantrey's precocious ingenuity, but it is hard to state what is true and what false. We are told that he was in the habit of cutting figures on the knobs of sticks while driving his ass to Sheffield with milk; that he formed models of the butter in the dairy; decorating the dough of pies; moulding objects of clay in the gutters; and that when at last he found congenial employment among images, pictures, pencils, and tools, he used to sit until midnight in his obscure studio, drawing, modelling, or poring over anatomical plates.

The earliest specimen of Chantrey's drawing, is of a periwinkle flower, in the house of Mr. Biggins, Jordanthorpe. On it is inscribed—"F. Chantrey, fecit, 1798." In 1802 we find him in London, working as a Sculptor, in which profession he never had any instruction, but it was uphill work for a long time.

It seems singular, but it is true, that Portrait Painting rather than Sculpture, was the first love of Chantrey, as well as the earliest source of a decent pecuniary recompense. His charge averaged from 5 to 20 guineas; and we learn that he was only diverted from the full pursuit of Painting as a profession by "one of those fortunate accidents upon which the destiny of an individual so often seems to turn."

John Holland, in his "Memorials of Chantrey," relates that when in 1811, Chantrey sent his bust of Horne Tooke to Somerset House, Nollekens the great bust Sculptor, viewed it earnestly, lifted it from the floor, set it before him, moved his head to and fro, and having satisfied himself of its excellence, turned round to those who were arranging the works for exhibition, and said, "There's a fine, a very fine *busto;* let the man who made it be known—remove one of my busts, and put this in its place, for it well deserves it."

That Chantrey was foreshadowed as England's greatest Sculptor is evident from this fact. In 1805, the Reverend James Wilkinson, the venerated Vicar of Sheffield, died, and it was determined to erect a Monument to his memory. A marble bust of the Vicar was to form part of the Monument, and it was resolved that to Chantrey should be entrusted its execution. This was the first head that he had ever chiselled, and the result was entirely successful. The poet Montgomery was prophetic of the young Artist's career, and did not scruple to proclaim it in prose and verse.

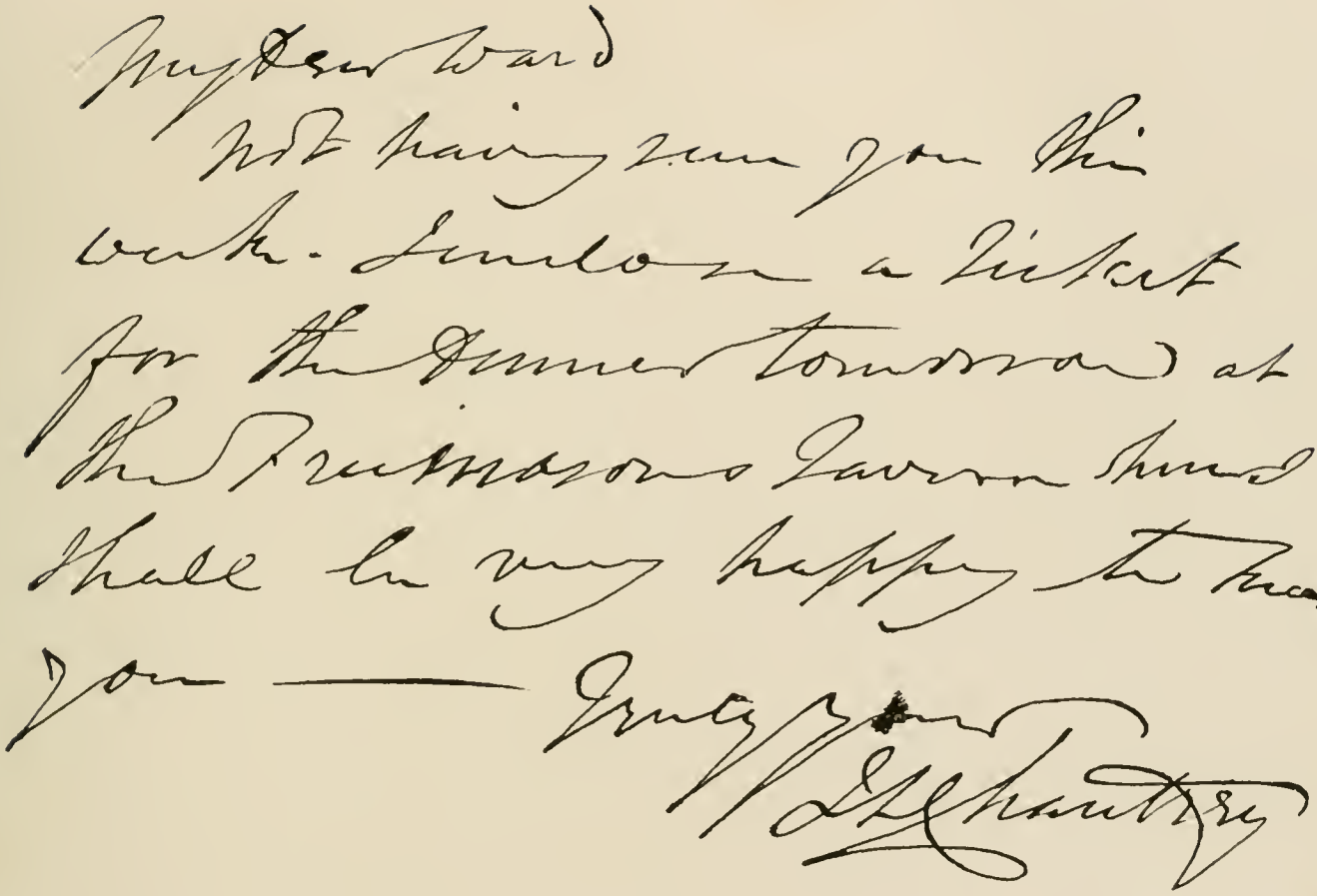
The following lines written by a lady appeared in the *Sheffield Iris*, January 20, 1807:—

"'Tis thine, O Chantrey! thus with matchless skill
To mould our passions at thy plastic will;
And as the marble grows beneath thy hand,
Our charmed feelings rise at thy command;
Blest is the hand that gives the mourner rest,
That pours the 'joy of grief' into his breast:
Dear is the power that soothes the tender heart;
Sweet are the consolations of thy art:
Oh! wondrous art—which thus the face can save,
Which fond affection follows to the grave!
Pursue the path you now so gently tread,
And save from 'dumb forgetfulness' the honoured dead."

About 1809 Chantrey's reputation as a Sculptor may be said to have commenced, and it proceeded very rapidly to maturity. He obtained the order to execute "The Four Admirals" for "Inigo Jones' Hall," at Greenwich; this was followed by a Statue of His Majesty for the Council Chamber at Guildhall; busts also of Pitt, Sir Francis Burdett, Benjamin West, Lord Meadowbank, Curran, Stothard, Northcote, Professor Playfair, Duke of Wellington, James Watt, Marquis of Anglesey, Sir Everard Home, Sir Joseph Banks, Nollekens, Sir James Clarke, &c., &c.

Chantrey's establishment at this period must have been an admirable treat to the favoured visitor. Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, thus describes the Sculptor's rooms as they appeared towards the close of his professional career—

"It was worth something to steal out of the din and hubbub of crowded streets into those large, still, cathedral-like rooms of Chantrey's; populous with phantom-like statues, or groups of statues as large or larger than life; some tinted with dust and time, others of spectral whiteness, but all silent and solemn. To roam about among these, hearing nothing but the distant murmur of rolling carriages, and, now and then, the clink of the workman's chisel in some of the yards or workshops."



FAC SIMILE AUTOGRAPH LETTER
OF
SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY, R A.
IN THE COLLECTION OF Mr J B ROBINSON.

Chantrey had now become the unrivalled Sculptor of the day, was the admired of the highest ranks of society, and had realized all that Mrs. Hoffland had predicted upon seeing his bust of Wilkinson in 1807.

"Hail! to the artist who, from mouldering earth,
Snatch'd the fine semblance of departed worth;
From death's dread empire, won each living grace,
And breathed perfection o'er the plastic face:
Chantrey, be thine the undivided aim,
To seize the Sculptor's rare and glorious fame,
From Attic honours pluck unfading bays,
And rival Athens in her proudest days."

Chantrey won universal favour and applause as a Sculptor by no merely imitative process, but as Allan Cunningham justly said, "he formed his taste on no style but that of nature, and no work of any age or country but his own can claim back any inspiration which they have lent him."

We learn that it was Chantrey's custom before commencing a bust to invite the sitter to breakfast. He liked to see his sitter with his morning looks on, and in conversation, and without the remotest idea that he was sitting for his portrait. After breakfast the company adjourned to the Studio; the sitter's face was caught mathematically in the Camera, and then the clay model was commenced. The sitter was not called upon to sit in a throne or vice, but allowed to wander within easy shot. Clay was manipulated into life, and the bust, as far as the so-called sitter was concerned, unconsciously completed.

Of the man, Sir Francis Chantrey, our readers might like to know something, and we give the following description, which is from the pen of Allan Cunningham, than whom no man in England knew the Sculptor better.

"Sir Francis Chantrey was about 5 feet 7 inches high, of a stout make, and one of the most active and vigorous men of his time, but latterly inclining to corpulency. His head and face were very fine, his mouth exquisitely chiselled—Lord Byron's not finer or more expressive; his eyes round and lustrous, one useless for vision, but in no way apparently different from its fellow. He had been bald from an early age. His voice was agreeable; his conversation humourous and sarcastic by turns, and always animated. He had mixed much with the world, and, unlike the Hermit of Parnell, knew it better by experience than by books. He had been much of a reader in his youth; and had that happy and rare art of learning from conversation what others seek and acquire in books and silent study; his knowledge was, therefore, very general; and there was scarce a topic at table but what he could speak, and very ably upon. His reputation, his manner, and matter, always commanded attention. Then, how delightful were his dinner parties; not for the viands only, though they were always of the choicest description, but for his own sake; for he talked much, and made a stranger's diffidence rub off, by touching on subjects he knew would be agreeable to him. Then, too, his conversation was not addressed to one or two on his immediate right or left, but was aimed at the whole company. Dr. Johnson would have loved his table, and would have been reminded of the dinners he enjoyed so much, at Sir Joshua's and Allan Ramsay's."

The writer never had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the eminent Sculptor, but he had the melancholy pleasure, shortly after his death, of passing through Chantrey's Studios in Eccleston Place, London. Many of Chantrey's busts came into his possession some years ago, which had formerly been in Deville's once noted Museum, in the Strand. The writer also is in possession of the first pointing machine* made by Chantrey, for taking copies from his plaster models, as well as some of his modelling tools and sketches. He prizes these much because *they were Chantrey's.*

The majority of the precious objects which formed the attraction of Chantrey's rooms during his life-time, are preserved for the instruction of future ages, in the University Galleries, at Oxford, having been

* Chantrey's invention of the Pointing Machine, an instrument used by sculptors, for measuring statues, though lying in a subordinate line of art, is very valuable, and far surpasses the invention of Bacon, for its accuracy and rapidity. Hudon, an eminent French sculptor, on visiting London, saw this instrument for the first time, in Bacon's studio, and expressed himself so strongly concerning its beauty and usefulness, that Chantrey immediately presented him with one. Some time afterwards, a gentleman who had come through Paris, called on Bacon, and observing Chantrey's instrument, exclaimed, in surprise, "So you have got M. Hudon's instrument for taking points! I see you don't object to copying the French in some particulars." An explanation took place, when it appeared that Hudon had passed it off for an invention of his own. Chantrey was so much pleased with his new instrument, that he sent correct drawings of it to Canova. The illustrious Italian acknowledged the benefit which such an instrument would confer on art, but lamented that he could not find a head in Rome, mechanical enough to comprehend the drawings.

presented by Lady Chantrey to that Institution, after the great Sculptor's death. They are all preserved together in a saloon called "The Chantrey Gallery."

Chantrey, while on a visit to Holkham, in Norfolk, had the fortune to kill two Woodcocks at one shot, a feat of which he was very proud, and commemorated the event in marble. The two Woodcocks are cut out in the Sculptor's best manner, and the following verses record the circumstance:—

"The snowy hills of Norway bred us,
The silver springs of Holkham fed us;
A Sculptor, as we wing'd our way,
Held out his gun and made us clay;
But, sorrowing for us as we fell,
To marble turned us by a spell.
Princes and peers flocked in a bevy,
And said, 'How glorious done in gravy!'
Geologists* looked marvelling on,
But feeling cried, 'By God! a stone.'
How blest our fate o'er men and mice,
Heaven made us once, and Chantrey twice!"

Chantrey was animated and attractive in conversation, was simple in his manners, and although associated with the highest in the land, he was never puffed up to unseemly pride. He loved to retrace his lowly origin and his early struggles, and was much attached to the place of his birth. He left a will, in which he provides that the whole of his fortune, (with the exception of a few minor bequests), said to be about £90,000, should, after the death of Lady Chantrey, who is still living, become the property of the Royal Academy, for the purpose of purchasing Works of Art.

Sir Francis Chantrey died very suddenly at his residence in Eccleston Street, Pimlico, London, on the 25th November, 1841, aged sixty years. Referring to the solemn sight his body presented in its winding-sheet on the night of the inquest, a Journalist says:—"In an exquisite little gallery, built for him by Sir John Soane, who always was good when his limits were cramped, lay the body of the great Sculptor—his eyes closed, his face calm, but with an expression serene and solemn even in death. Above were wax-lights burning clearly, and all around a collection of the finest casts from the antique. The Laöcoon was at his head, the Venus and the Apollo on his right and left, and around the room the Ilissus and the Theseus, and other of the glories of Greece, with one or two of Canova's casts and copies of his own works." His remains, after lying in state amidst those creations of his genius, industry, and fame, which had so recently formed the charm of his living presence, were removed to Norton for interment, conformably with his will.

He died childless, as did also the contemporary Sculptors Nollekens and Flaxman. An Obelisk has been raised to his memory upon Norton Green, a short distance from the churchyard where his body is interred, in a vault prepared during his life-time. The obelisk is of Cheesewring granite, consisting of one block, twenty-two feet in height, and three feet square at its base. The design is by Mr. Philip Hardwick, R. A., and is one of characteristic simplicity. The only inscription it bears is the name

CHANTREY.

*Chantrey's great friends, Professors Buckland and Sedgwick.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR JAMES OUTRAM, BART G.C.B.

THE BAYARD OF INDIA.

BORN AT BUTTERLEY HALL, DERBYSHIRE.

SIR JAMES OUTRAM,

THE BAYARD OF INDIA.

THERE is nothing we more quickly recognize in an individual than character; and we hardly know of anything so palpable to the senses that is so hard to define clearly. The words Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Cæsar, give an imperfect idea of it.

> "I could be well moved if I were as you;
> If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
> But I am constant as the Northern Star,
> Of whose true fixed and resting quality,
> There is no fellow in the firmament.
> The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks;
> They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
> But there's but one in all doth hold his place;
> So in the world. 'Tis furnished well with men,
> And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
> Yet, in the number, I know but one
> That unassailable holds on his rank
> Unshaked of motion."

If ever there was one man more than another whose requirements of character came up to Shakespeare's standard, that man was the subject of the present sketch.

Lieutenant-General Sir James Outram, G.C.B., K.S.I., whose chivalrous and brilliant career won him the designation of "The Bayard of India," was the scion of an old and honourable Derbyshire family, which originally settled at Alfreton. He was the son of Benjamin Outram, Esq., of Butterley Hall, Derbyshire, an eminent civil engineer, by his wife, Margaret, daughter of James Anderson, Esq., L.L.B., and M.A., of Monnie, Aberdeenshire. Sir James Outram was brother of Mrs. George Sligo, of Seacliff House, Haddingtonshire, whose only daughter, the widow of Sir William Cornwallis Harris, married, secondly in 1859, Archibald Vincent Smith Sligo, Esq., of Inzievar; and Sir James's other Sister, Margaret, wife of Lieutenant-General Farquharson, of the Bombay Army, was mother of the Baroness Hugel, wife of the late Austrian Ambassador at Florence.

Sir James Outram was born at Butterley Hall, on the 29th of January, 1803, and was educated at Dr. Bisset's school at Udney, and at Marischal College, both in Aberdeenshire. He entered the 23rd Bombay Corps as a Cadet in 1820, and quitted it, a Lieutenant, to command and discipline the Bheel Corps, which he did with great success. From 1828 to 1835 he served in Candeish, and organized a regular force in 1835 at Guzerat, and successively held the posts of Commissioner in Upper Scinde, and of Resident at Sattara, Baroda, and Lucknow. In 1838 he accompanied Sir John (afterwards Lord) Keane as extra Aid de Camp to Affghanistan, and took part in the capture of Ghuznee. In 1856 Outram, then a Colonel, was appointed Chief Commissioner of Oude; and in 1857 he was chosen to command the Persian expedition, and made a K.C.B. He was at Bushire, Kooshab, Mohammerah, and other engagements; but, owing to an injury, resulting from a fall from his horse, was debarred from taking a very active part. Scarcely had he returned from this expedition before he found himself called to share with the heroic Havelock the most serious duty that, perhaps, ever fell upon true and gallant men in India—viz., the suppression of the Sepoy insurrection, then at the height of its guilt and cruelty. After the suppression of the Mutiny he was appointed Chief Commissioner of Oude; but differing with Lord Canning in the policy pursued to the Talookdars, he left for Calcutta. In 1857 he was made a G.C.B.; in 1858 he was promoted to a Lieutenant Generalship

for "eminent services;" and was created a Baronet on the 10th of November of that year. Lord Palmerston carried a vote of thanks to him in the Commons on the 8th of February, 1858; and Lord Panmure did the same in the Upper House, both warmly eulogizing Sir James's conduct. For two years after this Outram worked as President of the Council of India. He protested against the amalgamation of the Indian Army with the Queen's, and published a long and valuable minute on the subject. He then returned to England, with his health so shattered that it was a wonder how he bore the voyage. Honours awaited him at all points, but he could only faintly enjoy them. He was presented with the freedom of the City of London, and with a sword worth one hundred guineas, on the 20th of December, 1860, pursuant to a vote of the Corporation of October 7th, 1858. On the creation of the Order of the Star of India, Sir James Outram was enrolled among its first knights. In July, 1862, he received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford. Sir James Outram married, December 18th, 1835, Margaret Clementina, second daughter of James Anderson, Esq., J.P., of Bridge-end, Brechin, Forfarshire; and by her, who survives him, he leaves an only child his successor. Sir James Outram died at Pau, in France, on the 11th of April, 1863, and is succeeded by his son, now Sir Francis Boyd Outram, the second Baronet, who was born in 1836. He married, in 1860, Jane Anne, eldest daughter of Patrick Davidson, Esq., of Inchmarlo, Aberdeenshire. His present residence is Iver Heath, Uxbridge.

The nation heard of the death of Sir James Outram with a grief enhanced by disappointment that he had not lived to enjoy its gratitude, admiration, and those well-earned honours which his services had so nobly won. The Earl of Derby, in proposing a vote of thanks in the House of Lords, did but feebly echo the voice of the nation when he said—"The earlier services of Sir James Outram during this rebellion are perfectly well known to your Lordships, who have not forgotten the noble forbearance and generous self-denial with which he met General Havelock, on his return from his first attempt upon Lucknow, when he abstained from superseding him in the command until the final relief of the garrison, and left that gallant officer to obtain that glory which he had so well merited by his previous efforts. After the relief of the garrison and the retirement of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir James Outram was left with a small force in the exposed and perilous post at Alumbagh, and there he was exposed for several months to the constant assaults of an enemy ten times his force—assaults however, which, on every occasion, he successfully repelled, until the Commander-in-Chief again returned to the siege of Lucknow. Sir James Outram maintained his post, and in maintaining it he made it clear to the Natives of India that they were not to suppose that the retirement of the Commander-in-Chief was more than a temporary withdrawal." Lord Stanley in the House of Commons said—"The services of Sir James Outram require, I imagine, no mention from me in order to become known to this House. We are all aware how, in conjunction with Sir Henry Havelock, he penetrated into Lucknow with reinforcements in the month of September, 1857: how he took command of the garrison, and remained there until relieved by Lord Clyde, in the month of November; how he held the isolated and exposed post of the Alumbagh until March, in the face of vast bodies of rebels, whom he kept in check; and how he aided in the final capture of Lucknow."

We merely quote these expressive testimonies as but samples of hundreds of others from all ranks, and every class of the community. He was indeed "the Bayard of India, *sans peur et sans reproche*." His modesty, as we have seen, was equal to his gallantry, and both were matched by his generosity and humanity. It will long be remembered in India, how, when during the heat and fire of Lucknow, he dismounted from his horse to protect a poor native lad whose parents had been slain, and who sat weeping by the roadside. The following anecdote is also very characteristic of the man:—

"A magnificent tiger, 'a man-eater,' was hunted and struck, but not mortally wounded—the beast dashed away as only wounded tigers can, followed by the staunchest sportsmen of the party. At last it was found again, but, to the disgust of all, the animal had gone to earth in a dark and ugly cavern, about the last place to close single-handed with such a "Shitan." Men who could have fought in the open like Spartans, would not go to be crushed like rats in a sewer, and the tiger appeared to have escaped, when out of the crowd came a short, thick-set Feringee, with a quick black eye, and a pleasant smile upon his face. Merely asking where the beast was concealed, he quietly dismounted, grasped his rifle, stepped into the den, and passed from the sight of the admiring natives. Presently there was heard the sharp ring of the sportsman's

rifle, and James Outram re-appeared, a conqueror indeed of the 'man-eater,' but quite as much so of the impulsive Ishmaelites, who recognized in him honour and civilization, associated with true courage."

Sir James, in his noble modesty, was sincerely of opinion that his country had many a better servant than himself in India and elsewhere; but taking him "for all in all," we cannot but feel that

"We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

For he was not merely a soldier, a man of might and courage in the field—nor even a mere statesman or administrator; for he joined to the qualities that fit a man for great and responsible public posts, the rarest and most estimable of the personal characteristics and accomplishments that make an individual beloved and honoured, nay, almost idolized, in private life. He was so modest and humane, with such a womanly tenderness and delicacy of nature—

"And of his port as meek as is a maid,"

So fitted for the gentlest duties of domestic life—so happy in the society of women and children—so fond at all times of simple pleasures and innocent pastimes—so guileless and yielding—that it was difficult for those who knew him in the social circle to understand his energetic heroism in battle and his firm wisdom in the Cabinet. His rival, Sir Charles Napier, was quite as brave and energetic as Sir James Outram; but then he was impetuous, hot-headed, and suspicious, and often unintentionally unjust. Indeed there is scarcely one great man in the long and brilliant list of gifted and famous Indian heroes and statesmen that had not some speck of human frailty with which to gratify envious and malignant criticism. But who has ever heard a whisper of objection against the name of Outram? He won golden opinions from all sorts of people wherever he went. His noble and brilliant career is familiar to us all as "household words." His truly chivalrous and magnanimous self-denial which he exhibited towards Havelock when he was entitled to supersede him in his military command is ever present to his admirers. "To you," he said to Havelock, "shall be left the glory of relieving Lucknow, for which you have already so nobly struggled." Sir James Outram then took the place of a mere volunteer by the side of Havelock. Nothing finer than this is recorded of Sir Philip Sydney, whose life was poetry put into action. The noble Outram, who served when he might have commanded, with all his modesty could not but know that he was peculiarly qualified for the work he so generously abnegated, for no man was better acquainted with Lucknow and the surrounding country, and no man was more thoroughly possessed of the confidence of the troops which he might so surely have led to glory. Quiet in his manner, and with a kind word for every one, this true hero was justly described by an officer who had fought by his side as "one whom the hottest and deadliest fire, the gravest responsibility, or the most perilous and critical juncture, could neither excite nor flurry."

Looking back upon the career of this gallant soldier, and honourable gentleman, it is impossible to suppress a feeling of honest pride that Derbyshire should have owned him as her son. But his reputation is his country's—nay, the world's. He is gone—

"He set in the noon of his fame,
He fell in the hour of his pride;
But myriads shall hallow his name,
And tell how the hero hath died."

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the presence of a large body of warriors, statesmen, and personal friends. The following is the *Times*' account of the mournful ceremonial:—

"The procession, simple in all that concerns State ceremonials, but with something more than the characteristics of a private funeral, left the late residence of the General, where he lived but for a short time before his fatal illness forced him to go abroad, at eleven o'clock, and passed from Queen's-gate Gardens down Cromwell-road, Knightsbridge, Piccadilly, St. James's-street, Pall-mall, Whitehall, Parliament-street, to the West Cloister. A few carriages, with mutes, plumes, and pages, containing mourners and special friends, were followed by the long *cortège* of private carriages which represented in a small degree the wide area over which the influence of Sir James Outram's courage and kindness extended. At the Cathedral doors the crowd was dense and respectful. There the procession was received by the Venerable the Dean, by Canons Wordsworth, Jennings, Cureton, Nepean, the Rev. Precentor Haden, and the dignitaries of the Abbey. The coffin was taken up on the shoulders of men who had stood beside their Chief in his march to Lucknow and in the weary vigils of Alumbagh, and well did the bronzed faces and medals, the scarlet coats and plumed bonnets of the Mackenzie Highlanders become that sacred place when

need was to do honour to an old soldier. The medals of Lucknow and the bars of the Relief and Siege crossing the streaked riband of red and white on their breasts guaranteed their fitness for the office. There were twelve sergeants and non-commissioned officers, and a piper of Her Majesty's 78th, who had come with Colonel Lockhart, C.B., Captain Broome, and Quartermaster Skrive, to offer the last services they could to him for whom they would have laid down their lives, as often they had at his orders exposed them to every chance of battle.

Through the sacred portal passed nodding plume, and heaving shoulder and martial figure, and all that could die of him whom so many had assembled to honour. The mourners followed the coffin—first, the only son of the deceased, now Sir Francis Outram; then the other mourners and the noblemen and gentlemen specially invited. As the procession entered the choir, they who had been assembled in the Jerusalem Chamber were marshalled two and two and marched through the cloisters into the Nave, where they met the procession and fell in with it, advancing in due order to the choir, where seats were reserved for all the invited. The body of the Nave was filled with people, and high above their heads peered down the Westminster boys, who, fresh from the form where Warren Hastings sat, should not forget that in the land where Outram won his fame there is yet a great career for good and brave kindly natures. The bright faces of these English youths would have touched him to the heart, for he was peculiarly susceptible of ingenuous homage, and there were in the train following his coffin some who, as they saw those young eyes and eager glances fixed on the procession, haply remembered the day when, in the heat and fire of Lucknow, he dismounted from his horse to protect a poor native lad whose parents had been slain, and who sat weeping by the roadside. From the organ stole grandly out the solemn declaration in which the Christian Church speaks of the faith of the dead and proclaims the doctrine of his salvation—'I am the Resurrection and the Life.' The pauses were filled by the measured tramp of feet—the feet of the warrior, statesman, and civilian, who are gliding fast to the world of history themselves; and then came the declaration of their hope when all is over, and that crowning time has come to which warrior, statesman, and civilian must do reverence—'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' So, with solemn chant and organ peal, the Highlanders bear the body to the choir-gate, and it rests for a time while a procession, filing into the choir, resolves itself into lines of grave, sombre faces. Croft's rendering of the finest expression of our human helplessness and poverty, 'We brought nothing into this world,' had barely fainted away in the remotest aisles, when the 90th Psalm was heard, as Purcell alone could interpret it, in all its grandeur and comprehensiveness of our mortal state and temporary glories. The Dean of Westminster, while the coffin rested under the organ loft, read the funeral service in a manner worthy of the purest, simplest, and grandest ritual known to Christian Churches; and when the burning words of the great Apostle had passed away, the Highlanders reverently took up their burden once more, and the procession, issuing out of the choir, followed the coffin to the space in the centre of which, carved out in the honoured earth, was the last resting-place of James Outram. It was with the softest, tenderest music that the body of the soldier was lowered to the grave. The service was most impressively and beautifully given. When the formulary 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' was executed, one stout Highlander, who had doubtless faced death for many a weary night and cheerless day in the Alumbagh, wiped with his cuff the tears that still flowed down his cheek. A bright gleam of sunshine, which could not but speak of hopes beyond that yawning chasm, shone more brightly out as the Choir sang 'I heard a voice from Heaven.' And then to the vast, massive roll of the 'Dead March' in *Saul*, in which Handel seems to have embodied human sorrow and grief, the gathering round the grave was slowly dissolved, and James Outram was left, not alone in his glory, but in the midst of all that England can give to make the death of her servants peace."

A statue to the memory of Sir James Outram has been completed, but there having been some difficulty in obtaining a proper site in London, an effort was made to have it transferred to Derby, where it would have been both appropriate and ornamental. It has, however, ultimately been decided that the most conspicuous site for the statue will be on the Thames Embankment, when that splendid undertaking shall be finished. But whenever placed, or wherever, there is no man or woman in England who will say that it is undeserved or idly won.

THE ACCOUNTS OF

ROBERT FFRENCH AND ROBERT CARRINGTON,

CHURCHWARDENS OF CASTLETON FOR THE YEAR 1714.

Disborst:—	£	s.	d.
Imprimis spent at making the old Churchwardings accounts	00	06	0
Pd. the Ringers for fore days Ringing	00	08	0
Pd. for making a Tarrar	00	02	0
Pd. Ringers at the proclamation of King George	00	02	6
Pd. for faching wine at 3 times	00	03	0
Pd. for Bred and Wine	03	04	8
Pd. at the Coronation of King Georg	00	10	0
Pd. for glazing at twise	00	14	7
Pd. for bell ropes 10s. pd. for a box and 2 gall bottels 10s.	01	00	0
Pd. for 3 Ravens 1s. pd. for Ellis Ashton	00	05	6
Pd. John Mellor for Liming	00	01	0
Pd. Robert Hall for mending steels 2s., and 9 lb. of lead 9d.	00	02	9
Pd. for cloth and fring for the Communion Table & Chushon	02	00	7
Pd. Ringers for the thanksgiving for King Georges acss to the Crown	00	05	0
Pd. William Marshall 4s., Nickless Bradbury bill 6s. 10d., a wisket 2d.	00	11	0
Pd. for dying and clensing the old fring	00	00	6
Pd. for making Ellis Ashton cloth	00	03	0
Pd. at chusing the new churchwardings	00	06	0
Pd. Parritar for bringing 5 Books about the altring of Prars	00	05	0
Pd. for wasing the serplis	00	10	0
Pd. for ffees and expenses at visitations	01	13	10
Pd. for one Load of Lime and besoms	00	01	6
Pd. Clark for Ringing Corfor and Registering the accounts*	01	01	0
Pd. William Greaves bill	00	16	4
Pd. for oil for the clock from Sheffield	00	00	6
	14	14	3½

The following are some of the most interesting items in other succeeding Churchwardens' accounts for the same place:—

1722.	Paid to the Sluggerd waker	0	10	0
	,, for killing two Doge foxes	0	13	4
1730.	Pd. for killing a Bich ffox	0	11	0
1732.	Pd. for three fox cubs	0	18	0
1745.	Pd. to ye ringers at ye flight of ye Rebels	0	5	0
1749.	Pd. at the Rush Cart for ale †	0	1	8
,,	Pd. for an iron Rod to hang ye singers garland in ‡	0	0	8
1750.	Pd. to Ringers on the 29th May	0	3	0
	,, Do. on the 5th November	0	3	0
1799.				
Oct. 6th.	Paid Ringers for Nelson's Victory, Rejoicing	0	5	0

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* The Curfew Bell is still rung at Castleton at 8 o'clock in the evening from the 29th Sept. to Shrove Tuesday.

† Rushes were laid on the floor of the Church, which was unpaved, and as late as the year 1820 straw was used for the same purpose.

‡ This old custom still remains; the singers make a garland on the 29th May, and place it on one of the pinnacles of the Tower, where its relics remain until the same day of the succeeding year.

INSCRIPTIONS ON THE BELLS OF BAKEWELL CHURCH.

THE following inscriptions have been copied from the Bells in the tower at Bakewell. The Bells were cast by Thomas Mears, of London, in 1796, and hung by Edward Simmons, his agent, in 1797. Richard Chapman, A.B., Vicar; Matthew Strutt and George Heathcote, Churchwardens:—

	Weight of each bell. Cwt.	qr.	lb.
FIRST BELL.			
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.	5	3	3
SECOND BELL.			
Mankind, like us, too oft are found, Possessed of nought but empty sound.	5	3	16
THIRD BELL.			
When of departed hours we toll the knell, Instruction take and spend the future well.	6	2	6
FOURTH BELL.			
When men in Hymen's bands unite, Our merry peals produce delight; But when death goes his dreary rounds, We send forth sad and solemn sounds.	7	1	27
FIFTH BELL.			
Thro' grandsires and tripples with pleasure men range, Till death calls the bob, and brings on the last change.	8	2	22
SIXTH BELL.			
When victory crowns the public weal, With glee we give the merry peal.	10	3	15
SEVENTH BELL.			
Would men, like me, join and agree, They'd live in tuneful harmony.	12	3	11
EIGHTH BELL.			
Possessed of deep sonorous tone, This belfry King sits on his throne; And when the merry bells go round, Adds to, and mellows every sound. So is a just and well-pois'd state, Where all degrees possess due weight; One greater power—one greater tone, Is ceded to improve their own.	18	2	1
Total weight of the eight Bells - -	76	2	17

The above inscriptions were composed by Mr. Michael Williams, a local poet then residing in Bakewell.

GEORGE WRAGGE, Esq^R^

THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL MAYOR OF MELBOURNE,

AUSTRALIA.

BORN AT ALTON HALL DERBYSHIRE.

GEORGE WRAGGE, Esq.,

THE WORSHIPFUL MAYOR OF MELBOURNE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

NATURE is no respecter of persons; she bestows her gifts where she lists, and when desirous of creating an aristocracy—the word we use in its best sense—she seeks not generally among the ranks of those to whom society has assigned conventional superiority, but finds favourites among the sons of farmers, barbers, mechanics, and people of similar degree. From whence else have sprung the brightest names in the respective walks of Agriculture, Architecture, Anatomy, Chemistry, History, Law, Mechanics, Medicine, Painting, Poetry, Sculpture, and civic dignities? Is not the light of their fame, and of others like them, reflected upon the middle and working classes from whence they sprung, elevating them into the truest perceptions of greatness and honour? The upward struggles of such men from the chaos of society into light and fame is one of the guarantees to a hopeful heart that, despite of much that is benumbing and stifling in this world, he is yet the possessor of energies which promise to surmount these influences, and achieve a position at once useful and eminent. Gladly, therefore, do we welcome every addition to the list of such men. However far apart from each other in the measure of their endowments, we greet and rejoice in them all.

The name placed at the head of this notice is one of those who have risen from a humble position, and a severe struggle with limited means and their attendant difficulties, to the occupancy of an honourable position in one of our distant Colonies. Mr. Wragge is the son of George and Maria Wragge, now residing at Chaddesden, near Derby. He was born on the twentieth of January, 1825, at Alton Hall, near Wirksworth, where his grandfather was then living. He is the eldest of six sons, and received his education at Mr. Goodacre's Academy, Standard Hill, Nottingham, and at an early age was apprenticed to Mr. Charles Wilcockson, chemist and druggist, of the same town. After honourably serving his apprenticeship, he remained several years in England, but not meeting with the success which his talents and industry deserved, he decided to try his fortune in another part of the world, and left this country for Melbourne, South Australia, which place he reached in November, 1852. Mr. Wragge was not a man to let the grass grow under his feet—he believed that

> "Work is worship;" aye, right truly
> Said the monks who lived of old;
> "Work is worship—then 'tis duty;
> Let that scripture be retold."

And he commenced business at once, as a chemist and druggist, in Collins Street. His persevering industry, equable temper, strict truthfulness, and temperate habits, added to clearly defined ideas, quickly gained the esteem as well as the custom of all classes, and in April, 1860, he was elected to the City Council for La Trobe Ward, and for which Ward Mr. Wragge has been re-elected, a positive proof that he is very popular among his constituents. He has also taken an active part in corporation and public matters for many years. In 1862 he was elected President of the Pharmaceutical Society of Victoria, and was formally installed as the Right Worshipful Mayor of Melbourne on the 9th of November, 1864.

Malvolio, the quaintest character in Shakespeare, lays down the grave apothegm—"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." If by greatness may be signified that peculiar position importing trust, esteem, and the confidence of the most respectable portion of society, then may we truly say that Mr. Wragge has *achieved* greatness.

In a letter to his Father, announcing his elevation to the Mayoralty, he says—"I enclose a Photograph of myself, which you had better get a Photographer in Derby to mount. It is considered a good likeness of your Son, the "Right Worshipful the Mayor of Melbourne," which office I assume on the 9th of November next,

having been elected to it unanimously on the tenth of this month (October). I trust you are all well and in good spirits, and as this will reach you about Christmas, I wish you the compliments of that joyful season, and many of them. I do not know what you will say to my being elected as Chief Magistrate of such an important City as this, whose corporate revenue amounts to between £70,000 and £80,000 per annum, and to whose Chief even the Queen has entitled to be styled the Right Worshipful. This office I have obtained by industry and straightforward honesty, and I think it is something even for parents to be proud of, when their son obtains such a position as I have done, especially as I arrived in the Colony with so small a capital to start with."

The above extract is a key to the character of the man—it exemplifies frankness and directness of purpose. His motto in the battle of life seems to be—

> 'Honour and shame from no condition rise,
> Act well your part, and there the honour lies."

It may be mentioned that he has not been without the usual trials and troubles incident to life, for Mr. Wragge has been twice married since his arrival in the Colony, his first wife dying January 18th, 1862, and leaving a family of four children to his care.

On the 9th of May, 1865, a public dinner was given by the Mayor in the Council Chamber, which had been prepared for the purpose. His Excellency, Sir Charles Darling, was present, and among the other prominent guests were Major-General Chute, Sir Redmond Barry, the Hon. Matthew Harvey, Lieut.-Colonel Smith, R.A., the Colonel Commandant of Volunteers, the Hons. W. Hull and T. H. Fellows, Dr. Brownless, Vice-Chancellor of the University, several officers of the Royal Artillery, and the Consuls of several countries. The Mayor presided, and Aldermen Smith and Eades officiated as croupiers. A very *recherche* repast concluded, and the cloth withdrawn, the usual loyal toasts were proposed and done full honour to. His Excellency remarked, in reply to the toast of his health, that the Mayor was that night acting in conformity with the practice of the corporations of the Mother Country, in taking the opportunity of entertaining the representatives of the Crown, and those of the defenders of the Crown. He would propose "Prosperity to the City of Melbourne," and would also couple with the toast the name of their host—"The Mayor of Melbourne." The Chairman returned thanks, and, after numerous other toasts, the company separated.

