

UC-NRLF



\$B 165 724

THE
TOUR OF THE DOVE;

OR

A VISIT TO DOVEDALE, &c.

A POEM,

BY

JOHN EDWARDS.

Second Edition.

PRINTED FOR

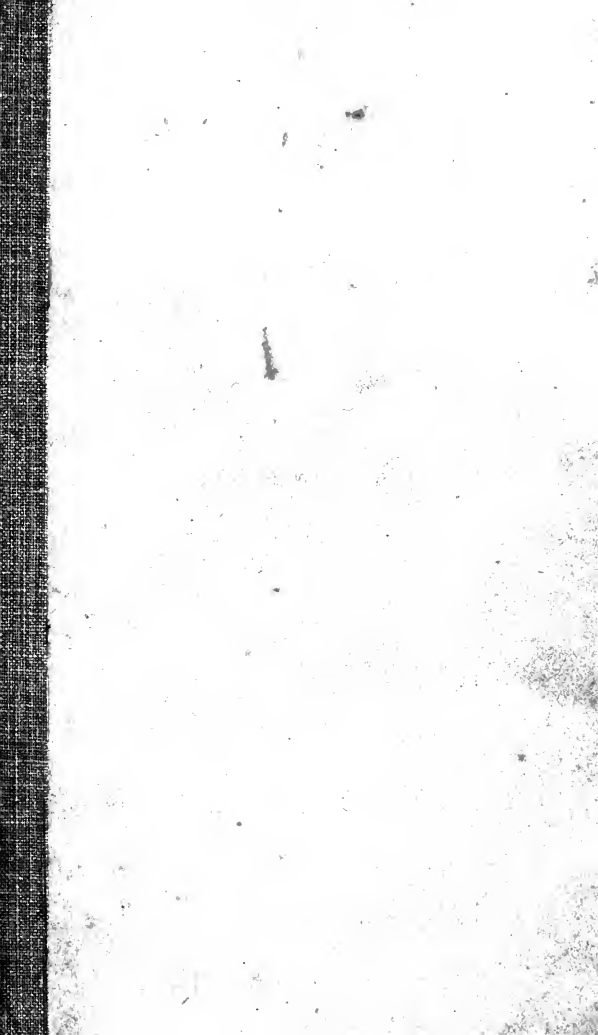
W. G. MAN, HURST, REES, ORME, BROWN & GREEN,
F. Ernest Row, LONDON.

and Sold by all the Booksellers in Derby;

W. Hooper and W. Wheatley, Ashbourn;
Wm. Moore, Buxton; and at the
Museum, Matlock Bath.

YC158842

BERKELEY
LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA





THE
TOUR OF THE DOVE,

OR

A VISIT TO DOVEDALE, &c.

A POEM.

**Wilkins and Son, Printers,
Queen Street, Derby.**

THE
TOUR OF THE DOVE;

OR

A VISIT TO DOVEDALE, &c.

A POEM,

BY

JOHN EDWARDS.

Second Edition.

“ Who comes not hither, ne'er shall know
How beautiful the world below;
Nor can he guess how lightly leaps
The brook adown the rocky steeps.”

WORDSWORTH.

PRINTED FOR
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, BROWN & GREEN,
Paternoster Row, LONDON.

[1825?]

1-17-1917

953
E259
ton
1825

TO

JESSE WATTS RUSSELL, ESQ. M. P.

THE

FOLLOWING POEM,

WHICH, IN TRACING THE BANKS OF THE RIVER DOVE,

INCLUDES

THE BEAUTIFUL AND ROMANTIC SCENERY,

IN THE VICINITY

AND GARDENS OF ILAM HALL,

IS,

WITH PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY HIS OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

PREFACE.



ON presenting this volume to the public, it is due to the encouragement which the author has received, that he should offer a few remarks, explanatory of the inducements which led him to the composition of the *Tour of the Dove*.

Having had various opportunities of visiting most of the places in the Peak of Derbyshire, celebrated for their beautiful or romantic scenery, it has seemed to him a matter of regret, that there should exist no good local poetry, claiming for its birth-place some of these

highly interesting valleys. If the author may be permitted to take his individual experience as a standard by which to estimate the feelings of other tourists, an impulse of pleasurable sensations is excited by the extraordinary exhibitions of material nature, that calls for a correspondent exertion of the loftier faculties of mind. When contemplating the sublime or the beautiful in the scenery around us, we feel ourselves translated from the world of common life; the elysium in which we are then placed, becomes to us an imaginative region, the peculiar province of poetry; and the soul yearns for some breathings of "immortal verse," that she can identify with the objects before her.

That this desideratum is supplied by the present work, it were too much to presume; but the favourable reception of the author's

former poem, on All Saints' Church, Derby, has encouraged him to venture on the subject, hoping at least, to draw the attention of other more highly gifted minds to pursue it effectually. The lakes and mountains of the north have already been consecrated by some of the choicest strains of the muse, and surely the rivers of the Peak cannot prove an ungrateful theme.

It was originally intended, that, under the title of the Peak Rivers, the poem should embrace the whole of the romantic scenery of that district; tracing the Dove upwards, to its source, then descending with the Wye till it enters the Derwent, and after taking a retrospect of that river, proceeding with it to its junction with the Trent. This design, it was soon found, would lead to a wider field of objects than could be prudently admitted

in a poem, the attractions of which must rest chiefly upon description; and it has therefore been limited to its present extent. The original plan, of tracing the Dove upwards, is preserved; as the interest is thus better supported than it could be by following the contrary and apparently more natural direction.

With respect to the second edition of this Tour now published, the author can with truth affirm, that he has used his best endeavours to improve the work. The verse has undergone a careful revision, its arrangement has been newly modified, fresh imagery has been introduced, and it is hoped that a purer diction imbued with more of the poetic spirit will be perceived. To complete the improvements, the Notes have been considerably enlarged, both for the sake of illustration, and

with the design of rendering them serviceable to the future tourist. In this department, besides the product of his own observation and research, the author has availed himself of several other sources of intelligence, particularly of Mr. Rhodes's "Peak Scenery", a most interesting volume; it having been his aim, to collect in one focus the information which will give the clearest and most comprehensive view of his subject.

1. The first part of the document
describes the general situation
of the country and the
state of the economy.
It also mentions the
main problems that
the government is
facing at the moment.
The second part of the
document discusses the
measures that the
government has taken
to solve these problems.
It also mentions the
results of these
measures and the
prospects for the
future.

THE
TOUR OF THE DOVE,
A POEM.

SPRING UP, O WELL; SING YE UNTO IT.

Numbers xxi. 17.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM 1630 TO 1800
BY
JOHN HUTCHINGS

Volume I
1630-1700
Boston: Printed and Sold by
J. B. LITTLE, No. 21 NASSAU ST.
1850

THE
TOUR OF THE DOVE.

—
CANTO I.
—

I.

THOU eldest of the elements that sprang
From underneath the Spirit's brooding wings,
When chaos heard that Voice whose fiat rang,
Commanding life and being to all things,—
Hail, WATER!—beautiful thy gushing springs,
Thy lakes and rivers;—shrined in clouds or dew;
In ice or snow; or where the rainbow flings
Its radiant arch;—in every form and hue,
Thou, glorious Element, art ever fair and new!

II.

Ever fresh springing in the wells and fountains,
The virgin waters rise and overflow ;
The cloud-nursed torrents hasting down the mountains,
Pursue in devious brooks their course below ;
Onward the broad bright river glides, although
A steadfast object, from the hills descried ;
And mighty ocean, heaving to and fro,
Rocked by the undulations of the tide,
Is with perpetual renovation purified.

III.

Charmed by the music of the rolling deep,
The Muse, that pours her own sweet song to heaven,
Might lingering stay beside the rocky steep
Till the day fled and came the star of even :
But she a boon has to her votary given ;—
With him to view the Dovedale of the Peak ;
And trace its River, in meanders driven
Through the deep-channelled hills its way to seek ;—
To tread the glens & caves, and climb the mountains bleak.

IV.

Lo, now she beckons from the battlement
Of yonder pile, high-named of Waterloo;—
She saw the nuptials of the Dove and Trent,
But long before that mushroom fabric grew:
Each came with pomp of flowing retinue;
Each, slow to meet, came on with winding wing;
And this the language of their interview
“Comest thou alone, proud Dove, or dost thou bring
Some tributary river from another spring?”

V.

“Imperious Trent! thy better mood disowns,
(Replied the fairer stream,) this greeting harsh:
But know that I am sprung from mountain thrones,
Beyond far Longnor’s hills of pine and larch;
Dovedale’s rock-spires, and caves, and rock-built arch,
Ashbourn’s blue smoke, Uttoxeter’s bright gleam,
And Burton’s joyous bells announce my march.
These honours were sufficient dower, I deem,
Came I alone—but wilder waters swell my stream.

VI.

Two rivers weary of the sun, that sheds
 No beauty on their banks with shale embrowned,
 Have dared to plunge and leave their stony beds
 Empty, with naked track to wander round
 The dreary moors.—What ear can reach the sound,
 From ledge to ledge as the bold torrents leap
 Through echoing caverns locked in gloom profound!—
 Hamps roars to Manifold, deep answers deep,
 As with converging tides the darkling rivers sweep.

VII.

I know thy meadows, Trent, are rich and green ;
 Thy swelling slopes are gay with lawn and wood ;
 But couldst thou visit Ilam's sylvan scene,
 Where grotto, cliff, and groves of various bud,
 O'erhang each rising river's fountain flood,—
 As cool and crystal-clear it springs to air,
 And deeply drinks the light as 'twere life-blood ;—
 It well might shew that some enchantment rare
 Had scooped that mountain nook, & poured those rivers fair.

VIII.

With them, by Alton Abbey's castle-den,
The Churnet hither trails her willow locks :
'Twould seem those iron times had reached this glen
When giants played at hewing mountain blocks,
So bold and strange the profile of the rocks
Whose huge fantastic figures frown above.
But I refrain—for Trent no longer mocks
With cold repulse, but courts with ardent love
The bright espousals of his own sweetmurmuring Dove !"

IX.

Roll on, bright Pair, in galaxy of light,
Through the green meadows toward your ocean-home :
My fancy kindles at the flashing sight
Of your soft-moving waters, as they come,
Reflecting in their depths the clouded dome
Of that blue heaven to which they seem allied :—
And oh, ye rivers ! from what sacred womb
Of clouds or mountains sprang your fountain tide,
That flows with music light and beauty vivified ?

X.

Wast thou, fair Dove, a stream when Paradise
With rivers watered its delightful flowers ;
Before the Peak beheld you summits rise,
And Dovedale's portal arch high-roofed with towers ?
Or when the drowning Deluge poured its showers
Wast thou produced ? Or later dates thy birth—
Engendered where the caverned Geyser lowers ;
And flung in steam condensed through fissures forth,
The child of fire, upsent to warm and water earth ?

XI.

Dark as the galleries of that aisle sublime
In Thor's huge Fane, which yet doth open stand ;
Gone without record is the olden time
When first thy robe of beauty decked the land ;—
Thy robe embroidered rich by Nature's hand,
With pictured rocks that o'er the margin lean,
With trailing shrubs, and trees whose boughs expand
Their varied foliage, light and sombre green,
Arching with graceful curves the wave that flows between.

XII.

O river of the mountain and the mead !
Whose path has deepened like that fountain-train
Where stepped the angel with his measuring reed ;*
With joy I meet thee on this open plain :
Thou bearest onward to the distant main,
In whose vast home of waters ends thy course ;
My path pursues thy channel in its wane,
Where flows the current with decreasing force ;
Till passing many a vale I reach its trickling source.

XIII.

Not thy famed wealth, that tempts the fisherman,
With line and rod and wallet fitted out,
To seek thy banks, has me allured ; I can
With higher motive trace thy varied route.
If chance I see the crimson-spotted trout
On light fin darting up the lucid stream,
It ministers to thoughts not undevout ;
And better its shy beauties grace my theme,
Than gold or silver fish that love the tropic beam.

* See Ezekiel, chapter 47.

XIV.

The pride of Burton, that stupendous bridge
Whose crowded arches span the floods of Trent,
I pass not now; but toward the northern ridge
Of Needwood with the Dove my steps are bent;
I tread the classic ground where Mundy spent
His youthful hours; when emulous he strove
With Darwin and the Gisbornes, each intent
To sing the charms of nature, as they rove
On Weaver hills, or woodland watered by the Dove.

XV.

Here noble Vernon oft led forth his hounds,
A pack that never shamed their good descent:
His sire had trained them on these forest grounds;
And braving oft the wintry element,
Beyond the precincts of the chase he went—
As once to Shirley Park, what time he vied,
With hounds on cry, and horn deep-winded, bent
Foremost of all the gallant train to ride,
Yet curbing gracefully his fiery courser's pride.

XVI.

