

THE LOVE STEPS OF DOROTHY VERNON

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ELIZA METEYARD

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Eliza Meteyard (1816 - 1879) supported herself throughout her life as a writer of novels, articles for weekly journals, short stories and biography. A noted contemporary remarked “It is said that it was through this [Dorothy Vernon’s] doorway and down these steps that the lovely Dorothy Vernon passed on the night of her elopement ... Very sweetly has the tradition of love and elopement of this noble pair been worked up by the imagination in a story *The Love Steps of Dorothy Vernon*, by a popular writer in the Reliquary.”

Eliza Meteyard’s *The Love Steps of Dorothy Vernon* achieved a wide degree of literary influence after it appeared in the widely circulated 1860 issue of *The Reliquary*. It is this version which is included herein. This is the first story in which Dorothy Vernon appears in the title and is clearly the central person. The story opens in early December, when preparations are being made for a grand Haddon Hall Christmas open house to celebrate Margaret’s impending marriage to Sir Thomas Stanley. The evidence which discounts the placing of the two marriages on the same evening, one by arrangement and one by elopement, is not yet known. But regardless of future evidence to the contrary, Meteyard has established the part of the legend that Dorothy’s elopement is on the evening of her sister’s scheduled wedding.

Meteyard correctly identifies Maude as Dorothy’s step-mother. Maude was only about eight years older than Dorothy, and it would seem that George Vernon married her in the hope of producing a male heir. Maude is described as a “vigilant Dame” who “strictly guarded” Dorothy and was continually looking for an excuse to dole out punishment to her. This theme was created by Meteyard; later authors would seize on this idea to create additional conflict and uncertainty in the story. There is no historical evidence of this being true; it seems to be solely a dramatic creation of Meteyard.

Meteyard creates Dorothy’s nursemaid, who has cared for the “sweet lady-bird” since her infancy. The nursemaid, Luce, is devoted to Dorothy and serves as the go-between to pass messages to John Manners. There is the baker, Tom Dawes, who is the actual contact for John. Dawes and Luce appear by different names and in different roles in the stories which will follow. He is usually cast as a game-keeper and is Manners’ protector within the Haddon forest. The secret tasks performed by these fictional characters have no historical basis, and it must be questioned as to whether real servants would choose to defy the King of the Peak. There is no version in which George Vernon’s suspicion is aroused after the elopement, and where the Luce or Dawes characters are punished or even questioned. Thus continues the romance of the tale.

THE LOVE STEPS OF DOROTHY VERNON by ELIZA METEYARD

Three centuries are nearly past and gone, three hundred gilded summers have waned into russet autumns—and autumns brought their winters rough and cold—and yet no drear oblivion has fallen on a sweet old story: it is as new as though of yesterday, and hallows Haddon Hall.

On the left side of the flagged hall or passage which leads from the lower to the upper court of Haddon Hall, in Derbyshire, and directly opposite the screen which separates it from the banqueting hall, are four large doorways with high pointed arches. The first of these, still retaining its massive oaken door, has clearly been the pantler's room, as the little shutter within the door still shows that through this were doled the different sorts of bread then in use; the next leads by a dark, descending passage to the still finely preserved baronial kitchen; the third into a sort of vintory or wine room; and the fourth, with an iron girded door, opens up to a great steep staircase, quite distinct from the grand staircase of the house, on to a large landing, still containing a huge linen press or cupboard of very rude workmanship, and from thence to the right to a wilderness of chambers, more remarkable for their extraordinary number, than for size or ventilation; whilst to the left and front of this landing lie two chambers possessing much interest. The one the old nursery of the "proud" Vernons and the belted Manners; and the other the reputed bed-chamber of her who, blending the royal *or* of the boar's head with the blazonry of the peacock, brought such a regal dowry to grace the Earldom of Rutland.

According to the authority of Camden, for the varied dates given in these pedigrees are difficult to reconcile, it was somewhere late in the autumn of one of the early years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, or between 1558 and 1564, or 1567, that preparations were begun already to be made for the hospitality of Christmas-tide, for before its holy days were passed, Margaret Vernon, the elder daughter, and co-heiress of Sir George Vernon, of Haddon, was to be married with much pomp and ceremony in the chapel of the ancient hall, to Sir Thomas Stanley, a younger son of the ducal and royal house of Derby.

