HADDON HALL'S
POEMS
AN AFTERWORD

NINETEENTH CENTURY SENTIMENTS

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

Haddon Hall's Poems - Nineteenth Century Sentiments
was published in 2007.

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

The sources of the poetry of Thomas Crofts were provided by Alastair Scrivener. His Buxton bookshop continues to be the source of hard-to-find books on Derbyshire and its environs.

The sources of the poetry of Joseph Waterfall were provided by the very helpful librarians at the Derbyshire Cultural Center in Matlock.

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SOURCES:

Thomas Crofts: *A Castle In The Air and Other Poems*, 1892.

Ethel Bassett Gallimore: *The Pride Of The Peak*, 1926.

David Holt: *Poems, Rural and Miscellaneous*, 1846.

John Walker Lee: *Echoes From Derbyshire Hills*, 1874.

Eliza Meteyard: *Eliza Cook's Journal*, December 29, 1849.

John Vernon: *Gleanings After Harvest*, 1890.

Joseph Waterfall: *Miscellaneous Single Sheets, In Prose And Verse, Chiefly Related To Bakewell*, 1896.

EXCERPT from the Introduction to *Haddon Hall's Poems*:

This book collects poems associated with Haddon Hall: perhaps the least known, but a prolific category of commentary and appreciation of the ancient edifice. 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 the central theme of many a Haddon Hall tale. 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—Haddon Hall becomes the locale for knights and damsels, in the age of chivalry and boisterous feasts.

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-phile 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.

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.

These poems 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.

AFTERWORD

During a trip to Derbyshire the summer of 2007, the editor was made aware of Haddon Hall poems which he had not previously discovered.

The proprietor of the Buxton bookshop revealed that he had recently come into the temporary possession of an autograph journal and a published book of poetic works of Thomas Crofts. He noted that they contained mentions of Haddon Hall.

Next was a visit to the Derbyshire Cultural Center library in Matlock. Their comprehensive manual card system yielded the poems and an obituary of Joseph Waterfall.

Further investigation, in the Matlock and Buxton libraries, of thin volumes by little known authors, brought to light the poems of David Holt and Ethel Bassett Gallimore.

John Vernon's book surfaced during the searches. Reading the story of his visit to Haddon Hall, it became apparent that here was a unique tale, which defined a new view to Dorothy Vernon's elopement story. Reverend Vernon's intention was to provide a sermon on forgiveness and the consequences attendant with its being withheld; he seized on Haddon Hall as his vehicle. This story was chosen for its singular focus; however it may be noted that it falls, though loosely, in the category of being a 'Reminder of Haddon Hall.'

Also surfacing was an early publication of Eliza Meteyard's notable story *The Love Steps Of Dorothy Vernon*. This account of the elopement is generally regarded as the 'official' version of the tale. It was discovered to be in print eleven years earlier than the date reported by various experts on Haddon Hall / Dorothy Vernon literature. The editor believes that this discovery merits a wider audience.

Thus was born Volume 1.

This book consists of four 'volumes.' They represent booklets which were produced when new information came to light, from 2007 through 2013. They are a chronological sequence of the emergence of new aspects of Haddon Hall and the Dorothy Vernon legend.

THOMAS CROFTS
PARTING WORDS
ON VISITING HADDON HALL, AUGUST 1ST, 1838
INCLUDED IN A CASTLE IN THE AIR AND OTHER POEMS, 1892.

Thomas Crofts (1815-1904) resided in Belper, Derbyshire all his adult life. He was locally known as the Belper Poet. *A Castle In The Air and Other Poems* appears to be his only published book and contains the work of fifty plus years.

Crofts writes in the Preface to his book:
In publishing this volume the author has not been influenced by an over-estimate of his modest verses, but has yielded to the kindly pressure of friends and kindred who desired to possess, in a convenient form, the little effusions—mostly on local or personal subjects—penned during a period of over fifty years, to give pleasure, some to children, who are now in the fast-vanishing generation, and others for those who have passed the river, but whose memory is dear to their descendants.

To the remaining friends whose sympathy and help, so generously given, has enabled him to complete his work, he tenders this expression of obligation and regard.
The Orchard, Belper;
12th August, 1892.

This editor had the opportunity to view an autograph notebook of the poems of his early years and found the unpublished original draft of *On Visiting Haddon Hall, August 1st, 1838*.

The words {in brackets} are unique to the original draft.

The words **in bold** are revisions made in the published poem.

Parting Words is undated. Though it contains only a fleeting mention of Haddon, it is included to set the appropriate mood for this volume.

PARTING WORDS

When the mighty city closes
Round thee as a living tomb,
And the newly gathered roses
On thy cheeks have ceased to bloom;

When the noise, and din, and hurry,
Rack and torture heart and brain,
And amid the ceaseless worry
Sleep and rest are sought in vain;

Then let memory back recalling
Derbyshire's green hills and dales,
Be as cooling waters falling,
Or as gentle soothing gales;

Buxton, with its breezy mountains;
Haddon, with its echo clear;
Chatsworth, with its gleaming fountains,
And its herds of fallow deer.

Let these, each and all combining,
Weave a charm, a picture bright,
And the sun of memory shining
Flood it with a golden light.

{LINES WRITTEN} ON VISITING HADDON HALL, AUGUST 1ST, 1838

{Haddon I visit thee to trace
Each vestige of a bygone race;
And in thy ancient records read
Of virtuous act and cruel deed.
Haddon I visit thee to trace
Each vestige of a bygone race.}

{Along thy} **In Haddon's** courts the tall grass waves
As fresh as o'er {thy} **its** warriors' graves,
And roses {there} **sweet** in beauty bloom,
As if {to mock the sable} **in mockery of the** gloom
Which time with {shadowing} **shadowy** hand hath thrown
Over {thy} **its** battlements of stone.

How doth the mind seem carried back
To days which 'tis a pain to track,
When force was {used} **lord**, when blood was spilt,
And tyrants triumphed in their guilt;
When patriots, struggling to be free,
Were held in captive chains by thee.

And where is he who grasped the sword,
Whom thousand vassals hailed as lord,
All waiting but his sabre's wave,
To crush the weak, subdue the brave,
And wreak {their} **his** vengeance upon those
Who dared their leader's will oppose?

And where is now that beauteous throng
That lightly tripped thy halls along?
Those crested warriors—where are they,
Who {marched} **sallied** forth in proud array?
Alas! they sleep the dreamless sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

No more is heard the watchman's cry,
To tell of {foes} **foe** or danger nigh;
Forsaken is the old grey tower,
Where lone he sat at evening hour;
Yet, as if conscious of the past,
Thy turrets frown upon the blast.

The lord who sat in stately pride,
Now slumbers by his vassal's side;
No more the priest is heard to raise
At Sabbath morn the hymn of praise;
As silent is the house of prayer
As those that once did worship there.

The shouts of revelry and mirth
No longer in thy halls have birth;
Thy days of splendour and of fame
Have passed, and left thee but a name;
Yet fancy with her fairy wings
A gilding halo round thee flings.

Haddon, farewell, I {quit} **leave** thee now,
Yet in my thoughts enshrined be thou;
Farewell thy old deserted halls,
Thy crumbling towers, thy mouldering walls,
Which 'neath {the hand of time do} **time's ruthless sceptre** bow—
Haddon, farewell, I quit thee now.

DAVID HOLT
THE HALLS OF HADDON
INCLUDED IN POEMS, RURAL AND MISCELLANEOUS, 1846.

David Holt, Junior (1828-1880) was born in Manchester, and resided there all his adult life. He was employed in a railway office, was married and had three sons. *Poems, Rural and Miscellaneous*, published at seventeen, was his first book. It was followed by other volumes, the last being issued in 1868.

Holt writes in the Preface to his first book:
In presenting the following effusions of a very youthful muse to the public, the author is aware that some apology is necessary. He can only say, that he would not have been induced to take such a step, had he not obtained the opinion of a poet, of no mean estimation in the literary world, that they were worthy of some notice; emboldened, therefore, by this consideration, he offers them to the public, with the full knowledge that they must stand or fall according to their own merits.

The Halls of Haddon is preceded by a quote from a Thomas Moore poem. Holt continues Moore's theme of time bringing desolation to the grandest, though only temporary, endeavors of man.

The comments {in brackets} are those of Holt and are part of the poem. It is apparent that Holt is another of those who visited Haddon Hall and were told the tale of Dorothy Vernon's door and elopement by the guide.

THE HALLS OF HADDON

"The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul had fled." THOMAS MOORE.

In Haddon's halls the swallow makes
Her nest; the ruined tower
No more the harp of Haddon wakes
Its tones in festal hour:
And they who circled round the bowl—
A high, chivalric race—
Have long relinquished to the owl
Their desolated place.

Tread, pilgrim, with a deep regret,
The shrine where valour sleeps!
Where many a watchful spirit yet
Its lonely vigil keeps!
Yes—spirits of the past arise
Upon the nightly view!
What time the moon is in the skies,
And on the flowers, the dew.

Old mansion! wandering in thee,
The truant mind recalls
The time when deeds of chivalry
Were done amid thy halls!
When courtly knight and lady bright
Were in thy galleries fair,
And troubadour was humming o'er
His gently love-lay there.

The record of thine elder day
Is but an idle theme
To glitter in a minstrel's lay,
And wake a poet's dream;
But what thou art is fitter far
To swell a strain sublime—
Noting the still, but certain war,
Waged upon thee by time!

The turret's battlemented brow
Hath ivy made its own,
And in the silent courts below
The slippery moss hath grown;
Where charger's tramp and warrior's tread
Were heard the live-long day,
A silence deep as of the dead
Holds undisputed sway.

No more shall roving Minstrel see,
Advancing from thy gate,
The chosen sons of chivalry
In panoply of state;
No more adown thy rocky way
Shall prance the war-steed proud,
With plume and pennon floating gay
Above the courtly crowd.

Unheeded comes the dawning light,
No bugle greets the morn;
Unheeded fall the shades of night—
There is no warder's horn!
No more, returning from the chase,
A gallant band advance,
Of ladies on their steeds of grace,
And warriors with the lance.

{Alluding to the well-known elopement of Lady Dorothy Vernon,
with Sir John Manners.}
No more along thy terraced height
Shall gentle lady move,
And listen to a gallant knight
Pour forth his tale of love;
No more shall issue from that door
The lady and the knight—
And hot pursuit—and cry no more
Disturb the ear of night.

No more shall rush the high tournay!
No more shall maidens wave
Their snowy kerchiefs, broidered gay,
To hail the victor brave!
Gone is the wassail revelry,
And gone the minstrel rhyme!
Oh, Grave! thine is the victory!
And thou, grey monarch, Time!

Though Peace hath spread her angel wing
Upon our happy isle,
And bade the waste with verdure spring—
The barren desert smile!
Though ivy mantles o'er thy walls,
And clothes thy ruined brow,
The poet loves thy lonely halls,
Though they are useless now!

JOSEPH WATERFALL
DOROTHY'S FLIGHT
A LEGEND OF HADDON IN 1536
INCLUDED IN MISCELLANEOUS SINGLE SHEETS, IN PROSE AND VERSE, CHIEFLY RELATED TO BAKEWELL, 1896.

Joseph Waterfall (1838-1902) was born in Bakewell, Derbyshire and resided there all his life. He was born crippled and had limited use of his arms and hands. He could neither walk nor write. He had poor parents and received little education. He lived in straightened circumstances during his adult life, eking out a meager living shining boots, and lived his last decade in an almshouse. His poems were collected and published as a book of broadsheets in 1896.

Waterfall writes of one of the poems in his book, a statement which undoubtedly is applicable to all:

The author of this work, being an invalid for 58 years [in 1896], never having walked in his life, born of humble parents, and deprived of the means of education, unable to write, cut from old papers the letters of this poem, which contain 2,500 pieces, placed them on a sheet for the printer and will be pleased to show them to anyone.
J. Waterfall, Almshouses, Bakewell, Derbyshire.

The thought of the eighth verse of *Dorothy's Flight* is unique to Waterfall and appears nowhere else in Haddon Hall prose or poetry:

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

No other tale has Dorothy considering any option except elopement.

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

DOROTHY'S FLIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Legend Of Haddon In 1536 may be considered a tale of "oral tradition." The shameful story of the poem appears nowhere else; true or false, this would not be surprising. It may be the story is one of William Hage's, that Samuel Rayner does NOT recount in his 1836 *History and Antiquities of Haddon Hall*: "We can only present the reader with a brief extract from the reminiscences of the Old Guide."

George Vernon, father of Dorothy, was born in 1508, and came into sole possession of Haddon Hall about 1529 when he became of age; his father died in 1517. The date of his marriage to Margaret Talbois in not clear, but their first daughter, another Margaret, was born in 1540. Clearly, this poem tells of marital difficulties between the King of the Peak and his bride. It may also explain why Sir George was so quick to remarry after his wife's death in 1558.

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

A LEGEND OF HADDON IN 1536

The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky
Silvered the walls of Haddon Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now naught was heard beneath the sky,
The sounds of busy life were still;
Only the unhappy Lady's sighs
That issued from that lonely pile.

Vernon, she cried, is this thy love,
That thou so oft hast sworn to me?
To leave me in this lonely Hall,
Secluded in shameful privacy.

No more thou comest with lover's speed,
Thy once beloved bride to see;
But be she live, or be she dead,
I fear, proud Sir, its the same with thee.

Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's Hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appall.

I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark so blithe, no flower more gay;
And, like the bird that haunts yon thorn,
So merrily sang the live long day.

If that my beauty is but small—
Among Court Ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from the Hall,
Where, scornful Sir, it well was prized?

Among rural beauties I was one:
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my passing beauty rare.

Then, Vernon, why again I plead?
The injured surely may repine:
Why didst thou wed a country maid?
When proud Bess of Hardwick might be thine.

At Court, I'm told its beauty's throne
Where every Lady's passing fair:
The Eastern flowers that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing nor so fair.

Then, Sir, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie?
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gods are by.

The village maids of Rowsley
Salute me lowly as they go;
Envious they mark my silken train—
They think a Lady can not have woe.

The simple maids they little know
How far more happy is their estate:
To smile for joy, than sigh for woe,
To be content than to be great.

JOHN WALKER LEE
DOROTHY VERNON—A LEGEND OF HADDON HALL
INCLUDED IN ECHOES FROM DERBYSHIRE HILLS, 1874.

John Walker Lee (1828-1874) was born in Crich, Derbyshire. He was the only child of Robert and Martha (nee Walker) Lee. John Lee released two slim volumes of poetry: *Village Feast and Other Poems* in 1859 and *Echoes From Derbyshire Hills* in 1874. Scant information about him indicates he may have been a grocer in Crich.

This poem is an excellent re-telling of the legend. The tone is consistently romantic, with all salient points being addressed.

DOROTHY VERNON—A LEGEND OF HADDON HALL

Old Haddon, the home of the "King of the Peak,"
Is illumined by evening's bright sun's parting rays,
(Surrounded by woodlands and uplands so bleak,)
Its stone-mullioned windows appear in a blaze.

The Wye, like a maiden, glides bashfully by,
To be wedded by Derwent, who waits her below;
She moves in her beauty, reflecting the sky:
These rivers will mingle and gracefully flow.

The sun disappears, and the tapers of night
Now blink through the casements around the old hall;
Moving figures are seen by the flickering light,
Attendants awaiting the nuptial ball.

For Margaret Vernon by Stanley is won,
In the chapel this day she has given her vow;
The banquet is over, the mirth has begun,
Her father was never more lordly than now.

From the banqueting hall now the minstrels retire,
To enliven the ball-room with notes for the dance,
Where the guests have assembled in gorgeous attire,
And beauty shoots arrows with every glance.

The bride's only sister, a beautiful maid,
As fair as the moonbeams that silently steal
On the terrace below, through the grey balustrade,
Has a secret she would not for kingdoms reveal.

A gallant young noble of Norman descent,
Concealed 'mid the shadowy, sombre old yews,
On a night of adventure is certainly bent;
He will fly with this damsel nor care who pursues.

A feud had long severed their arrogant sires,
But the lovers have mutually vowed not to part;
Opposition but fanned their reciprocal fires,
And she will elope with the Knight of her heart.

In an outlaw's disguise in the woods he has been—
In the thickets around the baronial pile;
His Forester's dress, like the branches, was green,
And he paced through the woodlands the hours to beguile.

He knew he was watched by a beautiful bird—
She was perched on the top of the old Eagle Tower;
He knew they would meet ere the curfew was heard;
Each minute at length seemed as long as an hour.

He has wooed her beneath the broad oak in the glade;
He has wooed her beside the clear serpentine stream,
Where even their shadows have made her afraid,
When the moon 'midst the clouds sent a wandering beam.

He has wooed her when hawthorns embellished the park,
He has called them her bridesmaids—attendants in white;
He has wooed her when daylight went down with the lark;
He has wooed her when twilight dissolved into night;

When the voice of the mastiff was heard on the hill,
When the pheasant and partridge were calling aloud,
When the tinkling music came down with the rill,
When the deer through a vista moved on in a crowd;

He has wooed her when nightingales sung in the vale,
When the landrail intoned his hoarse notes near the Wye,
When the owl told his lonely monotonous tale;
He has wooed her, and won her, and asked her to fly.

And she has consented, and this is the hour,
When the voices of revelry ring through the hall,
When echo is wakened in turret and tower
And galleries vocal with sounds from the ball.

The harp and the spinet send forth their sweet notes,
And the voice of the singer is loud and then low,
To the strings of the lute, now it gracefully floats,
Telling stories of gladness and stories of woe.

Like the flowers of the greenhouse, the ball-room is gay,
All the hues of the rainbow trip gracefully by—
The rainbow that arches the mountains in May,
When its dark-coloured background conceals the blue sky.

The oriel windows hear whispers of love—
This marriage has kindled strange fires in some hearts;
The moon in her fulness looks on from above,
While Cupid is shooting his magical darts.

The jolly retainers are singing below,
They are quaffing strong bumpers of old mellow beer,
That was stored in the cellars a long time ago,
For Haddon had always been famed for its cheer.

By the huge kitchen fire they have roasted whole beeves,
They have netted the river for grayling and trout,
The have hunted the woodlands beneath the green leaves,
Till the fires of sunset have slowly gone out.

The mirth is increasing, the laughter is loud—
It goes up the staircase, the corridors round,
And the knightly Lord Vernon to hear it is proud,
For e’en in the ball-room is heard the glad sound.

By the ranks of the dancers fair Dorothy glides,
To the steps near the doorway, where Manners awaits,
To a pillion uplifted, she timidly rides
Until they have passed the green park's outer gates;

Then they race with the wind to be wedded next morn.
Old Vernon and Manners were soon reconciled;
From this marriage their noble descendants were born,
For Margaret died without leaving a child.

The changes of centuries since have passed by,
And have left their initials on many a stone,
But Haddon still stands on the banks of the Wye,
Though hoary and desolate, silent and lone.

ETHEL BASSETT GALLIMORE
UP FROM THE DALES, BY ARBOR LOW AND OVER HADDON TO HADDON HADDON
INCLUDED IN THE PRIDE OF THE PEAK, 1926.

Ethel Gallimore's book is "A poem in praise of the four seasons in the Peak country. The poet travels in spring, westward, beside the river Derwent, over the green uplands to the mosses above Buxton, and descends south in summer to the Dove and the verdant limestone dales. After the harvests, in autumn, the moors eastward are approached, at the time of the flowering of the heather, and these with their gritstone edges are traversed. In winter the cloughs to the north are climbed, which reach the frost-bound scarpments of Kinderscout."

Haddon is approached in summer:

> Summer with full green leaves,
> With her glad fields of ease,
> And when the heat is done
> With her late lovers' hours.
> Summer with scented eves,
> And starry nights of peace,
> Summer with vehement sun,
> Summer with all her flowers.
>
> To the people of Sheffield
> And Derby hills that are so free.

Two sequential selections are herein included. Note that a "tedder" is "a machine for stirring and spreading hay to hasten drying and curing." And a "pleasaunce" refers to "a part of an estate used for pleasure and recreation."

In her book, Gallimore provides a dictionary of "Local Words." Included are two which are found in the selections:

Cupelow – cupola, a furnace
Lants – ridges of ground between the furrows of ploughed fields.

UP FROM THE DALES, BY ARBOR LOW AND OVER HADDON TO HADDON

Now in the morning let us mount away
To where the white walls and the white roads go
Over the green and callow hills, and pray
Up in the lonely fane of Arbor Low.

Time tells us not why these flat monster stones
Lie in a solemn circle high,
Within a wall of earth, nor whose the bones
Beneath the barrows near the blowing sky:

Only that men lived here and drew the breath
Of wind with heathen health, and knew the sun
At every point of day, and life and death
With earth and hills and stars were strongly run.

O what a buoyant day it is, around
The blue is crossed by swelling billows white;
Behind there is the leaping pasture ground,
Before there are the scented meadows bright.

Indeed it is a breezy, swinging land
With many green and weathered burial mounds,
With hallowed rings of trees, and farms that stand
By groves; this happy time the tedder sounds,

Tossing the hay, and there are wains of hay
And ricks about the outline of the sky,
And haycocks which the exalted meads display—
Their acres gored with dales—and we on high,

Bear on, o'er every crazy tumbling wall;
Above the ancient cupelows of lime,
Up where the oats are growing green and tall,
And where the sunny slopes are sweet with thyme.

Until the fields descend and down we tread
Where still the lants and furrows old are seen,
And one side all the sorrel's blowing red,
And one side all the grass is blowing green.

And we are hard upon the valley where
With golden light and verdure over all,
As growing in the very greenwood there
Stands like a house of magic, Haddon Hall.