What is the lesson taught by this brief sketch of Mr. Wragge? This. The assurance that he has not attained to wealth and honour by dint of rank or scholastic attainment, out of the reach of many, but by homely virtues within the reach of all.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

LEA HURST, DERBYSHIRE.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

"I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name."—SHAKESPEARE.

"O Woman! though thy fragile form
Bows, like the willow, to the storm;
Yet, if the power of grace divine
Find in thy lowly heart a shrine,
Then, in thy very weakness, strong,
Thou wind'st thy noiseless path along,
Weaving thine influence with the ties
Of sweet domestic charities,
And soft'ning haughtier spirits down,
By happy contact with thine own."

ALL the world has become familiar with the name of Florence Nightingale. We have before us the grateful task of briefly sketching her career, and stating the services she has rendered to her sick and wounded countrymen.

Miss Nightingale was born at Florence, in the year 1820, and is the daughter of an ancient and honourable house, her father, William Shore Nightingale, being the possessor by inheritance of ample estates in Derbyshire and Hampshire. She is co-heiress with her sister Lady Verney, of Claydon Hall, Bucks., of the family estates. Endowed thus by the accident of birth with high position and competent fortune, she was also endowed by nature with a generous disposition, a kind heart, and very superior talents. Miss Nightingale, indeed, is one of the most superior and accomplished women of the time. Her knowledge of the ancient languages, the higher mathematics, science, literature, and art, would be deemed extraordinary in any country. After reaching maturity, she enjoyed a protracted foreign tour, residing for a time in each of the leading countries of Europe, and extending her travels to the lands of the Orient. She ascended the Nile as far as its remotest cataract. Having a remarkable aptitude for the acquirement of languages, she returned home considerably versed in the languages of all the countries she had visited, but speaking French, German, and Italian, with the fluency of natives.

Her travels were not merely excursions for pleasure. She had a yearning affection for her kind, a sympathy with the weak, the oppressed, the destitute, and the desolate. The schools and the poor around Lea Hurst, have seen and felt her as a visitor, teacher, consoler and expounder. She has frequented and studied the schools, hospitals, and reformatory institutions of London, Edinburgh, and the Continent. She acted as nurse for three or four months within the walls of a German hospital for the care of the lost and infirm. There she accumulated experience in all the duties and labours of female ministration. She then returned to be once more the delight of her own happy home. But the strong tendency of her mind to look beyond its own circle for the relief of those who nominally having all, practically have but too frequently none to help them, prevailed; and therefore, when the hospital established in London for sick governesses was about to fail for want of proper management, she stepped forward and consented to be placed at its head. The lovely scenery of her Derbyshire home was exchanged for the narrow, dreary establishment in Harley Street, to which she devoted all her time and fortune. While her friends missed her at assemblies, lectures, concerts, exhibitions, and all the entertainments of taste and intellect with which London in its season abounds, she, whose powers could have best appreciated these, was sitting beside the bed and soothing the last complaints of some poor dying, homeless, querulous governess. This querulousness of sick governesses is too frequently fomented, if not created, by the hard, unreflecting folly which regards fellow-creatures entrusted with forming the minds and dispositions of children as ingenious disagreeable machines, needing, like the steam engine, sustenance and covering, but, like it,

quite beyond or beneath all sympathy, passions, or affections. Miss Nightingale thought otherwise, and found pleasure in tending those poor destitute governesses in their infirmities, their sorrows, their deaths, or their recoveries.

With Burns, the poet, she well knew the truth of these words—

"But, Oh, what crowds in every land,
Are wretched and forlorn!
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn."

She was seldom seen out of the walls of the institution, and the few friends she admitted found her in the midst of nurses, letters, prescriptions, and accounts. Her health sank under the heavy pressure, but a little of her native air restored her, and the failing institution was saved.

Soon a wail of agony arose from the plains of the Crimea. Late in the year 1854, the British Expedition landed near Sebastopol. A more costly or a worse organized expedition never set foot on an enemy's soil. There were no proper means of transport—there were no tents issued for a month after landing—there were no means of moving the sick—the ambulances had been actually left behind, and those who fell exhausted were left to die by the roadside. The soldiers exposed to oppressive heats during the day, were subject also to the cold and heavy dews at night. The results were inevitable. Cholera, dysentery, and diarrhœa spread through the ranks, and the dead were scattered about in all directions.

In one month after landing the wounded and sick were to be counted by thousands, and the medical staff proved to be both inefficient and incapable. Vast hospitals were formed at Scutari, Balaklava, Constantinople, &c.; but owing to want of arrangement, and attention, the sufferings of the patients were, to use the language of Lord Russell, "horrible and heartrending." Hundreds became idiotic from barbarous treatment; whole hecatombs died from mal-treatment, and the soldiers who had nobly shed their blood for their country, were allowed to perish from neglect!

It was then that Miss Nightingale took the resolution which has made her name famous. She organized a band of English nurses, and undeterred by her fragile frame, her delicate constitution, weakened already by excessive toil in behalf of the suffering in England, obedient only to the generous impulses of her heart, she sailed for the scene of agony.

Arrived in the Crimea, Miss Nightingale, and the ladies who accompanied her, proceeded at once to the performance of the task they had undertaken. The mere presence of Englishwomen in the hospitals was found to be a source of indescribable consolation to the men. As Miss Nightingale walked down the long corridors, the poor fellows, as they lay upon their narrow beds, followed her with their eyes, and said that the sight of an English lady did them more good than physic. At first the ladies had obstacles thrown in their way by the devotees of routine, who would prefer to see men die in "the regular way," than saved by the introduction of novel methods. But the calm perseverance of Miss Nightingale, enforced by the voice of all England, which had shouted God speed to her mission, overcame every hindrance, and she was allowed to do her own work in her own way. She established refectories, where such articles as broth, toast, tea, chocolate, gruel, &c., were prepared on a scale sufficient for thousands. She arranged apothecary depôts, from which medicines, wines, spirits, and cordials, could be dispensed at any hour, day or night. She caused greater attention to be paid to cleanliness and ventilation; she also distributed books, papers, and in every way cheered and enlivened the men under her care.

"Beside the beds where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pains, by turns dismay'd,
This English Lady stood. At her control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise."

To prove, if proof were needed, that no eulogy of Miss Nightingale's heroism and services can be exaggerated, we cannot do better than give an extract from a letter that appeared in the *Times* of that

period, from a gentleman sent out to superintend the expenditure of the *Times'* Fund, subscribed in England for the relief of hospital patients.

"Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form, and the hand of the spoiler distressingly nigh, there is that *incomparable* woman sure to be seen: her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort even amid the struggles of expiring nature. She is a "ministering angel," without any exaggeration, in these hospitals, and as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed, lamp in hand, *making her solitary rounds.*"

Surely we are then justified in saying of her—

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

How heroically this true woman, accomplished and refined, acquitted herself amid all the horrors and dangers of these hospitals, the world partly knows, and history has recorded in every language of civilization, and will continue to be chronicled in many a future story. She has fulfilled a high, pure and holy mission, while her example has had a highly moral, beneficial, and salutary effect on our social civilization.

When the period of Miss Nightingale's return to England had arrived, it was resolved that an acceptable testimonial of public gratitude should be offered to her on her arrival, in the shape of a fund for the foundation of a new Hospital, to be worked on her own principle of unpaid labour. Since her return to this country, in spite of severe illness, which has condemned her to a life of comparative seclusion, she has found time to write a very valuable little book, "Notes on Nursing," which has had an extensive circulation, and to bring out an expensive quarto, "Notes on Hospitals," enlarged from a paper drawn up by her, and laid before the Social Science Association. Towards the close of the year 1855, Her Majesty presented to Miss Nightingale a diamond ornament, adapted to be worn as a decoration of the most costly and elegant description. This testimony of the Queen's approval was accompanied by an autograph of the most cordial and grateful character.

Florence Nightingale is, we believe, now residing in the neighbourhood of London, and is, we regret to learn, still in a delicate state of health.

She has not visited Derbyshire, nor her pleasant home at Lea Hurst, for some years, to the great regret of many, to whom even a knowledge of her presence amongst us would shed a halo of pleasure, and give an additional lustre to the exquisitely diversified scenery of our native County.

But wherever she resides, that her life may long be spared to us, is the fervent, honest prayer of a nation, to whose sons she has given solace in the hour of need, and upon whose daughters she has conferred the boon of an imperishable example.

PRISONERS OF WAR AT ASHBORNE.

DURING the war with France, the town of Ashborne, in Derbyshire, was the most lively and interesting in England, partly in consequence of the French prisoners being confined there, and from the continual passing of the soldiers through the town on their way to the different seaports.

About the year 1804, there were more than two hundred prisoners, all officers, in the town upon their parole of honour, amongst them were three of Napoleon's generals, Boyer, General Pajeau, who was taken at St. Domingo, and Roussambeau, who, with their retinue, spent thirty thousand pounds annually in the town. General Roussambeau, (the person who under the orders of Napoleon, poisoned the men at Java,) was a very stout man with a noble looking countenance; he wore the French uniform of the sharpshooters, a jacket fastened behind with a large gold buckle, and trowsers fitted close to his body of dark green cloth, with Hessian boots; three brilliant stars in his cap, with a large plume of black feathers, which altogether presented a striking appearance, and not easily to be forgotten. He was about sixty years of age, and could not speak one word of English, and amongst his servants there were people of all nations.

According to the rules of government, on which the French prisoners were allowed their parole of honour, they were restricted from going more than a mile beyond the town, and that on the public highway; and to return into the town by nine o'clock at night, at which time a bell rung. If any were found after that hour out of their lodgings, they were subjected to a fine of a guinea, to be paid to the informer, upon complaint before a magistrate. Not much to the credit of the townspeople, some of them took the meanest advantage of this regulation; and the volunteers, a set of drunken young fellows, laid in wait for the officers to watch if they broke the rules, and then informed against them, by which means they obtained the fine, which was rigorously enforced. But the officers being very liberal with their money, receiving their full pay from Napoleon, and an allowance from our government, and being mostly men of property, cared very little about the fine, which they always paid.

In consequence of Lord Macartney, when he was a prisoner in France, receiving some kind attentions from General Boyer, he obtained leave from the Transport Board for the General to accompany him on a tour through England, upon condition to restore him back, and the general accordingly accepted his invitation to that effect. While they were on this tour, Roussambeau (who was still at Ashborne) kept up a correspondence with Boyer, who was his friend, and when he learned that he was on his return, and staying for a few days at Matlock Bath, about ten miles from Ashborne, for the purpose of viewing the magnificent scenery about that delightful spot, he, *without leave*, set out to Matlock, to meet him.

One day, while he was there, walking by himself on the Parade, near the New Bath, he was met by a party of gentlemen, one of whom knew him. The gentleman addressed him in French, and observed, good-humouredly, he was rather out of his limits there. To this Roussambeau made no reply,—he was a very proud man, and entertained the greatest contempt for the English. On his return to the inn, he made enquiries who the person wasthat had accosted him; and learned that he was on a visit to Mr. Arkwright, the great cotton manufacturer, who lived at Cromford, about half-a-mile from Matlock. The General immediately sent him a note, with a guinea enclosed, saying, he supposed that was his object, being what the Ashborne blackguards' received for informing against him. The gentleman, Mr. ———— feeling naturally indignant at this insult, returned the guinea, and instantly wrote to the Transport Board, in London, informing them of the General's irregularity, in consequence of which, an order was sent down in a few days for his removal to Norman Cross Prison, in Huntingdonshire, to close confinement; from whence, however, he shortly afterwards contrived to make his escape into France.

DERBYSHIRE DALES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ELIZA COOK.

SOUTH WINGFIELD MANOR HOUSE.

"Know most of the rooms of thy native country before thou goest over the threshold thereof, especially seeing England presents thee with so many *observables*."—FULLER.

WE have often deplored the indifference with which many of our ancestral seats are regarded, while thousands boast of a knowledge of less interesting places on the Rhine, the Tagus, or the Seine. The topographic stores of Britain should be, in the words of Fuller, the *first* objects of a Briton's regard, and no subject surely can be more tasteful and interesting, and no ingenious youth can read such without interest in itself, or lay it aside without Historical instruction. The subject awakens every association which belongs to the *olden times;* it is interwoven with the dimness of the Saxon era, the splendour of the Norman chivalry; the alarms of feudal combats; and the festive but perilous encounter of the joust and tournament. How often do monumental effigies, the grinning faces on old buildings, the cross-legged figures in the aisles of our cathedrals, recall the memory of heroic enthusiasm, mistaken piety, romantic crusade, deadly conflict; in fact, how often do they tell of suffering, danger, sacrifice and endurance!

Some old writer said that a visit to any ancient Baronial Hall, invariably added to his knowledge in the data for costume; it afforded him a simple, clear, and most conclusive elucidation of numbers of passages in our dramatic poets, and in those of Greece and Rome; also that such a visit threw a flood of light upon the manners, usages, and sports of Saxon and Norman; and lastly, that it removed a vast number of idle traditions and ingenious fables which are often transmitted from generation to generation for hundreds of years.

We plead guilty to a somewhat similar idea of a visit to one of our ancient seats or castles; we can stand in the court-yard, or upon a battlement, and in memory's eye see haughty nobles and impetuous knights—We are present at their arming, assist them to their shields—enter the appointed lists with them, and partake their hopes, fears, perils, honours, and successes. Then we are presented to the glorious damsels, all superb and lovely, "in velours and clothe of golde and daintie devyces, both in pearles and emerawds, sawphyres, and dymondes"—We also see the banquets, with the serving-men and bucklers, servitors and trenchers, and shields of brawn, and goodly dolphins, and barbecued boars, and spiced wines—Kings and queens under gorgeous canopies of state—Lords and ladies footing it to high carantos; pageants, high as the massive roofings of the royal halls, suddenly and slowly wheeled in with all the cumbersome and motley pride of rude magnificence. These, and many like day-dreams are inspired by an inspection of such venerable spots as those which form the subject of the present sketch.

The venerable ruin of WINGFIELD MANOR HOUSE is a conspicuous object standing upon a steep eminence. Its high and pointed gables, lofty towers, buttress chimneys, projecting turrets, fretted stonework, and weather-beaten walls, slowly crumbling beneath the hand of Time, with the ivy clasping their cold stones, with its green arms, like a fair young bride embracing grisly death! furnish a mine of thought and visions of by-gone days, of "battles, sieges, fortunes passed." How many generations have looked upon this old mansion, which

> "Time has seen, that lifts the low,
> And level lays the lofty brow;
> Has seen this broken pile complete,
> Big with the vanity of state!"

Thousands of eyes have viewed this old pile, which are now dissolved in dust; and thousands more will again look upon it and be swept away, and yet still the old ruin stands! What a commentary upon human vanity and pretensions!

"The name of *Wingfield* is a common enough one in England, and is supposed to be derived from *Win* or *Whin*, the ancient word for furze or gorse; a plant common to Derbyshire, Yorkshire, and other

SOUTH WINGFIELD MANOR HOUSE,
DERBYSHIRE.

FROM AN OLD PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION OF
THE REV. IMANUEL HALTON.

northern counties. It is supposed that the name of the Manor-House was derived from the fact that it was built on a gorse or furze hill, and much of that plant may still be found in the neighbourhood.

Another supposed derivation is from the word *Guin*, which in the British signifies water, and that the Norman clerk who made the minutes from which Domesday-Book was transcribed, writing from the ear, wrote it *Win*, and, that therefore the etymon may be *Guin*-field, or Water-field! This conjecture is rendered probable by the frequent floods from the little river that runs through Wingfield, and which formerly overflowed the valley so much, that Wingfield Church was often nearly a foot under water."*

"The manor of Wingfield, or, as itwas more anciently written, Winfield, boasts considerable antiquity, and has on more than one occasion been the scene of important events. At a period anterior to the Domesday survey it formed, as is supposed, a part of the possessions of Roger de Poictou. After the battle of Hastings, when Duke William of Normandy began to parcel out the newly-acquired territory with lavish liberality among his faithful followers, Wingfield, with certain other manors in Derbyshire and other counties, fell to the share of his illegitimate son, William Peverel, under whom it was held at the time of the great national survey by Robert de Heriz, of Alan, Earl of Brittany. The Peverels, however, did not long enjoy their territorial possessions, for within a century of their being granted by the conqueror, William Peverel, the grandson of the first baron, having been accused of poisoning Ranulph, Earl of Chester, found it necessary, to avoi l the consequences of his odious act, to quit the kingdom, when the whole of his extensive domains passed by forfeit to Henry II.

The manor of Wingfield continued in the possession of the Heriz family for several generations after the seizure of Peverel's lands, the family having, as it would seem, become tenants-in-chief of the Crown. Subsequently, as appears by an inquisition taken at Chesterfield on Saturday, the feast of St. Katharine the Virgin, 3rd Edward III., the manor became the property of Matilda, heiress and next of blood of *(consanguina)* John de Heriz, whom Richard de la River had taken to wife. Margaret, the eldest daughter of Richard de la River, became the wife of Roger Bellers, a person of considerable note, who served the office of High Sheriff of the counties of Derby and Nottingham in the reign of Edward III., and by him had a daughter, also named Margaret, who married Robert de Swyllington, Knight, and had given unto her during the lifetime of her father the manor of Wingfield, with other lands that were of her mother's inheritance, with remainder to her heirs. There being no surviving issue of this marriage, it was found by an inquisition taken at Derby on the 25th October, 8th Henry VI., that the property belonged to Ralph, Lord Cromwell of Tateshall, descended from the Bellers family, and cousin of Margaret wife of Robert de Swyllington. The award, however, was not allowed to remain unchallenged, for about the 19th year of the same reign a suit was instituted by Henry Pierpont, Knight, who claimed as heir of the inheritance of Margaret Gra, descended from the family of Heriz; the result was a compromise, by which certain manors were vested in the family of Pierpont, and the manor of Wingfield assured to the Lord Cromwell.

Ralph Lord Cromwell, descended from a family of great antiquity, was summoned to parliament as one of the barons of the realm in 4th Henry IV., he being then only twenty-three years old; in the following reign he attained to considerable power and influence, and was appointed to several offices of honour and emolument, enjoying, as it would seem, in an extraordinary degree, the confidence and favour of the king. In 11th Henry VI. he had granted to him the office of Treasurer of the Exchequer, and three years afterwards he was retained to serve the King in the relief of Calais with one knight, 12 men at arms, and 175 archers. In the same year he was made master of the King's hounds and falcons with the wages and fees belonging thereto, and subsequently had conferred upon him for his services a grant of £40 to be received annually during the royal pleasure out of the manor of Whasshynburgh, then in the King's hands. On the first of February, 23 Henry VI, he had granted to him and his heirs, for the services he had performed to the King, the offices of constable of the King's Castle of Nottingham, and steward and keeper of the Forest of Sherwood, the parks of Beschewode and Clypston, and the woods of Bellow-Birkeland, Rumwode, Ouselande, and Fullwood, in Nottinghamshire. The building of the present manor-house of Wingfield was commenced by this Lord Cromwell on the site of a more ancient structure, and completed by John, Second Earl of Shrewsbury, to whom he had sold the reversionary interest in the manor.

South Wingfield continued in the possession of the noble house of Shrewsbury until the death of Gilbert, the Seventh Earl, in 1616, when the inheritance was divided amongst his three daughters and coheiresses, the eldest of whom, Mary, was married to William Herbert, Third Earl of Pembroke, who died in 1630 without surviving issue, when her portion of the estate reverted to Sir William Saville, Bart., father of the First Marquis of Halifax, and grandson of Mary Talbot, daughter of George, Sixth Earl of Shrewsbury by his first wife, Gertrude, daughter of Thomas Manners, First Earl of Rutland. Elizabeth, the second daughter, became the wife of Henry Grey, Earl of Kent, and she also dying issueless, her moiety passed to her uncle, the Eighth Earl of Shrewsbury, whose descendants retained possession of the same until 1709, when Charles, Twelfth Earl of Shrewsbury, by an indenture of lease and re-lease, conveyed five-sixth parts of his portion of the manor and estate to Thomas Leacroft, of Wirksworth, the remaining one-sixth part being sold about the same time to Wingfield Halton, Esq. Alathea, the youngest of the three daughters of Gilbert Earl of Shrewsbury, who claimed, by inheritance, the third portion of the manor of South Wingfield, married Thomas, Earl of Arundel, grandson of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, who was beheaded in 1572, and

* Blore's History of Wingfield Manor.

her grandson, Henry, Duke of Norfolk, conveyed this moiety to his auditor, Imanuel Halton, Gentleman, son of Miles Halton, sheriff of Cumberland, in 1652, and the ancestor of the present owner of Wingfield.

Wingfield Manor House derives an especial interest from the circumstance that it was for several years the place of captivity of the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots—a captivity which must have been almost as irksome to the Earl of Shrewsbury, in whose custody she was placed, as to the Queen herself. The suite of rooms which are believed to have been appropriated to her use are still pointed out; they occupy the west side of the north court, and communicate with the great tower, from whence, tradition says, she had sometimes an opportunity of watching the approach of the friends with whom she was in secret correspondence. Her residence here extended over a period of several years; but during that time she was an occasional visitor at Hardwicke and Chatsworth, two other mansions of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and also at Buxton, then celebrated for the medicinal properties of its thermal springs.

Whatever may have been the motive which induced the Earl to accept the charge of the captive Queen, certain it is that he was soon desirous of being relieved of the responsibility, but as it was difficult to find another nobleman equally faithful to supply his place, he was compelled by the Queen's authority to retain his trust, to the ruin of his peace and the serious injury of his fortune.*

Possessing a high sensibility and a noble and generous nature, it was the misfortune of the Earl to be united to a lady who, though reputed to be the handsomest woman of her day, was, perhaps, the veriest shrew in Christendom. Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury,—better known as Bess of Hardwicke—who had been thrice married before she became the wife of George Talbot, was a woman of a proud, arrogant, and imperious demeanour, mercenary and sordid in her disposition, cold, selfish, and unfeeling, without one redeeming quality of womanly tenderness or honourable integrity. She could not exist without some political intrigue; and, when not engaged with her scheming speculations, she employed her talents in confederating alternately with Elizabeth and Mary, always to the prejudice and terror of her husband, whose existence was often embittered, and his feelings wounded, by her captious arrogance and pretended jealousy.

It was in the month of May, 1569, that Mary was removed to Wingfield from Tutbury Castle, where she had resided since January, of the preceding year—nominally a free princess, but in reality a prisoner of state. The first years of her confinement were accompanied by some circumstances of mitigation, and the irksomeness of her captivity was softened by agreeable society, and the conversation of such persons of rank as visited her entertainers; but the increasing jealousy of Elizabeth and her ministers caused every movement of the illustrious captive to be watched with suspicion, and she was eventually excluded from all social intercourse: her amusements were restricted, and even out-door exercise was at times prohibited; no other resources being left to her than her lute and her needle, with which latter she beguiled many weary hours of her long confinement. To add to her wretchedness she was subjected to all the petty indignities that her coarse-minded hostess could heap upon her; not the least painful of which was the malignant aspersion cast upon her character by the countess, who, incredible as it may appear, affected to believe that the Queen of Scots had seduced the affections of the earl her husband. For this, however, as we find from Strype† and the correspondence of Castlenau, she had the satisfaction of obtaining, through the agency of the French ambassador, an attested disavowal of the calumnious reports which the countess and her two sons had maliciously circulated against her.

In the same year that Mary was conveyed to Wingfield, that in which the memorable "Rising of the North" occurred, an attempt was made, according to Camden, by Leonard Dacres, a son of William Lord Dacres, to liberate her from the captivity in which she was kept and conduct her to some foreign country; the plot, however, was discovered and the design consequently frustrated. A similar attempt, made by a Mr. Hall and the younger sons of the Earl of Derby, is supposed to

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* Mary's domestic establishment at this time included five gentlemen, fourteen servitors, three cooks, four boys, three gentlemen's men, six gentlewomen, two wives, and ten wenches and children. Lodge, in his "Illustrations of British History," says that the Queen's table was furnished with sixteen dishes to each course—the principal officers of the household had ten, and the ladies eight covers. They consumed a large quantity of wine, and Mary had sometimes baths of wine for pain or tumour in her side, from which she suffered; no wonder that her guardian should at times have found himself embarrassed in providing for so large an addition to his household. No less than two hundred gentlemen, yeomen, officers, and soldiers were employed in the custody of her person at Wingfield.

† *Strype Annals, v. 3. p. 232*—Rumours of Lord Shrewsbury's intimacy with the captive Queen would appear to have been rather widely circulated. In a letter written about this time 1584 by William Fletewood, the eminent lawyer and recorder of London, to Lord Treasurer Burghley, there occurs the following passage:—"At this sessioos, one Cople and one Baldwen, my Lord of Shrowsburie's gent, required me that they might be suffered to indict one Walmesley of Islyngton, an inn-holder, for scandilation of my Lord their master. They shewed me two papers. The first was under the clerk of the counsel's hand, of my lord's purgation, in the which your good lordship's speeches are specially set downe. The second paper was the examination of divers witnesses taken by Mr. Harris; the effect of all which was, that Walmesley should tell his gests openlie at the table that the Erle of Shrowsbury had gotten the Scottish Quene with child, and that he knew when the child was christened, and it was alledged that he should further adde, that my lord should never go home agayne, with like wordes, &c. An indictement was drawne by the clerk of the peace, the which I thought not good to have published, or, ere? that the evidence should be given openlie, and therefore I caused the jurie to go to a chamber, where I was, and heard the evidence given, amongst whom one Merideth Hammer, a doctor of divinitie and vicar of Islyngton, was a witness, who had dwelt as lewdlie towardes my lord in speeches as dyd the other, viz., Walmesley. This doctor regardeth not an oathe. Surlie he is a very bad man; but in the end the inditement was endorsed *Billa vera.*" ‡

‡ *See private correspondence of Lord Burghley, and others, published in Wright's "Queen Elizabeth and her times."*

have taken place here. These conspiracies, instead of aiding the cause of Mary, only served to increase the jealousy of Elizabeth, who, kept as she was, in continual alarm by the plots and threatened insurrections, and apprehensive of any meditated escape, caused a greater degree of caution and watchfulness to be exercised towards her unhappy captive. Indeed, Mary's misfortunes were as much attributable to the rashness of her friends, as the malignity and vindictiveness of her enemies, and it was their mistaken zeal that prepared the way for her ultimate ruin.

Of the many projects set on foot for the restoration of the captive Queen, the most romantic and that which eventually cost her her life, was the conspiracy headed by Anthony Babington, a young man of fortune, residing at Dethick, near Wingfield. Babington, who had been seduced by the arguments of John Ballard, a fanatical priest, conceived the idea of assassinating Elizabeth and her ministers, and invading England by Spanish troops, whilst a simultaneous insurrection of the Roman Catholics was to open the gates of Mary's prison, place her upon the English throne, and at once restore the Romish religion. The plot was betrayed to Secretary Walsingham, who caused the letters of the conspirators and of Mary herself to be intercepted. From some of these, which have been preserved, it is clear that the Spaniards were deeply implicated, and were much disconcerted at the discovery. Though Mary had been apprised by Babington of the design formed in her favour, and had signified her approval of it, it is not clear that she was privy to the premeditated murder of Elizabeth; certain it is that her enemies have failed to prove the charge, and some of her accusers have admitted that they were perjured. On the discovery of the plot Mary's papers were seized, and she herself was removed to Fotheringhay Castle in Northamptonshire. Ballard, who originated the conspiracy, was made prisoner at Dethick; and Babington and some of his companions fled to the south, and for some time concealed themselves in the woods near Harrow, but were at length discovered, brought to trial, and convicted of high treason. Fourteen of them were executed, seven of whom, including Babington, died acknowledging their crime.

The trial and execution of these wretched men was followed by one of still greater importance; a commission of forty noblemen and privy councillors, with Lord Treasurer Burghley at their head, was sent to try the captive Queen on the charge of knowing, approving, and consenting to Babington's conspiracy, and of expressly declaring her approbation of Elizabeth's assassination; but she refused to acknowledge their jurisdiction, and protested against the prerogative which the Queen assumed in arraigning as a criminal a princess who like herself was an absolute sovereign. Ultimately she was induced to meet the commissioners and the examination proceeded, but all assistance was refused her, and even her request for an advocate was denied. The trial, which was a solemn mockery of justice, resulted in the sentence of death being recorded against her. An act of attainder followed, and after some delay, and a real or affected reluctance on the part of Elizabeth, the death warrant was signed, and the sentence carried into execution at Fotheringhay, on the 8th February, 1587.

Though Elizabeth may have deemed her throne and even her life insecure, whilst Mary lived, no excuse nor justification can be offered for the extreme measure resorted to. That she was an able and vigorous politician, and had, moreover, the wisdom to surround herself with advisers possessed of extraordinary talents, unimpeachable integrity, and sound patriotic feeling, cannot be questioned; but, despite the blaze of glory which it has been attempted to cast around her character, this one act will ever remain an indelible stain upon her reputation, and cause her name to be remembered with feelings of mingled sorrow and aversion. At the same time it must be borne in mind that the act, cowardly and unjustifiable as it was, was as much that of the country as of Elizabeth and of her government. Whatever her own private feelings may have been, it cannot be denied that she was urged by her ministers, her parliament, and her subjects to the last and crowning act of severity; and when the sentence of death was announced it was hailed by the people with demonstrations of satisfaction and even joy. Though it cannot justify, it may in some degree palliate the conduct of the Queen, when we remember the character of the age in which she lived—an age in which the feudal barbarism that existed among our forefathers had hardly become extinct.

Of Mary it may be said that she was the very perfection of elegance and refinement. She excelled in the freedom of her address and the variety of her accomplishments; her wit, her beauty, and the talents she possessed were unequalled, while she seemed to exercise a fascinating influence over all who approached her. Yet withal she was lamentably deficient in prudence, in judgment, and in principle, and, lacking that firmness of character and those higher qualities of mind so requisite in a ruler, she allowed herself to be beguiled by flattery and to be deceived by those she had foolishly trusted, and on whom she had lavished her favours in happier days. The most lovely of women, she was the most unfortunate of sovereigns. As a woman she had many failings, and as a queen she had still greater faults. Though her complicity in the murder of her husband has been denied, yet by bestowing her hand upon the assassin she absolved him from the crime and became herself a participator in his guilt. But when we remember her numerous misfortunes, the length and severity of her confinement, and the cruel persecution to which she was subjected, we are constrained to pity rather than condemn. If in life the pride of royalty was her ruling passion; in her last hours she exhibited a serenity of mind, a fervent piety, and a calm and dignified resignation worthy of the most heroic of the Christian martyrs. In those sacred moments when the frailty of youth and the vanity of ambition could only be recalled with feelings of mingled shame and sorrow, she appeared to welcome the approach of the day that should release her from her earthly troubles, believing that she was to suffer for her consistency in the Catholic faith. As we look back upon these last scenes of her eventful history, the offences of her life seem to be atoned for in the misery she endured, and the crimes of her former years to be expiated by the shedding of her blood. Let us add, though we cannot entirely absolve, we cannot withhold our sympathy. In the words of M. Dargaud, 'We judge not—we only relate.'

Wingfield, which, as we have seen, had been for several years the prison-house of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, was, in the succeeding century, destined to be the theatre of some important military operations, in which it shared the fate of many of the old baronial residences of the period.

During those unhappy struggles between Charles the First and his Parliament, which desolated the kingdom, and drenched it in civil slaughter, the house was alternately garrisoned by the Royalist and Parliamentarian armies, and became the scene of some hotly-contested engagements between the belligerent forces. At the outset of the civil wars it was held for the Parliamentarian party by Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, he being one of the committee charged with the management of the estates of his sister-in-law, the dowager Countess of Pembroke. In November, 1643, it was stormed and taken by a detachment of the King's troops, headed by that chivalrous cavalier William Cavendish, Marquis and Duke of Newcastle,—the 'Loyal Duke,' as he was usually styled,—and a garrison left in charge, commanded by Col. Roger Molineux. The victory, however, was but short-lived, for in the month of July, in the following year, it was again besieged by Lord Grey of Groby and Sir John Gell of Hopton, the latter of whom, possessing great local interest, and uniting considerable military skill, with a determined perseverance, had in a short time succeeded in inducing the greater part of the county to take up arms against the King, at whose hands he had, only a couple of years before, received the honour of knighthood. To such a degree was this interest exercised, that it was remarked by Lord Clarendon that 'there was in Derbyshire no visible party for the King, the whole county being under the influence of Sir John Gell.' The assault was made by heavy artillery planted on Pentrich common, an elevated slope on the opposite side of the valley, and vigorously replied to by a battery which had been raised on the east side of the house. The siege appears to have been of some duration, for in the month of August the King sent General Hastings to the relief of the besieged, but his troops were driven back by the Earl of Denbigh and Sir John Gell. Finding it impossible to effect a breach, Sir John Gell ordered his guns to be removed to within nearer range, when a more vigorous fire was opened. After the battle of Marston Moor his force was strengthened by a division of the Earl of Manchester's army, when, after a storming of a few hours from the united batteries, a breach was made, and the gallant defenders were compelled to surrender. During the conflict Colonel Dalby, the governor, was killed, having been shot by a common soldier, who fired at him through an opening in the wall.

Some other trifling skirmishes between the contending parties took place here subsequently, and on the 23rd June, 1646, an order in Parliament was issued directing that the place should be dismantled.

From this period little or no historical interest has attached to the mansion. Having been much shattered and defaced during the successive conflicts, it became neglected, and was allowed gradually to fall into decay, the dilapidations which age and strife had effected having been accelerated by those who ought to have preserved it from further devastation.

In 1774, in consequence of a partition of the estate under a decree of the Court of Chancery, the manor-house became the property of Imanuel Halton, Esq., grandson of Imanuel Halton, the first of the name who resided here. That gentleman pulled down some of the finest portions of this magnificent mansion for the sake of the materials, which he employed in the erection of a plain and excessively ugly-looking structure on the opposite side of the valley, and all that now remains are the grass-grown courts, the ruined and roofless halls, the crumbling buttresses, the shattered ramparts, and the heaps of hoary ruins on which the everlasting ivy flourishes in all its pride.

The palmy days of Wingfield are now over, and its glory has for ever passed away. Those grey and massive towers—the sad memorials of fallen grandeur, majestic even in decay, and beautiful in their desolation—which once reared their heads aloft and looked down with proud and stern defiance, braving the wintry blast, and rejoicing in the summer sheen, are now crumbling gradually into dust, mocking the vanity of man, and evidencing the impossibility of resisting the silent, yet sure corroding hand of time, which, sooner or later, locks within its desolating grasp, the mightiest works of human creation. For—

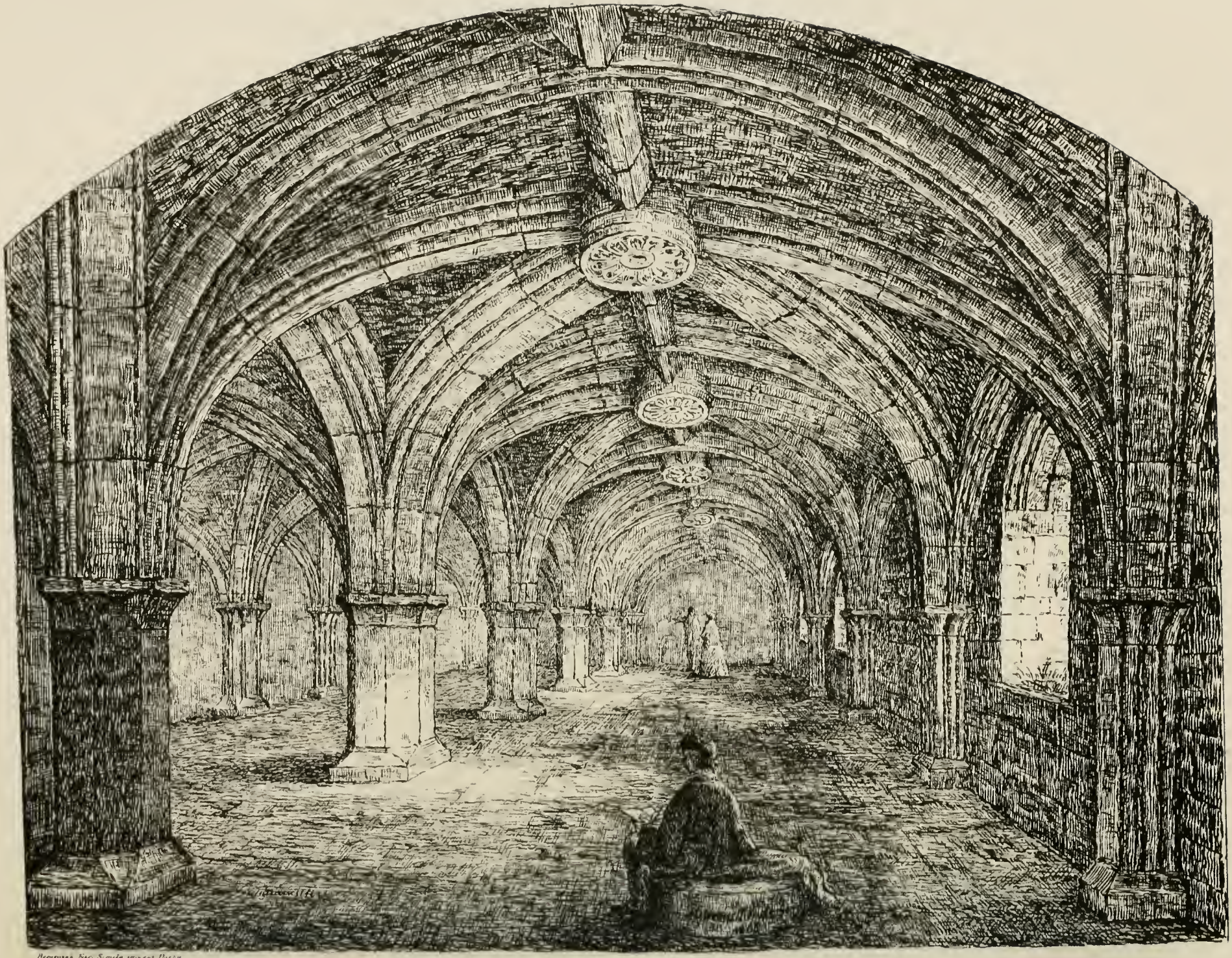
> E'en so fares it with the things of earth
> Which seem most constant: there will come the cloud
> That shall enfold them up, and leave their place
> A seat for emptiness.