More than the usual number of steers were fattening in the stalls to supply the huge salting trough; the rustic water mills of Nether and Upper Haddon already turned their dripping wheels solely in the "lord's service;" orders were already out in twelve of the twenty-eight Derbyshire manors, for a fair supply of venison by St. Thomas's day [December 21]; two wains had already toiled across the moorlands from Derby laden with condiments and spices for the confectioner and cooks; and scouts were already outlying on the wilderness of the East Moors, for the better preservation of black-cock and ptarmigan for the "lord's table."

It was on an evening in this late, yet fair and sweet season, that a young girl crossed the banqueting hall from the "lord's parlour," and ascending the staircase we have already spoken of, entered the low tapestried chamber which faced the landing. A fire of wood burnt cheerfully on the wide old hearth, and its light flickered up and down the many-coloured tapestry; but though the hour was close upon that for retiring to rest, the young girl neither called her tire-woman, nor summoned other assistance, but crouching down upon a stool beside the iron fire-dogs, buried her face in her hands upon her knees, and sat a long while in silence.

At length aroused by the sound of her tire-woman's voice in an adjoining room, and the heavy closing of doors in the courts below, she summoned Joan, and after making her unpin her stomacher, her hanging sleeves, and remove the kerchief from her flowing hair, lay fresh fuel on the dogs, and set the night lamp on the silken toilet cover, she dismissed her for the night, and then slipping on a sort of loose nightgown of Tournay velvet, stole from the room and sought with gentle foot the ancient nursery. Though no tiny feet pattered now up and down its oaken floor, though no little new-born limbs were cherished by its glowing hearth, though no little faces peered with curious gaze through the diamond-paned casements into the lower court below, all the signs of its olden use were still preserved; and the go-carts, the rocking-chairs, the canvas-lined cradles, and the pewter pap-boats, with a world of curious toys, showed that some ancient crone venerated and preserved the insignia of her office. And this did Luce, the nurse, for her young "madam's" weaning-days, and teething-days, and birth-days, were, with the addition of Candlemas [February 2] and Christmas, the white days of her calendar.

A pewter cup of “lamb’s wool,” furnished nightly by the vintner at my “lord’s request,” stood with its creamy top on the hearth, whilst Luce sat drowsily beside it as the young girl entered, and moving to-and-fro in the old rocking-chair, was mumbling over some reckoning appertaining to her ancient service.

“I was reckoning how many weeks to thy birth-night, Mistress Doll—and how many nights to Mistress Margery’s wedding, for—”

But here she stopped with consternation and alarm, for the young girl had already knelt beside her, and now with buried face upon the nurse’s lap was weeping.

“Why lady, sweet-heart, child, nest-bird,” spoke Luce, thus running over her nursery alphabet, “what is the matter. Has my lady been cross, or made thee call her madam with a double curtsey, or Nance not yellow starched thy double ruffles trimly; eh—be quick, my lamb—”

“Oh! Luce, it’s *he*, it is John, it is Master Manners come again. My lord has been holding talk in the hall with Will Shaw of Upper Haddon, so that I know he’s come again, so round to a hair was his description.”

“Cheer up, sweet lady-bird,” spoke Luce, just sipping as she did so her nightly cup, “the true hawk never tires when on wing for his quarry; though now I bethink me well, Tom Dawes said something liken this when I fetched my sippets from the bakery this evening, and that some knavelings who could no longer steal my Lord of Leicester’s venison in Charnwood, for the hue and cry was loud upon them, had crossed the moors to fly a shaft in Haddon. But I could tell thee featly, pretty one, for Tom Dawes’an by this time stirred barm into the morning’s dough, and would tell me across the bakery hatch, where the hind sleeps that came in from the moors with Will. Perhaps there is a love token, pretty one, for love is not nice to messengers.”

“Go, go, go,” was repeated twenty times before the ancient nurse had ended, “and I will wait thee here. Be quick—by blessed St. Agnes, be quick, the minutes will be hours, and time the slowest clock till thy return.”

So saying, Dorothy Vernon crouched down in the low chair, from which the ancient nurse now uprose, to put on her “sad wimple,” lest my “lady’s eye might spy her” from her chamber casement; for this second wife of Sir George Vernon, the Lady Maude, kept strict watch over her household.

Bidding her “bird be still,” as she drew aside the tapestry, and opened as softly she could the rough hewn door, the ancient nurse crept down the staircase to the wide passage by the hall-screen. Here she encountered the grave chamberlain, in his furred doublet and woollen cap, going round, on his nightly duty, with a massive bunch of keys strung on his girdle-hook. But Luce had a ready wit.

