

HADDON HALL'S POEMS

NINETEENTH CENTURY SENTIMENTS



DAVID TRUTT

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Haddon Hall's Dorothy Vernon - The Story Of The Legend
was published in 2006.

The following people were very helpful during the formation of this book:

Sandra Trutt provided much needed help and support.

Kendra Spear digitized various engravings.

Alastair Scrivener pointed out the use of the Haddon Hall illustration for the poem *In The Olden Time*. His Buxton bookshop has been the source of many hard-to-find books on Derbyshire and its environs.

Revised October 2010: Pages 4, 6, 124 to reflect that the author of "A Legend of Haddon Hall" was John James Robert Manners 7th Duke of Rutland, and not as indicated, John Henry Manners 5th Duke of Rutland, his father. Both were alive in 1850 when *English Ballads and Other Poems* was published.

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INTRODUCTION

The century from the early 1820's through the mid 1920's marks the definition and growth of the romantic Dorothy Vernon legend and the wider-ranging Haddon Hall stories. Allan Cunningham led the phenomenon with the 1822 publications of his lengthy verse poem *The Seven Foresters of Chatsworth* and his short story *The King of the Peak, A Derbyshire Tale*.

The next hundred years saw the appearance of popular novels: *The King of the Peak, A Romance* by William Bennet (1823), *A Dream of Haddon Hall* by James Muddock (1880), *The Heiress of Haddon* by William Doubleday (1889), *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall* by Charles Major (1902), *Sweet Doll of Haddon Hall* by James Muddock (1903). Worthy of special notice is the definitive short story *The Love Steps of Dorothy Vernon* by Eliza Meteyard (1860).

In the realm of performing arts were: *Haddon Hall, A Light Opera* by Sydney Grundy-words and Arthur Sullivan-music (1892), *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*, a drama by Paul Kester (1903) AND a movie starring Mary Pickford (1924).

There are the works of scholarship: *The History and Antiquities of Haddon Hall* by S. Rayner (1836), *Haddon Hall, An Illustrated Guide* by Llewellynn Jewitt (1871), *Haddon Hall, The Fabric and History* by F. Cheetham (1904), *Haddon, The Manor and Hall and Lords* by G. Le Blanc-Smith (1906). [Many libraries incorrectly identify S. Rayner as Simeon, who was an obscure author, rather than the correct designation of Samuel, who was a member of the renowned family of Rayner artists.]

Also created in this time period were numerous paintings, engravings, postcards, dinnerware, and journals of British and American travellers. These literary and art forms interleaved with and fed upon each other to grow the mystique and fame of Haddon Hall: its owners and its history.

This book collects poems associated with Haddon Hall: perhaps the least known, but a prolific category of commentary and appreciation of the ancient edifice. Three date back to 1300 through 1600 and provide background to the more recent remembrances. Most of the poems in this collection are from the nineteenth century, and reflect the origination and nurturing of the Haddon Hall story.

A number of categories can be recognized. All poems present a reverent and/or sympathetic viewpoint, and any particular poem may fit into more than one category.

Dorothy Vernon—This romantic legend, true or not, is included in the novels previously mentioned, and is the central theme of the aforementioned

opera, drama and movie. Dorothy's story, however, is only a subset of this collection. Most of the poets have seized upon other aspects of the Hall.

Description of Haddon Hall—Many of the poems include a detailed physical description of the Hall, its interior and surrounding grounds. Some contrast the stately age of Haddon with the lavish newer environs of Chatsworth; Haddon does not come out second best in such a comparison.

Romance of the Middle Ages—Hoary Haddon Hall becomes the locale for knights and damsels, in the age of chivalry and boisterous feasts. ('Hoary' and 'hoar,' old or gray with age, are favorite words of the poets.)

Time Fleeth—Where are the imperious Vernon men and the beautiful Vernon women of centuries ago? Gone and forgotten, enshrined in Bakewell Church or existing as ghostly memories. But gray old Haddon Hall lives on and grows stronger in our memories.

Reminder of Haddon Hall—This surprising category has a Haddon Hall-ophile recall a poem which, not written about Haddon, brings to mind the ambience of the Hall. These include items by William Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott, and the fourteenth century Robert of Gloucester.

Following is an extended excerpt from the editor's 2006 *Haddon Hall's Dorothy Vernon*. This will help frame the beginnings of how Dorothy Vernon and Haddon Hall moved from the pages of vague traditions to the mainstream of the English arts:

Haddon Hall's Dorothy Vernon tells the story of the creation and development of the legend of Dorothy Vernon. According to tradition, Dorothy eloped with John Manners from her home at Haddon Hall and from her father the 'King of the Peak.'

The story is appropriately called a legend. But 'legend' may be defined in two ways: a popular myth OR a story regarded as true although not entirely verifiable. That the imperious George Vernon lived and ruled Haddon with its surroundings, that Dorothy and John were married and inherited Sir George's lands, there can be no doubt. However there are no surviving household accounts of pre-nuptial meetings to indicate a planned marriage. Nor are there church records to indicate a runaway wedding performed at a distance from Haddon.

There has been claimed to be an 'oral tradition' telling the tale of a runaway Vernon - Manners marriage. Unfortunately, no one has transcribed such a story without embellishment and the introduction of obvious artifices. It would be expected that the legend would have found its way into one of the many Derbyshire ballads which have been transcribed, but this is not so.

The content of the tale of oral tradition has been lost. One suspects that the oral versions of the tale were vague and imprecise as Allan Cunningham's *Rhyme of Dora Vernon* and that much was read into them after visits to Haddon Hall and Bakewell Church (where the Vernon and Manners are entombed). However, as in most aspects of the romantic legend, each reader will arrive at his or her own conclusion.

George Vernon, the King of the Peak, held sway over the Haddon lands and their wealth from about 1529, when he became of age, until his death in 1565. It was near the end of this period that his daughters Margaret and Dorothy were married. For the next two hundred plus years, Dorothy became known as the coheiress who brought Haddon Hall and its lands to the Manners family. There was never a reference to a marriage under exceptional circumstances.

The foundation for the legend was formed in the period approximately from 1790 into the 1820s. The Manners family had quitted Haddon Hall and it lay empty and sparsely furnished. The only residents were the caretaker and his wife, who resided outside the walls in a cottage down the hill from the northwest entrance. Visitors were allowed inside the walls and the caretakers conducted personal tours of the entire castellated mansion. Many sightseers were taken by the medieval atmosphere and perceived similarity to the desolate settings of contemporary gothic novels. Newly written guide books would assert that novelists received inspiration and even wrote large portions of books within the Haddon walls. Thus began the interweaving of Haddon Hall's history with the pages of the novel.

The creation of the legend took place over a short two year span in the early 1820s. By creation is meant bringing to light a two hundred year old Derbyshire tale OR alternately manufacturing an elopement out of whole cloth. The story is the same in either instance, and by the end of the century became recognized as one of the renowned courtships of England. The Vernon - Manners romance was told by two authors within two separate works, both coincidentally entitled, *The King of the Peak*. The tales were told from the viewpoint of Sir George Vernon and the world within Haddon Hall. Dorothy Vernon would not take the title of the story for almost forty years.

The legend was nurtured and grew over the next thirty years. No new fictional works were produced in this period. Instead respected scholars and journalists visited Derbyshire and were guided around Haddon Hall. As part of their description of the structure and interior, they uniformly described a 'tradition' associated with Haddon. Thus did the elopement leap from the pages of fancy and conjecture into the pages of history.

In the future, nearly all factual accounts of Haddon Hall would include the elopement legend, whether by disparaging the tale or concurring in its truth. Novels built on the legend would maintain the historical personae of Haddon Hall, Sir George, Dorothy and John; the stories would differ in the paths taken to the same romantic ending.

The legend became fully developed and reached its final form in the fifty years between 1860 and 1910. A short story *The Love Steps of Dorothy Vernon* was published in 1860. It was the first story to place Dorothy as the central character within Haddon Hall and its details defined what became to be regarded as the standard form of the legend. Historical inaccuracies contained therein could be attributed to a lack of knowledge concerning the particulars of Haddon and its inhabitants. These would be discovered in later years; but the tale continued to follow *The Love Steps of Dorothy Vernon* and those who believed in the romance shrugged off these concerns.

Stories and novels, an operetta and a play were written. Scholars unearthed specific dates to reflect when the weddings of Sir George's daughters really did occur AND when the various architectural features of the Hall came into being. Fact and fancy were made available in abundance. But the legend of Dorothy Vernon remained unchanged into the twentieth century.

EDITORS NOTE: The purpose of this book is to bring together nineteenth century poems, most of them 'buried' for a century, pertaining to Haddon Hall. No relevant poem which the editor has discovered has been excluded. In a few cases, the poet produced a revised version during his or her lifetime. For completeness both versions have been included, though it is recognized that this may disturb the rhythm of the reading. Except for very lengthy items, complete poems are herein included; it is guessed that otherwise, they would continue to languish in oblivion.

The reader will notice that alternate spellings of the same word occur in this book, such as gray/grey, splendor/splendour, panel/panel. The editor has deferred to the usage of the individual author.

These poems are intended to be read: *slowly, carefully, and in the order presented*. They show the development and growth of Haddon Hall's story, followed by the emotional attachment to Haddon and its timelessness. It is hoped that this book presents what is needed to discover and understand Haddon Hall and its romance.

THE SEVEN FORESTERS OF CHATSWORTH
AN ANCIENT DERBYSHIRE BALLAD
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM
THE LONDON MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY 1822.

Allan Cunningham was an author and poet. In 1822 he toured Scotland and northern England for the monthly London Magazine. He was to collect and write of “traditional tales and oral poetry” for the magazine. One of the tales was *The King Of The Peak, A Derbyshire Tale*, and is the first public appearance of the story of the Dorothy Vernon - John Manners elopement. Publication was in the March 1822 issue of *The London Magazine*.

It would appear that from different Derbyshire sources, Cunningham collected material for two tales. They were both connected to Dorothy Vernon and Haddon Hall, but were very different in detail. He presented *The Seven Foresters Of Chatsworth* as a lengthy ballad of eighty quatrains, introduced the non-existent Julia Vernon, and published it the month previous to *The King Of The Peak*.

The Seven Foresters Of Chatsworth may be considered the foundation for the Dorothy Vernon elopement legend. In this ballad the romantic pair are, however, an Outlaw of Derbyshire and Julia Vernon of Haddon Hall.

As in other early tales of Dorothy Vernon, the heroine is NOT the main character of interest. The ballad tells of the stand-off between the warden, Geordie Gordon, and the unnamed Outlaw, a model of what John Manners might have been if not the son of an Earl.

The Scottish born Cunningham introduces Geordie Gordon into the Chatsworth forest; this results in words used, which today are not easily understood. An effort has been made to clarify the more unusual words and phrases for the reader.

In his ballad, Cunningham brings together events which happened at different times. The Vernon - Manners marriage occurred in 1563 and George Vernon's death in 1565, after which time only 'Manners' by name occupied Haddon Hall. Mary, Queen of Scots came to England in 1568. She could not have been contemporaneous with a Vernon occupying Haddon, nor have been roaming among the Chatsworth oaks prior to the fictional Julia Vernon being at the Hall.

The (fifteenth) quatrain ending with “I heard his widow weeping” introduces a jarring note to a ballad of noble foes, and presents the Outlaw in an unsympathetic light for today's audience.

THE SEVEN FORESTERS OF CHATSWORTH

The sun had risen above the mist,
 The boughs in dew were dreeping [drooping];
 Seven foresters sat on Chatsworth bank,
 And sung while roes were leaping.

“Alas!” sung one, “for Chatsworth oaks,
 Their heads are bald and hoary [very old],
 They droop in fulness of honour and fame,
 They have had their time of glory.

“No stately tree in merry old England
 Can match their antique grandeur;
 Tradition can tell of no time when they
 Towered not in pride and splendour.

“How fair they stand amid their green land,
 The sock [plough] or share [plough blade] ne’er pained them;
 Not a bough or leaf have been shred from their strength,
 Nor the woodman’s axe profaned them.”

“Green,” sung another, “were they that hour
 When Scotland’s loveliest woman [Mary],
 And saddest queen, in the sweet twilight,
 Aneath their boughs was roamin’.

“And ever the Derwent lilies her tears
 In their silver tops were catching,
 As she looked to the cold and faithless north,
 Till her eyes waxed dim with watching.”

“Be mute now,” the third forester said,
 “The dame who fledged [furnished feathers for] mine arrow
 With the cygnet’s [young swan’s] wing, has a whiter hand
 Than the fairest maid on Yarrow.”

Loud laughed the forester fourth, and sung,
 “Say not thy maid’s the fair one;
 On the banks of Dove there dwells my love,
 A beauteous and a rare one.”

“Now cease your singing,” the fifth one said,
 “And choose of shafts the longest,
 And seek the bucks on Chatsworth chase [game preserve],
 Where the lady-bracken’s [high growing fern] strongest.

“Let every bow be strung, and smite
The fattest and the fairest;
Lord Devonshire [of Chatsworth] will taste our cheer,
Of England’s lords the rarest.”

“String them with speed,” the sixth man said,
“For low down in the forest
There runs a deer [he means an Outlaw] I long to smite,
With bitter shafts the sorest.

“The bucks bound blithe [contented] on Chatsworth lea,
Where brackens grow the greenest;
The pheasant’s safe ’neath Chatsworth oaks,
When the tempest sweeps the keenest.

“The fawn is fain [pleased] as it sucks its dam,
The bird is blithe when hatching;
Saint George! such game was never seen,
With seven such fellows watching.

“In the wild wood of fair Dove dwells
An Outlaw, young and handsome;
A sight of him on Chatsworth bank
Were worth a prince’s ransom.

“He slew the deer on Hardwick hill,
And left the keeper sleeping
The sleep of death; late—late yestreen [yesterday evening]
I heard his widow weeping.

“Now bend your bows, and choose your shafts,”—
His string at his touch went sighing;
“The Outlaw comes—now, now at his breast
Let seven broad shafts be flying.”

The Outlaw came—with a song he came—
Green was his gallant cleeding [clothing];
A horn at his belt, in his hand the bow
That set the roebucks bleeding.

The Outlaw came—with a song he came—
O’er a brow more brent [smooth] and bonny [attractive]
The pheasant plume ne’er danced and shone,
In a summer morning sunny [as brightly as today].

The Outlaw came—at his belt, a blade
Broad, short, and sharp was gleamin’;
Free was his step as one who had ruled
Among knights and lovely women.

See, by his shadow in the stream
He loves to look and linger,
And wave his mantle richly flowered,
By a white and witching finger [by his lover].

“Now, shall I hit him where yon gay plume
Of the Chatsworth pheasant’s glancing;
Or shall I smite his shapely limbs
That charm our maidens dancing?”

“Hold! hold!” a northern forester said,
“’Twill be told from Trent to Yarrow,
How the true-love song of a gentle Outlaw
Was stayed by a churl’s [ill-bred one] arrow.”

“It shall never be said,” quoth the forester then,
“That the song of a red-deer reaver [robber]
Could charm the bow that my grandsire bent
On the banks of Guadalquiver.”

And a shaft he laid, as he spoke, to the string,
When the Outlaw’s song came falling
As sweet on his ear, as the wind when it comes
Through the fragrant woodlands calling.

There each man stood, with his good bow bent,
And his shaft plucked from the quiver:
While thus then sung that gallant Outlaw,
Till rung both rock and river:

“Oh! bonny Chatsworth, and fair Chatsworth,
Thy bucks go merrily bounding;
Aneath your green oaks, as the herds flew past,
How oft have my shafts been sounding!

“It is sweet to meet with the one we love,
When the night is nigh [near] the hoarest [grayest];
It is sweet to bend the bow as she bids,
On the proud prey of the forest.

“One fair dame loves the cittern’s [guitar-like instrument] sound,
When the words of love are winging;
But my fair one’s music’s the Outlaw’s horn,
And his bow-string sharply singing.

“She waves her hand—her little white hand,
'Tis a spell to each who sees her;
One glance of her eye—and I snatch my bow,
And let fly my shafts to please her.

“I bring the lark from the morning cloud,
When its song is at the sweetest;
I stay the deer upon Chatsworth lea,
When its flight is at the fleetest.

“There’s magic in the wave of her hand,
And her dark eye rains those glances,
Which fill the best and the wisest hearts
With love’s sweet influences.

“Her locks are brown—bright berry brown,
O’er her temples white descending;
And her neck is like the neck of the swan,
As her way through heaven she’s wending.

“How I have won my way to her heart
Is past all men’s discernin’;
For she is lofty, and I am low,
My lovely Julia [Dorothy?] Vernon.”

He turned him right and round about,
With a step both long and lordly;
When he was aware of those foresters bold,
And he bore him wondrous proudly.

“Good morrow, good fellows!” all fearless he said,
“Was your supper spread so sparely;
Or is it to feast some sweet young dame,
That you bend your bows so early?

“The world is wide, and the world is broad,
There’s fish in the smallest river;
Deer leap on the hill—fowls fly in the air,—
Was, is, and will be ever.

“And now I feast on the ptarmigan,
And then I taste the pheasant;
And my supper is of the Chatsworth fawn,
Which my love dresses pleasant.

“But tomorrow I feast on yon bonny roebuck;
'Tis time I stayed his bounding;”
He twanged his string—like the swallow it sung,
All shrilly and sharply sounding.

“By my grandsire’s bow,” said a forester then,
“By my shafts which fly so yarely [quickly],
And by all the skill of my strong right hand,
Good Outlaw, thou lords it rarely [boasting will soon end].

“Seest thou yon tree, yon lonely tree,
Whose bough the Derwent’s laving [washing against]?—
Upon its top, thou gallant Outlaw,
Thou’lt be hung to feed the raven.

“So short as the time this sharp shaft flies,
And strikes yon golden pheasant—
There—thy time is meted, so bid farewell
To these green woods wild and pleasant.”

The Outlaw laughed; “Good fellow,” he said,
“My sword’s too sure a servant
To suffer that tree to bear such fruit,
While it stands on the Derwent.

“She would scorn my might, my own true love,
And the mother would weep that bore me,
If I stayed my step for such strength as thine,
Or seven such churls before me.

“I have made my way with this little brown sword,
Where the war-steeds rushed the throngest [most crowded together];
I have saved my breast with this little brown sword,
When the strife was at the strongest.

“It guarded me well in bonny Scotland,
When the Scotts and Graemes fought fervent;
And the steel that saved me by gentle Nith,
May do the same by Derwent.”

“Fair fall thee, Outlaw, for that word!
Oh! Nith, thou gentle river,
When a bairn [child], I flew along thy banks,
As an arrow from the quiver.

“The roebucks run upon thy braes [hillsides along the river]
Without a watch or warden;
And the tongue that calls thee a gentle stream
Is dear to Geordie Gordon.”

The Outlaw smiled, “’Tis a soldier’s saye
That the Gordons, blithe and ready,
Ne’er stooped [bowed] the plumes of their basnets [helmets] bright
Save to a lovesome [lovely] lady.”

“Now by Saint Allan,” the forester said,
“And the Saint [George] who slew the dragon;
And by this hand that wields the brand [sword],
As wight [swift] as it tooms [empties] the flagon;

“It shall never be told of the Gordons’ name,
Of a name so high and lordly,
That I took a gallant Outlaw in the toil [trapped in a net],
And hanged him base and cowardly.

“I’ll give thee the law of Lord Nithisdale,
A good lord of the border;
So take thy bow, thou gallant Outlaw,
And set thy shafts in order.

“And we will go each one to his stance,
With bows and arrows ready;
And thou shalt climb up Chatsworth bank,
Where the wood is wild and shady.

“And thou shalt stand on yon rough red rock,
With woodbine hung and bracken;
And shout three times o’er Derwent vale,
Till all the echoes waken.

“Then loose thy shafts, and slay a buck,
Fit for a monarch’s larders;
And carry him free from Chatsworth park,
In spite of seven warders.

“Do this and live, and I do vow
By the white hand of my mother,
I’ll smite him low who runs ere thou shout,
Were he Saint Andrew’s brother.”

The Outlaw smiled; “Good Gordon,” he said,
“I’ll shout both high and gaily;
And smite a buck, and carry him off;
'Tis the work I’m bowne to [ready to do] daily.”

The Outlaw stood upon Chatsworth rock,
Like light his looks did gladden [he was pleased];
The sun was shining on Bakewell Edge,
And on the heights of Haddon.

The Outlaw stood upon Chatsworth rock,
He looked to vale and mountain,
And gave a shout so shrill, the swans
Sprung up from stream and fountain.

The Outlaw stood upon Chatsworth rock,
And shouted shrill and gaily;
Till the dun deer leaped from brake and bower,
Two miles down Derwent valley.

The Outlaw stood upon Chatsworth rock,
Looking o’er the vale so narrow;
And his voice flew fleet as away from the string
Starts off the thirsty arrow.

And loudly it rung in Haddon wood,
Where the deer in pairs were dernan [concealed]:
And loudly it rung in Haddon hall,
And up rose Julia Vernon.

“If ever I heard my true love’s voice,
'Tis now through my bowers ringing;
His voice is sweet as the wild bird’s note,
When the buds bloom to its singing.

“For well I know my true love’s voice,
It sounds so gay and clearly:
An angel’s voice in a maiden’s ear
Would ne’er drop down so dearly.”

She took her green robe in a hand
White as the opening lily,
And the morning sun and the lovely maid
Looked down on Chatsworth valley.
Around the brow of the high green hill
The sun's fair beams were twining [encircling],
And bend and fall of the Derwent stream
In golden light were shining.
The silver smoke from Chatsworth tower,
Like a pennon [pennant] broad went streaming,
And gushed against the morning sky,
And all the vale was gleaming.
She gave one look on the broad green land,
And back her tresses sheddin',
With her snowy neck, and her bonnie blue eyes,
Came down from the hill of Haddon.
She saw the wild dove start from its bower,
And heard the green boughs crashing;
And saw the wild deer leap from its lair,
And heard the deep stream dashing.
And then she saw her own true love
Bound past by bush and hollow;
And after him seven armed men
With many a shout and hollo.
"Oh! had I but thy bow, my love,
And seven good arrows by me,
I'd make the fiercest of thy foes
Bleed ere they could come nigh thee.
"Oh! had I but thy sword, my love,
Thy sword so brown and ready,
I'd meet thy foes on Chatsworth bank,
Among the woodlands shady."
On high she held her white white hands
In wild and deep devotion,
And locks and lips, and lith [joint] and limb,
Were shivering with emotion.

“Nay, stay the chase,” said a forester then,
“For when the lion’s roaring
The hound may hide:—May the raven catch
The eagle in his soaring?”

“Farewell, my bow, that could send a shaft,
As the levin [lightning] leaves the thunder!
A lady looks down from Haddon height
Has snapt thy strength asunder.

“A lady looks down from Haddon height,
O’er all men’s hearts she’s lordin’;
Who harms a hair of her true love’s head
Makes a foe of Geordie Gordon.”

The bank was steep,—down the Outlaw sprung,
The greenwood wide resounded;
The wall was high,—like a hunted hart
O’er it he fleetly bounded.

And when he saw his love, he sunk
His dark glance in obeisance:
“Comes my love forth to charm the morn,
And bless it with her presence?”

“How sweet is Haddon hill to me,
Where silver streams are twining!
My love excels the morning star,
And shines while the sun is shining.

“She and the sun, and all that’s sweet,
Smile when the grass is hoarest;
And here at her white feet I lay
The proud buck of the forest.

“Now farewell, Chatsworth’s woodlands green,
Where fallow deer are dernan;
For dearer than the world to me
Is my love, Julia Vernon!”