The situation of Wingfield is exceedingly well chosen. It stands upon the verge of a rocky knoll which rises boldly from the plain a little to the south of the village, and commands an extensive view over the surrounding country. Its numerous towers, all crenellated and embattled, rising proudly above the spreading woods in which it is embosomed, when viewed from the opposite side of the valley, have a striking and highly picturesque effect, and invest it with an air of grandeur that well accords with the interesting and romantic associations connected with it.

In its perfect state South Wingfield must have been a most magnificent residence, and, notwithstanding the neglect and disorder which prevails, it still affords in its general arrangement and construction a very characteristic example of the better class of mansions erected during the fifteenth century, the architectural details being of the first excellence, indicating the elaborate and splendid style in which the domestic structures of that period were erected.

In accordance with the constructive habits of the time in which it was built, the plan consisted of two courts, the inner one an irregular quadrangle, round which were arranged the great hall, the chapel, and the state apartments, and communicating by an arched gatehouse or porch, with the outer court or bailey, which was enclosed on three sides by the offices, and the lodgings of the numerous retainers of the knightly and noble owners of the mansion; the fourth side being occupied by the farm buildings, remains of which still exist, exhibiting some good examples of early perpendicular work. The principal entrance to the mansion was by a massive tower gateway at the south-east angle of the outer court.

As already stated, the buildings which originally formed the three sides of the court, consisted chiefly of offices; the greater part are now destroyed, and those which remain are disfigured with tasteless brickwork, and the incongruous materials that have been employed in modern repairs. Near the centre of the north side of this court is the porch or gateway leading to the inner quadrangle, flanked on each side by plain square towers. Over the archway are three shields, on one of which is carved three purses or money bags



Remroses Rue Simde prieur Derby

—an allusion to the office which Lord Cromwell, the founder, held as Treasurer of England. At the western end of this range of building is a massive square tower, embattled, with an exploratory turret rising from one of the angles, and between this and the porch are two large chimney-stacks battlemented at the top.

The north court is very extensive, and the buildings which surround it, though roofless, shattered, and ruined, exhibit some fine examples of Gothic carving and decoration, and convey a tolerably clear idea of the magnificent character of the original structure. The ground is covered with turf, and rank grass, docks, and nettles flourish abundantly, half hiding the fragments of decayed masonry that lie scattered about. The broken arches, the crumbling buttresses, and battlemented walls have a striking effect, and the picturesqueness of their appearance is heightened by the evergreen, ivy, and trailing plants, which spread out their twisting stems and throw a mantle of loveliness over the mutilated scene. Opposite the porch is a gable, in which is a fine Gothic window of four lights, transomed, and surmounted by a crocketed ogee canopy terminated by a carved finial. This window gives light to an upper chamber, which, for some unknown reason, has been designated the drawing-room, though it is more likely to have been the domestic chapel, being the only apartment about the building adapted for that purpose. Adjoining this chamber is the porch or main entrance to the great hall, which still remains in a very perfect state of preservation; the doorway is deeply recessed, and enriched with mouldings and carved roses. Above is a porch chamber, lighted by a small pointed window, surmounted by a sun-dial, and the whole is crowned by an embattled parapet, ornamented with quatrefoil panels and shields charged with armorial insigna. On the east side of the porch is a projecting oriel or bay, supported by rectangular buttresses, and lighted on three sides by pointed traceried windows; supporting the parapet is a bold moulding or fascia, the latter adorned with foliated panels. The great hall, or banqueting chamber, which originally formed the chief entertaining apartment, is of noble proportions, measuring about 72 feet in length by 36 feet in width, deriving a further increase of size from the large oriel already noticed, the top of which, in the interior, has a fine paneled vault. This apartment appears to have been divided, at some period subsequent to its erection, into smaller chambers, and the windows altered to suit them; the north side is lighted by a double range, and a corresponding range is said to have formerly existed on the south side, which latter have now disappeared. A great portion of the outer walls still remains, but the interior exhibits a complete ruin—a mere shell, scarcely retaining a feature of its former consequence. Near the oriel is a winding stair that conducts to a spacious underground chamber extending the entire length of the great hall, the vaulted roof of which is supported by a central row of massive stone columns, that give it the appearance of an ancient cathedral crypt; * the vaulting ribs are very substantial, and in the centre of each bay, where they meet, is a flat circular boss, ornamented with foliated panel-work, still remaining in excellent preservation. What was the precise use for which this chamber was originally designed it would be difficult to determine, unless it was intended as a store or guard-room. From the lower end of the great hall there is a communication with the terrace-garden, and a passage leading beneath the chapel to the buttery and the other offices; adjacent to them is the kitchen, occupying the north-west angle of the building, the oven and fireplace in which are very spacious, affording, by their large dimensions, strong presumptive evidence that the founder of Wingfield was a man who loved good cheer and practised a generous hospitality. On the west side of the quadrangle formerly stood the apartments supposed to have been occupied by Mary Queen of Scots—a basement, and a few grey and moss-grown walls, and some broken mouldings half buried in grass and nettles, being the only remains that now exist; a tall spreading tree grows near, its ample foliage heightening the effect of the general ruin and making the desolation look still more desolate. These apartments communicated with the great tower—a castellated erection with a polygonal watch turret abutting upon the north-east angle, pierced by numerous small pointed windows; a broken and disjointed stair leads to the top, from whence a comprehensive view of the ruins, and also a more extensive prospect of the neighbourhood of Wingfield and the sylvan scenery by which it is surrounded is obtained.†

After these extracts, let us turn again and have a look at the noble old pile—glorious even in decay—sacred in its desolation. The same sun that illumined its stern walls when in their youthful strength, still brightens them in age; the same breeze that stirred the heavy folds of its banner, now sweeps mournfully through its deserted halls, the peaceful little river flows as calmly, and the lovely face of nature wears as bright an aspect as when the stronghold first reared its towering height. Like man who reared them, they are in solemn, silent, though slow decay. Man and his works fall into one common tomb at length—together, at last, they mingle their ashes. But while we bow in reverence and sorrow to the fulfilment of an unerring law, a bright ray breaks through the gloom, and with joy we say, that though we and our works crumble into dust, that fate is but for a time.

"Man alone, of all creation,
Mocks corruptions iron sway;
Captive, death awhile may claim him,
And, as hostage, hold the clay.

* See Illustration.

† For the foregoing description of the Manor House I am much indebted to my friend Mr James Croston, author of "On Foot through the Peak," who visited the old place in the Summer of 1864.

But his grasp will soon be loosened,
E'en the dust shall leave its tomb,
And, in soul and body perfect
Man survive creation's doom."

But a survey of Wingfield Manor House suggests other thoughts. We see in its ruins the remnants of a semi-barbaric age, with all its gigantic oppression and security. Wingfield Manor House remains to us proclaiming that the age of liberty has arrived, the serf has risen from bondage, and the "Villein" has burst his chains. We rejoice that from its tower no battle-cry now resounds, of either Royalist or Cromwellian. and that—

"The trumpet's silver tones are still,
The warder silent on the hill."

No longer will gay retinues assemble with lance and sword within its walls—no more will "faire ladyes," amble on palfreys and hawks on wrist, with hounds baying their deep-mouthed joy, on issuing from its gates. Fair dames and damsels, and their gallants are all gone—

"Mute each voice of mirth and gladness,
Wassail song and frolic glee;
Minstrel's lay, rewarding largess,
With its tones of melody."

The walls are crumbling, the floors deserted, and

"O'er them now decay doth triumph
E'en though ages mocked his sway."

The sublime and the ridiculous we all know are often very intimately blended, as will be seen even of this hoary relic. During the time the late Mr. Hunt was tenant of the Manor House, a cow contrived to find its way up the steps to the very top of the tower! Many efforts were made to entice the creature down, but she seemed perfectly satisfied with her elevation, and not at all inclined to come lower in the world. Perhaps she was in a ruminating mood upon the lives, abodes, and pastures of her bovine ancestors! Certain it is however, that although she might have found sermons in the stones of the tower, she did not find them good for eating, and when the servant girl, who always milked her, came up and called her, she, satisfied with her survey, turned round and followed her down the steps in perfect safety!

We advise every visitor to follow the example of the quadruped, and view the grounds from the tower.

"Mount this tower of fendal lordling,
Climb each broken, stony stair;
Every lattice-casement crumbling
Slimy step, and damp walls bare,"

and the sight will well repay you, and your journey be not profitless, if only for the reflections it will bring, that "these latter days are the best, for the world grows older and wiser every day."

The following names of a few of its visitors have been extracted by the writer from the Visitors' Book kept at the Manor House:—

1850.
Sept. 13th—Charles Dickens; Sir Edwin Landseer.

1851.
August 18th—Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart, President of Archæological Association and Members.
August 27th—Rear-Admiral Sir Henry Dillon.

1852.
June 7th—Count Pfefferskindle, Suabia.

1856.
August 16th—Rev. Dr. Milman.

1857—Miss Emma Daemker from Zurich.
September 2nd—Lord and Lady Glengall.

1859.
August 16th—Sir Harry and Lady Verney.

Amongst the visitors of this time-worn, time-honoured pile, the reader will observe the names of Mr. Charles Dickens, and Sir Edwin Landseer. It would indeed have been a rare treat to have listened to the remarks of either of these gifted men, while exploring its recesses, turrets, and towers! Or could we but surmise what passed through the mind of the most popular writer of the age, or the pictures his memory might be treasuring up, connected with the great and unfortunate, which the place suggested, but whose memories are fast fading away among the dim traditions of the past! Could he look upon such a ruin without thinking of the words of the poet—

"The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things:
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hands on Kings;
Sceptre and Crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe or spade."

To the poet and the painter, old Manors and Castles are haunts whose relics they love to note: they are like the perfume of flowers that never forsakes even the fragments of a broken vase in which they were once gathered, though faded and dead, yet sweet and grateful to the last.

LORD DENMAN.

"No wrath of men, or rage of seas,
Can shake a just man's purposes;
No threats of tyrants, or the grim
Visage of them can alter him;
But what he doth at first intend,
That he holds firmly to the end."

HERRICK.

THIS distinguished and accomplished lawyer, who acted for many years so prominent a part on the political arena, and presided with such dignity and ability over the Court of Queen's Bench as Lord Chief Justice, from 1832 to 1850, was the son of Dr. Denman, one of the court physicians in the time of King George the Third, whose father was a tradesman or farmer at Bakewell, a locality to which the family for successive generations has been so attached that the line of descendants is likely to perpetuate the residence. Dr. Denman was fond of his farm at Stoney Middleton, and Lord Denman by judiciously carried out improvements converted the farm house into a delightful residence. Dr. Denman had three children, Thomas, and two daughters, one of whom was married to Dr. Baillie, and the other to the unhappy Sir Richard Croft, who attended the Princess Charlotte in her confinement, and, being unable to get over the shock of her death, committed suicide. It was probably because he was surrounded by physicians in his family relations, that Lord Denman was reported to have been originally intended for the medical profession. This was not the case, however, his destination and choice having always been the bar. He was born 23rd February, 1779, and received his education at Eton, and at St. John's College, Cambridge. Unlike most young barristers, who are obliged to defer marriage till middle life, or to plunge their wives into poverty, he indulged himself with a home at an early age. He married, 18th October, 1804, Theodosia-Anne, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Richard Vevers, Rector of Saxby, Leicestershire, by Theodosia-Dorothy, his wife, daughter of Sir Edmund Anderson, Bart., of Lea; and by her (who died 28th June, 1852,) had five sons and six daughters. Of the former, the eldest, Thomas, now second Lord Denman, was born 30th July, 1805; and married 12th August, 1829, Georgiana, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Roe.

Mr. Denman's position at the bar became early a very honourable one; and his name was connected especially with causes and trials in which the liberty of the press was concerned. He appears on almost every occasion in the records of the prosecutions for political libels, blasphemy, and sedition, so frequent during the Tory administrations of the early part of the century.

Mr. Denman was introduced into Parliament in 1818, being returned for the borough of Wareham. He immediately distinguished himself by his earnest advocacy of popular freedom—side by side with Brougham and Lambton—on all the many occasions furnished by the troubled years of 1819 and 1820. In those times of a Manchester massacre, a Cato-street conspiracy, Burdett letters, and prosecution of authors and printers, Mr. Denman was always found vigilant and eloquent in opposing Seizures of Arms' Bills, Seditious Meetings' Bills, Blasphemous and Seditious Libels' Bills, and doing his best to spoil the whole machinery of moral torture and intellectual restrictions framed by the Eldons, Sidmouths, and Castlereaghs of those unhappy days. His popularity was already great when his advocacy of the cause of Queen Caroline, on her return in 1820, made him the idol of more than "the populace," with whose admiration he was taunted so scornfully. He accepted the office of Solicitor-General to the Queen—at the sacrifice, he well knew, and everybody knew, of his fair professional prospects. From the hour that, as one of her Commissioners (Mr. Brougham being the other) he met the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh as the King's Commissioners, it was felt that he had ruined himself, if professional advancement was the object of his life. Not only were all the high offices of the law closed to him during the reign of the King, who was not yet

THE RIGHT HONBLE LORD DENMAN.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE QUEEN'S BENCH.

crowned; but his "brothers," who were in the course of nature to succeed him, were almost as virulent as the King against all aiders and abettors of the Queen's claims. Mr. Denman suffered, as he knew he must, a long abeyance of professional advancement; but the English nation were not likely to allow this to last for ever: and Thomas Denman was their Chief Justice at last.

When the Grey Ministry was formed in 1830, he was made Attorney-General, and knighted for the office, according to custom. The Nottingham people returned him to Parliament with high pride and delight. The Duke of Clarence, who had joined in the persecution of the Queen, had now laid aside old controversies; and he made the liberal Attorney-General a peer in 1834, and Chief Justice of the King's Bench. In two years more, Lord Denman pronounced the decision that brought on the perilous quarrel between the Law Courts and Parliament. The history of the controversy need not be given here, as it may be found in the chronicles of the time, and seen to involve much more than Lord Denman's share in the business.

No man ever took a loftier view of its duties to society. To quote but one example, the conduct of the Court in the difficult case of "Stockdale *v.* Hansard," when it was directly assailed by one branch of the Legislature, is a memorable instance of the exercise of that constitutional power which enables our judges to interpose the authority of the law against the arbitrary pretensions of the most powerful body in this realm, and to combat privilege in the name of justice. "Most willingly would I decline," said Lord Denman in delivering judgment on that occasion, "to enter upon an enquiry which may lead to my differing from that great and powerful assembly (the House of Commons). But, when one of my fellow-subjects presents himself before me in this court, demanding justice for an injury, it is not at my option to grant or to withhold redress. I am bound to afford it him, if the law declares him entitled to it. Parliament is said to be supreme. I must fully acknowledge its supremacy. *It follows, then, that neither branch of it is supreme when acting by itself.*" In those few words, and in the judicial power of enforcing that truth, lies the supreme guardianship of the liberties of England.

Lord Denman resigned the office of Chief Justice in 1850. The tributes of respect and affection offered by the bar and the public to the retiring judge were truly consolatory to his feelings, and as richly deserved as any honours ever offered to an aged public servant.

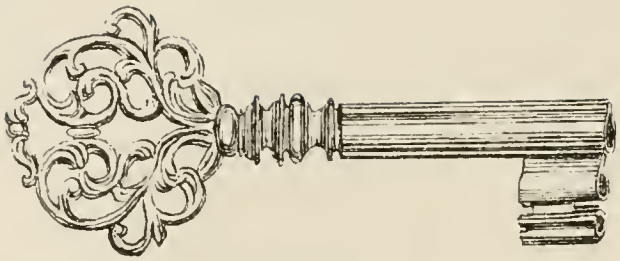
In his retirement he was tenderly cheered, and in due course nursed by his affectionate children, and especially by his eldest son, who was his judge's associate when he was on the bench.

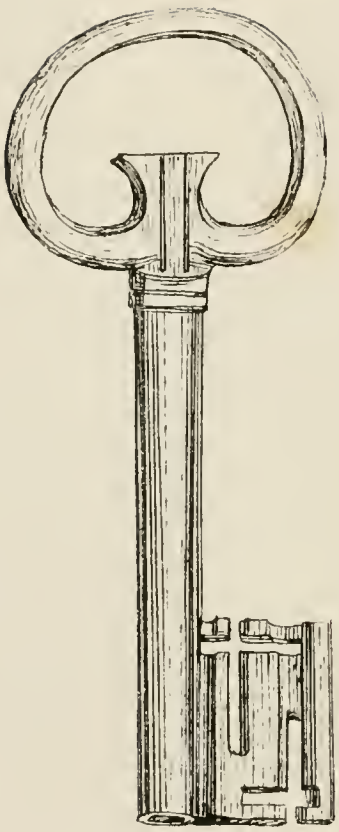
Lord Denman lived the life of a reformer of abuses, and an enemy to all that in his judgment clouded the honour or impaired the public utility of our institutions. His hatred of negro slavery in every form rose to a passion, for he stood armed against cruelty and injustice, and in the wretched fate of kidnapped Africans and degraded slaves, he beheld the united and accumulated evils and wrongs which have most disgraced humanity and profaned religion. He powerfully contributed to the furtherance of those reforms of the criminal law which Sir Samuel Romilly had commenced, and which Lord Denman brought to the test of his own judicial experience. To the cause of toleration and freedom within the boundaries of law he at all times gave his hearty support, and in all the undertakings set on foot in our day for more extended popular education, for the diffusion of useful knowledge, for the reformation of criminal offenders, and for other acts of enlightened charity he readily bore his part. The warmth he had sometimes displayed as a partisan gradually subsided under the higher duties of his judicial station and the soothing influence of age. His closing years, though afflicted by severe illness, were serenely devoted to that contemplation which is the worthiest termination of human life—to those acts of kindness which endear the memory of the departed—and to the exercises of religion which anticipate the final change. We rank him with the worthiest of his contemporaries, and the life he led affords, in our judgment, a better example to those who follow him than that of more eager and impetuous aspirants after power and fame. Certainly a more honourable or upright man never adorned the English bar; a more consistent or honest politician never crossed the threshold of Parliament; nor did ever a more independent or purer minded individual preside on the judicial bench of this country.

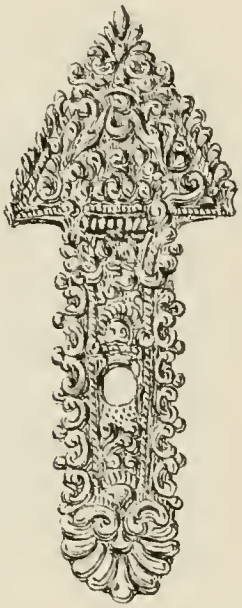
CURIOUS OLD APOTHECARY'S BILL FOR MEDICINE.

FOR MR. YOUNG.

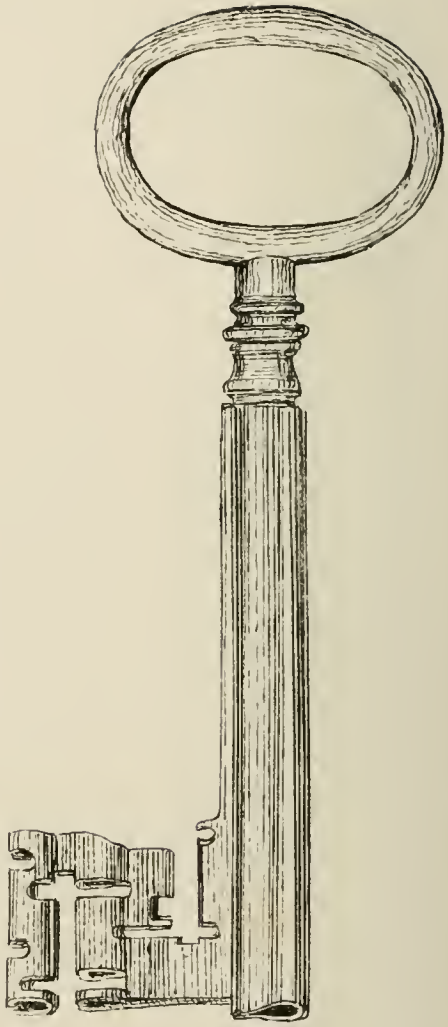
		£	s.	d.
Oct. 27 : 1708	A bottle of surfeit water - - - -	00	00	09
Nov. 30	A cordial julep - - - - - -	„	01	06
Dec. 20	Another bottle of surfeit water - - - -	„	00	09
29	A glass of cinnamon water - - - -	„	00	09
30	Another glass of the same - - - -	„	00	09
Feby. 2 ; 1708/9	A glass of Diacodium - - - - -	„	00	03
11	Mint Water - - - - - -	„	00	01
	Black Cherry Water - - - - -	„	00	01
12	A paper of Sperma Ceeti - - - -	„	00	04
13	A glass of pennyroyal water - - - -	„	00	06
21	A glass of Syrup of Rhubarb - - - -	„	00	04
Augst. 9	A bottle of cephalick Drops - - - -	„	00	09
20	A cordial Sudorifick Draught - - - -	„	01	00
Septr. 19	Sage of Vertue - - - - -	„	00	01
Decr. 18	A bottle of Queen of Hungarys Water - -	„	00	06
19	Damask Rose Water - - - - -	„	00	01
29	Treacle Water - - - - - -	„	00	01
31	A cordial julep for the child - - - -	„	00	06
Jany. 12 : 1709/10	Cinnamon water - - - - - -	„	03	00
Feby. 5	A plaister for the stomach - - - -	„	00	06
28	A glass of oyl of sweet almonds &c - - -	„	00	04
Mar. 25	A paper of burnt hartshorne - - - -	„	00	01½
April 12	Basilicon - - - - - -	„	00	01
18	More of the same - - - - -	„	00	01
May 16	Hony and Bole Armenack - - - -	„	00	02
17	A paper of Manna - - - - -	„	00	01½
26	A bottle of plague water - - - -	„	01	06
July 2	Another bottle of Julep - - - -	„	00	06
	Syrup of Mulberrys &c - - - -	„	00	03
26	A paper of Gascoins Powder - - - -	„	00	04
Augst. 27	Oyl of mace cloves &c - - - - -	„	00	06
Septr.	A glass of plague water - - - - -	„	01	06
Octr. 1	A healing Gargarism - - - - -	„	00	03
	A cordial pearl julep - - - - -	„	01	08
2	A bottle of cephalick drops - - - -	„	00	09
3	Another pearl julep - - - - -	„	01	06
	A pectoral mixture for y^e^ cough - - - -	„	00	08
20	A glass of syrup of Rhubarb - - - -	„	00	04
	A compound purging Potion - - - -	„	02	00
	A dose of compound purging pills - - -	„	01	00
		£01	06	03

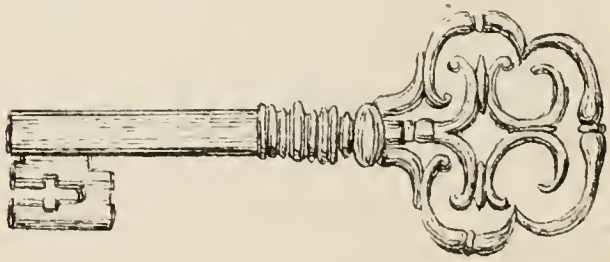






SILVER ORNAMENT
FROM
DALE ABBEY.





OLD KEYS FROM VARIOUS PLACES IN THE
COUNTY OF DERBY.

ANTIQUE SILVER ORNAMENT FROM DALE ABBEY.

THIS curious old relic of which we give an illustration, was found many years ago at Dale Abbey, by a farm-servant, in whose possession it remained for some time, and was then sold to a watch-maker in Derby, from whose hands it passed into our own. We are unable to judge correctly to what purpose it was originally applied, but as there is a crown distinctly visible in the upper portion, and as the crown is one of the emblems of the Virgin Mary, to whom the Abbey was dedicated, we may safely conclude it formed a portion of the sacred regalia, before its dissolution in the reign of Henry 8th. The sketch is the full size of the original, which is hollowed so as to fit a round staff, and is beautifully chased in high relief.

The OLD KEYS illustrated on the same plate, have originally belonged to various old oaken carved coffers or chests, of which many may still be found in the rural districts, and of which we possess several good specimens.

A WONDERFUL EATER.

THE following particulars have been copied from a written manuscript kept by the late parish clerk of Stanton-by-Dale, and are verified by the signatures of Richard Mee, John Foxon, Francis Hooley, and William Shepherd, four names well known in that district.—On the evening of Saturday, May 3, 1777, a man named Ralph Oakley, got his supper at the sign of the Red Lion, at Stanton-by Dale, of the following different articles :—His first dish was two quarts of milk, thirty eggs, half-a-pound of butter, half-a-pound of sugar, three penny loaves, a quantity of ginger and nutmeg, and an ounce of mustard, all boiled together. His second course consisted of a piece of cheese, and a pound of boiled bacon to it. His third was half-a-pound of bacon, fried; a penny loaf, a quart of ale, three half-penny worth of gingerbread, and then a pint of ale. His fourth was a custard (from new cheese) of two pounds; an ounce of mustard and some pepper as the sauce to it, mixed with a pint of new milk. He then had three pints of ale to wash all down. All these things he dispatched in less than an hour, and swore that he could eat as much more. Immediately after this supper he ran for a wager, a distance of three hundred yards, with a young man (a stranger to Stanton) of the name of Windley, and beat him by a score yards at least: afterwards he sat down with the rest of the people in the house, and drank as freely as any of them for nearly two hours.

DERBYSHIRE WIT.

A GIRL, from Derbyshire, lately went to one of the Draper's shops in Nottingham, and asked for "Three yards of grane rib'n." The shopman instantly looked for the article; but not having any ribbon of the sort wanted, told her he would cut her three yards of purple ribbon; and if she would "conceive" it was green, it would answer all the same purpose. The three yards were cut, wrapped up, and given to the girl, who instantly made for the shop door, but was called to for payment, upon which she *naively* replied, "Ha mut consate ha wor pede, an it wud anser aw the same perpos."

JOSEPH BROTHERTON, M.P.

We live in deeds not years, in thoughts not breaths,
In feelings not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most: feels the noblest: acts the best.

BAILEY.

WE hope the reader understands that our purpose in these Biographical Sketches, is not to attempt the methodical arrangement of a Biographical Dictionary, in which the number and proportional length of the articles are matters to be considered; but rather to select some prominent Derbyshire names, to which opportunity and inclination may attract. Hence the length and structure of each sketch depends on the amount of materials accessible to the writer, his judgment and taste in choosing from them, and his facility in the narration.

Having said this much as to design, we would also add that the department of biography is crowded with the lives of men distinguished in War, Politics, Science, Literature, and the Professions. All the embellishments of rhetoric and the imagination have been essayed to captivate, stimulate, and direct into these "upper walks of life," as they are entitled, the youthful mind and ambition of the country. Not content to make the colleges and higher educational institutions hotbeds and nurseries to germinate and train aspirations for fame, military and civic, the most brilliant achievements in the field, the forum, the hall, and at the bar, of the great men of the past and present, have been exhibited in colours warm and glowing, to charm and inspire. Example has been added to precept; the teachings of the lecture-room have been enforced by illustrations from real life, and the chaplet of glory and renown has been held up as the great and only prize.

The result of this system is manifest, pettifoggers, quacks, pedants, demagogues, and military officers are manufactured wholesale. Thousands of young men of ability are lured into professions for which they are unsuited, while everything of a commercial, agricultural, or mechanical character is considered low. We think all the great divisions of labour should be honoured, and the paths of labour should be indicated, as the *real* highways to honour.

In this view we present the subject of this sketch; a man of the people, with an education merely fitted for his business and trade; who, by the force of high purpose and invincible resolution, industry, energy, enterprise, and bold mind, and an honest heart, not only achieved independence, but won a name for sagacity, public spirit, punctuality, and probity, that reflects the highest honour on labour and on his country.

Mr. Joseph Brotherton was a native of Whittington, near Chesterfield, and was descended of reputable, though not wealthy parents, his father John Brotherton, having kept a boarding-school. He was born May 22nd, 1783. At the age of boyhood he was sent to a factory to assist in earning his living. It was customary at that period for small farmers and tradesmen to send their sons to a factory, much as they now do to a merchant's warehouse to learn a trade and acquire business habits. From a factory lad he made his way as a commercial man, and by steadfast perseverance and judgment, he ultimately became a partner in business as a cotton spinner with Mr. Alderman Hervey at Manchester, but retired from the partnership about 30 years before he died, on what was considered a very moderate competence, but with sufficient for a man of his economical and quiet habits. From an early age he was a total abstainer from intoxicating drinks, and was also a vegetarian, having early joined a religious sect in Salford who were abstainers and vegetarians. As a politician he had also formed opinions early, and at the close of the war in 1815, he was connected with an influential party in Manchester, who might be considered the connecting link between the reformers of 1794 and those of a later day, but he did not join the more extreme party of Hunt and Cobbett. In the years 1817-19, however, during the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, he was one of those who

JOSEPH BROTHERTON, ESQ M.P.
BORN AT WHITTINGTON, DERBYSHIRE.

stood forward to demand a fair trial for the poor men who were thrown into gaol at that period; and after the Peterloo riot of 1819, he aided in getting up a subscription for the sufferers. He was what was locally called a rational radical, and joined heartily in the struggle for the Reform Bill. The people of Salford properly marked their sense of his services in assisting to enfranchise their borough, by electing him as the first member, in 1832. In the house he showed himself ever a consistent and firm advocate of liberal opinions; all progressive measures, and especially all of a benevolent and educational character, had his earnest and staunch support. He carried his love of reform even to amending the mode of carrying on business in Parliament. Every politician knows how strenuous were his efforts to shorten the sittings of the Commons after midnight. In his attendance upon his parliamentary duties, Mr. Brotherton was most assiduous. Rarely was the Speaker in the chair and Mr. Brotherton absent; and it was not an unfrequent occurrence for the Speaker to call upon the hon. Member to move the adjournment of the House, when the Secretary to the Treasury had retired. Mr. B. was Chairman of the Private Bills' Committee. He took so lively an interest in the business arrangements of the House of Commons, that it was his invariable custom, at the close of each session, to move for a series of returns showing the progress of public and private business; the number and duration of sittings, and the number of divisions. Though representing a manufacturing constituency, he was a warm advocate with Lord Ashley, now Earl of Shaftesbury, and the late Mr. Fielding, of the Ten Hours' Bill; and he was accustomed to deduce arguments in its favour from his *own career!*

He was always an opponent of the Corn Laws. He protested against them when they were first imposed in 1815, and continued to take every opportunity of seeking their repeal down to the formation of the Anti-Corn Law League, of which he was an active member, ever ready to go upon deputations and other business along with Messrs. Cobden, Bright, and others.

Mr. Brotherton died very suddenly on the 7th January, 1857, about 5 minutes to 11 o'clock in the morning, while travelling in an omnibus from his residence at Pendleton, through Salford, to keep an appointment in Manchester. Mr. B. had been suffering from an affection of the heart for some time, but still was in his usual apparent health up to the time he entered the omnibus, and had on the previous day presided as a Magistrate at the Salford Police Court. In the omnibus with him were some friends, and Sir John Potter had but just given him an invitation to spend an evening with him during the following week, when a sudden change of countenance in the hon. Member attracted the notice of Sir John, who observed—"How ill he looks!" and immediately he had uttered the words, Mr. Brotherton reclined gently backwards as if for support. The omnibus was at once stopped, and Mr. B. was carried into the house of a surgeon close at hand, but the time had already gone by when any human aid could avail, and it is believed that he had ceased to exist before he was taken out of the omnibus.

It is difficult to mention a man in his own neighbourhood whose death could have occasioned greater regret. He had lived such a life of usefulness, was of such a placid, inoffensive demeanour, combined with honourable consistency in public life, that he had won more esteem and friendship than most politicians of his class have the good fortune to secure.

The Manchester Guardian gives this reference to his private life:—

"In unceasing efforts to promote commercial freedom, social improvement, popular education, and every great and good object, Mr. Brotherton was accustomed to pass those intervals, short and few, which the recesses of Parliament left at his disposal. This whole time (save when of late years impaired health rendered it necessary for him to seek restoration in the fresh breezes of some bathing places on the coast,) was devoted at home, as in Parliament, to the fulfilment of his various self-imposed duties. Upon the magisterial bench, on local committees, in public meetings, he was always ready to help forward, with the full weight of his influence, and with the sage counsels of a ripe experience of public affairs, every good and benevolent work. His high character, strict probity, readiness to serve others, and great business capacity, imposed upon him more frequently, and often more onerously than desirable, the duties of executor for some deceased friend—duties which, like all others, public and private, he discharged under a solemn sense of his responsibility. Of his kindness to all who sought his aid or advice, his ever warm and deep sympathies for the poorer classes of the community, his sincere and steady friendships, and his affectionate intercourse with his family, his relatives, and intimate friends, a public journal is scarcely the fitting voucher or recorder. It must suffice to say that in all the relations of life he was exemplary."

The Corporation of Manchester and Salford adopted resolutions expressing their deep regret at the loss experienced by the death of Mr. Brotherton. The Merchants did the same. All classes vied in doing honour to his memory. We have only room for the following resolution, as a sample of others:—

"That the Justices for the City of Manchester fully sympathise with their fellow-citizens in the feeling of regret, *so general* in this large community, at the death of Mr. Brotherton. He has been one of their body since its first formation; and, although his services as a Magistrate have for the most part been given as a County Justice, yet in any matters of great interest, when his other duties have allowed him, he has always been disposed and ready to give the benefit of his experience and counsel within the city. For all these qualities which have rendered his public services so eminent, in the various capacities in which he has rendered them, his sound judgment, his calm temper, his persevering energy, the unvarying interest he has ever taken in all measures to promote the amelioration or happiness of his fellow-subjects, the Justices entertain the most profound respect. At the present moment their feelings partake more of a personal nature; they deplore the loss of one who has been bound to them by many ties of friendship, and whose gentle and kindly disposition has attracted the affection and regard of all who have been brought into intercourse with him."

A Statue of Joseph Brotherton, M.P., has been erected to his memory in the Peel Park, Salford. At the inauguration of this monument, at which the Mayor presided, the Bishop of Manchester gave utterance to the following sentiments:—

"Born," he said, "not among the operative class, yet, at the same time, labouring for a considerable portion of his life with them, he learnt to estimate their situation, to sympathise with their feelings, to note their privations, and he appeared to have devoted himself, as an ardent and zealous practical missionary, in their cause. Retiring at a period when most persons are eager in the pursuit of reputation or of gain, and on a moderate competency, which was wealth to him, for his wants were few, he devoted himself with unceasing energy to his duties as a citizen. But though calm and quiet as regarded himself, he was not wanting in a high spirit as regarded the wrongs of others. When the Government of the country, exceeding the due bounds of moderation, were attempting to put down by unjustifiable violence the expression of the popular will, Joseph Brotherton, then a simple inhabitant of Salford, was one of the most earnest and most forward to join in the protest. The local charter and charities of Salford, and innumerable public services there, attested his devotion to the cause of his constituency. Reviewing his career, it was perfectly astonishing to see with what assiduous zeal and energy, yet at the same time how modestly, he took part in every measure that was brought forward for the benefit of others during the last forty years, which no person who dispassionately considered the history of England would hesitate to acknowledge had been pre-eminently remarkable for social alterations. In the department of private legislation, Mr. Brotherton was unrivalled, and in the latter years of his life his word was considered conclusive almost on the subject of a private bill. With respect to his religious convictions, Mr. Brotherton possessed the most extensive toleration, yet was not indifferent himself to what he professed. To quote his own declaration, he had always been educated in religious precepts and taught to believe in God, in His revealed Word, and he believed that the Redeemer came to rescue man from darkness and error, to implant truth and goodness in his mind, and to make him wise and good. It was on that principle that Mr. Brotherton acted through all his life. If he advocated the extension of the franchise, he was still more zealously an advocate of the education of the people, to enable them worthily to discharge the high duties of a constituent. Wishing to retrench the hours of labour, he endeavoured to do so in spite of those nearest connected with him; but, besides education, he was no less zealous to provide parks, museums, and recreation for the people, to render profitable the hours gained from labour. This was the man whose memory they were assembled to honour and perpetuate. It was a proud period in the history of a country when those who had cultivated the civil arts were accorded the full reward that was due to them. The people of Salford had done well to erect this statue as a testimony of their determination to reward those who endeavoured to make men better in civil pursuits, to improve their homes, as well as carry on the public business of the country."

The corporate authorities and other persons present, at the conclusion of the Bishop's address, formed in order of procession, and adjourned to the park, when the Statue was uncovered in their presence, and after short addresses from Sir J. Potter, M.P., and Mr. James Brotherton (son of the late member), the formality of handing over the property from the committee to the Corporation was gone through. The statue fronts the principal entrance gates to the park, and is within a short distance of them. The inscription on the face of the pedestal is—

"Joseph Brotherton, the first, and for upwards of twenty-four successive years, the faithful representative of the borough of Salford in the House of Commons. Born May 22, 1783; died January 7, 1857."

On the Park side of the statue are the words uttered by the honourable gentleman on a memorable occasion in the House of Commons:—

"My riches consist, not in the extent of my possessions, but in the fewness of my wants."

Mr. Fisher. London May. 5th 1770

I have just now received your Letter of the 3 with an inclosed bill of 5000 £ for part of the half year's rent due last Michaelmas.

The number of Deer which you mention in Brettby park is I think fully sufficient, and yet will admitt of taking in Beasts.

I cannot answer your kind Inquirys after my health as either you or I could wish, for without having any particular distemper, I have all the many inconveniencys of Seventy six; I am weak and low spirited, and my sleep and appetite decrease every day. and the final day I believe draws very near. I take it that you and I are very near of an age, and I wish you may be free from all the disagreable concomitants of old age, which I feell, for I am

Your very sincere friend

Chesterfield

FAC SIMILE AUTOGRAPH LETTER
OF
PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE
EARL OF CHESTERFIELD
IN THE COLLECTION OF Mrs J B ROBINSON.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, THE CELEBRATED EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

THE Letters are addressed to "Mr. Fisher, at his House in Derby," and are very characteristic of the most "perfect gentleman" of his time.

London, Jany. 26th, 1768.

Mr. Fisher,

Yesterday I received your letter of the 21st with two bills inclosed, one for £1250-17-2, the other for £862-14-11, the ballance of your accounts, which I find very right.

As I have had various applications for what they call my interest for the County of Derby at the approaching general Election. Pray tell whoever it may concern or not, that I am resolved to be scrupulously neutral in the dirty work of Elections, and will neither meddle nor make directly or indirectly.

I am,
Your assured friend,
CHESTERFIELD.

London, June 13th, 1769.

Mr. Fisher,

I received yesterday your letter with a Bill of £1200 which I find very right, and return you here inclosed one copy signed. I am very glad that you find yourself something better, but I am surprised that you chuse to consult a Derby Farrier rather than the best and most experienced Physician in England, Dr. Ed. Wilmot, who is but sixteen miles from you, and allyed to you. Pray either go to him, or desire him to come to you.