HADDON

Raised on a rugged scarpment of the wood,
And fashioned to its feature, tower on tower,
Court upon court, terrace on terrace stood,
Is this fine trophy of man's building power.
Let us who mar with masonry the land
In humbleness 'fore ancient Haddon stand.

Because to build, it is a godlike art,
Like forming of the vales and barren stones,
And like the nests of birds should be a part
Of earth, the offspring of her flesh and bones;
And here is the essential harmony,
The strength of rock, the balance of a tree.

O what a multitude of turrets fair,
Like to a crowded city in a wall!
O what a sunny cobbled inner square,
O what a darkly panelled dining hall!
O what a beautiful long gallery
With windows o'er the terrace lawns to see!

The terrace lawns are laid upon the steep,
And buttressed grey with bastions of lime,
For pleasaunce and for holiday to keep
All in the green and singing summer time;
And here the fleckered [streaked] light of sun comes through
Upon the sward, between the leaves of yew.

It stands above the shallow, shining stream
Spanned by a carriage bridge with arches three,
As beauteous as a palace in a dream,
A home, a paragon of symmetry.
And one might even say in gazing there,
That man has made the very earth more fair.

JOHN VERNON
HADDON HALL OR FATHER AND DAUGHTER, 1868
INCLUDED IN GLEANINGS AFTER HARVEST: OR
IDYLLS OF THE HOME—STUDIES AND SKETCHES, 1890.

Reverend John Richard Vernon—no relation to the Vernons of Haddon Hall—published sermons and books between 1867 and 1901. *Haddon Hall Or Father and Daughter* was inspired by a visit to Haddon hall in September 1868.

Vernon writes in the Preface to *Gleanings After Harvest*:
These Studies and Sketches are more or less suitably brought together under the title 'Idylls of the Home.' There is in all these Studies and Sketches, an earnest, even a religious purpose. If it be objected that a tinge of sadness pervades some of these Studies, it is urged that they are studies from life, and that experience of this present life is antagonistic to optimism. Also that the ending of a story may in truth be called happy in which is gained, even at the last, 'the far-off interest of tears.'

Haddon Hall Or Father and Daughter is a most unique version of the Dorothy Vernon elopement; it is a tale whose theme may best be expressed by the author's line 'an unselfish parent makes a selfish child.' No other author or poet has fashioned such an unloving Dorothy Vernon or such a weakened George Vernon as has John Vernon.

Vernon quotes a portion of a *Ballad* by Thomas Hood. He places it in "quotes". The remainder of the poem has been inserted by this editor and is in [brackets]. It seems appropriate as it expresses the tone of the story. Also quoted by Vernon are some lines by Lord Byron.

John Vernon makes the error of having the story occur in 1544, rather than the generally accepted 1563. Sources place Dorothy's birth at either 1544 or 1545, and he may have remembered events incorrectly. Also it is common knowledge that there are eleven, not ten, stone steps leading to the terrace; this may be confirmed from prints and pictures of 'Dorothy Vernon's Steps.' Finally, George Vernon would be fifty-five at the time of Dorothy's elopement, not in his late sixties as John Vernon places him. There are other discrepancies, which corrections are shown at their occurrence.

However, John Vernon's message remains intact.

HADDON HALL:
OR,
FATHER AND DAUGHTER
A.D. 1544

HADDON HALL in the olden time! Going back, in imagination, more than three centuries, in the fall of the year we come in sight of its square towers and lit windows, whose orange light trembles in broken streaks upon the broad sheet into which the Derbyshire Wye has been gathered under its walls. Brave oaks, and dark yews, and tall sycamores, and full chestnuts, these are assembled about the grand and stately mansion, and one or two of the great trees have approached near enough to catch a gleam of intelligence concerning the gay doings within. See, the stream of gold from the windows has touched them here and there, and overlaid the red trunk of that yew with gold-leaf. But behind all this, that tall unlit double wall of sycamores shuts in the sheeted and the spilled light with a rampart of unbroken gloom.

There are gay doings at Haddon to-night; that is evident at a glance. Let us pause for a few moments on this bridge, and take in the general effect, for the blaze in the courtyard brings out every turret, arch, battlement, as clearly as daylight could. Aye, more distinctly, for the muffled background of indistinct wood, and the black sky above all, cause every bit of detail in the masonry to be cut sharp out in yellow glare against the darkness. And, looking away from the wide sheet of light, it is almost more picturesque to see the squares and slits of orange lustre picked clean out, here and there, in the whole mass of building. Especially that range of three wide bow-windows, seeming, as it were, to pour out a broadside of glowing radiance into the night, laying down a strip of gold across the square turf-compartments, and touching the stone balls that finish the range of balusters on either side the steps from the terrace. The terrace is dark, except for the flare of a random torch tied here and there: yes, for it is bleak October, and no lovers will steal out of the ball-room to-night for a sweet lingering about its trim sward-divided paths, or under its red-fruited yews. Dark, and unlit, except for that unsteady flare which does but serve to blacken the night. Ah, Sir George had better have turned all that hidden walk into more than the brightness of day!

But, as we stand here on the low stone bridge, the buzz of the Hall is deepening into a roar; and, hark! there was a sudden burst of the grave old dance-music; and we may almost hear the shaking of the emblazoned panes, and the tremble of the vibrating floor under the feet of the dancers. It is cold and shivery here also, and the light and warmth and good cheer seem to send out a genial invitation on all sides.

Let us be the phantoms, and pass thus through the courtyard into the Hall, and let all that Phantom-Past be as though the reality again.

The birthday of Dorothy Vernon, daughter and heiress of the King of the Peak; her eighteenth birthday is this, and there are in truth royal doings here. For seven days shall the feast be prolonged; hawking and hunting and feasting in the day-time, and early in the evening the dance begins. Lordly feasting: the dais is in its glory to-day: the high folk grace it as in old times, before the new dining-room was built, and the Lord of the Hall, with his guests, affected privacy. Long benches are set all down the great Hall, for the two hundred retainers; and mighty joints and enormous flagons load the unyielding back of the sturdy oak. And fair Dorothy, with her Duenna and her ladies, has laughed down upon the scene from the gallery—has laughed a gay and silvery laugh, to see the tremendous onslaught made upon the steaming fare; and her kindly intercession has rescued a poor youth whom the law of the Hall had condemned, for failing in the first long draught, to be chained by the arm to that handcuff fixed under the largest antler, and to have four gallons of coldest water poured down his sleeve. Truly a formidable infliction; and well may he congratulate himself, as he returns to his venison platter, that the sweet girl has interfered on his behalf.

But this is not all the feasting: no, for half the first quadrangle is taken up with tables, and all the tenantry and many strangers have been entertained. Have been? The long oak settles yet bear, ranged along them, that which seems provision for a small siege; and mighty barrels of ale and wine are complaisant to every comer, and cellars and buttery-hatch are kept open all day. The rude sports, the well-aimed jests, the dexterous repartee, the song, and the loud laugh: well might the roar that drowned the merriment be heard afar. But now we pass through the courtyard, and through the Hall, and seek the long tapestried rooms where are gathered the high-born and the beautiful for many miles around, rooms hung with dark blue-green tapestry, already old, worked through long patient years, by daughters of the Vernons: rich with elaborate pictures of the hunt, but with all the colours kept hushed and sober and unobtrusive; a rich background, thus throwing into brilliant relief the groups of light and bright colour that straggle or cluster about the rooms and the ante-chambers. Also the eager huntsmen, and the spike-clad dogs, and the surly boar, enhance by contrast the gaiety and lightness of the peaceful gathering.

There stands the noble host, Sir George Vernon, the King of the Peak. In truth a fine old English gentleman! One of the old true metal, nowadays too much superseded by electro-plate: the motto of his life and of his household that which is carven fairly over the fireplace of the dining-room:

"DREAD GOD AND HONOUR THE KING."

A genial, kindly man, nearer seventy than sixty, yet hale and vigorous and mighty. How noble that silver cataract of beard, falling over the purple velvet! How the eager flash of his blue eye softens, and the look, that well knows how to be stern, gentles, as it lights upon the queenly girl that even now sails in, with just the faintest flush on her cheeks, and with a bright, joyous look, as befits the heroine of the feast! How proud he is of her; how the old man loves her! True, they have had some painful passages, even about the old, old story, but these are forgotten now. The generous-hearted old man is not one to remember long-past troubles. What wonder that he should flash up into a fury at the idea of that young whipper-snapper knight taking off his heiress, his beauty, his darling; the child of his mature years, the delight of his age? "The Princess of the Peak, he would have a care, should look higher than that. Besides, was there not a feud between the houses of Vernon and Manners? and would not his girl have been gradually won over from her father's side?" So, when Dorothy had put her white arms round his neck, sitting on his lap one evening after the day's hunting, and had whispered her secret in his ear, what wonder that he had turned the house topsy-turvy in his rage? What wonder that, out of his very love for his darling, and pride in her, he had said to her hard and cruel words, had flung off her embrace? Ah, but it had lain like an ache at the old man's heart ever since; and often he had (since it was all put by and forgotten) called her to him, with a hungry, yearning love, sharpened by that secret repentance, and seated her on his lap, and joined her warm arms round his neck. It was all forgotten and forgiven of course; had he not said, the very next day, "Dorothy, my child, I was too harsh yesterday; you must forgive your old Father;—but mind that I never hear the name again that angered me"? And he called her to him, and she came; and he bade her smile, and she smiled; and he put her arms round his neck, and she left them there: and he had (must we say?) a little forced himself to think that all was well. He would not let himself ever recall that cold way in which, on that sad evening, she rose and stood before him in his anger, quite pale, with downcast eyes, never speaking; and how, when he dismissed her, quietly, and marble-like in face and look, she left the room. And since then she had obeyed, and never had spoken of Sir John Manners to her father. She had implicitly obeyed all his wishes; nay, more, she had relaxed no observance—still the chair was put ready for his return; still the meats provided that he loved; still the many little graceful attentions waited on him. But (now Sir George would not allow this in his own heart, would refuse to notice it even in his secret mind) so it was, though she sat really oftener upon his lap, and oftener linked the

soft arms around his neck, it was never of her own impulse, always at his fond bidding that she came; and it was always his great caressing hands that laid the child's arms round his neck; they never were flung round him in a tempest of love. He would not see this, would not admit it even to himself; only he the more often and the more restlessly called her to him, and used to look at her and into her large passive eyes, with a long, wistful, almost dewy yearning at last, in the pale blue of his. She never jested now, nor laughed, nor played with him in those kitten-romps.

"Nay," he used to mutter to himself, as he wound back after the chase through Rowsley Woods; "nay, the child grows into the woman, and a certain gravity and quiet befits the evening of maidenhood. And yet"—he would say or think—"and yet, did I think her unhappy, it might be that the matter should be entertained. But the child never speaks to me of it: she might coax her old Father in her clinging way if she would." And he would ride on, still musing; and, as Haddon Gate was just reached, he would quiet his heart by saying, "Time will shew—time will shew."

And there Dorothy would be waiting for him; and he would clasp her to his broad old heart in a long and lingering clasp, and she would permit this; and how was it that the old knight sometimes had to check a groan as he released her? And his wooing would begin again when the evening had set in. Ah, Dorothy, beautiful Dorothy, *hard* Dorothy: has, then, the old man sinned past forgiveness, forgiveness from his child? And all those former years, are they nothing? And all this pathetic and wistful appealing, is all nothing? eighteen years of dearest kindness nothing, set against the trouble of one brief angry hour? Eighteen years and one hour! Ah, we are hard to each other; and my heart goes with the dear old man rather than with the proud spirit of the cruel girl.

But let us steal back to the drawing-room at Haddon, and watch. See, how absently the old knight has been entertaining his guests, with restless look towards the door, until, as we saw, the queen of the evening sails in: bright now, and flushed with joy, and looking more like the glad child of the past. And her father has hastened to meet her, and embrace her, and to lead her in; for has he not planned all this gaiety to please her? and is he not rejoiced to note his success? And see, she has, much with the old child-impulse, ringed his neck with that white necklace as of old! The grand, stately gentleman and the angel-beauty of the tall, slight girl; never did the dark tapestry make a background to a lovelier picture. The old knight was gay as a child that evening. And all were gay, for, with the entrance of the Princess of the House, the music in the ball-room had burst out jubilantly, and soon the dancers were moving with stately grace all down the long oak

floor. Let them begin their evening without us, while we go back in our reverie to a scene upon the terrace the very evening before this.

"You are here, then, Dorothy; you have come at last, after keeping me waiting a long hour under the damp gloom of these yews, watching the red windows, and almost thinking that you had forgotten me."

"Hush, hush; I came, be sure, as soon as I could escape from Sir George; but he, more than usual, required my services to-night."

"*Sir George*, Dorothy? Ah, I could almost feel sad to hear you speak so of him. 'The dear Father,' as you used to call him, and say how you were sure that he could deny you nothing; do you know that you had taught me to love him too?"

"Enough: I was mistaken in him; and, once awakened, awakened I *am*. Duty, observance, respect, he shall never look for from me in vain. But he has once thrown away my love. I remember what was said to me that night. But I shudder; why do we talk of it, my friend?"

"I can hardly say, only it seems so sad; I cannot help thinking, may not my turn come? Can an hour weigh in the balance against a life-love? Is there no repentance for one hasty fault? I could weep for the kind old man. I can scarcely bear in secret to pluck his rose, and leave him to find it gone from the tree. Dear Dorothy, why not appeal to him once more, for the last time?"

But she had withdrawn from him now, and spoke slowly, coldly:—

"One insult is enough for Dorothy Vernon. If Sir John Manners cares more for the father's interests than for the daughter's love, there is nothing yet done that cannot lightly be recalled."

What could a lover, one so devoted, so impassioned as the young knight—what could he say? The stars came one by one into the dark yew-branches above them, and looked down through the thready tangle upon the terrace, and the soft wind sighed with almost summer tenderness, and there were murmured questions and low replies, and lips that met in the long, long kiss; and the old knight woke by his fading fire, and, missing the Star of his life, a little peevishly settled to doze again.

"To-morrow night, then?" whispered the lover.

"Yes, after the fourth dance;" and Dorothy glided quietly back into the warm-lit room, and took her place beside the fire; and the old knight presently roused again, and, his glance instinctively seeking her corner, brightened at seeing his child.

"Ah, Dorothy, my girl, your old Father makes but dull company for you. But there will be gaiety enough tomorrow, to be sure."

Was there no reviving tenderness at the girl's heart—no melting of the ice of cruel pride? No, none. So long the indulged pet of a widowed father

[he was married to his second wife at his time], the first serious opposition to her will had been a crime that no after-kindness could expiate. So true is the saying of a writer of her day, to the effect that an unselfish parent makes a selfish child. A contempt and even a dislike for the faithful-hearted and doting old man had turned the daughter's heart to ice or stone. And the gay light of her look, on that evening as she entered the brilliant room, arose simply from her feeling that her emancipation was so near, with something too of a young girl's delight in the romance of it all; not, as the Father fondly concluded, from pleasure at the amusements which he had provided for her birthday feast. Why, then, did that sudden impulse come over her, making her embrace him for the moment kindly as of old? I cannot say: perhaps it was the mere overflowing glee of the girl; perhaps there *may* have been just one touch of an amiable inconsistency. However this was, the old knight was the gainer of a glad two hours by it. And Sir John Manners was waiting in the dark.

Sir George himself, none other, had led the Princess of the evening down the long ball-room in the first, a country, dance. Such a scene of brightness and gaiety; the broad bow-windows looked out, white-hot, into the dark. And the floor trembled and the music cadenced, and in the glare of light and beauty, and in the noise of music and of merriment, the first three dances passed.

And who so gay as Dorothy through them all? And for the fourth, who must be her partner, but even her old Father again? Cruel Dorothy, why so please him, before—

But towards the end she pouted, and tapped him with her fan, and declared that he had torn her dress—her birthday dress. And the dancing must go on; with pretty wilfulness she insists on this; and her father must take Maud [Margaret, Maud being the name of his second wife], her young [older by five years] sister, scarce noticed by him or her, for partner; and she must change her dress. And so, with heightened colour and light laugh, she leaves the ball-room; leaves it down there at the very end, and passes into the ante-room which communicates with the state apartments. With a petulant word she clears the ante-room of any lingering lovers, and sets a maiden as sentry at the ballroom door, that none (such was the will of the Princess of the evening) might intrude upon her privacy in these rooms. Once Sir George essayed to pass, but laughingly acquiesced in being forbidden and driven back.

And the dance went on, and the mirth waxed fuller and the music louder, and the ball-room from end to end was one blaze of light, and colour, and beauty, and nobility.

"Bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE BY LORD BYRON

Meanwhile, Dorothy, having indeed changed her dress, habited now in close-fitting black velvet, her long pale-gold hair tied in a knot behind her head, passed from the stateroom into the ante-room. Her attendant was waiting, finger on lip, at the ball-room entrance; just then the loud burst of music and of laughter rang out, and Dorothy, with fearful heart, glided through the ante-room, out at the little side door, down the ten [eleven] steps on to the terrace. Suddenly, clasped in a strong arm, she could have screamed, but restrained herself, hearing the whispered words, "My darling! my wife!" Black-dark, the darker for the flare of those torches tied to the trees; but they steal up those stone stairs into the walk between the sycamores above the terrace; the leaves rustle beneath their fearful tread; an owl hoots above; the music seems to scream after them from the window; surely there is already an alarm; the chase is up! and the girl trembles and clings to her lover, and he hastens her on, half catching her fear, but joying that she should cling to him, and knowing by the music that all is yet secure. And so they hurry on, giddy with love and apprehension; and they reach the low wall which bounds the sycamore walk; and the lover lightly helps his bride over; and there waits his squire with Sir John's strong horse, and a lady's fleet palfrey; a touch, a spring, and they are swiftly and noiselessly speeding over the wet, spongy turf: between the trees, and through the shallow river, and across the muffling turf again, and so—but at a safe distance for sound—into the clattering high road at last. And as Dorothy turns back to look, lo, in slits and squares the lit windows shine out from the towers of her old home; the orange oriels glow into the dark; and, last thing that she sees, the three wide windows of the ballroom stream out their flood of light over the black, silent trees and the leaden, sleeping river, as they gallop towards little Rowsley, and leave gay Haddon like a shell without a kernel.

Alas, for Sir George when, after long-persisted-in disbelief, the truth was forced on his tender old heart!

BALLAD BY THOMAS HOOD

[She's up and gone, the graceless girl,
And robbed my failing years!
My blood before was thin and cold
But now 'tis turned to tears;]
"My shadow falls upon my grave,
So near the brink I stand;
She might have stayed a little yet,
And led me by the hand!"

Nay, for he might have lived long years yet, the brave and hearty old man—he might have lived long years yet but for that night. For—however the effect was not immediate—that cruel night was his death-blow. The glory of Haddon was gone; the state of the King of the Peak was no longer kept up: of his two hundred retainers the greater part dropped away, nor did he care to supply their places. The rough, tender heart was just broken; the strong man drooped from that night; he went about bent and trembling and old, who was so upright and hale and vigorous. A dull despondency settled upon him; poor little Maud, who tried her best, could never awake him from it; he would seldom join now in the sports that he loved in old days; he would stay by the fire, drumming on the arm of his huge oak chair, and dreamily gazing into the ashes. He was very patient and gentle: he never said a hard word of her who had left him; only his joy of life had gone; only his faithful old heart was broken.

BALLAD BY THOMAS HOOD (CONTINUED)

"Aye, call her on the barren moor,
And call her on the hill,
Tis nothing but the heron's cry,
And plover's answer shrill;
My child is flown on wilder wings
Than they have ever spread,
And I may even walk a waste
That widened when she fled."
[Full many a thankless child has been,
But never one like mine;
Her meat was served on plates of gold,
Her drink was rosy wine;
But now she'll share the robin's food,
And sup the common rill,
Before her feet will turn again
To meet her father's will!]

And so the days and the months went on with him, and so a year or two passed. He was much alone in his old age, for in truth he was but poor company now; it was a broken life, and he cared not, nor indeed had the force, to rally his spirits and to be anything of a companion—he who was so gay and blithe. And the piercing blue of his snowy-eaved eye had faded as a sky blotted of stars; and you would have called him a foot less in height than when he so grandly led Dorothy into the drawing-room that evening.

And so the days and the months went on with him, and even so passed a year or two.

Then the anniversary of that day came round; came round and had darkened into evening: and the old man sat by the fire, bent together in the oak chair which was too big for him now, not like that stately and grand Sir George Vernon whom men called the "King of the Peak." Timidly and sadly did Maud watch him; not from Dorothy's place; no, he lost all his patience and gentleness (which qualities had grown on him) if anyone ever by any chance took *that*: but from a low stool near his feet. For two hours he had sat unmoved, and Maud had full leisure to wonder whether the fear, that she had taken measures to convey to Dorothy, would at all touch that unkind heart; and if it did, how the old knight (supposing she sought reconcilement) would entertain the proposal. Maud had thought of these things and wondered about them, and watched her Father, until she had become almost drowsy, so still he remained: and yet he was not asleep: only looking into the ashes on the hearth, and now and then at Dorothy's empty chair.

Suddenly Maud was startled from her half-stupor by his voice, and by something strange in it, unnatural, new to her.

"Maud," he said, "Maud, child, Dorothy is a long while coming. A long—*long*—while coming."