[The Outlaw leaves Chatsworth Woods for the Woods of Haddon.]

THE KING OF THE PEAK, A DERBYSHIRE TALE
 ALLAN CUNNINGHAM
 THE LONDON MAGAZINE, MARCH 1822.

Allan Cunningham's short story, *The King Of The Peak, A Derbyshire Tale*, is the first to tell of George Vernon, King of the Peak, and the conflict with his daughter, Dorothy, over her desire to marry John Manners.

Cunningham writes three poems to include with his story. Though written by Cunningham, the poems are intended to "re-tell traditional oral tales" well known in the Derbyshire region. Taken together, they represent the completion of the path from *The Seven Foresters Of Chatsworth* to the accepted version of the elopement of Dorothy Vernon.

The *Old Derbyshire Rhyme Of Dora Vernon* is clearly tied to John Manners' resolve to wed his Dora [Dorothy] only by the title of the poem. It could as easily be tied to the resolve of the Outlaw of the previous poem. This dual meaning provides the transition from an Outlaw of Chatsworth to the Son of an Earl.

Dora Vernon tells of an afternoon when she and John Manners, son of the Earl of Rutland, are out riding together. Cunningham has woven this "fragment of a legendary ballad" into his tale. The pair are riding by the Carcliff Rocks and Durwood Tor on Stanton Moor near Matlock. This is a distance from Haddon Hall and would be highly unusual. Such a ride by the pair, unaccompanied, might be sufficient in itself for George Vernon to nurse a grudge against the mature John Manners. However, it does show the cementing of the bond between the two lovers.

The Minstrel's Song is sung by John Manners, in disguise, to the company at a festival within Haddon Hall. The inner meaning of this ballad is obvious to George Vernon, as he recognizes the Minstrel to be the forbidden Manners. The fate of the lovers is sealed as they resolve to elope that same night.

OLD DERBYSHIRE RHYME OF DORA VERNON

What time the bird wakes in its bower,
 He [John Manners] stood, and looked on Haddon tower;
 High rose it o'er the woodland height,
 With portals strong, and turrets bright,
 And gardens green; with swirl and sweep,
 Round rushed the Wye, both broad and deep.
 Leaping and looking for the sun,
 He saw the red-deer and the dun [horse grayish brown in color];
 The warders with their weapons sheen [shining],
 The watchers with their mantles green;
 The deer-hounds at their feet were flung,
 The red blood at their dew-laps hung.
 Adown he leaped, and awhile he stood,
 With a downcast look, and pondering mood,
 Then made a step, and his bright sword drew,
 And cleft a stone at a stroke in two—
 “So shall the heads of my foemen be,
 Who seek to sunder my love from me.”

DORA VERNON

It happened between March and May-day,
When wood-buds wake which slumbered late,
When hill and valley grow green and gaily,
And every wight longs for a mate;
When lovers sleep with an open eye-lid,
Like nightingales on the orchard tree,
And sorely wish they had wings for flying,
So they might with their true love be.

A knight [John Manners] all worthy, in this sweet season
Went out to Carcliff with bow and gun,
Not to chase the roebuck, nor shoot the pheasant,
But hunt the fierce fox so wild and dun [grayish-brown].
And, by his side, was a young maid riding,
With laughing blue eyes, and sunny hair;
And who was it but young Dora Vernon,
Young Rutland's true love, and Haddon's heir.

Her gentle hand was a good bow bearing,—
The deer at speed, or the fowl on wing,
Stayed in their flight, when the bearded arrow
Her white hand loosed from the sounding string.
Old men made bare their locks, and blest her,
As blithe she rode down the Durwood side,
Her steed rejoiced in his lovely rider,
Arched his neck proudly, and pranced in pride.

THE MINSTREL'S SONG

Last night a proud page came to me;
 Sir Knight [John Manners], he said, I greet you free;
 The moon is up at midnight hour,
 All mute and lonely is the bower:
 To rouse the deer my lord [George Vernon] is gone,
 And his fair daughter's [Dorothy Vernon] all alone,
 As lily fair, and as sweet to see,—
 Arise, Sir Knight, and follow me.

The stars streamed out, the new-woke moon
 O'er Chatsworth hill gleamed brightly down,
 And my love's cheeks, half-seen, half-hid,
 With love and joy blushed deeply red:
 Short was our time, and chaste our bliss,
 A whispered vow and a gentle kiss;
 And one of those long looks, which earth
 With all its glory is not worth.

The stars beamed lovelier from the sky,
 The smiling brook flowed gentlier by;
 Life, fly thou on; I'll mind that hour
 Of sacred love in greenwood bower;
 Let seas between us swell and sound,
 Still at her name my heart shall bound;
 Her name—which like a spell I'll keep,
 To soothe me and to charm my sleep.

THE KING OF THE PEAK, A ROMANCE
WILLIAM BENNET
VOLUME 2, PAGE 390
NOVEL, APRIL 1823.

William Bennet's novel, *The King Of The Peak, A Romance*, is the second story to contain the romance and elopement of Dorothy Vernon and John Manners. It shares a similar title with the Cunningham story, but the tales are dissimilar and it is apparent that Bennet wrote his own original novel. Bennet, while not aware of Cunningham's King of the Peak, had knowledge of *The Seven Foresters Of Chatsworth*, and includes quatrains (without attribution) from that ballad in his book.

John Manners, in the guise of an outlaw, is skulking about the Haddon grounds. He positions himself below Dorothy Vernon's window: "A sweet and melodious tune was once or twice played over on a guitar or lute ... then a voice, a round and full tenor, blended with great sweetness" sang *John Manners' Love Song* to Dorothy. The song is overheard by George Vernon, who proceeds to act with renewed effort to exert his will over his daughter. It has the opposite effect on Dorothy, who tries to jump out of her window to run away with John, prevented only by the intervention of her father.

John Manners' Love Song is reminiscent of the Cunningham poems previously shown. It is ardent as a romantic ballad, but lacks the historical substance to strongly identify with Haddon Hall or Dorothy Vernon. It is only by being placed in the context of the King of the Peak and his daughter, that these poems clearly relate to Haddon Hall and the Vernons.

JOHN MANNERS' LOVE SONG

Around me his arms twining,
My true love said to me,
When the summer sun is shining,
I will come again to thee;
When the summer sun is shining,
And the birds are whistling free,
Oh! then, my own dear true love,
I'll come again to thee.

When the mist is rising high, love,
And the lark sings o'er the lea,
I'll watch the dappled sky, love,
And come again to thee;
I'll rouse the moorcock early,
And drive the pheasant from his tree,
And then, my own dear true love,
I'll come again to thee.

I love the deep-mouthed hound, love,
With dewlap hanging low;
I love with wind and stream, love,
In merry bark to row;
When I've chased the noble hart, love,
And sailed upon the sea,
Oh! then, my own dear true love,
I'll come again to thee.

HADDON HALL, A POETICAL SKETCH

JOHN HOLLAND

LOCALLY PUBLISHED IN SHEFFIELD, 1823

INCLUDED IN FLOWERS FROM SHEFFIELD PARK, 1827.

John Holland's "poetical sketch" of Haddon Hall of 12 July 1823 shifts the focus of the narrative to Haddon Hall, the edifice. Unlike the previous stories, *Haddon Hall* may be considered to be a true and unembellished account of Holland's visit.

Haddon Hall is "A Poetical Sketch In Two Parts." The first part is a description of a walk from Bakewell to Haddon Hall, two miles, taken by Holland and three of his friends. The three friends, two men and a young lady, are named in his biography and give further credence to the descriptive accuracy of the poem. The second part is the visit within Haddon Hall.

The door referred to by Holland through which "emerging from the mansion ... we sought the garden-walls" would be the doorway near the oriel window in the downstairs parlour. This door is centrally located at the south and older part of the Hall. Dorothy Vernon's Door is located at the east and newer part of the Hall.

This poem contains the first instance of Dorothy exiting by Dorothy Vernon's Door and Steps. This would be an embellishment (historically incorrect) added by the portress, as Dorothy Vernon's Door and Steps were added by John Manners some years AFTER his marriage to Dorothy.

The words {in brackets} are unique to the 1823 edition.

The words **in bold** are revisions made in the 1827 edition.

John Holland writes the following 'advertisement' or introduction to his poem in *Flowers From Sheffield Park*:

ADVERTISEMENT

HADDON HALL, a mansion belonging to the Duke of Rutland, is finely situated on the river Wye, about two miles from Bakewell, in Derbyshire. The building is, at present, not only uninhabited, but stripped of the greater part of its furniture and pictures: it is, however, in a state of perfect preservation, and exhibits one of the most characteristic specimens of the ancient domestic architecture in this kingdom, probably in existence.

HADDON HALL, A POETICAL SKETCH

PART FIRST – THE WALK FROM BAKEWELL

We were four friends:—myself a wandering bard,
 Who more than once had pilgrimaged the Peak,
 Seeking and sketching its pictorial beauties
 In my mind's album. One, my elder friend [Holland was 29],
 Was here in quest of health; this mountain air
 Was his first breath,—at his nativity,
 He did inhale, and now again he sought
 Its bracing and exhilarating influence,
 An invalid—and sought it not in vain.
 These were the scenes that charmed his boyish years;
 This rich romantic page of nature's book
 Became his primer of the works of God,
 And here he learned to read the Deity.
 He had discussed, too, ocean's ample volume,
 And, above all, had read the Word of Life;
 But now, in the maturity of years—
 His feelings by religion sanctified,
 Grace in his heart, and gratitude and praise
 Upon his lips,—he gazed on this fair scene,
 As one who sojourns through a lovely vale {clime},
 To one still lovelier—he from earth to heaven,
 Looked ceaseless.

A gentle youth the other was,
 Whose two and twenty summers had sufficed
 To yield him an acquaintance with two worlds,
 The ancient and the new: once and again
 He had embarked on the Atlantic wave,
 And reached the shore in safety; now with us,
 He rambled o'er these Dorventanian hills,
 Praising the features of his mother-isle [England]
 Above all others.

Our companion fair,
 Was the sweet daughter of my elder friend:
 O she was cheerful as the lark aloft!
 And playful as the breeze; her heart was frank,
 And guileless her quick tongue, while her light step
 Showed an exemption from a weight of care.

She was my partner in this rural walk,
 And as she leaned upon my better arm,
 Communing of the scenery around,
 And of the little **bright** {and} romantic world
 Which was within her heart, a poet sure
 Had deemed us twain the happiest pair alive,
 And she the spirit of my happiness,—
 And surely it was so.

Elizabeth,

I dedicate these playful lines to thee;
 And shouldst thou think of me in future years,
 When time hath shed the blossoms of our prime,
 And when these vernal fancies are exchanged
 For those grave, sober, and autumnal duties,
 Which life may bring—these sketches, then
 May, with bright colourings from thy memory,
 Remain the pictures of a happy day.

We walked from Bakewell with unwearied feet,
 Hope in our hearts, and pleasure in our eyes,
 And converse on our lips; for, wide around,
 To every sense, the scenery was delightful.
 Close at our feet, along the causeway's edge,
 Gay flowers and greenest herbage fringed the path:
 On either hand, in gorgeous array,
 The white-thorn hedges were festooned with roses,
 With which the rampant briony entwined
 His dark and glossy wreaths. The farther scene,
 Or interjacent, or horizon-bound,
 Was rich and various; here, the tillaged fields
 Laughed with abundance and good husbandry;
 And there, the moorlands bleak, by human hands
 Uncultured and unreaped, stretched far away;
 Behind the graceful spire of Bakewell rose;
 While right before, in proud and gloomy grandeur,
 Old Haddon's turrets greet the wondering eye.

Hard by the road, beneath embowering trees,
 There is an ancient ever-bubbling fountain,
 Famed for its sanative and virtuous waters;
 Thither, to drink, or lave him at its **bath** {well},

The invalid has come; and frequent still,
 Repairing to the impregnated element,
 Has oft its healing influence confessed.
 We paused to drink from its o'er flowing bason,
 And, as we stood beside the gurgling spring,
 The sun was witness from his noontide throne,
 To Friendship's baptism at this fount of peace.

O what a lovely river is the Wye!—
 Curving and glittering through the emerald meadows,
 While the blue heavens are mirrored in its bosom,
 And when the bright inverted summer-sun
 Seems pillowed there in his meridian glory;
 Oh! then to gaze upon the brilliant stream,
 From high Bow-cross, or that tree-tufted eminence
 O'erlooking Haddon, where the scene's displayed,
 'Tis {Is} like a picture by enchantment wrought,
 The gay delusion of a fairy tale,
 Or such a sketch as memory saves from dreams—
 Even such our eyes beheld it.

Here and there,

A patient angler, with his flexile rod,
 Pursued his silent and unthrifty sport,
 Gazing intently on the floating cork;
 While ever and anon, he jerked his line,
 By the deceitful bait himself deceived.

The heavens were various; dark and broken clouds
 Obscured the scene awhile with sober gloom;
 Anon, through sunny inlets streamed the light,
 Now falling on the house, and change to change
 Succeeding.

I would advise the stranger

To visit Haddon under such a sky;
 Not when the heavens wear one deep sombrous tint,
 Nor when the garish and unchastened light
 Falls equal o'er the scene; I would advise him
 To choose the season when hedge-roses bloom,
 And when the hayfields breathe their fragrance forth,
 While youths and maidens urge the rural toil:
 —At such a season, and midst scenes like these,

With Friendship's voice reciprocating true
 The mutual pleasure felt;—oh, then, the walk
 From bonny Bakewell, **down to** {far as} Haddon Hall,
 Will charm the eye, the fancy, and the heart,
 And add a golden page to memory's book.

PART SECOND – THE MANSION

Won by those vague, traditionary themes,
 On which imagination builds romance;
 Or led by love of architectural lore,
 To read and study the baronial styles;
 Or to indulge, with a luxurious treat,
 The poet's fancy, or the painter's eye,—
 How oft the traveller of the Peak hath sped
 To feast his genius, **or delight his taste** {and indulge his task},
 At Haddon's ancient mansion, tree-embowered!
 And what, though all be solitude around,
 And nought but empty silence reigns within—
 Imagination peoples every space,
 And sees, advancing, as in days of yore,
 The servile train, or gorgeous retinue
Of knights and stately dames {Or solitary knight}.

We crossed the Wye,

And quickly on the bonny greensward stood,
 Within the precincts of old Haddon's chase:
 The path before us—while the turrets high
 Cast their long shadows **our approach to greet** {almost to our feet}.
 Hard by the mansion, on the northern side,
 As if a vassal of the nobler pile,
 A cottage stands—a humble tenement,
 And reared in later days: its little court,
 With many a rose-bush most profusely flowered,
 Was thickly set about: with rich festoons
 A luscious woodbine wreathed the window sills,
 And hung its drapery round the rustic door.
 —Here dwells the portress of the ancient hall,—
 Herself, as well beseems one in her station,
 A true antique: in manner, face, and speech,
 You might suspect she claimed her lineage from
 The noble owners of the edifice,

Nor thought herself a blot on their escutcheon.
 Ere yet we reached her little garden-wicket,
 She welcomed our approach, dressed for her duty:
 Her gown, was such as my great grandame wore
On special, high, and holiday occasions,
 Florid in pattern, opulent in cut,
Right {And} well her goodly presence it beseeemed:
 Her bonnet too, told of departed days,
 Casting its broad penumbra o'er a face,
 That, maugre [in spite of] its acquaintance with the sun,
 And fourscore winters of rough argument,
 Persisted still that it had dignity.
 A bunch of keys, the **symbol** {emblems} of her trust,
 And to unlock the secrets of the place,
 She bore.

“Come, friends, and let us mount the hill:
 How thick the yellow flowering stone-crop grows,
 Here carpeting, as with a cloth of gold
 The limestone rock! Lean on my arm, Elizabeth:
 This grey-haired chronicler of eighty years
 Seems stronger than ourselves—she climbs with ease.”
 Scarce had I spoken ere the ascent was gained,
 And we were standing at the entrance door.

“Look there,” exclaimed the ancient cicerone,
 Pointing her withered finger towards the roof;
 “That tusked boar’s head is the Vernon’s crest,
 He built this noble portion of the hall.
 Look here,” she said, and pointing to the ground,
 Showed where a thousand and a thousand feet
For ages stepping through the little door,
 Had deeply worn into the threshold stone.
 Now entering by a little hatch we gained
 The court quadrangular.

Alas, for pomp!
 How desolate, how silent, and how changed,
 This court appears, since he, who whilome [formerly] named
 King of the Peak, made **here** {this} his residence!
 Fair dames, and noble knights, yeomen and squires,
 Have paced this **area oft** {ample space}; and many a scene
 Of pride and bustle has been witnessed here,

In those renowned and hospitable times
 When seven score servants waited Vernon's beck.
 Those times are past, and of that numerous train,
 Survives not one to chronicle their names!
 War horse, nor lady's palfrey here are seen;
 And, where the dust once rose round prancing hoofs,
 Rank moss encumbers the damp pavement stone,
 And grass springs from the fissures.

The proud walls

Stand unimpaired in spite of storms and time;
 The chapel turret holds its ancient place,—
 Not so the chapel bell;—degraded now,
 The faithful herald of the time of prayer
 (No longer needful, and no longer rung,)
 Lay prone and dumb: I, with collected strength,
 Heaved the enormous metal from the ground,
 And swung it lustily—the empty halls
 Echoed the sound **as wont, when it was** {the self-same sound once} heard
 At Sabbath worship time, through Haddon vale:
 Now, by the walls returned, methought the din
 Seemed to affront the silence of the place,—
 To chide me for that loud and wanton peal,
 That insult to a bell, which, legends say,
 Hath of its own accord, at midnight's hour,
 Rung the sure presage of each Rutland's death.

Now, entering by the porch, an ample room:
 "This," said our prompt conductress, "was the hall;
 There, sat the master at his dinner board,
 On either hand, his friends,—that lower space
 His falconer, and his huntsman, and his dogs,
His grooms and {With other} menials filled. Yes, at this board,
 Though sadly drilled and eaten by the worms,
 At this same table Sir George Vernon sat,
 When he was lord of Haddon. Every Christmas,
 With state and ceremony here was placed
 A garnished boar's head on a pewter dish;
 The pewter yet remains—now come this way."—
 The buttery bench displayed the massy platters;
 They lay like specimens of coin, once current
 In a substantial age; and still they bribe

The unwilling judgment to **receive** {believe} as true
Old Haddon's tales of hospitality.

Upstairs we went, and strolled through many a room,
Damp, cold, and comfortless; the walls time-stained,
Or hung with tattered arras; here and there,
A picture perishing as nothing worth,
The cumbrous heir-looms of forgotten years.
"This, was the dancing gallery," said the dame;
"Its length is eighty feet; and this fair floor,
Was sawn entirely from a single tree;
And from its roots those steps;—look how around
High on the pannels the united crests
Of Vernon and of Manners are displayed—
The peacock and boar's head."

"Elizabeth,"

Said I, "thou hast a dainty dancer's foot,
Formed on the model of Terpsichore's,
Come, let us trip it once along this floor,
Where many a courtly couple have erewhile
Made these boards echo to the music's sound."

Emerging from the mansion by a door
Massy and huge, we sought the garden walks;
Damp, gloomy avenues of cloistering trees,
Coeval with the pile; where terraces **of stone** {above terrace, Rising with}
Rose ample, and with massy {flights of steps and stout stone} balustrades,
Gave to the whole, a formal, antique air.

Sole sign of life in this sequestered spot,
A solitary peacock stalked along,
And he appeared its fit inhabitant:
In herald's blazon this proud bird of Juno,
Is aye a gorgeous and resplendent subject!
And here, it seemed, {It seemed, indeed} as if from the carved frieze,
The crest of Manners, at this noontide hour,
Falling, had quickly become animate.

"This was the bower of Lady Dorothy,
And these her private walks." The portress thus;
But Lady Dorothy no longer walks
Beneath these trees, nor on that leaf-strown path;
Nor walks her spirit here; this solitude

Feels like a cumbrous burden on each sense,
The day-light here, seems prisoner of the gloom;
The very air smells of antiquity,
As if it here four centuries had been pent;
While, round, the decomposing leaves exhale
This clammy, earthy odour of decay.

“Look up there at that door, now bolted fast,
And ever hath been since the stern Sir George
Vowed in his wrath, it ne'er should open more;
'Twas thence, the gallant heir of Rutland stole
The heiress of the Vernons; that elopement
Achieved the union of these noble names,
And o'er the boar's head spread the peacock's plumage.”
Thus far the garrulous dame.

Those days are gone;
And that romantic and true-loving pair,
Ah, what, and where are they? They only live
In gossip tale, in legendary lore;
They moulder in their ancestral vaults;
In alabaster effigies, they kneel,
Niched in the chancel wall: thus they exist
In dust, in stone, and in tradition vague:
And e'en the children pause in Bakewell church,
Point to their monuments, and quaintly tell
In homely phrase, the legend of their loves.

SONNET ON HADDON HALL

Rock-based, tree-girdled, silent, smokeless, still
There stands a Mansion of the olden time;
To that strong postern gateway let us climb,
Portcullissed once; look how that massive sill
Is worn by constant feet! or what goodwill
Of feudal spirits this brave spot hath seen!
There stood the Yeomen in their coats of green,
There the bold Huntsman blew his clarion shrill;
There at the massive table Vernon sate,
There lay his dogs: there his retainers stood,
While in that gallery dames of gentle blood
Walked forth in beauty's conscious charms elate,
When the rich arras, now worn through and through,
Shone fresh; and the quaint fire-dogs glittered bright and new.

The *Sonnet on Haddon Hall* was included in an 1837 collection of John Holland's poems. The thought and mood of the sonnet are very similar to that contained in *Haddon Hall, A Poetical Sketch - The Mansion*.



[Haddon Hall, West Face]

HADDON HALL, BIJOU
 H. B. (MARY HUDSON BALMANNO)
 THE BIJOU ANNUAL, 1828.

This *Haddon Hall* poem by the anonymous H. B. became the most widely known poem on the subject in the thirty year period starting with its publication in *The Bijou Annual*. It was reprinted in its entirety in the most respected books and periodicals on Derbyshire history and landmarks.

But the Scottish artist and poet, Mary Balmanno, in her 1858 book *Pen And Pencil*, describes her visit to Haddon Hall. It includes “The following lines were written after a stroll through this most delightful old domain.” These “lines” are a modified version of the 1828 Haddon Hall poem.

It is also noted that her husband was cited in the 1828 issue of *The Bijou Annual*: “The selection of the graphic illustrations was made by Mr. Robert Balmanno and the Publisher.”

The best-selling *Gem of the Peak* (published in six editions in the 1840’s and 1850’s) by William Adam, describes the interrelation between the reaction of the visitor to Haddon Hall and the poem *Haddon Hall*.

“There was Haddon, venerable for years, with its vast extent and multitude of turrets and embattled towers beneath the eye, once the favoured seat of genuine hospitality, and the scene of many a festive day, now silent and forlorn, in its desertion and widowhood, while all around was full of life and apparent happiness!

“In order to give full effect and entire development to this train of thought, the author cannot do better than introduce to the notice of the reader the following beautiful and touching lines.”

Haddon Hall is a love poem to Haddon itself; there is no mention of the Vernon - Manners romance nor of the famous elopement.

There is an anomaly in the third quatrain: “No minstrel’s harp pours forth its tone / In praise of Maud or Margaret fair.” The pairing of George Vernon’s second wife (Maud) with either his first wife (Margaret) or their same-named daughter (Margaret) is confusing. The usual pairing of fair Haddon ladies are the two daughters of the King of the Peak, Margaret and Dorothy. It is likely that H. B. erred in that line of her poem.