I am,
Your sincere friend,
CHESTERFIELD.

London, Decem: 21st, 1769.

Mr. Fisher,

Yesterday I received your letter with the inclosed bill for £1054, and your account which I here return you signed.

Upon your state of the case relative to the free School at Repton, I think Mr. Prior's demands most unreasonable, and as such I shall not comply with them. It is thus that most charitable foundations have been abused, by filching gradually something from the real objects of them, to gratify the Master, the Treasury, the Secretary, &cra. That is what I call Sacrilege, and not the stealing of a pulpit cloth, or a common prayer book out of a church.

I am,
Your sincere friend,
CHESTERFIELD.

London, May 5th, 1770.

Mr. Fisher,

I have just now received your letter of the 3d with an inclosed bill of £1000 for part of the half years rent due last Michaelmas.

The number of Deer which you mention in Brettby Park is I think fully sufficient, and yet will admitt of taking in Beasts.

I cannot answer your kind inquirys after my health as either you or I could wish, for without having any particular distemper, I have all the many inconveniencys of seventy six; I am weak and low spirited, and my sleep and appetite decrease every day, and the final day I believe draws very near. I take it that you and I are very near of an age, and I wish you may be free from all the disagreable concomitants of old age, which I feell, for

I am,
Your very sincere friend,
CHESTERFIELD.

London, July y^e^ 21st, 1770.

Mr. Fisher,

I send you here inclosed a letter which I received by the last post from Mr. Fletcher. You will do what you please in the affair, that is, what is for my reasonable advantage, and not too hard upon the Parson.

I am,
Your sincere friend,
CHESTERFIELD.

CAPTAIN CURZON AND HIS HORSE.

AMONG the many episodes of a battle-field, there are none so touching as the last moments of a brave soldier. Capt. Curzon, son of Lord Scarsdale, was on the staff, and received a mortal wound towards the end of the battle, and lay bleeding to death by the side of his favourite charger, one of whose legs had been shattered by a cannon ball. As Lord March was passing by, Curzon had just strength to call to him, "Get me help, my dear March, for I fear it is all over with me." Lord March hastened to look for a Surgeon, and found one belonging to the first battalion of our regiment, who went to the poor fellow's assistance; but, alas! life was extinct before the doctor arrived. The doctor, in relating this event to us afterwards, said, "I found poor Curzon dead, leaning his head upon the neck of his favourite horse, who seemed to be aware of the death of his master, so quiet did it remain, as if afraid to disturb his last sleep. As I approached, it neighed feebly, and looked at me as if it wanted relief from the pain of its shattered limb, so I told a soldier to shoot it through the head to put it out of its pain. The horse as well as its master were both old acquaintances of mine, and I was quite upset by the sight of them lying dead together." This tribute of sympathy and feeling was the more remarkable as coming from the Doctor, who was one of the hardest and roughest diamonds I ever remember to have known; but on this occasion something moved him, and he had tears in his eyes as he related the incident.—*Gronow's Second Series of Recollections of Waterloo, &c.*

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

IN the month of January, 1833, Mrs. Ann Blore, of Derby, published a pamphlet, giving an account of the absconding of her son Isaac Blore, fourteen years previously. From this it appeared, that the latter had been, by his maternal grandfather, a gentleman of considerable property, bound apprentice, at the age of fifteen, to a respectable silk mercer. Not liking the business, and being, according to the pamphlet, ill-treated by his master, he represented the same to his grandfather, who, however, refused to listen to him. Immediately after this in July, 1819, he absconded, and up to the end of March, 1837, was never heard of. In the meantime, the grandfather having died, and left a very large property, advertisements were inserted in the papers, all over England, but particularly in those of Liverpool and Manchester, offering large rewards for his discovery. Various reports reached the ears of his parents, one of which was, that he had been killed at Manchester, having joined the crowd assembled at Peterloo, in which he was crushed to death. Another account said that he had enlisted at Liverpool, into the 76th Regiment of Foot. Of the numerous narratives which reached Mrs. Blore, not one, if we may trust the evidence of her pamphlet, appears to have been believed, but, with the tenacity of female affection, she clung to hope to the last. About the 20th March, 1837, Mrs. Blore received a letter from Liverpool, which purported to have come from her long-lost son. She immediately sent an individual to that town to have an interview with the person who had written to her, and to ascertain whether he was really the person he represented himself to be. As Mrs. Blore was requested to address at the Post Office, the individual whom she sent called upon Mr. Banning, with whom he had an interview. The latter sent for Constable Halsall, to whom he intrusted the management of the concern, rightly judging that he would know better how to go about the discovery than a mere stranger. However, the person who had written to Mrs. Blore, called at the Post Office and inquired for a letter, when he was immediately invited to walk into Mr. Banning's office, while Halsall was dispatched in search of Mrs. Blore's messenger. The latter was found, and the requisite inquiries were made. It appeared that he had been residing, during the whole period of his absence in France. On his arrival at Derby, his mother was perfectly satisfied of his identity, and with her long-lost son removed from Derby to Etwall, which place was chosen for their future residence.

A NOCTURNAL VISITOR.

MANY years ago, a Negro Servant, wandering up and down the country out of place, passing through Shipley in the night, stole a goose from the premises of Mr. Beer, a respectable farmer of the village. The Engine-fire of the Colliery at that place caught his attention, and he made towards it. The Engine was then worked alternately by two men, one in the day and the other during the night. As the Black approached and the glare of the flame was cast on his dusky features, he met the gaze of the solitary wight standing at the door of the Engine-house, who, panic-struck, instantly recognized in him the real existence of the long-doubted tale of his Satanic Majesty, and fled. It was in vain that the Negro, who well understood the cause of the man's terror, called aloud, "Me am a man, me am no devil;" he did not seem disposed to place any reliance on the word of one, of whom, during his whole life, he had heard everything that was deceitful and horrible. Leaving the engine to work itself, or cease as it pleased, he reached home in a most deplorable condition, having shown the utmost contempt for hedges, gorse-bushes, ditches, &c. At break of day, when he with his fellow-workmen ventured back to the place, contrary to expectation, the terrible visitor had not vanished, but was just throwing away the remains of his repast. The goose when killed, had been, with its feathers on, cased in a thick coat of clay and baked in the engine fire. The capaciousness of the Negro's stomach ceased to be wonderful, when he told them he had been several days without food; and the farmer, who received early notice of the thief, instead of prosecuting him, as he at first intended, humanely relieved his wants.

JOHN FLAMSTEAD,

THE CELEBRATED ASTRONOMER AND MATHEMATICIAN, OF DERBY.

"Honour and adoration, power and praise,
To Him who tracks the comet's pathless ways;
Who to the stars has their bright courses given,
And to the sun appoints his place in heaven;
And rears for man a mansion more sublime,
Not built with hands, not doom'd to stoop to time;
Whose strong foundations, unimpaired, shall stay,
When sun, and stars, and worlds, and all things pass away."

THE brief sketch here presented is intended to afford an example for emulation. That the memory of such persons, besides being treasured in the hearts of relatives and friends, should have its record for the generality of people also, is peculiarly proper; because a knowledge of men whose substantial fame rests upon their attainments, character, and success, must exert a wholesome influence on the rising generation of our people; while to those who have arrived at a period in life not to be benefitted by lessons designed for less advanced age, it cannot fail to prove interesting.

Individual enterprise, which is so justly the boast of this nation, is here strikingly exhibited. We trust it will instil into the bosom of our children this lesson—that honour and station are the sure reward of *continued* exertion, and that, compared with a good education, with habits of honest industry and economy, the greatest wealth would be but a poor inheritance.

John Flamstead, the eminent Astronomer and Mathematician, was the son of Stephen Flamstead, a reputable yeoman of Derby. He was born August 19, 1646, at Denby, to which place his parents had temporarily removed on account of the sickness prevailing in Derby at that time. He was educated at the Free-school in this town, and at fourteen was visited with a severe fit of sickness, which, being followed by other distempers, prevented his going to the university, has had been originally intended.

Taken from school when he was sixteen, he followed his studies at home, particularly mathematics, without assistance. On sending some astronomical calculations to the Royal Society, he received in return a letter of thanks. In 1671 he visited London, and soon after became a student of Jesus-College, Cambridge, where he wrote a tract on the true and apparent diameters of the planets, which, being communicated to Newton, was made use of by him in his Principia. In 1673 he wrote an Ephemeris, which procured him the friendship of Sir Jonas Moore, at whose desire he drew up one for the King. He also made a barometer, which was presented to his Majesty, who appointed him Royal Astronomer, with a salary of one hundred pounds a year.

About this time, having taken his master's degree, he entered into orders; and was preferred to the living of Burstow, near Blechingley, in Surrey, which he held as long as he lived. In 1675 the Royal observatory at Greenwich was founded; and as Mr. Flamstead was the first Astronomer Royal, the edifice is still called Flamstead House. Here, or in the neighbourhood, he continued for the remainder of his life, employed in the promotion of his sublime and favourite science.

Of Mr. Flamstead's eminent abilities, and unwearied application, his valuable work which contained the main operations of his life, the "Historia Cœlestis Britannica," in three large folio volumes, as well as his many contributions published in the "Philosophical Transactions," afford ample evidence. Of the very high estimation in which he was held by the men most distinguished for genius and science among his contemporaries, and in which his labours have been esteemed by the ablest astronomers of modern times, we might easily supply abundant testimonies, did space allow.

Dr. John Keill says of him:—

JOHN FLAMSTEAD,

ASTRONOMER ROYAL.

BORN AT DENBY.

"Mr. Flamstead, with indefatigable pains, for more than forty years, watched the motions of the stars, and gave us innumerable observations of the sun, moon, and planets, which he made with very large instruments, exactly divided by the most exquisite art, and fitted with telescopical sights. Whence we are to rely more upon the observations he hath made, than on those that went before him, who had made their observations with the naked eye, without the assistance of telescopes."

In the Gentleman's Magazine for February, 1735, this anecdote is preserved.

It appears that Mr. Flamstead would sometimes unbend from his profound studies and invite company to his house, with whom he would enjoy convivial intercourse, and whom he entertained by the pleasantries of wit. On one occasion, it is said that the facetious Thomas Brown was among the guests present; who, after an elegant dinner, and the cheerful circulation of the glass, was requested to divert the company with some extempore verses. At first he modestly declined: but on being unanimously requested, he wrote the following lines:—

"We here are invited to a *Zodiac* of mirth,
Where *Aries* and *Scorpio* do give it birth.
Here *Leo* ne'er roars, nor *Taurus* ne'er bellows,
But *Gemini*-like we commence merry fellows.
Here *Cancer* and *Pisces* agree with our wishes,
Whilst all round the table we drink here like fishes.
Let *Libra* fill wine without old *Aquarius*,
Whilst quivers of wit fly from *Sagittarius*,
And to crown all our mirth we will revel in *Virgo*,
And *Capricorn* he shall supply us with cargo."

Mr. Flamstead, however, was the associate not only of wits, but of the wise, not the least of whom was Newton, Barrow, Rae, Dr. Wallis, Halley, Molineaux, Cassini, &c.

He was married, but had no children; and died December 31st, 1719, of a strangury. Though he lived to above 73 years of age, yet from his infancy he had been ailing, and in a letter to Mr. Collins, in 1670, he was so ill that he was afraid he might not live to prepare his papers for the press, and yet he lived about fifty years afterwards!

In conclusion, we may observe that Mr. Flamstead was one of those indomitable persons whom neither sickness nor poverty could crush; whose integrity and strength of character *must* force them into fame, which their modesty never seeks; who will command the esteem and respect of their contemporaries and their posterity.

Business men are not unfrequently brought into special notice by the rapid growth of their fortune; the stream of wealth flows in upon them. They hasten to be rich—riches give them notoriety—their influence is great. But it is the influence of money. Take this away and they fall out of sight. It was only the golden god that was worshipped. So with men of one idea—the idea of riches—they subjugate everything to it—they become wealthy and noted. The world applauds, but it was by abnegating that world they obtained their glory—the glory of selfishness.

Such was not Mr. Flamstead. He was no *millionaire;* he was not the favoured son of lucky accident or speculation—he never victimized his neighbours—in fact he was poor in gold, but rich in science, and his *name* is one that the world of intellect will not

"WILLINGLY LET DIE."

ANECDOTE OF MR. FLAMSTEAD.

He was known to be a great Astronomer, and persons of his profession are often supposed, by the common people, to be capable of foretelling events. In this persuasion, a poor washer-woman of Greenwich, (where he was Astronomer Royal,) who had been robbed at night of a large parcel of linen, to her almost ruin, if forced to pay for it, came to him, and with great anxiety earnestly requested him to use his art, to let her know where her things were, and who had robbed her. He happened to be in the humour to joke; and bid her stay, and he would see what he could do; perhaps she might find them; but who

the persons were he would not undertake to say, and as she could have no positive proof to convict them, it would be useless. He then set about drawing circles, squares, &c., to amuse her; and after some time, told her, if she would go into a particular field, that in such a part of it, in a dry ditch, she would find them all bundled up in a sheet. The woman went, and finding them, came with great haste and joy to thank him, and offered him half-a-crown as a token of gratitude, being as much as she could afford. Mr. Flamstead, surprised himself, told her—"Good woman, I am heartily glad you have found your linen, but I assure you I knew nothing of it, and intended only to joke with you, and then to have read you a lecture on the folly of applying to any person to know events not in the human power to tell; but I see the devil has a mind I should deal with him; I am determined I will not: so never come, or send any one, to me any more, on such occasions, for I never will attempt such an affair again whilst I live." This anecdote Mr. Flamstead told to the reverend and learned Mr. Whiston, his intimate friend and associate.

RISLEY HALL, DERBYSHIRE.

RISLEY HALL.

"When thou haply se'est
Some rare noteworthy object in thy travel,
Wish me partaker in thy happiness."

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is no more interesting scenery and views in England than are to be found in Derbyshire, especially to those who possess a lively sensibility to all the influences of local attachment and native associations. And to antiquaries and the lovers of nature generally, this fine old county and its historical associations alike commend themselves; and we can scarce tread any part of the county but we set

"OUR FOOT UPON SOME REVEREND HISTORY."

We might dilate upon the sylvan beauties of our villages, such as Ashford-in-the-Water; our wild dales, such as Dove Dale; our winding and classic rivers, like the Wye, the Dove, and the Derwent, in whose praise, Drayton, in his Polyolbion, while chanting the praises of the Trent, says—

"She takes into her train rich Dove, and Darwin clear—
Darwin, whose font and fall are both in Derbyshire;
And of those thirty floods that wait the Trent upon,
Doth stand without compare, the very Paragon."

Our savage-like solitudes such as Chee Tor—the deep clefts of Cressbrook, the rocky passes of Miller's Dale—the fairy scenes of Monsal, the gorgeous mansion of Chatsworth; and say that for beauty, variety, and artistic attractions, Derbyshire can bear comparison with any spot in Britain.

Among the many interesting villages of South Derbyshire, there is perhaps none more pleasant than Risley, the old seat of a branch of the noble Family of Willoughby. The picturesque old stone gateways, the terrace nearly three hundred feet long, moat, and remains of the fine old Hall attest the glories of the past.

Risley Hall, in the hundred of Morleston and Litchurch, and in the deanery of Derby, lies on the road from Derby to Nottingham, eight miles distant from each. Roger de Busli appears to have been Lord of Risley when the survey of Domesday was taken; but in the same record it is stated that Levinus possessed one-third of the manor, and that he was succeeded by his son. In the reign of Edward the First, William Morteyne held the manor under the Pavely family. We learn also that Risley was granted in the reign of Edward the Third, to Geoffrey, son of Roger Mortimer, Earl of March; and was afterwards the property of the Lords Sheffield, ancestors to the Duke of Buckingham. It was purchased of them by the Willoughby's of Risley, in the year 1587. Michael Willoughby and Katherine his wife built the domestic Chapel in 1593, and founded the School which they endowed with twenty nobles, afterwards increased by their Grandson, Sir Henry Willoughby, to twenty marks. The heiress of the Willoughby's, Elizabeth, married the Honourable Anchitel Grey, brother to Lord Stamford, whose daughter and heir built the present head-master's house, anno 1706; also the Latin School and other buildings, and increased the endowment with money and lands, now amounting to about £400 per annum. She had left in her will "so much oak to be cut out of her Park at Risley as would be required to complete these buildings," but happily lived to see them finished. This benevolent Lady was buried with her ancestors in the old Church of St. Chad, at Wilne, in the chancel of which, and also in the beautiful chapel on the south side, are some interesting Brasses and Tombs of the family. This chapel is attached to the manor of Risley. Sir Hugh Willoughby, the first Arctic circumnavigator, who was frozen to death in the time of Queen Elizabeth, was of this family, and a most interesting full length portrait of him is now in the possession of Lord Middleton, and hangs in the Hall at Woollaton.

It was of the above-mentioned Sir Hugh Willoughby, that Thomson in his "*Seasons*" so emphatically spoke in these lines—

"Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court;
And through his airy hall, the loud misrule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard:
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
With which he now oppresses half the globe.
* * * * * * * * *
Miserable they
Who here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look at the descending sun:
While full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's* fate
As with first prow (what have not Britons dar'd?)
He for the passage sought, attempted since
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous nature with eternal bars.
In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the stony deep, his idle ship
Immediate seal'd, he, with his hapless crew,
Each full exerted to his sev'ral task,
Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm."

On the 9th of June, 1729, there was found in Risley Park, near the site of the ancient Manor House, a large silver dish, or salver, of antique basso relievo, and of Roman workmanship. Dr. Stukeley, by whom an account of it is given, observes that it was 29 inches long, 15 inches broad, and weighed seven pounds. Upon the face were a variety of figures, representing rural sports, employments, and religious rites. It stood upon a square base, or foot; and round the bottom, and on the outside, this inscription was rudely cut with a pointed instrument in Roman characters of the fourth century:—

EXSVPERIVS EPISCOPVS ECLESIAE BOGIENSI DEDIT.

Dr. Stukeley supposed the meaning of this was that it was given by "Exsuperius, Bishop of Bayeux and Toulouse in the year 405, to the Church of Bouges;" near which a battle was fought in 1421, between the Scots, under the Duke D' Alenson, who was quartered in the church, and the English, under Thomas, Duke of Clarence, brother to Henry the Fifth, who was slain here. At this time it is supposed to have been brought from the church as a trophy and given to Dale Abbey for an ornamentation to the altar there. At the time of the dissolution, it was here hidden, probably to prevent the King's inquisitors taking it.

The object of the various endowments of Risley School are described in Lyson's Derbyshire, to be "the more comfortable maintenance of a schoolmaster and usher to teach all children of the inhabitants of Risley, and the sons only of the inhabitants of Breaston, Sandiacre, Dale Abbey, Stanton near Dale, Wilsthorp, Draycote, Little Wilne, and Hopwell: the boys to be taught to read, write, and cast accounts, and so much of trigonometry as relates to the more useful parts of mathematics; and the head-master to teach grammar and the classics to such boys as are qualified and desirous to learn, both masters to be constantly resident in the school house. The minister of the chapel appears to have been the head-master from the time of Mrs. Grey's foundation. We have not been able to learn what is the present value of the endowment; but it was returned at £100 per annum in 1787. In the return of charitable donations then made to the House of Commons, it is observed that the Grammar School had been a sinecure for many years; that a bill in chancery was filed in Lord Bathurst's time against the master, but it was dismissed."

* Sir Hugh Willoughby.

THE TERRACE, RISLEY HALL.

The Manor of Risley, together with the adjoining one of Breaston (also formerly parcel of the Willoughby domain, within the Great Honour of Tutbury,) came by purchase to J. Lewis Fytche, of Thorpe Hall, Esquire, High Sheriff of the County of Lincoln, who, as visitor of the Schools, is now in conjunction with the Trustees endeavouring to restore them in accordance with the wishes and intentions of the benevolent founders.

We are glad that the historical old site has fallen into the hands of the present proprietor, who, as a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, is both able and willing to restore and preserve a spot, associated with so many venerable events of past generations.

ENGRAVING ON BLACK MARBLE.

THIS art was first practised by the late Mr. Henry Moore, Artist, of Derby, who introduced an entirely new method of operating upon marble, which is noticed in this relation of the progressive improvements he has successively made in the art—an art which has originated in this county, discovered and brought to great perfection by a native of it, and practised upon a material produced in the county, which is the black marble of Ashford and Bakewell. Many persons have, at different times, laid claim to the discovery of this art; and what is rather curious, those claimants have always been young men, while Mr. Moore had practised it before they were born: and although the first manner was extremely simple, being merely an etching process, it remained in his own hands many years. Being desirous to produce something new in marble, he (as a mere novelty) scratched a sleeping cupid upon a small slab with a dry point, in the manner Worlidge used that instrument on copper, only reversing the use of the scratching, which on the marble produced the lights, while on copper it affected the shades. The semitones produced by this process disappeared very soon, and the subject altogether became very much deteriorated by a little handling; he, therefore, did not think proper to pursue so evanescent a system of art. Mr. Moore's next plan was to improve the etching department by decomposing the black carbonaceous colouring matter of the marble, to the various degrees of tint required by the subject that may be undertaken. He proceeded upon the same principle as that of Mezzotinto engraving, viz., from a uniform black of the greatest density, to work out the subject, whether portrait, landscape, or flowers. This system is also very superior for hieroglyphic, arabesque, and all other kinds of ornament, it brings the ground of the ornament (or whatever may be required) to a durable, uniform, and agreeable drab colour. The old method produces only a dead black ground, which is whitewashed: so fragile is this artificial colouring that every touch injures it, but the drab colour of the improved process will bear washing with water, turpentine, &c., with which any dirty smearing that may accidentally happen to it may be removed; but such treatment in the other case would bring away the whitewash altogether. His last and most important improvement consists in decomposing the black without destroying the polish of the marble. No corrosion of the surface takes place by this process, and a richness of effect is produced by it, eminently superior to the other modes. The circumstance of the polish remaining after the operations of this process surprises the oldest workers of marble, and is also a puzzler to some great chemists.

SAMUEL HARRISON,

THE TENOR SINGER, OF BELPER, DERBYSHIRE.

" To Music be the verse addrest ;
To Music, soft'ner of the mind,
And what from woe relieves ;
'Tis Music like the Syren's charms,
With tend'rest love the bosom warms ;
But not like them deceives."

EVERY movement which has for its object the social amelioration of the people should be hailed as the dawn of a better state of things. The establishment of Mechanics' Institutions, Lyceums, and Industrial Exhibitions, should be supported by all, according to their ability. Innocent recreation should be extensively diffused, and all exhibitions and games which encourage the anti-social feelings as zealously *discouraged.* We, therefore, approve of the spread of Music Halls over the country, as one of the agencies of civilization. Music, both vocal and instrumental, but especially vocal music, aids in refining and softening down the asperities of the human breast.

From the Spartan fife to the music of the modern opera or concert, what a history of the influences of sweet sounds might not be written !

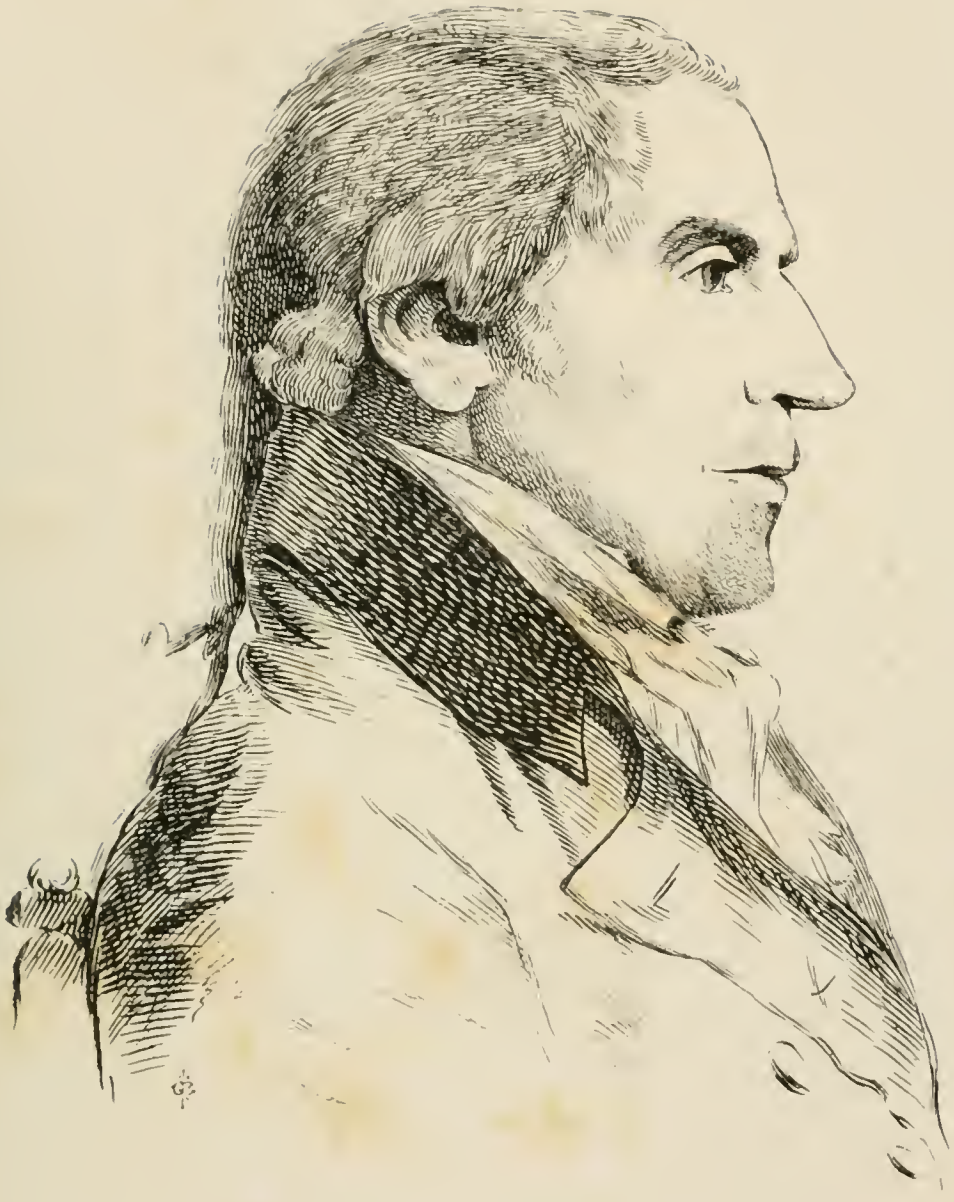
Shakespeare said wisely—" The man that hath not music in his soul, was fit for stratagems and treasons," and it is doubtless true that the finest natures are attuned to sweet sounds. Artistic music, how it can affect us ! How the "silver snarling trumpets," or the rolling drums will stir the soldier's heart, how the violin will set us leaping to a waltz ; how sometimes it will sadden the thoughtful mind, lull the wearied breast, or recal joyous passages in our memory of the past ! Who has not ere now been led by a tune or song to be quite forgetful of persons, place, and time.

Singing, like everything else, can be carried to excess, until it becomes a burlesque ; nevertheless, we have always thought that Mr. Haliburton, the lately deceased Member of Parliament, went rather too far, when he put into the mouth of " Sam Slick," the following critique on an operatic songstress :—

" " Now comes singin' ; see what faces she makes ; how she stretches her mouth open, like a barn-door, and turns up the white of her eyes like a duck at thunder. She's in a musical ecstacy, is that gal ; she feels good all over ; her soul is a goin' out along with that ere music. Oh, it's divine ; and she's an angel, ain't she ? Yes I guess she is ; and when I'm an angel, I will fall in love with her ; but as I'm a man—at least what's left of me—I'd jist as soon fall in love with one that was a leetle, jist a leetle, more of a woman, and a leetle, jist a leetle, less of an angel. 'But hallo ! what onder the sun is she about ? Why, her voice is goin' down her own throat, to gain strength, and here it comes out as deep-toned as a man's, while that dandy fellow alongside of her is singin' what they call falsetter. They've actilly changed voices ? . The gal sings like a man, and that screamer like a woman. This is science—this is taste—this is fashion."

The subject of our present sketch, who has called forth these preliminary remarks, was not a singer after Sam Slick's fashion, but one of the most finished and eminent tenor vocalists of his day. And here we may as well state, that Derbyshire has had the honour of producing the finest Tenor, (Mr. Harrison,) and the best Bass, (Mr. Slack,) of their time ; and both had the honour of giving performances before King George the Third.

Samuel Harrison, the Tenor, was born at Belper, in the county of Derby, on the 8th of September, 1760, and died in Percy Street, London, June 25th, 1812, of an inflammation of the bowels, after suffering the most excruciating agony for twenty-four hours. He left a widow, two accomplished daughters, and a son to mourn his loss. We believe many of his relatives are still alive in the parish where he was born, and doubtless have many green spots in their memories of the gifted individual long since passed away.



SAMUEL HARRISON ESQ.re

THE EMINENT SINGER

BORN AT BELPER, DERBYSHIRE

Mr. Harrison amidst much excitement and the necessary temptation of a public life, retained and maintained strong good sense, integrity of conduct, consistency of purpose, and was just, charitable, unostentatious, and possessed of generally amiable qualities. It is especially recorded that he was ever ready to assist in every way his struggling professional brethren, all of whom highly esteemed him, as did also an extensive general acquaintance. If to adhere to what is just, kind, and honourable, throughout a lifetime, is the character of a true christian, then Mr. Harrison deserves the title.

During a quarter of a century Mr. Harrison was the leading Tenor Singer in the kingdom. He greatly distinguished himself at the commemmoration of Handel, the celebrated composer, in 1784, in opening the "Messiah." Although Mr. Harrison was then a very young man, and there were many older competitors for this honour, the part was allotted to him, as being equal to the occasion, by command of his Majesty, who had, with admiration previously heard him sing it at the Queen's Palace. His correctness and efficiency justified the King's discernment that the "right man was in the right place."

In the performance of the celebrated recitative, or rather *Aria Parlante*, "Comfort ye my people," and in the air, "Every valley shall be exalted," he has ever since been considered, by the best judges of musical expression, to stand unrivalled! A perfect intonation; a peculiar sweetness of voice; discriminating mind; correct, polished and energetic delivery; a brilliancy and equability of shake, are requisites in which few could approach him. Had his physical powers been equal to his taste, his feelings, and his science, he would in all points have been unrivalled, as a singer of sacred music, at least. His pathetic delivery of "Total Eclipse," "Lord remember David," "Oft on a plot of rising ground," and "Gentle airs," the last strain he ever sung, (and which was enthusiastically encored) together with other plaintive airs of Handel, that do not depend upon noise or confusion for their effect, these have not been forgotten by those still alive, whose minds and judgments were capable of appreciating musical excellence.

Many traditionary relics are floating about the neighbourhoods where his performances were most frequent, and his power to move the passions. How he would lead the hearer into a dreamy softness, now mounting into a higher and higher flight, until he broke forth sublime, impassioned, daring. He would sometimes captivate by the apparent recklessness of his movements, then enchant by the completeness of his performance. In some of Handel's pieces, he would express all passions, rejoice with the glad, and weep with the sad. There was nothing that in logical words, which he could not express in musical sound! In listening to him, you were reminded that no paradise was ever conceived without music; and when we hear it, we are wrapt into the heaven that pure sensation and ardent affection raises up for us here.

Said we not therefore, that music is a grand civilizational agency, and that to all it may be commended; and we further say, that by it even the selfish may thereby still more enjoy their individuality in the abstraction of its beauty, while those who feel and confess the bond of fellowship, will find in vocal music a ready way to the hand and heart of social intercourse.

And surely, we may embalm the memory of those two eminent and faseinating pioneers of this civilizing agency, especially as both Messrs. Harrison and Slack have shed some lustre not only on Music, but on our native county.

DECLARATIONS & RESOLUTIONS OF THE MEASHAM VOLUNTEER INFANTRY, JUNE 6th, 1798.

AT a Meeting of the MEASHAM and OAKTHORPE Association held this day,
The following Declarations, Oath, and Resolutions, were severally read, adopted, signed, and the same ordered to be Printed and Distributed.

Declarations,

1st. THAT being convinced it is our duty to assist the Executive Government in protecting our Laws and Constitution, — We declare that we have enrolled ourselves in this Corps, and do confirm it by signing our Names hereunder, for the protection of Property, and the preservation of Tranquility in the Parish of *Measham*, and Township of *Oakthorpe;* and do agree, and abide by our former Declaration in assisting (if necessary) the Association of *Ashby*, *Packington* and *Willesley*, to quell any Riot, to restore Tranquility in their respective Parishes, when we can leave *Measham* with propriety, as shall be determined by a Majority of this Association.

2nd. That it is our determination to provoke no one by insult, but in every situation to demean ourselves as peaceful Inhabitants, and good Subjects, and, that the World may judge of the purity of our intentions, we have severally taken and subscribed the Oath following.

Oath.

I — A. B. — do sincerely promise and swear that I will be faithful and bear true Allegiance to his Majesty King George, and that I will support the Constitution of my Country as established by Law.

So help me God.

Resolutions.

1st. That as the most perfect confidence in each other is absolutely essential to the existence and prosperity of the Corps, any ten Gentlemen may sign a requisition to the Commanding Officer for a Ballot of the whole Corps on any Name which they wish to have erased from the Roll, and the Majority on such Ballot shall determine whether the Name shall be retained or erased.

2nd. That the Corps will (until a future Regulation shall take place) meet to exercise every evening (Sunday excepted) at Seven o'Clock by the Cotton Mill Clock at *Measham*, at the Bowling Green at the Union Inn, or such place as shall be appointed by the Association at the time of their respective Meetings, and that every Volunteer who does not appear on Parade at the place so appointed, shall on his next appearance there forfeit *Three-pence*, unless prevented by sickness or lameness.

3rd. That any Volunteer coming intoxicated to Parade, shall for every offence forfeit *One Shilling*.

4th. That any Gentleman Swearing on Parade, shall for every offence forfeit *Three-pence*.

5th. That any Gentleman talking during Exercise, except for the purpose of obtaining information from his Officer or Serjeant, shall for each offence forfeit *Three-pence*.

6th. That if any Gentleman who has enrolled, or may hereafter enrol his Name, shall withdraw himself from the Corps without previously assigning such reasons as shall in the opinion of a Majority of the Corps be deemed sufficient for his so doing, he shall be deemed a *Coward* and voted to *Coventry*.

7th. That every Question subject to the decision of the Corps (except such as shall be within the meaning of the next Resolution) shall be determined by the Majority present at the time of its arising, or at such time as the Majority shall then fix for determining the same.

8th. That the payment of all Fines supposed to be incurred by all or any of the Volunteers when at their Post, shall be determined by the eight Gentlemen nearest on the Right and Left Hand of the Person considered liable to pay the same immediately on his being charged with the Offence subjecting him thereto.

9th. That every Regulation or Resolution which shall hereafter be thought necessary, either for the alteration or improvement of the Rules for the Government of this Corps, shall be given in Writing to the Commanding Officer, to be by him read to the Corps on the next Parade for their consideration, until the same day in the following Week, on which the same shall be so communicated, when the Corps shall determine as to the adoption or rejection of such Regulation or Resolution as originally proposed, or as the same may be then altered.

10th. That if any Gentleman be absent from the place of Exercise after standing at Ease without the permission of the Commanding Officer, when the Drum has beat the Long Roll, he shall forfeit *Three-pence.*

11th. That every Volunteer divulging any Transactions of the Corps, that shall by a Majority thereof be considered injurious thereto, shall forfeit, and subject himself to the payment of *Ten Shillings.*

That being fully sensible of the honour and obligation conferred upon us by the Assiduities of the Earl of Moira, in obtaining his Majesty's approbation of our Association, and assisting us in the formation of our united Corps of Cavalry and Infantry — We resolve, to be ready on all occasions, to act for the Protection of his Lordships Property and Residence at *Donington-Park*, and to Preserve Tranquility there, as if the same were situate within the original limits of our Association; and that a Copy of this Resolution be transmitted by one of our Officers to his Lordship.

A TRADITION OF DARLEY DALE, DERBYSHIRE.

'Tis said, that to the brow of yon fair hill
Two brothers clomb; and, turning face from face,
Nor one look more exchanging, grief to still
Or feed, each planted on that lofty place
A chosen tree: then, eager to fulfil
Their courses, like two new-born rivers, they
In opposite directions urged their way
Down from the far-seen mount. No blast might kill
Or blight that fond memorial — the trees grew,
And now entwine their arms; but ne'er again
Embraced those brothers upon earth's wide plain,
Nor ought of mutual joy or sorrow knew,
Until their spirits mingled in the sea
That to itself takes all—Eternity.

Wordsworth.

INCISED CROSS SLAB FROM HORSLEY CASTLE.

THIS ancient relic, of which we give an illustration, was found by the workmen of John Chambers, Esq., of Coxbench, near the site of the old castle, at a depth of four feet from the surface, and was broken by the carelessness of the men in getting it out. This form of slab was in use from the eleventh to the fourteenth century, to mark the resting-place of the dead, and is a good example of the period. How it got into the position where it was found is a mystery, as it may reasonably be supposed the churchyard was its proper place. No bones were found or human remains discovered near to it.

Mr. Chambers kindly presented it for our Derbyshire collection some years ago.

ROMAN SAMIAN WARE.

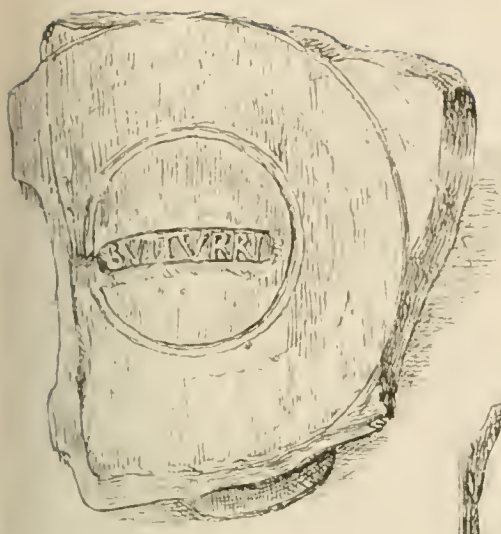
ON the 19th of September, 1861, while some labourers were cutting a drain on the Chester Road, Derby, they turned up, at the great depth of thirteen feet, the beautiful specimens illustrated on the opposite page. They were embedded in a soft black mud, lying upon the gravel, which probably once formed the bed of the river. This beautiful but fragile ware, it is supposed was not made in Britain, although great quantities of fragments have been found in various parts of the kingdom, but that it was imported by the Romans, and was of considerable value. It is of rare occurrence that a perfect specimen is met with, although several may be seen in the British Museum, and also in the Museum of Practical Geology. Our specimens have probably each formed a portion of a separate bowl or vase, and may have been used by some wealthy Roman about 1500 years ago.