The hills rebounded as the hunters past ;
Echoed the champaign, every bank and bush
Remurmuring back the music and the blast,
And shouts of horse-and-foot-men, as they rush
Through Dove, whose stream recoils with troubled gush.
Morn had dispelled the fogs, when from his cell
Reynard was roused ; and ere they seized his brush,
(That trophy of the chase,) the evening bell
Of distant Ashbourn sounded into Wooton Dell.

XVII.

The ballad of this fox-chase has been sung
With strength of lungs that roared it out with glee ;
And when the chorus round gave mouth, it rung
As though the hounds had joined in company.
But this obstreperous mirth ill suited me :
The wise man tells us laughter has its time ;*
Yet deeper on my spirit strikes the key,
When beauty, pathos, power, and gifts sublime
Of high imagination “ build the lofty rhyme.”

* Eccles. chapter 3, verse 4, but see also chapter 7, verses 3, 4, & 5.

XVIII.

And I can find enjoyment in this task
Of humbler measures ; with a pure delight,
When nature beckons in her sylvan mask,
I trace her footsteps, whether she's bedight
With blossoms, or with berries glossy bright.
I climb the sandy cliff of Marchington ;
And thence to Hanbury's conspicuous height,
Far from the river banks I wander on :
Before—behind—a glorious scene to gaze upon.

XIX.

Lo, like the Hindoo's sculptured idol-god,
Firm on his cushioned root old Swilcar stands ;
Casts his broad shadow o'er the lawn's green sod,
And frowns upon the larch grove's upstart wands ;
Here, lifts his foliage high with shaggy hands ;
And there, still stretched to meet the thunder cloud,
One bare enormous arm aloft expands ;
While, questioned by the summer tempest, loud
His voice with deep and solemn roar gives answer proud.

XX.

Oh Swilcar, while before thy pillared trunk
I stood and gazed upon its amplitude ;
It seemed the generations risen and sunk
Since from the acorn thou didst first protrude,
Before me in distinct succession stood :
They vanished—still magnificently great
Thy living cloud of foliage crowns the wood ;
On life's vast theme enquiring, still I wait,
Like Mona's Bard before the oracle of fate.

XXI.

Is to the sturdy oak vouchsafed a term
So ample, that a thousand years may roll
Before the plant upspringing from its germ
To earth again returns the crumbling bole,
And can we dream of man's ethereal soul,—
Time's hour-glass measures out its destiny ?
What though the body seems to find its goal
In the dark grave ; yet Faith is there, to see—
The seed must die before it can produce the Tree.

XXII.

Ah that some clump remained of mossy piles,
Some vestige of that Temple of the wood,
Which once resounded through its verdant aisles
With Mundy's lyre. Then all was fair and good ;
And Needwood Forest in its glory stood :
Free ranged the deer, and every beast of chase ;
There couched the pheasant o'er her nestling brood ;
The song-birds carolled ; hummed the insect race ;
And sights and sounds of wildness tenanted the place.

XXIII.

The hand is powerless now, the lyre unstrung,
That charmed the dingles with exulting tones ;
That from the hollies where retired it hung,
Was reached once more, to chant in tuneful moans,
The Fall of Needwood with its stately cones !
Yes, Needwood Forest now is but a name ;
And Mundy sleeps beneath the tomb's grey stones :
Yet still, besides his Bust, survives to fame,
His Verse, by genius haloed with her purest flame.

XXIV.

Time cannot hide, power cannot quench the lamp
Of genius, kindled far above the sun !
The works of art are crushed beneath the tramp
Of rude barbarians, flushed with victory won ;
Age wastes the giant to a skeleton ;
And man's immortal spirit has been driven
To shrink in idiocy, with woe undone ;—
But genius through the night of years has striven ;
And Homer's deathless song to this late age is given.

XXV.

The starry banners round night's azure cope
Are conquered by the golden shafts of morn ;
So the bright rays of mind, beyond the scope
Of matter reaching, yet attain a bourne
Impassable, that baffles as in scorn
Their trembling gleam. But He who reigns above,
Pitying our weakness was in weakness born,
In darkness crucified ; that He might prove
Strength, light, and wisdom, to the children of his love.

XXVI.

Where reason halts, and genius sinks in dearth,
 Faith ventures, with the Bible in her hand :
 She hails the country of her second birth,
 And seeks companions to that promised land.
 Spread then the holy book ! the work is grand,
 Is God's, and waits not purblind man's complying :
 The vision John beheld on Patmos' strand
 Is now fulfilled ; from clime to clime is flying*
 The angel of the Everlasting Gospel, crying :

XXVII.

“ Fear God, ye nations, kindreds, sons and daughters
 Of every tongue and people, worship Him !
 He made the earth, the fountains of sweet waters ;
 He bound the restless ocean with a rim
 Of rocks and sands it cannot overswim,
 And stretched on high heaven's glorious canopy.
 Sing then, with cherubim and seraphim,
 In universal choir sing loftily,
 His mercies, judgments, glory, and eternity !”

* Revelations chapter 14, verses 6 and 7.

XXVIII.

But from her task imagination roves ;
I am not here on Canaan's happy shore ;
These banks are not the Jordan's but the Dove's,
And yonder towers that gleam in distance hoar,
Recal me to my chosen theme once more.
Alas, the vanity of human powers,
And earth-built structures ! Tutbury of yore
Reared in magnificence those castle towers,
And now they bear the mockery of the passing hours.

XXIX.

The palace-prison once of Scotland's queen !—
Ah, hapless Mary, hurried to the tomb
By bloody hands, the tools of jealous spleen !
Henceforth, whoever treads the shadowy gloom
Of yon proud ruins, will bewail thy doom
And long captivity.—Thou wast a gem
Of royalty, in beauty's roseate bloom :
Thy nobles would have kissed thy garments' hem ;—
Yet thou upon the block didst bow thy diadem !

XXX.

The pilgrim's motto, "Earth is not our home,"
 On yonder walls is doubly written : Time
 In broken lines, and History from her tome;
 Have scribed it. Like the exile's* speech sublime
 Who sate on ruined Carthage, their deep chime
 Of meaning awes me.—Oh, within these walls,
 Roofless, defaced, and sullied now with slime,
 Is there no ghost doth rise to tell the thralls
 Of her that sate enthroned in Edin's regal halls ?

XXXI.

Look down upon the Dove ! within her deeps
 Yon walls and towers inverted reappear :
 And imaged there a holy fabric sleeps,
 So tranquil in the liquid hemisphere,
 So perfectly at rest, you almost fear
 'Tis but illusion. No,—upon the slope
 Of yon bold eminence the church doth rear
 Its Saxon arches, rounded like the cope
 Of heaven's bright bow of promise, symbol dear to hope.

* Marius, see Plutarch.

XXXII.

What new attractions need the tourist ask
 To tempt his visits here! May he not find
 The beautiful, the bold, the picturesque,
 And works of rare antiquity, combined
 With recollections sacred to the mind?—
 The splendor of the feudal time is past,
 But much of interest yet remains behind;
 The wretched hypocrite* has broke her fast,
 But this fair church, these towers, for ages yet may last.

XXXIII.

Adieu! long wave your ivy crests above
 The smoke of Tutbury upcurling blue!
 Ye Forest Banks that overhang the Dove,
 Ye dingles and romantic dells, adieu!
 Winding in folds of mist till lost from view,
 The stream up toward an open country leads.
 Here heaven has poured its blessings like the dew:
 Deep rolls the corn, and richest verdure feeds
 White flocks of sheep, fair herds of kine, & dark-maned steeds

* Ann Moore, of recent notoriety.

XXXIV.

Reflecting the sun's rays, the gilded ball
On Sudbury's high dome, gleams o'er the grove
Embosoming its hospitable hall,
With brighter sheen than when at eve it strove
To rival, in the placid depths of Dove,
The perfect image pictured by the moon.
The porter here admits me, by the alcove,
Where haply minstrel bards have sought a boon,
Or Palmer resting, doffed his scrip and sandal shoon.

XXXV.

Before my mind what flitting fables cross !
And sure, if ever waves, or earth's green sod,
Or floor of rock, or woodland bank of moss,
By Naiads' or by Dryads' feet were trod,
Here should I look to see the River God,
And list his Tritons blow their azure shells :
For Dove that in the vallies long abode,
Oppressed with shadow, now rejoicing swells,
And hither brings the waters of a thousand wells.

XXXVI.

At distance due from yonder waving limes,
With equal pomp a shining lake is spread ;
And nature's rarities from distant climes,
Their mingled odours on its bosom shed.
The stately Tulip tree here lifts her head ;
With palmy foliage the Magnolia towers
O'er the smooth lawn ; rich is the Orange bed ;
And fed by artificial heat and showers,
The spicy plants of Ind are nourished in these bowers.

XXXVII.

On Trent's broad bosom float the snow-white swans,
Like painted ships becalmed in ocean bay :
How beautifully arched their plummy vanes !
The jet and scarlet on their heads how gay !
But can the rapid Dove obtain their stay,
While rivalled by the fairer-bosomed lake
That skirts the lawn ? Or will that lake betray
Its isle, the haunt of heron, coot, and crane,
And household stork, that loves its sedge & sheltering brake ?

XXXVIII.

Risen to the surface, like the good man's alms
 Cast on the wave which multiplied returns,
 The Water Lily spreads her leafy palms,
 And o'er them bears her gold and silver urns.
 From bulb nutritious that beneath sojourns,
 Its forky leaf the Arrow-Root extends :
 With genial heat the Water-Soldier* burns,
 Alert to show himself ; and here ascends
 The Rush† that like a chandelier her flower suspends.

XXXIX.

With tresses mantled like the weeping birch,
 Muffled with ivy like a hermitage,
 In yonder nook is screened a gothic church.
 Its venerable aspect might assuage
 The stormy passions, that too often wage
 Unhallowed conflict in the human breast.
 Nature here seems in homage to the page
 Of Holy Writ to wear this sober vest,
 And shadow forth below the sabbath of the blest.

* *Stratiotes aloides.*† *Butomos umbellatus.*

XL.

Here, Vernon, when to shun the sultry noon
Thou seekest this cool invigorating shade ;
And oft at evening when the pensive moon
Suspends her crescent o'er the chequered glade,
May thanks for past and present bliss pervade
Thy inmost spirit. Heir of noble blood !
Of Thee and of thy Lineage be it said :
“ The ennobling virtues well they understood ;
Theirs was the godlike exercise of doing good ! ”

XLI.

Quitting with fond regret, this solemn place,
A sinuous path conducts me to the lawn,
And park magnificent. In uncurbed space,
With towering woods and vistas far withdrawn
It spreads before me. But the mists of dawn
Hot noon has quaffed : within the sheltering dome
Of the deep-shadowed oak the panting fawn
Beneath its green roof finds a pleasant home :—
I hasten on, and track the river's crest of foam.

XLII.

Unlike the plume upon the warrior's helm,
That tosses mid the battle's hottest strife,
This waves alone in nature's peaceful realm,
Far from the din of drum, and trump, and fife,
The "pomp and circumstance" of martial life.—
'Tis sweet to drink at the pure fountain-head ;
To watch the streamlet in its snow-white coif
Wild-leaping down its rocky mountain bed ;
To mark the deepened flood in brightness garmented.

XLIII.

Whoe'er has trod the slopes of Doveridge park,
Where like a crescent winds the "horned flood ;"
Or with the morning and the early lark
Has climbed to Eaton's high o'er-hanging wood,
And seen the landscape stretching many a rood,
Silvered with mists and streams,—if he could find
In all this prospect of the fair and good
Nothing attractive, let him stay behind ;
The power of waters cannot melt his sullen mind.

XLIV.

But oh, like Beauty's cestus is the stream !
Its glowing chain of waters with a spell
Constrains me, and the fascinating theme
My verse pursuing, shall delight to tell
Of rills and torrents, and the sink and swell
Of water-breaks and fountains, that anon
Will greet me, in the lone romantic dell
Piping, with clearer voice than Helicon,
Such liquid melodies as echo dreameth on.

XLV.

The rapid Churnet joins upon the plains
Of Rocester. Here a loud-resounding mill
In its capacious hold awhile detains
The river, harder functions to fulfil
Than wandering in the flowery fields at will.
Fettered like Sampson to the groaning wheels,
The plunging waters roar, and toss, and spill,
With desperate strength, till all the fabric feels
The multitudinous motion whirl its thousand reels.

XLVI.

Where art or wast thou, O time-honoured Tree,
That gavest thy name unto the fruitful Hundred
Round which the Dove meanders fair and free?—
Thy branches, trunk, and root, have long been sundered;
Gone is the multitude that stood and wondered
At thy rich bloom or weight of golden fruit;
The chieftains too, that sat beneath and pondered,
With equity deciding each dispute.—
In worth one oak-leaf now excels thy bravest suite.

XLVII.