“I want to say a word,” she said, “across the bakery hatch, by thy leave, master chamberlain, if thou wilt have courtesy to draw the bolts and turn the key.”

“Over late, over late, mistress nurse; and my lady’s orders be strict concerning bolt and bar after the night meal.”

“Gramercy, ay, well-a-day,” replied Luce; “when my lady comes to count as many Lenten-tides as I, she’ll fain say a word about softer sippets. Ay, well-a-day, in dame Margery’s time no house-bolt in Haddon would have been drawn upon its nursery crone.”

The chamberlain had loved the Lady Margery, and he knew that Luce was privileged in many things besides sippets and “lamb’s-wool;” so undrawing bolt and bar, he held open the door for the nurse to pass through, bidding her as he did so be back speedily, ere he made his night’s last round. Thus in the upper court, Luce crossed to its north side, near King John’s Tower, and descending two or three steps, leant over the lower hatch of a rude door, and peered into the huge chamber, used as the bakery. Some of the smouldering embers, swept out before the baking of the last batch of bread, yet twinkled on the hearths of the two huge ovens; whilst in the space between, some long faggots, reared end-wise up the chimney, glowed brightly, and before these sat the head baker and two of his assistants, reckoning up the bakery tallies, and occasionally relieving this abstract work, by inroads, on the contents of a black-jack of “one month’s” beer. Luce called Tom Dawes, who quickly came; and then there was much whispering of a confidential kind. Then, as a cover to what they had talked of, lest the chamberlain might be near, the baker said loudly, “Ay, dame, it’s well thou remindest me, for between my knaves heating the over o’er fiercely, and my forgetting that the brood hen can lose a feather, thy sippets have been over crisp, but they shall be as soft as a full-ripe plum. Now let me guide thy steps.”

So saying, Tom unlatched the hatch, and coming forth, took the nurse's arm; but as soon as they were in the shadow thrown from this northern angle of the court, he pushed open a half-latched door and went in, where, on straw, and with no better covering than a sort of horse-rug, some ten or twelve of the lower menials had already lain down for the night. After stooping and examining the faces of several, the baker at last shook one who heavily slept, and whose unkempt hair and half-savage features bespoke a man from the hills. But after some few minutes had dissipated his soddened drowsiness, he answered the questioner, leaning over him, briefly to the purpose, and then turned his head round to sleep, leaving Dawes to hurry to the nurse in the shadow of the buttress, and there to whisper "Yes, 'tis master Manners, and the hawk will fly round Haddon three hours after curfew."

"By St. Agnes, then, Master Manners loveth rarely, and the young bird's heart will flutter; but there be Smith, the chamberlain." So saying, the nurse bid her friend be secret, and hurrying to the ponderous doorway, gained the staircase just as the chamberlain passed into the passage by the hall-screen from the nether court.

"Oh! what a while, oh! what a while," spoke Dorothy trembling, and a-cold, as she stood by the tapestry of the doorway, and caught the nurse's hand. "What news, Luce, of Master Manners? Quick, oh quick! You are so slow of tongue—be quick, be quick."

"The hawk will fly round Haddon three hours past curfew," spoke the crone, with a smile.

"Ay! well! now!" spoke the girl, half incoherently; "it's late, it's cold, it's time you were a-rest, Luce. I must to my chamber. I—I—"

"But oh! be careful of the creaking casement, lady-bird," half wept the nurse, as she fondled her darling's hands; Dame Maude is so watchful, and my Lord so wrathful against all that be of her Highness's religion. Sweet heart, sweet heart, take heed." But no other answer than a half-kiss on the beldam's hands, and Dorothy was gone.

A woman's first thought is to dress for her lover, and this was so with Dorothy Vernon; but when she looked into the ebon mirror, and saw that the loose gown of Tournay did sit so winsomely, when her beautiful fair hair fell down and looked so richly without pin or coif, even *she* was satisfied, and unwilling to unset the setting of her beauty. She therefore blew out the flickering lamp-flame, and dropping one of the faggots by the door, so as to grate the floor and warn her if opened, she went into a sort of little oriel, or closet, lighted by a very large three-sided casement, set in one of the gables of the northern front of Haddon Hall.

The night was lighted by the richest moon, which glimmered over trees and fern, and sloping bank of sward; for here the banks close in upon the Hall, and the off-skirts of the braken clothes them. As the night-clouds crept across the edges of the moon, and lengthened out the shadows of the trees, her watching gaze fell more intently still, her ear grew quicker than a hiding fawn's, and her heart beat to-and-fro as a hurried larum bell.