THE following quaint Inscription has been copied from an OLD HOUSE at BIRCHOVER.

MANY A DAY IN LA
BOUR AND SORROW I
HAVE SPENT BUT NOW
I FIND NO REST IS LI
KE CONTENT

S. P. A.

1751.



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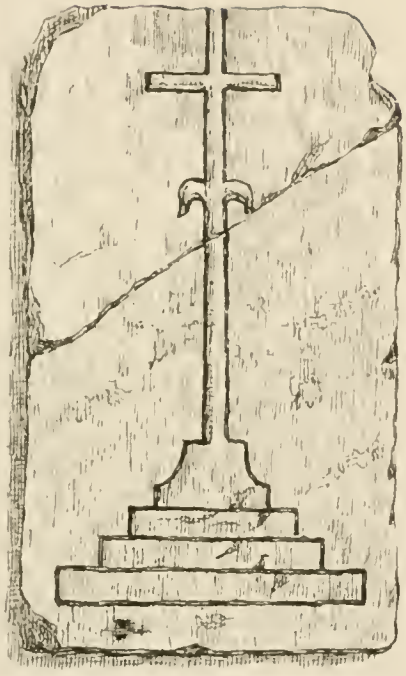

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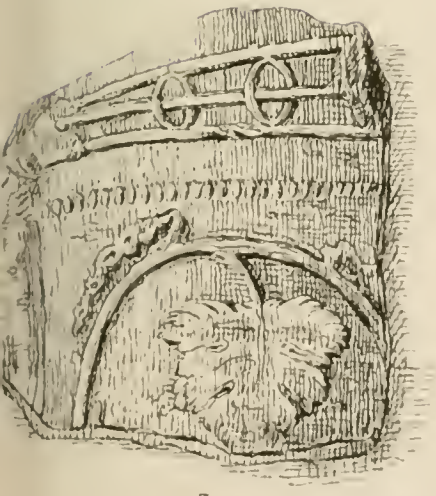

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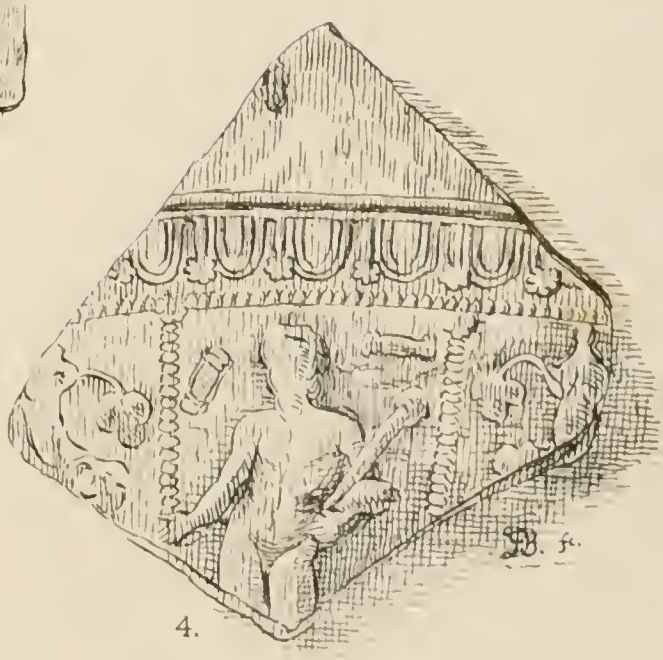


4.

1.2.3.4. FRAGMENTS OF SAMIAN WARE FROM LITTLE CHESTER.

5. INCISED SLAB FROM HORSLEY CASTLE.

SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT,

OF WILLERSLEY.

THE FOUNDERS OF THE COTTON MANUFACTURE IN DERBYSHIRE.

THE vast Cotton Manufacture, whose every movement affects the interests of thousands in Great Britain, has literally grown up within the memory of many persons now living, and it is one of the most remarkable instances of the success attendant on the energy and perseverance of British talent and industry in establishing our national prosperity, and rendering us the greatest commercial people in the world.

At a period when the fabrics of other nations superseded our own, when all depended upon the slow and uncertain results of manual operations, Hargreave led the way with his Spinning-jenny; and the far more important inventions of Arkwright, who followed closely on his traces, raised the Cotton Manufacture, as it were at a bound, to such a pitch of excellence, as to give England an almost exclusive monopoly, the result of her superior skill; an advantage which has been felt in every branch of trade, agriculture, and commerce; an advantage to which, in short, a great part of our national prosperity may be attributed. It would be interesting to trace this progress, and to follow and examine its results, but for the present we must confine ourselves to the fortunes of those individuals connected with its establishment in our own county.

In Matlock Dale, but within the Chapelry of Cromford, the first Cotton Mill in England was erected in 1771 (which exhibited anything like a development of the Factory system), by the firm of Arkwright, Strutt, and Need. In 1776, another Mill was erected at Belper, towards the south extremity of the valley, and soon afterwards a third at Milford, about a mile distant on the same stream.

In 1781, the partnership between Arkwright and Strutt was dissolved, upon which the former retained the works at Cromford, and the latter those at Belper and Milford. Both these gentlemen founded a vast business, still carried on by their descendants, and realized great wealth. We will now trace first, the progress of Arkwright, whose riches increased to such an enormous extent, that besides possessing, exclusive of his mill property, one of the largest landed estates in England, he was able, on several occasions, to present each of his ten children with ten thousand pounds, as a Christmas-box.

SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.

Sir Richard Arkwright was one of those great characters which nature seems to have destined, by the endowment of superior powers, to be the benefactor of their fellow-creatures. Born of parents who were classed among the inferior rank of society, and brought up to one of the most humble occupations in life, he yet, by the aid of genius and perseverance, rose to affluence and honour. Richard Arkwright, who was the youngest of thirteen children, was born at Preston in Lancashire, sometime in the year 1732. In that neighbourhood there was a considerable manufactory of linen goods, and of linen and cotton mixed, carried on; and his acquaintance with the operations he witnessed there, seems, in early life, to have directed his thoughts to the improvement of the mode of spinning. This, however, he did not accomplish till many years had elapsed; for, prior to the year 1767, he followed his trade, which was that of a barber, but at that period, he quitted his original business and situation at Wirksworth, and went about the country, buying hair. Coming to Warrington, he projected a mechanical contrivance for a kind of perpetual motion; a clock-maker of that town, of the name of John Kay, dissuaded him from it, and suggested that much money might be gained, by a machine for spinning cotton, which Kay promised to describe. Kay and Arkwright then applied to Peter Atherton, Esq., of Liverpool, for assistance in the construction of such a machine, who, discouraged by the mean appearance of the latter, declined, though he soon afterwards agreed to lend Kay a smith and

watch-tool maker, to prepare the heavier part of the machine, whilst Kay himself undertook to make the clock-maker's part of it, and to instruct the workmen. In this way, Arkwright's first machine, for which he afterwards obtained a patent, was made.

Mr. Arkwright experienced many difficulties before he could bring his machine into use; and even after its completion had sufficiently demonstrated its value, its success would have been for ever retarded, if his genius and application had been less ardent. His circumstances were by far too unfavourable to enable him to commence business on his own account, and few were willing to risk the loss of capital on a new establishment. Having at length, however, the good fortune to secure the co-operation of Mr. Smalley, of Preston, he obtained his first patent for spinning cotton by means of rollers, but their property failing, they went to Nottingham, and there, by the assistance of wealthy individuals, erected a considerable cotton-mill turned by horses; but this mode of procedure being found too expensive, another mill was erected at Cromford, the machinery of which was put in motion by water.

The patent-right was contested about the year 1772, on the ground that he was not the original inventor; however, he obtained a verdict, and enjoyed the patent without further interruption, to the end of the term for which it was granted.

Soon after the erection of the mill at Cromford, Mr. Arkwright made many improvements in the mode of preparing the cotton for spinning, and invented a variety of ingenious machines for effecting this purpose, in the most correct and expeditious manner; for all of which he obtained a patent, in the year 1775. The validity of this second patent was tried in the Court of King's Bench, in 1781, and a verdict was given against him, on the ground of the insufficiency of the specification; but in 1785 the question was again tried in the Court of Common Pleas, when he obtained a verdict. This verdict, however, raised up an association of the principal manufacturers, who instituted another cause, by writ of *scire facias*, in the Court of King's Bench, when Mr. Arkwright was cast, on the ground of his not being the original inventor. Conscious that this was not the case, he moved for a new trial; the rule, however, was refused, and on the 14th of November, 1785, the Court of King's Bench gave judgment to cancel the Letters Patent.

The improvements and inventions in Cotton Spinning, for which we are indebted to the genius of Sir Richard Arkwright, and which complete a series of machinery so various and complicated, are so admirably combined, and so well adapted to produce the intended effect in its most perfect form, as to excite the admiration of every person capable of appreciating the difficulty of the undertaking. And that all this should have been accomplished by the single efforts of a man without education, without mechanical knowledge, or even mechanical experience, is most extraordinary, and affords a striking instance of the wonderful powers displayed by the human mind, when steadily directed to one object.

When it is considered, that during this entire period he was afflicted with a grievous disorder (a violent asthma) which was always extremely oppressive, and threatened sometimes to put an immediate termination to his existence, his great exertions must excite astonishment. For some time previous to his death, he was rendered incapable of continuing his usual pursuits, by a complication of diseases, from which at length he died, at Cromford, on the Third of August, 1792, in the Sixtieth year of his age.

He received the honour of Knighthood from his Majesty King George the Third, on the 22nd of December, 1786, on occasion of presenting an address, as High Sheriff of the County of Derby.

JEDEDIAH STRUTT, Esq.

Jedediah Strutt, Esq., the ingenious inventor of the machine for making *Ribbed Stockings*, was a native of South Normanton, where he was born in the year 1726. His father, who was a farmer and maltster, is represented as a severe man, who paid but little attention to the welfare of his offspring, whose education he neglected during their early years, and in whose establishment in the world, when arrived at the years of maturity, he took no interest. Nature, however, had invested them with understandings superior to those of the class of society in which they ranked; and notwithstanding the many disadvantages under which they laboured, their abilities became conspicuous, in their ultimate success and prosperity. This remark is more strictly applicable to the subject of the present memoir, Jedediah, the second son, than to either his elder

JEDEDIAH STRUTT, Esq.

OF BELPER.

or younger brother. Early in life he discovered an ardent desire for his own improvement, which at last grew into an habitual and strong passion for knowledge; and, unassisted by the usual aids for the acquisition of learning, he, by the powers of his own genius alone, acquired a considerable acquaintance with literature and science.

In the year 1754, Mr. Strutt took a farm at Blackwell, in the neighbourhood of Normanton, and, in 1755, married Elizabeth, daughter of William Woollatt, hosier, of Derby. Soon after this, an event occurred, which may be considered as the foundation of his future prosperity—it was to him *that* moment which our great poet describes as the

> . . . "Tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Mr. William Woollatt, his wife's brother, who was a hosier, informed him of some unsuccessful attempts that had been made to manufacture ribbed stockings on the stocking-frame, which excited his curiosity, and induced him to investigate that curious and complicated machine, with a view to effect what others had attempted in vain. After much attention, labour, and expense, he succeeded in bringing the machine to perfection, and, in the year 1756, in conjunction with his brother-in-law, obtained a patent for the invention, and removed to Derby, where he established an extensive manufacture for ribbed stockings.

About the year 1771, Mr. Strutt entered into partnership with Sir Richard Arkwright, who was then engaged in the improvement of his machinery for cotton spinning.* But though the most excellent yarn, or twist, was produced by this ingenious machinery, the prejudice which often opposes new inventions was so strong against it, that the manufacturers could not be prevailed upon to weave it into calicoes. Mr. Strutt, therefore, in conjunction with Mr. Samuel Need, another partner, attempted the manufacture of this article, in the year 1773, and proved successful; but, after a large quantity of calicoes had been made, it was discovered that they were subject to double the duty (viz. Sixpence per yard) of cottons with linen warp, and when printed, were prohibited. They had therefore no other resource, but to ask relief of the legislature, which, after great expense, and a strong opposition from the Lancashire manufacturers, they at length obtained.

Mr. Strutt, after residing for a few years at Belper and Milford, removed to Derby, where the first English calicoes were made, and the first fire-proof mill ever built was erected; the floors being all constructed on brick arches, and paved with brick. The building remains, but has long ceased to have any connection with cotton. Derby has since been the main centre of the commercial operations of the firm, and Belper of their factories. Mr. Strutt died in 1797, in the seventy-first year of his age, and was succeeded by his three sons, William, George, and Joseph, all now deceased. They had been associated with their father in his great concerns; conducted them afterwards with progressive enterprise, intelligence, and success; and were alike distinguished for literary taste and liberality of feeling. The works are still carried on by their descendants, and give employment to great numbers of the working classes in Belper and Milford.

Edward Strutt, the present head of the firm, now a peer, with the title of Lord Belper, was born at St. Helen's, Derby, in 1801, and educated at Cambridge, where he took the degree of Master of Arts. He entered Parliament as Member for his native town, took part in the stormy debates of the first Reform Bill, and soon afterwards married Emily, daughter of Dr. Otter, Bishop of Chichester. He held office from 1846 to 1848, as Chief Commissioner of Railways; again, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, from January, 1853, to June, 1854; and was created a Peer in August, 1856.

May the works long remain, and be sustained with all the vigour, enterprise, and skill of its original founders, whose family name is known wherever English cotton goods find a sale, and, stamped upon the great bale, is a sufficient passport for it.

* When Arkwright applied to Mr. Strutt, the machines were much embarrassed by the fibres of the wool sticking to the roller. This circumstance greatly annoyed Mr. Arkwright; and it is said that Mr. Strutt engaged to remove the evil, on condition of participating equally in the profits. They repaired to the mill, when, Mr. Strutt taking a lump of chalk out of his pocket, and applying it to the roller, the defect was instantly removed.

EVANS, OF DARLEY.

We believe the origin of the cotton manufactory at Darley, was through Mr. Arkwright recommending its erection to the late Mr. Thomas Evans and his Son, saying they would do well with it. The Messrs. Evans accepted his advice, and wished him to take a share in the undertaking, which Mr. Arkwright willingly agreed to do. On their getting the mill to work, in the year 1783, and finding it to answer their expectations, Mr. Arkwright was asked what share he proposed to take; he very generously replied, that he did not wish to take any share, but as it was a good thing, they might make him a compliment of one hundred pounds, and he would give them a full release; which was immediately done, and the money very gladly paid.

The family of Evans had its rise in the reign of William and Mary, by the marriage of Anthony Evans, of Winster, with Hannah, co-heiress of Edmund Ferne, a considerable landowner of Bonsall. The late Mr. Thomas Evans was a Banker, and for many years County Treasurer; he died in 1814, at the advanced age of 91, possessed, it is said, of a large fortune. Walter Evans, his son, who died in the year 1839, was associated with him in the Darley Mills, and built Darley Church and some private schools, all of which were erected at his own cost. William Evans, of Allestree Hall, who died in the year 1856, was a Member of Parliament for North Derbyshire, having been previously returned for the Borough of Retford, and also for Leicester; his parliamentary services extending over a period of about thirty years. This gentleman was High Sheriff for the County of Derby in 1829, and was an active magistrate, and often chairman of religious and other public meetings in the county; and his son, Thomas William Evans, is now one of the Members for the Southern Division of the County, and Chairman of the Quarter Sessions.

The mills are still carried on in the name of the original founders, and afford employment to a considerable number of workpeople, who reside in the neighbourhood; and the Boar's Head Cotton Thread, produced at these works, is now extensively known and appreciated, both at home and abroad.

SAMUEL OLDKNOW.

The Parish of Glossop, situated amongst the most mountainous tracts of the High Peak, has become one of the most important seats of the Cotton Manufacture in Derbyshire. In the latter part of the last century, there was but one mill in the district, and that was employed in grinding the scanty crop of oats into meal, for the food of a few agricultural inhabitants. The late Samuel Oldknow was one of the earliest manufacturing settlers in this vicinity; he found a powerful stream coursing its way through a deep dell, and instantly perceived the advantages to be derived from it. Having established himself near Mellor, his example and success in business soon procured him many neighbours. The first mill built by Mr. Oldknow was upon the Arkwright principle, but he improved the fineness of the cotton threads, and applied it to the weaving of British muslins in the power loom. Mr. Oldknow was High Sheriff for the County of Derby, in the year 1824, and was ever active in public pursuits; and towards the close of his useful existence he occupied himself much in agriculture. At his lamented death, which happened in September, 1828, he left the valley of Glossop improved in its agricultural produce, as well as enriched by manufacture; and it may be also said, that what he found a desert, he left comparatively a city and a garden.

We will now conclude our memoirs of Derbyshire inventors and founders of Cotton Machinery, by giving a brief sketch of William Radcliffe, the inventor of the Dressing Machine; extracted from a small volume, published by Mr. Bennett Woodcroft, F.R.S.*

WILLIAM RADCLIFFE,

"The originator of the dressing machine, was born on the 17th of October, 1761, at Mellor, Derbyshire. His boyhood was spent in carding, spinning, or in winding for the looms of his father and brothers; and when his legs had grown long enough to feel the treddles, he was placed on a loom to operate with it himself. In his twenty-fourth year he commenced business on his own account as a spinner and weaver, and about

* *Brief Biographies of Inventors of Machines for the Manufacture of Textile Fabrics.* By Bennett Woodcroft, F.R.S. London: Longman & Co.

SAMUEL OLDKNOW ESQ^RE

OF MELLOR MILLS.

1794 his chief trade was in muslin warps, sized and ready for the loom, and in the manufacture of muslins for the Manchester market.

About this period it was only possible for a weaver to dress—or starch—so much of the warp at once as lay between the healds and yarn beam, or about 36 inches; and he was settled but a short time at the loom, weaving this portion, before he was again obliged to dress another similar length, and so on from the beginning to the end of his work for months together, and by this continual interruption of one process by a different one, much time was lost, and the work was imperfectly performed. Mr. Radcliffe's first improvement consisted in sizing or dressing the whole of the warp *before* it was wound upon the beam, which removed the grand difficulty in the art of weaving; the labour of the weaver was now uninterrupted, his attention was drawn to one point only; the art could be taught to a youth in the course of a few days, and its practice was so simple and light as to make it the employment of women and children.

In 1794, two foreign merchants, who had occasionally purchased Radcliffe's muslins, were desirous of buying some of his cotton yarn for exportation to the continent, where it was to be manufactured into cloth. Mr. Radcliffe, from a patriotic sentiment, considered the interest of the country was sacrificed by the exportation of yarn, and that all the advantage derived from our greater skill in spinning should be kept to ourselves, and therefore 'piece goods' only should be exported. He refused to sell his yarn to his foreign customers, urging, besides, that it was illegal to export yarn as being an unmanufactured material; to this they replied that its exportation was not unlawful, as they had at that time bought yarn in Manchester, which they shipped at Hull for foreign parts without impediment.

During the five following years, although Mr. Radcliffe had not sold a pound of yarn for foreign use, he had the mortification to observe its export increase from year to year. The trade at length had become so extensive, that the manufacturers of cloth, alarmed at what might be its future consequences to themselves, began to agitate for an application to Parliament to prohibit the export of cotton twist. At a public meeting held at Stockport in 1800, Mr. Radcliffe suggested that with the same number of hands then employed in weaving, they might, by a division of labour, and the invention of some process to be substituted for the ordinary methods of dressing, produce a much greater amount of work, and consume all the surplus yarn at that moment spun for export. In conclusion, he undertook to devote his attention and exertions to those improvements, on condition that the gentlemen present at the meeting would, in the event of his success, pledge themselves to aid in procuring the desired prohibition of the export of cotton twist.

The sole management of his concerns at Mellor, Mr. Radcliffe left to his partner, Mr. Ross; and he purchased premises at the Hill Gate, Stockport, with the intention of placing in them just so much machinery as would supply the looms with yarn. In January, 1802, he commenced his operations in the new factory, and before the end of the month he began to divide the labour of the weaver, employing one room to dress the whole web in, to be ready for the looms in another room; 'and, in going on, it was found that by weaving the web, as it were, back again, the weft was driven up by the reed in the direction in which the brushes had laid the fibres down with the paste; and good cloth could be made in the upper room with the dressed yarn quite dry, which could not be done in the old way, when the weft was driven up against the point of its fibres; which showed the *reason* why all weavers are obliged to work in *damp cellars*, and must weave up their dressing about a yard long before the yarn becomes quite dry, or it spoils.'

By a mechanism, contrived by his ingenious assistant, Thomas Johnson, a weaver of Bradbury, that derived its motion from the lathe, the cloth was taken up as it was woven, so that the sheet was always of the same dimension; and the vibrations of the lathe extending to an equal distance, the blow, or stroke, was so uniform that the cloth produced was more even in texture than could possibly be woven in the usual way, except by very skilful weavers; and finally the web was formed at once from the bobbins, and in its progress was properly disposed, arranged, sized, dressed, and wound upon the beam; the various processes forming only *one* operation. 'Some difficulties had yet to be overcome; and it was only by dividing the warp, half the dry beams on one side, and half on the other, so as to have the yarn thin in the brushes, that this noiseless, simple dressing machine became complete.'

Patents granted for the 'taking up' motion, and for the dressing machine, were obtained in the name of Thomas Johnson, mentioned above, in order, according to Mr. Radcliffe, to prevent foreign manufacturers becoming acquainted with the inventions.

Mr. Radcliffe exerted himself to the utmost to introduce his system into general use; but the great expenses he incurred in experiments, added to what he imagined to be 'the determined hostility of the exporters of cotton yarn,' brought him into difficulties, which, in 1807, ended in bankruptcy. After this event, four friends lent him £500 each, and with the £2000 he recommenced business, and carried it on prosperously until 1815, when he again became embarrassed, in consequence, as the patriotic spinner thought, of his opposition to some measures advocated by his old enemies, the exporters and their friends. But his conscientious perseverance in opinion, distracting his attention from his private concerns, is sufficient to account for the misfortunes that pursued him.

The present Incumbent of Mellor states that Mr. Radcliffe, at one period of his life, performed the duties of parish clerk at Mellor.

His style of writing may be seen, and a little insight into his character obtained, by the perusal of the following letter to Mr. Samuel Radcliffe, cotton spinner, Stockport, penned by him on the subject of spinning; the original is in the possession of the writer.

(COPY.)

'Set the middle roller so as to gain upon the back in the least possible degree—this is the A B C of good spinning which can never vary under any circumstance, or any sort of cotton.

The next which may be cal^d the A B *ab* of a young spinner, which can *never vary*, is that the spindles never gain upon the delivering rollers more than just to keep the thread tight, but without in the least attempting to draw the thread finer, until the delivery stops, when a *real practical good* spinner can so humer the degree of twist, that the carriage may go on for 4, 5, 6, or 7 inches according the numbers of his twist, say 40, 50, 60, or 70^s & this without breaking a thread *if the roving are even & good.* This yarn can *never fail* to be what is cal^d the first quallity, fit for dying—for the first rate warps for cambric muslins—good shirtings—or what is now cal^d Power Loom Twist. But without this *precise process* no *first rate* mule yarn EVER WAS, or ever *can be* made! However there is something so delicate in the nicety of this management that a learner should first *drink deep* in practical knowledge before he attempts to touch this *pirenial spring,* or else his 'little learning will be a *dangerous thing.*' Therefore (until his experience has qualified him to do it) he may make a tolarable second article by runing the carrage out, & twist it at the head without attempting to draw it any finer than as delivered by the front rollers.

That the above are the *unvariable foundations* of good spinning which like the Laws of the Medes & Persions *alter not,* I challeng the first spinners in the trade to contradict me, & will risk all I have left (*my honour*) on the result & throwing down my glove in confidence no one dare take it up, I subscribe myselfe—An old practical spinner.

(Signed)

Octr. 6th, 1829.' WILL. RADCLIFFE.

He lived twenty-seven years in very straitened circumstances, and died, in his eighty-first year, at Mill Gate Hill, Stockport, May 18, 1842, and was buried in Mellor Church-yard."

ANECDOTE OF LORD PALMERSTON.

A FEW years ago, Lord and Lady Palmerston visited her Ladyship's estates in Derbyshire, and as it was known all over the kingdom that the Premier would have to respond to a complimentary address, about twenty reporters, representing most of the principal journals, visited Melbourne. Lord Palmerston was informed of the presence of the gentlemen of the press before the opening of the meeting, and being told that an important speech was expected from him, he said, "Well, I am sorry for the gentlemen who have come so far for nothing; tell them what Canning once told a deputation who asked him for a manifesto, 'Cabinet Ministers are like fishes; they drink a good deal, and say very little.'"

THE ACCOMPTS OF GEORGE ALLTON, HEADBORROW OF YE HAMBLET OF OKERTHORP FOR YE YEAR 1716.

		£	s.	d.
	Impr. Pd. for Taking ye old accompts	00	00	6
	Pd. for Ale att Taking ye old accompts	00	02	0
Decemb.	Pd. John Oldfeild a third part of a high constable warrand	02	06	0
Decemb. 29th.	Pd. a high constable warrand	00	07	10½
	For goeing to Chesterfeild and being sworn	00	02	0
	Pd. for a warrand for ye highways	00	01	0
	For carrying a woman to headge with a pass	00	01	0
	Given to seven Souldgears	00	00	8
	Given to a Seaman	00	00	1
	Spent att Alfreton when I went to speak to ye constable	00	00	2
	Spent att Anne Shores upon two Souldjears	00	00	2
	To two guides with lanterns and candles with ye Souldiers to higham	00	01	0
	Pd. for candles to Lite them	00	00	3
	For carrieing five Souldjears wifes to higham in a cart and other bagge	00	02	0
	Given to them five women	00	00	9
febr.	Pd. Mr. Newton for a man and two horses to Chesterfeild with ye Souldjears	00	08	0
	Pd. Wm. Harvey for a man and two horses to Chesterfeild ye same time	00	08	0
	Pd. Peter Kendall for a man and two horses to Chesterfeild ye same time	00	08	0
	Pd. Hugh Bruckshaw for a man and two horses to Chesterfeild ye same time	00	08	0
	Pd. a guide with ye other carridge to Chesterfeild	00	01	0
	Pd. James Taylor for his mare to Chesterfeild 2s. and her charge there 6d.	00	02	6
	Pd. Hugh Bruckshaw for a mare with souldjears another time	00	01	6
	Given to a passenger 1d. and for a hue an cry to headge 2d.	00	00	3
	To six or seven for staying by old webster at ye water side and for carrying him to ye church	00	02	0
	For goeing to pentridge and higham about old Webster	00	01	0
	Pd. ye crowner his fees about old Webster	00	10	0
	For goeing to ye crowner	00	01	0
	Given to a souldjear & two other passingers	00	00	3
	For going with a hue and cry to critch & another to higham	00	00	4
	Given three passengers 3d. and to a souldjear and two other men 3d.	00	00	6
	Pd. to Tho. Pursglove for stone for ye highways	00	02	0
	Pd. Tho. Brailsford upon ye highways accompts & going twice to Chesterfeild	00	07	6
	Pd. Joseph Webster for goeing to Chesterfeild	00	01	6
	Given to a souldjear and his wife	00	00	2
	Pd. for writing ye duplicate for ye land tax	00	01	8
	Pd. to Joseph Farnsworth upon ye highways accompts	01	10	1
	For writing three assessments	00	01	0
	For gathering eight levis	00	01	4
	Pd. Wm. Harvey for 13 Ld. of stone for ye highways	00	02	4
	For writeing and keeping accompts	00	01	0
		08	06	4½

	£	s.	d.
George Alton his receipts	8	2	8
his Disbursements	8	6	4½
out of pockit	0	3	8½

SAMUEL SLACK,

THE CELEBRATED VOCALIST, OF TIDESWELL.

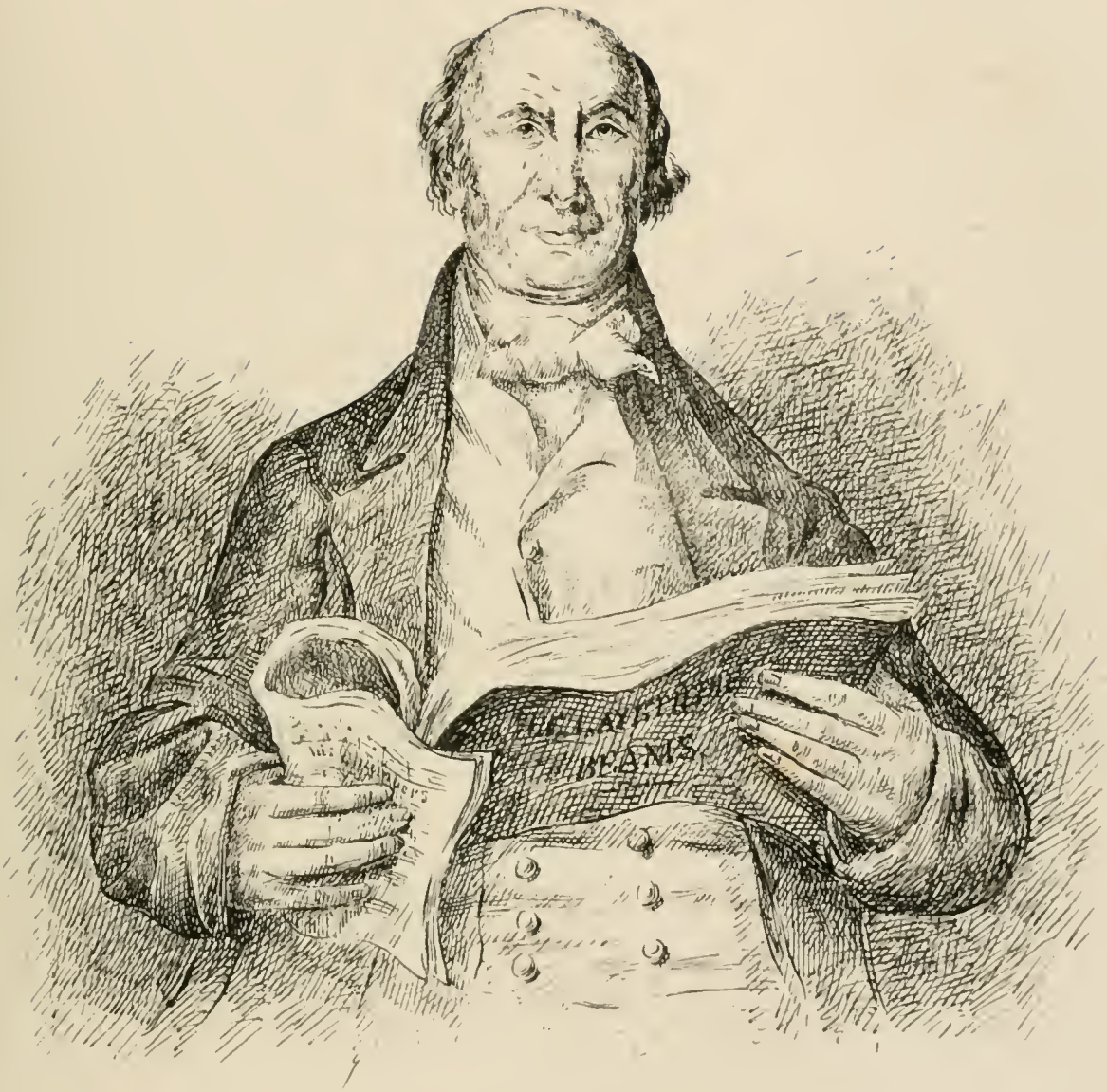
VAST agencies have been at work to conquer and civilize our globe—War, with its vigorous discipline, relieving massacre and desolation with the spread of useful arts—Oratory, with the force of speech and gesture, to inspire the popular will—the Fine Arts, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, to exalt human pursuits; but of all these agencies, perhaps none is so readily capable of diffusion and quickening effect, as Music, combined with Poetry: in short, the song, united with the chorus, appears admirably adapted to impress, inspirit, and harmonize the human race. How many tears were shed—how many bosoms glowed and thrilled—when the "*Times*" correspondent wrote home from the Crimea, the fact of our soldiers, amid the rigours and miseries of the trenches, inspiriting themselves by singing in chorus, "Annie Laurie!" or of the Federal soldiers marching into battle, to the song of "Old John Brown!"

The ancient law-givers understood this sentiment, and we read, that by means of the song they made their first inroads upon barbarism. Polybius writes, that the Arcadians, who inhabited a cold and inhospitable country, could only be civilized through the medium of music; while, on the other hand, the inhabitants of Cynetus, who neglected the culture of music, surpassed in cruelty all the rest of the Greeks. Athenæus assures us, that the promulgation of laws, both human and divine, the knowledge of all that related to the gods, heroes, and the deeds of illustrious men, were written in verse, and publicly sung, accompanied by instruments. The invention of these, also, was attributed to the gods; Mercury, as he walked along the banks of the Nile, struck his foot against the shell of a tortoise, whose cartilages, by desiccation, had become sonorous. Hence, so says the fable, the origin of the lyre. To Minerva is assigned the invention of the flute. The muses, originally, were said to be simply a troop of singers, in the service of the Egyptian religion. Bacchus was the inventor of theatrical harmonies and schools of music. All the principal early musicians, Amphion, Chiron, Orpheus, and Linus, were equally poets and real benefactors of mankind. So far the records of antiquity, wherein the vocation of music appears to have been to make inroads upon barbarism, while the calling of modern song is to conquer civilization itself; that is, to perfect, adapt, and harmonize all existing discordant relations between man and his fellow, wherever situated, by the potent energies of well-devised songs, adapted to all nations, and cognizant alone of the universal benevolent principles of nature.

As one of the humble means of diffusing this form of civilization, do we claim Mr. Samuel Slack, of Tideswell, Derbyshire. At a period in our history, when refinement was less common than now, and brutal sports were the rule, and not the exception, the subject of our notice, by his magnificent rendering of some of the sublime compositions of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and others, weaned many people from vicious indulgences, and contributed so far to awaken in many a household, higher and purer aspirations. He was especially great in oratorios, and recitative music, and performed with great success at the principal musical festivals held in London and the provinces. His minstrelsy was of such a commanding kind, that it not only humanized and melted, but kindled the human heart. Many of his vocalistic displays, in the various towns and villages in which he was engaged, gave fitful respites to drudgery, as well as gratified the finer tastes; he made many a crowded audience pause, while he thrilled them with one of the fine old ballads—those pleasing things which have sweetened the air of common life for a hundred years, and are even now fragrant and fresh as hawthorn buds.

"The Reporter," of July 7th, 1831, gives the following incidents, which are worthy of perpetuation:

"The amateurs of a choir of singers near Chesterfield, united with a few others, have at their expense, caused a stone to be erected in the Churchyard of Tideswell, to perpetuate the memory of the late Samuel Slack, who died August the 10th, 1822,



SAMUEL SLACK.

THE CELEBRATED VOCALIST OF

TIDESWELL.

aged 65 years. The monument is well executed, and bears a suitable inscription, and does great credit to the artist. A number of years had elapsed, and no mark pointed out the place where his remains were deposited, who for extensive powers of voice, as well as superior judgment in the science of music, had no equal, except the celebrated vocalist "Meredith." The wonderful vocal powers of the late S. Slack were first noticed by the Duchess Georgiana of Devonshire, who had him placed under the tuition of the great master, "Spofforth," under whom he cultivated his talent with so much success, as to procure him engagements at all the great musical festivals in England and Scotland, and they who have had the pleasure of hearing him perform in the SUBLIME compositions of his favourite, Handel, will readily acknowledge the vacuum in the chorus department, occasioned by his loss."

The following is a copy of the inscription referred to, which was inscribed upon his gravestone.

GLORIA DEO.
As a tribute of respect to the Memory of
SAMUEL SLACK,
This stone was erected by the voluntary contributions of the
Barlow Choir, and a few other admirers of that
noble deep-toned melodist,
Who Died August 10th, 1822,
Aged 65 Years.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that
He shall reign for ever and ever."
HALLELUJAH.

It is as a vocalist that Samuel Slack is entitled to remembrance; a qualification which, had he lived in our days of wide spread musical taste and talent, would have made him conspicuous. We are sorry that we cannot bestow those enconiums on him as a man which he received as a vocalist. He was addicted to some of the low tastes of the day, and also an inveterate lover of the pot and the pipe. He did not possess much delicacy in the choice of his company, nor was he very elegant in his conversation. But to comment upon this would be superfluous, as his tastes, education, and habits, were the result of poverty of his early days, confirmed by the too frequent example set him by those who having fewer excuses were still more guilty.

His infirmities were shared by the Drydens, Popes, Savages, and Burns' of the time; and every person of sense and gratitude will excuse them. The imperfections of the man, for which he was answerable to God, were sunk in his goodness of heart, love of truth, and in the fact that he was never anybody's enemy but his own.

There are but scant memorials of his early days, or of his first appearance in public as a singer, but of him it can be truly said —

"Slack, when first he struck the town,
Possess'd no slender musical renown;
Science his early song with meaning grac'd,
And practice soon improved his native taste."

We close the paper with the following anecdotes —

Slack was once commanded to sing before His Majesty King George the Third, and after he had retired from the Royal presence, one of the Lords in waiting was directed to inform him how much His Majesty had been pleased with his singing. "O," says Slack, "*He wer pleased, wor he?* Ah, I know'd I could dowt."

When Slack attended the Musical Festivals, he never cared to associate with the other singers after the performances, but would enter some low pot-house, and with his pipe and glass enjoy himself after his own fashion. His habits, as already observed, were rather dissipated, and his manners uncouth. It is related of him, that after one of his debauches he turned into a field and lay down to sober himself. He had not been long there, however, when a bull in the field saw him and turned him over, apparently to see if he was alive! Slack awoke, and when he became conscious of the savage customer he had to deal with, he bellowed out such uncouth sounds in his deepest voice, that the bull fairly turned tail and ran away!

OUR GARDEN.

"Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of his unrivalled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.
Happy who walks with him! whom what he finds
Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God."

COWPER.