The girl started and looked at him, almost thinking that he must have read her thoughts, or that he had discovered her plan. But as she looked at him anxiously, she was struck by the strange, troubled brightness in his dull blue eye. But he went on, more to himself than to her—

"Dorothy, you know, is seventeen—no, eighteen—years old to-day, and we have a dance for her birthday, and the people will be coming, and she will never be ready. She is a good girl, is Dorothy. I angered her once, and I was partly to blame: I was hasty; but she is a good girl, and she forgave all that and forgot it—ah, she could make allowances for her poor old Father. Eighteen years old to-day: and all the company here: and I wish she would come. I want to see her—"

Maud had risen fearfully and anxiously, for there was a strange, unnatural look in her Father's face: she had risen and put one arm round his

neck; he took little notice of it, but seemed soothed, as if by some old association. Meanwhile, there had been a trampling of horses' hoofs on the pavement of the Courtyard, and a hushed cry of joy and wonder from the old Steward; and had Maud been less absorbed, she might have heard footsteps, and the murmur of repressed voices drawing near the room. She heard them not; but the old knight looked up as the door opened, and seeing who stood there, staggered to his feet, and hastened with tottering alacrity to the door, exclaiming, "Why, Dorothy, dear child, you are late, you are late, and all my guests are here; but come, give me one kiss, and take my arm, darling, and let us go and meet them." I suppose Dorothy was too much surprised by the greeting, too much pained and wonder-stricken, let us think, with the change, to answer or to resist; but, oh, it was a pathetic parody of that old proud day! The girl, indeed, ripened into a fuller, richer, grander beauty; but the strong and stately man—ah, what a feeble wreck!—bent and tottering beneath an over-sudden old age, was leading her now, not to a gay company, but to the weeping girl beside the dying fire!

Kneeling at his feet now, and sobbing: he had sunk back into his settle again, and had relapsed into that dreamy gazing into the fire. "Father, can you forgive me? Father, will you not look at me?"

Then he turned and saw her sobbing and holding his thin, passive hand. "Why, Dorothy," he said, "how is this? What, my girl, so unhappy? That must not be; that must not be. I know I spoke sharply, but the old man's bark is worse than his bite. Come, ask what you will, I shall not hold out."

"Father, my Husband is here. May he come in? Will you see him?" For a moment a puzzled look came over the old man's brow; then some return of consciousness relit his eyes, and it was pitiable to see the change that came over him. So broken, so meek, so submissive to his daughter; and when Sir John Manners came and sat beside him, such a piteous and trembling endeavour to make him welcome, to conciliate him. "I was harsh," he kept saying; "I was hard, I know; but you will forgive the old man, won't you, Sir John? And Dorothy, we will try to make Haddon more lively for her, and you will come and see us sometimes."

"I was harsh, I know;" he kept on murmuring this, as he fell back in his chair: and he heard not, or heeded not, his Dorothy's broken words as she knelt beside him. At last he raised himself, and took her tiny hand in his thin, long fingers, and petted it, and caressed it, and looked at her, and smiled, with two big tears running down his aged and furrowed cheeks, and said, "But you've forgiven me all that, Dorothy, my child, long ago, long ago."

And that was all. And now Dorothy's turn had come to link passionate arms about an unresponsive form, and to press to her bosom that which was

all passive to her caresses and indifferent to her tears. And for her too, now, there was that desolation of the empty shell without the kernel.

When Sir John and Lady Manners came to live at Haddon there was danger of the lady of the Hall getting into a low way. For she would spend hours, moody, long hours, in each day in pacing the long ball-room, and in passing from it through the ante-room down the ten steps, on to the terrace, and thence would walk backwards and forwards between the tall sycamores in that upper walk which has ever since been called by her name. Thus it came to pass that Sir John at last insisted on having all the rooms, and specially the ball-room, refitted and altered, so that now we see the Manners' Peacock alternating throughout with the Boar's-head crest of that branch of the Vernons. Then, again, gaiety and music resounded through the noble mansion. But Dorothy never lost a certain grave sadness, which, however, had the effect upon her of making her tender-hearted to sorrow and patient with sin, and pleased, though herself never merry, that those about her should be glad. Only once to her Husband she alluded to the past, and that was in explaining to him at first her wish to see the Hall hospitable and festive again. "It was *his* way," she said, "and he always liked to spread kindliness and happiness about him."

But no doubt she bore her silent sorrow and repentance to the grave.

ELIZA METEYARD
THE LOVE STEPS OF DOROTHY VERNON

Eliza Meteyard (1816-1879) is the author of the first story in which Dorothy Vernon appears in the title and is clearly the central person. Appearing in the October 1860 issue of *The Reliquary*, Meteyard's *The Love Steps Of Dorothy Vernon* is considered the defining version of this romantic tale, though there were earlier ones by other authors. The complete short story, with a detailed explanation of Meteyard's approach, is presented in the editor's 2006 book, *Haddon Hall's Dorothy Vernon*.

References to *The Love Steps Of Dorothy Vernon* appear for over a hundred years in various publications describing Haddon Hall and / or Dorothy Vernon—

Haddon Hall - An Illustrated Guide by S. C. Hall and Llewellynn Jewitt, 1871: Very sweetly has the tradition of love and elopement of this noble pair been worked up by the imagination in a story 'The Love-steps of Dorothy Vernon' by a popular writer in the 'Reliquary.'

A Day In The Peak by Andreas Edward Cokayne, 1889: The romantic story of the courtship and marriage of Sir John Manners with Dorothy Vernon is well told in the 'Reliquary' Volume 1, by that clever writer Eliza Meteyard, whose nom-de-plume was 'Silverpen,' under the title of 'The Love steps of Dorothy Vernon.'

Dorothy Vernon's Elopement - Tale or Tradition? by Sheffield City Libraries, 1960: 'The love steps of Dorothy Vernon' by Eliza Meteyard, [was] published in Volume 1 of 'The Reliquary,' 1860, under the pseudonym 'Silverpen.'

Haddon Hall - A Centenary Review [of the Sullivan / Grundy opera] by the Sir Arthur Sullivan Society, 1992: The literary origin of the elopement story is not clear. [Investigation reveals the first published version by Allan Cunningham in 1822.] An early version, by Eliza Meteyard, appears in 'The Reliquary' Vol 1 (1860).

This editor has recently discovered that the story in *The Reliquary* is a reprint of the same story published in the December 29, 1849 issue of *Eliza Cook's Journal*. It was written by Eliza Meteyard under the pseudonym Dugdale the Younger.

The defining Dorothy Vernon story was available to the public nearly eleven years earlier than previously supposed. This additional time for circulation of the tale helps to explain its widespread familiarity in the last half of the nineteenth century.

The stories are the same except for an occasional changed word AND a shorter first paragraph. Note that Meteyard miscounts the number of 'garden-steps' in the original rendering of the story. Meteyard will correct the count to eleven in the later version: "She made ~~eight~~ eleven small prints upon the ~~eight~~ eleven stone steps." Both first paragraphs are shown below.

FACTS FROM THE COUNTY HISTORIES
BY DUGDALE THE YOUNGER
THE LOVE STEPS OF DOROTHY VERNON
[ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL: DECEMBER 29, 1849]

Nearly three centuries are past and gone, nearly three hundred gilded summers waned into the hoary frosts and arrowy sleet of winter, and winter weak and old met trimmest May; nearly three hundred times have stately elm and beech took gratefully their garments from kind April's hand, and yew and cypress had their greenest mantles on, when drifted snow lay thick beneath their boughs; nearly three hundred springs have small birds built anew their little homes, and reared and twitted to their callow broods, within the nestling shadow of the ivy; and for all this time, the snow and rain, the sunlight and the shadows, the green leaf and the sere leaf have fallen, the damp and moulder and the lichen grown, and yet these eight old garden-steps of Haddon Hall are as new as yesterday, through the lingering sanctity and tradition of human love!

THE LOVE STEPS OF DOROTHY VERNON
BY ELIZA METEYARD (SILVERPEN)
[THE RELIQUARY: OCTOBER, 1860]

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

SOURCES:

John Allen: *Matlock With Other Poems*, 1860.

Thomas Ashe: *Dryope And Other Poems*, 1861.

Thomas Ashe: *Poems—Complete Edition*, 1886.

Mary Balmanno: *Pen And Pencil*, 1858.

John De Pledge: *The Muses's Scrip*, 1838.

H. L.: *Odin Sagas And Other Poems*, 1882.

Mary Emmeline Manners: *The Bishop and The Caterpillar and Other Pieces*, 1892.

J. E. Preston Muddock: *Did Dorothy Vernon Elope?*, 1907.

John Ruskin: *The Poems of John Ruskin*, 1891.

Arabella Shore: *First and Last Poems*, 1900.

Mrs. Wm. S. Sullivant: *Godey's Lady's Book*, July 1852.

A. E. Watkin: *Absalom Watkin: Extracts From His Journal 1814-1856*, 1920.

INTRODUCTION

This volume continues the story of Haddon Hall as told by authors and poets. Notable is the Journal of Absalom Watkin and the entry describing his visit to Haddon Hall in 1817. It casts a clear light on the probable beginnings of the circulation of the Dorothy Vernon elopement story.

Also featured is an excerpt from the scarce 1907 book by James Muddock, DID DOROTHY VERNON ELOPE? It is on the last page of this volume, and provides a most satisfactory resolution to this romantic tale.

ELOPEMENT OF DOROTHY VERNON AND JOHN MANNERS

Absalom Watkin (1787-1861) kept a personal journal. It was edited and published by his great-grandson in 1920 under the title ABSALOM WATKIN: EXTRACTS FROM HIS JOURNAL 1814-1856. The journal contains an account of his visit to Haddon Hall in May of 1817. Watkin wrote the following.

"Among the pictures we saw that of the lady by whose marriage with Sir John Manners this house and the estates came from the family of Vernon into that of Rutland. We learnt that the gallant Sir John stole her away, and that the door through which she passed was fastened up and has never been opened since."

This journal entry predates Allan Cunningham's 1822 KING OF THE PEAK as the earliest recorded mention of a possible elopement. It therefore becomes the earliest written record of the occurrence.

Magdalen Goffin, a great-great-granddaughter, published in 1993 THE DIARIES OF ABSALOM WATKIN. She used the same source material, but excerpted different content than was in the 1920 publication. As a result, only the 1920 publication contains Absalom Watkin's story of the Vernon - Manners runaway marriage.

The complete journal entry of Watkin's visit to Haddon Hall is included on the following three pages.

MAY 30, 1817. THE ROMANTIC BEAUTY OF HADDON.

Leaving Chatsworth, we went to Edensor, a small village close by, and got an excellent dinner [lunch] at the inn. After dinner we proceeded in the car [carriage] towards Haddon. Haddon Hall, which we were now to examine, is a large stone building, erected at different times, part of it being of the age of King John, and the most modern part of the time of Elizabeth. It was anciently the seat of the Vernon family, but came by marriage into the possession of the ancestors of the Duke of Rutland, who is the present possessor. It is not now inhabited, but kept in repair and in tenantable condition. It is pleasantly situated on a small eminence at some distance from the road, and commands a prospect of a fine country. The garden and a small number of fine old trees are all that remain of the grounds, which were formerly extensive. When the noble owners of this mansion resided in it, it was the seat of magnificence and hospitality, and no less than a hundred and twenty servants were once kept in it.

At Chatsworth, the magnificent rooms and costly furniture were shown to us by a stately housekeeper elegantly dressed. At Haddon, our conductress was a respectable-looking woman well stricken in years, whose grey hair, old-fashioned print gown, precise clean appearance and rather mumbling speech were perfectly in unison with the objects she pointed out to us. We ascended to the large old-fashioned gates of the principal entrance, and observed on one side in the old English character the following inscription: "God save the Vernons." We saw the Chapel, and then the kitchen, which yet retained the huge chopping-block, large grate, and extensive dressers [meat preparation tables] of ancient days. In passing from one court of this mansion, which consists of two square courts surrounded by buildings, we saw a Roman altar of stone with an inscription, which was found in the neighbourhood, and has been described by Camden. As we felt much gratified by the sight of Haddon, we determined to leave nothing unexplored, and accordingly we went into every place to which we could find an entrance. The number of rooms was amazing. Some few of them are large, but most of them otherwise. All of them have windows composed of small panes of glass, and there is not a sash window in the whole building. The walls of the best rooms are either wainscoted or hung with tapestry, but generally the latter. The doors are often concealed by the tapestry and are singularly numerous. Indeed, the communications from room to room are so numerous and intricate, that it would take some considerable time to get

acquainted with them. Besides the old tapestry, there are some pictures and a little furniture. We were shown a fine bed of green velvet embroidered by Lady Catherine Manners and about a hundred years old; in another room was an old cradle.

Among the pictures we saw that of the lady by whose marriage with Sir John Manners this house and the estates came from the family of Vernon into that of Rutland. We learnt that the gallant Sir John stole her away, and that the door through which she passed was fastened up and has never been opened since. We went to the top of two or three of the towers, several of which rose in various parts of this edifice. The prospect is pretty, and I brought away one or two common little plants which I valued because they grew on the towers of Haddon.

It was with feelings of a sad, yet not unpleasant, description that I had examined and that I had quitted this house. The deserted rooms through which we passed had for ages been the scene of pomp and mirth and hospitality. Many generations of two noble families had been born, lived, and perhaps died within them. All the passions, whether good or bad, which actuate the human breast, had here been called into exercise. The first cry of new-born life and the last groan of feeble age had echoed within these walls repeatedly during centuries. The proud baron and his humble slaves had here met, and beauty had been admired, and valour honoured and goodness loved —but they are gone—their bodies have long since crumbled into dust, and their spirits have passed to their reward. The towers of Haddon glitter in the sun, or are shaken by the blast, but their eyes behold them no more. “They are gone as a tale that is told, as a flower of the field so they are perished.” [Psalms] Erected partly in the reign of John, what wars and revolutions have these towers witnessed! The Barons’ War, which procured Magna Charta—the bloody contest between the houses of York and Lancaster—the tyranny of Henry VIII—the persecution of Mary—the glories of Elizabeth—the Civil Wars and misfortunes of Charles—the cant and courage of Oliver—the landing of William III and the deposition of James. Through all these occurrences they have reared their heads, and each of these events has been sufficient to agitate the breasts of their noble possessors.—

Leaving Haddon, we proceeded in the car to Bakewell. This was the limit of the day’s excursion. After tea we went to look at the Bath, a pretty building over a poor spring. From the Bath we went to look at the church. It stands on a hill. One of the windows has an ancient Saxon arch, and an old

stone cross of unknown antiquity stands in the churchyard. Bakewell itself is a place of great antiquity, having been made a borough by Edward the Elder, one of the Saxon kings. We found the door of the church open and went in. The clerk was in the reading-desk, putting the strings into the proper places for Sunday, and humming a psalm tune which he perhaps intended to set. We looked round the church and he came to us. **He showed us the Vernon and Rutland monuments. Here lie Sir John [should be George] Vernon, commonly called the King of the Peak, and his lady. Here, too, are the effigies of Sir John Manners and the lady he stole from Haddon, together with their children.** There is likewise a noble monument erected by a lady of this family to the memory of her husband and children with all their effigies, and a text of Scripture over the head of each. There are monuments of other persons whose names I forget. The view of these tombs was a proper sequel to Haddon.—We went from the church to the inn, and after some time spent in conversation, over some wine, to bed.

* * * * * * * * *

The journal entry is in agreement with an excerpt from John Holland's 1823 poem HADDON HALL, A POETICAL SKETCH. The caretaker states to Holland:

"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."

It becomes clear that caretakers William Hage and his wife are the source of the elopement story. It would seem probable that unusual details relating to the Vernon - Manners liaison were closeted within Haddon for over two centuries, and passed down as general gossip from servant to servant, until a version of the story emerged to the public by way of the Hages.

In conclusion, the Dorothy Vernon - John Manners elopement legend takes a step closer to leaving the 'realm of myth' and becoming 'a story handed down from early times.'

ARABELLA SHORE
HADDON HALL
INCLUDED IN FIRST AND LAST POEMS, 1900.

Arabella Shore, the middle of three sisters, was born about 1821 and died about 1909. Her poem, Haddon Hall, appeared in the 1900 book shown above. The poem itself was written about 1870.

HADDON HALL

Oh, wilt thy fly, Lady Dora,
Our Dora of Haddon Hall?
Where can beauty's queen rose be cherished securer,
Than where its tower-shadows fall?
Or love dream out days of ambrosia purer,
Than if counted in Haddon Hall?

Oh, creature of bloom and flame,
Beauty and passion together!
Is happiness grown to thee so tame?
Art thou tired of azure weather?
Cast out in the storm, shall thy name and fame
Be whirled far off like a feather?

Thou canst not come back, Lady Dora—
As soon be a child again—
When the long leave is taken, the home forsaken,
Like a friend imploring in vain
With sweet wronged face—canst thou find no place
In thy heart for a moment of pain?

The traveller who passing it sees,
High up, the gray tower and wall
Look out from a summer glory of trees—
Though years o'er the picture fall,
'Twill rise on his sleep, like an isle from the deep,
That beautiful Haddon Hall!

A splendour of greenness will cover
The crest and the slope of the hill,
And meadows with flocks whitened over,
Shot through by the shine of the rill
In its pearly zig-zags—soft cloud-flakes hover
Over head in the blue and the still.

Oriel, and mullion, and archway of stone
Are set in soft emerald shade,
Behind the light green is a blackness thrown
By a ghostly yew walk made,
Where fairy ferns and long creepers have grown
Half-way up the balustrade.

But thou, when dull spectres encumber
Thy world, from life's prime to the pall,
Thou only that image must number
With things thou dar'st not recall—
Thou only must pray, ere thou slumber,
To dream not of Haddon Hall.

No more shall the kingfisher flit from thy feet
O'er the bridge where hazels embrace,
Nor the huntsman's portrait front thy seat
At the banquet on the dais,
With the bugle, the eye-watching dog at his feet,
Long locks and the collar's lace,
Nor thou, from the oriel's sunned retreat,
See thy father lead the chase.

The heir, thy rude kinsman, shall clutch
Thy manors with spendthrift laughter;
Thy parents, grown old with grief overmuch,
Shall die, yet not ask for their daughter.
Oh, sure to the hold, as sweet to the touch,
Should be the promised Hereafter!

The Falc'ner who drew to his hand the shy
Proud bird with his call-note gay—
The Wizard who looked with his slow melting eye
All life save passion away—
The Knight who caught the girl's heart with a sigh,
Will he hold it as treasure or prey?

Lost bark, with thy butterfly sail
On the wide strange sea adrift,
When, like sea nymphs turned to foam-phantoms pale,
Thick spray-wreaths their columns lift—
Will the flash of those eyes under blind black skies,
Guide thee safe past the rocky rift?
He burned for the captive, forbidden prize—
Will he value the light free gift?

Ah! how would the sweet crimson scorn
Fly up thy cheek at the doubt,
Half play, half anger, the smile would burn,
Till the grave reply spoke out
Through gentle phrases a purpose stern,
With light fancies wreathed about.

'Hast thou heard of the mysteries
Of the rock's black heart profound,
Carved out into endless palaces,
A strange pomp underground,
That none but the dumb King Midnight sees,
Down there immortally crowned?

'Domed, arched, and pillared, the wonder extends,
And still from huge hall to hall,
A narrow unearthly passage wends
Betwixt black water and wall,
While the dark despairing torrent that sends
Its dreary anger through all,
Goes on with an unseen rumbling, and ends
In a horrible waterfall!

‘If now, “Let us come,” he should say,
“To the mountain-shut world below,
Start on that ghastly water-way,
Alone with our love and our woe,
And glide in the darkness from life away”—
My heart would smile back, “Let us go!”’

They have met once more in those wild rose bowers
That she now but longs to forsake,
The day has dragged on its crawling hours,
Coil after coil, like a snake;
They care not to shut, those bright-eyed flowers,
Nor the sleepy stars to wake;
But *he* watches long shadows fall from the towers,
And the birds’ ‘adieu’ from the brake.

Alone—for a minute was all they dare,
So meeting, with danger so nigh;
And as a red rose-leaf through the air
Floats softly and silently
In through the porch, flushed, trembling, and fair,
The lady Dora steals by.

A rose-cloud is floating up o’er the hill,
Last blush ere the day turns pale,
The moon rises silvery, pure, and chill,
A vestal with tears on her veil—
But the soft white goes deepening to gold, until
A glory hangs over the dale.

And she lights up the mystery of boughs
With a shadowy, pearly charm—
’Tis owl-time now, and the flittermouse
Goes gray through the dusky calm;
His thin, ghostly shriek is heard nigh the house,
But none hears a boding of harm.

Now the stars with their glittering myriad-stare
Are hurrying into the skies;
Now bound, eager heart! for a low, sweet air
Leads in the loud revelries;
Unbidden, thou yet mayst mingle there
'Midst a hundred careless eyes.

Aloof stands one dancer, a mask on his face,
In the gallery of the ball;
He notes his own darling's drifting grace,
Like a snow-cloud, down the hall—
A mist of pearls, and of long light curls,
And silvery robes over all!

She must vanish unmissed—a star in the dark—
To rise again only for him;
Unmissed—yet whom else can all eyes mark?
Fear not—in the blaze the dim
White violet's lost—she'll fleet like a spark,
Or a pearl o'er the fountain's brim.

She has seen him too—back starts her eye—
Though she turns to the one at her side,
He knows the clash of anguish and joy
That smile flamed up to hide—
So turns from his long-sought nest the boy,
Lest by others it be descried!

He dares dance a measure with her, he dares
Touch her hand so trembling and cold,
Still looks she not on him, she scarcely bears
The secret their two hands hold—
Loud, louder the music, she fancies, declares
What first such a whisper told!

The tapers that glitter along a field
Of rich device on the wall,
Carved wreaths encircling scutcheon and shield,
As she dances by,—may all
One by one flare out the thing concealed,
With a tongue of flame to the hall!

She's skimming on to a chasm's brink—
In a dream her foot unsure
May slide the one step too far, may sink
Through a suddenly-opened floor—
Oh, but for the end! where the secret friend
Awaits her, yon small side-door!