At last, from the lengthened shadow of a bosky elm, a man stole forth to view; in years far older than her he wooed, and habited in no courtly or gallant's dress, but in the common rough hose and jerkin of a forester. But scarcely had he bared his head, or gazed once upon the beautiful, though half-hand-veiled, face of the girl, before the noise of quickly opened doors, and the glimmer of an approaching light along the corridor, met his quick ear and sight, and so risking all for the instant, he said loudly, "to-morrow at seven of the clock, by the third elm of the avenue," and then waving his hand, plunged back into the braken of the Park. Dorothy knew by this that there was approaching danger; so hardly had she hurried to her chamber, closed the door between that and her closet, put on her night coif over her hair, and lain down in bed, before the chamber door was opened, and Dame Maude, her step-mother, came in, and up to the hanging-curtains of the bed.

"What, not a-bed," she asked.

"Yes, Madam," replied Dorothy, as calmly as she was able.

"But why are open casements; I know there is such by the draught, and why a fastened door?"

"Joan is somewhat careless, Madam," replied Dorothy, crouching down into the bed, in order to hide the day-dress she still wore.

But the vigilant dame would not be satisfied till she had stepped in the half-oriel, half-closet, and closed the casement, and returning, examined whether that which had slightly obstructed her hasty entry at the door was really so harmless a thing as a brand-faggot. Thus far satisfied, she once more opened the curtain, and saying, with the severity of an Abbess, "I shalt expect thee, Mistress Dorothy, by eight of the morning clock to three hours of tenter-stitch, and an hour to the virginal, in my lady's parlour," departed with a stately step.

But there was one more humane and more motherly, whose breast had fed her and whose heart well loved her, who soon stole in to hear the sweet confession of her "lady-bird," to administer some soothing drink she bore with her in a taper drinking-glass, and to croon and nestle to her rest the young and gentle beauty; still yet, and yet for aye, a nursling to her heart!

The morrow's tunes upon the virginal were strummed, the stitch-work done; and now the last and brightest of October's suns descended on the terraces of Haddon Hall, and trailed its golden length across the moors.

The horn for supper was not yet blown, though it was nigh unto seven; but all were safe, as Dorothy Vernon stole up the terrace steps, for Sir George was snugly closeted with a Franciscan, who bore a mission from the Earl of Derby; my lady was superintending the distillation of some infallible cosmetic; and Margaret, the prouder beauty than sweet Doll, was reading, by the light of her own chamber hearth, Sir Thomas Stanley's new-come letter.

Within the shadow of the third elm was he who loved her, and Dorothy no sooner stood there than Master Manners took her hand, and drew her out of the lingering strips of sunlight into the shadows of the trees, and here he urged his suit, and bid her flee with him.

"You know my Lord will never yield his fair word for our troth, my lady sweet, for he holds too ill her Highness's laws against Papists to brook for a son one who is at favour at her court. Nay, listen,—the peacock and the boar are proud and lordly, lady-heart, but their blood will mingle gently."

"Nay, Master Manners, I love thee, and am a-cold at the risk thou runnest; but—but—my Lord is somewhat—old—and when Meg be gone across the Irish sea to Man, with brave Sir Thomas Stanley, he would miss his Doll, at hawking, and on the virginal, and up and down the broad walk of his bowling-green."

Perhaps Master Manners would not have, even now, pleaded in vain, but the horn sounded for supper, and lights glided to-and-fro along the western and southern fronts of Haddon, so a hasty farewell had to be made; but not before sweet Doll had half consented to think of what Master Manners had spoken.

But the lovers,—even with the secret help of Luce, and missives sent more than once by the connivance of Tom Dawes, who loved not over well my Lady Maude, for finding fault with his manchet bread,—were unlucky, partly because Sir George had heard, from more than one verderer, that the gossip about outlaws was a mere feint of some Manners, or some Eyre, or some Foljambe, who wanted to sprite away the beauty and the gold of his youngest and his sweetest heiress. So strictly guarded by Lady Maude, Dorothy Vernon for days heard little of her lover, or but few of his sweet words, except the moon was dull, and her casement-springet not rusty with the winter's rain.