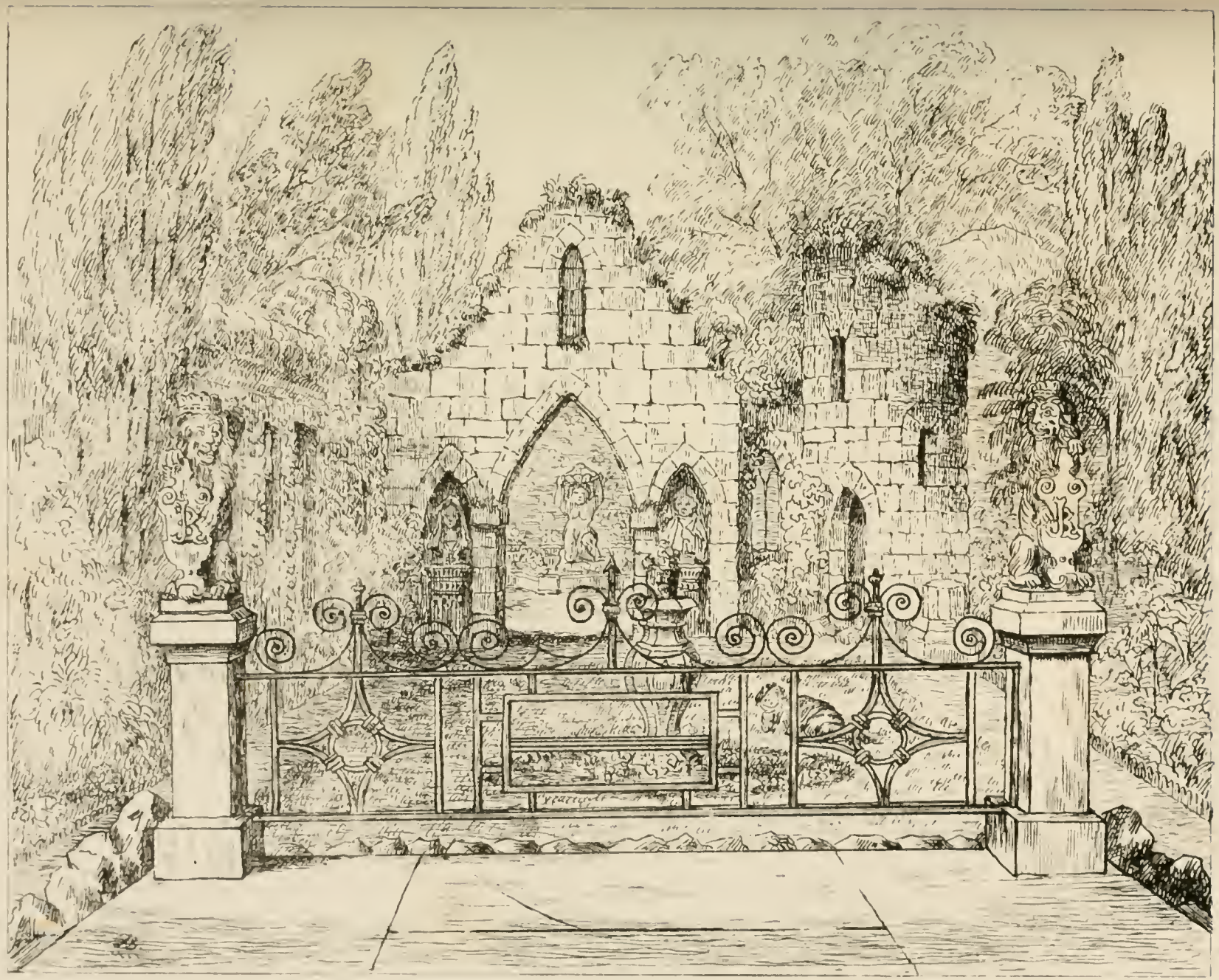
IF the admiration of the beautiful things of nature has a tendency to soften and refine character, the culture of them has a still more powerful and abiding influence. It takes the form of an affection; the seed which we have nursed, the tree of our planting, under whose shade we sit with delight, are to us as living loving friends. In proportion to the care we have bestowed on them, is the warmth of our regard. They are also gentle and persuasive teachers of His goodness who causeth the sun to shine, and the dew to fall; who forgets not the tender buried vine amid the ice and snows of winter, and bringeth forth the plant, long hidden from the eye of man, into vernal splendour, or autumnal fruitage.

What a relaxation is a garden from the excitement of business or the exhaustion of study. Here our summer evenings are spent in carefully tending and watering our favourite trees and flowers, in which occupation we find a double benefit—relieving the mind from all business thoughts, and in furnishing us with sufficient bodily exercise, after being confined to a close room during the day.

Lord Bacon describes a garden as the purest of human pleasures, and as providing the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man. "The breath of flowers," he continues, "is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand. Therefore nothing is more fit for this delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air." And he then gives us a glimpse of his own especial favourites. "The flower, which, above all others, yields the sweetest smell in the air is the violet; next to that is the musk-rose; then the strawberry-leaves, dying with a most cordial smell; then sweet-briar; then wall-flowers, which are very delightful to be set under a parlour or lower chamber window. But those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three: that is burnet, wild thyme, and water-mints; therefore you are to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when you walk or tread." Truly, this is garden epicureanism in its glory.

Pope, in one of his letters, says, "I am in my garden, amused and easy: this is a scene where one finds no disappointment."

Let us all try to make the great garden of the world all the more beautiful, by promoting the excellence of the little gardens contained in it.



VIEW FROM THE TERRACE
IN THE GARDEN OF
MR J. B. ROBINSON, DERBY.

ANCIENT DOCUMENTS.

Grant of Land in Derbyshire, from Roger of Brompton, Parson of the Church of Bradley, to William of Hertinton, and Margery his Wife. Temp. Richard II.

KNOW all men present and to come That wee Roger of Brompton Parson of y^e^ Church of Bradley and William Marsham have given graunted and by this our present writinge have confirmed to William de Hertington and Margery his wife their heires and assignes All the lands and tenements meadowes feedings and pastures w^th^ all their appurtenances which we of late had of y^e^ guifte and feofment of y^e^ said William of Hertinton in y^e^ towne and in y^e^ feilds of Hertinton. To have and to hold all y^e^ fore said lands and tenements meadowes feedings and pastures w^th^ all their appurtenances to y^e^ fore said William of Hertinton and Margery his wife their heires and assignes free quietly well wholy and peaceablie of y^e^ cheife lord of y^e^ fee for y^e^ services therefore due and of right accustomed; and we the fore said Roger and William of Marsham all y^e^ fore said lands and tenements meadowes feedings and pastures w^th^ all their appurtenances to y^e^ fore said William of Hertinton and Margery his wife their heirs and assigns against all people shall warrant and for ever defend. In witness whereof to this our present writinge wee have put our seales, their being witnesses John of Golbone, William of Cawardin, Nicholas de Penne, Phillipp of Hertinton, David of Malpas and others. Dated at Hertinton y^e^ Sunday next before y^e^ feast of St. George y^e^ Marter In y^e^ yeare of y^e^ Raigne of King Richard y^e^ Second after y^e^ conquest y^e^ Thirteenth.

Grant from William Coulbeard of Bradeley, Derbyshire, to John of Hodgnett, of all his goods, and the trees growing upon all his lands at Bradeley. Temp. Edward I.

TO all Cxian people to whome this presente wryting shall come William Coulbeard of Bradeley, Clarke send greeting in o^r^ lord, Know ye and every of you that I have solde to John of Hodgnett for a certen fine of money to me before hand paide all my goods moveable and immoveable wheresoever they bee within the Mannor of Bradeley or otherwise reteyning and have given to y^e^ saide John all y^e^ trees growing uppon all the Lands and tenements which the saide John doth holde in the Mannor of Bradeley for the terme of my life out of my guifte for his goodwill howsoever to him and his heires and assignes as they shall thynke most expedient while I live to cut downe and convert to his own use without the challenge or lett of me or of aine other whatsoever. In witness whereof to this present writinge I have put my seale, Theire being witnesses John of Whiterock, William of Wolseley and Richard of Mould of Bradeley, John Clarke of the same, Nicholas de la Donne and others dated at Bradeley on Saturdaie next after the feast of the Circumsition of our Lord, In the yere of the raigne of King Edward y^e^ ffourteenth.

RICHARD BIRKIN, ESQ.

WE are now about to introduce to the reader another of our representative men:—a self-made man, who has forced his way upwards and onwards in defiance of difficulties, such as a son of the working-class too often encounters, until now his name is as familiar as a "household word" to most of the inhabitants of Nottingham.

Richard Birkin, the subject of this notice, was born at Belper, on the 6th day of July, 1805, and was the eldest son of Richard and Hannah Birkin of that town. His parents were in humble circumstances, but were worthy people; and their means being limited, he was at an early age sent to work, and consequently had but little time for any other education than such as he could obtain after his day's labour. He continued under the parental roof until the age of seventeen, and left home in the year 1822, to seek his fortune in the neighbouring county of Nottingham, and found a suitable location in the village of New Basford, where he subsequently became proprietor of one of the largest and best-conducted establishments in the place. We extract the following from an article furnished by Thomas Bailey, Esq., to the *Nottingham Mercury* of December 14th, 1849, from which it will be seen at that date he had with much credit to himself, obtained an important position. The writer says: "New Basford, which contains, I suppose, something more than 3000 persons, is essentially a new place, a creation, as it were, of yesterday. Its population, with the exception of the junior portion, are almost all, by birth and lineage, (few of them being natives of the parish,) strangers to one another. They are, indeed, a new people; their houses are new, their employment, for the most part, new. The rise and progress of many persons in this hamlet from poverty to wealth, of some from the condition of humble operatives to that of master manufacturers, magistrates, and leading members of municipal corporations, is alike curious and instructive. Mr. Birkin, the principal manufacturer in the place, and at the present time mayor of Nottingham, is an excellent representative of the class to which he belongs, and from which he has sprung; shrewd, skilful in the management of his affairs, intelligent in all matters of worldly business, of indefatigable industry and indomitable perseverance in the pursuit of any and every object he deems worthy of attainment. He combines with these important elements of commercial and manufacturing success, a high and irreproachable character for integrity, morality, and an honourable and conscientious discharge of all the relative duties of social and domestic life. In thus sketching the character of Mr. Birkin as it presents itself to my mind, I confess that I am less solicitous to exhibit him under any peculiarly favourable aspect as an individual, than to pourtray the class to which he belongs through a true representative medium."

When the Great Industrial Exhibition was held in London, during the year 1851, Mr. Birkin was selected as one of the jurors for lace on behalf of Nottingham, and also held the same office during the Exhibition of 1862, and was also reporter for that article on both occasions. In 1855 he was again chosen mayor for the borough, and appointed a magistrate for the county, and also for the town shortly after. In 1862 and 1863 he again filled the office of chief magistrate; and in 1864, shortly after the termination of his fourth mayoralty, the magistrates and members of the town council presented him with a magnificent epergne and candelabrum combined, bearing the following inscription:—

PRESENTED TO RICHARD BIRKIN, ESQ., J.P.,
BY THE
MAGISTRATES AND COUNCIL OF THE TOWN OF NOTTINGHAM.
As a token of their appreciation of the valuable and important services rendered
during his respective mayoralties.
In 1850, 1855, 1862, and 1863.
Feb. 17, 1864.

RICHARD BIRKIN, ESQR

The presentation took place in the Town Hall, in the presence of the subscribers and their friends, when William Parsons, Esq., the mayor, addressed the assembly in these words :—

GENTLEMEN,—As I have the honour to occupy the chair on this occasion, and to become, as it were, your mouthpiece, I must in the first place ask your very kind indulgence, if I should fail to express myself in that efficient and eloquent manner, and in those terms of kindness and esteem towards Mr. Birkin, that it is your desire I should do, and which would have been the case if a better selection of chairman had been made. (No, no.) We are not met on this occasion to pay a mere empty compliment, but we are assembled to confer a visible token not only of our approbation, but of our esteem and regard, upon a gentleman for the very energetic and the very valuable services that he has rendered to the town on many occasions whilst in the discharge of various public duties. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen,—To enlarge upon the manner in which Mr. Birkin has attained to his present honourable position amongst us, would be to offend alike the delicacy of his feelings and our good taste; but the occasion itself demands that I should, however briefly, yet with truth and without flattery, touch upon those salient points in his character and conduct which have won for Mr. Birkin your esteem and admiration. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) Cradled in the lap of laborious industry, without any extraneous assistance beyond the natural and noble gifts of a clear head, an upright heart, and a willing right hand, Mr. Birkin has achieved for himself that position to which he has now attained, and he stands before us a fine specimen of the persevering, true English character, and a strong exemplification of the blessings of that free constitution of England—(hear, hear)—under which we all have the pride and privilege to live: (Cheers.) We saw him not idly waiting for the blessings of the British constitution to be showered upon him, but his desire has been to achieve them by his own exertions. (Hear, hear.) We have seen him the laborious artizan — we have seen him emerge into the industrious and skilled mechanic, — and we have seen him rise step by step, and ascend gradually in the social scale, becoming a manufacturer, a merchant, and a capitalist, his mental education, also self-acquired, developed by mental training, and expanding with his temporal prosperity, and, to his great honour be it said, rising equal to every occasion. (Applause.) Talents like these, gentlemen, and their justly-earned reward, might have been enjoyed by their possessor as a miser hugs his gold; but such enjoyment, although it might have excited the envy and admiration of many, would never have won for him any testimonial of public applause. Such, however, has not been the case with Mr. Birkin. (Cheers.) His talents and abilities have ever been placed at the service of the public. We have seen him taking an active part as a member of the corporation in the municipal affairs of the town. We have seen him elevated four times to the civic chair,—in the years 1850, 1855, 1862, and 1863—and in what manner he has fulfilled the duties of that high office on those several occasions it is not for me to say, further than that I am quite sure his immediate successor may vainly hope to give equal satisfaction. During two years of that mayoralty—1851, 1852—he rendered most essential service to the town in the Industrial Exhibition as one of the jurors, and he also had the honour of being selected as vice-chairman of the jurors in the great International Exhibition of 1861—1862. In that capacity, from his great knowledge of the machinery and the textile fabrics of the town, he was enabled to place Nottingham in the position which it perhaps would not have ranked had it been less ably represented on that occasion. (Hear, hear.) We have all experienced the obligations which we are under, peculiarly to Mr. Birkin, for the important services which he rendered to the manufacturing town of Nottingham, on the occasion of those two great industrial exhibitions. But, I think, perhaps, it is more especially with reference to the great services, the industry which he displayed, the time which he devoted, and the advantages which resulted to the town through his exertions during the four years of his mayoralty, that we are called together to-day to present our friend Mr. Birkin with the elegant testimonial which I see before me. As a magistrate of the town, and also as a magistrate of the county, Mr. Birkin has been eminently distinguished for the impartiality of his conduct, and his endeavours on all occasions to temper justice with mercy. He has, as you are all aware, been associated with most of the important committees connected with the management of various departments of this town; and his aid and assistance, both of time and money, have never been grudged to our local charitable institutions, nor withheld from the poor and needy. I have said thus much, gentlemen, because the occasion on which we are met demanded that I should do so; but to offer commentary upon the facts which I have laid before you, would, perhaps, be not so appropriate. The commentary is upon the table,—the result of your united wishes to present Mr. Birkin with something which may be a memorial of his usefulness to the town of Nottingham. I therefore, gentlemen, do not feel called upon to say anything more, and I will at once address myself to Mr. Birkin particularly. (Cheers.) Turning to Mr. Birkin, the Mayor continued :—As mayor of this town, and chairman of this meeting, and in the name of the magistrates and members of the town council, I have the pleasure to present you with a handsome testimonial, and to request your acceptance of it. It is a token of the approbation of your conduct and your career in the various positions upon which I have briefly touched; and I am quite sure I may add that it is the united wish of every contributor to that memorial, of every gentleman who is present, that you may live many years to see it adorn the centre of your hospitable table. (Loud cheers.) I am quite sure, also, I may add the wish that your children and your children's children, by looking upon that memorial, may be led to emulate your useful career. (Hear, hear.) There are three beautiful figures supporting that elaborately carved oak, which seem to be truly emblematical. Those figures are Labour, Justice, and Prosperity, and may not inappropriately be taken as emblematical of your own career. (Applause.) In your instance, certainly justice has rewarded prosperity, as the result of well-directed labour. (Loud cheers.)

The Mayor then resumed his seat, and Mr. Birkin made the following reply :—

"Ald. BIRKIN, who, on rising, was greeted with a round of applause, proceeded to say, whilst evidently labouring under deep emotional feeling :—Mr. Mayor and gentlemen,—If ever this tongue was unable to give utterance to the feelings of my

heart, it is on the present occasion. You will pardon me, I am sure, because the thoughts and feelings which you, Mr. Mayor, have enkindled in referring to different periods of my career, are periods which I myself have never looked upon with displeasure, but the contrary. I make this observation, not for myself, but for the encouragement of those present who are younger, that the most agreeable period in my life was when I was pursuing a career of industry, in the full hope and confidence that the time would come when I should receive the reward. (Cheers.) That time has come: I realize before me the fact that my fellow-townsmen—the magistrates and the members of the Municipal Corporation, who for the time being represent the public spirit, the intelligence, the enterprise, and the experience of the town—have met together and produced the emblem I see before me of their appreciation of services which they are pleased to say I have rendered the town whilst discharging public duties as chief magistrate of the borough. (Applause.) I say, Mr. Mayor, that, realising your kindness on this occasion, I feel altogether unable to make known to you how highly I appreciate this unsought and unexpected act of generosity and kindness, manifested in such a handsome and substantial manner. Whatever satisfaction I may have given to you, my fellow-townsmen, I would take this opportunity of saying, that not less on the first than on every subsequent occasion on which I accepted the office of mayor, I did so with a degree of fear and trembling, lest the dignity and the importance of that office should suffer through my inefficiency. Sir, (addressing the mayor,) in the discharge of those duties, whether on my first or subsequent acceptance of the office you now so worthily fill, I was on all occasions deeply gratified at the sympathy and the support which on all hands I received. It afforded me a convincing proof, however, that it is not altogether the Mayor, but a veneration which occupies the public mind for the antiquity of that important office which you, Mr. Mayor, have now the honour to fill. (Applause.) Sir, it was to me most gratifying to receive the assistance and support of all classes of the public in the discharge of those duties, and to know that the magistrates and my brethren of the town council ever stood by me, rendering me services far beyond anything I had ever anticipated. But, in addition to this, I have to thank the press for the uniformity of the assistance I have received at their hands. Indeed, of them I may say, that to me they have e'er been

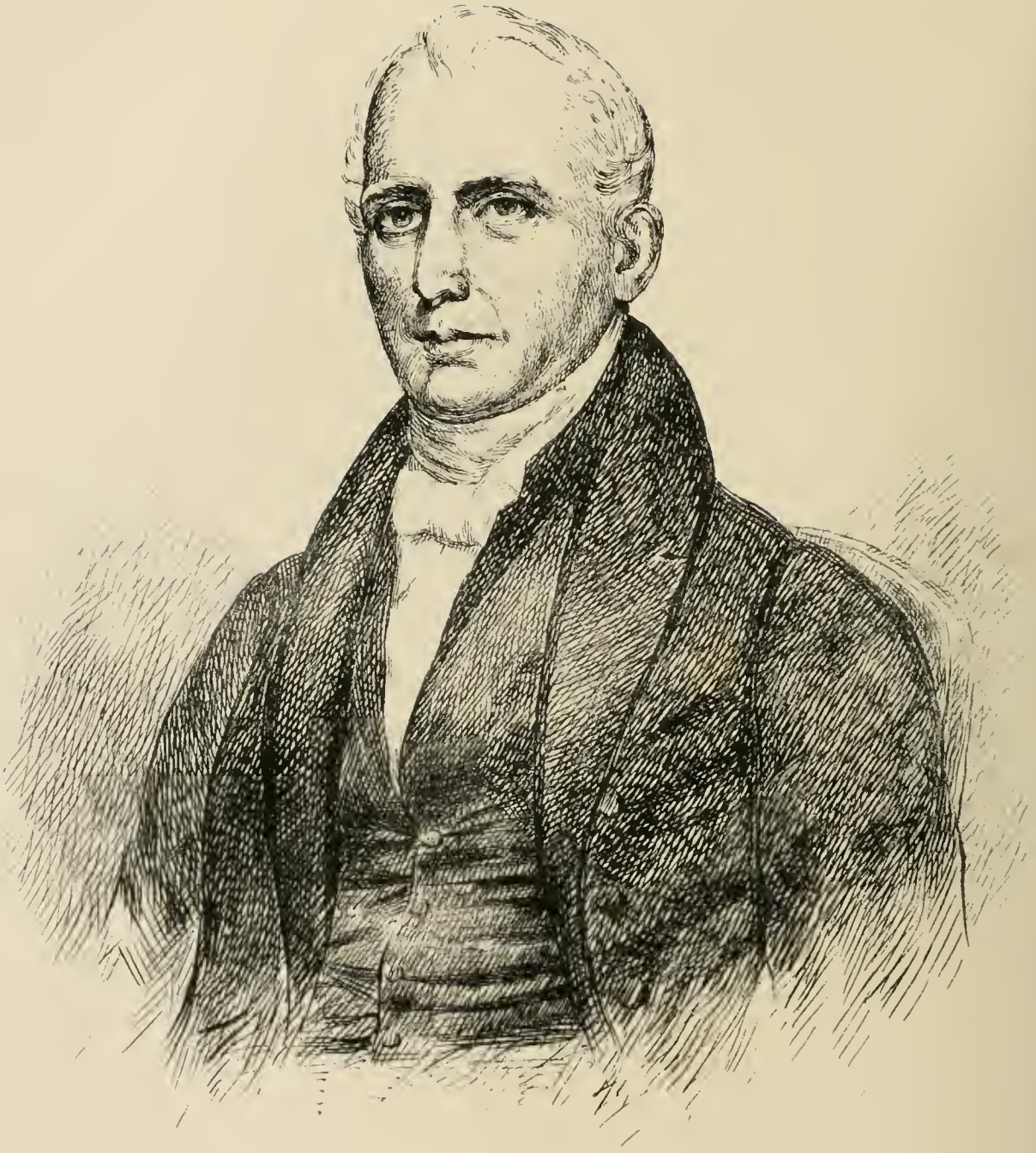
——————— "kind,
And to my faults a little blind."

Sir, I take this opportunity of tendering my most cordial and warmest thanks to each and everyone from whom I have received those marks of kindness and support. You, Sir, have referred to some services which you have been pleased to say I have rendered to the town of Nottingham, and more especially during the great exhibitions of 1851 and 1862. Perhaps I may be pardoned in saying that during those exhibitions, and also on other occasions, I have been brought in contact with the noble, the honourable, and the dignified, not only of this country, but of other countries; and that I often almost shrank from the discharge of the duties which devolved upon me; but, happily, I was fortified by that couplet of Pope—

"Honour and shame from no condition rise:
Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

(Loud cheers.) I can with truth and confidence say, that through life it has been my ambition to act well my part, and in doing that I have left it to my fellow-townsmen to declare whether I have discharged my duty faithfully, and to their satisfaction or otherwise. I know that in the discharge of those duties, whether they have been pleasant or otherwise, I have been animated by a sense of duty, and by that deep interest which I have taken, and must ever continue to feel, in the welfare of every one connected with this town. I have always felt that, as far as practicable, from the position which I held, I was called upon to do all I could to promote the honour and to secure the happiness of all my fellow-townsmen. I have friends here who know, however, that on one occasion at least—there are other occasions of which no one knows but myself—in which I have had to stand alone in supporting the honour of my fellow-townsmen. But, in this, permit me to say, I was actuated by higher motives than that of securing the applause of men, by that of duty; and now it is to me a source of great satisfaction to find that my conduct has won the approval of my fellowmen. (Cheers.) Having regard to your handsome present, and the kind, the thoughtful words in which that has been offered for my acceptance, language fails me to express the emotions that fill my heart. I can only thank you, Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen, from the bottom of my heart, for the very touching manner in which you have referred to my past life, and for the very eloquent words which you, sir, have employed in making this presentation. They have, indeed, touched my heart. Permit me, therefore, before I sit down, to thank you, sir, as chief of the municipal body, and all of the gentlemen whom I see around me, and whom I have the honour to call my friends—to thank you one and all, most heartily, most cordially, for the many acts of kindness which I have received at your hands. (Applause.) Gentlemen, in conclusion, allow me to express a hope that your lives may be spared to see completed those works which gentlemen of spirit and enterprise connected with the Corporation are now engaged in carrying out, and which, when finished, will, I trust, tend to promote the moral and social welfare of the inhabitants." (Cheers.)[1]

From these two speeches our readers will perceive that Mr. Birkin's business and social relations have been mainly connected with Nottingham. The allusions to his "important services to the town in the two International Exhibitions" held in London, are additional proofs of his judgment and social standing. He was well qualified to become the representative and exponent of our staple industry; and the manner in which he acquitted himself of his duty, deserved all the eulogium recorded by the Mayor. Nor need we ever to fear for the national opulence, consequence, or glory of Britain, so long as such enterprise, industry, ability, skill, and resolution actuates her merchants, as is illustrated in the career of Richard Birkin, Esq.



SAMUEL SLATER,
FOUNDER OF THE COTTON MANUFACTURE,
IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
BORN AT THE HOLLY HOUSE, Nr BELPER.

MEMOIR OF SAMUEL SLATER,

THE FATHER OF THE COTTON MANUFACTURES IN AMERICA.

SAMUEL SLATER, the subject of this Memoir, was born at the Holly House, near Belper, Derbyshire, in the year, 1768. His father, William Slater, farmed his own lands, but did not confine himself exclusively to Agriculture, being also a Timber Merchant, and Land Agent. Being a neighbour of Jedediah Strutt, of whom we have had occasion to speak, he once made a considerable purchase for him containing a water-privilege, on which there is now a very extensive establishment. He was otherwise engaged with Mr. Strutt in making purchases of consequence, who had a high opinion of his abilities, and integrity as a man of business. This acquaintance and these transactions, led to the connection of Mr. Strutt with Samuel, who was the fifth son, and is said to have resembled his father in his person, and to have inherited his talents. This enterprising son transplanted a branch of the Slater family into the New World, where they have grown and prospered for several generations. The mother of Mr. Slater was a fine looking woman, and was three times married. She had by her first husband, William Slater, a large family; William, who now lives on the paternal estate with many children, bids fair to keep up the family name in his native county.

Samuel, as is usual previous to being apprenticed, went on trial to Mr. Strutt, and during this probation his father fell from a load of hay. This fall was the occasion of his death, at which time Samuel was fourteen years of age. In the year 1783 he was apprenticed to Mr. Jedediah Strutt, who was then building a large Cotton Factory at Milford, and was a partner with Sir Richard Arkwright in the Cotton spinning business; the latter having been induced to this connection by the prospect which Strutt's machines afforded, of an increased consumption of yarn. Samuel Slater asked Mr. Strutt, before he went into the business, whether he considered it a permanent business. Mr. Strutt replied, "It is not probable, Samuel, that it will always be as good as it is now, but I have no doubt it will always be a fair business, if it be well managed." In the early part of our young apprentice's time, he manifested the bent of his mind, for he frequently spent his Sundays alone, making experiments in machinery. The expertness and propensity of his mind may be seen in the following circumstance. Mr. Strutt endeavoured to improve the heart-motion, that would enlarge or raise the yarn in the middle, so as to contain more on the bobbin. Jedediah Strutt was unsuccessful in his experiments, but Samuel saw what was wanting, and went to work the next Sunday, (the only time he had to himself,) and formed such a motion to the satisfaction of his master, who presented him with a guinea. Slater served his indenture with Mr. Strutt, and faithfully performed his part of the contract to the last day of the term, and there was a good understanding between the parties to the last. After his time was out he engaged with Mr. Strutt to have the oversight of the erection of some new works, in addition to the mill, and this general employment, with his close observation (for he always saw and heard everything, nothing could escape his notice), and retentive memory, was of great service to him in afterwards assisting him to erect his first mill in Pawtucket. If he had been confined to one branch of business, as is usual with an apprentice in England, his knowledge would have been inadequate to perform what he did on his first arrival in America. He had the confidence of his master, and became his right hand man, and he might have attained the highest eminence by a continuance in England. There were early indications that he designed embarking in business for himself, and it is said that he used to enquire of Arkwright and others, if they thought the business would be overdone in England. Yet it does not appear that he ever made known to any person his intention of leaving England. The motive, or inducement, and first occasion of his thinking of leaving Mr. Strutt, and what finally determined him, was his observing in a Philadelphia Paper, a re-

ward offered by a Society, for a machine to make Cotton Rollers, &c. This convinced him that America must be very bare of anything of the kind, and he prepared himself accordingly. He probably knew the risk he should run in attempting to leave England as a Machinist, and it was characteristic of him never to talk of his business — where he was going, or when he intended to return. John Slater, a surviving brother, says he remembers him coming home, and telling his mother that he wished to have his clothes, as he was going by the coach to London; this was the last time his mother, or any of the family ever saw him, till his brother John joined him in Pawtucket. He was aware that there was danger of his being stopped, as the Government restrictions were very severe, and very unjust; the officers were very scrupulous in searching every passenger to America. He therefore resolved not to take any pattern, nor have any writing or memorandum about him, but trusted wholly to his requirements in the business, and to his excellent memory; the only thing he took with him was his indentures, and these he kept carefully concealed. His appearance was also in his favour, it being that of an English farmer's son, rather than that of a mechanic. Though he left home for London, without making known his intentions, he did not design to leave his friends in suspense; he therefore prepared a letter for his mother, informing her of his destination; which, however, he did not venture to put in the post-office, till just before he went on board the ship bound to New York. On the first day of September, 1789, he took his departure from Derbyshire to London, and on the 13th he sailed for New York, where he arrived in November, after a passage of sixty-six days. He left New York in January, 1790, for Providence, and there made an arrangement with Messrs. Almy and Brown, to commence preparation for spinning cotton at Pawtucket. On the 18th of the same month, the venerable Moses Brown took him out to Pawtucket, where he commenced making the machinery principally with his own hands, and on the 20th of December following he started three cards, drawing and roving, and seventy-two spindles, which were worked by an old fulling-mill water-wheel in a clothier's building, in which they continued spinning about twenty months; at the expiration of which time they had several thousand pounds of yarn on hand, notwithstanding every exertion was used to weave it up and sell it. Early in the year 1793, Almy, Brown, and Slater, built a small factory in that village (known and called to this day the old factory), in which they set in motion, July 12, the preparation cards and seventy-two spindles, and slowly added to that number as the sales of the yarn appeared more promising, which induced Slater to be concerned in erecting a new mill, and to increase the machinery in the old mill. On his first arrival at Pawtucket, Slater went to board with Mr. Oziel Wilkinson, who had two daughters, and one of these, Hannah, he eventually married, and by her he had a numerous family, as the following register will show.

Samuel Slater and Hannah Wilkinson, married October 2nd, 1791.
William Slater, son of Samuel Slater and Hannah, his wife, born August 31st, 1796.
Elizabeth Slater, daughter of Samuel Slater and Hannah, born November 15th, 1798.
Mary Slater, daughter of Samuel and Hannah, born September 28th, 1801.
Samuel Slater, son of Samuel and Hannah, born September 28th, 1802.
George Basset Slater, son of Samuel and Hannah, born February 12th, 1804.
John Slater, son of Samuel and Hannah, born May 23rd, 1805.
Horatio Nelson Slater, son of Samuel and Hannah, born March 5th, 1808.
William Slater, son of Samuel and Hannah, born October 15th, 1809.
Thomas Graham Slater, son of Samuel and Hannah, born September 19th, 1812.

Mrs. Slater died a short time after the birth of her last child, and left her husband overwhelmed in business which was daily increasing, with a family of small children. Perhaps a mother's loss was never more severely felt. On the 21st of November, 1817, Mr. Slater was married to his second wife, who was the widow of Robert Parkinson, and had been known to the former Mrs. Slater, who had very much esteemed her as a friend. Samuel Slater died April 20th, 1835, at Webster, Massachusets, having previously taken his sons into partnership with him, and the Firm is still carried on under the name of Samuel Slater & Sons. They have seven mills — two of Stone, three of brick, and two of wood. Five of these derive their power from French river; the other two are in the centre of the village now called Slaterville, and obtain their power from Slater's Lake; the Indian name of which is *Chorgoggaggoggmanchogga.*

It is a large pond more than four miles long, and is a never-failing source of supply. They use 6000 spindles, and 90 looms, employ 180 hands, and work up 1000 bales of Cotton, which produce 15,000 yards a week, besides large quantities of satinet warps, and sewing thread. They manufacture, also, broad cloths, cassimeres, and satinets. In this branch of their business, they use 600 lbs. of wool a day, or 180,000 lbs. a year.*

A Son of Mr. Slater visited the old Holly House in the Summer of the year 1864, and had various Views taken as a remembrance of the place of his Father's nativity, which is still occupied by the Slater family.

SAMUEL GODLEY.

IN 1832 died Samuel Godley, well known by the title of the "Marquis of Granby." He was a native of Whitwell, near Barlbrough, and was enlisted into the Life Guards, some two-and-twenty years previously, by Corporal John Silcock, at Chesterfield. At the battle of Waterloo he distinguished himself so much as to obtain the honour of a niche in Kelley's History of the War (which also gives an engraving of the deed). That historian records his "deeds of arms" in the following words:—"A private in the Life Guards, who, from being bald, was jocularly styled by his comrades the 'Marquis of Granby,' had his horse shot under him, and his helmet knocked off. Regardless of these circumstances, however, he boldly attacked and killed one of the cuirasseers, and rode off in triumph with his enemy's horse, his companions in arms exclaiming, 'Well done, Marquis of Granby!' His skull was fractured in the contest, but he did not quit the field until the battle was completely won." After his discharge from the Second Life Guards, up to the period of his decease, he had been in the employment of the proprietor of the bazaar, Baker Street, Portman Square, London.

NOVEL MODE OF RAISING A GLASS OF GROG.

DURING the formation of the North-Midland Railway, in 1837, an excavator went into a public-house at Clay Cross, and, calling for a glass of ale, entered into conversation with the landlord, in the course of which the dishonest practices of the men working on the line were discussed. This person, who pretended to be a sort of overlooker, said that he had the good fortune to have an honest set of men under him, and that he was about to treat them with a gallon of gin, as a reward for their industry and good conduct. He then produced a gallon bottle, which he had previously half filled with *water*, and requested the unsuspicious landlord to add "two more quarts of gin," which was accordingly done. On a request for payment being made, he intimated to the landlord his intention of paying at a future day; but mine host, having no faith in excavators, refused to trust, and two quarts of the liquor were consequently re-poured from the bottle; after which the wily rascal, chuckling at his success, retired with his two quarts of water ingeniously converted into capital half-and-half grog.

* Abridged from a Work published in America.

STRANGE FAREWELL ADDRESS.

ON Sunday, August 27th, 1837, the Vicar of Crich delivered his farewell discourse to a numerous assembly convened for the occasion. He appeared much excited, and read prayers in a hurried manner. Without leaving the desk, he proceeded to address his flock for the last time; and as the discourse was of an unusual character, it may not be uninteresting to the public. The following, as far as can be recollected, is the substance thereof:—"To-morrow, my friends, this living will be vacant, and if any one of you is desirous of becoming my successor, he has now an opportunity. Let him use his influence, and who can tell but he may be honoured with the title of 'Vicar of Crich.' As this is my last address, I shall only say, had I been a blacksmith, or a son of Vulcan, the following lines might not have been inappropriate:—

My sledge and hammer lie reclined,
My bellows, too, have lost their wind;
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
And in the dust my vice is laid.
My coal is spent, my iron's gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done;
My fire-dried corpse lies here at rest,
And, smoke-like, soars up to be bless'd.

If you expect anything more, you are deceived; for I shall only say, Friends, farewell, farewell!" The effect of this address was too visible to pass unnoticed. Some appeared as if awoke from a fearful dream, and gazed on each other in silent astonishment; for others it was too powerful for their risible nerves to resist, and they burst out into loud fits of laughter, while one and all slowly retired from the scene, to exercise their future cogitations on the farewell discourse of their late pastor.

HIGH PEAK HOSPITALITY.

AN old man who had paid a visit to a relation at a distance, was quite in raptures, on his return home, with the kind reception he had met with. He said the kind woman placed before him the best food she had in the house, and prefaced his repast with "Eite, mon, eite." When he was satisfied, the old dame, although she had repeated at intervals, during the meal, "Eite, mon, eite," still pressed him. The man replied, "A' have eiten, woman, till im welly brussen;" when she rejoined, "Eite, then, and brust thee out. A' wooden we hadden to brussen thee wee." This was, indeed, killing with kindness.

FLOWERS OF POESY.

IN an alcove on the Heights of Abraham, at Matlock, about twenty-five years ago, some would-be poet, no doubt, after cudgelling his brains severely for a verse, had written:—

"He who climbs these heights sublime,
Will wish to come a second time."

Under this was added, in another handwriting:—

"And when he comes a second time,
I hope he'll make a better rhyme."

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT,

COPIED FROM AN OLD NEWSPAPER, DATED APRIL 2, 1719.

THERE is a Dr. of Physick late come to live at *Southwell*, in *Nottinghamshire*, who undertakes (with God's Blessing) to cure the four following Distempers with any Man in *England*, viz. Melancholy, with all the dark Incumbrances of the soul, and dejections of mind; witness Tho. Dumbel, Esq.; of *Lyme* in *Cheshire*, who was restored under that ill Circumstance to a Miracle. 2. *Convulsion-Fits*, tho' appearing in the most ugly shape possible; witness the daughter of Mr. *Briger*, in *Lancashire*, who had often fallen into Fire and Water, and now perfectly cur'd. 3. A *Consumption*; witness Mr. *Henry Lumbers*, of Chappel-a-Frith, in *Derbyshire*, who was reduced to a mere Scheleton, perfectly recover'd. 4thly. The *Stone;* he not only gives immediate Ease in the most acute Pains of that Distemper, but has a Remedy that has been found most Excellent in the Desolution of it; witness Mr. *Rowland Daintry* of *Newcastle* in *Staffordshire*, from whom he brought two considerable stones.

Note, He is always to be spoken with at the White-Hart in Newark, and likewise at the White-Hart in Mansfield every Market-day.

A NEW WAY OF SETTLING OLD SCORES.

ABOUT thirty years ago, a landlady in this borough threatened a certain schoolmaster, who had just put on a score, which he was in no hurry to pay, with legal proceedings. By way of settlement he sent in the following account, as a set-off. The junior members of the two families were on terms of intimacy, and the schoolmaster appears to have consoled himself for bruises received by his son during the term of three months, by steeping his sense of injury arising from his son's wrongs in the barley juice of the mother of the assailant.

FOR SUDDEN KICKING AND BRUISING —— JUN^{R}.

		s.	d.
July 22.	Three bruises	0	9
27.	Two ditto	0	6
Aug. 1.	One ditto	0	3
12.	Two ditto	0	6
21.	Kicking two scabs off	1	6
26.	Throwing a stone and cutting his shin	1	6
Sept. 5.	Kicking the old scab off, and making two fresh wounds	1	6
19.	Ditto	1	3
Oct. 1.	Ditto	1	3
	Sundry kicks and bruises	3	4
		12	7
	For Ale	11	9
	Due to balance	0	10

N.B.—I think this way is much better than giving magistrates money.