Lo, the round Weaver hills, that bound the sight,
Hang like a bed of clouds in sombre blue—
But not o'er Dove; beneath the smiling height
Of Calwich sweeps her graceful avenue.
And now at Hanging Bridge I bid adieu,
Fair Hundred of the Apple-Tree, to thee!
A bolder district bursts upon the view;
The rocky parapets of Peak I see,
And in those mountain holds, my spirit pants to be.

XLVIII.

But night has issued from her caves ; her gloom
Climbs like a mist, and darkens every steep ;
The light that purpled all the west with bloom
Is vanished, and along the flowing deep
A veil of dewy haze doth softly sweep,
Fine as the gossamer, and pearly white.
Thus warned of the approaching hours of sleep,
I haste to Ashbourn, and with new delight
Pass by its windowed spire with moonbeams tinted bright.

END OF CANTO I.

THE
TOUR OF THE DOVE.

CANTO II.

1.

Oakover's lofty pines in distance seen,
Allured me onward when the morning smiled :
Within the mansion sheltered by that screen
Is Raphael's sweetest work—the Virgin mild,
Pictured with Jesus her most holy child.
All things are tranquil here ; the River flows
In utter stillness, 'scaped from regions wild ;
And those twin streams twice-born join her repose ;
Upon her gentle breast their silver pinions close.

II.

Ilam, thy ancient Hall is swept away!
A fairer soon shall lift its domes and towers;
While still thy fountain-deeps ebullient play,
And newborn rivers grace thy laurel bowers
And fossil grotts. Strike on, and bring the hours,
Thou clock embosomed deep in ivy bloom!
Time holds the garland yet of Rousseau's flowers;
Still broods antiquity o'er Bertram's tomb,
And Congreve's hermit cell, shrouded in sylvan gloom.

III.

Shell of the waters! in thy jasper cave
Slumbering for ages—petrified thy strings,
And deaf thine echoes;—like the springing wave
Shake off thy thraldom; from the spell that flings
Its marble cerements round thee on the wings
Of music rise! Rocks, rivers, mountains bare,
High-waving woods, and all inanimate things,
Are vocal now with gladness, all prepare
To greet the Pile in Gothic splendour rising there.

IV.

Hail, thou cloud-mountain, on whose veteran front
The storms that move at winter's stern behest
Have beat for ages! Thou endurest the brunt,
Guarding, like knighthood of unshaken test,
Dovedale's rock-gardens and her caves of rest.
Bound on a pilgrimage to nature vowed,
Hither I come with no ungracious quest:—
Then lift thy battle-axe, O blue Thorp Cloud!
And answer to my hail with clash of echoes loud!

V.

Now breaks the marvellous Glen upon my sight.
A beaten sheep-path to a hawthorn bower
Ascends; and seated near, on a green height,
The valley's central knoll, I feel the power
And beauty of the prospect—from the flower
Whose novelty attracts me, as it peeps
Above the herbage, to yon shelves that lower
In anger still—threatening the death he sleeps,
Whom erst they hurled, both horse & rider, down their steeps.

VI.

But soon the alpine vista, lengthening on,
Disturbs me by its grandeur from my seat.
What wondrous region do I gaze upon?
Rocks striding up the hills,—where not the fleet
High-bounding goat,* nor coney's nimbler feet
Might venture;—opposite, a rude display
Of piles romantic, such as erst did greet
Perchance some paladin at break of day;—
Dark ivy-mantled towers, and spires and turrets grey.

VII.

How fair the limpid Dove ! whose waving line
Gives life and freshness to each sloping mound.
There to the bee her bank's wild eglantine
Shews its sweet rose reflected ; floret-crowned,
Her plants diffuse their sea-green tresses round ;
With starry water-breaks her surface gleams ;
And far above, by shadows part embrowned,
Part bathed in golden light of orient beams,
A wilderness of wood looks down upon her streams.

VIII.

Here flourishes the thorn—her milk-white bloom
Now changed for summer's garb; light oziers swing,
Dipping their flexile wands; the furze and broom
Vie with their locks, as on the steeps they cling;
And soft the blossom-showers descend, to bring,
Erelong their forest berries glossy red.
From hoary crags the yew his dark-green wing
Expands untired; and every leaf that fled
From winter's wrath is here again in joyance spread.

IX.

Let not the wanderer of the Switzer alps,
Who oft has seen the clouds beneath him sweep,
And far above beheld the naked scalps
Of the huge glaciers, or within the deep
Dark piny forest on the mountain steep
Has been benighted, treat with cold disdain
These raptures; passion here may reap
Strong pleasures, and the soul a glimpse obtain
Of nature's wondrous works, and wisdom's boundless reign.

X.

He bears a grovelling mind who slights the charms
That decorate the country's open fields ;
The man that listless views her cultured farms,
Tastes not the bliss her wilder landscape yields :
The dark cave-dwelling which the mountain shields
Invites not him—he treads the ground for hire.
No power which high imagination wields,
Shaping these rocks, may draw him to admire
Their fascinating beauty or their rich attire.

XI.

Grass of Parnassus, can the vagrant muse
Pass on, unmoved by thy inspiring name ?
Not blushing roses bathed in morning dews,
Nor may the primrose of the evening claim
Such title to the poet's meed of fame,
(Though many a charmed verse has told of them,)
As thou, among the flowers the mountain dame,
That, seated on thy shapely pillar-stem,
Art lovely as the light-reflecting opal gem.

XII.

Midst odorous thyme impregnating the air,
The slender Catchfly* swings her silver bells
On the high cliffs, upon whose topmost stair
The mountain Scabious nods : those pinnacles
Named from the village of the holy wells,
Screen at their feet the Lily of the vale.
And oft the shepherd girls that haunt these dells
Choice garlands cull—Anthyllis, Cistus pale,
And Orchis, mimicking the armed insect's mail.

XIII.

Still, Dovedale, yield thy flowers to deck the fountains
Of Tissington, upon its holy day ;
The customs long preserved among the mountains,
Should not be lightly left to pass away.
They have their moral ; and we often may
Learn from them how our wise forefathers wrought,
When they upon the public mind would lay
Some weighty principle, some maxim brought
Home to their hearts, the healthful product of deep thought.

* *Silene nutans*.

XIV.

Now through a copse of underwood the path

Its course beside a roofless hovel brings.—

“Is this the only structure Dovedale hath?

“Is there no temple-tower that heavenward springs?

“No palace-inn to stretch its crescent wings?”—

Yes, Nature builds where Art eludes the search :

Look up, and see the ponderous arch that flings

Sublime from rock to rock its towered porch ;

Mark her high-storied caves! her ancient crag-built Church!

XV.

Thou venerable Fane ! thy walls were reared,

Thy ivied arches springing roofed the void,

Thy fretted spires above the trees appeared,

Ere Science one fair Order had employed,

One metal, gold or silver unalloyed,

To shape and ornament her piles with grace.

And yet the high emotions here enjoyed,

The humbling thoughts that human pride abase,

Might well befit the service of a holier place.

XVI.

I glance around the dale from right to left ;—
It seems as Paradise were passing by,
And I beheld it from this secret cleft.
Flowers yield their fragrance ; trees, luxuriant, high,
Climb the rude rocks ; and in the orient sky
O'er yonder peak the sun reveals his fires.
The sparkling stream of Dove has caught his eye ;
His glory lightens all the cliffs and spires ;—
I see, I feel, my spirit glows with rapt desires.

XVII.

O hither bring the harp from Judah's palms,
With psaltery, sackbut, dulcimer, and lute ;
The music tuned of old to golden psalms,
This crag-built church, these rocky aisles will suit.—
They come—the wilderness no more is mute :
The winds have brought the harpings of the sky ;
Dove breathes her dulcet tones, the lark his flute ;
The psaltery trees, the sackbut caves supply ;
And one harmonious voice of praise ascends on high.

O D E .

1.

Thou mountain pyramid, all hail !

In majesty thy Form unveil !

Throw back thy misty shroud,

Unclasp thy helm of cloud,

And down the vista of the dale

Reverberate aloud.

2.

Yet waken not yon river-pool

In softest shadow sleeping cool ;

Thine image is the dream

That charms the silent stream,—

Till twilight's deeper shadows rule,

And Cynthia's placid beam.

3.

Lift up your heads, ye giant rocks!
Like clashing cymbals rear your blocks
 High in the upper air;
 And may the thunders spare,
When the earth reels beneath their shocks,
 Your top-stones loose and bare.

4.

Ye caves, that in the summer's bloom
Afford a cool refreshing gloom,
 A rest to weary feet;
 Still when the snow-storms beat,
With stalactites of ice illumed
 And screen the coy retreat.

5.

And ye precipitous defiles,
That, rising like cathedral aisles,
 Catch the first gleams of dawn;
 The sunshine on the lawn
Between your walls so sweetly smiles,
 O be it ne'er withdrawn.

6.

When winter comes in shape deform,
And the hills shiver in the storm,
 Scattering their stones like hail ;
 Still may he harmless sail
By every spire whose graceful form
 Gives beauty to the dale.

7.

Adown these slopes no torrents dash ;
But here aspires the mountain ash,
 The purple thyme doth cling ;
 And wild-fowl on the wing,
Are gilded by the rays that flash
 Upon the rainbow's ring.

8.

Wheeling with loftier sweep, the Daw
Reiterates his plaintive caw ;
 And on the cliff's bold breast,
 The Martin, summer guest,
Fixed safely with tenacious claw,
 Models her stucco nest.

9.

And thou, sweet Dove ! thy voice is mild,
Thy stream is playful as a child ;
 Nor want'st thou shady bowers,
 Or bright aquatic flowers :
Yet hast thou seen a period wild,
 When horror ruled the hours ;

10.

In dreadful agitation tossed,
Each moment fearing to be lost ;
 For, from the deep abyss,
 With fiery vapours' hiss,
Rose Earthquake, like a troubled ghost,
 Darkening the scenes of bliss.

11.

“Then shook the hills, by thunders riven ;”
And Ruin's ploughshare, fiercely driven,
 Broke through the rocks its way.—
 Who bade the tumult stay ?
Who turned the hell into a heaven ?
 The God whom worlds obey !

12.

To Him be glory evermore!—
The rocks, the hills, the spangled floor
Of earth, this arch, these caves,
And Dove's rejoicing waves,—
Let every object Him adore,
Whose power in mercy saves.

XVIII.

So when the plague at Eyam thinned the flock,
The voice of worship on the sabbath day
Within the hollow of the Cucklet rock
Resounded. There with mingled sobs they pay
To pitying heaven their vows. Thor's hammer lay,
All impotent, to dust and darkness hurled;
No more to idol-gods the people pray;
The banner of the cross, in light unfurled,
Had swept that brood of giants from the northern world.

XIX.

Ah Memory, if like echo thou couldst give
The sound that has departed voice again ;
Couldst thou present, as in a mirror live
The forms before it, my loved Sarah,—then,
I'd bid thee solace me in this deep glen
With her sweet voice, her angel countenance ;
But she, though faithful as fond Imogen,
Comes not ; no slumber can renew the trance
That once o'ercame me like a vision of romance .

XX.

She stood upon the threshold of the cave,
Whose darkness was a foil to her light dress ;
The mountain masonry of nature gave
A picture framed with rock, in whose recess
Glistened the Dove ; along the wilderness
Cloud shadows swept, chased evermore away
By the green sunshine ; her gay votaress,
The Halcyon, glanced above the snowy spray ;
And with unquiet wing flitted the timid Jay.

XXI.

Nature is still the same; the birds, the cave,
The stream remain; but her whose presence bright
The consummating grace and glory gave,
I miss; and wanting her my sole delight,
All other joys seem dead and withered quite.
Ah, love and friendship still are precious things;
Man was not destined for an anchorite,
But for that sweet companionship which brings
Joy to his joys, and comfort to his sorrowings.

XXII.

The buoyant spirit within me sank, subdued
By the pervading influence of the spot,
Its silence and oppressive solitude.
Nor mine nor quarry mars this hidden plot;
The Fox still shelters in the mountain grot;
And though no flaming sword forbids access,
Yet here the peasant shuns to fix his cot;
For nature has her sanctities, no less
Than Eden's garden, left to utter loneliness.

XXIII.

I scaled the craggy cliffs up to the niche
That on their summit like a watch-tower stood :
Down to the depths of Dove mine eye could reach,—
A dizzy sight, unfit to calm the blood,—
But here it roused the torpor of its flood :
The freshened breeze in eddies round me curled ;
And now descending in a livelier mood,
I sought the gorge through which the floods are hurled
When Dove seems breaking from an inundated world.

XXIV.

As when, outstretching up the azure sky,
The clouds dispart their purple-tinted wings,
We gaze upon the canopy on high
Till admiration into wonder springs ;
And fancy paints, in bright imaginings,
A heavenly shape to wield those mighty plumes :
So where the cataract its torrent flings,
An arch of rainbow hues the spray assumes,
And forms of beauty dance amid the shadowy glooms.

XXV.