A low, round-arched postern undone,
Stone-steps and a black-robed yew,
Two forms that the darkness melts into one,
A silence with joy thrilling through;
Hands clasped, they glide down—all is lost, all won,
And their lives no longer are two!

Now down the long terrace—but no!
Though the delicate balustrade,
Leaf-clustered, its fairy-columns show,
And the grand wide steps have made
Smooth way to the flowery court below—
Descend not, or be betrayed!

Ah, no! though the roses sigh, 'Oh, stay,'
Though the vines up the mullions crawl,
To look thee their last of love—away!
Though the quaint-headed gargoyles call,
Though the jewel-beds glitter—thou must not stay,
Thou hast done with Haddon Hall!

For with wide white light there showing all,
The cold, cruel moonlight lies,
The wide-arched bay-windows of the hall
Are blazing with light and eyes;
Haste! flee where the leafy midnights fall,
Where the sycamore giants rise,
And out through the by-paths—good-bye to all,
Ere the summer darkness dies!

So shivering with sudden bliss
In whose throb the old life ceased,
Out to the dark and the dreariness
Flies the prisoner by passion released:
Thou art gone, Lady Dora! an hour from this
Love's roses are in the east.

MARY EMMELINE MANNERS

DOROTHY - A TALE OF HADDON HALL
INCLUDED IN THE BISHOP AND THE CATERPILLAR AND OTHER PIECES, 1892.

Mary E. Manners (1858-1941) was born at Penge, in the county of Surrey, which is near Greater London. She lived the greater part of her life in the London Borough of Croydon. She is no relation to the Manners family of Haddon Hall. Manners, a Quaker, wrote mostly humorous poems and children's books. She and her father, Charles Manners, are known for the extensive collection of their correspondence with Charles Dodgson, also known as Lewis Carroll.

On the facing page is the supposed portrait of Dorothy referred to in Manners' poem. The portrait was discovered about 1880 by James Muddock, author of *Doll: A Dream Of Haddon Hall* and *Sweet Doll of Haddon Hall*. He discovered it on the wall in the caretaker's cottage, and after restoration, it was hung in Haddon Hall. It no longer hangs there and it is not clear whether it was really a portrait of Dorothy Vernon.

DOROTHY - A TALE OF HADDON HALL

Gaily the lights are shining
In stately Haddon Hall,—
For a bridal night must needs be bright,
And merrily goes the ball;
'Tis whispered another such wedding
Will not be far to seek,
For a lovely pair are the daughters fair
Of Vernon,—"King o' the Peak."

Oh, cool is the little chamber
Adjoining the great ball-room,—
And no one wonders that Dolly
Should rest in the partial gloom;
And no one recks of the mighty love
That holdeth her heart in thrall,
Of the tears that rise as she sadly cries,
"Farewell to Haddon Hall!"

She gently closes the portal
That leads from Haddon Hall,
And the stone stair faintly echoes
The sound of her light foot-fall;
She passes the lighted windows,
And steals in the night away.—
'Tis the story of old—love versus gold,—
And love has won the day.

There lingers a young wood-cutter
In the glades near Haddon Hall:
Yet never a king of the forest
'Neath his axe need fear to fall;
He waiteth now in the darkness,
One hand holds his noble steed,
While the other is laid on his trusty blade,—
A knightly churl indeed!

A rustle of silken garments,
A glitter of jewels rare,
A gleam of gold 'neath the cloak's dark fold,
And Dolly is standing there;—
One moment of hurried greeting,
He lifts her over the wall,—
And away they ride, that youth and his bride,—
The heiress of Haddon Hall.

A knight and gentle lady
Hold sway in Haddon Hall,
And children fair bless the happy pair
And love is lord of all.—
And a ducal race shall proudly trace
Its lofty pedigree,
Back thro' ages gone, to the brave Sir John
And the Lady Dorothy

The ivy twines round the turrets
Of stately Haddon Hall,
But Dolly's face, with its girlish grace,
Still smiles from the old oak wall;
And youths and maidens whisper low
Of love that can do and dare,
As they rest awhile near the ancient pile
On Dorothy Vernon's stair.—

They say you are wronged, sweet Dolly,
By this tale of Haddon Hall,
That the course of true love ran smoothly,
And you never eloped at all;
For you were a model daughter,
As dutiful as fair;
So you ne'er took flight, on that festal night,
Adown that old stone stair.

For Sir John took the orthodox method
Of winning the prize which he gained;
And the needful consent of parents
Was duly asked, and obtained;
So he never stood in the darkness,
While the lights gleamed bright at the ball,
Nor risked his life, to claim as his wife
The heiress of Haddon Hall.—

It does not sound so romantic,
But may be 'twas all for the best;—
Yet the "peacock in pride" shows side by side
With the boar of the Vernon crest;
And the old stone stair still standeth,
And the picture hangs on the wall,
To prove without fail the truth of my tale
Of the heiress of Haddon Hall!

JOHN ALLEN
THE ECHO
INCLUDED IN MATLOCK WITH OTHER POEMS, 1860.

John Allen (1794-1867) was born near Matlock. He was self educated and earned his living as a school principal. Later in life, he opened a middle class boarding school for boys. He also wrote poetry throughout his life.

THE ECHO — On the highway, opposite to Haddon Hall, there is a well-known echo, which suggested the following lines.

Who speaks from thee, thou ruined Hall?
Who answers to the passer's call,
From thy grey towers of ancient state,
With mocking sounds articulate?
Or when the mellow horn is blown,
Throws back the wild notes tone for tone?

Is it the voice of one who died
When Peverel's banner waved in pride?
Or when thy crowded courts within
Ruled feudal pomp and festive din;

While the long spear aside was flung,
And helm and hauberk idly hung,
And minstrel tuned his harp and song
To tales of battle, love, or wrong.

While spirits sat of haughty mien,
And dames of dazzling beauty moved;
When warlike Stanley graced the scene,
Or Manners wooed, and Vernon loved?

Is it the voice of knight that won
His spurs thy battlements beneath,
When sparkling eyes looked smiling on?
Or champion of the tourney's wreath,

Dreaming of lists and lances riven,
Who thinks some challenge fierce is given,
And, rising, fills the wondering glen
With shout for shout, then sleeps again?

Or warder that from stair and tower,
Watched foe's approach, and danger's hour,
Who, startled by the sudden call,
Flings back defiance from thy wall?

Ye have no voice, deserted towers!
Save when the wild wind bids ye moan,
Or whispers through your ivy bowers
The sigh by strangers heard alone.

On smokeless hearth and relics rude
Press alien foot and idle hand,
While still in silent, solemn mood,
As dreaming of the past ye stand.

And should, perchance, a festal throng
Bid wake the harpstring, or the song,
Or teach your echoes to repeat
The sound of music-measured feet,

In rooms whose arras waved and thrilled,
When mirth the Peak-King's palace filled,
'Neath beams and bays that once were bright
With polished gold, and beauty's light.

Yet seems misplaced the tone of mirth,
Where all things now to sadness urge:
Like dances on sepulchral earth,
Or laughter mingling with a dirge.

’Tis o’er—the shout of warrior bold;
’Tis dumb—the cry of warder old;
No voice thou givest, olden Hall!
But echo mocks us from thy wall.

Oh they who trod thy well-worn sill,
With hawk or hound who scoured thy hill,
The lady fair, on palfrey white,
The vassal rude, the belted knight,
Beneath the rusted helm and glaive,
Keep well the silence of the grave.

No green clad yeoman may repair
To praise thy larder’s ample fair;
No more the huntsman hails the morn
With baying hound, or echoing horn;
No more thy chivalry shall rise,
Till sounds the trumpet of the skies.

JOHN RUSKIN
HADDON HALL
INCLUDED IN THE POEMS OF JOHN RUSKIN, 1891.

John Ruskin (1819-1900) was renowned as an author, art critic and social reformer. An only child, he traveled through Europe with his family. They visited Derbyshire in 1830. Ruskin wrote the following poem at age eleven after a visit to Haddon Hall.

> HADDON HALL — To my farther great benefit, as I grew older, I thus saw all the noblemen's houses in England; in reverent and healthy delight of uncovetous admiration. To this day, though I have kind invitations enough to visit America, I could not, even for a couple of months, live in a country so miserable as to possess no castles.

Old halls, and old walls,—
They are my great delight;
Rusty swords,
And rotten boards,
And ivy black as night!
Hey, ruination and hey, desolation,—
Only created to spoil the creation!

Dry ditch, old niche,—
Besides, an oaken table;
On't the warriors ate,
From a pewter plate.
As much as they were able!
Hey, ruination and hey, desolation,—
Only created to spoil the creation!

MRS. WM. S. SULLIVANT
THE LADY OF HADDON HALL
INCLUDED IN GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, JULY 1852.

William Starling Sullivant of Ohio (1803-1873) was married three times. His first wife died shortly after their marriage; the second wife, Eliza Griscom Wheeler died from cholera in 1850. He married Caroline Eudora Sutton (1833-1891) in 1851; she is probably the Mrs. Sullivant who is the author of the poem. This young American uses the romantic aura of English Haddon Hall to create a winsome tale of a village maid forced to forsake a rustic lover for a rich, but unhappy alternative. It is a unique and unusual tale to be associated with Haddon.

The lady sat in the twilight—
Her tears flowed fast and free:
What cause had those drops of sorrow
On such lovely cheek to be?
The grief that ruffled her bosom—
The frequent and stormy sighs—
Shook the gems on its snow that clustered,
Till they twinkled like serpents' eyes!

The lady sat in the twilight—
The pride of the festal day:
She had shone the fairest and brightest
In her jewelled and rich array.
Soft words in her ear had whispered
Their homage to beauty's queen,
The mistress of lordly Haddon,
And many a broad demesne [estate].

From flowers from the dew-fall freshened,
Sweet odors were breathing round:
The distant tinkle of fountains
Stole up with a lulling sound
And heavily-gorgeous hangings
Swept, with their purple fold,
Ebony, oak, and silver,
And mirrors, with frames of gold.

Afar in the misty gleaming,
Lay meadow and woodland wide;
Broad parks, where the deer were grazing,
Or bounding in antlered pride.
Yet still from her downcast lashes
Do the large drops slide and fall;
Still doth she weep at twilight—
The Lady of Haddon Hall.

She wreathed but vernal blossoms
In her floating and sunny curls,
When she tripped round the May-pole lightly,
The simplest of village girls.
She blushed at the shamefaced glances
Of Robert, the farmer's son:
Why scorns she the sweet lip-worship,
From courtly flatterers won?

She left but a lowly cottage,
In a valley far away,
Where the hours were told by the sunlight,
On the threshold stone that lay.
The rustic pane was shaded
By vines she had trained to cling,
And a tree, 'mid whose waving branches
The robins built in spring.

Paths in the green turf trodden,
Sloped down to a brooklet bright,
Where she hastened to fill her pitcher
At the dawning of summer light.
Why, when a dozen menials
Spring now to obey her call,
Doth she weep as her heart were bursting—
The Lady of Haddon Hall!

THOMAS ASHE

AN IDYLL OF HADDON
INCLUDED IN DRYOPE AND OTHER POEMS, 1861
INCLUDED IN POEMS—COMPLETE EDITION, 1886.

Thomas Ashe (1836-1889) wrote this poem in his mid twenties. The young man walks twelve miles from Buxton to Bakewell. He rests in the afternoon; then sets out in the evening for the two mile walk to Haddon Hall. It is remarkable that Ashe had such an easy entry, apparently undiscovered by the caretakers, to Haddon after sundown.

There are two versions of the poem: the original and the updated by a more mature poet. They are sufficiently different for each to be shown in its entirety; they are presented side by side to highlight the differences. Ashe deleted large sections of the original in forming his final version.

Note that the mature Ashe interpolates into his poem the non-Haddon Hall related observation: “Too hard fate severs even dearest friends.”

AN IDYLL OF HADDON, 1861	AN IDYLL OF HADDON, 1886
Last autumn, when the heavy-foliaged limes	Last autumn, when the foliage of the limes
Began to pale, and beechen trees to take	Began to change, and beechen trees to take
A tint of red, and wheat was garnered up,	A tint of red, and wheat was garnered well,
I stayed at Buxton, nestled in content.	I stayed at Buxton, nestled in content.
It lies about a valley quite shut in	It lies in a soft lap of circling hills,
With swelling hills; and breezy heights wood-crowned	And merry rillets make it musical;
O’ertop the vale; and autumn makes it rich,	And though the wind rustles the fallen leaves
And musical with merry-running brooks.	Along the wooded heights, the air is warm.
One pleasant evening as I strolled at will	
About the town, when all the scorching heat	
Of day was gone, and humid balmy dews	
Were falling thick, a hundred trifling things,	
That happened in my visit years before,	
Came back as fresh as it were yesterday	
They happened:—simple things, that took the heart	
With longing. I remembered how, one night,	
Leaning upon the little bridge at ease,	
I heard the water leap, and some one came	
And touched me on the arm; and how we went	
To hear the music playing in the town;	
And how she took a childish pleasure in it.	
And then, again, how, all a summer day,	
We, roving wild, and scattered on the hills,	
All young,—some of us children as to age,	
But all in heart,—strolled off, a troop of us,	

[AN IDYLL OF HADDON, 1861]	[AN IDYLL OF HADDON, 1886]
Down a green valley, to a nest of farms;	
And drank new milk, and played at hide and seek	
About the orchard slopes. And not the least,	
Not dimmest of those crowding memories,	
Came back how we had gone to Haddon Hall:	
My father,—something of an artist, he;	
A skilful dabbler in it, out of love;—	
And I, whom, early, he would teach to trace	
Shadows, and lights, and contrasts, and rare tints	
And lines of landscape, with an artist's eye.	
How, glad at heart, we killed the gliding hours:	
Sat underneath the shadowy yews, and sketched	
The oriel windows and old terraces:	
Or climbed the highest turret, for the view;	
Or watched the crested peacock's curving neck.	
And such a yearning seized on me to tread	
The moss-laid carpet of the desolate walks;	
And muse in rooms and olden galleries,	
And grass-grown courts; to visit fancifully	
Gay scenes of knight and dame we fancied then,	
In rippled silks and clanging steel, or dressed	
For dance or dream; that all at once I said,	
"To-morrow I will go to Haddon Hall."	
So, ere the morning beams had melted half	'Twas then I went to Haddon:— hear the tale.
The dull grey mists of morn, I gaily rose;	I was away before the morning mists
Spurred in my fancy with the dear resolve.	Had fled the pathway of the wakening sun.
The way led on beside a noisy brook,	The road led on beside a babbling brook,
Out of the valley, down a deep ravine.	That took the windings of a deep ravine;
And sombre hollows hollowed, as you went,	And dew-cool shadows darkened, as you passed,
The rugged sides of perpendicular rock.	The rude sides of the overhanging crags.
	So sheer to heaven the faces of the scars
	Lifted a fearless front, with scarce a shrub,
It made you dizzy to look up sometimes.	At times, it made you dizzy to look up.
It seemed as if some shudder of the earth	It seemed as if some earthquake, ere the world
	Was clothed with greenness for the foot of man,
Had opened out a yawning chasm of fear;	Had cloven at once the solid hills for miles,
And after-ages, stealing o'er, bestowed	And after-ages, softening all, bestowed
A natural look. The slopes of earth, that made	A natural look. The crumbling mould had made
About the base a fringe of kinder soil,	A fringe of kinder soil about their base,
Were covered thick with tangled hazel-trees.	And in the hollow tangled hazels throve.

[AN IDYLL OF HADDON, 1861]	[AN IDYLL OF HADDON, 1886]
The nuts were brown and ripe; and tiny tracks,	The nuts were ripe: and tiny tracks were seen
Traced dimly in the trodden underwood,	Obscurely mid the broken underwood,
Told tales of little feet that dared to make	O'erlaced with brambles, matted with green fern,
A venturous climbing after clustered spoil.	Where little tameless feet had dared to scale
And on the scars, far up, the mountain ash	The dangerous ledges after clustered spoil.
Hung rooted in the clefts, with berries red,	Far up the berries of the mountain ash
That flashed and sparkled in the climbing sun.	Flashed red and glistened in the climbing beams.
So on I went, beside the babbling brook,	The music of the water lured me on,
By silver birch, and gloomy belted firs:	By silver birch, and woods of arrowy fir:
And evermore the gleaming landscape made	The gleaming landscape made, at every turn,
New pictures, changing with the winding road.	New living pictures, and the mind was glad.
Gay brook! wild crag! the laughing heart leaped up	Gay brook! proud crag! the laughing spirit leaped
With all the joy and freshness of the morn.	With the wild joy and freshness of the morn.
Suddenly should the dusty way sweep round	Suddenly would the dusty road sweep round
Some hill-base thick with larch and arrowy pine:	Some hill-base thick with larch and sullen pine:
And I would seem shut in a sombre vale,	And I should seem shut in a sombre vale,
With no way in or out. At times a weir	With no way in or out. Sometimes a weir
Held back the water, roaring down its stones,	Would whirl the water, roaring down the stones,
And white with foam. And once or twice the stream,	In swan-white foam: and then the eddying stream,
With eager, full-fed, reckless current went	With eager, reckless current would flow on
Beneath a dark, low arch, and turned a wheel.	Beneath some dark, low arch, and turn a wheel.
Unseen, it turned, and toiled, and roared beneath.	Unseen the wheel would roll and strain and toil:
Its heavy, constant rolling motion made	
Some miller's music sweet:—a gradual song:	And I can think the miller never heard
A slow contented murmur of dull sound.	A sweeter music than its murmuring sound.
So on: so on. No speck of mist was left	And once, when not a speck of mist was left
In all the sky: the sun grew hot and full:	In all the heaven, and the sun grew strong,
And coming on a spring amid the shade	I came upon a spring hid in the shade:
I rested. Pebbles white as alabaster	I saw the pebbles, white as alabaster,
Shone up through green pale shadows of the fern.	Shine up through green pale shadows of the fern:
A woman at an ivied cottage-door,	And feared to soil them with the little cup
She lent a little cup:—how dear it was!	A woman lent me at a cottage door.
The long refreshing draught, unstained and cool!	

[AN IDYLL OF HADDON, 1861]	[AN IDYLL OF HADDON, 1886]
So on: so on. Awhile a reedy range	
Of flat misleads our brook to lose itself,	
And widen out, and part in little streams,	
Around a willowy isle with pebbly shore.	
But soon they meet: just where a rillet leaps	
To lend its aid, loud-gushing from the cliff.	
At last we part,—sweet brook and dusty feet.	My brook and I were parted, ere the noon:
	Too hard fate severs even dearest friends.
The heavy road winds up a steep-up hill;	You climb the steep hill and the heavy road,
And duller grows the gliding water's noise.	And lose the lingering sweetness by degrees.
A stillness strikes our fancy. Toiling on	The stillness charms your fancy, as you toil
Bend after bend, at last we gain the height.	Step after step, and gain the heights at last:
And while we lean a little, out of breath,	Then, to recover breath, you lean awhile
Against the wall of loosened stones, that makes	Against a wall of loosely-clinging stones,
A barrier from the dangerous steep, we see	That makes a barrier from the dangerous steep.
A silvery seeming braid of water lie	A narrow silvery braid of water lies
Beneath us, lined with woods of pine, and still	Gleaming below among the belts of pine.
As if we saw a picture; though it runs	That is our brook; and now it is as still
Noisy enough, over its rocky bed,	As if you saw a picture: yet it runs
If we were down to hear. It turns the hill	Noisily, too, if you were down to hear,
Suddenly, glances, and is lost to sight.	Over its rocky channel in the dell.
Then many a mile the road led labouring on	So many a mile the long road wound, away
Over the high hill-tops, and left the brook	Over the breezy summits of the hills.
To purl and curve a long and tortuous course.	I dipped by many a scar and furzy vale:
By many a scar and furzy vale you dipped.	And when at last I found my brook again,
And when at length once more it crossed our way,	I scarcely knew it, it had been so changed.
You scarcely knew your friend, grown wide and strong:	I found a clear stream, beautiful and strong,
	A haunt of wily anglers and the trout:
A glassy, sweeping stream, that washed the banks	That washed the brown earth from the roots and banks,
Away with it, and bared and trailed the boughs:	
A haunt the trout and wily anglers love.	And swayed the grass, and trailed the alder boughs:
So on with it you went, so glad to meet,	And found it gladly, as one finds a friend;
And hear the sweet and earnest song again:	And listened to its sweet and earnest song,
By cressy arch, and lowly cottage-doors	Past cress-loved arch, and lowly cottage doors
With trailing rose aglow.	With trailing rose aglow.