REMARKABLE

AND

ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS

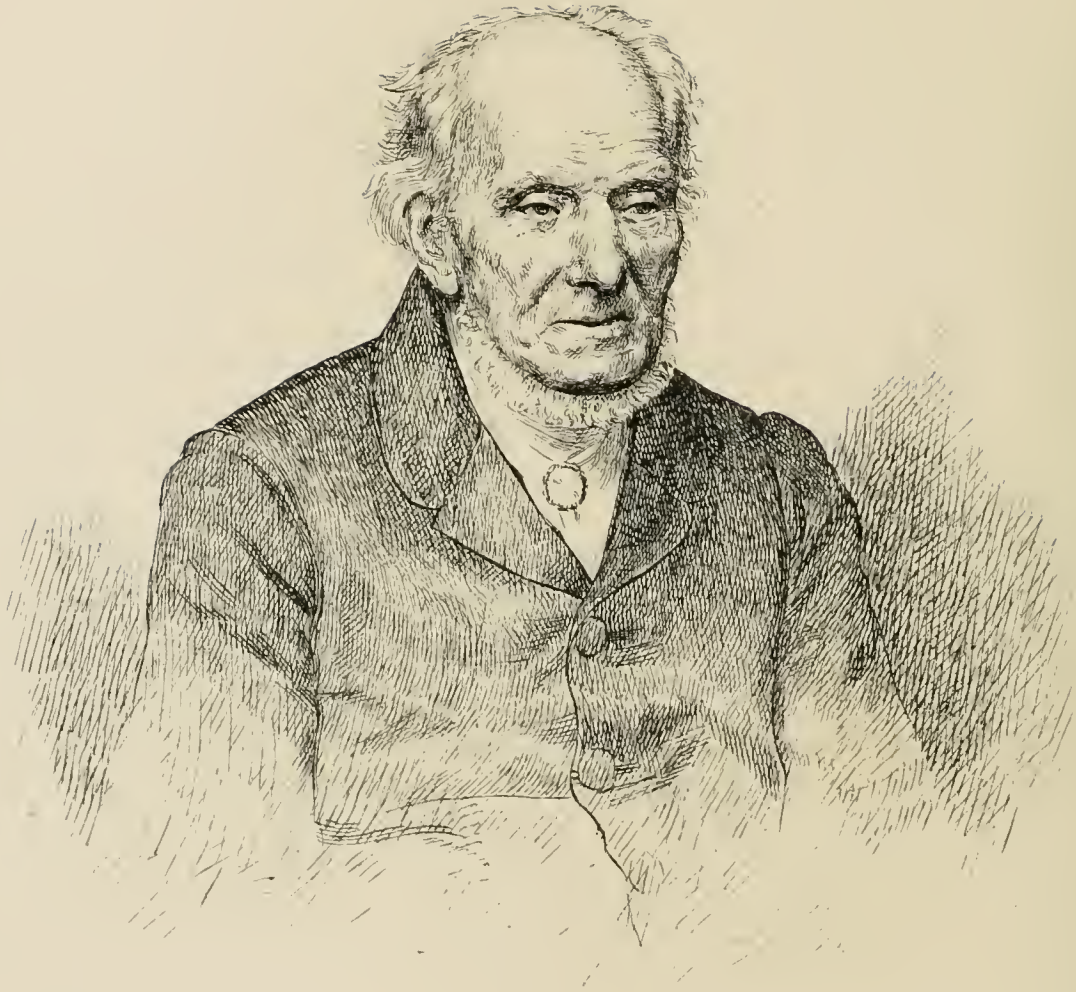
OF

DERBYSHIRE.

"What I have heard, permit me to relate."—VIRG. ÆN. vi. verse 266.

"So the bells of memory's wonder city
Peal for me their old melodious chime;
So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,
Remembering well the bygone time."

FROM THE GERMAN.



EDWARD FOSTER,

THE DERBY CENTENARIAN.

NEDDY PRINCE.
OF HEANOR.

BELPER JOE.

MR. EDWARD FOSTER,

THE DERBY CENTENARIAN.

"Hail, hoary pilgrim! venerable man!
What changes hast thou seen since life began;
What vast improvements in this land of ours:
Knowledge has spread, and men's inventive powers
Wonders have wrought, to lessen human toil,
Extend our commerce, and enrich our isle.
Statesmen have pleaded, poets sweetly sung,
To break the ponderous chain oppression hung
Round Afric's sons; and thou hast lived to see
Britannia set her injured negroes free.
What wonders, too, has piety achieved,
What moral wastes of barrenness relieved;
What graceful structures rear'd for praise and prayer,
That heavenward point, and that for heaven prepare."

BEEBE' EYRE.

MR. FOSTER, the "Centenarian," as he is generally called, was born in the parish of All Saints', Derby, on the 8th of November, 1762, and died on the 12th of March, 1865, at the ripe and extraordinary age of one hundred and two years and one hundred and twenty-four days. Well might our talented poet exclaim:—

"*Foster!* thy life is spared beyond the span,
The fleeting period in the life of man,"

for certainly it is allotted to few men to reach such a ripe old age.

Edward Foster was the son of a gentleman of that name, who had filled the office of land-steward to the late Sir Robert Burdett, Bart., of Foremark, Derbyshire. His grandfather was Robert Howard, son of the Duke of Norfolk of that day, who, having taken the side of the Pretender in the Scotch rebellion of 1715, was compelled to seek obscurity to avoid being tried for high-treason. This he accomplished by changing his name from Howard to Hayward, and following the occupation of a gardener in the service of a gentleman named Cotton, and subsequently in that of a farmer. He, like his grandson, lived to a patriarchal old age, having died at one hundred and four, and his wife at one hundred and three. Thus, we see that he came of a long-lived stock, a stock remarkable for an ample development of the vital apparatus, a capacious chest, large lungs, heart, stomach, all betokening ancestral and extraordinary longevity.

Of Edward Foster it could not be said, as Manfred represents mankind in general:—

"There is an order
Of mortals on earth who do become
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age,
Without violence of warlike death;
Some perishing of pleasure, some of study,
Some of disease, and some of insanity,
And some of withered or of broken hearts;
For this is a malady that slays
More than are number'd in the lists of fate,
Taking all shapes, and bearing many names."

But he *wore* out quietly, naturally, till the circling hours

"Brought the appointed time of rest,
And laid him down in death."

The subject of this sketch entered the Derby Militia, as ensign, when little more than seventeen years of age; but, volunteering into the line, he was promoted to a lieutenancy in the 20th Regiment of Foot, and served under the Marquis Cornwallis towards the close of the American revolution. He went afterwards with his regiment to Holland, under the Duke of York, and was under Sir Ralph Abercrombie in Egypt, and was a witness of the burial of that commander. From that period to the year 1805 he was stationed at Deal or Walmer, and often dined at the same table as the hero Nelson. Singularly enough, he quitted the profession of arms the very day on which Nelson was killed at Trafalgar, and betook himself to the fine arts, for which he had natural proclivities, and a cultivated taste. His portraits were a success, and gave the fullest gratification. He received the appointment of "Miniature Painter to the Royal Family," and received the special patronage of Queen Charlotte and the Princess Amelia, who appreciated his talents and his character. He had apartments allotted to him in the Round Tower at Windsor Castle, and his intimacy therein may be judged by the fact that he was frequently invited to join the royal circle in a game of whist. This appointment, besides its honour, was one of considerable pecuniary benefit to Mr. Foster, through the connection it gave him amongst the principal nobility. Afterwards, he exercised his profession as a profilist in various towns in the kingdom, and took the portraits of Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, and many other distinguished characters of the day. There are many alive now who can remember Mr. Foster practising as an artist in the Corn-Market, Derby, between forty and fifty years ago; and many of his artistic performances are still extant, in the possession of ourselves and other inhabitants of the town, which speak for themselves.

As a profilist his merit was something remarkable. He invented a machine, which, from its neatness and mathematical construction, was ranked amongst the most ingenious things of the day. The following complimentary lines, by the poet Ramsay, on the invention referred to, will give the reader some idea of its character. They appeared in the *Macclesfield Courier*, May, 1811:—

"First from the shadow on the polish'd wall
Were took those faces which profile we call;
The first was drawn by the Corinthian dame,
Who, by the art, immortalized her name;
From posture next improving on her plan,
The artist with the pencil took the man;
Yet oft the lines where blemishes prevail'd,
Were taught to flatter, and the likeness fail'd.
But how to form machines to take the face
With nice precision in one minute's space;
To paint with bold, unerring certainty
The face profile, in shades that time defy,
Where all allow the likeness to agree,
This honour, Foster, was reserved for thee."

Some time after the death of his royal patrons, Mr. Foster began to occupy his mind in the production of a series of educational charts for scholastic purposes; and these charts, to the day of his death, he continued to prepare and dispose of, as a source of income, though, at the same time, for the last thirty years of his life he presented no less a number than 5344 gratuitously to parochial and other schools. He believed that the grand aims of life could only be accomplished by a sacrifice of self: he carried with him to the grave the blessed satisfaction that he did his duty as far as in him lay to his fellows, by imparting to them as a free gift the knowledge he had gained at much cost and experience. Among these charts may be mentioned first, "A Chronological Analysis of the Old and New Testaments;" second, a chart of the "Histories of Rome, France, and Britain;" third, a chart of the "Histories of England from B.C. 1100 to A.D. 1852;" and "A Chronological Chart of the History of the British Empire." In a word, Edward Foster, by his cheerful and ingenious labours in the field of educational literature, not only contributed much to the success of our schools, but conferred a benefit on the nation, which, we fear, it but little knows.

Edward Foster was married five times. His fifth wife survives him, as does her only daughter, Phillis Howard Foster, both of whom, we regret to announce, are left totally unprovided for. As *he* had claims on the gratitude of the public, these claims are surely now due to his widow and daughter, and we trust they will not be withheld.

By his first wife, Elizabeth Ward, Mr. Foster had a son who acquired considerable celebrity as an advocate and lecturer on behalf of the Polish refugees. He had also a daughter, who was a very clever artist; but all his sons and daughters by previous marriages have preceded him to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns."

Mr. Foster's numerous marriages were the cause of no little badinage and many jokes at his expense in his day; and amongst various specimens of the kind, we select the following from the pen of a lady:—

"Mr. Foster married a wife, and then he lost her;
He married a second, and then a third,
And then a fourth, upon my word!
Laugh not, good sirs, for, I protest,
A fifth is added to the rest,
And a fair daughter calls him sire
At fivescore years. You must admire
My tale, if true,—
Why, Sir, I mean five score and two!"

Mr. Foster was in stature about five feet four inches, of a good complexion, well made, and very active. With great equability of temper he possessed a constant flow of spirits, which rendered him a pleasing companion, while his manners were natural, simple, and unassuming. He was one of those whose labour is their pleasure; he was never elevated by success or praise into negligence, nor wearied by neglect into impatience. He was endowed with a marvellous power of memory, which rendered his conversation on past events a brilliant treat to those who, like the writer, were honoured with his friendship. His social virtues in all the relations of life rendered him the centre of a variety of agreeable friends, many of whom now miss him greatly.

Age, in Mr. Foster's case, as it should do in all, brought with it veneration, respect, and calm delights. He could repeat with the poet:—

"Though I am old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood"

to any great excess.

As his long winter approached its termination, much of it was spent amidst the cheering sympathy of those who appreciated him. We are glad to state the late Lord Palmerston granted him £60 from the Royal Bounty Fund, which was well deserved, and proved of much service to him in his declining years. We are happy also to record that several complimentary dinners were given to Mr. Foster, when our municipal authorities and townsmen vied with each other in tendering honour to his reverend age and high character.

At the birthday dinner given to congratulate him on attaining the ripe age of one hundred years, Mr. H. Adams, the chairman, said:—

"MR. VICE-PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—Having known our friend and guest, Mr. Foster, for a considerable number of years, I readily consented to preside over this highly-respectable gathering, in compliance with the wishes of his friends. Many of Mr. Foster's earlier friends have passed away, but some of his later acquaintances are here to congratulate him upon his present good health, and to wish him continued health and happiness. (Cheers.) Our juvenile friend who sits on my right, looking more like a young Archbishop than a centenarian,—(laughter.)—betrays no signs of rapidly failing health, notwithstanding a life of great activity and vicissitude. Born on the 8th of November, 1762, in the first American war, many years ago he joined the militia, and when the French revolution broke out he went to Egypt with General Abercrombie, and at his death Mr. Foster returned home with one hundred and four men, all more or less afflicted with ophthalmia. His friends persuaded him to leave the army, which he did on the day Nelson died. Being of an active turn of mind, and having also a taste for the fine arts, he in the first instance invented and patented a machine; and in the second instance, he turned his attention to the fine arts. At the death of his son he took to the publishing trade, having compiled some charts, many

thousands of which have been sold to clergymen and other ministers, and have found ready acceptance in public and private schools. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, I cannot detain you at this festive board by relating all the incidents in our guest's varied life. I trust that you will not consider that we are doing homage to a second Bluebeard when I inform you that our guest has been the husband of five wives, (much laughter,) that he has had seventeen children, (renewed laughter,) that the first-born, if now living, would have attained her seventy-eighth year, and that the last and only one which has been left, we hope to solace and comfort him in his declining days, only a few days ago celebrated her tenth birthday. (Cheers and laughter.) As a proof that Mr. Foster is not a Bluebeard, I need only point out these facts to prove his veneration for and his high appreciation of the fair sex. (Cheers and laughter.) Though the snowy locks of our guest attest increasing years, yet if we look at his clear complexion, his bright eye when it flashes up, though at times a little dimmed withal, his clear intellect and retentive memory, we will not despair of being spared to meet him again even another year. (Cheers.) We all hope that years of happiness and prosperity are still in store for him; that, however, is a matter entirely within the dispensations of a gracious Providence, to whose behests we must all humbly bow. (Hear, hear.) But when our friend has entered the dark 'valley of the shadow of death,' having faith and hope in a bright future, he will at least have the consolation of knowing that he did not pass away from our midst unwept, unhonoured, and unsung. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, I give you 'Continued health, happiness, and prosperity to our juvenile friend, Mr. Foster." (Cheers and laughter.)

(Three times three cheers were given.)

Mr. FOSTER, on rising, had a hearty reception. He said:—"MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN,—The present moment is the happiest of my life. I am not used to making speeches, but I know how to be grateful. Providence has been kind to me. I am an old man, but get my living by my own labour, and I hope to be able to continue to do so as long as there is a necessity. (Cheers.) I hope to live a few years longer to meet my friends on future occasions. (Cheers.) You are kind to me, and I am grateful to you. Good health, prosperity, and happiness to you all in this world, and blessings in the world to come." (Loud cheers.)

His last hours were worthy of a good Christian. He died in serenity and happiness, in the full assurance of a joyful resurrection; and his earthly remains were interred in the New Cemetery, Derby, on the 16th of March, 1865.

EDWARD PRINCE,

OF HEANOR.

"A true delineation of the smallest man, and his scenes of pilgrimage through life, is capable of interesting the greatest man. All men are, to an unspeakable extent, brothers; each man's life a strange emblem of every man's; and human portraits, faithfully drawn, are of all pictures, the welcomest on human walls."

CARLYLE.

AS far as the physical mechanism of mankind is concerned, individuals are pretty nearly the same all the world over. They are all constructed upon the same principle, propelled by the same mysterious magnetic power, and subject to the same casualties. But although we match one another, bone for bone, sinew for sinew, we are neither mentally nor morally alike. There is as much difference in our dispositions, tempers, inclinations, ambitions, and natural aspirations, as there is in the markings of that curious gramineous production called striped or ribbon grass. Some are playful and harmless; others cross and ferocious. Some are inclined to honesty and integrity; others given to dishonesty. Some are open, kind-hearted, benevolent; others close, mean, selfish. We have Shakespeares, Johnsons, Burns', Dickens', and Hoods; we have also lunatic asylums, and hundreds of helpless creatures. We are as we are, and must be. We cannot take the temper and the intellect of one man and put them into another; no individual can change his nature, any more than the leopard can change his spots, or the Ethiopian his skin. We ought therefore to be lenient and forgiving of each other's failings or frailties.

Now as James cannot be John, neither can John become James; and as we cannot change their natures, common sense ought to dictate forbearance for their actions. And after all, what would this world be if all were alike? Merely a dull, plodding wilderness! It hath been written, "Despise not the day of small things," neither, therefore, should we despise those apparently insignificant characters such as form the subject of this sketch. A nation is composed of multitudes of individuals, just as the Tower of Babel consisted of an infinity of bricks, and the vast Pyramids contain blocks of stone beyond mortal reckoning, but all useful, and all necessary. The universe itself is made up of an infinity of small particles, but the combinations how grand — how glorious! And so likewise it is variety in the human world, as in the floral and animal kingdoms, that gives life, animation, and interest to it, and makes Shakespeare say that

"All the world's a stage,
And men and women only players;"

and he that would have all men of one stature and mental calibre, one disposition, and one creed, must belong to the unreflecting class of philosophers. "Why God has made us as we are," is easily answered; it is all for the best.

We trust these sentiments will be the motto, in reading our brief sketch of one of the oddities of Derbyshire.

Edward Prince, of Heanor, better known as "Little Neddy," was born, March 4th, 1800, and is now, at this writing, about 65 years of age. Neddy was the fourth son of his father, who was a stocking maker, and who had twelve children, all of whom, with the exception of Neddy, have the proper development of all their faculties. It is a curious physiological and psychological fact, that from seven years of age, his brain and mental faculties seem to have remained perfectly stationary: as if the brain had been struck with apoplexy, or paralysed with lymph, in the intellectual and moral regions. He is, therefore, still a child in his mode of thinking and acting; as a proof of which is the fact that he may often be seen playing at marbles and other boyish games in the streets, with children of whom he is old enough to be the grandfather. But

not only is Neddy's brain smaller, and his mental power weaker than any adult, his body has not developed either. Neither brain nor body are in a healthy condition, to manifest vigour or health, as he is only four feet and a half in height. To the anatomist, physiologist, and phrenologist, he must be an object of great curiosity.

We have not heard of any very striking incidents connected with Neddy's career in the early part of his existence to indicate his future state. He was sent to school young, as other children, and the rudiments of education placed before him. He did manage to learn reading, but never mastered the art of writing, while arithmetic was beyond his powers. Curiously enough, however, he can answer simple arithmetical questions tolerably, mentally, although he cannot figure them on a slate. A part of the education of the school Neddy frequented was seaming stockings, as the means of future usefulness to his parents, who, as already remarked, were in that trade. But neither corporal punishment nor persuasion could make Neddy perform this portion of his task, as he always asseverated that he "had seamed mony a dozen stockings at home."

At fifteen years of age, Neddy had a stocking-frame made by his parents to suit his diminutive size; and we learn that they had to exercise for years a watchful care and patience before he could be taught to work it. He continued off and on to weave stockings until he was forty-five, but for the last twenty years. he has either been unwilling or unable to continue it.

Neddy is a great smoker. He is generally to be seen with a pipe in one hand, and a tobacco-box in the other, and also a tobacco-box in his waistcoat pocket, and this gives us one illustration of the shrewdness so often displayed by creatures of his class. When he began smoking, about twenty-eight years of age, many persons used to teaze him with such questions as "Neddy, gie us a bit o' baccy." Neddy in response to this question adopted this ruse:—he kept one box with tobacco for his own use: the other was invariably empty: the latter was the one always presented to the questioner, who, seeing Neddy so short, would generally *give him* some, or perhaps donate him a few pence to purchase for himself! It was years before this trick of Neddy's was discovered; nevertheless, the kind, the good-natured, humour the joke to this hour. And why not? Many a penny is worse spent.

He generally carries about with him three or four pipes in his pockets, and such an attachment does he display for them, just as another child does for its toys, that his irritability is excessive, and his rage unbounded when any of them are stolen or hidden away from him, by those who are always teazing such harmless objects.

Yet Neddy possesses a firmness of purpose altogether surprising when we take his general character into account. As the phrenologists say, when Neddy's acquisitiveness is excited, he can display considerable resolution. About five years ago a few friends agreed to present Neddy with a new suit of clothes, boots included, on condition that he would abstain from smoking for twelve months. This was a hard condition to a poor creature whose pleasures are but few, and this one he had indulged in for the space of about thirty years! When it was made to Neddy, he pondered seriously for a few minutes, when lifting his head, he said—"Just let me smoke one more pipe-ful, and I will agree." The pipe-ful was smoked, the pipes and baccy-boxes deposited with his friends, as earnest of his faith and sincerity, and for one whole twelvemonths, in spite of teasing, taunting, sly insinuations as to his honesty, &c., Neddy, to his credit be it said, fairly and honourably won the clothes and boots! How many men who look down with contempt on poor Neddy's faculties, would make the same resolution as to spirits and tobacco, and —keep it?

We are sorry to add that Neddy's reformation in the smoking line was not permanent.

Neddy's brain, as we take it, is not so much inactive, as that its growth has stopped at childhood, and thus remains. When alone in the streets he is often heard talking aloud as though in conversation with some one; at such times his eyes are fixed with a vacant stare, nor does he seem to see or notice any one who may be passing or repassing. When in this mood, if taken into a house and given refreshment, so absorbed is he with some imaginary beings, that he will commence an argumentation with them, as though they were present: at other times, he will pretend to hold a Court of Justice, and take the parts of plaintiff, defendant, witness, and magistrate, to the amusement of the listeners. Then he will

assume the character of a husband and father, and act and speak as if surrounded with a family, to whom it was his business to give the most impressive monitions.

Like most semi-maniacs, his temper at times is uncontrollable, and he does not hesitate to throw anything that comes to hand at those who worry him. Swearing is a vice he is rather addicted to, but it is hard to say for how much of that and other failings those thoughtless persons are to be held responsible, who take a pleasure in tormenting beings like poor Neddy. Like many others, Neddy's disposition is not under his own control, as he is often heard swearing one minute and laughing most heartily the other.

Numberless have been the tricks played upon Neddy, but as they are such as are but too common in most villages where there is one or more of the idiotic class, we pass them by.

It is at the Christmas season that Neddy is up to his middle in merriment. He looks forward for these holidays with a serious anxiety. Then he dresses up in the best he can muster, or, in the words of a village bard —

"Dress'd in his best from top to toe,
Amongst his friends he then does go;
Many they are, and all show pity,
To this poor Derbyshire Oddity."

Neddy goes the round of the place at this season, and we hear that his average Christmas-boxes amount to about seven shillings and a few ounces of tobacco. The latter he saves for future emergencies, while with the former he pays for what wearing apparel he may be in need of.

Little Neddy often picks up a few dinners and other treats by such simple gymnastic feats as jumping over a cap, or any other object not more than five inches high. Owing to the peculiar idiosyncracy of his character, this jump is with him an extraordinary feat. He endeavours also to tell tales, but we are obliged to admit, constructiveness and language are so deficient in him, that but for his oddity of manner, there is nothing else in them to attract. He has picked up a few songs which he crones over to please his listeners, but his minstrel abilities are not of the first class — we give one or two specimens as illustrations :—

Billy is the lad I should admire,
Billy is the lad I should adore;
Now for him my love lies a-dying,
For fear I never should see him more.

Do not you see my Billy is coming,
Do not you see him in yonder cloud;
Guardian angels standing round him,
Do not you see they do my Billy crown.

Last Saturday night my money grew short;
We made a little serve us on Sunday;
I said, my dear wife, I'll better next week,
For I'll go to work early on Monday.

Our children stand round with submission and fear;
We've never no words but my love and my dear —
Although we've been married a dozen long years.
What do you think of this, ye that are married?

I have a good wife, a very good wife;
Although I've been a sad villain;
She's one that neither loves coffee nor tea,
Nor gallops about with the neighbours all day.

Husbands and wives should ever adore;
They may live happy though ever so poor;
May heaven above increase them with store!
What do you think of this, ye that are married?

Mr. Gillott, who many years ago was landlord of the Red Lion, at Heanor, used to tell the following. He had a fancy dog of which his family were very fond. Neddy having to pass the house every morning

for milk, the dog usually barked at him, to his great annoyance. Neddy used to expostulate with the animal, of course to no purpose: so one morning he seized the dog by the back of the neck, carried it into an outer building and hanged it. During the process of hanging, Neddy harangued the poor dog in this fashion. "I told you if you did not behave yourself what I would do: but no, you would keep yaffling, yaffling, and yaffling at me, and now you must hang for it." When Mr. Gillott became acquainted with the facts, he sent for Neddy to give an account for such conduct. He pleaded that he had warned the dog, but to no benefit; but, he added, "if you will forgive me, I'll never hang him again."

Neddy was not without a spice of wit, as was instanced when some relatives of his had played some silly joke upon him while asleep — he opened his eyes, and quietly said, "What poor *fools* you are!"

John Fletcher, both a friend and a tormentor of Neddy, was at one time very ill. After recovery, meeting him in the street, he said, "Neddy, why came you not to see me when I was sick?" Says Neddy — "I did not come myself, but I sent a *fool* to see a *fool*!"

On the whole, we may say of this poor Derbyshire oddity — this dwarfish, stunted, frost-bitten sample of humanity, that like finer-looking and wiser men, his cup is filled to the brim with griefs, cares, sorrows, and joys; that as he is now prematurely old, he finds the downward road to the grave a hard road to travel, and we hope all who have ever amused themselves at his expense, will do all in their power to smooth it.

As we have already said, his oddities and his semi-idiocy are no more his fault than is his short stature, and he might justly say —

"I am as I am, and so will I be;
But how that I am none knoweth truly;
Be it ill, be it well, be I bond, be I free,
I am as I am, and so will I be."

JOSEPH HOUGHTON, KNOWN AS BELPER JOE.

ALL large cities and towns have prominent features—in scenery, in public edifices, and in peculiar men. The former are known to the public at large, while a knowledge of the latter is mainly confined to residents. And yet no study ought to be more interesting than that of individuality, for

> "To him who in the love of nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language."

Many men have no character at all; they glide along on the surface of society like a chip on the tide. Others have character, but it is so near like that of the great mass of men, that it does not distinguish them from the rest of the world. A tree standing on a par with its brethren of the forest does not attract attention; but let it tower above all others, or, without great height, acquire an unusual thickness of trunk; or, let it attain all the proportions of a well-developed tree, and be dwarfed in size; or, let it be crooked and gnarled, whatever its size—and it arrests special attention, and becomes, in its day and generation, an object of notoriety.

It is precisely so with individuals of the human race.

Derby and Belper, like other places, have not been without their notable characters. Belper Joe, whose memory is, we doubt not, still fresh in the minds of most of the old residents of the neighbourhood, is the subject of this brief sketch. The accompanying likeness will want no indorsement of its truthfulness from those familiar with the original.

Belper Joe was one of those half-witted, semi-crazy, but harmless characters, whom phrenologists describe as deficient in the organs of comparison, and causality, and constructiveness, but yet cannot be classed as idiotic or insane. He used to pick up a precarious living by selling broadsheets when any particular event occurred, or any sensational story was in circulation. But there was nothing permanent in this. When he could not sell, he begged—with what success it is hard to tell. There are some characters over whom much mystery hangs, and which nobody cares to dispel. Belper Joe was one thus unhappily distinguished.

Of the birth, parentage, and bringing up of Joe, we know little, nor do many care to know. How he obtained the name of "Belper Joe" is also uncertain, as he was a Derby man, and ended his days in the union workhouse in this town.

When Homer died, seven cities claimed the honour of his birth; but after Joe had "shuffled off this mortal coil," Derby alone claimed the honour of having produced him.

Joe, like many other geniuses, was not fond of hard work, but necessity sometimes compelled him to try it, as a mason's labourer. But it was not in his way. The late George Benson Strutt, Esq., of Belper, used to notice him, and would give him work, when he asked for it. One time Joe was told to wheel a barrow over a plank to serve a mason of the name of Hallam, and on attempting to wheel it across, down fell the barrow, and Joe with it; yet, although unhurt, he set up a great bellowing, when Hallam told him the barrow had *no eyes*, and could not see its way. He then sent Joe to a butcher who lived near for two sheep's eyes, which he plastered on the front of the barrow, and told Joe he would now manage to wheel it. But on the second trial he was again unsuccessful, when the noise he made attracted the attention of Mr. Strutt, who happened to be near, and while Hallam was laughing at Joe he received a smart switch from Mr. Strutt's stick on the back, and was told never to plague the poor fellow again.

Old Mr. Jackson, a bookseller resident in Belper, fond of his glass, was returning home one night rather lively, when he met Joe, and asked him to come and have some supper with him. Joe never wanted asking twice where eating was concerned, and joyfully accompanied him, in the hope of a good tuck out, for Joe was a *gourmand* in his way. On reaching the house the family were gone to bed; but Mr. Jackson went into the cellar for some bread and cheese, and told him to eat as much as he liked. Joe, nothing loath, cut off a good slice, and commenced to gratify his gustative organs; but he soon began making such grimaces, that Mr. Jackson asked what was the matter. Joe answered, "This is funny cheese as youn gen me, mester." "Is it, lad?" and on examining it, he found Joe had been eating a lump of soap!

Joe was not a regular mendicant, but had special places to call at, where the inmates used to keep scraps of broken victuals for him, and of which he would eagerly devour an unlimited quantity in the least possible time. At one house they had kept a large dish of cold potatoes for him, which he ate so greedily that he was in danger of choking, and could just cry out, "I want some watter;" and after many efforts he managed to swallow the potatoes.

Another time, Joe called on a crusty old lady who did not like to be troubled with him, but he *would* stay, expecting something to be given him. At last, losing patience, she said to him, "Get out of the way; thou art as stupid as an ass!" Joe turned on her a comically withering look, and replied, "Yo are as stupid as two asses!" and ran away. But, generally, poor Joe's retorts were neither very pithy, nor well-timed. His mind was too impotent to be sarcastic, and too sluggish to be witty. His face never possessed such a sober seriousness as that of "*Touchstone*," the fool described by Shakespeare in "As you like it." Jaques is made to say:—

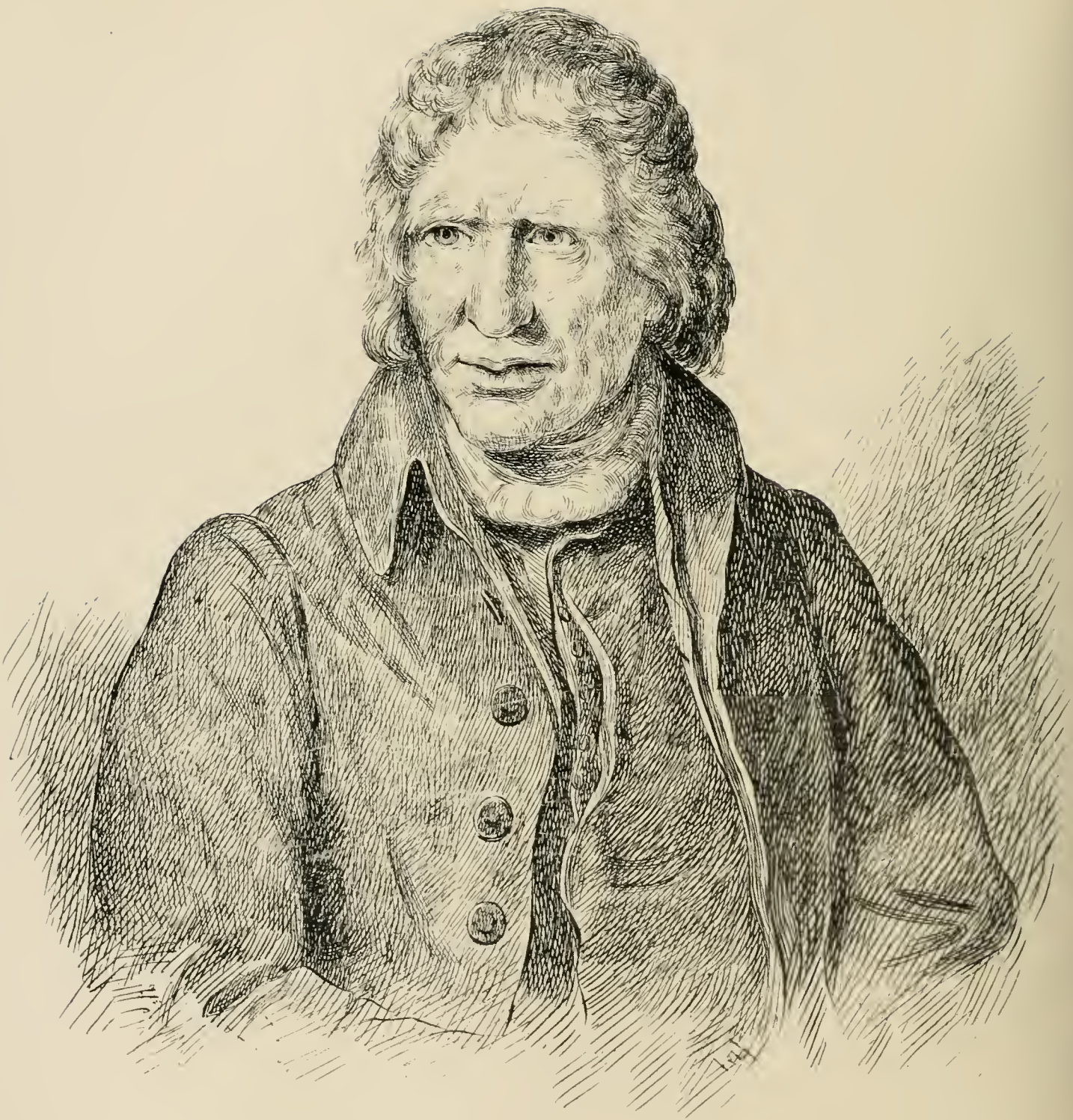
"A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I. No, Sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool till Heaven hath sent me fortune.
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, it is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags;
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale."

But, as we have already observed, Joe had apparently no philosophy, and less wit.

Wonderful as are the workings of the human mind in its normal or healthy state, there seems to be something still more so—something strange, mysterious, and puzzling—in its diseased action, as manifested in such poor creatures as Belper Joe; and we have often thought that nothing could be more intensely interesting than an account given by such a victim, during the lucid interval before death, of the operations of his brain and feelings during his lifetime.

Joe's clothes, like his mind, were often in tatters, and were generally worn as long as they held together. He was no great patron of the washerwoman, nor were his proclivities towards hydropathy. His face betrayed thoughtlessness, but he had few vicious habits. He was the butt and jest of adults and boys alike, but he seldom retaliated, as many half-witted creatures do.

The events and conclusion of his life may be a mystery; but of the seeming inutility of his existence it may be found that, when the clouds have passed away under the clear light of infallible certainty, the still and noiseless destiny of Belper Joe has worked out its part in the great problem of humanity as effectually as that of the proudest and most famous.



JOHN HALLAM.

DERBY.

JOHN HALLAM.

MORE is to be expected from earnest and laborious mediocrity than from the erratic efforts of wayward genius. It is thought that men are signalized more by talent than by industry. It is often thought to be a vulgarizing of genius to attribute it to anything but inspiration from heaven; they overlook the steady and persevering devotion of mind to one subject. There are higher and lower walks in the purposes of life; but the highest and most honest is the walk of earnest labour. We are often led to a contrary opinion by looking at the magnitude of an object in its finished state, such as the Principia of Newton, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of Rome, or the Pyramids of Egypt, without reflecting on the gradual, continuous, *creeping* progress by which they grew into objects of magnificence in the library or physical world.

These remarks are introductory to the subject of this sketch, who was more remarkable for tenacity of purpose than brilliant imaginings. Many of the inhabitants of Derby will remember John Hallam, and his eccentric manners. In the early days of Methodism he attached himself to the celebrated leader of that sect, and every Monday morning he attended preaching at the early hour of five o'clock, at the house No. 32, Full Street. Mr. Hallam himself occasionally preached, in the absence of a minister. He was also in the habit of holding forth in several villages in the neighbourhood, and not unfrequently held meetings out of doors, where he was so earnest in his labours, that he would continue speaking until midnight, even after every one of his hearers had withdrawn. It was his characteristic that he appeared to have felt intensely all he would impress on his hearers. No cold, nor formal, nor lifeless expressions escaped from his lips.

For some years he was also in the habit of attending the Methodist Conferences held at London, Manchester, &c.; but it does not appear that he was ever exclusively connected with that body, as he also was accustomed to attend the worship of the Established Church. His disposition was amiable, and his conduct inoffensive, but his person and appearance was singular, and his habits eccentric. It was difficult, if not impossible, to learn his special religious opinions; and his practice of always placing himself in some very conspicuous situation at church had the appearance of ostentation. The benevolence of his disposition led him for many years to visit prisoners, especially such as were under sentence of death. Much of his time was employed in attending the poor and afflicted, to whose relief he contributed not only to the utmost extent of his own limited means, but also by soliciting assistance for them from the humanely disposed.

> "Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
> And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side:
> But in his duty prompt at every call,
> He watch'd and wept, he pray'd, and felt for all.
> And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
> To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
> He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
> Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

He was fond of reading, and was sure to be present at any scientific lecture that was delivered in Derby, but could scarcely be said to have, or at least to avow, any opinion of his own on any subject. The habitual evasiveness of his answers to any question is most exactly described by Cowper's character of Dubious in his poem on "Conversation." His abstemious habits and eccentric appearance attracted

considerable attention, espccially amongst young people, and villagers where he was known; but the courteousness of his manners, and his kind attention to children, especially to the afflicted poor, never failed to procure for him a cordial welcome.

"Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began."

His death took place on the 19th of August, 1828, in his eighty-sixth year.

The portrait from which the accompanying engraving is taken was obtained, almost by stealth, by Mr. Macconnell, a clever artist, then resident in Derby, as Mr. Hallam had a great objection to its being painted. The original picture is now in the possession of Mr. Councillor Owen, by whom he was known and respected.

Several gentlemen in the town allowed him free access to their libraries, and he would enter their houses and pocket any of the books, and walk off with them without saying a word to anyone. This mutual confidence was never abused. His integrity was such that he was considered the most honest man in Derby. It is related that once walking down Sadler-Gate, he saw something glittering on the pavement, which, on picking up, proved to be a sixpence. He instantly laid it down again, observing that it was not his property, and walked on.

Many similar signs of character could be given of John Hallam; but these few hints, together with his portrait, will be sufficient to show that he was one of the stones of our social edifice;—not a corner stone, not an ornamental one, but still one who helped in a small way to make up the world. Man has been called a bundle of habits, and Mr. Hallam had some very queer ones: still, as a *good man*, he may, like Othello, claim the privilege of having done the world "some service."