Such where Niagara hurls her thundering flood
Are seen, as roving Indians make report;
But Dove, when swoln with rains and dark with mud,
Unwieldy welters in far different sort:
And rather would I watch the mimic sport
Of bright cascades, in Chatsworth's gardens tossed;
Or wait till Winter holds his brilliant court;
Then seek the pillared caves with ice embossed,
And all the magic pageantry of snow and frost.

XXVI.

She mocks not now the angry deep's uproar,
Nor puts her rocky barriers to the proof;
But gently glides beneath the frowning shore,
As fearful lest the masses piled aloof
Should fall like thunder bursting heaven's cloud-roof.
Here skip the sheep the stepping stones along,
Reckless of danger, and with unwet hoof:
I following through the chasm, reach where a throng
Of naked rocks protrude the mountain glades among.

XXVII.

Whence came this spectacle of rugged cones?
Was it that some vast inundation hove
Hither the Kraken of the deep, whose bones,
Then stranded on the margin of the Dove
And petrified, give to the mountain cove
Its horned aspect? Or was this a camp
Of the huge Titans warring against Jove?
And these their weapons, thus, with echoing stamp,
Upreared from earth the valour of high heaven to damp?

XXVIII.

They lodge on either mountain as a flock
Of sheep might rest, or herd of antlered deer;
And One, more vast, fronting the Needle Rock,
Above the dense white fog uprises clear.
It seems an isle of a serener sphere,
Dependant not on earth, but on the laws
That guide the orbs of heaven in their career;
But now, upon its base I see it pause,—
Like Nature's finger pointing to the Great First Cause.

XXIX.

Such is the final scene magnificent !
These are the closing Portals of the Dale :
And lo, within, but placed more eminent,
A Lion, sculptured on colossal scale,
Couched like a Sphinx : his body and his tail
Are hidden ; but his noble head and breast
Declare the guardianship of this proud vale
Upon his magnanimity may rest ;—
Approach, ye Tourists, he will harm no loyal guest.

XXX.

With quiet lapse the gliding waters lave
An open plot of verdant meadow ground ;
Where, faring on, I reach a double cave,*
Above whose entrances, wide-sweeping round,
A frontal arch by nature's hand is wound
Encircling both : the stony floor is dry ;
And where the shadow deeper falls, are found,
As in a gallery retiring high,
Ledges of rock, that seats and tables rude supply.

* Dove Holes.

XXXI.

Here entering, I refreshed myself within
With rest and food, and, more desired than all,
With Dove's pure lymph. It was no sumptuous inn
No 'Haven' on the moors, this gloomy hall,—
Which yet pleased me; for here I might recal
Judean scenes. The sheepcotes and strong hold
Where David nobly spared the life of Saul,
This Cave, yon Shepherd's Abbey with its fold,
Brought like a sacred vision of the days of old.

XXXII.

Lend me, O Chantrey, thy creative skill;
And give to verse the powers of sculpture now:
For on the apex of that conic hill
There stands—in listless apathy—a Cow.
No bushes, not a solitary bough,
To break the charmed figure interfere;
But, as a statue fixed, she keeps the brow,
That seems its rocky pedestal to rear,
Bearing the idol-goddess Egypt did revere.

XXXIII.

By the dense air dilated, on the height,
That object still the mind's attention fills,
Pondering the effect of place, and shade, and light.
Nature exacts our wonder as she wills:—
The Shadows dancing on the sunny hills,
And those of spectral shape, that walk the clouds;
The Echos, whose wild voice the desert thrills;
The silent Mists, passing in wreathed shrouds;
The giant Craggs, sole-peering, or in banded crowds;

XXXIV.

The lurid Banner of the thunder storm,
Flashing athwart with elemental fire;
The Water-Spout, whose strange portentous form
Stoops its proboscis like a downward spire,
The crater of the clouds; and, from the pyre
Of kiln or furnace vomited amain,
The Smoke, whose trailing serpent folds attire
The moorlands; these are the majestic train,
The retinue of Dove in Nature's mountain reign.

XXXV.

In this romantic region wandering on,
(Where every living cry can stir the mind,)
Recurr the bold rock-scenery: anon,
A rustic bridge appears, and lodged behind,
A group of cottages, with mill to grind
Their slender harvest. Gladly did I hail
The sight, in this lone place, of human kind:
But I must quit them, and pursue my tale
Beneath the tors and turret-peaks of Narrow Dale.

XXXVI.

Valley of Shadow! thee the evening moon
Hath never visited; the vernal sun
Arrives too late to mark the hour of noon
In thy deep solitude: yet hast thou One
Will not forsake thee: here the Dove doth run
Mile after mile thy dreary steeps between,
Where rise the Iron Tors, of aspect dun:
While oft pursuing her dark wave are seen
The sportive king-fishers, on wings of emerald green.

XXXVII.

Thy only buildings are the stepping stones,—
A path of peril to the unpractised foot.
But at thy valley-head the country owns
A firmer bridge, outstretching from the root
Of a high hill that might, with Hanson Toot,
Have gained a name from Cotton's classic pen.
Here, in the glorious sun-light, I recruit
Awhile my overburthened spirits; then,
I pass the meads to Beresford's enchanting glen.

XXXVIII.

But who can paint the beauties of Pike Pool?
Thy Duddon, Wordsworth, in its splendid route
Has nought so soft and green, so shadowy cool.
'Tis haunted by the grayling and the trout;
And from the sleeping water rising out—
Fairer than workmanship of elfin hands—
Appears an obelisk, a rocky sprout;
Like those of coral seen on Indian strands;
Or shapely pine that sole in some deep valley stands.

XXXIX.

Shrubs and steep crags a crescent skreen have drawn,
 That on its southern side the river bounds;
 The fellow bank is a smooth slip of lawn,
 Skirted abrupt by bold romantic mounds,
 With foliage hanging as from garden grounds:
 These lead the eye to open fields of grass:
 But loveliest is that pool the glen surrounds.
 High above all rears a stupendous mass,—
 A rock-built range of towers that frown upon the Pass.

XL.

Enough, methinks, is told of Nature's grace,
 Poured freely on this stream, to anglers dear.
 Diviner worth has sanctified the place.
 That Fishing House amid those firs which rear
 Their tops above it, leads me to revere
 The seal of Friendship warm as filial love.
 Twined in one cypher, on the front appear
 Walton and Cotton's names; there fixed to prove
 A record of affection near their favorite Dove.

XLI.

The heroism of friendship, he could tell
Who lay in jeopardy by Ezel's-stone ;*
What time beyond its mark the arrow fell
Winged with his adverse fate. There, met alone,
Wept Jonathan and David, till the moan
Of David's grief prevailed: and when, erelong,
His friend among the mighty lay o'erthrown
Upon Gilboa's mountains, O how strong
He poured his loud lament, in agony of song!

XLII.

But here the affections flowed in a more calm
Though varied tenor. Cheerful, sage, and mild,
Walton's discourse was like the honey balm
Distilled by flowers. Along these waters wild,
Smit with the love of angling, he beguiled,
With his adopted son, the hours away:
While Cotton owned the fondness of a child
For him, in whose glad company to stay,
Had made the whole year pass like one sweet month of May.

* Vide 1 Samuel xx, 19.

XLIII.

Peace to the memory of these plighted friends !
And peace to this fair glen and garden grove !—
Where Hartington up yonder slope ascends
I hasten—still in presence of the Dove,
That now appears delightedly to rove,
With ampler sweep, receding from the hills.
Yet ever as the springlets from above
Rush down, she turns to meet their glittering rills,
With volume serpentine, whose train the valley fills.

XLIV.

The “ Nile of England ! ” do not think it strange
If She can prove that queenly title good ;
Look on from Ludwell ;—what a lengthened range,
On either side, of moorlands ; bare of wood,
(A luxury here,) yet covered with a brood
Of feeding cattle and innumerable sheep :
These heap the ground ; and in the time of flood
The gathering torrents, with resistless sweep,
Convey the rich manure to fertilize the deep.—

XLV.

The deep, that downward rolling to the south,
Wastes not its riches while the rifted dale
Confines its course; yet soon with liberal mouth
Outpours them where, in many a milky vale,
Fair damsels track the dew with brimming pail.
But now within its wonted bed the stream
Impels its billows, darkened here with shale:
I trace them upward, guided by the gleam
Of Parker's giant helm that meets the sunny beam.

XLVI.

But wearisome the way; this vale's extent,
Whose long perspective fascinates the eye,
Not hastily is measured; and o'erspent
With heat, I sought the friendly shelter, nigh,
Of a fine ash that braved the sultry sky.
On a sharp knoll it stood; but as I drew
Near to its shadow, haply there to lie
In dreamy mood, came suddenly in view,
A cave, about whose mouth the twisted ash-roots grew.

XLVII.

A turfy bank on either side, o'ergrown
With creeping brambles, toward the entrance led.
Approaching here, to the grey light was shewn
This native grotto:—stretching o'er its head,
A marble slab; its floor a liquid bed;
Its marble sides festooned with mosses thin:
I softly entered, with unsandalled tread;
When hark! I heard an echoing voice within—
It was a fountain chanting with melodious din.

XLVIII.

With strength and freedom flowed the water-song;
And clear as morning came the gelid wave,
That from a dark recess now gushed along,
And spread a molten mirror bright, to pave
The fair interior of the fountain-cave.
Adown the hollow then, through verdure deep
Of plants whose flowers and floating tresses gave
Their mantle to the stream, its waters sweep,
Till on her bosom Dove receives them from the steep.

XLIX.

Then said I, tasting that delicious lymph,
“Of life’s dull tedium I’ll complain no more :
“The haunted isle where Circe, goddess-nymph,
“As fabled, with Ulysses dwelt of yore ;
“The Syrens singing on their sun-bright shore ;
“With less of true enchantment sway the mind,
“Than this wild region fraught with nature’s lore.
“Stretch on, ye vallies ! whereso’er ye wind,
“The waters guide me still, your dusky glens to find.”

L.

Where sleeps the giant in his mountain-tent ;
Where from the deluge Croome upheaved his shell,—
Its mammoth bulk with ribs embossed and bent,—
The river hurries by each spectacle,
As loth in such dread neighbourhood to dwell.
But charming was the picture at Wash-Gate !
There, through a rustic arch the waters fell ;
An aged peasant by one cottage sate,
And one, with ivy garlanded, stood desolate.

LI.

Now like a playful brook the Dove is spread
Among dark stones and pebbles, mossy green,
That loitering wanton in her amber bed ;
Yet still is homaged as a river-queen.
Even here, she is the glory of the scene ;
The eye of light, that animates the ground ;
The ear, that tunes to harmony serene,
The piping rills, the torrents roaring round,
And tumbling waterfalls, that rush with deeper sound.

LII.

Quitting the stream to shun a deep morass,
It meets me soon again in humbler plight ;
With mosses, rushes, flags, and tufted grass
As in a cradle folded, yet still bright,
Busy, and cheerful,—still in eager flight.
I clamber onward through the boggy sedge ;
And now the Peak's dark alp displays its height :—
Great Parent of swift rivers, which there fledge
Their infant wings ; the cloud-sustaining broad Ax Edge !

LIII.

There rise the Goit, the Dane, the Wye, the Dove !
And if, as when on Ida's summit viewed
The rival goddesses for beauty strove,
If there the proud contention were renewed
By these four rivers, Dove would win the feud.
She, like the turtle dove that cleaves the sky,
Pursues her brilliant passage many-hued ;—
Amber blue green and silver, every dye
That peat shale marbles clouds or foliage can supply.

LIV.

At length 'tis gained, the heathy cloud-capt mountain !
Not at the hamlet of Dove Head I rest,
But higher up, beside a bubbling fountain,
That makes within a little well its nest.
Here springs the Dove ! and with a grateful zest
I drink its waters, that first serve the poor.—
O when shall they repose on ocean's breast ?
How long must their rough pilgrimage endure ?
They ask not, but commence their wild romantic tour !

LV.

Harp, to the sweeter voice of waters played !—
Where Ilam's fountains rise in crystal rings ;
And where, mid Dovedale's cliffs, each wild cascade
In sun and shadow sports on brilliant wings ;
Here mayest thou hush to rest thy quivering strings
For I have viewed Pike Pool's deep-mirrored cone ;
Have drunk the marble cave's pellucid springs ;
And resting now upon Dove's fountain-stone,
Thy music dies away—her soft pipe trills alone !

END OF CANTO II

NOTES.



Stanza 3, line 6.

“ With him to view the Dovedale of the Peak.”

THE admiration of picturesque scenery which characterizes the present age, and the English nation in particular, has not at all times been displayed, as may be evidently shewn from the topographical writings which antiquarians have left us. If the splendid reign of Edward III. has, in the choice of situation for the numerous abbeys that were then founded, supplied sufficient demonstration of fine taste and fondness for romantic seclusion; yet a strange reverse of feeling must have been in opera-

tion, during what has been called the golden age of our Elizabeth. The following extract from the "Survey of Staffordshire, containing the antiquities of the County," by Sampson Erdeswick, Esq. (who died in 1603) will show that this most beautiful dale of the Peak was at that time held in no estimation.