But the web that was thought to keep the bird, was the one which moved it to flee; for worn by the harsh custody of her step-mother, the haughty airs of proud Margaret, and won by the perils of Master Manners, lurking for her sake with the coarse hinds of the forests round, her heart had now well consented before this St. Thomas's eve, when she contrived, accompanied by Luce, to meet Master Manners on the shadowy terrace of the ancient bowling-green. It was a still and lonesome spot now in winter time, and yet not unfitted to the epithalamium, or nuptial song of two wedded hearts; for the moonlight fell upon the twisted roots of the dark and hoary trees, so that they seemed to vein the earth with silver cords.

Fiercely, more resolute, more determined, he took the young maid's hands. She wept at his fierceness, at his wild strange manner; so much so, that Luce drew nigh.

“Gramercy, Master Manners, recollect that when thou askest a maid to be a wife, thou askest a drooping violet o' th' spring to turn a full face to th' sun. Nay! Master Manners, be gentle with my lady-bird, for her cradle is not old, and her swathing bands yet sweet i' th' lavender of her first baby flower month.”

“But I do not ask her to be the mate of a churl; the peacock can show as many blazons as the boar, and as I’ve sworn to thee once by the Holy Rood, the knight’s sore chafing will soon calm down when he learneth that his wail is bootless, and that the mingled current can run smoothly. Yet, Mistress Doll must say the yea or nay; for I’ve lived in these savage woods from Michaelmas [September 29] to now St. Thomas’s day [December 21], on the chance of being struck down with a shaft-yard, like a sleepy raven on the umbles of a deer, so if Mistress Doll will not say yea, I go; the peacock must not trail his last plume in the dust.”

But man never won woman by a threat, much more a haughty Vernon, proud of Norman blood; and so Dorothy looked up proudly, though her eyes were blind with tears, for she was true to this touch of nature in her sex. But when she saw Master Manners, proud and haughty too, move with a quickened step to the shadow of the braken, all that was pure, and true, and human in her woman’s love, made her half fly forward, like a lapwing to its hidden nest, and clasping Master Manners by the arm, cry “I will, I will, will.”

All was now said; and like the lion and the lamb couchant side by side, the PEACOCK [Manners] and the BOAR [Vernon] blazoned their arms in one. So clasping her to his heart, there she rested, whilst he, the loving gallant, prayed out a fraction of his love, and partly whispered to the beldam his plan of flight. But this must be an after thing, for time was passing quickly; so when he had willed that they should fly the night of Margaret Vernon and Sir Thomas Stanley’s wedding, he embraced his happy mistress once and once again, and suffered her to descend with Luce the downward pathway to the hall. And here they luckily entered beneath the northern tower into the upper court, in the wake of some horsemen riding in; and favoured by the shadows of the walls, and the turmoil and hurry and preparations going on, Dorothy and Luce, gained the nursery, where safe the youngest of the Vernons listened to the beldam’s repetition of Master Manners’ words with an untiring and a greedy ear! So true is it, that loving words can feast without satiety the ear which listens!

Thus the Christmas of this year of Queen Elizabeth wore on with such wonderful hospitality of open house, in hall, in buttery, and in my "lord's chamber," as to be noised abroad by travellers over many an English shire. Seven score retainers sat in hall each day, two hundred guests feasted at my lord's table, and their five-score retainers in the hall and buttery with the rest; and the multitude that came and went, tasted ale and pastry and chine, at will, whilst a dole of mighty fragments was served daily at the gate.

And now was come the day of Margaret's wedding, to be solemnized that eve in the chapel of the Vernons, with as much nearness to the Popish ritual as her Highness's penal acts against Catholics would permit.

After the long-protracted dinner-hour of noon, Dorothy repaired to Margaret's chamber, where the tire-women, some half score in number, had already commenced their office; for before a large oval mirror, sent as a present by the Earl of Derby, sat the proud beauty, whilst around was strewn a world of fashionable gear.

"Well Doll, well chit, well child," spoke the beauty, with a malice prepense that ill suited the hour, "thou wouldst like to be a bride, eh? thou wouldst like the minstrels in hall to troll thy nuptial song? thou wouldst like to give garters and scarfs pricked with the boar's head, and have back the marriage presents; but nay, thou art such a callow fledgeling Doll, that it be well I leave thee to old silly Luce's toy-strings, to Madam's virginal, and my Lord's walk."

"Nay, Meg, be not o'er saucy and o'er proud," pleaded Dorothy, hiding her tremulous hands with the laced kerchief she had just lifted up.