The words **in bold** are unique to the 1828 poem.

The words {in brackets} are revisions made in the 1858 poem; Mrs. Balmanno deleted quatrains eight through ten in the 1858 poem.

HADDON HALL

Haddon, within thy silent halls,
 Deserted courts, and turrets high,
 How mournfully on memory falls
Past scenes {The light} of antique pageantry.

A holy spell pervades thy gloom,
 A silent charm breathes all around,
 And the dread stillness of the tomb
 Reigns o'er thy hallowed, haunted ground.

King of the Peak! thy hearth is lone,
 No sword-girt vassals gather there,
 No minstrel's harp pours forth its tone
 In praise of Maud [Dorothy?] or Margaret fair.

Where **are** {be} the high and stately dames
 Of princely Vernon's bannered hall?
 And where the knights, and what their names,
 Who led them forth to festival?

They slumber **low, and** {lowly} in the dust,
 Prostrate and fallen the **warrior** {mighty} lies;
His falchion's blade {The warrior's sword} is dim with rust,—
And quenched the ray {Quenched is the light} of beauty's eyes!

Those arms which once blazed through the field,
 Their brightness never shall resume;
 O'er spear and helm, and broken shield,
 Low droops the faded sullied plume.

Arise ye! Mighty dead, arise!
 Can Vernon, Rutland, Stanley sleep?
 Whose gallant hearts and eagle eyes,
 Disdained alike to crouch or weep?

**And ye who owned the orbs of light,
 The golden tress—the pure fair brow—
 In the cold sleep of endless night,
 Say, do the Vernon's daughters bow?**

**No, no, they wake! a seraph guard,
 To circle this their loved domain;
 Which Time has spared, nor man has marred
 With sacrilegious hand profane.**

Haddon! thy chivalry are fled!
The tilt and tourney's brave array,
Where knights in steel, from heel to head,
Bore love's or honor's prize away.

No hunter's horn is heard to sound;
No dame with swan-like mien glides by,
Accompanied by hawk and hound,
On her fair palfrey joyously.

Thy splendid {Fair Haddon's} sun has set in night—
But gentle {Yet gentler}, holier, more subdued,
Than **earth's most brilliant** {garish day's more} dazzling light,
Thy {Its} moonlight garden's solitude.



[Haddon Hall and Garden by Moonlight, Mary Balmanno, 1858]

HADDON HALL AT THE PRESENT DAY
WITH RECORDANCES OF THE OLDEN TIME
BENJAMIN FENTON, 1841.

Benjamin Fenton tells the story of “Haddon Hall at the present day, with recordances of the Olden Time.” He gives an introduction to the poem:

“The Author of the present lines had gone with some near relatives to visit the scenes of which they are the recordance. He had been so often within the walls, that whilst his party, to whom it was new, explored the interior, he remained to perambulate without; he did so, till, weary of waiting, he bethought himself of scribbling, on the ruins around, a Sonnet—usually understood to consist of fourteen lines. How far, what he then commenced, has swelled beyond his original intention, the piece itself will show. He offers no excuse; they who were with him, wished him to print the lines, to put them in a more legible form, and he has been obedient to their wish.

“Those who like the subject, may probably excuse the lines; those who like neither, will of course, in the reading, deem their time misspent. Sheffield, March 18th, 1841.”

Fenton places Queen Elizabeth at Haddon; he is the first author to do so unequivocally. Though he states “It is certain that Elizabeth visited Haddon,” the evidence is anecdotal and the historical sources do not make such an unequivocal statement. Fenton also draws Mary Queen of Scots, residing at nearby Chatsworth, into the tale. Later authors will bring Dorothy Vernon into close contact with Queen Elizabeth or Mary Queen of Scots, events which did not happen.

The comments {in brackets} are those of Fenton and are part of the poem.

HADDON HALL AT THE PRESENT DAY

How pleasant recurrence, the subject how vast,
 As we look back on ages, retracing the past!
 To weep o'er the scenes that remembrance endears,
 Shows the tints of the rainbow engraven on tears:
 The symbol that bids us with luminous eye,
 Hail the future, whilst quitting the past with a sigh;
 Still reverting to objects more distantly set,
 We gaze on the brightest, admire and regret.

To thine ancient halls, Haddon, I love to repair!
 My heart clings unto thee, though desert and bare—
 To my mind's eye thou seem'st, though with shadows o'er-cast,
 To speak of hours brighter, and better things past;
 Those days when thy barons so proud of their state,
 Held magnificent sway, the dispensers of fate,
 To hosts of retainers, their vassals and train,
 Who derived their support from thy princely domain,
 And gave in return for protection supplied,
 Their homage, the proof of affection and pride.

Thy walls and thy turrets are sacred to view;
 I admire e'en thy ruins, and homage them too;
 Far beyond modern masses of brick and of stone,
 Neither favouring the present, nor days that are gone.
 How thy walls 'midst the foliage enveloping peep!
 And make thee appear like some proud donjon keep,
 With every support and appurtenance found,
 To hold head aloft, and to threaten around;
 Whilst the trees that encompass, and still higher soar,
 Add beauty to grandeur, still grander of yore,
 When doubtless their number was greater than now,
 And accursed the axe that laid even one low.

At the foot of thy hill, winding gracefully by,
 Let us look at thy waters, meandering Wye!
 Who gambol'st along in such frolicsome mood,
 And each step retracest, e'er one thou makest good;
 Till sobered in course, eccentricities done,
 The Wye and the Derwent commingle in one.

{The rivers Wye and Derwent form one stream, shortly after passing the bridge at Rowsley, on the way to Matlock; the name of the former is lost in the latter.}

As the streams through their own principalities flow,
 They skirt the domains, and the boundaries show;
 Then, like Romeo and Juliet, of Italy's clime,
 Whose love our own Shakespeare has rescued from time,
 Though their houses be rivals, they severed no more,
 United in beauty, shall silently pour;
 Thus loving, embracing, at once they entwine,
 The Montague house, with the Capulet line.
 {The Rutland and the Devonshire houses being entirely opposed to each other in
 politics, may be deemed rivals, not likely to commingle, as their respective
 rivers have done.}

Could we, Haddon, recur to the days of our sires!
 And look in thy chambers, and sit by thy fires;
 Behold thy retainers regale at thy board,
 With viands and liquids so prodigal stored:
 And hear, 'midst their revels acclaimed with a zest,
 Their heart's grateful toast to the lords of the feast:
 Professing with pride, commingled with glee,
 To their masters, adherence, affection to thee;
 Till the vine of old England, the barley-juice strong,
 Makes the outburst of gladness to pour forth in song.

SONG.

Old Haddon! we love thy cheerful halls,
 Thy battlements, turrets, and ivied walls;
 Thine halls, whose bounty our fathers fed,
 Who followed their chiefs, where danger led;
 And we their sons, 'gainst friend or foe,
 Wherever they summon, will go, will go.

Chorus—Wherever they summon,
 will go, will go.

Brave and liberal were thy lords of old,
 Thy daughters fair, and thy youngsters bold;
 And our princely masters of Haddon may
 Vie with their fathers of olden day:
 And couching spear, or bending bow,
 We, their vassals, with them will go, will go.

Chorus—We, their vassals, with
 them will go, will go.

Then a bumper toast to our noble lords!
 And to Haddon's proud halls, which such cheer affords;
 May the cherished domain, so long their own,
 In nature's course, pass from sire to son!
 Grateful for joys, from them that flow,
 Where they lead, we and ours will go, will go.

Chorus—Where they lead, we and
 ours will go, will go.

Thus whilst their good cheer their warm feelings arouse,
 They canvassed each member of Haddon's famed house;
 Brought forward each ancestor fully to view,
 And discussed every scion and appanage [property] too:
 Each action that graced them, in prominence shown,
 They seemed to identify each with their own,
 Till the blood of the Vernons and Rutlands bespeak
 Nobility's tinge on a vassalage cheek.

Yet varied thy scenes, let us vary our tale,
 And let our mementos ascend in the scale!
 In the course of thy records the period has been
 When Majesty's self added grace to the scene;

{It is certain that Elizabeth visited Haddon; not equally so, that the personages assumed as her attendants were actually there with her. The author has so far taken poetical licence, and put the *vraisemblable pour le vraie*—what may have been for what was—but even supposing some of the worthies spoken of, there, he admits there would be some anachronisms with respect to the precise period on the stage, of Raleigh and Essex.}

When thy chambers so numerous, with beauty abound,
 When mirth struck the lyre, and joy echoed the sound:
 When to add to thy splendour, thy glory enhance,
 With her subjects Elizabeth joined in the dance;
 Whilst her ladies so fair, her satellites seen,
 Formed a splendid galaxy, that moved round their Queen—
 E'en the sages, whose wisdom enlightened her court,
 Relaxed solemn faces, and joined in the sport,
 Perhaps haughty Essex the festival led,
 Whom Elizabeth cuffed, ere she took off his head;

{The story recorded of Elizabeth's boxing the ears of Essex, and of his laying his hand to his sword, is historical.}

Whilst he so impatient in action and word,

Stormed loudly, and madly put hand to his sword—
He would not, he vowed, in the accents of scorn,
From her father (bluff Harry) such insult have borne,
Forgetting those feelings most gallants would move,
E'en a cuff is a favour from her that we love;
And did we not love, it should lessen the spleen,
That it came from the lily-white hand of a queen.
Hatton, Walsingham, Burleigh, and Cecil so grave,
Some with frost on their brow, yet a proud woman's slave,
Their dignity lowered, and altered their tone,
Their wit asked, surprised, where their wisdom was gone;
Thus she, in her glory, the pride of her power,
Dispensed rays of gladness, or darkened the hour—
Then followed the banquet, the glorious carouse,
Where all that was worthy of Haddon's famed house,
In every device, quaint and courtly arrayed,
To please Britain's queen, was in splendour displayed.
But who now advances in glorious trim?
All eyes open wide, all are fixed upon him:
He draws near his sovereign, and, bending his knee,
Looks up in thy face, and pays homage to thee;
To thee mighty queen, whose spell has been thrown,
Entwining so many fond hearts to thine own—
So rich his apparel, so costly his gear,
One could not suppose a poor minstrel was here;
Though each was inquisitive, vain was the task,
His visage was hid by a close-fitting mask,—
And his voice rich and mellow, though fairly sustained,
Yet showed by its bearing, its accents were feigned;
Whilst she who presided and governed each thought,
Admitted at once all the secrecy sought—
As a prelude, his fingers a symphony played,
Till his own manly voice richer melody made;
Whilst they whose emotions he wakened at will,
To list to his chant, wished the instrument still.
For, though by a master-hand touched, yet its tone,
Chaste and sweet as it seemed, was less sweet than his own;
Yet both in their turn, those sensations impart,
That wake tears of pleasure, and thrill to the heart.

SONG.

The minstrel strikes the silver chord,
 And on its strings reclining,
 Inhales the music they afford,
 Each tender source refining.
 He swells into the highest strain,
 His lady fair inspiring;
 And only shrinks from her disdain,
 Her charms his bosom firing.
 In her the nobly speaking eye,
 Each female grace we minute;
 Without, the form of Majesty,
 The lion-heart within it.
 She, for a shield 'gainst every harm,
 May count each British bosom;
 And gain, through woman's winning charm,
 Our hearts, nor fear to lose them.
 To the fair Queen of Britain's isle,
 Our best regards we tender;
 On her may bounteous heaven smile,
 And angel hosts defend her!
 To her a double meed we owe,
 A subject's sacred duty;
 And all the homage lovers show,
 To grace the shrine of beauty.

Thus he sang to his queen, and her bosom confessed,
 That the flattery, pleasing, sank deep in her breast;
 But who was the minstrel so boldly that sang?
 Whilst Haddon re-echoed the plaudits that rang
 Through its halls, from her ladies, in beauty replete,
 Whilst the minstrel once more sought Elizabeth's feet.
 The Queen bade him rise, with a woman's sweet grace,
 Yet plucked at the moment the mask from his face.
 'Twas Raleigh, so forward, so gallant, so brave,
 Who formerly seeking his sovereign to save,
 {The dawning favour of Raleigh arose from his throwing his mantle over a
 channel, to admit of his sovereign's passing over without detriment to her feet,
 and is also matter of history.}

From the dust or the mire, as her foot pressed the ground,
 With step so elastic, in silken hose bound;
 (The first of the kind that in England had been,)
 Which her taper leg graced, and she willed to be seen,
 On the street as a bridge his rich mantle had spread,
 And thence formed aspirings, which aftertimes fed—
 The smiles of his sovereign her pleasure bespeak,
 Thanks breathed from her lips, blushes mantled her cheek;
 When the gallant she saw, whose concealment removed,
 Betrayed how at once he both honoured and loved.
 And Elizabeth, proud and majestic in need,
 Displayed woman's weakness, when love was the meed.
 The hand she presented, he eagerly pressed,
 And Raleigh a moment stood first in her breast;
 Till Essex, whose bearing defied her control,
 Aware of the passport he held to her soul;
 His sovereign induced, by his bitter disdain,
 To frown the poor youth to his level again.

Not distant from Haddon, and close by her lands,
 In the pride of its modern magnificence stands,
 Princely Chatsworth, whose grandeur and beauty may vie,
 With the villas in Florence or Rome you descry—
 A palace that owes all the charms it displays,
 To its present possessor, the duke of our days;
 Whose sculptural taste in marble and stone,
 Has joined classic Italy's grace to our own.
 There in Chatsworth, I now mean the palace of yore,
 Not that we at present admire and explore,—
 The beautiful Mary of Scotland confined,
 Wept in secret, and told her sad tale to the wind—
 {Mary Queen of Scots was for some time confined, through the jealousy of
 Elizabeth, in old Chatsworth.}

O! hadst thou possessed neither beauty nor wit,
 No resentment had risen, or might intermit;
 Hadst thou been like thy son, pedantic and plain,
 Untouched were thy freedom, our queen without stain;
 Though history tells us, and we have believed,
 Thy spirit (less pure than thy body) conceived,
 Or yielded to others, regardless of shame,

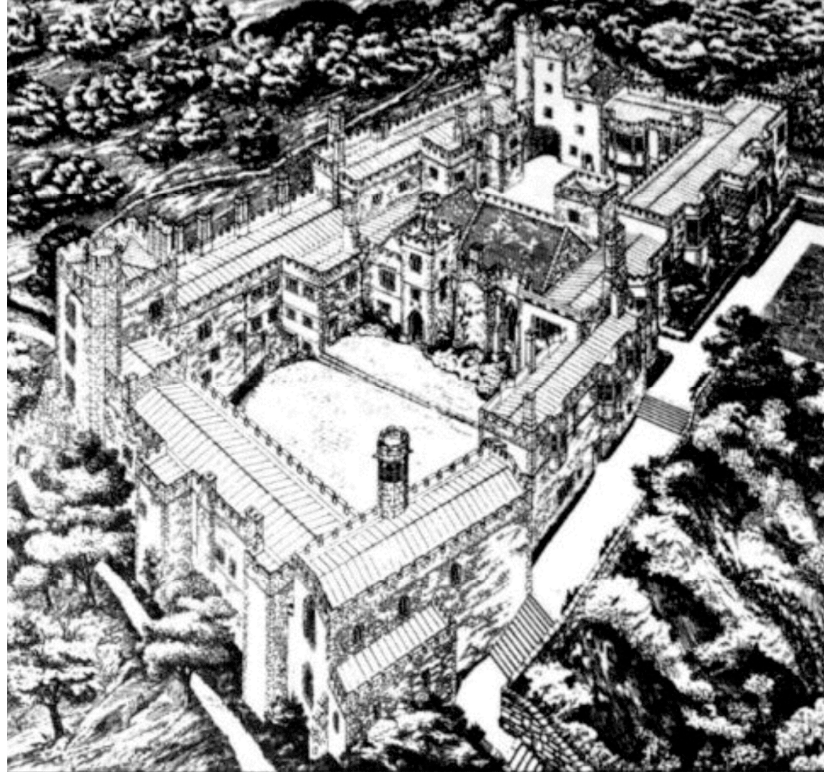
A sanction to crimes that blot foully thy name!
 Yet she who detained thee, and took at the last
 Thy life, as indemnity paid for the past,
 Displayed but her feelings of hatred and spleen,
 Forgetting that thou, like herself, wert a queen;
 Though jealousy's fit her harsh justice invite,
 'Twas only the fullness of power gave the right.
 O! let us suppose the same period of time,
 Our sovereign rejoicing, thou mourning thy crime;
 The former partaking each festival scene,
 And thou sad, lamenting the days that had been!
 Elizabeth's courtiers surrounding her throne,
 And thou in communion with heaven alone.
 And all this occurring where even thy sigh,
 If borne on the breeze, to thy rival would fly:
 While shouts that salute her, from Haddon would bring,
 To heighten thy woes, what would add to the sting.
 The tides of our grief in profusion may pour,
 'Tis the last bitter drop makes the channel run o'er!
 Thine errors were certain, thy crimes might be great,
 Yet thy sorrows so many, so adverse thy fate,
 That our horror abates, as thy sufferings we see,
 And relentless the bosom that pities not thee!

These scenes are gone by—such will never return!
 Thy fires that blazed brightly, will never more burn;
 For those who partook in the comfort they gave,
 Have crumbled to dust, ages gone in the grave;
 Thy walls that re-echoed with footsteps of yore,
 Shall hold solemn silence, and echo no more.
 All around thee is still, deserted, and drear,
 And a chilling sensation connected with fear,
 Awakes, as the thought passes quick through the head,
 That all who dwelt in thee, are sealed with the dead;
 E'en the couple who lingered to show off thy state,
 Have answered in turn, when death knocked at the gate.

{An aged couple had for many years resided in Haddon, and showed it to strangers, with its halls and chambers, recording the history of its ancient possessors. A few years ago, one of this couple was called away, and the other shortly followed. Younger parties who live in a cottage near, are become the recorders; but fail in exciting the interest awakened by their predecessors.}

And we for the lack of their records may moan,
Whilst others their history may tell with thine own.

Thy banquets are over, thy guests are all gone,
Thou left in thy grandeur of ruin alone;
The clouds darken round thee, thy sky's overcast,
No days of the future will equal the past.
And he who bewails what no times will renew,
Now bids thee, lone Haddon, a saddened adieu.



[Aerial View, Looking North East]

HADDON HALL BEFORE 1840

HADDON HALL BY HENRY ALFORD

HADDON HALL BY HENRY GLASSFORD BELL

HADDON HALL, YORKSHIRE BY DELTA (DAVID MACBETH MOIR)

HADDON HALL BY GEORGE BAYLDON

LINES SUGGESTED BY VISITING HADDON HALL BY F. R. C. AETAT. 14.

These poems were written in the 1830's. The same couple, Mr. and Mrs. Hage, showed visitors around Haddon Hall from the beginning of the nineteenth century until their deaths in 1840. These poems, taken with those preceding, represent the creations of authors and poets who were told a common history by a convincing and colorful pair.

HADDON HALL BY HENRY ALFORD

Not fond displays of cost, nor pampered train
 Of idle menials, me so much delight,
 Nor mirrored halls, nor roofs with gilding bright,
 Nor all the foolery of the rich and vain,

As these time-honored walls, crowning the plain
 With their gray battlements; within bedight
 With ancient trophies of baronial might,
 And figures dim, inwoven in the grain

Of dusky tapestry. I love to muse
 In present peace, on days of pomp and strife;
 The daily struggles of our human life,
 Seen through Time's veil, their selfish coloring lose,

As here the glaring beams of outer day
 Through ivy-shadowed oriels softened play.

Derbyshire, July 1836.

HADDON HALL BY HENRY GLASSFORD BELL

Rutland, Vernon, whatsoever
The boasted rank, the lordly name,
All have melted into air,
Ceased like an extinguished flame.

Solemn in the summer noon,
Memory-ridden, hope-bereft,
Ghost-like 'neath the midnight moon
By some trailing shadow cleft;

Vacant chamber of the dead,
Through whose gloom fierce passions swept;
Mouldering couch whereon, 'tis said,
The majesty of England slept;

Hall of wassail, which has rung
To the unquestioned baron's jest;
Dim old chapel, where were hung
Offerings of the o'erfraught breast;

Moss-clad terrace, strangely still,
Broken shaft, and crumbling frieze,
Still as lips that used to fill
With bugle-blasts the morning breeze!

Careless river, gliding under,
Ever gliding, lapsing on,
With no sense of awe or wonder
At the ages which have gone;

Thou in thy unconscious flow
Know'st not sorrows which destroy,
Yet this truth thou dost not know,—
Sorrows give a zest to joy.

Every record of the past
Makes the present more intense,
Love's old temple overcast
Wakes to love the living sense.

In the long-deserted hall,
In dead beauty's withered bower,
Closer clings the heart to all
That makes glad the fleeting hour;—

Closer cling we unto those
Who must leave us or be left;
Brighter in the sunset glows
Life's mysterious warp and weft.

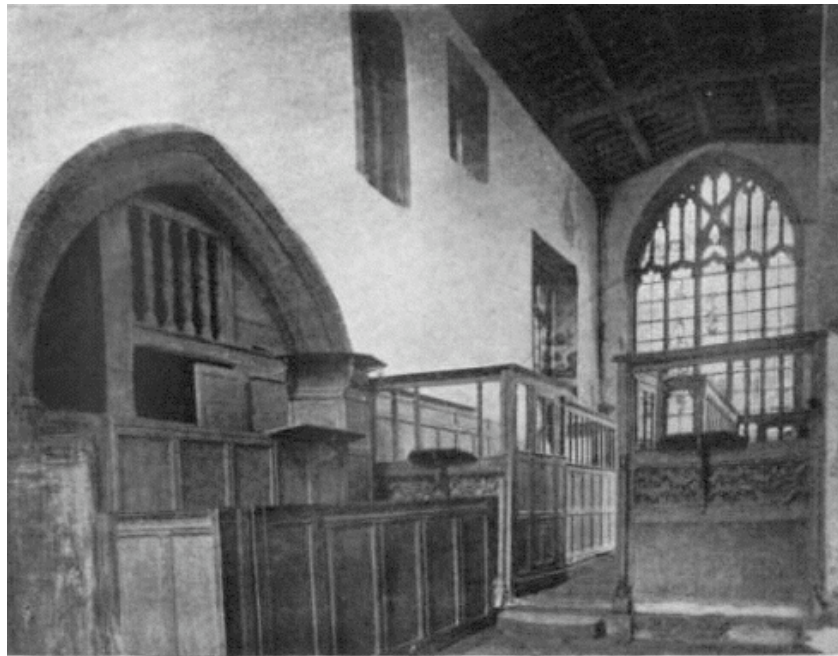
[warp: series of parallel threads which form a woven fabric.]

[weft: the perpendicular thread crossing the warp from edge to edge.]

Henry Glassford Bell places English royalty at Haddon Hall:

“Mouldering couch whereon, 'tis said, / The majesty of England slept.”

It is not clear whether he is referring to Queen Elizabeth as does Benjamin Fenton. It is known that Prince Arthur, son of Henry VII and elder brother of Henry VIII, resided at Haddon for a period of time. He died at a young age, allowing his older brother to acquire both his wife and the right to the throne.



[Haddon Hall Chapel]

HADDON HALL, YORKSHIRE BY DELTA (DAVID MACBETH MOIR)

David Macbeth Moir was trained as a physician, and maintained an active practice throughout his life. He was also a talented and respected poet. Moir was born in Scotland in 1798, lived his life as a Scottish country doctor, and died in 1851 as a result of a riding accident.