"Dove having past by the side of Alstonfield, for three or four miles, *without any matter worth the noting*, at last receiveth on the west side, a pretty brook, for its many turnings (by reason of the mountains, and the unevenness of the ground) called Manifold, which taketh its beginning within a mile of the head of Dove, and, fellow-like, keepeth its course with it, not being above two miles from it until they meet."

Stanza 4, line 2.

Of yonder pile high-named of Waterloo.

This gothic mansion, during its former state used as a prospect building, and popularly named Waterloo Castle, was erected by A. Hoskins, Esq. of Newton

Solney. It stands on the confines of Bladon wood, whose dark foliage affords shelter, and adds a fine relief to the outline and colouring of the structure. The site is well chosen, being an elevation which commands very extensive prospects, that towards the north having in its foreground the junction of the Dove and Trent. The building, stretching its castellated wings to the verge of the sloping wood, appears at a distance a magnificent pile; but on a nearer approach loses its effect, being unsustained by the durable materials and elaborate workmanship of genuine architecture.

Stanza 6.

“Two rivers weary of the Sun, that sheds, &c.”

In the usual dry weather of summer these rivers disappear, being absorbed by the rocky fissures in their channel. The principal of these fissures, in the bed of the Hamps, occurs a little above the bridge at Leek Waterhouses, occasioning an eddy which not unfrequently draws in the whole

stream. But the subsidence of the Manifold is accompanied by circumstances much more romantic and picturesque. The yawning mouth of the cave of Thor, defended with its rugged tusks, opens almost in view of the secluded valley where this river, passing over a fine bed of blue gravel accumulated by the floods to which it is subject, enters with a considerable current the cavernous apertures at the base of an abutment of rock. The junction of the wet and dry channels of the river affords a most interesting point of view. Below, is the empty water-course, strewed with pebbles of every size, and fragments of rock worn by the attrition of the billows, and mellowed with all the hues of vegetation; impressing the mind even in their repose and silence with thoughts of agitation and tumult: above, is the refreshing gleam and the soft murmur of the cool pellucid stream, flowing amid green meadows embayed with cliffs and copses, and backed by the lofty grey hills in the distance. The forms, the grouping, and the intersection of these hills would afford fine objects of study to the lover of mountain

scenery ; and indeed the whole appearance of the country along the borders of the Manifold to its junction with the Dove at Ilam is bold and impressive.

Stanza 8, lines 1 to 6.

“ With them, by Alton Abbey’s castle-den, &c.”

The ruins of the castle of Alton (formerly called Alveton,) are remarkable for their abrupt and perilous situation on the precipice which impends above the bed of the Churnet. In their present mouldering state, having no architectural beauty left to gratify the curious observer, they however form a striking object in the prospect from the gardens of the Abbey, to which their proximity renders them an appendage. Alton Abbey is an irregular gothic mansion, its finest parts being of modern erection, by the present Earl of Shrewsbury. As this place has now become celebrated for the riches and beauty of its pleasure grounds, it has a claim to our notice: nor will the tourist of the Dove who has traced its borders, be misemployed in exploring the adjacent line.

of a tributary stream. The country which embosoms this seat of the renowned Talbots is bold and rocky, diversified with wood and water, yet in its general features very distinct from the light and airy scenery of the Peak. The crags here are dark masses of sandstone, often projecting like a heavy cornice above the narrow vallies; the woods are chiefly plantations of firs, of exuberant growth; and the moorlands have a thick covering of fern and heather, interspersed with the tall stems of the fox glove, which flourishes among the dells and declivities in great luxuriance. On the right of the abbey, approaching it from the village of Farley, a massive gothic tower, conspicuous as a landmark, rises majestically above the sombre foliage of the pines that screen its base. The stories of this tower are occupied by a rich museum of rare curiosities, tastefully selected from the productions of both art and nature, and arranged with a due regard to effect; a fine panoramic view from the platform on the summit completing the exhibition. Nor is the abbey itself without attractions. Its stately rooms

finished in the pure gothic style with stained windows and lofty groined ceilings, and one of them opening into a beautiful conservatory, cannot fail to excite admiration: and its outward structure has a venerable and romantic appearance, when connected with the lofty evergreens that line the alleys leading from the tower towards the lawn and terrace in front. But it is in the embellishment of the spacious natural amphitheatre which extends below the terrace, to the right and left, that the greatest exertions have been made, and are yet in progress. Omitting to describe the grand conservatory now erecting, whose cost is estimated at twenty thousand pounds, and the pagoda, whose elegant columns have begun to rise above the water, it would much exceed our limits to enumerate in detail the finished decorations of this magnificent garden. Temples, grottos, pavillions, arbours and trellisses; ponds, fountains, and cascades; enamelled walks, cool arcades, and labyrinthine windings, terrace above terrace; curious patterres, with choice beds of flowers; exotic shrubs, and fine

spreading trees; the whole interspersed with classical imagery, consisting of marble statues and groups of exquisite sculpture; with busts of eminent modern statesmen and heroes; with representations in stone of the nobler animals; with antique vases, and singular devices of fancy;—such is the display of artificial beauty, which is here blended in profusion, and exhibited in contrast with the wild woods and dark rocks that impend along the acclivities. A partial distribution of sunshine and shadow often adds greatly to the power of the landscape; while the influx of visitors whom the liberality of the noble proprietor admits, almost without restraint, increases its gaiety. The splendours of oriental fiction are realized; and the stranger wanders amidst this maze of novelty and enchantment overcome with sensations of surprize and delight.

— Stanza 10, lines 8 & 9.

*“And flung in stream condensed through fissures forth,
The child of fire, upsent to warm and water earth.”*

The theory which is here advanced in the form of a

query, is stated as a fact in the following lines of the late Dr. Darwin, which he has endeavoured to confirm by a philosophical note appended to them.

Where, as proud Masson rises rude and bleak,
 And with misshapen turrets crests the Peak,
 Old Matlock gapes with marble jaws, beneath,
 And o'er scared Derwent bends his flinty teeth;
 Deep in wide caves below the dangerous soil*
 Blue sulphurs flame, imprisoned waters boil.

*NOTE.—The arguments which tend to shew that the warm springs of this country are produced from steam raised by deep subterraneous fires, and afterwards condensed between the strata of the mountains, appear to me much more conclusive than the idea of their being warmed by chemical combinations near the surface of the earth; for, 1st. their heat has kept accurately the same perhaps for many centuries; certainly as long as we have been possessed of good thermometers; which cannot be well explained, without supposing that they are first in a boiling state. For as the heat of boiling water is 212, and that of the internal parts of the earth 48, it is easy to understand, that the steam raised from boiling water, after being condensed in some mountain, and passing from thence through a certain space of the cold earth, must be cooled always to a given degree; and it is

Impetuous steams in spiral columns rise
 Through rifted rocks, impatient for the skies;
 Or o'er bright seas of bubbling lavas blow;
 As heave and toss the billowy fires below;
 Condensed on high, in wandering rills they glide
 From Masson's dome, and burst his sparry side;
 Round his grey towers, and down his fringed walls,
 From cliff to cliff, the liquid treasure falls;
 In beds of stalactite, bright ores among,
 O'er corals, shells, and crystals, winds along;
 Crusts the green mosses, and the tangled wood,
 And sparkling plunges to its parent flood.

probable the distance from the exit of the spring, to the place where the steam is condensed, might be guessed by the degree of its warmth.

2. In the dry summer of 1780, when all other springs were either dry or much diminished, those of Buxton and Matlock (as I was well informed on the spot), had suffered no diminution; which proves that the sources of these warm springs are at great depths below the surface of the earth.

3. There are numerous perpendicular fissures in the rocks of Derbyshire, in which the ores of lead and copper are found, and which pass to unknown depths, and might thence afford a passage to steam from great subterraneous fires.

Botanic Garden, Part 2. Canto 4.

Stanza 11, lines 1 & 2.

“ Dark as the galleries of that aisle sublime

In Thor’s huge Fane, which yet doth open stand.”

This cavern is one of the most remarkable that occurs in the whole range of the limestone district. Its commanding situation, its noble entrance and capacious interior, its application during heathen times to the bloody rites of the Scandinavian idolatry, all concur to render it an object of research and sublime contemplation. It opens to the broad daylight in the face of a stupendous rock, much resembling the High Tor at Matlock, whose basis is elevated far above the dry channel of the Manifold which curves round the foot of the mountain. A path which leads to it from the village of Wetton in an oblique direction, becomes contracted in its near approach, and must be trodden with caution as the turf is slippery; but all thoughts of diffidence or hazard will be dispelled at the moment of reaching the cavern, whose lofty vaulted entrance and ponderous branching roof strike the beholder with astonish-

ment and awe. About twenty paces within, an aperture of fifty feet in height forms a natural window reaching almost to the floor; which, with the spacious opening at the front, serves to make this vast excavation light airy and commodious, and enables the visitor to grasp at one view the colossal proportions before him. Further within, on an elevated part of the floor where the gloom begins to struggle with the light, is a detached stone in the form of an altar, on which it is to be feared that many a human victim has been sacrificed to the idol deity Thor, whose name this cavern still retains.

These works of darkness Christianity extirpated; yet has the place recently become associated in the minds of the vulgar with new terrors, by occasion of a fatal catastrophe which happened here about February, 1825. Tissington Mycock, a man of some notoriety as a coal-carrier, having neglected his charge to indulge in liquor at the public alehouse, lost his asses. When the fit of inebriation was over he went the next day in search of the strayed ani-

imals ; but instead of finding them, he became himself bewildered in the snow which then covered the ground ; and wandering to the verge of the precipice above the cavern, fell from its tremendous height. He was dashed upon one of the rocky spines that branch out on the left side of the steep, and was thence hurled into the recess of the aperture already described, where, after a lapse of four days his mangled lifeless body was discovered. Since then, a report has prevailed amongst the peasantry of the neighbourhood that the place is haunted by his ghost ; strange noises, it is rumoured, have been heard issuing from the dark cavities that extend within to unexplored heights and depths ; and the farmer's boy when at the hour of night-fall he collects the straggled herd, avoids with superstitious dread the gloomy mouth and frowning precincts of this mountain cavern.

The foregoing sketch of Thor's House is given from materials collected on the spot ; but as the ground has been pre-occupied by Darwin, we may

enliven our description with another extract from his Botanic Garden : the subject of the present note and of that illustrating the sixth stanza will derive additional interest when connected with his glowing verse.

—Where Hamps and Manifold, their cliffs among,
Each in his flinty channel winds along ;
With lucid lines the dusky moor divides,
Hurrying to intermix their sister tides.
Where still their silver-bosomed Nymphs abhor,
The blood-smeared mansion of gigantic Thor,—
—Erst, fires volcanic in the marble womb
Of cloud wrapped Wetton raised the massy dome ;
Rocks reared on rocks in huge disjointed piles
From the tall turrets, and the lengthened ailes ;
Broad ponderous piers sustain the roof, and wide
Branch the vast rain-bow ribs from side to side.
While from above decends in milky streams
One scanty pencil of illusive beams,
Suspended crags and gaping gulphs illumes,
And gilds the horrors of the deepened glooms.
—Here oft the Naiads, as they chanced to play
Near the dread Fane on Thor's returning day,
Saw from red altars streams of guiltless blood
Stain their green reed-beds, and pollute their flood ;
Heard dying babes in wicker prisons wail,

And shrieks of matrons thrill the affrighted Gale ;
 While from dark caves infernal Echoes mock,
 And Fiends triumphant shout from every rock !
 —So still the Nymphs emerging lift in air
 Their snow-white shoulders and their azure hair ;
 Sail with sweet grace the dimpling streams along,
 Listening the Shepherd's or the Miner's song ;
 But, when afar they view the giant-cave,
 On timorous fins they circle on the wave,
 With streaming eyes and throbbing hearts recoil,
 Plunge their fair forms, and dive beneath the soil.—
 Closed round their heads reluctant eddies sink,
 And wider rings successive dash the brink.—
 Three thousand steps in sparry clefts they stray,
 Or seek through sullen mines their gloomy way ;
 On beds of Lava sleep in coral cells,
 Or sigh o'er jasper fish, and agate shells.
 Till, where famed Ham leads his boiling floods
 Through flowery meadows and impending woods,
 Pleased with light spring they leave the dreary night,
 And mid circumfluent surges rise to light ;
 Shake their bright locks, the widening vale pursue,
 Their sea-green mantles fringed with pearly dew ;
 In playful groups by towering Thorp they move,
 Bound o'er the foaming wears, and rush into the Dove.

Botanic Garden, Part 2. Canto 3.

Stanza 15, lines 5 & 6.