OLD ROWLEY.

A STREET CHARACTER OF DERBY, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

FROM A PAINTING BY JOSEPH WRIGHT.

IN THE POSSESSION OF MR J.B. ROBINSON.

ROWLAND MILLINGTON, ALIAS OLD ROWLEY.

ON the opposite page we present our readers with a Portrait of Old Rowley, a street character of Derby, about the year 1760. We have been unable to obtain further particulars respecting him, should any of our readers be able to supply them, we will gladly find them a place in our next volume.

ABRAHAM JAMES,

THE VILLAGE ANTIQUARY AND POET, OF SOUTH WINGFIELD.

"Alas! when obscurity covers the Bard,
Then Fortune oft frowns on his lays;
If heart-flowing sympathy deigns to regard
His simple productions, this is the reward
Which smooths the decline of his days."

TO those who occupy the elevated places of society, and bask in the sunshine of fortune, the masses who toil and struggle at the base, present anything but an aspect of hopefulness, as regards intellectual or moral power. The demands of the humbler classes for a better education and political enfranchisement, have hitherto been considered in the light of heralds to a system of universal spoliation, anarchy, and in which intelligence and justice would find a common grave. How little room for these aspersions, or ground for these apprehensions, has lately been seen by looking at the patient heroism with which the toiling millions of Lancashire, Derbyshire, Coventry, Bethnal Green, and other places, have borne their lot of forced idleness, or unrewarded toil. The brief sketch of the individual here given, teaches this important lesson, that the indications of latent but undeveloped talent, and capacities of moral and mental greatness which occasionally break through the clouds of poverty and its concomitant influences, prove that every human being in the image of God, ought to receive a fair education at the hands of the State, and that mankind ought not to be chained down to the absolute necessity of administering *only* to the most sordid necessities of animal life.

"Oh! for the coming of that glorious time,
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this Imperial Realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to *teach*
Those who are born to serve her and obey."

Abraham James, born December 22nd. 1799, was the son of Joseph James, a school-master of South Wingfield, but his father dying when he was only a few years old, and leaving his mother to provide for herself, Abraham never enjoyed the advantage of a day's schooling, but was at an early age put to work

in a stocking-frame to earn his own livelihood. Thus was he excluded from the beams of learning at his outset in life, and accustomed to incessant toil from childhood. But he would not sink under this destiny, but strove manfully to emancipate himself from the discouraging circumstances. How in after years he felt the necessity which pre-doomed him to a limited education, may be partly gleaned from these

LINES WRITTEN IN EXCUSE FOR BAD WRITING.

I never went a day to school,
To learn the art how to control
My pen, when I attempt to write,
Or else you know perhaps I might
Have learnt the art as well as you,
Though my capacities are few;
What makes me worse, I have no skill,
To make a pen if I'd a quill.

Abm. James, May 19th, 1844.

LINES TO A FRIEND ON VISITING HIM.

I am glad to see those that come to see me,
For I know their intention is pure,
Or they would not come twice,
For I've nought to entice,
As that makes my visitors fewer.

Abm. James, May 16th, 1845.

But perseverance accomplishes wonderful things, and through it Abraham James taught himself how to write after reaching manhood. We have seen many of his efforts to improve himself in the caligraphic art, by copying the writing of others as closely as he could. His was certainly the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties!

As soon as he felt himself able to support a wife, he married Elizabeth Turner, of the same village, whose brother, Joseph, was a stonemason, and who advised Abraham to give up his stocking-making, and he would learn him *his* trade. This was duly accomplished, and proved much more lucrative for him. Abraham by this time having become studious and thoughtful, and possessing much natural ability, as well as the faculty of observation, was looked upon as the oracle of the village, and kept a Record of the Births and Deaths of his neighbours, and also a chronology of remarkable occurrences that happened in the village. He also accustomed himself to the composition of scraps of poetry on many events occurring in the village, some of which we give, and which contain the germs of much humour, intermixed with common sense. The following lines were found in his shoes by the shoemaker to whom they were sent for repairs—

"John Bunting, you these shoes must mend,
And have them done by this week's end;
The soles and heels you must repair,
And make them me quite fit for wear.

In working use the best of leather;
Be sure to sew them well together,
And when you've made these shoes complete,
Be honest and do not me cheat.

With reason you must set the price,
You shall not have to ask for't twice;
Thus you'll oblige him who remains
Your humble servant,

ABRAHAM JAMES.

Matthew Turner, a relative, having killed a pig and not having sent him any fry, as is customary amongst neighbours, Abraham addressed to him the following lines, pretending not to believe that he *had* killed one.

South Wingfield, Feby. 9th, 1845.

DEAR SIR,

I heard it said the other day,
(But cannot think it's true,)
It's hard to credit all they say
Of either me or you.
But true or false I heard it said,
And that by not a few;
But if one rose up from the dead,
I'd tell him it's not true.
They say you've killed your fatted swine
(But that must be a lie),
As I've ne'er had a bit of chine,
Or seen a single fry;
And thus to make it more perplexing,
And strengthen their report,
They say you've sent in each direction,
Both spare-rib, pie, and pork!
Whatever will not people say?
They can never think of dying!
Let you, and me, and all men pray,
To be preserved from lying.

Matthew Turner answered the foregoing lines by stating that his motto was to give to them who gave to him, and that his pig was not so large a one as Abraham's, which was untrue.

The following was the reply —

South Wingfield, Feby. 11th, 1845.

DEAR SIR,

You own that you have killed your pig,
But say it was not quite so big
As mine, but that's a poor excuse,
And really is of little use.
I did not wish to beg your pie,
Or scraps, or pork, indeed not I,
But as I was so very poor,
Together with a many more
Of your relations, here in town,
You might have sent a little down.
When I killed my pig, it's true,
I did not send a piece to you,
Fearing that you might be offended,
And not have thought yourself befriended,
And, thus because I did not cram
One that was full, I now must *cram!*
Well, never mind, that's not my plan,
I'll act a part more like a man,
And give to those who *can't* repay,
For this is what the Scriptures say.
When I killed my pig, ask them all,
I gave to Fantoms, Coops, and Paul,
Now these are all your sisters dear,
Who kill no pig at all this year;
And yet I could not pass them by
But sent them all a handsome fry.
Then how could I have acted fairer
To them, or to your poor Aunt Sarah?

But now I feel I must give o'er,
Or I could say a great deal more;
My head's so bad I cannot write,
So I shall bid you now good night.
But change your "Motto" for the future,
(Perhaps my nonsense will not suit you,)
And give to them who daily pine,
Although they never kill a swine.

ABRAHAM JAMES.

Abraham's garden, attached to his own house, was the picture of neatness in its trim and orderly appearance; and here he had many choice fossils, collected from various places in the neighbourhood; while inside the house he treasured various antiquities which he had collected, amongst which may be mentioned a Cannon Ball, and some fragments of Bomb Shells, found while working at the Old Manor House, when he was frequently employed in repairing the old fabric and preventing any further decay in this fine old Ruin. It was one of his inexhaustible pleasures to explore this old place to search for foundations, and give his opinion as to what portions of the original structure they had formed a part. We have often thought how delighted he would have been to have lived in the neighbourhood of Herculaneum or Pompeii, when those remains of past ages were first discovered.

He had a good eye for the geological and mineral productions of the county, and could describe and appreciate the uses of each. *En passant*, we give the following.

A man of Crich, the neighbouring village, writing to him, boasted of what that parish contained; but as it contained no coal, Abraham answered him thus:—

You boast of your Crich what it does but contain;
There is Spar, Moss, and Turf, and a long worthless train:
But if you be sane, I am sure you will yield,
And say there's no place like to dear South Wingfield.
It stands on a hill, yet it seems in a hole,
And look how the parish abounds with good coal
To warm you in Winter, in Frost, and in Snow,
Without which, whatever would starving Crich do.

About the year 1848, a great spiritual change came over him, and he joined the Wesleyan Methodists, of which sect he continued a member until his death. It was to him a great pleasure to visit Derby, and inspect our own museum, during which his thoughts appeared to be quite absorbed by the contemplation of the objects before him. On one occasion we sent by a friend a grotesque head carved in stone for him to place in his garden, and for this present we received the following poetical letter of thanks:—

South Wingfield, July 19th, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR,

No words of mine can half express,
Or tell to you my thankfulness,
For sending me this head of stone,
Where every feature's neatly shown.
What could induce my worthy friend
This handsome present thus to send?
Or what could be his kind intent
To one so insignificant?
But when I think from whom descended,
No wonder I am thus befriended;
A family so well disposed,
The secret is at once disclosed.
And now I'm at a loss to know,
What act of kindness I can show;
But I must with truth confess,
I see my utter helplesness.
Accept my thanks, it's all my store,
More you should have, if I had more.

Yours very sincerely,

To Mr. J. B. ROBINSON. ABRAHAM JAMES.

In the foregoing letter reference is made to my own family, who have been residents in the parish of South Wingfield for many generations, and which is also my own birthplace.

Abraham James died June 6th, 1864: his wife still survives. He had nine children, eight of whom, two sons and six daughters, are still living, and are all, with the exception of the eldest son, still residing at Wingfield. His death took place after an illness of a few months, and was a most happy one, for he died, as he had lived, a good man and a sincere Christian, and now sleeps in the village churchyard, in the midst of his own kindred. Unfortunately we are unable to give his portrait, as, we believe, he never would have it taken.

We have not left ourselves space to give more of his poetic scraps than the following:—

A FEW LINES TO A FRIEND ON HIS PRESENTING HIM WITH A LOOKING-GLASS.

Oh, how neatly I can shave me,
By the looking-glass you gave me,
For it shows me every feature
Of a vile and sinful creature.
Oh, that when I look therein,
I may see the face of sin
In its dire and blackest form,
So that I may shrink therefrom,
And its consequences dread,
When I am numbered with the dead.

EXTRACTS FROM A CHRONOLOGY OF REMARKABLE EVENTS, OCCURRING AT SOUTH WINGFIELD, BY ABRAHAM JAMES.

A great earthquaque happened March 17th, 1816.

Four men Hanged at Derby, for burning Mr. Halton's stacks, Augst. 15, 1817.

In 1829, from the first week in May until the 21st of June, there was no rain, and the weather very hot; all the pastures were burnt up, and there was a very light mow.

The first load of machinery for the Park Mill was sent for to Manchester, Octr. 13th, 1792, by Alexander Johnson.

The first turn-out of the Stockingers, Augst. 21st, 1819. They resumed work Augst. 28th, 1819.

A terrible high wind did much damage, Decr. 5 & 6, 1822.

A Fiery Meteor seen at the time the Moon was Eclipsed, Jany. 26, 1823.

The mild winter preceding the spring of 1824, the ground never covered with snow until the 11th of March.

The well in old Hunt's croft laid dry, March 18th, 1824.

The trees planted in the bull croft, March 27th, 1824.

The Church Lane Hill finished cutting, July 30th, 1825.

The Church Steeple pointed in Octr., 1825.

A most terrible hail-storm, which broke nearly £100 worth of windows in the village, and did several thousand pounds damage in the parish. The corn was nearly all destroyed, scarcely an ear left standing; vast quantities of little birds were killed. Many of the hail-stones which fell were as large as pigeon's eggs, and some were larger than geese eggs; and notwithstanding the excessive heat of the sun, they lay upon the ground four days, before they were melted. This mournful visitation happened on Saturday, July 1st, 1826, between 5 & 6 o'clock in the evening.

A dark circle was observed round the sun, July 3rd, 1826.

The dryness of the summer of 1827, and the effects of the storm on July 1st, 1826, caused hay to sell at the enormous rate of from £12 to £14 per ton, straw from £4 to £5 per ton, and potatoes 10s. to 12s. per bushel.

Old Mrs. Turner, of Morewood Moor, died December 3rd, 1827, in the 103rd year of her age.

A large circle round the sun, at 9 in the morning, and a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning for 7 hours, beginning at 8 p.m. July 24th, 1829.

The last week in March, 1830, was uncommonly hot and fine weather, but the first day of April was prodigiously cold; and on the second and third, a great snow fell, to the depth of 8 inches on the level ground; which lay in different places till the 11th, accompanied with hard frost. Gooseberry and other trees were in full bloom and leaf.

The road up the Manor hill and over the lawn stopped, May 1st, 1830.

The well by the turnpike side, on the green, re-opened by Abm. James and George Harvey, April 16, 1830.

On the 6th of May, 1831, the ground was covered over with snow, and on the 7th there was a sharp frost.

Colonel Wingfield Halton, Justice of the Peace, died on Friday, Augst. 26th, 1831, and was interred in the family vault at Wingfield, on the Wednesday following, August 31st, 1831.

Old Wm. Ludlam, of Riber, died June 3rd, 1832. He was in a trance a few weeks before, and saw a many in both places, that he knew.

EDWARD STAINESBY, ALIAS "RABBI,"

THE NOTED FOOT-RACER, OF HEANOR.

DERBYSHIRE is noted to the naturalist, artist, and antiquarian, for its scenery, hills, dales, ancient buildings, Druidical remains, rocks and rivers; but, as these sketches prove, it is equally noted for its multiform phases of the "human form divine," and its various characters yield a stronger attraction to the physiologist, phrenologist, and philanthropist, than the study of mere botany, ornithology, or natural history. *Mental physiognomy*, as exhibited in our fellow-creatures, is the most interesting of all studies. To the unobservant, the population which pass before him are but as an aggregate of humanity, to be formed into tables of births, marriages, and deaths; but to the thoughtful, each unit in life's grand account, each individual ripple in the human tide, has its special story, its distinctive character. This is why we give a niche in our pantheon to "Rabbi" the racer, and not because we have any sympathy with his tastes or pursuits.

Although not a sportsman in the technical sense of that term, and never had the slightest taste for those amusements associated with betting, cruelty, or vulgarity, yet we are bound to admit the necessity of games of agility, manliness, and address, such as cricket, running, leaping, vaulting, wrestling, quoits, archery, rifle practice, boating, swimming, fencing, and the like. We need not stop to defend such sports, or, rather, *necessary physical training*. Juvenal's line, "*Mens sano in corpore sano*," or, "A sound mind in a sound body," is a very full as well as laconic description and defence of bodily training. We consider such sports as we have enumerated to be practical training for all pursuits in life;—to be culture, growth, discipline; to be a preparation for business, for accidents, for casualties, for health. Physical training aims at the harmonious development of all parts of the human body, as a means to health of mind, and health of the soul. Lycurgus, the ancient Spartan law-giver, was well aware of the advantages of bodily training. Through his influence the Spartans paid as much attention to the development of the physical structures of human beings as we do to the rearing of cattle. They took charge of the fulness of chest, vigour of limb, clearness of eye, and the firmness and looseness of muscle. Therefore, the Spartans and Lacedemonians produced the ablest and bravest warriors; men inured to the fatigues and trials of life, and well adapted for times of struggles and wars, and ready and willing to leap into the pass of Thermopylæ, and defy all aggressors.

We hail, then, such sports as mentioned;—such a movement as that of the volunteers, with their parades, reviews, drills, sham battles, and so forth. It is both sport and physical training—it is the "cheap defence of nations." But we have no taste for battues, dog-fights, pugilism for money, steeple-chases, hare-hunting, and the like. They are cruel, useless, and associated with betting and brutalism. We adopt, very nearly, the lines of Cowper:—

> "I would not enter on my list of friends,
> Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
> Yet wanting sensibility, the man
> Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

These prefatory remarks are not made in the way of cant, but the result of thought and observation. It has been justly observed that the inhabitants of the Britannic isles are the hardiest, healthiest, most powerful in mind and body, and that there is but one cause for it, viz., their general love of rural sports

RABBI.

THE NOTED FOOT RACER

OF HEANOR.

and athletic exercises. From their cradle to their grave, our rural population are taught to give themselves up to out-door amusements, on the mountain and the plain, in woodland and upon water. We may add, also, that "all work and no play" will not do for a nation any more than for "Jack;"—they would both become dull.

The items of this sketch of a Derbyshire oddity and runner have been given to us by a friend, but they are not complete in many points. We know that Edward Stainesby, *alias* Rabbi, was born January 11th, 1825,—we believe in Derby, but, as we have not scrutinized the parochial ledgers, or the mysteries of parentage, we confess our inability to give further evidence on this point. We also avow a similar inability to record at what precise period, or by what particular process or accident, our subject received the patronymic, or alias, of "Rabbi."

Of his very early life little is known, except that he possessed a large share of natural humour, which, had he obtained the advantages of a good education, might have ripened into intelligent wit, which, according to Swift, is most men's ambition :—

> "All mankind would fain be wits;
> Millions miss, for one that hits."

As it is, Rabbi's humour is of a degenerative or vulgar kind, although it is ready and apt, and keeps his audience often in a roar.

At twenty years of age Rabbi stood six feet high and upwards, and was a stalwart, muscular, and well-built fellow, and was considered rather good-looking and attractive. Had he possessed as good an intellectual and moral training as a bodily one, there can be little doubt but that his career in life would have been very different to what it has been. But, for the want of these advantages, he has merely been a waif, a stray, and a drudge. He commenced the industrial portion of his life as a framework-knitter; then became a pedestrian, or foot-racer; afterwards, a lace-maker, labourer, navvy, green-grocer, collier, and hawker of fish, shrimps, mussels, oysters, crabs, &c., &c. Often, even now, after a day's work at the pit, or other labour, Rabbi and his sturdy dame, his wife, may be seen with pony and cart about the streets vending salt, or other commodities. He seems to be able to turn his hand to anything; but we fear it is only an illustration of the old saying, "Jack of all trades, but master of none!"

Rabbi seems to have been more successful as a runner than as a business man; and, probably, had he had an able manager, and had been properly "brought out," something really to his advantage might have resulted; but even his running, although very successful *as running*, has not been productive of the fruits which we sometimes read fall to the professional pedestrian.

The origin of his professional running, we learn, was as follows. He was appointed one day, when about the age of nineteen, to hold the clothes of a person who was about to run a prize race, and when the signal was given, Rabbi, who was a few paces in advance, started to run with the competitors. Although Rabbi was in his common working dress, and encumbered also with the garments of one of the runners, strange to say, he actually arrived at the goal before any of those professional athletes! Such a singular event could not, of course, go unnoticed, and he very soon found backers in a sport of which he seemed so very fitted to excel. He was at once put under training by such men as Tom Prince, of Heanor, Joe Anthony, of Arnold, Dick Manks, of Sheffield, and Gough Gillott, of Heanor. Rabbi's first prize race came off on Plough Monday, 1845. It was a mile race, against Tommy Lee, of Arnold, and was, after some dispute and wrangling, decided in favour of Rabbi. He next beat Branbury, of Arnold, one mile. He again beat Lee in a mile race; won two races against Noony, of Carlton; beat Tranter, of Derby; beat Marriott, of Hucknall; beat Charley Tune in two separate races; beat Merry Roughton, of Basford, in a mile race; beat Webster, of Sheffield, against great odds; beat Langdon, of Macclesfield; and also Williams, of Gorton. It proves the stamina and industry with which Rabbi took to his new profession when we state all the above matches were made and run in the *first year* of his initiation, viz., 1845. Since then he has run many prize races with competitors of all kinds, with varied, but generally fair success.

Rabbi has not only been a noted and very successful level foot-racer, but he has also been a very good hurdle-racer and vaulter, a species of gymnastics which we are pleased to observe is very popular among the Volunteers of our country. We cannot conceive of a better kind of agility, vitality, and vigour

for a soldier than what Rabbi possessed; and there as a soldier is it really and absolutely necessary, for the overleaping of obstacles, scaling walls, ramparts, barricades, &c. Who has not read of the ten thousand Greeks under Xenophon! This band of warriors were left without commanders, money, or provisions, to traverse a space of twelve hundred leagues, amidst constant alarms, and attacks of barbarous and successive swarms of enemies. They had to cross rapid rivers, penetrate gloomy forests, scale the summits of rugged mountains, and wade through deep snows and pestilent morasses, in continual danger of death, capture, and torture. This retreat, carried on in the face of an enemy during two hundred and fifteen days, and often engaged front and rear at the one moment, yet we learn that, although this army lost men by the weapons of war, by drowning, and perishing in deep snows, yet it did not lose *one man* by sickness! Such was the result of the gymnastic training and Olympian games of the ancient Greeks. Their sports and games developed a race of men noted for strength, address, skill, grace, and endurance, which was used for the national independence. Alas! we fear the professional athletes of Britain render but little national service, as their *general habits* prevents their athletism becoming an example to youth.

Rabbi, as our readers by this time can foresee, is one of those peculiar geniuses who are from boyhood ready for anything except what will be ultimately serviceable. Application to one thing is a bore to them; steady, intermittent labour a perfect horror. So, being ready for anything, Rabbi is quite at home in wheelbarrow, donkey, and pony races. A friend of his thus relates Rabbi's share at the Heanor races of 1864. When the horse and pony races were over, a donkey-race was started, in which five ran, and Rabbi's Jenny Lind won the first prize of £1. On the same day, in another race for a new bridle, two started, each rode by the owner, Rabbi upon his "Jenny Lind," and Raynor, the sweep, upon his "Lord Byron's Devil." This match was got up purposely for fun; some hundreds of people were there as spectators, bursts of laughter and loud huzzas rang through the air as each rode up to the starting-post. Rabbi was a good illustration of Cervantes' Don Quixote and his donkey. There he was, awaiting the signal with his feet upon the ground, his Jenny Lind standing at ease under him, while Lord Byron's Devil had to carry the full weight of something not very unlike the being he personated. The signal was given, and off they started, amidst vociferous shouts and cheers, enough to terrify and frighten the poor long-eared animals. Jenny was soon in the advance, leaving the poor "Devil" and sweep to look at her hinder parts. Rabbi at intervals eased his darling of her burthen, striding along with her, and keeping hold of the reins, while the poor "Devil" had to carry the full weight of its master.

"As loud huzzas arise,
Jenny bears away the prize."

Some time after,

"He sold his darling Jenny,
And a pony bought."

On being asked where he was going to keep it, he exclaimed, "By jingo, it nivver entered my head that it ud ivver want owt to eat!"

But *Time*, with his sable wing, flaps over the destinies of runners and oddities like Rabbi, as it does over better men; and dissipation, irregularity, and excitement have produced their natural effect upon his originally fine constitution. In some of his late races he had to acknowledge himself beaten, although only after a gallant struggle. His last foot-race, which took place only last August, was for a mile heat, in which five started, and there were three prizes of small value. Rabbi was the eldest of the five; and during the race he remembered, if he did not before, that he was now past the meridian of life, and little able to cope with younger aspirants. He won the third prize, but was completely prostrated by his exertions, and for some time was unable to speak; but when he did, it was to give utterance to this truth—"Now I know that I'm not so young as I used to be."

Yes, my poor Rabbi, many philosophers of greater pretentions than you claim, have made the discovery of a faded and wasted life, just when it is too late—just years after all their acquaintances and friends have known that their lungs and general system have wasted away. But Rabbi's case, if it accomplishes nothing else, "points a moral," though it may not "adorn a tale." It is the curse of our social system, that our education is either all *one* way or another; it is ever in extremes. Thus, our youth are either

mentally trained to death, and become a race of dyspeptics, consumptives, and nervous fidgets, and therefore unmanly and short-lived; or, they become athletes at the expense of their intellects, and turn bullies and blackguards. Shakespeare himself notes this fact; he draws the healthy King Richard 1st as the "lion-hearted," and King John, the dyspeptic, as a "craven coward." What is wanted, is a fair mixture of physical with mental and moral education; then we should not have such cases as now recorded—that of a man of splendid physical conformation, and natural but uncultivated mental ability, approaching the limit of existence, without the satisfaction of feeling that he had either rendered himself or his country a particle of solid benefit.

In Rabbi's incidental career, we hear that his notoriety as a racer has sometimes been of service to him in cases of necessity. For instance, on going one time to Thringston hurdle races, and being without a copper, he made himself known to some of the sporting fraternity, when a collection was made on the spot, and a very handsome sum presented for present use and to carry him home. So, also, when in the year 1862, he went to see the Industrial Exhibition of all nations, held in London; although with only sevenpence in his pocket, yet, through the influence of that fellow-feeling existing among sporting characters, he not only fared well in London, and had ten shillings in pocket when he reached home, but, had he remained in the metropolis, his admirers would have got up a benefit for him.

Let us hope, that as age creeps upon this Derbyshire oddity, and he becomes unable to follow any of the numerous avocations now available, some of those lovers of racing will remember his younger days, and bespeak, among *their public*, sympathy and assistance for him.

DAFT SAMMY, OF CASTLETON.

POPE has remarked, that the "proper study of mankind is man;" and Lord Bacon once observed, that it would be a beneficial task to collect the oddities of human nature from the faithful reports of history. Sustained by these high authorities in favour of perpetuating such characters as that of the present sketch, apology is superfluous. That men are more influenced by example than by precept, there is no doubt, and some memoirs we have given, are of persons who are very worthy exemplars of any age; but it also falls to our lot to sketch others, who have been noted more for eccentricity, simplicity, cunning, craft, or a species of insanity; though, of course, these failings or weaknesses are not held forth as worthy of imitation.

Among those characters which deserve attention, not for any speciality of simplicity or depravity, but for a shrewd kind of lunacy, Mr. Samuel Eyre—better known by the *soubriquet* of "Daft Sammy, the castle guide"—may well occupy a prominent place. Portraits of such persons, with some traits of their character, are gratifying to their neighbourhoods, not so much from any useful lesson to be derived therefrom, as for their being objects of curiosity. We turn to them, just as the philosopher, who loves to contemplate the beauties of creation, adverts sometimes to the delineation of any uncommon object, or to the sportive productions of nature, in her occasional deviations from her general laws.

As every nation has its favourite saint, so, every village has its notability; and any of our readers who have visited *Castleton*, must be acquainted with the subject of this sketch, Daft Sammy. We say, "must be acquainted," for Sammy makes it his special care and business to become acquainted with every visitor to Castleton; let him enter the place how he will, on horseback, carriage, or on "Shanks' mare;" by the east, west, north, or south, no matter the direction, Sammy is sure to be encountered. His habits may be said to be a compound of the civic and the savage. Some people have even supposed, that Sammy, from his activity, possessed the power of ubiquity; for, certainly, when you least expect him, he is upon you. Like the ancient barons of the Rhine, he considers himself entitled to levy black mail upon all comers; and, like the robber-lords of the feudal ages, Sammy levies right and left with a commendable impartiality; which, if imitated in other walks of life, would be very exemplary. All is fish that comes to his net; for, once get within the range of Sammy's keen, searching grey eye, "stand, and deliver" is the word; and the tender of a few coppers is needed to satisfy his claims. But every *quid* has a *quo;* and Sammy, once satisfied, like the chivalrous knights-errant of old, or of Rob Roy, of *Scottish* fame, allows you the freedom of the place, and you may wander about afterwards, at your own sweet will. Sammy certainly is the undisputed sovereign of Castleton.

Sammy is an anomalous creature. He seems to dwell everywhere about Castleton, and yet appears to abide nowhere. He is literally a man about town—a man of the town—a man on the town—an erratic star—a bird of passage—a comer and goer—an oscillating biped—an animated locomotive. As a cotemporary publication has it,* "Sammy knows everything and everybody in and about Castleton; he is acquainted with all the most convenient and least dangerous paths, whence the best views are to be obtained; and shews you everything worth seeing. He is, moreover, well up in the traditions of the place, and relieves the tedium of a toilsome walk, by relating them, together with numerous anecdotes, of which latter, he seems to possess an inexhaustible store, all unquestionably original; never forgetting, by the way, to remind you of the advantages of having a guide who understands his duties; and winding

* Croston's "On Foot through the Peak."

DAFT SAMMY,

CASTLETON.

up, by telling you of the liberal gift he had received from a "party," whom he had, just before, had the honour of accompanying through the castle; this, of course, without the slightest intention of challenging your generosity. But it is when escorting a party of ladies that Sammy appears most to advantage. He has a great affection for the sex, and, in their service, spares no personal exertion to please. He is never wearied of walking or talking; and will do anything and everything that may be required of him, with the utmost willingness. His gallantry at times, too, is quite overpowering: he will, without regard to age or amplitude, carry a lady across a gully, help her over a stone wall, hand her down a precipice, or assist her up one, with a delicacy and easy gracefulness, not to be surpassed by the most accomplished exquisite."

Sammy, we see, is not without his uses; indeed, in his own estimation, Castleton could not get along without him; and we dare say, the good people of Castleton could not look with contempt or indifference to the disappearance of poor Sammy from their locality.

In the days of stage coaching, when the coach used to pass through Castleton from Sheffield to Buxton, it was customary for Sammy to lay in wait for the passengers who got off, to walk up the hilly road over Mam Torr. Here Sammy would gravely stretch out his hand, and request a passenger to take hold of it, and for the next to lay hold in a similar manner, until they were all in a line, when Sammy would pull with all his strength, to get them up the hill. Having resorted to this mode of leverage for a long time, Sammy's coat, which some would take hold of, became so rent and torn, that it lost its original colour, as he added patch after patch, of all forms and shapes. Some of the visitors, jocularly inclined, asked him "where he had bought his coat?" He said, he "never had bought it." "Where, then, did you meet with it?" Why, said Sammy, "I took it in in numbers."

Sammy used to live with his mother, who, like himself, went about begging; and one morning, Sammy had, as usual, fastened himself on a party of visitors, who, observing the old woman following, asked Sammy if he knew who she was. "Oh," said he, "it's some poor owd woman or other; *gey her a sixpence.*"

Sammy always keeps his money in his hands; and has only once been known to lend any. This was when Mr. Tym happened to be short of change for some visitors at the Blue John mine, and Sammy being near, he asked him to lend him ten shillings! This, to his wonderment, Sammy did; but, after paying them, Sammy kept him in view; and Mr. T., seeing that he wanted his money back, gave him a *half-sovereign.* Sammy, however, would not have that; and raved, and stormed, and threw it down, declaring he would have the same sort of money (silver) which he had lent him. He could not understand that one small piece of gold should be worth so many pieces of silver.

Sammy used to get into a sack to sleep, and draw it over his head, and sleep with his money in his hands. He has been many times asked what he thought about another world; but the only answer to be got from him is, "I ne'er say nowt to noboddy abaat that."

We had some trouble to obtain Sammy's portrait. In the first effort, as soon as a sketch of his hat was made on the paper, he heard some visitors passing the house, and off he bolted; and no more good could be done that day. At last, after many delays, we obtained a photograph, from which the accompanying portrait is taken.

Sammy's occupations, dodges, and sayings are as varied as his life is chequered. We would gladly advert to many little incidents in his simple-witted career, but space will not allow it. It is pleasant to reflect upon the fact, that creatures of his class enjoy an immunity, denied them in a more barbarous era. In the "good old times," the semi-idiotic were made the malicious sport of every thoughtless man or boy, out of mere wantonness; or, if the parish authorities took them in hand, it was to subject the unhappy creatures to the manacle and the lash. Let us be thankful that an enlightened christianity teaches us to regard them with pity and forbearance. Long may this harmless monomaniac live to collect his black mail; which, while it is a source of existence to himself, is no great offence to anybody.

JACKY TURNER,

THE WALKING STATIONER, OF DERBY.

IT has often been admitted that no country produces more eccentric characters than Britain. This acknowledgment is, however, only a proof of the freedom of the laws which we enjoy; as every individual is suffered to be at large, and gratify his whims, fancies, and caprices, provided they are not prejudicial to his fellow-creatures.

It has also justly been said by one of our greatest bards, that

> "Great wit to madness oft is near allied;
> And thin partitions do the bounds divide."

These lines may, not inaptly, be applied to the eccentric character, whose portrait is here annexed. These human curiosities are by no means without their use. When the reader contemplates such characters as JACKY TURNER, who, not without brains, and a certain logical turn, yet, from the deprivation of the early advantages of moral and educational training, and having only been accustomed to association with the silly and the stupid, sink into an idiotic condition, and become unfitted for any noble purpose; and die, without ever having had their consciousness awakened to the highest objects of existence.

JACKY TURNER was, we believe, born in Derby; but little is known of his bringing, or rather, "dragging up;" and we have not troubled ourselves to search into the secrets of the "heralds' office" for his family arms, which, no doubt, were a broadsheet and a bundle of cut straws, emblematic of his pursuits in life; neither does the court calendar inform us concerning his family, or their comings or goings; so we must rest contented by knowing, that to Derby belongs the honour of his birth, his residence, and his burial-place.

Jacky's costume was unique; he generally wore an immense broad-brimmed hat, a scarlet coat with gold lace, and blue waistcoat; the worn and discarded garments of one of the royal mail guards. Leather breeches, worsted stockings, and very large laced-up shoes, completed his apparel. He had a very prominent hooked nose, an inverted mouth, and a pointed chin; and his gait was in keeping with his general appearance, slovenly; and when walking, always appeared as if falling forwards. He was generally to be seen with a bundle of short cut straws tucked under his arm, which he pretended to sell to his customers, while he made believe to give away the publications he had for disposal at the time.

Had Jacky lived in these enlightened days, when cheap newspapers are everywhere diffused, he would have found his occupation gone. Cheap literature has pervaded the smallest of villages, and penny papers, and even halfpenny ones abound; but this was not the case in Jacky's time. Then, newspapers were high-priced, had but few purchasers, and often, several people combined to purchase a weekly journal, and read it in turn. Of course there were thousands, nay, millions of people who never read a newspaper of any sort. When any remarkable event happened, to attract general interest, *Broadsides*, or large sheets were printed off, and hawked about the town. These sheets generally had some wretched wood-cut at the top, which was often made to do duty over and over again, whether adapted to the printed matter or not. Jacky's vocation was to perambulate the town and county with these broadsides; and many must remember his eccentric appearance and manners while travelling his rounds. And who will say that he was

JACKY TURNER.

THE WALKING STATIONER.

not useful in his day and generation? Was he not the flying newsman of his time? Was it not his peculiar vocation to vend and distribute penny and halfpenny historical abridgments of his country's glory; of battles fought, murders committed, and murderers executed? And if his harsh, cracked, blatant voice, which shouted forth the news to eager listeners, was not the clear silver trump of Fame, it was at least her tin horn. It was such as he who carried the news into the cellar and the garret; and albeit the news were weak and rude, they were better than none.

Jacky possessed no small amount of tact, in his efforts to dispose of his literary wares to advantage. He always determined to be heard, and to be listened to; and very often puffed his treasures in a style and manner that naturally attracted attention, if not a purchase. Some of his modes of exciting public curiosity bordered upon the witty and the humourous. We append a specimen or two.

"This is a thing that is witty, pretty, comical, and diverting; being a dialogue between a white coal-heaver* and a black dusty miller. Here's six pennorth o' fun, twelve pennorth o' laughing, and eighteen pennorth o' diversion; all for the small charge of a hapenny. Buy a straw, and I'll give you a book."

"Almanacks, Almanacks, Poor Robin's Almanacks: Almanacks new, more lies than true."

"Last dying speech and confession; birth, parentage, and education; life, trial, and behaviour of the poor unfortunate man who was executed this morning at Derby, for the awful murder of &c. &c."

"A true and correct list of all the running horses; names, weights, and colours of all the riders; and how they came in every heat yesterday."

Jacky was as well known in the neighbouring towns and villages as in Derby, and although both himself and his occupation are gone, yet should he not pass away unremembered. He was a harmless and even a useful minister in a certain state of society; and humble as he was, yet was he a forerunner of cheap news and cheap general literature.

THE FASTING DAMSEL.

OVER-HADDON, in the parish of Bakewell, was the birth-place and residence of Martha Taylor, the celebrated fasting damsel; relating to whom, there are as many as four pamphlets extant.† It is said that she began to abstain from food on the 22nd of December, 1667 (being then in her eighteenth year), in consequence of the effects of a blow, received some years before; but her illness

* This related to Sam Slater, landlord of the Dusty miller, and dealer in coals, who had omitted, on one occasion, to love and cherish his wife.

† The titles of the pamphlets are as follow: "Newes from Derbyshire, or the Wonder of all Wonders that ever yet was printed; being a relation of the handywork of Almighty God, shown upon the body of one, Martha Taylor, living about a mile or something more from Bakewell, in Derbyshire, hard by a pasture, commonly called Haddon pasture. This maid, as it hath pleased the Lord, she hath fasted forty weeks and more, which may very well be call'd a wonder of all wonders; though most people who hear this may censure this to be some fable, yet if they please but to take pains to read over the book, I hope that they will be better satisfied, and have some faith to believe. This maid is still alive, and hath a watch set over her, by order of the Earl of Devonshire. Written by me, T. Robins, B. of D. (Bellman of Derby), a well-wisher to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. London, Octr. 13, 1668."

"The Wonder of the World: being a perfect relation of a young maid, about eighteen years of age, which hath not tasted of any food this two-and-fifty weeks from the present day of my writing, Decr. 22, 1668, &c.: wherein is related the whole truth and no more, as it was taken from the mouth of the damsel and her mother; being a true account of her condition, by T. Robins, &c. London, 1669."

"A discourse upon prodigious abstinence: occasioned by the twelve months' fasting of Martha Taylor, the famous Derbyshire damosell; proving, that without any miracle, the texture of human bodies may be so alter'd, that life may be long continued, without the supplies of meat and drink; with an account of the heart, and how far it is interested in the business of fermentation. By Joseph Reynolds. Humbly offered to the Royal Society."

"Mirabile Peeci: or the Non-such Wonder of the Peak, in Darbyshire; discover'd in a full tho' succinct narrative of the more than ordinary parts, piety, and preservation of Martha Taylor, one that hath been supported in time above a year, beyond the ordinary course of nature, without meat or drink. By H. A. Printed for Parkhurst & Co., London."

is said not to have commenced till the end of August, or the beginning of September, preceding. The last pamphlet was published March 30th, 1669, when it appears that she was living, and continuing to fast. Her face is described as plump and ruddy; her pulse as even and lively. It is said, that after she had left off eating, she once swallowed part of a fig, which had nearly proved fatal to her; that she had none of the usual secretions after the beginning of 1668; nor was there any moisture in her mouth or nose; that the vertebræ of her back might be felt through the abdomen; that she had very little sleep, and was once wholly without sleep for five weeks. It appears that she underwent two watches; having been attended by from forty to sixty women, who watched her strictly night and day. One of these watches was appointed by the neighbouring townships; the other by the Earl of Devonshire. In the Parish Register is an entry of the burial of "Martha, daughter of John Taylor, June 12, 1684." If the entry records the burial of this young woman, she survived the publication of the last pamphlet fifteen years. We have no account of the sequel, whether she was detected as an impostor, or whether she was a real sufferer, and, having recovered, returned to her usual habits.

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