He was a frequent and popular contributor to the monthly Edinburgh Magazine of William Blackwood. He wrote under the name of Delta, taken from the Greek letter.

Haddon Hall is located in the Derbyshire area, but Moir places it in adjacent Yorkshire. He travelled from Scotland to London and back in the period from 1831 to 1833. It is presumed that he visited Haddon Hall while in transit, and was sufficiently impressed to write the following poem.

Delta wrote the poem in six line verses; the rhyming lines are one and two, four and five, three and six. This editor has placed lines *three* and *six* in italics in an effort to simplify the reading of the poem.

Green weeds o'ertop thy ruined wall,
 Grey, venerable Haddon Hall,
The swallow twitters through thee;
 Who would have thought, when, in their pride,
 Thy battlements the storm defied,
That time should thus subdue thee?
 While with a famed and far renown,
 England's third Edward wore the crown [1330-1377],
Upsprang 'st thou in thy glory;
 And surely thine—if thou couldst tell
 Like the old Delphian oracle,—
Would be a wondrous story!

How many a Vernon thou hast seen,
Kings of the Peak, thy walls within;
How many a maiden tender;
How many a warrior stern and steeled,
In burgonet [helmet], and lance, and shield,
Arrayed with martial splendour.

Then, as the soft autumnal breeze
Just curled the lake, just stirred the trees,
In the blue cloudless weather,
How many a gallant hunting train,
With hawk in hood, and horse in rein,
Forsook thy courts together!

The grandeur of the olden time
Mantled thy towers with pride sublime,
Enlivening all who neared them;
From Hippocras and Sherris sack [wines]
Palmer or Pilgrim [travellers] turned not back,
Before thy cellars cheered them.

Since thine unbroken early day,
How many a race hath passed away,
In charnel vault to moulder,—
Yet Nature round thee breathes an air
Serenely bright, and softly fair,
To charm the rapt beholder.

The past is but a gorgeous dream,
And Time glides by us like a stream,
While musing on thy story;
And sorrow prompts a deep—Alas!
That, like a pageant, thus should pass
To wreck all human glory.

HADDON HALL BY GEORGE BAYLDON

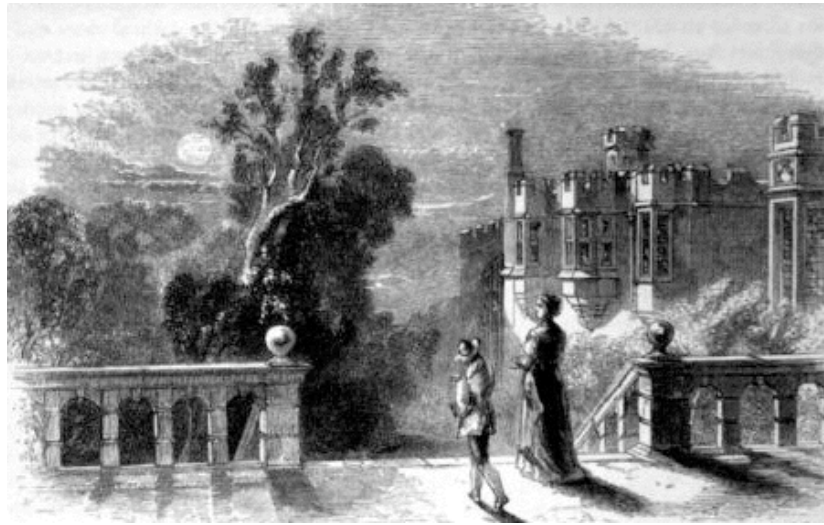
Haddon! thy days of feudal pride are gone!
Thy moss-encrusted walls resound no more
With the gay jest and hospitable roar
Of old baronial mirth: and yet the tone

Of the young breeze that curls the pleasant Wye,
Playing beneath thy towers, has never left
Their ghost-like echoes, though by time bereft
Of noisier song—so Age of Infancy

Feels the sweet friendship. Why has Fashion's sneer
In selfishness, expelled the genuine glee
Which made Antiquity, each hoary year,
A boy again? Ah! this ought not to be

That simple joys, which speak from heart to heart
Should lose their fervour in the smiles of Art.

[The Casket, A Series of One Hundred Sonnets, 1838.]



[South Face from the Garden Terrace Steps]

LINES SUGGESTED BY VISITING HADDON HALL
 BY F. R. C. AETAT. [AETATIS OR AGE] 14

The author, known only by the initials F. R. C., would appear to be fourteen years old at the time of writing the poem shown below. The poem appeared in *The Remembrance Annual* of 1831, edited by Thomas Roscoe.

The poem was written in six line verses; the rhyming lines are one and three and four and five, two and six. This editor has placed lines *two* and *six* in italics in an effort to simplify the reading of the poem.

Shall no more England's chivalry
Drain in thy halls the wine?
 Shall no more Beauty's beaming eye,
 From that rude oaken gallery,
 O'er scenes of rude festivity
And warlike splendor shine?
 Shall no more tower or battlement
Ring to the trumpet blast,
 Proclaiming tilt or tournament?
 No more the banner proud be sent
 To wave in its own element?
Is this for ever past?
 Haddon! as now the wild winds play
Within thy turrets hoar,
 Methinks, amid thy proud decay,
 I hear the voice of ages say—
 Earth and its glories pass away,
To re-appear no more.

HADDON, RELIQUARY
LLEWELLYNN JEWITT
THE RELIQUARY, JANUARY 1863.

HADDON

Pleasant to see is an English Hall
Of the olden time on a summer's day,
Turret and tower, and buttress and wall
Shining and shadowed in green and grey.

Strange, to think of those times of old,
And of those who lived there, only a tale,
Doubtingly, dimly, guessed and told,
Of chatelaines fair and of knights in mail.

Though the place remains where they lived and died,
Seen, as they saw it, by you and me,
The scenes of their lives, of their griefs and their pride
Telling its tale unmistakably.

The light still shines through the latticed pane
As it shone to them, and the shadowed door
Is the shadow they saw, and the stains remain
Of the wine they spilled on the dais floor.

The river that runs by the old Hall's walls
Murmured to them as it murmurs now;
The golden glow of the sunset falls
As it fell for them, on glade, river and bough.

The hall where they feasted, the church where they prayed,
Their cradles, and chambers, and gravestones, stay,
While lord and vassal, youth and maid,
Knight and lady, have passed away.

Llewellynn Jewitt was the author of the best selling *Guide to Haddon Hall*, first printed in 1871 and reprinted in numerous editions. The book was edited and included as part of *The Stately Homes of England*. It is noted that the fourth, fifth, tenth and eleventh quatrains of the next poem *The Elopement Door* were reprinted, without attribution, in both books. It is from these two books that future authors quoted the quatrains, with the remainder of *The Elopement Door* and its author being lost in obscurity.

THE ELOPEMENT DOOR
WILLIAM KINGSTON SAWYER
BELGRAVIA, A LONDON MAGAZINE, JULY 1869.

William Sawyer, also known as W. Sawyer or W. S., was born in 1828 and died in 1882. He was a successful London poet, playwright and author.

This poem, little known in its entirety, had its fourth and tenth quatrains recycled by librettist Sydney Grundy. He has quoted them to introduce the first and second acts of the 1892 opera *Haddon Hall* (music by Arthur Sullivan). These quatrains have therefore become some of the best known of all verses within this book.

The poem was accompanied by the illustration shown. Note that the young woman is NOT Dorothy Vernon. She is holding in her hands a letter from her lover. The poem has him musing over the reply and imagining her sitting by Dorothy Vernon's 'elopement door.'



THE ELOPEMENT DOOR

“I read your letter at Haddon Hall,
On the very steps of the very door
Whence Dorothy Vernon left the ball,
And fled with her lover in days of yore.”

So she writes to me,—she whom I prize
Life’s pleasures and treasures all above,—
As wandering far under summer skies
Fond memories stir in her heart of love.

And my eager fancy pictures her,
It conjures up vividly all the scene;
It rises clear without mist or blur,
The image of all as it must have been.

The green old turrets all ivy-thatch
Above the cedars that girdle them rise,
The pleasant glow of the sunshine catch,
And outline sharp on the bluest of skies.

All is silent within and around;
The ghostly house and the ghostly trees
Sleep in the heat, with never a sound
Of human voices or freshening breeze.

And where the elms with the long low sweep
Of their leafy branches increase the gloom,
The door in the turret opens deep,
Studded and wrought like the door of a tomb.

The mossy steps from the doorway spread,
And she, my darling, my treasure, is there;
So dainty sweet, so rosily red,—
A type of all happy things young and fair.

In the sunset glow her hair is dyed;
Over summer heavens her eyelids fall;
Only the rose in its flush and pride
Can the wonder of lip and cheek recall.

I see her sitting dreamily staid,
Her steadfast eyes in their musing see;
To the haunted past her thoughts have strayed,
And lost to all but its glamour is she.

It is a night with never a star,
And the Hall with revelry throbs and gleams;
There grates a hinge—the door is ajar—
And a shaft of light on the darkness streams!

A faint sweet face, a glimmering gem,
And then two figures steal into the light!
A flash, and darkness has swallowed them,—
So sudden is Dorothy Vernon's flight!

Lingering there by the little door,
In a languorous dream of loving bliss,
My darling cannot but ponder o'er
A legend so tender and true as this.

And O, if love may with love be fed,
Less fortunate omen might well befall
Than that love's letter should thus be read
At Dorothy's doorway at Haddon Hall!

VISITING CHATSWORTH AND HADDON HALL

E. H. W.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER VISITING CHATSWORTH AND HADDON HALL

WAILINGS OF THE LYRE, 1860.

“Under the impression that the following Poems may prove a balm to some hearts which may be suffering from trial or bereavement, the Authoress has ventured to consent to their publication. Many of the pieces were written during early girlhood, but the greater portion of them were composed at a later period,—when her own sorrow was too deep for tears. Coming direct from the heart, and leaving their soothing influence there, her hope is that they may speak to other hearts wailing as her own has done, and also whisper of the same bright hope shining afar, which has calmed and comforted her in her seasons of sorrow. If in a single instance her aim is answered, she will feel repaid for the effort.”

This is E. H. W.’s Preface to her book of poems, *Wailings Of The Lyre*. E. H. W. remains anonymous, but her “seasons of sorrow” become clear in perusing the autobiographical content of her poetry. Her husband died soon after their marriage, leaving behind a young wife and daughter. Some time later the girl passed away; thus E. H. W. became a childless widow.

The religious message of the “bright hope shining afar” need not be explained, as it is the central theme of *Lines Written After Visiting Chatsworth and Haddon Hall*.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER VISITING CHATSWORTH AND HADDON HALL

They haunt me still, they haunt me still, the mem'ries of that day,
 The princely building and the hall, now falling to decay,
 The wood-crowned and the rocky heights, the birds, the trees, the flowers,
 The thoughts which filled my bosom, in those happy, happy hours.
 Say, was it but an idle dream? or was it waking bliss?
 Could images so beautiful beam on a world like this?
 Oh! tell me, was it fairy-land? for music filled the air;
 It surely was no spot of earth, such melody was there!
 There was melody, deep melody, and music in the breeze,
 There was beauty in the simple flowers and beauty in the trees;
 There was beauty in the ivy, twining round the ruin wall,—
 And methought that beauty soft and sweet was beaming over all!
 Oh! then I felt the murmuring sigh, I felt the teardrop flow;
 For I wondered how this world could be so full of sin and woe.

I gazed upon the noble house [Chatsworth], and its far-sweeping lawn,
 On which there sported, side by side, the gentle deer and fawn,
 And I thought within that palace, so stately and so proud,
 Where oft the voice of revelry resounded long and loud,
 And where the soul of gladness seemed to fill the circle gay,
 E'en there some young heart's dearest hopes might wither and decay.
 I would not wish that greatness should be on earth my lot,
 In loneliness I'd rather dwell, content to be forgot
 By all on earth, if only He, the Lord of earth and Heaven,
 Would be my friend, and, "Daughter," say, "thy sins are all forgiven."

We left that spot so fairy-like; and then the ancient hall [Haddon],
 We saw—deserted, desolate! Oh! tell me, where is all
 The greatness and the grandeur that in by-gone days it wore?—
 Alas! its days of revelry and gladness are no more!
 The hearts which thrilled with pleasure, and those which mourned in pain,
 Will never know the dreams of bliss or woe on earth again!
 Oh! footsteps light and footsteps sad have wandered where I trod;
 What are they now, but mould'ring clay beneath the grassy sod!—
 The oak that now o'ershadows it perchance was budding then,
 But the hopes which rose in human hearts come not with spring again,
 And the fears, the little, fretting fears, that filled so many a breast!—
 Oh, happy thought!—the mourner now has found eternal rest!

And is it so? Yes, if the heart with its sad thoughts could blend
A thought of Jesus, and would ask that Jesus for its friend.
Methinks, could heavenly bosom sigh or heavenly eye grow dim
With tears, while gazing on this earth, one would be shed by Him!
He who could die to save a world from dark and long despair,
Oh! surely He will listen to the mourner's heartfelt prayer!
Dear Lord, if all things pass away, if all my heart has loved
With deep and trusting tenderness, must shortly be removed,
If all the beauties of Thine hand which now delight mine eye,
If all the earthly hopes that spring within my breast must die,
If all beneath the sun must change, and every joy that beams,
Oh, Saviour! rouse my earth-bound soul from these delirious dreams!
Oh! draw my wandering heart to heaven, and fill it with Thy love,
Be Thou my Father and my all, and make my home above!
Let not a world so beautiful hold back my heart from Thee,
But teach me that, though bright and fair, 'tis full of misery:—
Yea, teach me, teach me, dearest Lord, and bring me to Thy throne,
E'en though it be through trials deep, to worship Thee alone!



[Bakewell Church - Tomb of Dorothy Vernon and John Manners]

HADDON HALL, A SKETCH

JOHN HALL

LOCALLY PUBLISHED, 1849

INCLUDED IN THOUGHTS AND SKETCHES IN VERSE, 1877.

This poem is described as “A sketch—Descriptive of a scene which took place June 15th, 1849.” It would be one of John Hall’s poems which had been “published from time to time in *The Sheffield Telegraph* and other journals and periodicals during a space of nearly thirty years.”

HADDON HALL

’Twas noon;—and Sol’s meridian ray
 Gleamed on old Haddon’s ruin grey;
 Each dusky tower, each gloomy height,
 Was bathed in floods of golden light,
 Whose radiant beams, of lightsome hue [light in color],
 Around the pile their lustre threw;
 Flinging anon its sombre shade,
 In darker contrast, o’er the glade,
 Where, deeply shadowed in the grass,
 It lay, an elongated mass [Haddon’s shadow],
 Stretching its prostrate limbs afar,
 Like a huge giant slain in war,
 Till in the Wye’s adjacent flood,
 Broken at last, the image stood.

But not alone was Haddon’s pile
 Illumined by the sunbeam’s smile,—
 Not only turrets, walls, and towers,
 But woods, and streams, and fields, and bowers
 All shared the glorious god of day [the sun],
 And gladdened in his bounteous ray!
 Above, dark groves of ancient trees
 Waved their green branches in the breeze;
 Below, the Wye’s meandering stream
 Gushed through the mead with silvery gleam;
 Around, as far as eye could view,
 The landscape glowed with brightest hue:
 The rocky glen, the rising wood,
 The smiling vale and crystal flood,

The towering hills of moorland heath,
And peaceful hamlets couched beneath,
All, gaily garbed in summer's dress,
Shone forth, mid Nature's loveliness,
And blended, in one beauteous view,
Colours of every shade and hue.

But Haddon saw another sight,
By the same sun's discursive light;
For while the noontide splendour shone
O'er the horizon's glittering zone,
Stray wandering beams anon would pass,
The narrow casement's clouded glass,
Gliding through gallery and hall,—
Scaring the bats on roof and wall;
But when at length they pierced the gloom,
That filled the ancient banquet room,
(Where, ages past, the proud and great
Of England's barons ruled the fête,
But where the tattered tap'stry now
A melancholy change doth show),
Strange was the scene those beams beheld;
Strange was the picture they revealed!

No longer desolate and void,
The room was filled from side to side—
The tables set, the banquet spread,
The ample sirloin at the head,
The dishes filled with fruit and kine,
The goblets crowned with ruddy wine;
While round the ancient room of state,
As fair a company there sate,
As Haddon in her proudest day,
E'er saw at wake or holiday;
Nor ever till that hour, I ween,
Was such a group of beauty seen:
The maidens all, like rosebuds rare,
Were beautiful, and passing fair,—
The matrons too, with charms mature,
Failed not to dazzle and allure;

While both, on that eventful day,
Held, as of old, triumphant sway;
And as they sat around the board,
Methought the grim and bearded lord,
Whose picture hung upon the wall,
Smiled, as he looked down on them all;
Wond'ring, no doubt, again to see
Such scenes of life and gaiety,
And hear the blithe and merry strain
Of human voices once again,
Filling the halls with festive roar,
As in the feudal days of yore;
When he, perchance, the living lord,
Presided at the welcome board,
And saw around, on every hand,
The first and fairest of the land,
Join in the merriment and glee
Of English hospitality.

But, as he gazed, with kindling [excited] eye,
The vision changed as rapidly;
Awhile, the merry sounds were heard,
Awhile, the busy footsteps stirred,
Awhile, the gay and happy throng
Filled the old hall with laugh and song;
Then all was hushed: the clanging door
Creaked on its rusty hinge no more;
The music and the laugh were quelled,
And solitude sole empire held;
The merry company had fled,
And all was silent as the dead!
Again the ancient room of state
Was left all void and desolate;
The owlet and the bat again
Resumed their interrupted reign,
And the grim picture on the wall
Was left sole tenant of the Hall!

HADDON HALL, AN IMPRESSION

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

THE ISLES OF LOCH AWE AND OTHER POEMS OF MY YOUTH, 1855.

This *Haddon Hall* poem was written by Philip Hamerton at about the age of twenty. He is not reticent in commenting on many customs of Haddon in the days of George Vernon.

Hamerton starts his tour in the upper terrace outside Dorothy Vernon's Door. The upper terrace includes the yew trees and summer-house and balustrade, which are referenced in the beginning paragraphs of the poem. The middle terrace or lawn faces the Long Gallery at the south end of the Hall. The lower terrace is at the west end, near the chapel; steps from there lead to the small footbridge across the Wye, Dorothy Vernon's Bridge.

He enters inside the Hall, and starts with the chapel. Hamerton takes this opportunity to preach to his reader on the equality of all before God.

He proceeds to the upper courtyard ("quadrangle"), where is located the eastern gates. It was these gates, now closed, that formed the entrance for horses and carriages centuries ago. The visitor now enters through the "gateway tower" to the lower courtyard ("lower quadrangle").

Hamerton notes that the empty rooms of the Hall remind him of the "dread erection of Romance, The Castle of Udolpho." Ann Radcliffe wrote of innocent ladies, gallant lovers, evil older men and mysterious castles. Her 1794 best-selling novel *The Mysteries of Udolpho* was widely assumed to be set in Haddon Hall, though the name is not mentioned in the book, nor is the claim made by the author.

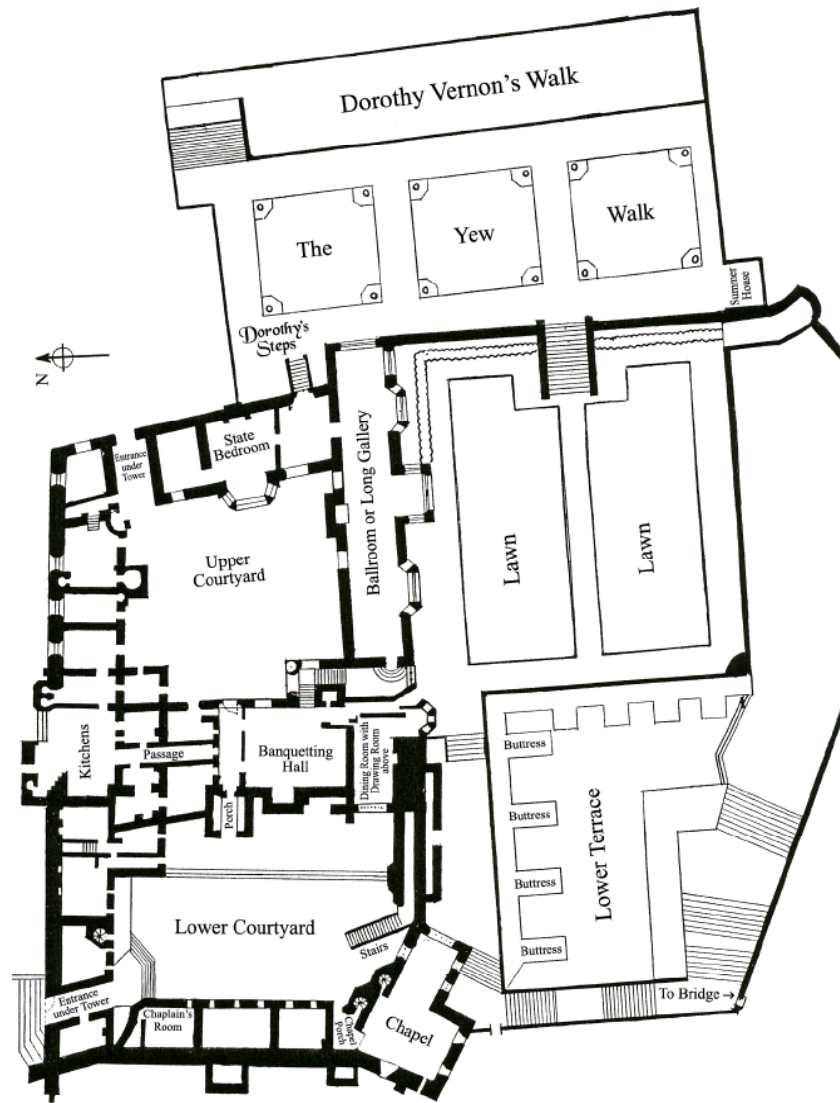
Hamerton was also an artist. He alludes to painting a scene of the famous Haddon Hall wooden panel (or screen) on which are hung deer antlers and an iron manacle with lock. Hamerton comments unfavorably on the custom of securing a recalcitrant guest's wrist in the manacle while his drink was poured down his sleeve.

Hamerton also alludes to the voice of Mario. This would be Giovanni Matteo Mario, 1810 - 1883, who was a world famous Italian opera singer. He was considered the most famous tenor of the nineteenth century.

He also tells a version of the Dorothy Vernon - John Manners elopement; they leave a masked ball in the Long Gallery and exit down Dorothy Vernon's Steps to run away together.

Hamerton mentions the Peacock Inn at Rowsley. It has recently been acquired by the present Lord of Haddon Hall, and is now a "small hotel ... famed for its seven miles of fly fishing on the Rivers Wye and Derwent."

Also, it is noted that Mary Queen of Scots was never at Haddon Hall.



[Sketch Plan - Dorothy Vernon's Door and Steps, leading to The Yew Walk, are located between the State Bedroom and the Long Gallery]

HADDON HALL

There is an air about these terraces
Of long neglect and absence. Since the yews
Rejoiced to gain their natural liberty,
And stretched their arms across the garden beds,
And shaking hands, forgot the cruel shears,
A hundred years have passed; and I rejoice
With them; and walking here in pleasant shade,
Through which the sunshine falls in scattered spots
Upon the mossy walks, congratulate
These ancient brethren that unnatural customs
Which man delights in now no longer mar
Their fair proportions.