*“ Beyond the precincts of the chase he went—
As once to Shirley Park.”*

This celebrated fox-chase has been made the subject of a ballad, written with considerable spirit, and which it once happened to me to hear sung with an animation worthy of a loftier excitement. The following extract may serve as a specimen, though it is not the most amusing portion.

“ The sportsmen they ride at a desperate rate,
As if they had run for a thousand pound plate;
No hedges could turn them, nor walls could them set,
For the choicest of sportsmen in England were met.
The hounds they did rally and briskly pursue ;—
Do you hear little Careless, she runs him in view,
Fifty miles in four hours, which is a great ride ;
'Till in Wootton old park brave Reynard he died.

* * * * *

Lets ring Reynard's farewell with a horn that
sounds clear ;

You've not heard such a hollow this hundred year.”

Stanza 23, lines 8 & 9.

*“ The hand is powerless now, the lyre unstrung,
That charmed the dingles with exulting tones.”*

The death of such men as the late F. N. C. Mundy, Esq., is a public loss ; and the Bust which has been erected to his memory, affords a proof of the general estimation with which he was regarded. But his virtues have obtained for him a more precious memorial in the hearts of his surviving countrymen ; and the traits of his genius, displayed in the poems of “ Needwood Forest,” and the “ Fall of Needwood,” will be admired so long as a taste for simple melody and genuine pathos shall prevail. His bust, which is now the ornament of our County Hall, is the production of F. Chantrey, Esq. ; on the tablet beneath it, is the following elegant and nervous inscription, from the classic pen of Sir Brook Boothby, Bart.

THIS EFFIGY
IS CONSECRATED BY HIS COUNTRYMEN
TO THE MEMORY OF
FRANCIS NOEL CLARKE MUNDY,
WHO HAVING MODESTLY DECLINED
THEIR UNANIMOUS OFFER
TO ELECT HIM AS THEIR REPRESENTATIVE IN
PARLIAMENT,
CONTINUED TO PRESIDE
ON THE BENCH OF JUSTICES IN THIS HALL
DURING A PERIOD OF NEARLY 50 YEARS,
WITH A CLEARNESS OF JUDGMENT,
AND AN INTEGRITY OF DECISION,
WELL WORTHY
OF BEING GRATEFULLY RECORDED.
THIS EXCELLENT MAN
ADMIRER FOR THE ELEGANCE OF HIS LITERARY
PRODUCTIONS,
BELOVED FOR THE GENTLENESS OF HIS MANNERS,
REVERED FOR HIS PUBLIC AND PRIVATE VIRTUES,
LIVED HAPPILY AT HIS PATERNAL SEAT
AT MARKEATON
TO THE AGE OF 76 YEARS.
MAY HIS EXAMPLE EXCITE EMULATION !

Stanza 45, line 1.

*“ The rapid Churnet joins upon the plains
Of Rocester.”*

“ Churnett, at Rowcester, entering into Dove upon the west side, hath its first spring within less than two miles of Dove-head, though it wanders something further off than Manifold did, and therefore is longer ere it shakes hands with it.

“ Churnett, passing from the head, through one of the barrenest countries that I know, hath not any place worth the naming, till it come to Dieu le Cresse, an abbey founded by the last Ranulfe, earl of Chester.”—ERDESWICK.

This reproach of barrenness, made in the sixteenth century, is no longer applicable. The brewery and other establishments at Chedleton near the head of the stream; the heavy tonnage of the limestone conveyed by the canal it feeds; and the extensive wire-mills at Oakermoor, and Alton bridge,

attest the manufacturing importance of the district : while its opulence is not less manifested by the beautiful woodlands of Belmont, and those magnificent gardens at Alton, which are become the glory of the Churnet.

Stanza 46.

“Where art or wast thou, O time-honoured Tree, &c”

The Hundred of Appletree is said to derive its name from a tree of that kind, underneath whose branches the meetings of the magistracy were convened, to transact the business of the district. I have not been able to ascertain in what place this tree stood ; but if I might offer a conjecture, I should think it very probable that Cubley, which is nearly in the centre of the Hundred, was the spot. There is no vestige now remaining, but one part of the village where two of the principal roads intersect each other, is called Cubley Stoop, which, I am told, is a corruption of Cubley Stump, perhaps derived from the stump of this extinct tree.

Stanza 47, line 3 & 4.

*“ Beneath the smiling height
Of Calwich sweeps her graceful avenue.”*

“ From Mayfield, Dove passeth to Calwich, where-
of I can only make this report, that being, or be-
longing to a cell, or house of religion (Kenelworth,
in Warwickshire) now a Lancashire gentleman is
owner thereof; who, as I have heard, hath made a
parlour of the chancel, a hall of the church, and a
kitchen of the steeple, which may be true; for I
have known a gentleman in Cheshire who hath
done the like ”—ERDESWICK, A. D. 1600.

Stanza 48, lines 8 & 9.

*“ I haste to Ashbourn, and with new delight
Pass by its windowed Spire.”*

Ashbourn Church is a cruciform structure of very elegant proportions, crowned with a lofty ornamented spire; and its situation, which is nearly in the centre of a spacious burial-ground, admits the spectator on every side to a full view of this beautiful spe-

cimen of gothic architectnre. It has been observed by Coleridge that a spire placed in the depth of a valley has usually a ludicrous effect, and reminds him of an *extinguisher*. However true this remark may generally be, it does not hold good in the present instance; for the light airy construction of this spire, with its fretted angular lines and slender-shafted windows opening into their several stories, produces a fine effect, whether it is beheld from the level of the adjoining road, or from the steep eminences that environ it on each side. A good set of engravings of this Church, taken from lithographic plates, has lately been published.

Within the church there is an exquisite piece of statuary from the chissel of Banks, the tribute of parental affection to a lovely child. This precious monument, we regret to say, is placed to less advantage here, enclosed as it now is in a wooden case, than even when it lay exposed in the workshop of the artist. It has no sequestered aisle, no long line of approach in perspective, no relief

of sable colouring thrown behind it, like as are the accompaniments of that beautiful monument in Litchfield Cathedral, the group of the Two Children, by Chantrey. But devoid of all extrinsic recommendations, its innate excellencies will always extort the admiration of visitors. The following description of this fine sculpture is copied from the "Peak Scenery" by Mr. E. Rhodes, a very elegant and valuable work.

"On a marble pedestal, a mattress, sculptured from the same material, is laid; on this the child reposes, but apparently not in quiet; her head reclines on a pillow, but the disposition of the whole figure indicates restlessness. The little sufferer, indeed, appears as if she had just changed her position by one of those frequent turnings to which illness often in vain resorts for relief from pain. The inscription on the tablet below enforces this feeling:—

"I was not in safety, neither had I rest, and the trouble came."

The pedestal below is inscribed—

TO PENELOPE,

Only child of

Sir Brooke Boothby, and Dame Susannah Boothby,

Born, April 11th, 1785.

Died, March 13th, 1791.

She was in form and in intellect most exquisite.

The unfortunate parents ventured their all

on this frail bark,

and the wreck was total.

‘ It is impossible to hang over the beautiful image which the artist has here sculptured forth, and peruse the simple but affecting inscriptions scattered around it, without sympathising with the afflicted parents who had ‘ ventured their all on this frail bark,’ and found ‘ the wreck was total.’

NOTES TO CANTO II.

Stanzas 2 & 3.

“ *Ilam, thy ancient Hall is swept away ! &c.*”

The beautifully romantic vale of Ilam, which has been compared to a glen in the Alps, was, at the time when the first edition of the *Tour of the Dove* was published, about to be adorned with a new mansion, under the auspices of Jesse Watts Russel, Esq., who had by purchase become proprietor of the estate. That desirable work is now far advanced towards completion ; and in giving a description of it, we cannot do better than transcribe the following account from the concluding part of *Rhodes's Peak Scenery*, published in 1823 :

“ The new mansion at Ilam is truly a noble structure, and a proof of the professional skill and taste

of the architect. The principal part of the building, with its large bay windows, octagonal projections, and richly ornamented parapets, is in that peculiar style of architecture which was fashionable in the reign of Elizabeth ; but there are portions of this structure that nearly assimilate with the gothic, in character and ornament, and these are decidedly the finest and most imposing parts. The whole appears to be admirably contrived, both for picturesque effect and convenience ; but the most beautiful feature in this noble mansion is the circular gothic lantern by which it is surmounted. It is not a paltry thing, made merely for the purpose of admitting light ; its dimensions are ample, and perfectly in proportion with the capacious base whereon it rests. The circle of which it is composed presents to the eye a series of pointed arches, resting on appropriate shafts : these, in connexion with each other, describe a circle, and constitute the frame-work of the lantern. Where light is wanted in the central part of a building, the dome is sometimes so constructed as to be a noble ornament ; but the lantern

at Ilam is a more noble contrivance, and one of the most tasteful and elegant architectural ornaments that ever adorned a building. The place altogether does infinite credit to the taste and liberal spirit of the proprietor, who will make this romantic spot—this beauteous gem in British scenery—not less attractive than its neighbouring Dove Dale. I have here mentioned a part only of what is already accomplished at Ilam : a museum, a splendid conservatory, and a picture-gallery, upwards of eighty feet long, are intended to be added. J. Watts Russel, is in possession of some fine works of modern art, and he is rapidly increasing his collection by new purchases. Hilton's picture of "Una amongst the Satyrs," which in colouring, composition, and character, is a *chef-d'œuvre* of the British school of painting, and Howard's "Solar System, a composition of rare and varied excellence, fine imagination, and elegant poetic feeling, already form a part of those select productions of the pencil which are intended to adorn the picture-gallery at Ilam Hall. The spirited proprietor of this delightful

place, in his purchase of works of art, is not only influenced by good taste but by true English feeling. He knows there is abundance of fine talent in his own country, which, if duly encouraged, and exercised on subjects of history and imagination, might produce works worthy of being associated in the same apartment with the best productions of any age or nation in the world.

“ Within a few hundred yards of the front of Ilam Hall, is the village church, one of the most rural and pleasing objects that the place affords. The tower appears to be a structure of foliage, for the stone-work is so invested with ivy as to be almost entirely obscured with its verdant covering ; and the dial of the clock is half buried amongst thickly entwined leaves. Ash, elder, and wild roses, of the most luxuriant growth and colour, flourish close around the walls of the church, and the adjoining burial-ground is covered with the richest verdure, amongst which a grey stone occasionally appears, inscribed to the memory of those who sleep beneath. No fence of stone marks the boundary line of this

sequestered spot : towards the house, it is open to the lawn, or only separated from it by an invisible fence : nearer the village, a hedge of hawthorn, intermingled with ash, divides it from the meadows of which it seems to be a part ; and altogether, there is an air of great rural beauty and sanctified repose about the church at Ilam."

Here is preserved the tomb of St. Bertram, the scholar of St. Guthlac, who in this place led an eremitical life : and a spacious gothic chapel which communicates with the chancel, has recently been erected, which is designed to be the receptacle of one of the finest works of Chantrey—a monumental group to the memory of the late David Pike Watts. " In this fine work of art," says Mr. Rhodes, " the venerable David Pike Watts is represented on his bed of death, from whence he has half-raised himself by a final effort of expiring nature, to perform the last solemn act of a long and virtuous life : his only daughter and her children, all that were dearest to him in life, surround his couch, and bend at his side, as they receive from his lips the blessings and

benedictions of a dying parent, when the last half-uttered farewell falters upon them. Nothing can be more affecting than this family group: the figures here committed to marble, have the semblance of beings like ourselves, with passions, feelings, and affections, similar to our own: we therefore sympathize in their afflictions, and mingle our tears with theirs."

Ilam has also attained a classical celebrity, on account of its having been made a place of temporary resort by several eminent literary characters. Rousseau, who resided for a time at Wootton Hall, in his occasional rambles was naturally attracted by the scenery of Dovedale and Ilam. It is said that he scattered the seeds of many rare flowers in this neighbourhood; but I am doubtful whether in asserting that 'Time holds the garland yet,' I shall not need the plea of poetic licence. The experiment has failed at least in other instances where attempts have been made to naturalize exotics in our woods and mountains. On a steep ascent which overshadows with its spreading trees the spot where

the two subterranean streams, the Hamps and the Manifold, emerge into daylight, there is a rude cell scooped out of the rock, having a semicircular seat, with a square table of stone in the centre. In this place, now dilapidated and cheerless, being overgrown with thickets of holly yew and the dank elder, Congreve is said to have written his Comedy of the Old Bachelor, and a part of his Mourning Bride. Darwin too, ever attentive to the wonderful works of nature, has sought inspiration amid these delightful grounds. There yet remains an hydraulic machine of his contrivance, very ingeniously constructed, which is become one of the *natural* curiosities of the place. It formerly raised a stream of the purest water for the supply of the Hall; but its pulsations have long ceased to beat, and age has encrusted its whole fabric with a deep-fringed coating of the greenest moss. To the names already recited as conferring distinction on Ilam, we may venture to add that of Moore, author of *Lalla Rook* and the *Irish Melodies*, who resided some years ago in the neighbouring village of Mayfield. It cannot

be doubted but he caught some of the glowing hues of his verse during his visits to this imaginative region.