[AN IDYLL OF HADDON, 1861]	[AN IDYLL OF HADDON, 1886]
The sun had passed	And when the sun
His noonday height, and slanted slowly down	Had passed his noon, I gained a little town.
To westward seas, when I with weary steps	
Reached Bakewell village, Haddon two miles off.	
I rested. In the homely chimney nook	I found a quiet cozy chimney nook,
And sanded parlour of a cleanly inn,	In sanded parlour of a rustic inn,
Safe from the heat, and shadowed from the light,	Safe from the heat, and shadowed from the light,
I slept till sunset: only not before	And slumbered wearily till evening fell.
Much piled-up product of our English hills,	O welcome product of our English hills;
A fit repast for traveller hungry grown,	O fit repast for traveller hungry grown,
Had vanished from the merry landlord's board.	That vanished from the honest landlord's board,
	Before I slept,—let me recall you now!
There first a cloth of snowy white was spread,	There first a cloth of snowy white was spread,
Clean-washed and chaste, smoothed out from edge to edge;	Clean-washed and chaste, smoothed out from edge to edge;
And then a wheaten loaf, scarce cool, and cheese	And then a wheaten loaf, scarce cool, and cheese
Of primest taste, that rotted here and there	Of primest taste, that rotted here and there
To spots of blue; and butter creamy-white,	To spots of blue; and butter, pale as cream,
Or with a faintest tint of buttercups;	Or with the faintest tint of buttercups;
And cresses, green and fresh, wet from the brooks;	And cresses, green and fresh, wet from the brooks:
And froth of foaming ale, poured nigh a yard,	And froth of foaming ale, poured nigh a yard,
Through yielding air, from massy pitcher jug,	Through yielding air, from pitcher brown and old
That sparkled o'er a pewter, crowning all:	That sparkled o'er a pewter, crowning all.
A rare repast!	
So when the sun was set	'Twas when the sun was set behind the hills,
Behind the hills, and half a pale fair moon	And stars began to glimmer in the east,
Rose edging up the sombre grey, and stars	And half a pale coy phantom of a moon
Began to glimmer in the darkening east,	Stole forth between the twilight and grey sky,
I went to Haddon. Hills on either hand	I came on Haddon. Hills on either hand
Slope gently from the valley, clustered thick	Slope gently from the valley, broad and fair:
With sheltering wood: and threading through it goes	And there are pastoral fields, and thirsty herds
	Find water, and cool shadow by great elms.
Our brook, with many a wind and purling sweep,	Our stream, with many a purling sweep and curve
Washing the brown ash-roots about the banks.	
	Winds through it, lingering in its reedy pools.
And anglers here and there were winding home	Tired anglers here and there wandering home
To neighbour villages with line and rod	To neighbour villages, with line and rod
And basket. Sheep and cattle browsed in peace;	And basket. Sheep and kine browsed in deep peace,
Or lay in happy summer doze about	Or lay in summer doze about the knolls
The fruitful meads. At last I reached the bridge;	And fruitful meads. At last I reached the bridge,
And crossed at once into the old grey place.	And crossed the untrodden threshold of the Hall.

[AN IDYLL OF HADDON, 1861]	[AN IDYLL OF HADDON, 1886]
The steps are broken in the courts, and grass	The steps are broken in the courts, the grass
Is growing in each crevice of the stones.	Grows tall in many a crevice of the stones.
Of old they echoed with the horses' tread,	Of old they echoed with the horses' tread,
And busy din of hunt or festival:	And busy din of hunt or festival:
And merry skipping pages in and out	And merry skipping pages in and out
Came flitting gay; but these are like dreams now.	Went flitting blithe: now these are only dreams.
No ladies on white palfreys go to hawk,	No lady on white palfrey goes to hawk,
On summer mornings, through the dew-fresh woods:	On summer mornings, through the dew-fresh woods:
But only daws fly off and wheel at will,	But only daws fly off and wheel at will,
And settle on the turret tops again.	And settle on the turret tops again.
No colours gay gleam in the avenues:	No colours gay gleam in the avenues:
No soft-touched music on the terraces	No soft-touched music on the terraces
Is playing now; but yellow moonbeams fall	Is playing now: but yellow moonbeams fall
About the urns and ivy crawling cold.	About the urns and ivy crawling cold.
And I, a stranger, in the yew-shade deep,	And I, a stranger, in the dark yew-shade,
Muse on the old dead ways, and look and look	Muse on the old dead ways, and take my fill
On beauty time has made, and take my fill	Of other beauty, the still work of time,
Of oriels, and archways rude and sunk.	Sunk archways and grey crumbled oriels.
So mused I, thinking of old days and tales	Old days came back, old tales which I had read,
Perused in rich romance, and books of song,	In strange romances and in books of song;
And legends told, and scraps of history,	And legends and vague scraps of history,
Forgotten till that night, that came back new.	Forgotten till that hour, grew clear again.
And most of all my brooding fancy thought	And more than all my brooding fancy dreamed
Of Dora Vernon:—beautiful proud maid,	Of Dora Vernon:—beautiful and proud,
With long gold hair about her arched white neck,	With long gold hair about her white neck, arched
And stately step, and summer-tinted cheek,	Like empress lily, or soft necks of swans;
	With stately step, and cheeks, which, you could tell,
	The summer loved to fondle. Dora, she,—
Heiress of Haddon. She, with wayward will.—	Heiress of Haddon,—had a wayward will.
For young Sir John forsook his fathers' faith,	Now young Sir John forsook her father's faith,
And took the new creed in his heart and lips;—	And took the new creed in his heart and lips:
She, wanton girl, with heedless, wayward will,	But she, wild wanton, in her heedless way,
Loved this Sir John, in spite of his new creed.	Loved this Sir John, in spite of his new creed.

[AN IDYLL OF HADDON, 1861]	[AN IDYLL OF HADDON, 1886]
And so the staunch old lord forbade the match.	And so the staunch old Sire the match forbade.
And yet he was a brave good youth, for all	And yet he was a brave good youth, for all
The stern command; and sweet love is not forced.	The stern command; and none can bind sweet love:
So when he came,—on such a moonlight night	And if he came,—on such a moonlight eve
he came,—on such a moonlight night wonder if	As this, but darker, say,—could it be strange
Some brave lights lighted him besides the stars:	Some brave lights shone for him beside the stars?
A lamp; or, dearer still, his lady's eyes;	A lamp; or, dearer still, his lady's eyes;
Or her white hand, put out for him to kiss.	Or her white hand,—to kiss,—put out to him?
And so night after night they planned and planned;	And so 'twas night by night they planned and planned;
And at the last they laid a hopeful scheme.	And in the end matured a hopeful scheme.
The long saloon, where merry dancers kept	The long saloon, where merry dancers kept
The revel of bright looks and flitting feet,	Their revel of bright looks and flitting feet,
Till day put out the lamps,—you see it now;	Till day put out the lamps,—you see it now:
A desolate relic of its former self:—	A desolate relic of its former pride:—
Led at one end, beneath the arras rich,	Led at one end, beneath the arras folds,
Into a little ante-room, which had	Into a little ante-room, which had
A door to reach the terrace:—six or eight	A door to reach the terrace: eight or ten
Stone steps, and so you reached it. Then a wall	Stone steps,—and thus you reached it. Then a wall
Ran on a little way, and steps again	Ran on a little way, and steps again
Led up, quite hidden from the view; and down	Led higher, hidden from the view: at last
An avenue of trees the way turned off;	An avenue of trees the path decoyed,
Where you could walk unseen. Here he will stay,	Where you, unseen, could stroll. Here he will come
A guest unbidden, at the ball to-night.	To night, a guest unbidden, to the ball .
The dance is at its giddiest height; and she	The dance is at its giddiest whirl: the child,
Has, in a flutter of sweet thoughts and sad,	In stealthy flutter of sweet thoughts and sad,
Gladdened the old lord's hospitable eyes	Has cheered the old lord's hospitable eyes,
With mazy sweeps of grace, all night; but now	And charmed him with her grace all night; but now
Grows tired, you know; and, fanning her flushed cheeks,	Grows tired, you know; and, toying with her fan,
Under the arras slips away, to catch	Beneath the arras slips away, to breathe
A breath of cool air,—so the old man thinks;	The cooler air,—so the old man believes:
And strolls away with happy step, to greet	And, lifted up at heart, he strolls away,
	To hear the hearty laughter and the sport
His merry grouped retainers in the hall.	Of grouped retainers in the hall below.
There on the dais seat he takes his place;	He sits upon the dais in his place:
And laughs aloud, and warms his heart with wine.	He laughs at ease: he warms his heart with wine.

[AN IDYLL OF HADDON, 1861]	[AN IDYLL OF HADDON, 1886]
So while the giddy mazes of the dance	So while the ceaseless circles of the dance
Went to the music with accordant feet,	Curved to the music with accordant feet,
A minute in the ante-room she stayed;	A minute in the ante-room she stayed;
On tip-toe paused, death-still, sweet lips apart;	On tip-toe paused, sweet lips apart, death-still;
And listened, out of breath, if someone came:	And listened, and she knew she was alone.
Then gathered up her flowing silks, and passed	She gathered up her flowing silks, she passed
Through folding doors on tip-toe noiselessly,	On tip-toe, noiselessly, through folding doors,
With fairy-footed stress of slippered feet,	With fairy-footed stress of slippered feet,
Into the stillness of the silent night.	Into the stillness of the clouded moon.
Her long rich gown trails, rustling, as she treads	Her long rich gown trails, rustling, as she treads
Stealthily down the steps; the while her heart	Down the steps stealthily; her heart the while
Throbs wildly; and she pauses at their foot,	Throbs wildly: at their foot she pauses long.
In the old terrace walk, with fearful breath.	The old terrace walk is silent as a tomb.
Her small gloved hand rests on the balustrade,	Her small gloved hand rests on the balustrade,
White in the moonlight:—what a star is she!	White in the moon's pale gleam. O Haddon's star,
Shall such a star grow dim, yet not be missed?	And shall you not be missed, if you grow dim?
O Dora Vernon, pausing like a leaf,	O Dora Vernon, pausing like a leaf,
That flutters in the wind and then is still,	That flutters in the low wind and is still,
How start you at the chiming turret clock!	Why start you at the turret's sudden clang?
'Tis just the hour. The happy lover waits.	It is the hour: the happy lover waits:
Was that his voice? She steals along the wall;	She steals along the yew-shade and the wall.
Hastily stepping down the gravelled walk,	
Under the ancient yews; then up the steps;	
Glances in doubt along the path, that leads	She glances down the little path, that leads
Under the avenue of sycamores.	Beneath the sycamores, that sigh and sigh.
Over the little wall she sees his hand.	Over the little wall he leaps to ground.
Over the little wall he lifts her light.	Then, if the woodpaths favour, and the hour,
These are his arms! O bliss! across the grass	Bold lovers, ride away: the night is still.
A few quick steps,—the carriage waits not long.	
O lover brave, this is thy bride! she sinks	
In welcome arms: the carriage rolls away.	
And by-and-bye the gay old lord came up	And thus it happened, when the gay old lord
Out of the hall, and missed her from the dance.	Came from the hall, he missed her in the dance.
And half impatient grown he sent a maid,	And half impatient grown he sent a maid,
To say, "Will Dora Vernon hide their light	To say, "Can Dora Vernon hold it kind
From longing eyes so long; nor fill the void	To hide their light from wistful eyes so long?"
Her absence makes?" So then it all came out.	

[AN IDYLL OF HADDON, 1861]	[AN IDYLL OF HADDON, 1886]
For when the maid came back, and told her tale;—	And when the maid came back, and told her tale,—
The scattered rose-wreath, soiled with haste and heat;	Of scattered rose-wreath lying torn and soiled,
The empty little room, the open door,	Of open door and empty little room,
And on the terrace-walk a light fan dropt;—	And on the terrace-walk a lady's fan,—
The truth flashed blinding in the old man's eyes.	The truth flashed blinding in the old man's eyes.
"To horse!" he cried, "to horse! quick as the wind,	"To horse!" he cried, "To horse! and let the wind
Gallants, ride after them, and bring them back!"	Be not so fleet: and bring them me again!"
And in a trice the ladies gay were left	And in a trice the ladies were alone,
To cool their cheeks at leisure, gathered close	Cool their cheeks at leisure, whispering low.
In little clustered knots, with knowing eyes	In little clustering circles they recalled
And softened whispers low,—the gallants gone.	All they had seen, and all that they had heard,
	With voices voluble and glistering eyes.
It was a sight to see the grey-haired man	It was a sight to watch the grey-haired man
Pace in the hall, when they were in pursuit.	Pace in the hall: and you could plainly see
To see the anxious anguish in his face,	The look of anxious anguish in his face,
And sad reproachful sorrow of his eyes,	The keen, reproachful sorrow of his brow.
For her that wronged him so! Some bitter thoughts	The thought was bitter that she wronged him so.
Strove in his old heart, you might plainly see,	His brows were knit; his step was short and quick;
By his knit brow. One time he took quick strides,	
In anger not his wont, with hurried looks,	There gleamed unwonted anger in his eye:
About the hall: another time stopped short,	And then, with glance bewildered at them all,
And stared, forgetful: or, another time,	He leaned amid the wine-cups, and his face
Sore troubled to decide, yet sick to think,	Was hid obscurely in his trembling hands.
He threw him restless in the dais seat.	
But by and bye, you saw, things seemed to grow	But by and bye, you saw, things seemed to grow
More hopeful. Then he took a calmer tone,	More hopeful, and he took a calmer mood:
And seemed in doubt.—Till slow, so slow, at last	And then he seemed in doubt: till, in the end,
A smile broke like the sun on April days.	A smile broke from him like an April sun.
And quick as thought his servants summoning,	And quick as thought his servants summoning,
He gave command; and ill-concealed surprise	He gave command; and ill-concealed surprise
Lit up each face with joy, as out they went.	Confused each face with pleasure, as they heard.
And busy murmurs rose about the courts:	Along the courts a busy hum arose,
	As on the evening of a festival;
And through the painted windows, dim with saints,	And through the coloured windows, with their saints,
You saw the little chapel lighting up.	The little chapel lights gleamed one by one.
And when at length with haste and panting breath	And when at length, with blustering and hot haste,
The hot pursuers came; and Dora too,	The loud pursuers came, and Dora too,
And young Sir John; who at his feet knelt down,	And young Sir John, and at his feet knelt down,

[AN IDYLL OF HADDON, 1861]	[AN IDYLL OF HADDON, 1886]
To say, “Forgive us! O Sir, could we help?”	
Without a single word the old man took	Without a single word the old knight took
Their yielded hands in his; and led them out	Their yielded hands in his. He led them out
Across the great courtyard; and led them on;	Across the great courtyard. He led them on:
Followed by all the crowd of dames and knights	While dame and squire flocked round him to behold.
That flocked to see; and spake no word at all;	
But led them out; and never paused one step,	He led them on, and never paused a step,
Till they beside the lighted altar stood.	Till by the lighted altar he stood still.
And all that night the dance went merrier	And all that eve the dance went merrier
Than it had gone before; and all that night	Than it had gone before. And all that eve
They kept a marriage-feast; and from that night	A marriage-feast was kept. And from that eve
Lovers took hope.	Crossed lovers will grow wilful with sweet hope.
And so the tale is done;—	And so may happy issue, ere the close,
A happy ending! grant all lovers such!	Await us all, when fortune seems unkind.
And this is what I went to Haddon for,	
Or mostly for,—this tale that I tell you.	
And that sweet eve a rare delight it was	And that sweet eve it was a dear delight
To note each spot, and lean upon the stone	To note the spot, to lean upon the stone
Her fair hand pressed, or mossy steps her feet	Her fair hand pressed, or mossy steps her foot
Touched lightly once; and ever and anon	Touched lightly once; and ever and anon
Catch glimpses of her in the trees; and see	Catch glimpses of her in the trees; and see
The lights flash out upon the dark; and see	The lights flash out upon the dark; and watch
The little chapel lighted up; and hear	The little chapel lighted up; and hear
The music ring!—a rare delight it was!	The music ring!—Sweet hope, bless lovers still!
	So mused I, pondering on her golden hair:
So at the last I tore myself away:	The night had fallen, and the peacock screamed.
Passed through the cold damp hall, whose night-like gloom	I paused in the cold hall, but there were none
	Played music in the galleries. Nightlike gloom
And desolation seemed to press and creep	And desolation seemed to press and creep
About your face, and tingle in your ears.	About your face, and tingle in your ears.
Then o’er the bridge; while under willows, wrapped	The wicket grated with a mournful sound.
	I crossed the bridge: and under willows, wrapped
In clouded mist, that thickened in the vale,	In folding mist, that thickened in the vale,
The moonbeam-silvered earnest water seemed	The moonbeam-silvered earnest water seemed
Like fairy-land, with its enchanted sweep.	Of fairyland, enchanted. Who can tell
So on in haste; so to the little inn	What dreams came to me in the little inn,
In haste; all night to dream; then home next morn.	When slumber wreathed its poppies round my brows!

JOHN DE PLEDGE
LINES ON HADDON HALL
INCLUDED IN THE MUSE'S SCRIP: POEMS ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS, FAMILIAR AND DESCRIPTIVE, 1838.

John De Pledge dedicates his book of poetry to:

By Permission.
To The Honourable
Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley,
This Small Volume
of
Original Poems
is
Most Humbly And Respectfully Dedicated,
By Her Much Obliged
And Most Obedient Servant
J. De Pledge.

It is noted that Lady Emmeline Charlotte Stuart Wortley was the daughter of John Henry Manners, Fifth Duke of Rutland. She is the author of an 1834 poem of the same name, Lines On Haddon Hall, published in *The Keepsake* annual book. This poem in included in *Haddon Hall's Poems*.

LINES ON HADDON HALL

Poor Haddon! what can now be said?
Thy glory's prostrate with the dead:
What hand can paint thy noble style,
Thy present look, or former smile?
What tongue can tell what thou hast been,
Or pierce through nature's gone-by scene?
Thy present form, our stupid thought,
And wish to know from less than nought,
Thy history in the older time,
When grandeur was thine only shrine.

But how alas! shall I describe
Its ancient lord to latest tribe?
How shall I light the torch of thought,
Or fetch what is already brought?
How shall I kill what now is dead,
Or raise to life where life doth tread?
How shall I see what can't be seen,
Or spurn the torpor of a dream?

Alas! I have not power to tread
The secrets of the hidden dead;—
I have no converse with a god,
To tell which way their steps have trod.
I, as the rest, must view with ease,
And picture what the mind doth please:
Yet thought may range the distant glare,
And sketch its aspect with a care;
My eyes may view its present form,
And wonder at the heedless storm
That's swept its grandeur to abyss,
And buried what we now do miss;
Or left that page of history blank,
And clothed the rest as though unfrank;
Hid e'en the record of its fame,
Or spurned the transit of its shame;
Coiled up its fate with ruin's grasp,
And bound in dread oblivion's clasp;
Spoke by the chart of life's essay,
Unfeeling time, or transient day.

Yet, Haddon, thou art still alive;
Death doth not claim, thou yet mayst thrive,
A star yet shines to tell thy fate,
And show the image of thy state.
A thought yet swims the sluggish stream,
A voice yet owns the echoed scream;

A wish yet lives amidst the foam,
That thou mayst yet to grandeur roam.
Thine ancient look, and shattered state,
Yet tell the tale of better fate:
The leaf of time may yet regard;
Some wond'ring lord, some thoughtful bard,
May yet conceive the hidden smile,
To range its now deserted pile,
And look with pity on the work,
In which both time and ruin lurk.

A road may yet for thee be made,
To raise what now is left to fade,
And cause that former look to shine,
Though now all buried, yet sublime;
Its fashion, or its pitied doom,
Now hid in time's eternal gloom.
Though Haddon's sun hath ceased to shine,
Yet beauty holds the fairest line;
And should its sun ne'er shine again,
Its beauty will surpass the pen;
With age its honour will increase,
Till Haddon's walls shall have to cease.
And then, when stones no longer form,—
When time hath, by its vicious storm,
Hurled it from sight, and placed in nought,
The site of Haddon will be sought;
On history's page it ne'er can die;
Its name shall live,—stern time defy.

H. L.
HADDON HALL
INCLUDED IN ODIN SAGAS AND OTHER POEMS, 1882.

This slim volume by the anonymous H. L. was “Printed For Private Circulation.” Note that a ‘snood’ is a ‘net for confining a woman's hair, tied on at the back of the head.’

HADDON HALL

O’er Haddon, old secluded home
Of Vernon’s proud and royal race,
Romantic pile, I love to roam;
Its quiet quaint plaisaunce to pace.

Such memories sweet around it cling:
Each terraced path, each echoing room,
Each calls to mind the Peak’s stern King
Or graceful Dorothy’s fair bloom.

Alas! she loved full strong and true
A comely Knight of Rutland’s line:
In vain the maid would often sue
Her father’s leave for her design.

But he was stern and proud and old,
And saw it not with kindly eye;
’Twas all in vain, his looks grew cold,
Nor did his looks his mien belie.

Sir John, for so was called her swain,
Forbore but ill to urge his suit,
And Dorothy so torn in twain
Stood doubtful, which in time bore fruit.

For doubt in cases such as these
Full oft means only “yes” delayed.
A lady wooed, spite locks and keys,
Will not for long remain a maid.

There came a day, when stately crowds
Trod every gaily lighted room
Of Vernon's house; and night, that shrouds
All things, hid one act more in gloom.

Deep in a wood a black steed stood;
And on the road a man well cloaked;
A shadow hid beneath a snood,
Slipped through a casement left unyoked.

A random kiss, a quick embrace,
A shower of sparks, a horse's neigh;
And Haddon lost its choicest grace,
Nor Vernon more could say her nay.

MARY BALMANNO
A DREAM OF HOME
INCLUDED IN PEN AND PENCIL, 1858.

Mary Balmanno is the author of the widely reprinted 1828 poem Haddon Hall; the poem is included in *Haddon Hall's Poems*. A Dream Of Home makes scant reference to Haddon Hall. It is, however, accompanied by the illustration shown, and is thus included in the book.

Note the fays [fairies] gathering king-cups [buttercups] near the Wye river below Haddon Hall.

A DREAM OF HOME

Oh Mother! sacred! dear! in dreams of thee,
I sate, again a child beside thy knee;
Nestling amid thy robe delightedly.
And all was silent in the sunny room
Save bees that hummed o'er honeysuckle bloom.

I gazed upon thy face, so mild—so fair—
I heard thy holy voice arise in prayer;
Oh Mother! Mother! thou thyself wert there!
Thou, by the placid brow, the thoughtful eye,
The clasping hand, the voice of melody.