With their sheddings tinged,
The beds are full of weeds, whose humble beauty
Adorns waste places. In abundance here
Are primroses and wild anemones,
That ask no tending from a human hand,
For God himself regards them; and I think
We need not wish these gardens as they were,
With yews all clipped and tortured, and square beds
Bordered with chiselled stones. See how the roots
Of the old trees have burst their narrow bounds,
And kicked away the stones with scornful feet!
Dark are the fifteen yews—fifteen are they,
And two poor trees besides, unkindly thrust
Behind an oaken summer-house, whose frame
Mars their free growth and parts them from the rest.
Dark are the yews, but, like a hill of snow,
Behind them towers a noble cherry-tree,
Covered with blossom; and still farther back,
The highest terrace [Dorothy Vernon's Walk] with its avenue
Of planes, whose fresh and bright unsullied green
Contrasts as strongly with the sombre yews.
And even those old stones about the roots
Are an intense light green that dazzles you.
So well does Nature study to display
Her scale of colour, from a depth of gloom
Rich, shadowy, grave, and dark as ebony,

To brilliant leafage, whose transparent structure
Colours the golden sunbeams falling through.

Next to the yews I love the balustrade,
With lichen-blotted spheres at intervals,
And little arches. It adapts itself
With ease to change of level in the slope
Of the broad flight of gentle, shallow stairs,
Descending with them to the garden square.
Its spheres and arches seen betwixt the yews,
Lead the eye onward to the hall itself;
And then it wanders down the garden front
From oriel to ivied oriel,
Down to the chapel window, where it rests,
A traceried [decorative patterned] window, beautiful, half-seen.

This garden is a platform well sustained
By buttresses of masonry. Below,
The river waters many noble trees,
Passing beneath the arches of a bridge—
A little two-arched bridge [Dorothy Vernon's Bridge], whose narrow path
Two horsemen could not ride upon abreast.
Down to this bridge from the high table-land
Whereon the spacious quadrangles are built [lower terrace],
Long flights of stairs descend—old mossy stairs.

The silent chapel is all grey within;
Its gilded mouldings have a yellower tint
Than the plain oak itself—but nothing more.
The windows still retain some painted glass,
Coloured with gold, and delicately drawn:
But in one night, some years ago [1828], there came
Vile thieves, who stole the rest of it away,
And only left these fragments—so I look
On the cold, cheerless panes, with bitter thoughts,
Mourning a loss that nothing can replace.

These chapels as appendages of state
Are chiefly valued. Here the household met.
But though our dwellings have no household altar,
They are not therefore "godless." 'Tis the vice
Of narrow systems thus to separate
The sacred and profane. All truth is sacred;

And the bare chambers of a poor man's home
May be fair temples very dear to God.

There are two silent quadrangles, antique
As college "quads." Each has its entrance tower;
The one [now closed to visitors] a feudal pile of ancient strength,
With battlement and turret for the watch,
And archway closed with massive gates of oak,
By which you enter a deserted court—
A quaint enclosure fenced from modern times,
And their destructive influences—ground
Held sacred to the past. Its dampest nooks
Are green with moss, and rusty with red gold
Of coloured lichens such as painters love.
All round it quaint old windows look upon you
With diamond-leaded panes of dingy glass,
Mullions and transoms—that which lights the hall
Is older than the rest, and traceried.

But round the lower quadrangle you see
A larger range of offices, and there
The pavement is compact and well preserved,
Though all uneven, for the builders sloped
Their very floors, but we make all things level
As glassy water. In this larger court
The belfry stands, an airy octagon,
Whose roof is borne by slender tracery,
Through which the winds might blow when the bell swung,
And take its music down the quiet vale.
A relic room you enter from this court
Contains the bell dethroned; and giant boots
Of massive structure, high and strong enough
For soldiers in the trenches; firedogs, too,
Of brass, enamelled with antique designs.

The gateway tower has two delightful chambers,
Both of them richly wainscotted and ceiled,
Lighted by little windows, none alike,
Whence you look down upon the fair demesne [estate]
Where the sweet Wye, with freely-rambling course,
Wanders between rich banks and birchen [with birch trees] isles,
Then flows beneath the arches of the bridge.

This gateway has a curious evidence
That many feet have entered it before.
There is a little wicket [door] in the gate;
And under it the step of solid stone
Is worn right through—and there the foot sinks deep,
As in a sunken footprint in the snow.
Around these courts are all the offices
Wherein the Vernon's retinue were lodged,
Seven score well-fed domestics. I explored
Their empty barrack on a rainy day,
When heavy drops had dabbled all my work
As tears deface the manuscripts of grief.
I found a hidden key beneath a door,
Which opened and disclosed a flight of stairs,
Great solid logs of oak, like quarried blocks
Build by rude masons. Having locked the door
Behind me, and ascended these rough steps,
I wandered on through suites of silent rooms—
Some lined with wainscot and old tapestry,
Whose ghostlike shapes looked on me as I passed
With sleepless, vacant stare. Through many such
I wandered—chambers like those gloomy ones,
Dilapidated, haunted, and disused,
In that most dread erection of Romance,
The Castle of Udolpho [by Ann Radcliffe in 1794], where with awe
We strayed before the mind had lost that touch
Of fearful superstition that sublimates
Such phantasies. But I, whose constant aim
Has been to tune myself in unison
With what my own age is, or strives to be,
And tame wild fancy to the sovereign rule
Of Fact and Nature, cannot now recall
The marvellous of boyhood. I have come
Hither some years too late; my heart is cold
To all that would have influenced me once
In these old chambers. Disenchanted now,
They speak another language, deeper far,
Yet not a voice of mystery and awe
Simply of common life, which we may find
About us still in forms as wonderful.

And there is nothing quaint nor strange to me,
Nor ancient any longer. If you live
Enslaved by present customs, and perceive
No quaintness in *our* life, the past excites
A sort of idle wonder, being strange;
But thoughtful men who find within themselves
Germs which another culture would have trained
To old Assyrian forms, are not disposed
To wonder at remains of bygone manners
Only because they differed from our own.

In one small chamber looking to the west,
The walls are lined throughout with tapestry—
The best in all the building. Fifty boys [describing tapestry],
With supple, fleshy forms and golden hair,
Are gathering grapes and apples overripe,
With cheeks as bright and rosy as their own.
Most full of life are they, not stiff nor quaint,
But grouped as Nature groups her sons in sport.
They climb the loaded trees, and hand the produce
By basketfuls to those who wait below.
One bends, that on his shoulders soft and broad
His little friend may climb and reach the fruit;
Meanwhile his playmate slaps him heartily.
Clasping a bough, another swings in air.
Take heed, bold youngster! In my boyhood once,
When we were bathing on a summer's day,
I climbed a tree that bent above the stream,
And hid myself all naked in the branches;
But, in descending, bruised my tender skin,
And found that it was softer than the bark.
Here, too, a river winds, wherein they plunge,
And one is half across. O, happy boys!
Are you the babes who died in infancy,
And were translated to the orchard groves,
The vineyards, and the streams of Paradise?

Not all these chambers are so richly hung;
But there are suites of naked, whitewashed rooms,
Cheerless as empty barracks. Here you see
Renaissance art in all its worthlessness;

Whole heaps of canvass torn and cast aside
 Out of the faded frames. With subjects such
 As Etty's knowledge could not dignify [William Etty - famous painter],
 These wretched painters worked without an aim,
 Lost and degraded. Let us mourn for them.
 They had no solid pleasure in their art,
 No serious thought nor purpose. They had lost
 The earnest spirit of the elder time,
 But had not gained that firm and settled faith
 In Nature which supplies its place with us:
 So they went back to worn and bygone creeds,
 And thence grew insincere, and left the truth,
 And all their work is worthless. [However] The young lord
 Who stands behind his horse and looks at you
 From the great picture on the staircase wall,
 Is worth a Louvre of immortal gods;
 So is the stalwart keeper of the deer
 Who stands in the great hall.

I sat and worked

Beneath his eye on cold and rainy days,
 Painting the antlered screen, which still retains
 The hasp, strange relic of a ruder age!
 Convivial usage was a tyrant then,
 And if a manly soul would not submit
 To wallow in the mire of drunkenness,
 They fixed him in this pillory with shouts
 Of jeering laughter, and, like boys at school,
 Poured down his sleeve what he refused to drink.
 This iron wristlock is the very type
 And symbol of the boyhood of mankind,
 When custom is despotic, and unites
 All its adherents in confederate bands
 To persecute the recusant. But thou,
 Brave soul, whom all thy comrades turn against
 With scornful laughter or profounder hate,
 For some unyielding nobleness of thine,—
 Bear it serenely; be urbane and calm;
 But hold thy true convictions, and obey
 The God within thy breast! We have advanced
 Since these old customs ruled the banquets here;

And at the brilliant tables of the great
Rich wines are offered by a friendly host,
As Nature offers springs of fairest water
For those to drink who thirst, yet does not take
Offence at our refusal—but to cram
Your guests with food or wine against their will,
As the great monkey did poor Gulliver,
Is most unfriendly. Let our object be
To make our neighbours happy in our home,
And there allow them perfect liberty,
So that the hour may pass without restraint.

There is a massive table in the hall,
At which the host presided long ago,
And dined with all his servants, not without
Some signs of rank more strongly marked than now.
And in his place at Christmas, after floods
Of ale had borne his hearers to that shore
Of bliss that I, alas! have never known,
He sang a song of welcome. Well received
That song would be: the voice of [Giovanni Matteo] Mario
Is not so grateful to a perfect ear
As that old Earl's to his dependent guests.

I sat at work upon the antlered screen;
And through the hall came parties every hour,
Led by a little maiden as their guide.
They see the great, rough kitchens. Afterwards
They cross the hall, and in the dining-room
Learn that our modern homes, with all their faults,
If not so rudely picturesque and quaint,
Have more true comfort. I would rather spend
A fortnight at the Peacock [inn at Rowsley] than in state
Visit the petty king [of the peak, George Vernon], if it might be,
Who held his court three hundred years ago
In this old mansion. He, with all his power,
Had not a cup of tea to offer one—
No billiard-room, nor pleasant library,
Whose cool recesses on a summer noon
The silent student haunts—no statue, bust,
Nor gallery of pictures. Those rewards

That Nature gives so freely to mankind
For their pursuit of knowledge were not his—
The cheap and punctual newspaper—the train
That brought me down to Rowsley, whilst I sat
And read a shilling volume. At his feasts
He had no music I should care to hear,
For all the great composers were unborn,
All instruments imperfect. He might read
Old Chaucer, but our Shakespeare was not known
To those with whom he sojourned.

After all,

The animal must first be satisfied;
And it might be a wholesome change for us
To live as they did for a year or two—
To hunt with that old huntsman in the hall,
And break our fast at six on beef and ale,
And dance in the long ball-room every night,
And throw all weak refinements to the winds.

That long quaint ball-room! When the evening sun
Looks through the mullioned windows in the court,
And throws strong lights upon the oaken floor,
I walk there like a monk in cloisters old
In meditation; lingering, as I go,
To stand in the great oriels, and look up
To those proud shields that in the diamond panes
Recall the golden time of history,
The glorious reign of brave Elizabeth.
Beneath this noble ceiling dancers held
Gay revellings; and here amongst a crowd
Of maskers danced two lovers long ago,
Then sauntered towards the ante-room for air;
And, unsuspected, through the folding doors
That open on the terrace, down the steps
Went forth into the moonlight, and escaped.
The scene of this elopement is indeed
Full of romance, when from the ante-room
You look down the old stairs, whose balustrades
And spheres of stone are exquisite in colour,
Tinted by Nature; and the dark green yews,
And great bay-window with its ivied base,

Shut in the narrow picture.

Hence you pass

Into the lordly bedchamber of state,
 Where, hung with faded velvet richly lined,
 Still stands the royal bed—the only one
 Left in the building. In the oriel
 There is a mirror framed with tortoise-shell,
 Wherein, they say, the lovely Queen of Scots
 Was once reflected. Oh, that it had been
 Like wondrous silver, sensitive enough
 To hold her form for ever!

You ascend

The watch-tower next, and from its lofty turret
 Look down upon the leads. Beneath you lies
 All the great house, with quadrangles and towers,
 Long, leaded roofs, and lines of battlement,
 Reposing in the heat of summer noon
 Like an old steed, that, having served its master
 Well in its prime, is freed at last from duty,
 And sleeps in sunny pastures.

I have seen

Old houses, where the men of former time
 Have lived and died, so wantonly destroyed
 By their descendants, that a place like this,
 Preserved with pious care, but not “restored”
 By rude, presumptuous hands, not modernised
 To suit convenience, seems a precious thing;
 And I would thank its owner for the hours
 That I have spent there; and I leave it now,
 Hoping that his successors may preserve
 Its roof with equal tenderness. It gave
 Good shelter to their fathers many a year.

[From *Haddon, The Manor* by G. Le Blanc-Smith, 1906: Quite the finest of all the fine tapestry once adorning the walls of Haddon was that in Prince Arthur’s Room (son of Henry VII), which was usually termed the Naked Boys’ tapestry. The design was one of Andrea Montegna, who died in 1517. The subject is a large number of nude children gathering a crop of apples and vintage of grapes; the limbs are beautifully modelled and well proportioned. The tapestry is now removed to Belvoir Castle.]

DOROTHEA TO THE RANGER OF HADDON

ISABEL HILL

LITERARY MUSEUM

REPRINTED IN HOLIDAY DREAMS; OR,
LIGHT READING IN POETRY AND PROSE, 1829.

Allan Cunningham, author and poet, was the first literary figure to write about the romance of Haddon Hall's Dorothy Vernon. His verses on the subject are the initial entries in this collection. They are *The Seven Foresters of Chatsworth* and the verse excerpts from the short story *The King of the Peak*, both published in 1822.

Isabel Hill (1800-1842) recognized in these two efforts the recto and verso of the same page: the story of the Dorothy Vernon - John Manners romance. She responds as Dorothea [who will become Dorothy Vernon] to the wooing of the Ranger of Haddon [who will become John Manners].



[Pevenil Tower - Dorothy Vernon is said to have gone here to catch a glimpse of John Manners as he skulked about the forest]

DOROTHEA TO THE RANGER OF HADDON

{Vide “The King of the Peak,” and “The Seven Foresters of Chatsworth.”}

Now Hubert be my patron saint.

And woodland green my hue—

A stream my mirror, a steed my throne,

And all for love of you

Bold Rider!

Huntsman, for love of you!

Yon deer-hound shall my playmate be,

Yon hawk my bower partake,

That horn my music, this glaive [broadsword] my toy,

And all for thy dear sake,

Proud Outlaw!

Wanderer, for thy sake!

What wit can shine more keen and bright

Than the holly, and its bead?

What gorgeous language more than right

Yon forest’s varied head?

Free Nature!

What a life thy votaries [adherents] lead!

The Autumn be my holiday.

The fern my feathers be,

The heath my purple, the broom my gold,

If I may follow thee,

Young Rover!

Yes, if I may follow thee.

The poppy’s knots shall bed our rest;

The wild thyme’s odours gay

Our incense prove; our curtain, Love,

Foxglove or harebell gray.

Farewell then

To other home, for aye!

[Farewell to other homes forever!]

[It is noted that Saint Hubert is the patron saint of hunters and archers. The notation {in brackets} is that of Isabel Hill and is part of the poem.]

HADDON HALL, DERBYSHIRE
 FREDERICK BAZETT DOVETON
 INCLUDED IN SNATCHES OF SONG, 1880.

This poem continues the theme of seeing within Haddon Hall specters of the Vernons. They are once more in their places, feasting in the Banqueting Hall or dancing in the Long Gallery. Then the visions disappear, leaving behind the bemused poet, in the now deserted Haddon Hall.

The comments {in brackets} are Doveton's and are part of the poem.

HADDON HALL, DERBYSHIRE
 Monument of bygone glory,
 Relic of the olden time!
 Castellated, grim, and hoary,
 Desolate, and yet sublime!
 Not a stone but tells a story
 Of the happy olden time!
 Then, as now, the Wye was gleaming
 In the valley at thy feet;
 Then, as now, thy woods were dreaming
 In the sultry summer heat;
 Then, as now, at ev'ning beaming,
 Luna made thy grandeur sweet.
 But I saw strange shadows flitting
 Through this temple of the past,
 Ever restless, never sitting,
 Moving noiselessly and fast;
 Dusky shadows, guardians fitting [appropriate]
 Of the secrets of the past!
 Then a dream came softly stealing
 O'er my eyelids drooping low,
 Slowly to my sight revealing
 Pictures of the long ago,
 Once again the horn was pealing
 In the spacious court below!
 On I wandered, dreaming sweetly,
 All was light and life once more;
 Lord and lady tripped it featly [gracefully]
 On the ball-room's oaken floor.

Dorothy, most indiscreetly,
Flitted through the garden door.

{Haddon Hall was originally the seat of the Vernons,
and Dorothy Vernon is said to have eloped through the door
leading into the garden, with her lover, Sir John Manners.}



Well-starched dames, in antique dresses,
Dresses rich with stiff brocade,
Coily sleeked their glossy tresses
By the Flemish mirror's aid;
Whilst behind them closely presses
Many a comely waiting-maid—
Then I saw, upon awaking
From these dreams of long ago,
That the moon was slowly breaking
Through the clouds, and rising slow
O'er the ancient structure, making
Fair the haunts of long ago!

DOROTHY VERNON'S FLIGHT

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON

THE SAILING OF KING OLAF AND OTHER POEMS, 1887.

Alice Williams Brotherton (1848-1930) was born in the United States. She never traveled abroad and never visited Haddon Hall. Mrs. Brotherton wrote her poetry while tending to her home and family.

Her poem leans heavily on novelists' accounts of the Dorothy Vernon - John Manners romance. It takes place during the pre-wedding celebration of older sister Margaret. Dorothy's father and stepmother believe they have broken up the romantic attachment, but the "blooming little maiden" has a surprise for all.

Dorothy Vernon's Flight fully tells the story of the elopement, rather than merely mention it as a footnote to the history of Haddon Hall.

There was dancing and revelry and feasting,
On yonder night in stately Haddon Hall,
For the gentles, who had trooped to the bridal
From every side, made merry at the ball;
The blaring horns and fiddles shrill were going,
And the jests rose high above them all.

And no smile was merrier or brighter,
No laugh rippled blither on the air,
Than that of the blooming little maiden,
Fair Dorothy, so gaily dancing there.
And her sire forgot to frown, laughing lightly:
"So, girl, you have ceased my will to dare!"

The prim stepmother, smiling grimly,
Told herself how the plotting had been wise
That kept the wild cadet of yonder castle
From bearing off so beautiful a prize:
"Since after all it cost," quoth my lady,
"Only tears and a dozen paltry sighs."

The bride cried: "Methought you had been rueing
Your lost love John Manners; and so soon
Have you quite, Doll, forgot his fervent wooing?"
But she whirled away, swinging to the tune
Of "The wind that shakes the Barley," further parley
Lost and drowned in the blare of the bassoon.

And no step was lighter or was freer
Than Dorothy's, upon that merry night;
The roses in her cheek glowed like fire,
Her eyes mocked the jewels with their light.
The smile about her mouth, coming, going,
Made each face the brighter for the sight.

The dance-notes were ringing blithe and joyous,
The light forms swinging down the floor,
And the wax-lights a brighter sheen were flinging
Over merriment that grew from more to more;
Till none could hear, across the noisy revel,
The opening and shutting of a door.

A foot paused a moment on the threshold,
A face shone an instant in the stream
Of light, ere the portal, softly closing,
Shut in again the taper's yellow gleam;
A cloaked and hooded form across the terrace
Sped silent as a figure in a dream.

A shimmer of white damask in the moonlight,
A hurried backward glance of alarm,
And the maiden gains the shadow of the yew-trees
And the shelter of her lover's clasping arm,—
There was low laugh that trembled into weeping,
And the light touch of kisses soft and warm.

And light the sturdy knight swung the lady
To the saddle of the ready-waiting bay,—
One glance at lighted hall and dusky forest,
Then foot in the stirrup and away!
In the white moon-light across the moorland
Riding on till the dawning of the day.

The mad merry measure of the music
Sounded on, and the revel gaily sped—
Or ever [Before] grim Sir George and his lady
Had learned that their prisoner had fled,
With priest, and ring, and book, upon the morrow
John Manners and fair Dorothy were wed.

ON THE GARDEN TERRACE

HADDON HALL, DERBYSHIRE

SAMUEL REID

PRINTED IN LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, JULY 30, 1892.

The Garden Terrace (or The Yew Walk) is at the east end of the grounds of Haddon, and is the terrace referred to in the opening lines of Philip Gilbert Hamerton's poem. It may be approached through the Long gallery and out Dorothy Vernon's door. The "moss-flecked stair" goes from the Garden Terrace down to the Lawn. [See illustration: Sketch Plan.]

ON THE GARDEN TERRACE

HADDON HALL, DERBYSHIRE

Surely this leaf-screened terrace path,
 This moss-flecked stair of time-worn stone,
 Some strange inherent magic hath—
 Some witching glamour of its own!
 So lingeringly my feet have strayed
 As loath to break the spell which seems
 To breathe o'er this long balustrade
 A very atmosphere of dreams.

No miracle of art is here,
 No feat of engineering skill,
 Forever bidding us revere
 The triumph of a master-will.

Yet, surely, was he blessed, whose thought
 Conceived yon sombre screen of yew,
 Then reared his pillared wall, and wrought
 This living idyl [romantic interlude] from the two.

To this the changing seasons bring
 No phase to make that beauty less,
 Which lives in every perfect thing
 By its own right of loveliness.

So tenderly the touch of Time
 Has worked its will with Haddon Hall—
 So deftly guided in their climb
 The draping ivy on its wall,

Since first those deep-set windows gleamed
O'er this green square of velvet sward,
And ladies from the terrace beamed
To watch the bowlers, and reward
With ripple of applauding din
Some winning stroke; and all the place
Was crisp frou-frou [sounding] of crinoline,
And farthingale, and rustling lace.

And I—who watched the gloaming's dyes
Fade to a blush; and by and by,
Low in the east, a pale moon rise
Through filmy bands of dove-grey sky—
Can picture yet those shapes of yore,
And dream my vagrant fancy hears
The softly clicking bowls, once more
Rolled by gay, gallant cavaliers.

L'ENVOI [AFTERWARD].

Dear record of a peaceful past,
I cannot think thee senseless stone!
A very living heart thou hast,
Kept warm by memories of thine own.



[South Face from the Garden Terrace]

HADDON HALL OPERA

ARTHUR SULLIVAN - COMPOSER

SYDNEY GRUNDY - LIBRETTO, 1892.

Arthur Sullivan and William Gilbert produced their twelfth operetta, *The Gondoliers*, in 1889. There was then a breach between the two, which was not healed until the production of *Utopia, Limited* in 1893. During this period Arthur Sullivan wrote “An Original Light English Opera, in Three Acts” *Haddon Hall*, with libretto by Sydney Grundy.

Haddon Hall was successful in its time and has been kept alive since 1892 by the presence of Sullivan’s music and a renewed interest in Sullivan’s non-Gilbertian works.

The Sullivan - Grundy *Haddon Hall* severed the Vernon - Manners romance from the Elizabethan period and the Derbyshire locale to create a story of love and principle more universal in its telling. There followed other Dorothy Vernon - Haddon Hall novels, a play and a movie, all of which also took unusual liberties with the original tale.

On the next page is The Flight of Dorothy Vernon from the October 1, 1892 Illustrated London News to mark “Haddon Hall - Sir Arthur Sullivan’s New Opera at the Savoy Theatre.”