"I laugh, but do not chide. Laugh, that gallants should play the mumming of an outlaw, when my lady designs thee to strum at prick-song, instead of holding a bridal posy. La! to make thee hold thy quavers, instead of a Christmas rose." And as she laughed, the beauty took up a sprig of white flowered hellebore, which blows at Christmas, from off the garnished toilet.

But when she saw Doll's tears, Meg relented, and bidding one of the tire-women open a cabinet drawer, bring forth two veils of Flanders point, alike, and very costly, which, when they came to hand, Meg separated, and drawing Doll towards her, threw one around her face.

“Nay, see,” she said, relenting in her raillery, “I mean but this, that thou wearest this on thy bridal Doll, for though Madam bid the chapman bring but one, in her order for London mercery, I bid him secretly bring two, even if my own lord pays for it. Now, one thank, my pretty one, then hie thee to thy chamber, and mind, if Joan doth not her office well, I’ll rate the wench soundly.”

And now Doll’s tears flowed fleet and fast, for her heart reproached her; yet still beyond all other things was Master Manners to her. But this relenting on the part of Meg changed Dorothy’s resolve to flee without a word; so now ascending to the nursery, or rather to the turret closet just beyond it, where Luce was secretly packing a small mail for her mistress’s use, she charged her with a message to the bride, praying her to soften the old man’s wrath with gentle speech, and to tell him that Master Manners was no churl, but of the house of Rutland.

So the day wore on, so evening came, and the long train of gallants and ladies went forth across the nether court, strewed with carpets, to the chapel, where by Popish ritual, barely concealed, the nuptial knot was tied, and the elder co-heiress of the Vernons became a daughter of the Stanleys. And now the minstrels played, and the steward clad in a robe, and adorned with a gilt chain, bore in, with the flourish of trumpets, the huge boar’s head; so huge, that the wildest forest of the northern shires could alone produce its like. And when this feasting was over in my “Lord’s chamber” and the hall, the latter was cleared of benches and tressel-boards, and chairs of state set for the high company on the dais; which, when assembled, the bride and bridegroom gave garters and scarfs, embroidered with the devices of their respective houses; and then it came to the guests’ turn to give marriage presents, and costly ones they were, of divers kinds.

Thus the time wore on, till it was an hour beyond the curfew’s toll; and the younger guests began to give the presents.

“And might I hie me to my chamber, Madam?” asked Dorothy, standing up reverently before Dame Maude’s chair of state.

“Sit thee still, the menials can wait.”

“Nay, do not over chide, my lady,” said Sir George, drawing his beautiful daughter towards him with a loving caress. “Doll must not be an over-mewed hawk, now she’ll be her dad’s sole comfort. So hie thee, my pretty, to hall or bower, or where thou wilt—only come back again, for thy sweet face is my jewel.”

Doll stooped and kissed the old man, for the merry junketings amused the other guests, and then hurried across the hall, up the staircase into the nursery. Here, as it was the hour, and the signal already given to Luce that all was ready, Dorothy Vernon hastily changed her dress for one of coarse materials and sad colour, and hiding the veil in her bosom, and accompanied by Luce, bearing the mail, she tremblingly crept through corridor and chamber, by the northern tower to the west front, and at last reached safely the garden parlour. And now, withdrawing bolt and bar, she kissed the weeping beldam; and like a frightened bird upon the wing, made eleven small prints upon the eleven stone steps, light as snow upon a flower, as dew upon a rose, and the prize was caught as a leaflet by the wintry wind, and borne away!

So then, as yet for aye, those little tiny steps were graven and set down; like iron in a rock, like a mountain on the land, like an ocean on the earth, for Time can be no victor over Human Love! And so the shadows and the sunlight fall, the winter winds roar round, the sere leaves drop, the damp and moulder linger, and the lichens grow, but yet the sweet tradition hallows Haddon Hall.

The fugitives rode through forest and over moorland that night and the next day; and the day following that were married at Ayleston, a village two miles from Leicester, and in Leicester forest. The feud consequent on Dorothy's elopement was of no long continuance, for at Sir George Vernon's death in the 7th of Queen Elizabeth, Dorothy Manners was seized with twenty-six manors; amongst others Upper and Lower Haddon in Derbyshire. She died in 1584, and is buried at Bakewell, and her husband, Sir John Manners (knighted at Worksop, by James I, in 1603,) in 1611, leaving issue three sons and a daughter, from the eldest of whom, Sir George Manners, the ducal house of Rutland inherits Haddon Hall.