I clung around thy neck, the tears fell fast—
Like rain in summer, yet, the sorrow passed—
And smiles more beautiful than e'en the last
Played on thy lip, dear Mother! such it wore
To bless our happy home in days of yore.

Then, wild and grand arose my native hills:
I heard the rush of torrents, and the trills
Of birds that hymn the sun; the charm that fills
Old Haddon's vales, and haunts its river side
What time the fays pluck king-cups by its tide.

Methought 'twas hawthorn time—the blooming May—
For o'er far plains bright figures seemed to stray
Gathering the buds, and calling me away.
I waked—but ah! to weep: no eye of thine,
Sweet Mother! shed its gentle light on mine.

JAMES MUDDOCK
DID DOROTHY VERNON ELOPE?

James Muddock, author of *Doll: A Dream of Haddon Hall* (1880) and *Sweet Doll of Haddon Hall* (1903), was a strong believer in the truth of the Dorothy Vernon - John Manners elopement story. Following is his conclusion, contained in an excerpt from his 1907 book, as he guided the reader to an appreciation of this romantic legend.

"The fine old mansion, Haddon Hall, is one of Derbyshire's lions. It has been visited by thousands of people, attracted thither by the love story. It will in time to come be visited by hundreds of thousands—millions more, and they may go with the sweet assurance that Dorothy Vernon was a beautiful woman; that she was secretly wooed by John Manners; that she fled with him one moon-light night to Aylestone, there was nowhere else in broad England they could have gone to with the same certainty of being well received, and experiencing no difficulty in carrying out their matrimonial plans. It was a great marriage for the moneyless son of the Earl. It brought him wealth and power, and wealth to those who came after him. It has stamped his name on the pages of history, and it has thrown a charm over the old feudal mansion which has been the scene of many a stirring story which was forgotten when the actors in it died.

But this true romance of Dorothy Vernon has put life into dead stones, and endowed the home of the Vernons with an interest that will never die as long as human nature is what it is. Haddon and Dorothy Vernon—Dorothy the beautiful—are indissolubly connected, and those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, may see her ghost leaning out of her chamber window; and hear her maiden sighs as she dreams of her absent lover. And if you put the question to the mouldering tapestry, and the decaying stones:—

Did Dorothy Vernon elope? They will answer yes. The babbling Wye as it flows past the old Hall will shout the answer back to you; and the winds that come softly up the valley, and talk to the old trees, will repeat the answer, and tell you that beyond all doubt:

DOROTHY VERNON DID ELOPE!"

SOURCES:

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William Burt Harlow: *A Score of Sonnets*, 1906.

Historical Manuscripts Commission: *The Manuscripts of His Grace The Duke of Rutland, K.G. preserved at Belvoir Castle. Vol. IV.*, 1905.

Mary Emmeline Manners: *The Bishop and The Caterpillar and Other Pieces*, 1892.

James Muddock: *Did Dorothy Vernon Elope?*, 1907.

James Muddock: *Dorothy Vernon - 'Doll' - A Dream of Haddon Hall*, 1880 & 1890.

Max Pemberton: *The Lady Evelyn*, 1906.

Dorothy Riden: *The Autobiography of Leonard Wheatcroft of Ashover, 1627-1706* in *A Seventeenth-Century Scarsdale Miscellany*, 1993.

Bert Leston Taylor: *A Line-o'-Verse or Two*, 1911.

A. E. Watkin: *Absalom Watkin: Extracts From His Journal 1814-1856*, 1920.

Leonard Wheatcroft: *The Reliquary*, 1866. Also *Derbyshire In Prose and Verse*, 1929.

PORTRAIT OF DOROTHY VERNON

There have been five reported instances of sightings of portraits in Haddon Hall which could be that of Dorothy Vernon. **The latest sighting** was by a Derbyshire lady who states that:

> "I'm intrigued about the portrait [illustrated in An Afterword - Volume II]. I clearly remember seeing a small portrait that was cautiously labeled 'said to be Dorothy Vernon' or some such wording when I went to Haddon with my parents in the late 1970s or early 1980s. I really can't remember what it looked like except small and darkish. I just assumed it would still be there. It's years since I've been [to Haddon Hall]."

This editor has not seen such a picture during a number of visits in recent years; nor does the guidebook refer to one. It may, however be hanging on the wall of one of the rooms which have recently been closed to the public (presumably closed due to requirements to traverse dangerous stairways and passageways). It is assumed the portrait has been considered by recent Dukes of Rutland not to have sufficient provenance to be claimed as that of Dorothy Vernon.

The first sighting was in May of 1817. Absalom Watkin (1787-1861) kept a personal journal. It was edited and published by his great-grandson in 1920 under the title ABSALOM WATKIN: EXTRACTS FROM HIS JOURNAL 1814-1856. The journal contains an account of his visit to Haddon Hall in May of 1817. Watkin wrote the following:

"At Haddon, our conductress was a respectable-looking woman well stricken in years, whose grey hair, old-fashioned print gown, precise clean appearance and rather mumbling speech were perfectly in unison with the objects she pointed out to us. ...

"Among the pictures we saw that of the lady by whose marriage with Sir John Manners this house and the estates came from the family of Vernon into that of Rutland. We learnt that the gallant Sir John stole her away, and that the door through which she passed was fastened up and has never been opened since."

It is noted that this journal entry predates Allan Cunningham's 1822 KING OF THE PEAK as the earliest recorded mention of a possible elopement. As such it becomes the earliest written record of the famous elopement. The 'conductress' was undoubtedly Dorothy Hage, wife of caretaker William Hage. A more detailed description will be provided later on.

The second sighting was by James Muddock, author of DOROTHY VERNON - 'DOLL' - A DREAM OF HADDON HALL. In the first edition, 1880, he includes a picture with the notation: "This portrait is an authentic likeness of Dorothy when a girl. It is copied by permission from an old oil painting in possession of his Grace The Duke of Rutland."

Later editions include the following notation dated 1890:

"A local Journalist residing in Buxton, who writes under a *non de plume* for a Sheffield paper, has had the presumption since the last edition of 'Doll' was published to put forth a claim to be considered the discoverer of the portrait which forms the frontispiece to this little work. As this absurd claim, the outcome of silly vanity, has not the slightest foundation in fact, I will here give the true story of how the picture was brought to light.

"For a number of years it hung on the wall of the parlour in the little cottage occupied then by the widow of Travis Bath, the caretaker of the Hall. During one of my many visits to Haddon, Mrs Bath told me that the picture had come out of the Hall with a lot of 'other rubbish.' From the worm-eaten frame I was led to believe that it was very old, and on examining the canvas, which was black with the dust and grime of ages, I detected masses of auburn hair and traces of a ruff. With Mrs Bath's permission I subsequently took the picture down, carried it into the sunshine, and sponged it with soap

and water, the result being that I brought to light a sweet womanly face, which, from all I had heard of Dorothy Vernon, struck me as being that of the celebrated beauty.

"I at once communicated with the late Duke of Rutland, asking his permission to photograph it, and also suggesting that the canvas should be sent to London to be restored. In a courteous letter the Duke gave me the permission I sought, and said he would have the picture examined, and if it was considered authentic it should be restored. I therefore commissioned Mr Bentley, the leading photographer of Buxton, to photograph it. This was done in the garden of the cottage, and the negative, showing the obliteration of the portrait by dirt and stains, and the old worn-eaten frame, is still in my possession.

"From that negative, Mr Alfred S Thomson, the well known engraver of Edinburgh, made the frontispiece which adorns my book. Subsequently, I learned that His Grace The Duke of Rutland, being convinced of the authenticity of the oil painting, had it restored, and I understand it now hangs on the walls of Belvoir Castle. I may, therefore, fairly claim to have rescued sweet Dorothy's portrait from obscurity and neglect."

The third sighting was by Mary Emmeline Manners in her 1892 book of poetry. Miss Manners was no relation to the Manners family of Haddon Hall. The poem DOROTHY appears to be written after 1880 when the portrait was rediscovered by James Muddock and before 1890 when Muddock reports the portrait to be at Belvoir Castle. The relevant portions are excerpted below (the complete poem being in Volume 2):

The ivy twines round the turrets
Of stately Haddon Hall,
But Dolly's face, with its girlish grace,
Still smiles from the old oak wall.

* * * *

And the old stone stair still standeth,
And the picture hangs on the wall,
To prove without fail the truth of my tale
Of the heiress of Haddon Hall!

Frank Halleday Cheetham, in his 1903 book HADDON HALL: BEING NOTES ON ITS ARCHITECTURE AND HISTORY, states about the portrait:

"What purports to be an authentic portrait of Dorothy Vernon when a girl is published as a frontispiece to Mr. Muddock's *Doll: A Dream of Haddon Hall*. For the history of that portrait, and its claims to authenticity, I must refer the reader to Mr. Muddock's little book, merely observing that the picture shews a face certainly more attractive than that on the monument at Bakewell, but whether it is that of 'one of the most beautiful of all beautiful women' is a question on which I would rather not have to give an opinion. But allowance must be made for the portraiture of the time."

Cheetham previously stated his disbelief of the entire legend and does not wish to waste any effort to pursue the provenance of the portrait. Since he is tireless in seeking out other details about Haddon Hall, it must be concluded that he does not believe the portrait could be that of Dorothy Vernon.

James Muddock wrote the booklet DID DOROTHY ELOPE? in 1907. Muddock makes a strong argument to prove that the Dorothy Vernon and John Manners elopement was an actual historical occurrence. However, nowhere does he allude to the portrait which he found some twenty-five years before. This is surprising as it would strengthen his position. It must be concluded that Muddock discovered there was substantial doubt in his original conclusion, which it would be better to ignore.

The fourth sighting was by George Griffins, author of A HISTORY OF TONG, SHROPSHIRE, WITH NOTES ON BOSCOBEL. In the second edition, 1894, he includes a picture with the notation: "Margaret and Dorothy Vernon, daughters of Sir George Vernon, Lord of Tong, and King of the Peak, must not be omitted from mention among the Ladies of Tong, as the story of their lives is interwoven with the annals of their time. The portrait of Dorothy is sketched by Miss Gertrude M. Bradley, from a painting in the Porter's Lodge at Haddon, by kind permission given to me by the Duke of Rutland."

This sighting would seem to vindicate Misters Cheetham and Muddock in their hesitancy to give unquestioned credence to a specific portrait. It is not clear what conclusions were reached by the Duke of Rutland.

DOROTHY HAGE

William and Dorothy Hage were caretakers of Haddon Hall for upwards of fifty years until about 1840. Most accounts of visits to Haddon Hall tell of being escorted about the grounds by one of the caretakers, many specify the Hage name. Nearly everyone came away with the same tale of the Dorothy Vernon elopement and how she escaped by way of Dorothy Vernon's Door. Dorothy Hage was undoubtedly instrumental in spreading the story, in which many others have argued over its details and actual occurrence.

Mary Balmanno, author of PEN AND PENCIL, tells of such a visit in her 1858 book. It would have taken place between 1825 (death of Duchess of Rutland) and 1840 (death of the Hages). The most likely year would be 1828, when Balmanno wrote the poem HADDON HALL for the BIJOU ANNUAL. The visit contains a rare detailed description of Dorothy Hage:

"Until within the last few years one of the chief attractions of Haddon Hall was Mistress Dorothy Hage, its hereditary and most honoured housekeeper, whose fine antique appearance corresponded so completely with the old feudal pile of which she was the tutelary guardian and cicerone, that she seemed to those whom she attended in that capacity, more like one of the old family pictures reanimated, than a personage of flesh and blood. Tall and gaunt, with aquiline features, clear brown complexion, and eyes like a mountain eagle, Mistress Dorothy, who in her youth had been very handsome, still retained at a very advanced age many of the tricks of beauty: bridling her long neck, and casting down her eyes with a meek purring look, when pleased, or flashing awful glances of scorn and displeasure at those who dared to undervalue anything that had belonged to the Ver-nons, which name pronounced by her in two prolonged syllables in a sonorous tone was truly imposing, the ear vibrated beneath its weight, as with a solemn cadence, it perpetually recurred in the slow and measure description which, in raven tones, she was wont to give of the former glories of Haddon.

"Quaintly habited in long wasp-waisted gown with stiff skirt of great amplitude, having on her head a small Phrygian shaped bonnet or cowl of black silk, and holding in her hand a bunch of strange-looking keys, she walked with erect figure before the stranger through the old halls and courts of Haddon, like one of its former inhabitants. A few pithy words oracularly delivered, with an occasional lifting of the long, lean arm to point out some object under description, included all her display of oratory.

"Woe to the thoughtless maiden who should be observed snipping a morsel of fringe or tapestry to carry home as a relic; woe to the reckless youth who should presume to *race* through the Long Gallery. These were

offences which bore down her philosophy, and invariably resulted in the summary and ignominious ejectment of the culprit. Her phraseology was peculiar. The late beautiful and highly-gifted Duchess of Rutland, with whom she was a great favourite, was always styled by her ‘Our *Dame* the Duchess,’ and the duke, ‘Our *Master* the Duke.’ This fine old specimen of feudal attachment and honest worth, died at a very advanced age at Haddon, —having never been more than a few miles from it in the whole course of her life.”

THE LADY EVELYN, A NOVEL BY MAX PEMBERTON, 1906.

On the opposite page is an illustration from THE LADY EVELYN. It shows Lady Evelyn Forrester in the arms of her lover, architect Gavin Ord. In the background is Melbourne Hall of Derbyshire, residence of Evelyn and her father the Third Earl of Melbourne. The date is the present, 1906. Pemberton has created a fictitious Melbourne Hall very similar to Haddon Hall during the peak of the Haddon Hall book and play phenomenon.

Gavin Ord came to Derbyshire to "save the stately Melbourne Hall from its only enemy—time. ... He stood to contemplate the jagged line of building and battlement, chapel, tower and stable, which his hand should snatch from the greedy hand of time. ... He had walked across the park with slow steps and come to the narrow bridge of five Roman arches which spanned the shallow river. ... When a footman opened to him, he discovered that Melbourne Hall was a building about a quadrangle and that its main door admitted him no farther than to the great square court of which the chapel and banqueting hall were the chief ornaments.

"Gavin found himself in the banqueting hall, an old Tudor apartment he had admired in many pictures but now entered for the first time. The banners of three centuries hung in tatters from its oaken ceiling; the musicians' gallery stood as it was when fiddle and harp made music there for the seventh Henry. ... They mounted a broad staircase, and passing through a dainty little room, entered the superb long gallery which is the very masterpiece of Melbourne Hall: the vast length of this, its glorious ceiling, the carvings in geometric tracery, the embrasured windows, the bays, the ingles."

Melbourne Hall is situated between Matlock and Derby. In addition to their physical similarities, Lady Evelyn "had known Haddon Hall [near Bakewell] all her life, and every bit of that splendid ruin, every tree in the old park, every glade in the gardens were familiar to her." Evelyn runs away from her quiet life to spend time in London. There, under an assumed name, she joins a theatre group and lands a starring role as Dorothy Vernon in a new production of *Haddon Hall*.

Pemberton has his characters verbalize what many would have thought of the new phenomenon: "The cynics of the halfpenny evening papers were among the few who denounced the drama before they had seen it, '*Haddon Hall* on the stage again—why,' said they, 'there have been twenty Di Vernons in our time and why should this Di Vernon find mercy?' "

But the combination of the upper class mistress of Melbourne Hall with the love of Haddon Hall's antiquity allows Lady Evelyn to carry the day: "The scene was that of the Long Gallery of Haddon; the episode, a midnight meeting between Dorothy and her lover. Dressed in spotless white with the softest black hair tumbling about her almost to her knees, young and supple limbs moving elegantly, a face that Reynolds might have loved to paint, a voice that was music to hear—nevertheless all these physical attributes were speedily forgotten in the sincerity of Evelyn's acting and the human feeling which animated it. Here was one who loved every stone which the quivering [scenery] canvas attempted to portray; who had wandered abroad often in its stately park, who spoke the tongue of three centuries ago more naturally than her own, who had been so moved by this story of Di Vernon's life that she gave her very soul to its retelling"

THE LADY EVELYN is unique in that it uses Haddon Hall and Dorothy Vernon as a backdrop to tell an entirely different story. Evelyn's father, Robert Forrester, has recently become Lord Melbourne on the death of a cousin. He has had a mysterious past, the result being that a young man, Count Odin, from Romania is seeking the elusive Forrester to right wrongs done to the Count's father years ago. The nefarious Count Odin finds the Forresters in London and falls in love with Evelyn and her inheritance while harassing the Earl of Melbourne. As can be seen from the illustration, Lady Evelyn and the architect Gavin Ord are reunited at the end; Count Odin had been killed in a duel by the brother of the gypsy girl whom the Count had deserted for Evelyn. [There is a Melbourne Hall in Derbyshire, but it neither physically resembles nor has a history similar to that in the novel.]

THE LADY EVELYN demonstrates the widespread familiarity of the British public with the story of Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall. Max Pemberton would not have written such a novel had he not been assured that his readers would immediately understand the Derbyshire background of Lord Melbourne and his Lady Evelyn.

BERT LESTON TAYLOR
TO A TALL SPRUCE
INCLUDED IN A LINE-O'-VERSE OR TWO, 1911.

Bert Leston Taylor (1866-1921) was an American humorist, poet, and author. He writes in the introduction to his book "For the privilege of reprinting the rimes gathered here I am indebted to the courtesy of the *Chicago Tribune* and *Puck*, in whose pages most of them appeared.

"One reason for rounding up this fugitive verse and prisoning it between covers was this: Frequently—more or less—I receive a request for a copy of this jingle or that, and it is easier to mention a publishing house than to search through ancient and dusty files.

"The other reason was that I wanted to."

This poem is placed after THE LADY EVELYN because it continues the thought of '*Haddon Hall* again—why there have been twenty Di Vernons in our time.'
Taylor unflatteringly groups the romance of Dorothy Vernon with—
LAZARRE: a romantic historical novel, 1901, by Mary Catherwood
GRAUSTARK: a fictional country in Europe which is the setting for several novels of romance and intrigue, 1901-1927, by George McCutcheon
STOVEPIPE OF NAVARRE: a novel published in 1902.

Note Taylor's rhyming scheme. The second and fourth lines of each quatrain become the first and third lines of the next quatrain. And the fourth and second lines of the final quatrain become the first and third lines of the opening quatrain.

TO A TALL SPRUCE

Pride of the forest primeval,
Peer of the glorious pine,
Doomed to an end that is evil,
Fearful the fate that is thine!

Peer of the glorious pine,
Now the landlooker has found you,
Fearful the fate that is thine—
Fate of the spruces around you.

Now the landlooker has found you,
Stripped of your beautiful plume—
Fate of the spruces around you—
Swiftly you'll draw to your doom.

Stripped of your beautiful plume,
Bzzng! into logs they will whip you.
Swiftly you'll draw to your doom;
To the pulp mill they will ship you.

Bzzng! into logs they will whip you,
Lumbermen greedy for gold.
To the pulp mill they will ship you.
Hearken, there's worse to be told!

Lumbermen greedy for gold
Over your ruins will caper.
Hearken, there's worse to be told:
You will be made into paper!

Over your ruins will caper
Murderous shavers and hooks.
You will be made into paper!
You will be made into books!

Murderous shavers and hooks
Swiftly your pride will diminish.
You will be made into books!
Horrible, horrible finish!

Swiftly your pride will diminish.
You will become a romance!
Horrible, horrible finish!
Fate has no sadder mischance.

You will become a romance,
Filled with "Gadzooks!" and "Have at you!"
Fate has no sadder mischance;
It would ring tears from a statue.

Filled with "Gadzooks!" and "Have at you!"
You may become a "Lazarre"—
(It would ring tears from a statue)—
"Graustark," "Stovepipe of Navarre."

You may become a "Lazarre";
Fate has still worse it can turn on—
"Graustark," "Stovepipe of Navarre,"
Even a "Dorothy Vernon"!

Fate has still worse it can turn on—
Lower you cannot descend;
Even a "Dorothy Vernon"!—
That is the limit—the end.

Lower you cannot descend
Doomed to an end that is evil,
That *is* the limit—the *end!*
Pride of the forest primeval.

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.

The first edition of the libretto contains three verses for IN DAYS OF OLD. Subsequent editions of the libretto and all editions of the Vocal Score, however, contain two verses for the song: the middle verse has been excised. Shown here is the original complete song.

IN DAYS OF OLD

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!

In time gone by,
A man would die
For his king and his country's sake;
Then eyes of blue
Spoke a Saxon true,
Who feared neither sword nor stake;
Then laughing love made glad the earth,
And men were not ashamed of mirth,
And loud the table's roar;
For breath was breath
And death was death
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.

LEONARD WHEATCROFT

AN ELEGY

INCLUDED IN THE BALLADS & SONGS OF DERBYSHIRE, 1867.

Leonard Wheatcroft (1627-1706), the son of a tailor, worked as a parish clerk, teacher, alehouse keeper, and carpenter, in addition to writing poetry. He produced an autobiography which covers his life up to 1701. He resided in Ashover, Derbyshire and achieved local prominence in his time.

AN ELEGY consists of nineteen verses, recalling a number of the "greatest Gentry" of Derbyshire. This includes "John Manners" of "Haddon." The poem was written in 1672; John Manners the eighth Earl of Rutland and the grandson of Dorothy Vernon was alive until 1679. Therefore the John Manners referred to in the poem was her husband, who died in 1611. Wheatcroft mistakenly implies he was also an Earl.

Included here are the first five and the last two verses. Verses four and five pertain to John Manners. The verses in-between refer to divers gentry scarcely known to the present day reader.

The introduction is by Wheatcroft and is part of the poem, as is "(within this place)." Wheatcroft refers to "Darley-Dalle." This would be Darley Dale, a town near Matlock.