The *Haddon Hall Prologue* is an introduction to the Vernon home and the character of the owners, in the time of George Vernon and his daughter, Dorothy.

HADDON HALL PROLOGUE

Ye stately homes of England,
 So simple, yet so grand;
 Long may ye stand and flourish,
 Types of our English land!

Ye stately homes of England,
 Such mansions only grew
 Where virtue reigned from cot to throne,
 And man and wife were true.

Ye stately homes of England,
 Long may your towers stand;
 Types of the life of man and wife,
 Types of our English land!



[The Flight of Dorothy Vernon]

Dorothy Vernon addresses her dilemma in *To Thine Own Heart Be True*. She must choose between her loyalty and love for her family and for Haddon Hall OR her heart's greater love for John Manners.

TO THINE OWN HEART BE TRUE

When, yestereve, I knelt to pray,
As thou hast taught me to,
I seemed to hear the angels say,
"To thine own heart be true."

Heaven breathed a message through the sphere!
Heaven breathes it every day,
To all who have the ears to hear,
The wisdom to obey.

By golden day and silver night
It rings all nature through;
For ever, in the angels' sight,
To thine own heart be true.

Though storms uprise
And cloud the skies,
And thorns where roses grew;
Come sun or snow,
Come weal or woe,
To thine own heart be true!

Sir George Vernon tells of the traditions of Haddon Hall and how the world was better in the “grand old days.”

IN DAYS OF OLD

'Tis an honoured old tradition,
Open house is Haddon Hall;
Welcome all who seek admission,
Gentle, simple, great and small.
Health and wealth to comrades present,
Welcome one and all the same!
Health to peer and health to peasant!
Health to squire and health to dame!
In days of old,
When men were bold,
And the prize of the brave the fair,
We danced and sang
Till the rafters rang
And laughter was everywhere!
Our lives were lives of stress and storm,
But through our veins the blood ran warm—
We only laughed the more!
For mirth was mirth,
And worth was worth
In the grand old days of yore!
Ere life is old
And hearts grow cold,
And the autumn gathers grey,
With soul and voice
In your youth rejoice,
And merrily keep your May.
Again let love and manly mirth
And woman's beauty rule the earth
As beauty ruled before;
And once again
Let men be men
As they were in days of yore.

HADDON HALL, LATER
 HADDON HALL BY ROBERT ECCLES
 TO HADDON HALL BY COTSWOLD ISYS

These poems were written near the end of the nineteenth or beginning of the twentieth centuries. They present a view of Haddon Hall at some distance in time from the early romances of the old castle.

HADDON HALL BY ROBERT ECCLES

O Haddon! that proudly still looks o'er the vale,
 Oldtime like a halo about thee is cast,
 How bright is the story, the never old tale
 Thou echoest down the long aisles of the past.
 Half minstrel, half preacher, thou tellest how fast
 Time travels and customs change, falter and die;
 As bosomed in woods with a charm unsurpassed,
 Thou guardest the vale of the wandering Wye.
 How silent thy courtyards! how mute thy great halls!
 Where cheer did abound in the brave days of old.
 Old relics of knighthood are seen on the walls,
 The knights—they are sleeping, their brave hearts are cold.
 Their drama is ended, their record is told—
 A few fond traditions, a few storied names,
 Are all that is left of the bright and the bold,
 Staunch knights, gallant yeomen, fair damsels and dames.
 And yet, as beneath indefinable spell
 I sink steeped with thee and thy wonderful lore;
 When the eventide wind with its dolorous swell
 Comes borne to me down from thy battlements hoar;
 Or when pale Diana doth airily soar,
 And touches thy turrets with magical light:
 Sweet visions—strange scenes from the dim days of yore
 Come floating to me in the calm of the night.
 Ah! visitants ghostly, mysterious sprites
 Are seen in the gloaming, the portals stand wide:
 And sounds of the wassail on dark stormy nights
 Float downward, while faint from the far country-side,

Comes blast as of bugle, and sometimes espied
The shadowy hunters, swift hasting ere morn
Shall kindle thy turrets in desolate pride,
And show thy wide spaces alone and forlorn.
Thou shrine of old glory hallowed and haunted!
Thou dream of proud chivalry visioned in stone!
Though shorn of the splendour thy former days vaunted,
Though sad and deserted, though silent and lone—
Yet here, bright Romance hath erected her throne,
And age doth but add to thy grandeur sublime;
Instinct with the spirit of times everflown,
Endeared by tradition and mellowed by Time.



[Private Dining Room, Oriel Window]

To Haddon Hall is contained in the book *Lyra Piscatoria* [Songs of a Fisherman]: “Original Lyrics of Fish, Flies, Fishing, Fishermen.” This poem is contained in the part on Fishing, and describes the poet’s musings as he fishes at the Wye river near Haddon Hall.

TO HADDON HALL BY COTSWOLD ISYS (PEN NAME OF RICHARD GLOVER)

Seared, grey, old pile, embalmed by hoary Time,
More reverend now than in thy living prime,
When pulsed thine angelus’ [chapel bell] sweet evening chime!

For now can Fancy play around thy towers,
And in her magic light thy halls and bowers
People with squire and dame of antique hours.

She sees in sunshine of the summers gone
Young eyes that in those woodbined oriels shone
Scan the far meads for some belovèd one.

Anon they meet—she with her golden hair,
The hooded falcon on her wrist so fair,
To seek the heron in his reedy lair.

Then Fancy dreams, and in her dreams she sees
The sequel of those tender courtesies,
And all the bridal’s gay festivities.

Led by her lord, the bride with gentle grace
Curtseys adieu, and rides for Ensor Place [Edensor, adjoining Chatsworth],
While Fancy turns and rests a little space.

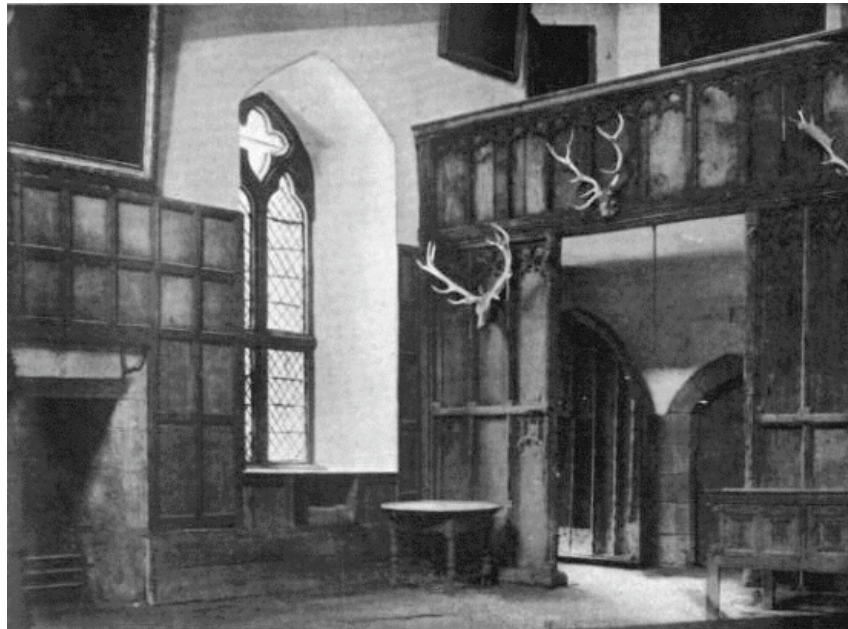
Then sees the chaplain in his serge and hood
Perched on the greensward in a musing mood
Angle for grayling in Wye’s gentle flood.

She sees the monks in long procession pass,
To say in Bakewell’s fane [church] the Whitsun mass,
Bared peasants kneeling on the wayside grass.

Night falls; thy warriors decked with lance and plume,
Returning victors from some field of doom,
File o’er thy bridge while flambeaux light the gloom.

Cheers for thy conquering lord the yeoman calls,
While mailed warriors on thy turret walls
Hoist sign of welcome to his joyous halls.

The windows glow; below the feast is spread:
The wassail bowl is shared, the dancers tread
A measure to the harp till dawn flames red.
Thus as in Rowsley meads I fling the fly,
And in my sport thine ivied towers pass by,
These old-world visions crown on Memory's eye;
And rapt Imagination doth impart
"Hues of her own, fresh borrowed from the heart,"
That give a tenfold pleasure to my art.
The winding Wye would ever beauteous glide
Had'st thou unbuilt ne'er been his joy and pride,
But O, the loss wert thou not by his side!



[Banqueting Hall

Note Hand Cuff ^]

HADDON HALL MEDITATION

H. I. MONTAGU

HADDON HALL - AN AFTER DINNER MEDITATION

SCRAMBLE; A COLLECTION OF PEN & PENCIL SKETCHES, 1870.

H. I. Montagu muses on a trip made to Haddon Hall. The initial lines recall the similarity of Haddon Hall to Scotland's Melrose Abbey, as told in Sir Walter Scott's *The Ride To Melrose*:

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
 Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
 For the gay beams of lightsome day
 Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
 When the broken arches are black in night,
 And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
 When the cold light's uncertain shower
 Streams on the ruined central tower;
 When buttress and buttress, alternately,
 Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
 Then go—but go alone the while—
 Then view St. David's ruined pile;
 And, home returning, soothly swear,
 Was never scene so sad and fair!

In a footnote to *Haddon Hall*, Montagu uses the alternate spelling of VISE in describing the famous cuff in the Banqueting Hall:

"In the Banqueting Hall, Haddon, a vice is still to be seen which held the luckless fellow who refused to take more than was good for him, while the Baron's retainers, bucket in hand, deluged him with water."

This allows him to use the same word to denote VISE in one line and VICE just two lines later.

HADDON HALL
AN AFTER DINNER MEDITATION

A certain poet tells us, and it's probable he's right,
That Melrose is a place that should be visited at night;
I, this alone can vouch for, that Haddon's never in a
More perfect state to visit than an hour after dinner.

I mean just in the gloaming, when the silent shadows creep
Athwart its ancient terrace and castellated keep,
It's when the soul poetic feels the only thing to cheer
At such a mystic moment, is a pot of bitter beer—

Oh, Vernon, when returning exhausted from the chase
You sat before your platter in your old familiar place,
How refreshing and acceptable it would have been to see a
Tankard on the table of Bass's bitter beer.

I can fancy Dora Vernon with a roguish kind of air,
Suggesting to a cavalier—if Manners wasn't there—
The propriety of passing her the tankard, that she might
Appreciate more fully her paternity's delight.

As I didn't know the family, it's impossible to say
If they went in with a relish for the liquors of the day;
But what could be more charming, more delightful for a suitor,
Than to grant his lady's fondest wish by passing her the pewter.

The VICE that held the fellow TIGHT who wouldn't take his share,
Had never been required if they'd had modern bitter there;
The VICE he would have suffered from had held him TIGHT—alas!
I know too well the potent spell of Allsop, Reade, and Bass.

The sun that gilds the western slopes, and tips the stately trees,
And sheds a golden glory over relics such as these,
Is making way for Night who comes to draw his heavy pall
O'er all that time has left to us of stately Haddon Hall.

And now I leave thee, Haddon, to a glorious decay,
And the ghosts that haunt thy terraces, or flit at close of day
Through thy long deserted corridors and passages, for I
Have other malt to liquor up, and other fish to fry.

CHATSWORTH AND HADDON HALL

LYDIA HOWARD HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY

INCLUDED IN PLEASANT MEMORIES OF PLEASANT LANDS, 1842.

Lydia Sigourney (1791-1865) was a famous and successful American writer of prose and poetry in the first half of the nineteenth century. She travelled abroad in 1840, and visited among other places, the Derbyshire area of England. She writes of the poem of October 7, 1840:

“It is well to see Chatsworth and Haddon Hall in the same day. The contrast of their features deepens the impression which each leaves on the mind. The overwhelming splendor of one [Chatsworth] prepares you to relish and to reverence the silent, mournful majesty of the other.”

“In exploring its [Haddon’s] deserted halls, it is easy to scan three distinct styles of architecture, which as clearly define three differing states of social and domestic manners. The tall grey Eagle [or Peveril] Tower, with its round loop-holes and prison-like apartments, recalls those days of despotism and danger, when castellated buildings were fortresses of defence against the Danish pirate, or the roaming outlaw. This period extended from the close of the Saxon dynasty, through the reigns of some of the Plantagenets, while the Peverils and Avenels bore rule at Haddon Hall.

“Huge fire-places, immense larders, chopping-blocks on which a whole ox might be laid, heavy oak tables, and the old wicket, through which every stranger received, if he desired, a trencher of substantial food and a cup of ale, mark the succeeding era of rude feasting and free hospitality.

“The third epoch brought in the more lofty ceilings, richly gilt, the halls panelled with oak, and the bay windows, decorated with armorial bearings.

“Now all is silence and loneliness within its bounds. Two hundred years have elapsed since it was inhabited. But the late Duchess of Rutland [Lady Elizabeth Howard], having been much attached to its scenery, was solicitous that it should be kept in good preservation, as a specimen of other days. Her wishes have been scrupulously obeyed, and thus the antiquarian taste, and the reflecting mind, continue to find high gratification from a visit to this deserted mansion.”

Sigourney’s following prose observation is expanded upon in her poem: “In the sculpture gallery at Chatsworth, among noble forms, and groups apparently instinct [filled] with life, we were attracted by the statue of a young spinning-girl, from the chisel of a German artist [Rudolph Schadow]. She is called the Filatrice, and stands in a simple and graceful attitude.”

The words **in bold** are unique to the 1842 edition.

The words {in brackets} are revisions made in the 1856 edition.

CHATSWORTH AND HADDON HALL

I've heard the humid skies did ever weep
 In merry England, and a blink of joy
 From their blue eyes was like a pearl of price.
 Mine own [America's skies] indeed are sunnier, yet at times
 There comes a day so exquisitely fair,
 That with its radiance and its rarity
 It makes the senses giddy.

Such an one

Illuminated Chatsworth, when we saw it first,
 Set like a gem against the hanging woods
 That formed its background. Herds of graceful deer,
 Pampered perchance until they half **forget** {forgot}
 Their native fleetness, o'er the ample parks
 Roamed at their pleasure. From the tower that crests
 The eastern hill, a floating banner swayed
 With the light breezes, while a drooping Ash,
 Of foliage rich, stood lonely near the gates,
 Like the presiding genius [embodiment] of the place,
Unique and {Uniquely} beautiful. Their silver jet
 The sparkling fountains o'er the freshened lawns
 Threw fitfully, and gleaming here and there,
 The tenant-statues with their marble life
 Peopled the shades.

But wondering most we marked

A princely labyrinth of plants and flowers [enters the Conservatory],
 All palace-lodged, and breathing forth their sweets
 On an undying summer's balmy breast.
 And well might wealth expend itself for you,
 Flowers, glorious flowers! that dwelt in Eden's bound,
 Yet sinned not, fell not, and whose silent speech
 Is of a better Paradise, where ye,
 Catching the essence of the deathless soul,
 Shall never fade.

Throughout the noble pile,

Pictures and spars [rafters] and vases, and the show
 Of alabaster, porphyry [type of rock], and gold,
 Blend with a lavishness, that ne'er offends
 The eye of taste. Had I the skill to tell
 Featly [properly] of halls, that like Arabia's dream

O'erflow with all that Fancy can devise,
 To strike, to charm, to dazzle, and delight,
 Here were full scope. But I have dwelt too long
 Within a simple forest-land [America], to know
 The fitting terms for such magnificence.
 So, from the painted ceilings, and the light
 Of costly mirrors, 'twas relief to seek
 The shaded gallery of sculptured forms,
 And taste the luxury of musing thought [enters the Sculpture Gallery].
 Spin on, most beautiful [addressing sculpture of *The Spinning Girl*].

There's none to mock
 Thy humble labors here. Gay Cupid clasps
 The unscathed butterfly, sweet Hebe smiles,
 Latona, mid her children, cries to Jove,
 Achilles mourns his wound, Endymion sleeps,
 The Mother of Napoleon wears the grace
 Canova gave, and proud Borghesa rears
 Her head in majesty, yet none despise
 Thy lowly toil.

Even thus it was of old,
 That woman's hand, amid the elements
 Of patient industry and household good,
 Reproachless wrought, twining the slender thread
 From the slight distaff, or in skilful loom
 Weaving rich tissues, or with varied tints
 Of bright embroidery, pleased to decorate
 The mantle of her lord. And it was well;
 For in such sheltered and congenial sphere
 Content with duty dwelt.

Yet few there were,
 Sweet Filatrice [or Spinning Girl], who in their homely task
 Found such retreat, or **such good** {goodly} company,
 To **elevate** {dignify} their toils. And we, who roam
 Mid all this grand enchantment, proud saloon,
 And solemn chapel, with its voice of God,
 Or lose ourselves amid the wildering maze
 Of plants and buds and blossoms, uttering forth
 Mute eloquence to Him, are pleased to lay
 Our slight memorial at thy snowy feet.

Next {Now}, on to Haddon Hall. The postern low,
 And threshold, worn with tread of many feet,
 Receive us silently. How grim and grey
 Yon tall, steep fortalice above us towers!
 Its narrow apertures, like arrow-slits,
 Jealous of heaven's sweet air, its dreary rooms
 Floored with rough stones, its uncouth passages
 Cut in thick walls, bespeak those iron times
 Of despotism, when o'er the mountain-surge
 Rode the fierce sea-king, and the robber hedged
 The chieftain in his moat.

A freer style

Of architecture clearly, as a chart,
 Defines the isthmus of that middle state,
 After the Conquest, when the Saxon kernes [soldiers]
 With their elf-locks receded. Coarsely mixed,
 Norman with Gothic, stretch the low-browed halls,
 Their open rafters brown with curling smoke.
 Hearthstone and larder, as for giant race,
 Tell of rude, festal doings, when in state
 The stalwart baron, seated on the dais,
 Serf and retainer **lowlier** {fitly} ranged around,
 Gave hospitality at Christmas-tide,
 The roasted ox, the boar, with holly crowned,
 And mighty venison pasty, proudly borne
 'Tween a stout brace of ancient serving-men.
 The elements of rude and gentle times
 Were ill concocted then, and struggling held
 Each other in suspension, or prevailed
 Alternately. "Barbaric pearl and gold"
 Were roughly set; and cumbrous arras hid
 The iron-hasped and loosely-bolted doors.
 Broad-branching antlers of the stag were then
 The choicest pictures, and the power to quaff
 Immense potations from the wassail-bowl
 Envied accomplishment.

But Haddon tells

Still of another age, and suits itself
 To their more courtly manners. Carvings rich,
 And gilded cornices, and chambers hung

With tapestry of France, and shapely grate
 Instead of chimney **huge** {vast}, and fair recess
 Of oriel window, mark the advancing steps
 Of comfort and refinement.

Here moved on,
 In stately minuet, lords with doublet slashed,
 And ladies rustling in the stiff brocade;
 And there, the deep-mouthed hounds the chase pursued,
 The maiden ruling well her palfrey [horse] white,
 With knight and squire attendant.

Hear we not
 Even now their prancing steeds?

'Tis passing strange!
 Dwell life and death in **loving** {mystic} company?
 {Do hands invisible, of spectres pale}
 {Tend these young plants, and bind yon stragglng boughs}
Why bloom those flowers, with none to inhale their sweets?
Who trim yon beds so neatly, and remove
Each withered leaf; and keep each stragglng bough
 In beautiful obedience?

—Come they back,
 {From their old mouldering vaults}
They of the by-gone days, when none are near,
 And with their spirit-eyes inspect the flowers
 That once they loved? Toil they in shadowy ranks
 Mid these deserted bowers, then flit away?
 They seem but just to have set the goblet down,
 As for a moment, yet return no more.
 The chair, the board, the couch of state are here,
 And we, the intrusive step are fain to check,
 As though we pressed upon their privacy.
 Whose privacy? The dead? A riddle all!
And {Yes} we ourselves are riddles.—

While we cling
 Still to our crumbling hold, so soon to fall
 And be forgotten, in that yawning gulph
 That whelms all past, all present, all to come,
 Oh, grant us wisdom, Father of the Soul,
 To **gain** {win} a changeless heritage with Thee.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT

JOHN NEWBY MOSBY

THE FALL OF ALGIERS AND OTHER POEMS, 1831.

The Disappointment is a lengthy narrative concerning Alfred, an overly sensitive young man, who is afraid to face the real world. As he thinks of the promises and rewards of new experiences, he is overcome by feelings of melancholia or “disappointment,” and is thus prevented from taking any action to change his life.

“And so it was with Alfred:

A tame and timid bird he seemed, that had
Been taken from its native woods unfledged,
And kept within a cage for years; then all
At once let loose, and suffered to escape;
It hops around its wiry prison-house,
And picks, and hops again; then shakes its
Little wings, and wonders where it is. The
Little timid fool, so long in bondage kept,
Tastes liberty, yet knows not what it means;
It feels itself free from its wiry thrall,
Sees the wide world around, yet hardly deems it real.”

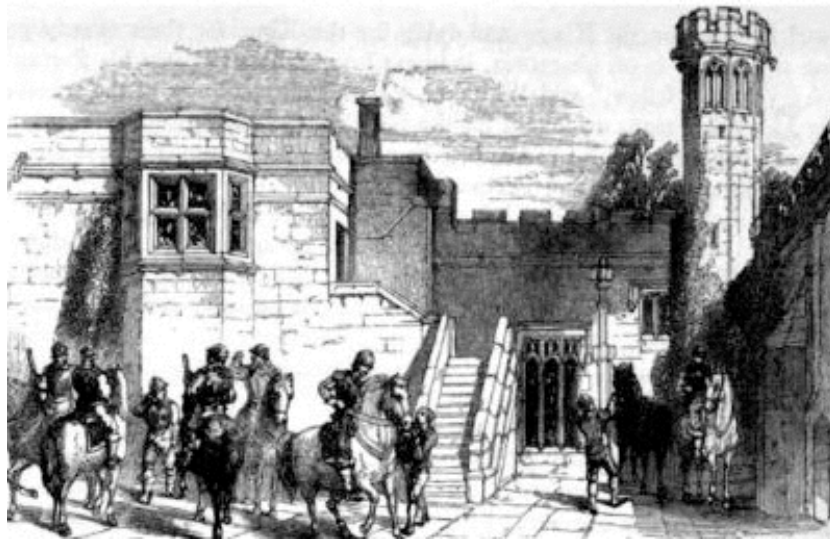
The relevant portion describes a visit by his worldly friend to Derbyshire. Alfred has been invited, but an attack of “disappointment” stopped his going. This part of the poem centers on the wonders of Chatsworth and Haddon Hall. The majority of the narrative is so long and far removed in tone and theme from Haddon Hall or Derbyshire that it is not included in these pages.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT

And then his travelled friend told Alfred of
 That far-famed mansion fair, that splendid
 Palace of the noble great, possessed of which
 An eastern sultan might be proud, nor fear
 To be outrivalled by surrounding kings.
 Yes, noble Chatsworth he told Alfred of,
 And all its beauties in detail related
 He to him, and all its rarities—a
 Rich, inestimable store, more numerous
 Than the memory can keep, more than the muse
 Can tell; unless the gazing eye had lent
 Its visioned organ to review the scene,
 And painted their bright colours true to
 Nature's blooming tint upon the plastic brain:
 But ere that lovely picture could be drawn,
 Came Disappointment, with its pencil dark,
 And dashed the canvas o'er with foul oblivion
 Blots, and nothing left of all the fairy sketch,
 But clouds of darkness 'mid the outlines dim.