Mr. Rhodes, in the Peak Scenery, has expressed his regret that the channel of the Manifold is for a great portion of the year deficient of water ; and he enquires ‘ whether the river where it first commences its subterraneous career cannot be divided, and a part of it made to flow continually along its obvious channel?’ To this may be replied, that probably it is the case with the Manifold as with the Hamps, that there is a number of fissures occurring in the course of its passage which would render the proposed attempt abortive. Neither, in my humble opinion, is such a change desirable. The *whole* of the stream would afford but a scanty pittance for the supply of the channel here, which the volume of its occasional floods has rendered both ample and deep. The floods sometimes happen very suddenly : in the midst of summer when the bed of the stream is dry, a heavy thunder-storm on the hills above will bring down in the space of ten or fifteen minutes a tide of water several feet in depth, impetuously rolling its

billows beneath the amphitheatre of woods that encloses the upper part of the vale. But this noisy spectacle disturbs the harmony of the secluded pastoral nook, and serves to weaken the impression of its own romantic charms. The sandy stony track of the empty channel is prevented by the bushes and trees growing along its banks from being an obtrusive object; and a casual glimpse of this phenomenon in British scenery, strikingly accords with the strangeness and novelty here displayed, in the rock-grottos, imbedded on the floor with jasper fishes, and the river-fountains which boil up immediately before them. At the further end of the meadow a rustic bench is placed near the border of this "wizard stream," whence the eye takes in a landscape-picture of unique beauty and repose, having in the distance Thorpe Cloud, rearing its summit to the skies like an eternal pyramid.

Stanza 4, line 8.

"Then lift thy battle-axe, O blue Thorpe Cloud!"

The lofty peak of this mountain is a sharp ridge of

rock, bearing a rude resemblance to the head of the ancient battle-axe; to which figure its whole outline may also be assimilated.

Stanza 5, lines 8 & 9.

*“ threatening the death he sleeps,
Whom erst they hurled, both horse and rider down
their steeps.”*

This passage refers to a melancholy accident which befel the Rev. Dean Langton, of Cloger, in Ireland. Having rashly proposed to ride up the slope of these acclivities to the ridge of the hill, an adventurous lady of the party, Miss La Roche, requested to take her seat behind him on the horse, which he unfortunately acceded to. The result was, that the footing of the animal failed, and the whole were precipitated down the steeps. The Dean died of the injury he received; the lady, whose hair became entangled in a bush, was taken up insensible, from which state, she slowly recovered; the horse escaped with only a few slight contusions.

Stanzas 11 & 12.

“ *Grass of Parnassus, &c.*”

The tourist cannot but be struck with the profusion of wild flowers which Nature has strewed over this favoured spot. In spring the hollows are scented by the Lily of the Valley ; in summer the turf, short and slippery, is every where purpled with large patches of Thyme, agreeably contrasting with the yellow Cistus and Anthyllis, which though common to the Derbyshire limestone stratum, are no where more abundant. Amongst others which are rare as well as beautiful may be noticed the elegant Parnassia, the fragrant Nottingham Catchfly, the finer Scabious (columberia,) with the granulated and the rue-leaved Saxifras. The bare acclivities at the entrance are sprinkled with the stately nodding Thistle (*Carduus nutans,*) and the white silky tassels of the Cotton Grass ; every rock and cave is fringed with its ferns, the Hart's-tongue and rarer species of Spleenwort ; while the sinewy leaves of the Colts-foot and the graceful tresses of the white Ranuncu-

lus in some places almost entirely bury the river. The shrubs appear if possible still more varied and luxuriant. The Spindle and the Buckthorn, the Mountain Ash and the Service-tree form large thickets over the hazel brushwood. The dwarf Furze, and beautiful varieties of the Rose, crest the sides of the rocks. Some of these have been alluded to in the Poem, after the example of the Hebrew Muse, whom Michaelis asserts to be the most botanical of all muses ; the various plants mentioned in scripture (and chiefly in the poetical parts) amounting to several hundreds.

Stanza 13.

“ Still Dovedale yield thy flowers to deck the fountains, &c.”

In the village of Tissington, about two miles from Dovedale, an ancient custom is duly maintained, of which Mr. Rhodes gives the following interesting particulars :

“ It is denominated WELL-FLOWERING, and Holy Thursday is devoted to the rites and ceremonies of

this elegant custom. The day is regarded as a festival ; and all the wells in the place, five in number, are decorated with wreathes and garlands of newly-gathered flowers, disposed in various devices. Sometimes boards are used, which are cut to the figure intended to be represented, and covered with moist clay, into which the stems of flowers are inserted, to preserve their freshness ; and they are so arranged as to form a beautiful mosaic work, often tasteful in design and vivid in colouring : the boards thus adorned, are so placed in the spring, that the water appears to issue from amongst beds of flowers. On this occasion the villagers put on their best attire, and open their houses to their friends. There is service at the church, where a sermon is preached ; afterwards a procession takes place, and the wells are visited in succession : the psalms of the day, the epistle and gospel, are read, one at each well, and the whole concludes with a hymn, sung by the church singers, and accompanied by a band of music. This done, they separate, and the re-

mainer of the day is spent in rural sports and holiday pastimes.

“ From this ancient usage, which has been continued through a long succession of ages, arose the practice of sprinkling the Severn and the rivers of Wales with flowers, as alluded to by Dyer in his poem of the FLEECE, and by Milton in his COMUS.

“ ————— with light fantastic toe the nymphs
Thither assembled, thither every swain ;
And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flowers,
Pale lilies, roses, violets, and pinks,
Mixed with the green of burnet, mint, and thyme,
And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms :
Such custom holds along the irriguous vales,
From Wreakin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn.”

DYER.

“ The shepherds at their festivals
Carol her good deeds loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,
Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.”

MILTON.

The custom of decorating wells with flowers, and attending them with religious services and festive rejoicings on holy Thursday, is not peculiar to Tis-

sington. Many other wells have been committed to the patronage of the saints, and treated with similar honours, some on account of the purity, and others for the medicinal virtue of their waters. St. Alkmund's well, at Derby, is an instance of the former class, where the name has been continued long after the superstition which gave it has passed away. In the dark ages of popery, this veneration for holy wells was carried to an idolatrous excess, insomuch, that in the reign of Edgar and Canute, it was found necessary to issue edicts prohibiting well-worship. But the principle of veneration for waters, if restricted within its proper bounds, is amiable : indeed it seems to have been implanted in the breast of man in all ages. A fountain is the emblem of purity and benevolence. From the days when the patriarchs journeyed in the wilderness, down to the present period ; whether bursting through the arid sands of the African desert, or welling out its genial waters amid the Greenland snows ; its soft melody, its motion, its transparency, and its refreshing virtues, have ever been a subject.

of interest and delight to the human race. Who could have approached the Bethesda of the Jews with a callous heart? Who could have listened with indifference to the song of Israel, when her princes had digged the well, and her elders and lawgiver stood around it?

ODE, verse 11, line 1, to 3.

*“ Then shook the hills, by thunders riven,
And ruin’s ploughshare, fiercely driven,
Broke through the rocks its way.”*

The first line is borrowed from Campbell’s Hohenlinden, and the second is altered from Dr. Young’s verse,

“ and final ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o’er creation.”

Stanza 18.

“ So when the plague at Eyam thinned the flock, &c.

There is a very interesting account of the dreadful visitation of the plague at Eyam, given by Mr. Rhodes in Part I. of his “ Peak Scenery.” A po-

lished stone or marble hammer, supposed to be the symbol of the divinity of Thor, has been lately turned up by the plough from its obscurity, and is now in the possession of Mr. Bird of Eyam.

Stanza 29.

“ Such is the final scene magnificent ! &c.

It is not so easy as might be imagined, to obtain a correct nomenclature of the places of note in Dove-dale. The accounts given in the various publications respecting Derbyshire do not correspond; and the traditional tales delivered by the guides are many of them unworthy of notice. The projection of rock which affords a subject to this stanza, bears a striking resemblance to the head of a lion; at a small distance, on the other side of the river, is a dark cavern called the lion's den; some of the other names are given with propriety; but to listen to all the farrago, of sugar loaves, the twelve apostles, the lover's leap, Queen Mary's snuff-box, &c. &c., would be to render this vale of contemplation, this

museum of nature, a vanity-fair, and a fool's paradise.

For the convenience of the curious reader who may wish to compare the stanzas of the present poem with the best prose description of the most striking features of Dovedale, the author again takes the liberty of quoting the Peak Scenery :

“ Descending from our elevation, and following the path by the side of the river, we came to a curious assemblage of broken rocks, closely united together below, but above indented with deep fissures, and divided into pyramidal terminations, which collectively are denominated DOVE DALE CHURCH. This fantastic resemblance of a dilapidated structure is finely situated at the base of an immense hill of wood, whose lofty summit is adorned with overhanging crags. The foliage of the trees is here of the most luxuriant description, and the river sparkles with the vivid reflections of the many picturesque objects on its banks.”

“ About two hundred yards beyond Dove Dale Church, on the contrary side of the river, is Rey-

nard's Cave, one of the most extraordinary and curious specimens of rock-scenery in any part of Derbyshire. This cave consists of a stupendous rib of rock, which is partly detached from the general mass, and excavated into a magnificent natural arch, regularly formed, and of great extent; an open court is seen beyond, and in distance the entrance into an interior cavern appears. The rocks near this arch are adorned with ivy, and so formed and connected together as to present to an active imagination the rude resemblance of some mighty castle, and the fit abode of one of those fabled beings whom one of the greatest favourites of the nursery knew so well how to tame and subdue."

The following is a very correct outline of the general character of the dale, which as Mr. Rhodes rightly observes, divides itself into three reaches, increasing in boldness of feature.

"The entrance into the dale, from the side of Thorp Cloud, is an appropriate introduction to the beauties that succeed: proceeding onwards, the forms become more romantic, the foliage thickens; and the

rocks assume a greater portion of grandeur,—every step varies the scene, but the same bold impress is upon the whole. Some of the rocks are peculiar, perhaps fantastic; yet accompanied, as they are, with a variety of beautiful foliage, hung with ivy, and chequered with lichens, they are not only interesting, but even picturesque objects; and, where they call to mind the forms of things to which they have but a remote resemblance, they do it so imperfectly, that the imagination is amused in supplying the deficiencies. A mighty insulated rock, which has its base in the stream, rises from the left bank of the river; a bold mass of rock, whose conical summit penetrates the clouds, occupies the right: between these huge portals flows the river Dove. Through this contracted space, some flat meadows, clothed with verdure, appear; and still farther in distance, bold swelling hills close in the prospect. The effect of this scene is truly magical: it is an interesting transition from one description of landscape to another, that excites surprise by its suddenness, and charms with its beauty.”

Stanza 31, lines 5 & 6.

“ *Here I might recal—Judean scenes.*”

Rocks waters woods and mountains, are the elements of grandeur and beauty in landscape, and possess an innate power to warm and elevate our affections ; but the reflective faculty of man enables him by the association of ideas to extend his enjoyments and enhance their value ; the classic soil ennobled by poetry romance or chivalry is doubly interesting ; and the devotional christian, while he travels through this hilly region, amidst caverns and cliffs and dewy vales and rocky fastnesses, replenished with fountains and brooks and rivers, will not fail to assimilate its features with those of the country to which his thoughts are so often directed. To him it will be a delightful exercise to compare the sublime and beautiful scenery around him with the descriptions of the “ Holy Land” given by the pen of inspired writers. He is here in “ a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills :” he

has for a brief while left the habitations of men “to dwell in the cliffs of the valleys, in caves of the earth, and in the rocks:” and here he beholds His divine handywork “who cutteth out rivers among the rocks, and overturneth the mountains by the roots; who refreshes the dry ground with watersprings and maketh the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose. Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works.”

Stanza 33, line 6, and Sequel.

“*And those of spectral shape, that walk the clouds, &c.*”

This phenomenon is one of rare occurrence; but the author was once favoured with an appearance of the kind upon Calton moor, when in the midst of a drizzling storm of sleet, he was startled by the appearance of an equestrian figure upon the cloud that skirted the hill, keeping pace with the horse that carried him.

The water-spout is an electrical phenomenon, which occurs with more frequency. They are called

pipes in the Peak of Derbyshire. and do not always discharge thoir contents, but are sometimes drawn back into the cloud from which they were suspended.