AN ELEGY

Upon the Death of all the greatest Gentry in Darley-Dalle, who loved Hunting and Hawking, and several other Games. The Poet's view, well known to you, to be too true, and so adieu, by me Leo W, 1672.

As I on Oker Hill, one day did stand
Viewing the world which I could not command,
I turned my face toward Birchover partly west,
To view where Greaveses used to have their nest;
But out, alas! I found they were all gone,
Not one was left to rest against a stone.

Then looking forward, the coast being very clear,
At Row Tor, there I found one Adam Eyre [1614-1661];
But now he's gone, left house and land behind him,
So to be short I know not where to find him;
But if any counsellor can make it out,
He'st have his land and I will go without.

I'll up to Hassop to hear them sing a mass,
There I shall know who made the old man pass;
Death made it wrong, I sent him to purgatory,
Where he must stay till he be fit for glory;
But if there by such a place 'twixt this and heaven,
I fear he cannot pass, 'tis so uneven.

Then did I to my panting muses say,
Haste and begone, you shall no longer stay (within this place);
Haste and begone, upon Carlton top your banners,
And call at Haddon, where lived old John Manners,
O use him kindly I strictly you command,
For he was kind to the poor of England.

But now he's gone, like others hence away,
Then for another Earl like him ever pray,
That will be kind both unto Rich and Poor,
Then God Almighty will increase his store,
And bless him here upon this earthly throne,
And at the last call him one of his own.

* * * * * * *

I will return unto my hill again,
And cause my muses to sing out a strain,
And that in mourning too she shall be dressed,
To sing new anthems of the very best.
And thus you see in a few days how they
Are all gone hence and turned to dirt and clay.

Farewell you Huntsmen that did hunt the hare,
Farewell you Hounds that tired both horse and mare,
Farewell you gallant Falkners [falconers] every one,
The chief of all did live at Snitterton.
So to conclude both great and small,
Those that are left, the Lord preserve them all.

The Autobiography of Leonard Wheatcroft of Ashover made its first public appearance in 1890. There is difficulty in the interpretation of Wheatcroft's handwriting, spelling, word usage and continuity of thought. The most recent edition is by Dorothy Riden in *A Seventeenth-Century Scarsdale Miscellany* published in 1993 by the Derbyshire Record Society.

In his autobiography, Wheatcroft refers to "My son Leo and I went to Haddon where we stayed all night and gave unto them some verses of the death of that honourable Lord, John Manners [grandson of Dorothy Vernon], Earle of Rutland, as you may find them, among several others, in my Book of Poetry." It is not clear whether Wheatcroft's *The Art of Poetry; or Come, ye Gallants, Look and Buy, Here is Mirth and Melody* was ever published; or exists only in its manuscript form in the Derbyshire Record Office in Matlock. Presented below is this editor's interpretation of the manuscript. Note that Wheatcroft's anagram interchangeably uses **J** for I and **U** for V.

John Manners, grandson of Dorothy Vernon, died September 29, 1679. It appears that he was moved from Haddon Hall on October 23, 1679 to be interred at Bosworth.

DEATH OF JOHN MANNERS, 1679

An anagram upon that most noble and honourable Peer of England, John Manners, Earl of Rutland, who departed this life Sep. 29, 1679.

He went from Haddon October the twenty-three
In seventy-nine; at Bosworth now lies he.

I [**J**] wonder death thou conqueror of man,
Of woman, child, and infants,—but a span,
How thou dare come with thy bare bones in sight
Now for to take from us so great a wight.

May I the smallest of all poets make bold—
Amongst all Earls and Lords make him [Wheatcroft] enrolled
Now to speak true, what I did here to see,
None equalize, in all our peaceful country.
Earls, Lords and Esquires, I hope will second me
Raising his praise to all posterity,
Shall I declare his Honourable Birth,

Expressing what a man he was on earth,
Amongst his neighbors who can parallel [show equal qualities]:
Rare of behavior in charity, excel,
Loving to all, especially the poor,
Either by night or day that came to his door.

Of all the Earls and Lords in Derbyshire,
For Christmas sake, I can extol none higher.

Rich in his choice, as I of her have said,
V[**U**]enus she were, in love, at board, and bed.
Then let all friends and mourners everywhere
Lament and say "Farewell fair England's peer."
And he is gone, like others hence away;
Now for another Earl like him we pray
Desiring God, that he that's left behind him
may prosper well, then he will one day find him.

The Autobiography of Leonard Wheatcroft of Ashover includes a later trip to Haddon Hall in 1696 to visit the next earl of Rutland, Dorothy Vernon's great grandson, also named John Manners. This John Manners was created the first Duke of Rutland in 1703.

"My next journey was to the Earl of Rutland's, the hearing of my poetry there desired that I would come to Haddon of my Lord's birthday and with all give his Honour some verses upon the same which I did, it being May 29, 1696, his age being then 58. His Honour being then no little pleased with them, and all that nobility besides, gave us rare entertainment and something besides."

BIRTHDAY OF JOHN MANNERS, 1696

These upon the thrice noble and virtuous John Manners, Earl of Rutland's Birthday being May 29, 1696—Aged 58.

Stand up brave Earl thou art of Noble Blood,
Your Ancestors were all for the Kingdom's good,
From Montagu's [his mother's family] loins you did proceed to spring.
A truer subject [Manners] never had a King.

But to be sure my poor ambition is,
To make my pen this quivering paper kiss.
Which is not worthy for to touch your hand,
Who is so great a peer of England,
This is not all that I have here to say,
A line or two of your own birth day.

Which was upon sweet May twenty-nine.
When you was born and wrapped in linen fine,
A first born son, and key adored brother.
O at this present where is such another.

Then bless be God you may sing and say.
Amongst your friends, this is your joyful day.
That you are pleased to sport, rejoice and sing.
For masques and chorales, and rich banqueting
Showing your bounty to all that come here
In sack and claret, and rare bottle beer.
That after ages may have cause to say,
A noble Earl was born as on this day.
Then let's with him, rejoice with joy and mirth,
That we have such a peer to trade on earth,
Who is of age as I was lately told
No more not less, but fifty-eight years old.

JOHN HENRY MANNERS
THE MANUSCRIPTS OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF RUTLAND PRESERVED AT BELVOIR CASTLE, 1905.

John Henry Manners, Fifth Duke of Rutland, was born January 4, 1778. He succeeded to the title at the age of nine in 1787. He enjoyed the title for seventy years, until his death in 1857. He, 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.

Following is an excerpt from records of the Dukes of Rutland. It pertains to the celebration of John Henry Manners' twenty-first birthday, the age at which he attained his majority and exerted sole control over the Rutland fortunes. The opulence of the occasion may thus be understood.

The author of the entries is George Fillingham (1774-1850). His father, William, was steward to the Duke of Rutland. Upon William's death in 1795, George took over his father's duties and became agent to the Duke of Rutland. The entries follow; The ones dated December 30, January 5, January 13 were written to a Joseph Hill, presumably another assistant to the Duke. The list of expenses of January 4 was either written to the Duke or was written by the Duke.

1798, December 30. Bakewell.—I have altered the disposition I had made in the rooms at Haddon Hall. The tenants are to dine on the ground floor, the gentlemen in the room first intended, and the long room is reserved for the ball in the evening. Most of the gentlemen and ladies invited purpose attending, and the populace is expected to be very numerous.

At the whole business would have been very flat without music, and none being to be had nearer, I have ventured to engage the military band of the Sheffield Volunteer Corps.

I send you the toasts I suppose will be proper on the occasion.

Overleaf. List of toasts.

The King.

Health, long life and prosperity to the Duke of Rutland.

Three times three.

The Duchess of Rutland and family.

Three times three.

The Duke of Beaufort. Do [Ditto].

Mr. Pitt. Three cheers.

The Navy and Army.

The Duke of Devonshire.

1799, January 4. Expenses of the celebration of his Grace the Duke of Rutland's birthday at Haddon Hall on this date.	£	s	d
Setting up fire-places and coppers, fitting up the Hall, preparing a place for roasting four oxen and sixteen sheep and distributing them and 40 hogsheads of ale to the populace.	89	0	0
Glasses, lemons and confectionary.	8	5	0
Platters, mugs, punch bowls and other pots.	8	16	4
4 dozen pewter spoons, 17 punch ladles at 7d, and 6 pairs of snuffers at 5d.	1	1	5
3 packs of cards.	0	11	6
Coals and carriage from Cromford.	35	0	0
4 Scotch oxen, about 45 stone each.	44	0	0
16 sheep and 'meat'.	49	7	2.5
Flour.	18	19	6
Groceries, currants and raisins, candles and ironmongery.	24	8	7
Butter, eggs, biscuit, milk and cream, and 84 pounds of yeast at 3d.	5	1	0
Duke of Devonshire's keeper, fees for a doe.	1	3	6
100 pecks of oatmeal.	5	0	0
Bread, salt, etc.	2	17	0
Carriage of goods, messengers, printing, matting and miscellaneous items.	15	19	11.25
Six kits that were borrowed and stolen.	1	10	0
Wine, spirits and dinner for the gentlemen's table, 78. Tea, coffee, etc.	112	7	8
4 hogsheads of ale.	135	0	0
Carriage of ditto from Newark, and the casks back.	14	0	0

	£	s	d
SERVANTS.			
Thos. Short and Co., 29 turnspits and 3 fire-menders, at 1s 6d.	3	4	0
Jos. Pheasey and Co., 26 guards, grooms, etc. at 2s 6d.	3	5	0
John Brown and Co., 4 ale-kit fillers and 2 bread-cutters at 1s 6d.	0	9	0
Waiters, porters, and turnspits in the Hall.	2	11	6
Ben Wildgoose, tapster, broaching and corking barrels.	1	10	0
George Taylor and Co. baking bread, thirty dozen of 9 pound loaves, oat cakes and dinner.	2	12	8
The band belonging to the Sheffield Volunteer Corps, 16 in number, from home three days and expenses.	26	5	0
John Morton, care of lamps and returning them to Chatsworth.	1	1	0
Bakewell ringers.	3	3	0
Youlgreave ringers.	2	2	0
Total [both pages]	618	12	6.75

It is noted that the above costs total £618 11s 9.75d, which is a difference of 9d. One may only conjecture where the error may lie.

1799, January 5. Bakewell.—The celebration of the Duke of Rutland's birthday at Haddon Hall yesterday went off very well, and much good humour, pleasure and satisfaction appeared amongst the gentlemen and ladies, the tenants and the populace. The number of gentlemen that dined was about seventy [list of expenses count shows 78], and about a hundred and thirty gentlemen and ladies attended the ball-room in the evening, which had a very good effect in promoting harmony and sobriety. The ball commenced dancing with thirty-five couples. The tenants who dined were about two hundred and fifty in number, and the populace were computed to be about ten thousand. And I believe all who wished to be drunk were so, which comprised a considerable number, and I do not hear of the least accident having happened saving a few bruises from boxing, with the loss of hats and shoes.

Thinking it necessary that some lady should preside at the ball, I asked Mrs. Thornhill to do so, who willingly acquiesced.

Samuel Holmes, one of the tenants, sang a song of his own composing, which was received with shouts of applause, and of which I enclose a copy.

Enclosing, the song above mentioned.

(It has seven verses, of which the following are specimens:—)

The Manners who wedded brave Vernons rich, here
At Haddon supported the same bonny fare;
For when the Knight noble had bowed to Death's call
They kept up the same swigging at brave Haddon Hall.

No paltry distinction appeared at their Board,
Their servants sat swigging as big as their Lord;
Their knives were well whetted, and chained to their stools
Leather bottles and horns stood for cheany fine bools [china fine bowls].

Chorus—And sing Honor to brave worthy Britons.

1799, January 13. Syerston.—Encloses an account of the expenses of the festival at Haddon [see January 4]. Fears the sum may be thought large, but 'there was nothing done but what the plan absolutely required.'

WILLIAM BURT HARLOW
HADDON HALL
INCLUDED IN A SCORE OF SONNETS, 1906.

HADDON HALL

Deserted rooms where ghostly shadows flit
When through the latticed windows moonbeams shine
O'er paneled ceilings or along the line
Of dark-hued portraits bearing names that knit
The raveled past of history unwrit:
Those lords and ladies gathered once to dine
In this great banquet hall 'mid shouts and wine
And at their feasts of game for hours would sit

While minstrels, in that gallery above
Would twang their strings to songs of war and love.

Then in that chapel o'er the grass-grown court
What days of penance for wild hours of sport!

Soon ended all the pleasure and the pain;
In Bakewell's church their ashes mute remain.

SOURCES:

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Elizabeth Wordsworth: *In Doors and Out*, 1881.

ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH

"LEEDS TRIPPERS" AT HADDON HALL

INCLUDED IN IN DOORS AND OUT, 1881.

Oh what a day it has been, what a dream-like afternoon,
A dream, whereof the waking will only come too soon;
To think that the same hot sun, which glares on our ugly street,
Should gleam through that glossy leafage, and dapple that yew-tree seat.

To think when I'm toiling to-morrow, upon my horse-hair stool,
This brook will be running onward, so idle and clear and cool;
And while you're behind the counter, o'erburdened with ribbons and fringe,
This old oak door will be creaking so leisurely on its hinge!

And yonder tapestry figures, in faded blue and green,
Will vacantly stare at nothing, too languid to be serene;
And the sunbeams through quarried windows will steal at a sleepy pace,
As they did ere the days of railways, ere life had become a race.

And that long empty ball-room, oh how it will look to-night,
When the moonlight steals in through the ivy, in long thin squares of white;
And shines on that strange dead face, that gleams through the chamber lone,
A ghost in the broad warm daylight, a terror* when day is done!

*A post-mortem mask of an old lady, who was too vain ever to be painted when alive; now preserved at the end of the ball-room, at Haddon, in a glass case.

Come closer, come close and behold her, for do I not hold you fast!
And bring your life to her death, your present to her past;
And let the glass that surrounds her reflect your rosy face,
Your eyes, your curls, O my darling, laugh back on the airy space!

Ah! she is a high-born lady, even in her shroud arrayed.
Ah! how she must despise us, mean offspring of toil and trade!
"The damsel is young and blooming, it cannot be denied;
"But nature," she'd say, "ne'er meant her for aught but a plain man's bride."

Ah no! but how could we help it? Men grow like flowers or weeds;
And some spring up at Haddon, and some are bred at Leeds:
'Twas surely no fault of ours, if we lived in a vulgar place,
And not in a grand old castle, like you, my lady Grace!

Perhaps we might care as fondly as earl or knight or dame,
For birth and breeding and beauty, for chivalry, art, and fame;
Perhaps, had the choice been ours, we'd rather have lived in state,
Beneath ancestral banners, than at Number twenty-eight!

I think if I had my choice, my dear, I should rather like
To have had your portrait painted by Antony Vandyke
Instead of that poor brown libel, and insult to you and art;
Your photograph, such as it is, I wear it above my heart!

They talk of Dorothy Vernon, and say she was passing fair!
She stole away to her lover, by moonlight, down yonder stair;
But you are as fair, and surely your love is as true to me,
Though we walk together on Sundays for all the world to see.

O say, once, and for ever, what *is* this thing, romance?
I doubt if Dorothy felt it that evening she left the dance;
While you and I who are standing to-night in this oaken hall,
Two humdrum city-bred people, my dearest, we feel it all!

For us is the genial sunshine; for us the shadows dim;
For us the stately chambers, the wide-mouthed gargoyles grim;
For us the sleepy hovering of motes in the slanting light;
For us, in the empty chapel, the swallow's curvèd flight.

For us 'mid a glimmering greenness, one yellow leaf floats to ground;
For us the kine are lowing; for us the tree-tops sound;
With us, like a magic castle, this place, this mood will stay,
Love's gift to us for ever, though ours but for a day.

SAMUEL REID

ON THE GARDEN TERRACE—HADDON HALL, DERBYSHIRE
INCLUDED IN LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, JULY 30, 1892
INCLUDED IN PANSIES AND FOLLY-BELLS: BEING THE COLLECTED POEMS, PENSIVE AND PLAYFUL, privately printed, 51pp, 1892
INCLUDED IN PANSIES AND FOLLY-BELLS, 103pp, 1892.

The version from LITTELL'S LIVING AGE has been included in this author's HADDON HALL'S POEMS. Later versions have been found in Samuel Reid's two books of collected poems.

The words in {brackets} are unique to the original LITTELL version.
The words in {*brackets & italic*} are in LITTELL and the 51pp book.
The words in **bold** are unique to the 103pp book.
The words in ***bold italic*** are in the 103pp book and the 51pp book.
The words in [square brackets] are unique to the 51pp book.

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 **was** blest, whose thought
Conceived yon sombre screen of yew,
Then reared his pillar'd wall**s**, and wrought
This living idyl 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 [How] *tenderly the touch of Time*
Has worked [Hath wrought] *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} ***buzz from each applauding group***
Some winning stroke—and all the place
Was crisp frou-frou of {crinoline,} ***ruff, and hoop,***
And farthingale, and rustling lace.

So tenderly the touch of Time
Hath wrought its will with Haddon Hall,
So deftly guided in their climb
The draping ivies on its wall,
That changing moons and seasons bring
No phase to make that beauty less
Which lives in every perfect thing
By its own right of loveliness.

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

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.

DAVID BANKS SICKELS
HADDON HALL
INCLUDED IN THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER, 1916.

Albion is the ancient name for England. Many poets make use of it. "Make the welkin ring" means to make a very loud sound.

HADDON HALL

When lovely Albion in the olden days,
For vernal beauty won the poet's praise;
The ivied tower and the moss-enveloped wall
Enhanced the classic charms of Haddon Hall.

There jeweled lords of ancestorial pride,
With valiant errant-knights sat side by side;
And told of daring deeds with shield and lance,
As in the ancient days of wild romance.

There good Queen Bess was wont to entertain,
Alike the vaunting earl and humble swain;
A loyal gentry and a royal throng,
That made the welkin ring with jest and song.

Full-throated on the overhanging trees,
The song-birds sang their own sweet melodies;
While all things breathing felt the joyous thrall
That bound the festal scenes of Haddon Hall.

MAUD WILDER GOODWIN
"DOROTHY'S WALK" AT HADDON HALL
INCLUDED IN HARPER'S BAZAAR VOLUME XXVI NUMBER 22, JUNE 3, 1893.

"DOROTHY'S WALK" AT HADDON HALL

Mistress Dorothy's left the Hall,
Fled from the strains of the minuet,
Out from the music, and lights, and all,
Into the night-dews cool and wet.

See! she comes through the fragrant air,
Tapping her lips with a red, red rose,
Over the pleasance and down the stair,
Trembling a little as she goes.

Mistress Dorothy's left the Hall;
Vainly she's sought by each cavalier,
Save one, who, there in the poplar's shade,
Is whispering something in her ear.

A hundred years have passed since then,
For lives, like leaves, must fade and fall;
But "Dorothy's Walk" still tells of when
Mistress Dorothy left the Hall.

A WALK TO HADDON HALL, 1872
INCLUDED IN ENGLISH HOURS, 1905

To walk in quest of any object that one has more or less tenderly dreamed of, to find your way, to steal upon it softly, to see at last, if it be church or castle, the tower-tops peeping above elms or beeches—to push forward with a rush, and emerge and pause and draw that first long breath which is the compromise between so many sensations: this is a pleasure left to the tourist even after the broad glare of photography has dissipated so many of the sweet mysteries of travel; even in a season when he is fatally apt to meet a dozen fellow pilgrims returning from the shrine, each as big a fool, so to speak, as he ever was, or to overtake a dozen more telegraphing their impressions down the line as they arrive. Such a pleasure I lately enjoyed quite in its perfection, in a walk to Haddon Hall, along a meadow path by the Wye, in this interminable English twilight which I am never weary of admiring watch in hand.

Haddon Hall lies among Derbyshire hills, in a region infested, I was about to write, by Americans. But I achieved my own sly pilgrimage in perfect solitude; and as I descried the grey walls among the rook-haunted elms I felt not like a dusty tourist, but like a successful adventurer. I have certainly had, as a dusty tourist, few more charming moments than some—such as any one, I suppose, is free to have—that I passed on a little ruined grey bridge which spans, with its single narrow arch, a trickling stream at the base of the eminence from which those walls and trees look down. The twilight deepened, the ragged battlements and the low, broad oriels glanced duskily from the foliage, the rooks wheeled and clamoured in the glowing sky; and if there had been a ghost on the premises I certainly ought to have seen it. In fact I did see it, as we see ghosts nowadays. I felt the incommunicable spirit of the scene with the last, the right intensity. The old life, the old manners, the old figures seemed present again.

The great coup de theatre of the young woman who shows you the Hall—it is rather languidly done on her part—is to point out a little dusky door opening from a turret to a back terrace as the aperture through which Dorothy Vernon eloped with Lord John Manners. I was ignorant of this episode, for I was not to enter the place till the morrow, and I am still unversed in the history of the actors. But as I stood in the luminous dusk weaving the romance of the spot, I recognised the inevitability of a Dorothy Vernon and quite understood a Lord John. It was of course on just such an evening that the romantic event came off, and by listening with the proper credulity I might surely hear on the flags of the castle-court ghostly footfalls and feel in their movement the old heartbeats.

The only footfall I can conscientiously swear to, however, is the far from spectral tread of the damsel who led me through the mansion in the prosier light of the next morning. Haddon Hall, I believe, is one of the sights in which it is the fashion to be "disappointed;" a fact explained in a great measure by the absence of a formal approach to the house, which shows its low, grey front to every trudger on the high-road. But the charm of the spot is so much less that of grandeur than that of melancholy, that it is rather deepened than diminished by this attitude of obvious survival and decay. And for that matter, when you have entered the steep little outer court through the huge thickness of the low gateway, the present seems effectually walled out and the past walled in, even as a dead man in a sepulchre. It is very dead, of a fine June morning, the genius of Haddon Hall; and the silent courts and chambers, with their hues of ashen grey and faded brown, seem as time bleached as the dry bones of any mouldering mortality.