And then he told him of that ancient place,
 Whose hoary ruins look majestic as
 They stand, like groups of giants seated on
 A rock, and sternly frowning from beneath
 Their antique garb of netted ivy, knitting
 Through the walls with green unfading woof, the
 Ceaseless work of many centuries gone.
 'Twas Haddon Castle that he told him of,
 A name beloved by old romancers, where
 The legend tale would tell of stirring times,
 And glorious deeds by heroes wrought of yore;
 Where feudal princes reigned in rival
 Splendour of the regal throne, dispensing
 Life or death to all their vassal train.
 Where chivalry, in all its gorgeous pride,
 Would issue from the Castle's thronging halls,
 Bedizened [adorned] in their glittering trappings bright,
 To seek the tented field, and win the envied
 Prize, bestowed by beauty on her champion

Bold. And then came tales of wars, of tumults,
And of strife—fierce, bloody wars, and sieges
Desperate; when from its proud embattled towers,
The stricken warriors were headlong hurled,
And carnage red drank deep of purple gore,
Till drunk and maddened with the sanguine draught.
Then desolation came, and ruin spread
Her vampire wings o'er all the lovely scene:
And 'mid the shock of dire conflicting times,
This noble and commanding place was wrecked,
And left to silence and to solitude:
Amid the gloomy woods a naked skeleton,
A ruin vast, that darkly shadowed forth
Its splendour lost, its glory now no more.



[Lower Interior Courtyard, Looking South]

FOX CLOUD

SPENCER TIMOTHY HALL

A DAY DREAM ON FOX CLOUD

INCLUDED IN BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF REMARKABLE PEOPLE, 1873.

A Day Dream On Fox Cloud is a lengthy narrative tracing the history of Derbyshire. The relevant portion concerns “Era Six” from about 1200 to 1400 when the poet considers Haddon Hall to have a defining role in English history. Excerpted below are the introduction, followed by “Era Five” and “Era Six” and “Era Seven” to provide a context for the thought of the poem.

Shown **in bold** are lines added to “Era Six” by means of an errata sheet bound into the book at the appropriate location.

The comment {in brackets} is that of Hall and is part of his poem.

A DAY DREAM ON FOX CLOUD OR THE HISTORY OF A LANDSCAPE

{Fox Cloud is a mountain-crag, above Cromford, Derbyshire, nearly south-east of that village, and commanding an exquisite view of the most picturesque points around.}

Warm was the day on high Fox Cloud;
Bright was the blue sky o’er me;
Behind frowned Blackrock dark and proud,
And Matlock smiled before me.
To Willersley that, like a queen,
Her summer state was keeping,
The Derwent came from valleys green,
And at her feet was weeping.

Bold Masson reared his royal crown
O’er all beside to heaven;—
A king is Masson [Hill near Matlock over 1,000 feet high], looking down
On mountains six or seven—
Protecting well his queen below
When wintry storms have found him—
His girdle, clouds; his turban, snow;
His guards, the wild rocks round him.
But winter loured [threatened] not near him now:
Its chillness all forgetting,
The peasant upon Riber’s brow
His harvest-scythe was whetting;

The cottagers on Cromford Moor—
 So named, though moor no longer,
 But pasture to the very door—
 Ne'er felt the sunshine stronger.

All, all was summer round me there:
 Rich summer blooms were peeping
 Among the verdure everywhere,
 With fragrance all things steeping;
 Until the drowsed and sated sense
 Its charms no more could number;
 So in that pleasant exigence
 Resigned itself to slumber.

Now it will happen oft that when
 The sense is most suspended,
 The spirit's ever wakeful ken
 Will farthest be extended:
 'Twas thus that mine, as there I lay
 On that sweet bed of heather,
 Went back through many a bygone day,
 And brought this dream together:—

* * * * *

ERA FIVE

And now the Norman comes—a burly warrior,
 Clad in impervious mail from crown to toe,—
 Mercy no check, justice to him no barrier,
 Whate'er he wills he does. It must be so
 Till every man, his hewer and his carrier,
 Doth at his surly bidding come and go;
 And scorning for himself all loving labour,
 He “builds a church to God,” yet grinds his neighbour!

ERA SIX

Hence passeth o'er the scene a motley time
 Of cloistered piety and mailèd crime;
 Of manliest chivalry and maddest strife,
 The gaudiest pastimes painting harshest life;
 War in the field and sports upon the green;
 The woodland bandit and the May-day queen;

Alternate feast and fray in every hall,
 Where dwell alike the tyrant and his thrall [servant];
 While hair-brained minstrels barbarous ballads sing,
 And fools are hired, to entertain a king;
 And grand old Haddon tells our country's state,
 As Vernon hangs the pilferer at its gate!
 Yet must there in those ancient days have been
 Full many a gleam of light the clouds between;
For wondrous hospitality prevailed.
The poor man by the rich was oft regaled,
The priest was to the lowest outcast kind,
Virtues were known less known to times refined;
 While chemistry and mathematics grew,
 And Roger Bacon brought great truths to view—
 Ah, Bacon! name mis-spelt! If true my rhyme,
 'Tis BEACON, shining through the mists of time!

[Note: Tradition has George Vernon act as prosecutor and jury and judge to hang a man suspected of murder on the Haddon estates. Since this event occurred in the mid 1500's, Spencer Hall may have assumed that George Vernon's forebears had also practiced this type of justice.]

ERA SEVEN

Anon the flag of Science is unfurled;
 The compass to the keel unlocks the world;
 The printing-press diffuses knowledge far,
 And through the gloom strikes Freedom's morning star.
 Chaucer and Spenser, Shakespeare, [Sir Francis] Bacon, rise—
 That second BEACON, pointing to the skies!
 The human brain set free, the soul has breath,
 And Superstition feels her coming death.
 Thus even here, where this bleak upland swells,
 And men dwelt modestly in lowliest dells,
 A spirit came that touched with life each clod,
 And turned the heart and raised the eye to God,
 Till thou, fair Peak! couldst many a native boast,
 Joining on high the intellectual host!

ENGLISH SCENERY
 JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON
 MUSINGS IN MANY MOODS, 1859.

In his Preface to *Musings in Many Moods*, the fifty year old Rogerson writes “The present volume contains the major portion of the author’s poetical productions, written on many occasions, and at different periods of life. This will account for the various sentiments expressed. The author has, for the last seven years, been afflicted with rheumatic arthritis, which has been, and continues, so severe as to deprive him, partially, of the use of his limbs, and debar him entirely from locomotion. He is thus reduced to the helplessness of childhood, combined with the acute pain of a confirmed valetudinarian [invalid], and his volume of life will be henceforth either monotonous, or blank. In fact his state of health is such as to lead him to believe that this book is the last which he shall offer, and he, therefore, takes this opportunity of respectfully thanking his friends and the public for past and present favors.”

This handicap is reflected in his poem *English Scenery*, in the introductory lines “Had I the means—had I the power to roam,
 With unchecked footsteps o’er my native land.”

Rogerson died within a few months of having his last book published.

Rogerson draws an interesting comparison between Haddon’s faded beauties and Chatsworth’s present grandeur: Chatsworth is what Haddon Hall used to be, and Haddon Hall is what Chatsworth will become. The theme of Haddon Hall with “its court-yard, moss o’er-grown” and “once thronged with valiant knights and ladies fair” who are no more, is carried through in many of the poems in this book.

There is also reference to the Keats poem *Eve of St. Agnes*. January 20 is the eve of the feast of St. Agnes, patron saint of young girls. It was believed that they could discover, on this night, in their dreams, the identity of their future husbands. As a number of others before him, Rogerson attributed to a previous author, the placement of that author’s work within the environs of Haddon Hall. Keats’s *Eve of St. Agnes* joins Ann Radcliffe’s *The Mysteries of Udolpho* and Sir Walter Scott’s *Pevekil of the Peak* in this category.

The comments {in brackets} are those of Rogerson and are part of the poem.

ENGLISH SCENERY

England! thou hast, within thy wave-girt clime
 Scenes of magnificence and beauty rare,
 Too often scorned by thy ungrateful sons,
 Who leave unseen thy lovely hills and vales,
 And seek for pleasure 'neath a foreign sky.
 Had I the means—had I the power to roam,
 With unchecked footsteps o'er my native land,
 Ne'er would my bosom know a wilder wish—
 Where I was born, there would I live and die.

Oh, can I e'er forget the deep delight
 I felt when wandering, Derby, through thy shire,
 Amid the glories of thy wondrous Peak!
 There the grey mountain lifteth up its head,
 And rears its giant form in sullen state,
 Whilst by its base the subject waters creep,
 And murmuring, kiss the hoary monarch's foot.
 There horrid caverns ope their yawning mouths,
 Filling th' explorer's mind with silent awe;
 And, pacing o'er their windings vast and dark,
 He feels arise within his inmost heart
 Thoughts of the power and mystery of God.

There you may wander through the ravine wild,
 Where on each side frown down the savage rocks,
 Like rugged monsters watching o'er the place,
 Who ever and anon seem gathering round
 To bar your further progress through the scene;
 But onwards press, and pass the craggy gates—
 Then on your gaze will burst a lovely vale,
 With emerald fields and streamlets flashing bright,
 Fair as the dawn of life, and fresh and pure,
 Bathing its quiet beauty in the sun,
 And looking like a fragment rent from Heaven—
 This is the flowery Eden of the Peak!

There, too, is fierce and haughty Peveril's tower,
 The tower which [Sir Walter] Scott hath hallowed by romance,
 Standing in ruins on its lofty cliff.
 Wandering along by rivers' blossomed banks,
 Where golden glow-worms lurk like starry drops,

Still the hoar hills are guardians of the way,
And in the shadow of the twilight hour
Seem the proud battlements of armed knight.

Go, look on Chatsworth's fair and stately halls—
The gorgeous palace of a powerful Duke—
Standing amid a rich and wide domain,
And stored with all that wealth and art call forth
To decorate the dwellings of the great—
The sculptor's visionary forms of grace,
And marble statues of the mighty dead;
The bold creations of the painter's skill,
Canvas that glows with all the hues of life;
The curious wonders of the carver's power,
Displayed in quaint and marvellous device;
The high-roofed temple lined with splendid tomes,
Filled with the thoughts of dead and living sage,
Of wit, divine, historian, and bard.

Go, gaze upon the lakes and fountains bright,
That cast their silvery wreaths upon the air,
Whilst fruits are bursting on the trees around,
And flowers and plants, of cost and beauty rare,
Are sending out their odours to the breeze;
Go wander through this gathering of delights.

Then leave the Paradise of modern time,
And seek old Haddon's grey and ancient halls,
That linger as a shadow of the past;
Tread for awhile its court-yard, moss-o'ergrown,
And look upon the venerable pile;
Then bend your footsteps through its spacious rooms,
Once thronged with valiant knights and ladies fair,
And ringing with the laugh and revel-song.
The bluff retainers there no more are found,
No more the minstrel sings of dame and knight,
The sound of music long hath died away,
The banquet long hath ceased to load the board—
Vassal, and page, and dame, and knight are gone;
But breathes there not a melancholy tone
Throughout the old and desolated pile,
Which, like the voice of old affection, comes,

And leaves a gloom upon the buoyant heart?
 Who that hath read the strain of youthful Keats,
 {Haddon Hall is said to be the scene of Keats's poem of the Eve of St. Agnes.}
 But "turns, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,"
 The "thoughtful Madeline," who long ago
 Fled on St. Agnes' eve into the storm?
 Who does not think upon that casement high,
 "All garlanded with carven imageries,
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,"
 And shield that "blushed with blood of queens and kings,"
 And Porphyro who gazed upon the maid,
 Nor moved nor spoke, "she looked so dreamingly?"
 Ascend the towers, and cast your gaze around,
 Where Nature smiles as in the olden time—
 The stream still goes rejoicing on its way,
 The meadows still are sprinkled o'er with buds,
 And birds are singing 'mid the branches green,
 Or soaring upwards towards the azure sky,
 Which smileth still as at Creation's birth.
 Man's mightiest works are frail—the works of God,
 Unchanged, behold his massiest structures fall,
 And wanderers in some after age may roam
 To look on Chatsworth's grey and broken walls,
 Even as we gaze on those of Haddon now.—
 Reader, if thou wouldst leave behind the world,
 The busy world and every thought of gain,
 To dwell amid the solitudes of life,
 Direct thy steps to Monsal's quiet Dale;
 It is in sooth a calm and beauteous spot,
 A glorious vale far down beneath the rocks,
 Where peace and bliss might undisturbed repose,
 And man forget the names of sin and hate.
 The sun was setting when I first beheld
 This loveliest of England's lovely vales,
 And gazed into its depths with soul entranced.
 I could not breathe—my very heart was stilled
 By my intense and speechless wonderment,
 And then I wished that there were fixed my home,
 So that my life might, even as the stream

That moved below me with a noiseless flow,
Pass on unvexed unto its closing day.
The mountains were around it rude and high,
And rocks, in varied shape, were clustered thick,
Like demons gazing on a home of bliss,
That crime had shut forever from their tread;
The rich, declining light lay on its turf,
And tinged the waters with a hue of gold;
The birds were warbling their glad twilight hymn,
The lambs were playing in the scented grass,
And on the banks of the fair river Wye
A lonely angler sat in lazy mood,
Patiently waiting for his finny prey.—
My blessings on the place! for it hath been
One of the shining lights on memory's sea,
And oft hath beamed upon my troubled heart
When all around hath worn a garb of gloom!



[Long Gallery - A Spacious Room For Parties]

SHAKESPEARE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

MACBETH, 1606

SELECTION BY EBENEZER RHODES

PEAK SCENERY OR THE DERBYSHIRE TOURIST, 1819.

Ebenezer Rhodes published a series of four books detailing his travels in Derbyshire. The second book, containing Haddon Hall, was published in 1819 and includes the details of his personal visit.

As nearly all visitors, before and since, Rhodes is enveloped by the mystery and romance of Haddon Hall, and falls under its spell. Shakespeare did not have Haddon in mind when he penned his lines, but Rhodes could feel Haddon Hall described by them:

“We leisurely surveyed the exterior of Haddon, as seen from the upper and lower courts before we explored its numerous apartments, and I know not that I ever beheld a mansion that afforded shelter and accommodation to so great a number of swallows; every projecting frieze overshadowed their nests, round which the busy flutterers played with ineffable delight. It was impossible to witness such a scene without recalling to recollection the following beautiful passage in Shakespeare.”

This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

This guest of summer,
The temple haunting martlet [martin or small swallow], does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here; no jutting [projection], frieze,
Buttress nor coign of vantage [advantageous position], but this bird
Hath made his pendent [overhanging] bed and procreant cradle.
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

[Macbeth, Act I, Scene VI]

WILLIAM RUFUS
 ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER
 THE CHRONICLE OF ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER, 1300
 SELECTION BY LEWELLYN JEWITT
 THE RELIQUARY, JANUARY 1863.

This is another instance of Haddon Hall prodding a remembrance of an older poem. Jewitt writes that “recently found at his Grace’s [Duke of Rutland] magnificent old baronial mansion, Haddon Hall, behind some oak paneling, where it had doubtless lain hid for some generations” was a “Washing-Tally.” This was a wooden board, with movable pointers mounted to note how many items, such as—shirts, handkerchiefs, towels, socks—were given to be laundered, so that none might be lost.

Jewitt concludes “I cannot help quoting a very droll anecdote quaintly told by Robert of Gloucester, of the blind extravagance of William Rufus [William II, King of England, 1087-1100] over a pair of hose. The Chamberlain brought him a pair worth three shillings, which he disdainfully put aside, and ordered him under pain and penalty to bring him some worth a mark (thirteen shillings and four-pence [$\frac{2}{3}$ £]). The Chamberlain brought him a commoner pair still, but, telling him they cost a mark, the King said they were well bought, and was satisfied.”

His chamberlain brought him, as he rose on a day,
 A morrow for to wear, a pair of hose of say [silk]:
 He asked what they costed? Three shillings, he seed [said],
 Fie a devil! quoth the king; who makes so vile a deed!
 King to wear so vile a cloth! It should have costed more:
 Buy a pair for a mark, or thou shalt be very sore!
 And worse a pair enough the other with him brought,
 And said they costed him a mark, and thus he them so bought;
 Aye, good friend! quoth the king, these were well bought;
 In this manner always serve me, other doth serve me nought!

ANCIENT VERSES

KNIGHTS VERNON BY ALLEYN SUTTON, 1528

THE RHYMED CHRONICLE OF JOHN HARESTAFFE, 1615.

Alleyn Sutton's *Knights Vernon* is an early poem created for Haddon's 'Kings of the Peak.' From Stephen Glover's *Peak Guide* of 1830: "The family [Vernon] crest is a boar's head; and in this mansion it was formerly the custom, every Christmas, to serve up a boar's head, with a song. The following 'ancient verses, by Alleyn Sutton, concerning all the noble name of the Vernons, knights,' are supposed to have constituted one of these songs."

An alternate verse from a different source is shown {in brackets}.

KNIGHTS VERNON

A grisly boar, as raven's feather black,
Bred in that land [Normandy] Rollo had by his wife,
Past the ocean, the Bastard's [William Peverel] part to take,
Who Harold reft [Henry II deprived] of kingdom and of life.

Whose off-spring since, ranging the Peakish hills,
On ragged rocks a warlike fort did find,
And match [marry] with Vernons, welder [wield] yet their will,
Where gentle deeds declare their gentle kind.

There denne [dwelling] both art and nature strong hath made,
A lively stream beneath yet runneth clear,
The mighty oaks above cast pleasant shade,
Healthful the air, all needful things are near.

Of which denne hath the greatest tusked swine,	{The greatest tusked Swine
A tigress hath taken to her fear [mate],	of race and bred [breed],
Of ruby hue, issue of famous line;	Hath taken to wife
In these conjoined rare virtues do appear:	a noble Tigress red.}

Of them I wish such offspring to proceed,
As may them both in worthiness exceed.

The *Rhymed Chronicle of John Harestaffe* was written over a twenty year period from 1615 through 1635. It covers the forty-four years starting from 1591, during which time Harestaffe was the “faithful agent and confidential clerk” of the Vernon family of Sudbury. Shown below is the portion from this copious document which relates to the Haddon Vernons.

John Vernon of Sudbury was the uncle of George Vernon, King of the Peak. George inherited his lands at the age of nine in 1517; his uncle was assigned as his guardian by the crown.

The rich and powerful George Talbot was the 6th Earl of Shrewsbury, friend of George Vernon and brother-in-law of John Manners. Harestaffe supposes that he influenced the choice of a husband for Dorothy away from a young Sudbury Vernon, and toward relative John Manners. This raises the question of whether George Vernon helped plan his daughter’s ‘elopement.’

RHYMED CHRONICLE OF JOHN HARESTAFFE

Sir George I say of whom yet many speak,
 For great housekeeping termed King of the Peak,
 Was much directed in his younger years,
 In all his causes and his great affairs,
 By his uncle Sir John Vernon’s good advise,
 Who was a learned man, discreet and wise:
 Wherefore Sir George to show that he was kind,
 And to his uncle bear a thankful mind,
 Of Hazelbadge he granted then a Lease,
 To him and his assignees which should not cease,
 Until the term of fourscore years were spent,
 Reserving thereupon a penny rent.

Sir John until his death [1545] possessed the same:
 And afterwards this Farm to Henry came.

This Henry Vernon was of great esteem
 A man both wise and learned, as may seem,
 Who in his Country also bore great sway,
 And kept a worthy house, as old men say,
 Who often talk of him even to this day.

[Henry’s son was the same
 age as Dorothy. A match
 between the two cousins
 would keep Sir George’s
 lands in a Vernon name.]

Sir George, who of the Vernons was the last
 That held those goodly lands, from whom they past

By two coheirs out of the Vernon’s name,—
 For which great Talbot was the more to blame.

[But Talbot favored a match
 with his wife’s brother.]

IN THE OLDEN TIME
 MARMION - INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SIXTH
 SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1808
 EXCERPTED AND ILLUSTRATED, 1890.

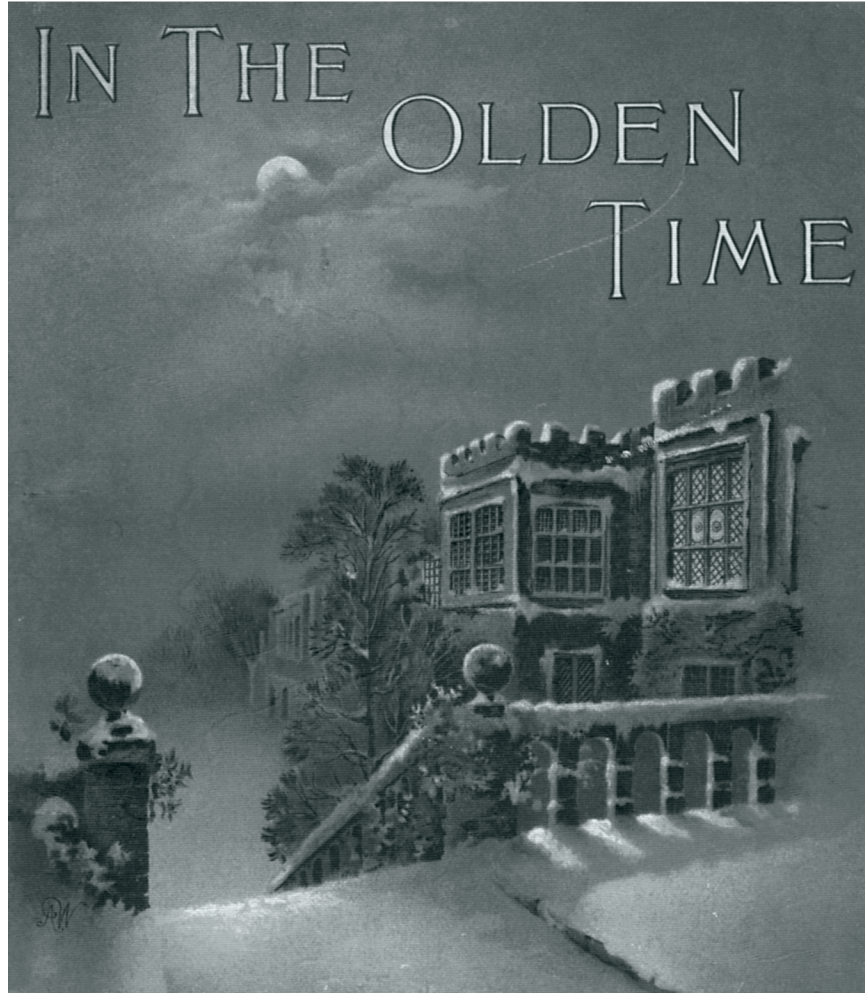
In The Olden Time is an excerpt from the beginning of the *Marmion - Introduction To Canto Sixth* by Sir Walter Scott. The excerpt and its title were formulated post 1882, after the Scott copyrights had run out, fifty years since his death. Two different books were created: *Christmas In The Olden Time* and *In The Olden Time* by different publishers, using similar choices of Scott's Canto Sixth poetry.

While not mentioning Haddon Hall, the Scott description of the Lord's manor, complete with the "grim boar's head," is very similar to the descriptions contained in poems previously presented. It is known that Sir George Vernon, King of the Peak, kept an open house during twelve days at Christmas time.

Scott had an affection for Haddon Hall. He added a note to the 1831 edition of *Peveiril of the Peak* (originally published 1822), referring to the novel's Martindale Castle of Derbyshire: "This peculiar collocation of apartments may be seen at Haddon Hall, Derbyshire, once a seat of the Vernon's, where in the lady's pew in the chapel, there is a sort of scuttle [small opening], which opens into the kitchen, so that the good lady could ever and anon, without much interruption of her religious duties, give an eye that the roast-meat was not permitted to burn, and that the turnbroche did his duty."