Besides that reverberation of sound which is produced in favourable situations, where the echo is audibly distinct, there is in general, amongst the lone craggy dales and mountain coves of the Peak, a very perceptible augmentation of power and depth in the voice. The croak of the raven falls more heavily on the ear; and even the feeble shrill bleating of the strayed lamb will rouse attention and awaken our sympathies.* The poet Wordsworth in

* The author of the present work, having been personally affected by a trivial incident wherein this magnifying power was exemplified, hopes to be pardoned for the egotism of relating the circumstance. The first excursion which he made with the intention of visiting Dovedale ended in disappointment, owing to the backwardness of the party with whom he was connected. They were detained at the inn at Mappleton trying the strength of some bottled ale, where he quitted them,

his Description of the Scenery of the Lakes in the North of England, speaking of the English warblers says, " their notes, when listened to by the side of broad still waters, or when heard in unison with the murmuring of mountain brooks, have the compass of their power enlarged accordingly. There is also," he says, " an imaginative influence in the voice of the cuckoo, when that voice has taken possession of a deep mountain valley, very different from any thing which can be excited by the same

to push forward alone to accomplish his purposed visit. Unfortunately he attempted to reach the place by a direct route, being straitened for time; but after clambering to the summit of a hill opposite Thorp Cloud, he found the descent on the other side impracticable, and was reluctantly obliged to return, having only obtained a glimpse of the entrance to the dale. This, however, rendered him eager to embrace the next opportunity which occurred for making a second attempt. It was in the depth of winter, the ground was covered with snow, and the twilight of evening was beginning to mingle its gloom with the murky atmosphere, when, leaving his horse at the little hamlet of Thorp, he rambled alone along the defile of the cloud-mountain into the dale. Proceeding onward, and climbing to the uppermost of

sound in a flat country." And again, with reference to the effects of the weather, he exclaims: "Insensible must he be who would not congratulate himself upon the bold bursts of sunshine, the descending vapours, wandering lights and shadows, and the invigorated torrents and waterfalls, with which broken weather, in a mountainous region is accompanied.

the two caves named Reynard's hall and kitchen, he there found a large icicle, about three feet in girth, depending from the roof; which, had the frost continued, would soon have become a pillar of ice. But a thaw had imperceptibly begun to operate; unaware of the change, he soon descended again to the lower cave, it being the finest of the two, and in the most romantic situation. While he was lingering there in admiration of the stupendous arch of rock before him, darkened with the gathering shades of night, suddenly an appalling crash was heard from above, which resounded as if the rocks had been falling. Having recovered from the momentary alarm, yet wondering whence so loud a report proceeded, he returned to the upper cave, and there beheld the splendid icicle now strewed in shivers upon the floor. The mountain had been in labour, and this was the offspring of her throes.

Stanza 36.

“Valley of shadow! thee the evening moon, &c.”

Dr. Plott, in his history of Staffordshire, speaking of this part of the country, says, “The mountains are so high that in rainy weather their tops may be seen above the clouds; and they are so narrow, that the inhabitants, in that time of the year when the sun is nearest the tropic of Capricorn, never see it; and when it does begin to appear, they do not see it till about one o’clock, which they call Narrowdale noon, using it as a proverb when any thing is delayed.”

This passage applies to the hamlet of Narrow Dale consisting of about four houses, situate behind the range of hills which forms the western boundary of the confined valley where the Dove finds its passage. But this defile also, is, with more propriety, called Narrow Dale. It extends about three miles, from Woscote* bridge to the new bridge, where the

* This name, Mr. Henry Moore informs me, was originally Wolfscote, a name probably not given without its meaning. I am also indebted to him for information respecting the Iron Tors, and Park-house head.

road from Alstonfield crosses the river to ascend the hill of Hanson Toot. Mill Dale, which commences here, reaches to the caves called Dove-holes, being above a mile in length. The whole extent, from Mill Dale to Woscote bridge, is remarkable for its deep seclusion and solitary grandeur; especially the lower part of the dale, where the rocks, denominated the Iron Tors, elevate their buttresses till they appear like dilapidated turrets above the summit line of the Staffordshire hills. It will perhaps be of use to state, that the route along the side of the Dove, may be pursued from Dovedale with greater ease and safety, by crossing over the narrow bridge at Mill Dale, and after having reached the new bridge, where the Alstonfield road passes, there to recross the river to the Derbyshire side, and then continue on that side till Woscote bridge is reached, which is but a short distance from Pike Pool.

Stanza 37, lines 5 & 6.

*“Of a high hill that might with Hanson Toot
Have gained a name from Cotton’s classic pen.”*

The allusion here made, is to the following passage in Walton’s Complete Angler, part 2nd, by Cotton.

VIATOR. Well, if ever I come to London, of which many a man there, if he were in my place, would make a question, I will sit down and write my travels, and print them at my own charge. Pray what do you call this hill we came down ?

PISCATOR. We call it Hanson Toot.

VIATOR. Why, farewell Hanson Toot ; I’ll no more on thee : I’ll go twenty miles about first.”

It is always an unpleasant task to advert to the errors committed by other writers ; but in this Second Part of the Complete Angler, there is a note subjoined by Walton, which has, I think, misled several respectable authors, and in justice to myself I am compelled to notice it. Speaking of the rock in Pike-Pool, he says :

“ ’Tis a rock in the fashion of a spire steeple, and almost as big. It stands in the midst of the river Dove ;

and not far from Mr. Cotton's House, below which place this delicate river takes a swift career betwixt many mighty rocks. And this Dove being opposed by one of the highest of them, has, at last, forced itself a way through it; and after a mile's concealment, appears again with more glory and beauty than before that opposition, running through the most pleasant vallies and most fruitful meadows that this nation can justly boast of."

The late Mr. Bentley of Uttoxeter, when he composed his poem entitled "The River Dove, a lyric pastoral," must have been strangely deceived by this note, as the one subjoined to his stanza on Pike Pool is evidently fabricated from it. In the following verse he is yet more glaringly incorrect :

"A cavern now opes its huge round,
 The Dove in its womb to enclose ;
 Hark! hollow its murmurs resound,
 While deep through its bowels it flows :
 Absorb'd tho' the Dove from our sight,
 A chymical filtering tries,
 Emerging I see it more bright,
 And more with transparency rise."

As the statements conveyed by these writers are not borne out by the fact, I have endeavoured to ascertain what is the real truth, and how far it has

afforded any ground for the above assertions. In tracing the course of the river, which in this part I followed downwards, I found a continuous stream; suspecting however that its volume was become decreased below Woscote bridge, I took the opportunity of a second visit to examine it more carefully; and then discovered an eddy behind the rock in Pike Pool, where I should calculate that about one fourth part of the stream was absorbed; and it probably finds its outlet into the channel again, somewhere in Narrow Dale. As I had observed, in the summer of 1818, that the stream of the Wye disappeared for a short space, a little below Buxton; I made enquiry at Hartington, whether this had been the case with the Dove, and was informed, that the Dove had never been known to disappear from the surface in any part of its course.

Stanza 37, line 9.

“ *I pass the meads to Beresford’s enchanting glen.*”

Beresford Hall, an antiquated mansion built in the times of the Commonwealth, and standing on a woody

eminence which overlooks the Dove, is chiefly remarkable as having been the residence of Cotton, the poet, courtier, brother angler, and friend of Izaak Walton. It is now occupied as a farm house, where also a clergyman is accommodated with the principal rooms. The lower rooms are spacious, and pannelled in the ancient taste ; but the upper ones are low, connected by inconvenient winding passages, though the ceilings and fire-places still retain their mouldings and decorations. Cotton's Hole, where he concealed himself from the bailiffs by whom he was harrassed in his latter days, is about a hundred paces from the hall. A fissure in the rock just large enough to admit a person sideways, opens into a narrow and dark passage of some yards in length, which terminates in a round cavity about four feet in diameter, probably excavated artificially, at least in part. The Fishing House stands at some distance, on the very extremity of a peninsula formed by the stream. It is at present in a very ruinous condition, though it might easily be saved from decay and restored to its former state.

The cypher on the front is still in good preservation, not having yet lost the gilding. A splendid copy of Walton's delightful work was lately presented to the mistress of the house, who is now a widow, by a clergyman who had spent some time there on a visit, which she preserves with pride and veneration.

Stanzas 48, line 1.

“ *With strength and freedom flowed the water-song.*”

This fountain, and another which issues from the hill at a short distance, make a considerable accession to the stream of the Dove, in dry weather nearly doubling its current. The marble of which the cavern is constructed is of the grey species, variegated with entrochi, like that produced at Ashford. The whole of this district appears to abound with marble, for the tourist cannot pass through the common stiles that connect the fields, without perceiving the fine polish which the slabs forming their sides have acquired.

Stanza 50, lines 1 & 2.

*“ Where sleeps the giant in his mountain-tent ;
Where from the deluge Croome upheaved his shell.”*

On one of the mountains in the neighbourhood of Longnor, called Parker's head, a corruption of Park-house head, discovers its summit at six or eight miles distance, like a huge helmet peering above the surrounding hills ; which circumstance was alluded to in the forty-fifth stanza. On a nearer approach, when the entire bulk of the mountain is displayed, it bears a striking resemblance to the form of a tent, having on the north side a projecting gable of rock, which might be taken for the entrance porch. Croome, or High Croome, is a neighbouring mountain of greater magnitude, having its back furrowed like a shell with indurated ridges. Each of these mountains rises in a distinct mass from the plain, unconnected with the high grounds in the vicinity.

Stanza 52, line 9.

“ *The cloud-sustaining broad Ax-Edge.*”

It is difficult to account for the name which has been given to this mountain. If an opinion were to be formed in the abstract, we might suppose that it was moulded into a sharp ridge, and received its name from that circumstance ; but as its form is very different, being a heavily-rounded mass, may it not be concluded that its etymology is derived from altitude alone, in which respect, it stands superior to Moredge, Stanedge, Ladder-edge, or any of the more abrupt eminences in the neighbourhood.

Stanza 54, line 5.

“ *Here springs the Dove.*”

Of the two principal forks which supply the channel of the Dove, that which takes the most direct line, and passes by the hamlet of Dove-head, is here selected as the true source of the river. For the head of the other fork, which lies upon Brand-side, it

has been urged, that it yields a greater current, originates higher up the mountain, and passing through wilder moorlands, has its course more diversified with picturesque water-breaks and falls. But these considerations ought not to outweigh the authority that supports the legitimacy of the other stream. The large map of the County of Stafford published in 1820, by Messrs. Greenwood and Co., from actual survey, makes the line of the Dove to commence at the road leading from Buxton to Leek, upon the point where the Counties of Stafford and Derby divide ; and in this place, a small well, situate only about twenty yards below a cottage on the road-side which it supplies with water, and a quarter of a mile above Dove-head, was pointed out to the writer, as the commencement of the river. The account given in Walton's Complete Angler, that its source is " a contemptible fountain, which might almost be covered by a hat," literally describes this place, now protected by a small covering stone. But the most conclusive

argument, is the circumstance, that the hamlet of Dove-head is situated upon the border of this stream ; whereas the other does not approach the direct channel, till about a mile below the hamlet, where it enters the Dove, almost at a right angle with its course.

THE END.

ON
THE TOUR OF THE DOVE,
First Edition.

“The river Dove, with its surrounding scenery, which the poet so enthusiastically describes, is situated in the most romantic and beautiful part of Derbyshire, whose local attractions and peculiarities are drawn with a delicate and masterly hand. The poetry of Mr. E. is often picturesque and pleasing, with very happy rural and local imagery.”

Monthly Magazine, Oct. 1821.

“The erroneous association, produced by an accidental coincidence of names, was soon dissolved by the murmuring of the water, which the poet taught us to hear, and by the romantic scenery which he invited us to survey; and we candidly acknowledge, that with these we have been much delighted. He has dipped his pencil in the variegated colourings of nature, and on his poetical landscape has pourtrayed some of its richest tints. His numbers in general flow with ease and melody; the language is strong but not affected; intelligible to every reader that can appreciate the beauties of his composition, and corresponding with the ideas it is calculated to convey. The notes appended illustrate many passages, which would otherwise remain obscure, and through their assistance the reader is made acquainted with the local history of places and objects which pass in review before him.”

Imperial Magazine, Oct. 1822.

“Mr. Edwards has evidently taken great pains to render the topography of his poem correct, and he writes, at the same time, like a genuine lover of nature. He has certainly produced a very picturesque and interesting poem. We consider the volume as an interesting accession to our library.”

Eclectic Review, May, 1823.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED,
PEAK SCENERY,

OR THE DERBYSHIRE TOURIST,

By E. RHODES; Second Edition, in one volume, 8vo.
price 14s.

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, BROWN & GREEN,
Paternoster Row, LONDON.

PICTURESQUE EXCURSIONS,

From DERBY to MATLOCK and its VICINITY,

By H. MOORE, price 5s.

PICTURESQUE EXCURSIONS

IN THE HIGH PEAK,

Containing a new Theory to account for the Phenomenon of the Ebbing and Flowing Well.

By H. MOORE, price 5s.

Published by the author, and sold at Buxton,
Matlock, and Derby.





Y 123862