Unfortunately, Scott's memory was inaccurate in the details. F. H. Cheetham remarks in his 1904 *Haddon Hall*, "The note has been the excuse for inserting in some of the illustrated editions a picture of Haddon Hall as representing Martindale castle ... Such an experience at Haddon Hall is simply impossible, for the chapel is in the south-west corner and the kitchen far away on the north side." However, the illustrators used accurate Haddon Hall interiors for Martindale interiors. Three illustrations in this book: 'South Face from the Garden Terrace Steps' and 'Private Dining Room' and 'Lower Interior Courtyard, Looking South' are from *Peveiril of the Peak*.

The editors of *In The Olden Time* adopted this relation of Scott's castles with Haddon Hall, and placed a drawing of Haddon Hall on the cover of the book. Thus, by the end of the nineteenth century, Haddon Hall became the prototype for the English medieval castle.



IN THE OLDEN TIME

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.

Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night:
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night in all the year,
Saw the stoled [wearing a stole] priest the chalice rear.

The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.

Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride.

The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The Lord, underogating [without losing dignity], share
The vulgar game of 'post and pair.'

All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.

Then was brought in the lusty brawn [boar],
By old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.

Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.

The wassail round, in good brown bowls,
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
At such high tide, her savoury goose.

Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.

Who lists [listens] may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
But, oh! what maskers, richly dight [dressed],
Can boast of bosoms half so light!

England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

Still linger in our northern clime
Some remnants of the good old time,
And still, within our valleys here
We hold the kindred title dear.

ARM IN ARM

ARTHUR PEARCE

LOVE'S GREATER POWER, A POETICAL ROMANCE, 1892.

This is an excerpt from a "poetical romance" of some length. A young man and young lady visited Haddon Hall in what was then the present day. The attractions of Haddon Hall came in second best to the "tractive power" between the young lovers.

Haddon Hall, of fourteenth century date,
Baronial cheer indeed that pile does cite,
And pictures come of all the grandeur, state,
Commingle scenes, that such old seats invite,
As, on this rustic bridge, they sigh,
And view the mansion from the pretty Wye.

The great Hall, the Chapel, Eagle Tower,
In turn the couple, arm in arm, are pacing,
And yet each other holds more tractive power
Than either these, with all their Norman tracing.
Now from the Chaplain's room they stalk,
The terraced gardens pass, and Dolly Vernon's Walk.

So, arm in arm they go, where, years before,
The Vernons of the Peak had loved to pass—
As might be heard in tales of local lore.
How lovely Derby's walks to lad and lass,
I know full well! But they have strode
The bridge, they remount here, and take the Bakewell road!

LADY ELIZABETH HOWARD

SPENCER TIMOTHY HALL

MEMORIAL TO ELIZABETH MANNERS, DUCHESS OF RUTLAND, 1855.

INCLUDED IN BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF REMARKABLE PEOPLE, 1873.

Lady Elizabeth Howard married John Henry Manners in 1799, thereby becoming the wife of the Fifth Duke of Rutland. They made the grounds of Haddon Hall accessible to sightseers and visitors in the early nineteenth century, and thus could be considered the enablers of the ensuing romantic stories and poems. At this time the residence of the Manners family was at Belvoir Castle.

Author and poet Spencer Timothy Hall recalls a visit to Haddon Hall in the autumn of 1852, during a festival in Bakewell:

“Fireworks of all hues followed on the lawn outside, answering to the lights now streaming from the large oriel and latticed windows, and flinging up to the towers and minaretted chimneys above, and over the trees and old terraces around, a glow so grand and strange, not only from the varied colours of the light, but from the objects it fell upon, as to make the whole scene more like an ‘Arabian night’s entertainment’ than anything having connection with the reading-room of a quiet English market-town like Bakewell. And when the two dukes [Duke of Rutland and Duke of Devonshire] had left, the dance began in that historical old ball-room of which all the world has seen drawings, or heard,

Where Dorothy Vernon danced of yore,
And many a Vernon danced before.”

Spencer was introduced “a little after this event” to the Duke. It was twenty-seven years since the death of the Duchess. He writes:

“There is a portrait of her in the [Belvoir] Castle from which a large and admirable engraving was taken, and copies of it placed in houses associated with her memory, or given to particular friends. It was perhaps twenty-seven years afterwards that the Duke gave me one of them, companion to one he gave me of himself, both to be held as keepsakes, in a little house I had just furnished. I was myself at that time solitary enough, but such mementos made me feel less solitary, and one afternoon as I sat looking at the fine but chaste engraving, I could not help taking my pen and writing.”

The result is the accompanying poem.

MEMORIAL TO ELIZABETH MANNERS, DUCHESS OF RUTLAND

Thou peerless index to a mind,
The loveliest of her lovely kind.
I always thought the Graces three,
Until, fair form, I gazed on thee;
I always thought the Muses nine,
Till, sweetest picture, thou wert mine;
But thou hast made my Graces four,
My Muses ten, for evermore.

How full of life and thought that face.
In all that figure how much grace.
And from those eyes what looks of love,
The hearts of all to melt or move.
Well may thy widowed lord proclaim
Thy cherished name "a sainted name."
Well may he deem thee, even yet,
The "loveliest, best, he ever met."

On Belvoir's towers I see thee bent,
O'ergazing all the vale of Trent,
Whose landscape Eden's bloom doth leaven,
Whose stream smiles back the light of heaven;
While England's fairest sons and daughters
Are mirrored in its glowing waters;
Yet o'er the whole of that bright scene
Thou reignest matchless, Beauty's queen.

I see thee walking Haddon's halls,
A light amid their shadowy walls;
Or, venturous, riding forth to seek,
The wide-famed wonders of the Peak,
Where Nature, queen o'er change and time,
Has reared her mountain-throne sublime;
Yet there, fair princess! even there,
'Tis thine sweet Nature's fame to share.

Thou art not dead—thou can'st not die.
While art thus gives thee to the eye;
While history to the mind doth give
Thy deeds when here 'twas thine to live;
While heavenly hope, with sunny wings,
To where thou dwellest now upsprings;
While faith doth all things crown with love,
And death below is life above.

Thou art not dead—thou can'st not die.
Whate'er with beauty lights the eye,
Whate'er with goodness warms the soul,
Beyond mortality's control
Thenceforth, like all things good, retains
Part in the life that knows no pains,
In that blest sphere where woe comes never,
But joy once felt is joy for ever.
Such warmth, such light, oft hast thou given,
And angel! such are thine—in Heaven.

A LEGEND OF HADDON HALL

JOHN JAMES ROBERT MANNERS

INCLUDED IN ENGLISH BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS, 1850.

John James Robert Manners (1818-1906), Seventh Duke of Rutland, succeeded to the title when his older brother died in 1888. He published two books of poetry, *England's Trust and Other Poems* in 1841 and *English Ballads and Other Poems* in 1850.

His father, John Henry Manners, Fifth Duke of Rutland, succeeded to the title at the age of nine in 1787 and enjoyed the title for seventy years, until his death in 1857. John Henry Manners, perhaps more than any other person, was responsible for enabling the creation of the romance of Haddon Hall and its accompanying legend of the elopement of Dorothy Vernon.

A Haddon Hall visitor noted in 1825: "Bakewell is much improved of late. Belongs almost entirely to the Duke of Rutland, who has built an excellent new inn—the Rutland Arms—a very nice house to dine or stay at night. Found on a table, among several other books, Rhodes's *Peak Scenery*. Read there the account of Bakewell church, Haddon Hall, etc."

Ebenezer Rhodes's *Peak Scenery*, published in 1819, includes the following in his entry on Haddon Hall: "Mrs. Ann Radcliffe, who was a native of Derbyshire, often visited Haddon Hall, for the purpose of storing her imagination with those romantic ideas, and impressing upon it those sublime and awful pictures which she so much delighted to portray. Some of the most gloomy scenery of her *Mysteries of Udolpho* was studied within the walls of this ancient structure."

This anecdote about the best-selling late eighteenth century gothic authoress, told to Rhodes by the caretaker of the Hall, is undoubtedly false. But the caretaker's story of Haddon Hall history must have met with the approval of the master, the Fifth Duke of Rutland. Emboldened by his master's support, the caretaker continued to embellish the history of the Hall, and to interleave its history with the lives of its ancient inhabitants.

These embellishments culminated in Allan Cunningham's *The King of the Peak* of 1822, which is either the creation or documenting of the Dorothy Vernon legend.

Twenty-eight years later, young John James Robert Manners embraced the legend of the elopement which brought Haddon Hall from the Vernon family to the Manners family. The romance and mystique of Haddon Hall would continue to grow into the late nineteenth century.

A LEGEND OF HADDON HALL

The King of the Peak in his gallery sat,
In his wonted [customary] pomp and pride,
And he looked on the terraced gardens below,
And the maid [Dorothy] who stood by his side.

But his look it was stern, his brow it was bent,
As he gazed on her pale wan face;
Oh! why on those youthful features fair
Should sorrow have left its trace?

For a mighty man is the King of the Peak,
And pleasant are Haddon's bowers,
And the dance, and the chase, and the minstrel song
Fill up joy's careless hours.

There's not a pleasure that wealth can bestow
But for her is ever at hand,
And suitors and vassals are there at her feet,
To obey her lightest command.

But her mournful eyes are fixed on the floor,
She heeds not the brave sunlight
That gilds the length of that fair gallery,
With its arras [tapestry] and armour bright.

Hark! 'tis the sound of an opening door:
A flush hath stole to her cheek;
Her father hath marked that sudden start,
But never a word doth he speak.

A gallant stripling in modest attire,
And doublet of Lincoln green,
Hath entered the room with a lowly bow,
And a suppliant's humble mien.

The King of the Peak, he has grasped his sword,
And smiles in his angry cheer;
At that bitter smile, and that wrathful glance,
The maid sheds many a tear.

“Sir stripling, begone! or I swear by all
That true knights sacred hold,
Your life-blood shall pay to my just revenge
For your suit so high and bold.”

The youth hath upraised his low-bent head,
And his eyes outflash defiance;
But a glance from that shrinking maiden turns
His anger to soft compliance.

He speaks not a word, but turns on his heel,
And quits the proud Vernon's hall,
But that very night he is waiting for her
By the terraced garden's wall.

And the Manners has won his Vernon bride,
And love has triumphed in them:
But, alas! that a slighted father's ire
Should successful love condemn.

For Haddon is now a deserted place,
And that gallery now is bare,
And that garden lacks for many a year
A lady's fostering care!

LINES ON HADDON HALL

EMMELINE STUART-WORTLEY

LINES ON HADDON HALL, *THE KEEPSAKE*, 1834HADDON HALL, *LAYS OF LEISURE HOURS*, 1838.

Lady Emmeline Charlotte Elizabeth Stuart-Wortley was the daughter of John Henry Manners, Fifth Duke of Rutland. She was born in 1806 and died in 1855. Lady Emmeline was an accomplished poet and author.

The Keepsake was an annual book published over the twenty year period from 1828 through 1857. *Lines on Haddon Hall*, a poem by Emmeline Stuart-Wortley, was included in the 1834 volume.

Lays of Leisure Hours is a book of poetry by Emmeline Stuart-Wortley published in 1838.

These early poems are ‘remembrances’ of a time gone by at Haddon Hall by someone who was born into its historical tradition and learned its story from her father. Sir John was aware of and nurtured the traditions and romances of the Hall throughout his long years as Lord of the Hall.

Lady Emmeline wrote both poems in six line verses; the rhyming lines are one and two, four and five, three and six. This editor has placed lines *three* and *six* in italics in an effort to simplify the reading of the poem.

LINES ON HADDON HALL

Thrice venerable, venerated walls,
 Now girdled by the ivy’s clustering thralls,
And many a darkling and defacing weed,
 How altered must ye be from what ye were,
 When proudly and majestically fair
Ye rose to o’erhang the subject wood and mead.

Thrice venerable, venerated place!
 The abode of a gone-by, forgotten race—
The uninhabited—the desolate!
 And standing like a fallen, discrowned king,
 Liable to each mean, dishonouring thing,
A sovereign reft of all his towering state.

Perchance of old, near thy o'ershadowing roof,
 Hath haughty knight, in beamy [massive] mail of proof [armor of hardness],
Sustained the pride of princely chivalry;
 And tender woman, trembling, meek beholder,
 By very tenderness made braver—bolder,
The hearts that owed and paid her fealty.

Oft have thy walls beheld the festal glee
 Of mime and masque—revel and pageantry,
When all breathed joyousness and gladness round.
 Oft here was hailed some heir's auspicious birth,—
 Greeted with strangely-mingling grief and mirth,
Some bridal train, and bride new-robed and crowned.

And oft the sadder train of funeral state
 Hath issued from thy venerable gate;
Slow trampling o'er the hollow echoing ground,
 Kindred and vassals bowed with stately grief,
 Bearing unto the tomb some honoured chief—
Some warlike chief—beloved and renowned.

Thy natal—nuptial—funeral pomps are o'er;
 The tide of life and death hath from thy shore
Receded, to leave barrenness behind!
 But that it HATH here thickly rushed and flowed,
 Thou ancient, storied, trophy-piled abode,
Hast sovereign influences o'er my mind.

And fancy brings to life and light once more
 All that hath here been done and seen of yore,
While buried years confess her conquering sway!
 All those who revelled, triumphed, perished here,
 Girt round [equipped] with warlike attributes, appear
With warlike attributes—in war's array.

The gorgeous plumery of their burnished helms,
 The jewellery, rich spoil of orient realms,
Studding their tempered and transcendent mail;
 Their battle-harness blazing in the sun,
 Which scarce the dazzled eye might rest upon,
With startling lustrousness the sight assail.

The escutcheonry of shields—the costly pomp
 Of marquetry [decoration]—the gonfalon [flag]—the tromp—
The broided bridle and the bauldrick [shoulder to waist belt] bright—
 The crimsoned housings [trappings], all with fair gems sown,
 The o'er-blazoned galaxy of pennons [pennants] strown,
With quaint device, and hues of rainbowed light.

Those things light up the visionary scene,
 All seems again to be, that, erst, hath been;
But soon, too soon, fades that fantastic dream,
 And they, those shining throngs, have vanished all;
 More dreary looks the hoar and weed-grown wall—
More dark and lone the vaulted galleries seem.

Yet, in these ruins, drear and dark, and lone,
 With age on each attesting stain and stone,
Remain for THEM no home—no dwelling place!
 No! in more chill and circumscribed abode
 Are they whom time's unfailing scythe hath mowed,
The past—the perished—the forgotten race.

Warriors!—ye haughty flowers of chivalry,
 Sheathed in most gorgeous pomp of panoply [suits of armor],
And armed with mighty arms from head to heel!
 A stronger panoply hath girt ye now,
 Invulnerable arms do ye avow,
Nor heed, nor need, your mould'ring case of steel.

Thou ancient chapel! where the warrior knelt
 Till through its iron mail his bosom felt
The power, the softening, hallowing, power of prayer.
 Through the oriel still, the sunbeam floats and flames,
 Even as 'twas wont on stateliest knights and dames—
But with how much of gloom within its glare!

Where once the warder at his post did dwell,
 The owl is now the only sentinel!
Unscared, untroubled, builds he here his nest—
 And shrieks his shrill defiance to the night,
 And shrinks before the morning's laughing light—
By none disturbed, despoiled, or dispossessed.

And oh! thy many-towered and terraced hall,
 Where once within thy carved and buttressed wall
The lady of the minstrel's lays hath shone—
 The lady of the warrior's lists hath moved—
 The adored—the admired—the flattered and the loved—
The worthy to have shared a kingly throne.

The galliard's [valiant's] grace—the tournament's fair pride—
 The theme of minstrelsy, famed far and wide—
Despair of many, and delight of all!
 Now the dimmed tapestry fluctuates to and fro,
 And echoes sigh, and shadows come and go,
And pale oblivion weaves her cloudy pall.

Ay! all is past!—all, all is gone and done—
 Of Time art thou the solitary throne!
Time! that crowned thing of shadows, cowers o'er all!
 Outworn and mournful thy proud front doth look,
 Though all untouched by hostile siege or stroke!
HIS weight seems crushing down thy bulwarked wall.

Yet long unprone, unbowed, mayst thou remain,
 Mayst thou thy present aspect long retain,
Breathing deep bodings on the neighbouring air!
 A wail of omens from thy casement eaves
 Comes with each rustling of the ivy's leaves,
In verdurous [green] luxuriance clambering there!

Ivy! which still all flow'ry bloom disowns,
 Wreathing its garlands rich, and dew-dropped crowns,
O'er ruins dim—by desolation bowed;
 Fancy might deem that flow'ry bloom forborne [prohibited]—
 Where all besides is joyless and forlorn—
Lest it should mock the wreck 'twere meant to shroud.

Haddon, farewell! farewell! I turn from thee
 With sorrow! (that hath little new for me),
Thou pillar and palladium of the past!
 Not altogether shall oblivion sweep
 Her funeral banners o'er that past's great deep,
Whilst thou in venerable strength shalt last.

HADDON HALL

Haddon! beneath thy dark walls frowning,
Which [is] but the ghostly Ivy's crowning,
I muse upon the past!

Thou breath'st of old heroic story,
Legends of love and martial glory,
Of things too bright to last.

How did the Knights, with bold endeavour,
Here hand to hand, despairing never,
Dispute the radiant prize—
And royal banquets cheered them after,
Where all was song, and mirth, and laughter,
And light from lady's eyes.

Then from the dais proud and splendid
To where the lengthened board was ended,
All, all—was glee and cheer—
Peasant and follower hastened hither,
The vassal and his lord together
Feasted as pheer with pheer [companions].

Of old these grass-grown courts resounded,
These wild-weed terraces abounded
With movement and with mirth,
Of music and of merry doings,
Of courteous words, and courtly wooings,
There was no lack nor dearth.

Forth from these gates did oftentimes sally,
The Falconer, clad in green suit gaily,
With hawk upon his fist—
While Lady bright, paced slow and wary,
With tassel gentle, light and airy,
Placed on her dazzling wrist.

The Lady bright the sport attended
On palfrey decked with housings splendid,
And made her stately way
Through the proud knightly crowd admiring,
Each to a beamy smile aspiring,
Which shone with heavenly ray.

How did the gallant hawk soar proudly,
While deepened long and echoed loudly
The cheery à le vol [it's in flight]!—
Each heart with expectation fluttered,
Each lip the cry—the challenge uttered,
It stirred the very soul!

Haddon! thy bright days are departed,
And one unblessed [excluded] and mournful-hearted
Sighs in congenial sort;
O'er thy dark walls and terrace lonely,
Where sport the bat and raven only,
And o'er thy grass-grown court.

The Heart midst scenes thus silent muses—
Ah! Ruins have their hallowed uses,
And point, and prompt, and preach
To stabler states—of surer seasons—
When Time shall cease his haughty treasons,
And much they mark and teach.

They teach, with mouldering towers and portals,
How vain the work of mould'ring mortals,
How fleeting their estate—
They nothing of the truth dissemble,
But show us, while they sink and tremble,
Our Future and our Fate.

But can we, on such subjects dwelling,
When heavily the heart is swelling,
Our loftier hopes forget?
Can we forget this truth transcendent,
That ours may be Heaven's realms resplendent,
When this Life's sun is set?

LORD HADDON

JANETTA MANNERS, DUCHESS OF RUTLAND

HADDON HALL, BEING NOTES ON ITS HISTORY, 1890.

Janetta Manners became the second wife of Lord John James Manners, who was to become the 7th Duke of Rutland. Janetta was to have four children with John Manners, including three sons. But the eldest son of John Manners was his son Henry, by his first wife. Henry Manners was destined to become the 8th Duke of Rutland.

Manners prefaced her history and description of Haddon Hall with a dedication to her godson Henry in the form of a poem *To My Dear Godson, Lord Haddon*.

This poem tells the timeless vision of Haddon Hall as perceived by its 'Kings of the Peak.' The 'boy' Henry was thirty-eight at the time of the poem. He would become the 8th Duke of Rutland sixteen years later, by which time Janetta had died.

The five lines after the poem are those of Janetta Manners and were placed there by her.

TO MY DEAR GODSON, LORD HADDON

Dear Boy, as year succeeds to year,
 With deeper interest you may hear,
 Or glean, from old historic page
 Traditions of a bye-gone age
 Of Knights and gentle Dames who bore
 Their parts right well in days of yore.

In Haddon Hall your fathers dwelt—
 Before yon chapel's altar knelt:
 Here soldiers, statesmen, wise, and brave,
 Their lives to God and duty gave.
 In work and sport, in feast and fight,
 Each proved himself a gallant Knight.

When by this crystal stream, dear boy,
 You roam, in flush of youth and joy,
 And mark the lovely light that falls
 Through ancient trees, on ivied walls,
 Amid the present pleasure, cast
 A glance upon the years long past.

Cling in each change of time and place,
 To the Old Faith, which ruled your race.
 Whate'er betide, your Maker fear,
 Your Sovereign loyally revere.
 Seek noblest virtues to attain,
 And so life's richest blessings gain.

Over the chimney-piece in the Dining room at Haddon
 appear these words—

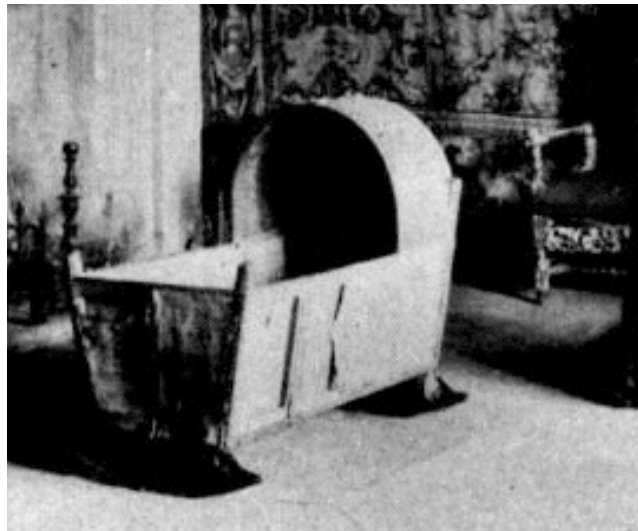
DREAD GOD AND HONOR THE KING.

The motto of the Manners family is
 Pour y parvenir—Thither to attain.

HADDON HALL, BEING NOTES ON ITS HISTORY

“I felt it best to give a sketch of the history of those who inhabited the place, in order to add to the interest felt in the deserted hall—deserted, but, happily, not ruined.”

And now that I at length have done my task,
Kindly indulgence I from all must ask;
For hard indeed it is, on printed page,
To paint the glories of a bygone age.
From many an ancient tomb and parchment old
I sought to glean the story I have told;
But feel that better far it were to trace
In the old hall the history of the place;
From the stern gateway and the massive tower,
To tapestried chamber, panelled hall, and bower—
Each cherished relic of a vanished day,
Reminding us we too must pass away.



[Cradle of the First Earl of Rutland, Father-in-law of Dorothy Vernon]



[Haddon Hall and Surroundings]

HADDON HALL AT THE PRESENT DAY (REPRISE)

Thy banquets are over, thy guests are all gone,
Thou left in thy grandeur of ruin alone;
The clouds darken round thee, thy sky's overcast,
No days of the future will equal the past.
And he who bewails what no times will renew,
Now bids thee, lone Haddon, a saddened adieu.