The comparison is odd, but Haddon Hall reminded me perversely of some of the larger houses at Pompeii. The private life of the past is revealed in each case with very much the same distinctness and on a scale small enough not to stagger the imagination. This old dwelling indeed has so little of the mass and expanse of the classic feudal castle that it almost suggests one of those miniature models of great buildings which lurk in dusty corners of museums. But it is large enough to be delectably complete and to contain an infinite store of the poetry of grass-grown courts looked into by wide, jutting windows and climbed out of by crooked stone stairways mounting against the walls to little high-placed doors.

The "tone" of Haddon Hall, of all its walls and towers and stonework, is the grey of unpolished silver, and the reader who has been in England need hardly be reminded of the sweet accord—to eye and mind alike—existing between all stony surfaces covered with the pale corrosions of time and the deep living green of the strong ivy which seems to feed on their slow decay. Of this effect and of a hundred others—from those that belong to low-browed, stone-paved empty rooms where life was warm and atmospheres thick, to those one may note where the dark tower stairway emerges at last, on a level with the highest beech-tops, against the cracked and sun-baked parapet which flaunted the castle standard over the castle woods—of every form of sad desuetude and picturesque decay Haddon Hall contains some delightful example.

Its finest point is undoubtedly a certain court from which a stately flight of steps ascends to the terrace where that daughter of the Vernons whom I have mentioned took such happy thought for our requiring, as the phrase is, a reference. These steps, with the terrace, its balustrade topped with great ivy-muffled knobs of stone and its high background of massed woods, form the ideal mise en scene for portions of Shakespeare's comedies. "It's exactly Elizabethan," said my companion. Here the Countess Olivia may have listened to the fantastic Malvolio, or Beatrix, superbest of flirts, have come to summon Benedick to dinner.

KENNETH BERRY
DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL, 2002.

This unpublished poem was discovered on the internet. The website appears to have been dormant for some time and efforts to find Mr. Berry have not been successful. The poem is herein included to preserve its record.

Mr. Berry presents a short biographical introduction: "I was born in Derbyshire in 1949 and since 1981 have been living in Leicester. I have trained as an artist at the University of Reading, and since about 1990 have been concentrating on my work as a poet. I would to thank both members of Leicester Poetry Workshop and the Writers' Workshop, the Leicester College of Adult Education for their advice and criticism on some of these poems. August 2002"

The quote 'If music be the food of love, play on' is from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*. The poem contains the description of Dorothy as 'madcap': *marked by impulsiveness or recklessness*, perhaps a fair assessment.

DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL

A gentle hill and winding Wye,
Beneath a tranquil English sky—
There stands the house of Haddon Hall
Where lived a beauty bold and tall.

A girl with hair like molten gold
Lived in this manor, sweet and old—
'Tis Dorothy of whom we speak,
Heiress to King of all the Peak.

Of 'madcap' Doll, the tale unfolds
As all the history books have told
How Dorothy Vernon's heart was won
By Manners, Earl of Rutland's son.

Though George Vernon did not approve,
'... If music be the food of love,
Play on...' and threats of dungeon deep
Sweet Doll from Manners could not keep.

When, at the Hall, a ball was held
Doll slipped away on stroke of twelve
Through side-door off the ball-room floor,
Now known as Dorothy Vernon's Door.

And then, anon, the maiden's flight
Led down some steps, in moonlit night,
As dew that 'lights upon a rose,
Or River Wye that sweetly flows.

With Manners dressed as forester
The couple then eloped to Leicester;
So John and Dorothy anon
Betrothed were at Old Ayleston.

All's well that endeth happily—
Haddon passed to John's family;
So when you picnic by the wall,
Remember Doll of Haddon Hall!

NEW MILLS LOCAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY

DOROTHY VERNON: A LOVE TALE OF HADDON HALL, 1863

This poem was discovered on the web site of the New Mills Local Historical Society. It was included in a collection of scrapbooks "complied by Luke, James and Sam Garside." W. R. is listed as author of the poem.

New Mills is located in Derbyshire, England.

DOROTHY VERNON: A LOVE TALE OF HADDON HALL. BY W. R.

PART I.

About three hundred years ago,
So runs this very ancient tale,
Within these walls passed to and fro
Sir George de Vernon, strong and hale;
Two girls, but more of them hereafter,
Made these old Halls resound with laughter.

Two lovely girls in childhood free,
They romped and played, the pride of all,
Fair Margaret and Dorothy,
Joint heiresses of Haddon's lands and Hall;
Tradition saith the last was fair,
The lovelier maiden of the pair.

They were the fruits of early love,
Sir George, good knight, had married twice;
First Margaret fled to heaven above.
He would perhaps have wedded thrice
When Maud, his second, passed away,
Had not sweet Dorothy held sway.

Her loving father's favourite flower,
So thoughtful, gentle, good, and true,
With pride and joy from childhood's hour,
He fondly watched her as she grew
In stature, beauty. love, and truth,
In all the glow of virgin youth.

So fond of sport, like all their race,
Their hooded hawk when freed for flight,
So eager for its skyward chase,
Uprising soon was lost to sight;
Soft feathers fluttered from its prey,
Like blossoms in the month of May.

They loved the vale, the flowers, the stream,
And in the woods passed merry times;
O'er tales of knights of love they dream,
And, musing o'er soft minstrel rhymes,
Each cherishes some bright ideal
Which soiling earth will prove too real.

Brave Thomas Stanley wooed and won
Sweet Margaret, the elder born;
Oh! brightly beamed the morning sun
That crowned their joyous bridal morn,
But sad the parting hour when they
To Rushen Abbey (on the Isle of Man) whirled away.

The noble knights who heard the fame
Of Doll's surpassing loveliness,
From far-off castles flocking came
Their various suits in vain to press.
Sir George, good knight, he welcomed all
To Haddon's sports and festive hall.

Twelve months had scarcely passed away
Ere gentle Margaret drooped and died (historically inaccurate);
So soon, it seemed but yesterday
All saw her wreathed as Stanley's bride.
The fairest flowers of sweetest bloom,
Oft strew the pathway to the tomb.

Among the knights John Manners stood
The best and bravest of them all,
A worthy squire of noble blood;
He charmed the captivating Doll,
And love gleamed forth from bashful eyes,
Shone through the mask and thin disguise.

The idle tale spread far and wide,
And love's sweet secrets were betrayed,
For John was ever by her side;
The jealous knights were all dismayed,
They hated John, the worthy squire,
And roused Sir George's fatal ire.

Proud of his faith, his home, and race,
"I would," cried he, "that Doll were dead,
Cold in her tomb, ere such disgrace
Should fall upon so dear a head.
John may be noble, but his faith
I will not tolerate in death."

"Our Catholic faith, beloved creed
That we have passed from sire to son;
Say, did our fathers vainly bleed,
And shall we spurn what they have won?
Oh, Doll, my child, this must not be;
Thou shalt not wed with such as he."

And from that day, in hall and bower,
The lovers were no longer seen.
Alas! that titles, faith, or power
Should sever hearts where love is queen.
Sad was the parting, sweet the bliss
Of that last lingering, faithful kiss.

"No power on earth," cried John, "shall tear
My heart from thine, dear Dorothy.
Hope on, sweet love; let not despair
Make pale thy cheeks with misery,
For time will heal; we shall be free
If thou art ever true to me."

"Yea, John," said Doll, as tears rolled down,
"I will be true; and, though we part,
The vows of knights nor father's frown
Shall still the longings of my heart.
I here in sorrow will remain,
Till we, in secret, meet again."

Now through the wood, and up the hill,
John passed oft, gazing through his tears,
On that old Hall, so calm and still,
That held his life, his hopes, and fears.
At last he reached, as if in dream,
Fair Chatsworth and the Derwent stream.

Lord Devonshire at Chatsworth Hall,
Beneath the overhanging hills,
Where wild birds to each other call,
And waters run in silver rills,
Bade Manners welcome with a smile
Sweet rest from sorrow, pain, and toil,

Long weeks of sadness passed away,
And Doll's pale cheeks were marked by all.
Sir George the baron cursed the day
That Manners came to Haddon Hall;
Brave knights nor sports his child could cheer,
Or stay the falling of a tear.

From Derwent to the winding Wye,
As forester John toiled along,
With nervous step and restless eye,
He heeded not the wild birds' song.
In silent thoughtful studious mood
He sought the woodland's solitude.

And faithful Doll, the bird he sought
Roamed down the valley, crossed the brook,
Oh may these love-birds ne'er be caught;
There, sheltered in a quiet nook,
She sang this song so soft and clear,
The lowing cattle flocked to hear.

"I wait here in the shadow,
Beside the rippling stream;
My eyes pass down the meadow
So fair is love's pure dream,
Waiting, watching,
When will my love appear?
Glancing, dreaming,
My love will soon be here.

"The stars peer from the river
Deep as the heights above;
Oh, how they throb and quiver,
To gleam the eyes of love.
Starlight, peering,
When will my love appear,
Throbbing, gleaming,
My love will soon be here.

"Like some lone love-struck daughter
I tremble with delight;
Oh, tell me, babbling water,
Where is my love to-night.
Loving, trembling,
When will my love appear,
Rippling, babbling,
My love will soon be here.

"Faint footsteps now are falling,
As music sweet to me,
I hear my love's voice calling,
Where art thou, Dorothy?
Faintly falling,
When will my love appear,
Sweetly calling,
My love at last is here."

The sweet song ceased, in echoes died,
It was an old-world melody,
A maiden soon to be a bride,
Pours forth her longings to be free.
In tones as plaintive as the dove,
She there in secret seeks her love.

The lovers met when shadows fell
Across the woodland and the stream;
Oh, bitter was each sad farewell,
But sweet their meeting as a dream.
Brave John, so eager to be free,
Cried, "Doll, wilt thou elope with me."

"Oh, John, how could I leave my home,
My father whom I fondly love?
His heart would break were I to roam,
And yet, by those fair heavens above,
I would not wed, oh! none but thee,
Can'st thou not trust thy Dorothy?"

"Alas!" cried John, "I only fear
That they will force thee soon to wed
Sir Edward Stanley, haughty peer,
Oh! that these awful fears were dead.
Life would be drear and dark to me,
If I should lose thee, Dorothy."

Said Doll, close nestling to his side
As if she never more would part,
"I shall not be another's bride;
From friends and home I will depart,
And through the wide world follow thee,
Ere they shall force thy Dorothy."

Said John, "I now no longer fear,
I'll wend my way from Chatsworth Hall,
As wandering pedlar will appear
Next week at Haddon's masked ball.
Steal forth at twelve, for horse and man
Shall aid us in our daring plan.

"But here I may no longer stay,
Adieu, sweet love, until we meet
No more to part; I must away,
The hour is past and time is fleet,
For danger lurks in every path,
And boundless is thy father's wrath."

"Which we in time shall change to love,"
Said Doll, who trembled with delight,
As fearless as the woodland dove
When shielded by the hour of night.
Why should they sever heart from heart
Who could not live an hour apart?

The parting hour, who hath not felt
Dark sorrow mixed with heavenly bliss,
In which the purest feelings melt
To one last lingering rapturous kiss?
Long loitering at the trysting place,
The sad farewell, the fond embrace.

PART II.

That weary night Doll musing lay
And saw the far off coming years,
For gentle sleep had winged its way
To eyelids unbedewed with tears;
The idle hours so slow of flight
Prolonged the tortures of the night.

But with the morn sweet Doll arose,
She met her father with a smile,
Her cheeks were tinted as the rose,
The feverish flush that blooms awhile;
This pleased the knight, the paleness fled,
He thought her deathless passion dead.

"Dear Doll, I watch those cheeks so pale
As if their loveliness would fade,
This morn they tell another tale,
Your foolish passion now is dead,
I thought that time would heal the sore,
Sweet child, thou art my Doll once more."

He pressed her gently to his side
And kissed her with a father's love;
"Yea soon my Doll shall be the bride
(Cease fluttering like a captive dove)
Of Edward Stanley, worthy knight,
Why do'st thou tremble with delight?"

"Alas!" cried Doll, "to thee I owe
My life, my friends, my joys, my home;
I would to thee obedience show,
But I from thee would rather roam
A feeble wanderer o'er the earth,
An exile from my land of birth,

Than wed with one I loathe and hate.
    Give me my love, my choice, my own,
Oh! shield me ere it is too late,
    One loving heart, and one alone,
Can beat in unison with mine,
He may be ours — be mine and thine."

"What, art thou mad?" exclaimed the knight.
    "Rebellious child, when will ye learn
Obedience, duty, truth, and right,
    Your faith, your home, your father spurn.
Next week we hold, my faithless bird,
A feast in honour of my word.

"Adieu, my child, when next we meet
    I trust to find a holier mood,
And see thee kneeling at my feet
    In penitential attitude,
For I will crush thy haughty pride,
Remember, thou art Stanley's bride."

He passed, and Doll was left alone,
    And tears she shed — aye, bitter tears;
Why did she love, why should she moan
    And sorrow in her youthful years?
Alas, the sweetest joys of earth
Are tainted from their heavenly birth.

Why, Stanley, try to win the love
    Of one whose heart is fixed and true,
Whose pledge is sealed in, heaven above;
    The charmer's voice in vain doth woo,
No smiles for him, no angels eyes
Peer forth love lit through the azure skies.

The days rolled on, the feast was spread,
    Both rich and poor found plenty there.
Such happy days, alas! are fled
    Now poverty, lurking in its lair,
Hides in the city far away,
And shuns the glorious light of day.

Now where was fascinating Doll,
The loveliest creature in the room,
She danced, she laughed, she talked with all,
Sir Edward cast aside his gloom,
For now expectant were his eyes,
He saw some chance to win the prize.

Over labours lost he did not grieve,
He felt soft pressure through his glove;
Alas that maidens should deceive
And render but the forms of love.
Doll was indeed a fairy sprite,
For mischief dogged her steps that night.

The minstrel sang his sweetest lays
Of Arthur's love in warlike times,
And gave the knightly victor praise
In all the strength of ancient rhymes;
He stirred the passion in the breast
Of her whose heart now knew no rest.

Anon he sang of sweet Elaine
Who loved King Arthur's bravest knight,
Her burning passion was in vain,
But Death took pity on her plight.
She floated down the glorious stream,
Her Lancelot met in Death's calm dream.

That night at Haddon Hall appeared
A pedlar, weary, worn and old,
With restless eye and flowing beard,
His various trinkets did unfold.
He gave the rustics many a tale,
And laughing, supped the home-brewed ale.

He joined their sports, the song and dance,
Until the ghostly midnight hour,
Then stealing forth, with sidelong glance,
He sought the shadow of the bower;
The ball-room lights shone far and wide
Over knights and dames in all their pride.

The minstrel's music, sweet and clear,
O'er stream and valley floated far,
The pedlar wiped away a tear,
His long-pent passions were at war,
For tumult raged within his breast,
Love, hopes, and fears, a wild unrest.

Were all his plans to end in nought,
His weary watchings all in vain,
Is Life with pain and sorrow fraught,
And Death the sweeter of the twain?
Now jealous thoughts in clouds arise,
Flash from the pedlar's tear-stained eyes.

"The hour is passed," the pedlar sighed,
"And faintly shines the starry night."
He looks, and there, in youthful pride,
A fairy form appears in white,
There at the window waves her glove,
In token of her faithful love.

It is the signal of their flight,
That fairy form is trembling Doll,
The pedlar, shielded by the night,
Is John, long loitering near the Hall;
The steeds are ready, all is well,
One lingering look, old Hall, farewell.

Doll wrapped herself in slight disguise,
And gliding softly o'er the floor,
With trembling lips and flashing eyes,
She reached the massive oaken door,
Adown the terrace steps and lawn
She bounded like a timid fawn.

Doll crossed the moss-crowned rustic bridge,
But heeded not its midnight charms,
And passing o'er the broken ridge
She sank into her lover's arms;
How sweet the greeting, short the stay,
"Up Doll!" cried John, "and let's away."

Away! away! the lovers sped
Till Haddon's towers were lost to view,
Across the borders they were wed,
Two loving hearts for ever true.
Oh! what is faith, home, knighthood, dower,
Love conquers with its matchless power.

That eve the hall was crowned with flowers,
The noble knights and high-born dames,
Now heedless of the fleeting hours,
Joined in the dance, the song, the games,
Until the whisper circled round
That Dorothy could not be found.

Sir George, with grief and anger wild,
Bade knights and servants search afar;
"Bring back," he cried, "bring back my child,
She was my joy, my life, my star."
They rushed to horse, but all in vain
For time and fortune served the twain.

They searched the terrace, hall, and tower,
In court and chapel, high and low;
In woodland, valley, stream, and bower;
The joyous feast was turned to woe,
The minstrel's voice and harp were still,
The bird had flown, for good or ill.

PART III.

A wandering pedlar watched that night
The ancient Hall and lonely bower;
He knew the secret of the flight,
The place, the plan, the midnight hour;
He wore John's dress of high degree,
And fancied his nobility.

The pedlar's garb John Manners wore,
But, ere Doll crossed the silver stream,
The dresses were exchanged once more.
Beneath the starlight's feeble gleam
Brave John appeared before the eyes
Of wondering Doll, in no disguise.

But strange, their secret was revealed.
Some wretch, employed by zealous knight,
Pursued the pedlar through the field,
And overtook him in his flight.
The faithful pedlar lost his life
The guiltless victim in the strife.

The murderer, bending o'er the dead,
Cried, "This is not the noble squire!
Alas, too late! Where hath he fled?
Oh, I shall lose my blood-stained hire."
The pedlar slain, the flight of Doll,
Such were the scenes at Haddon Hall.

The hired assassin soon was found
There face to face before the dead,
Confessed, and silence reigned profound,
With downcast eyes and drooping head
He heard his doom, amid half-drawn breath,
Sir George pronounced the sentence: Death!

The jealous rival squire or knight
Who planned the deed remains concealed,
The willing tool and worthless wight
Was hung in "Gallows Acre" field;
The pedlar whose untimely doom
Over Haddon cast the pall of gloom,

Was buried in the old churchyard
That overlooks the pleasant town
Of Bakewell, where no rustic bard
In rugged rhymes the deed passed down;
No stone upreared to mark the spot,
The name, the deed, alike forgot.

The lovers now were far away,
They knew not of the awful deed,
The rising sun, the new-born day,
Brought rest unto each weary steed,
Sweet joy and peace to John and Doll,
But sorrow reigned in Haddon Hall.

The baron sat, in silent mood,
Within his private ancient room,
He felt the hateful solitude,
Oppressed with anger, grief, and gloom;
His child, his joy, and loveliness,
The source of sorrow and distress.

So true and faithful from her birth,
No more to gladden Hall and dale,
The only joy he had on earth,
His harshness made her cheeks grow pale,
For he would force that gentle dove
To wed with one she did not love.

A horseman in the vale appeared
When twilight lingered calm and still,
His weary steed he fondly cheered
Whose hoof sounds echoed from the hill,
A messenger by Justice sent,
On some strange secret mission bent.

A summons for Sir George, the knight,
Demands his presence at the Court,
To answer for that luckless wight,
Condemned to death, so says report,
By George de Vernon at the ball
Within the walls of Haddon Hall.

Sir George, obedient to the law,
Forthwith at Westminster appeared;
The judges sat in solemn awe,
The usher, having stroked his beard,
Cried out aloud, repeating thrice,
"King of the Peak," with sturdy voice.

The echoes died, no answer came,
Sir George de Vernon, mute and still,
Would not respond to such a name.
The usher, with redoubled will,
"Sir George de Vernon," cried aloud,
Who then stepped forth before the crowd.

Though weary worn and travel stained,
He boldly stood in that old Hall,
His threatened freedom soon regained
Too strong and powerful to fall,
He turned his steps with many a sigh
To Haddon and the rippling Wye.

From Westminster in silence strode
The weary worn and grieving Knight,
Again he traced the winding road
And sought a shelter for the night.
Storm tossed amid the wild world's foam
He sighed for Haddon, friends, and home.

His home, to him a home no more,
His heart's best treasure far away;
"Oh, God?" he cried, "my child restore,
Shield and protect her day by day,
I will forgive the wrong I bear,
For I have wronged the brave and fair."

Now from his heart the sorrow fell
And smiles lit up his care-worn face,
The towers of Haddon up the dell
Once more his home and dwelling place,
Arose against the dark blue sky,
Where screaming wild birds circling fly.

He urged his steed, and up the sward
Beheld his servants, one and all,
Come forth to greet their chief and lord,
The King, indeed, of Haddon Hall.
Sir George, good Knight, in silence bowed,
As one stood forth before the crowd.

A messenger from whom 'twas plain,
He gave Sir George a written scroll,
Who read and read it o'er again,
Until the tears began to roll
Adown the old man's furrowed cheeks,
Ere he the gloomy silence breaks.

"So, she is ill, And would return,
Regret and sorrow plead at last,
For me and home they fondly yearn,
Will I forgive, forget the past?
Go, tell my child that all is well,
Both will be welcome, off; farewell!"

The stranger in an instant flew
To horse, and down the winding dale.
The golden message, sweet and true,
Was borne like perfume on the gale,
Bright words of joy, for lovely Doll
Sighed for her father and the Hall,

Where she in childhood fondly strayed,
Ere love declared its magic power
Beside the stream, a simple maid
She wandered in the twilight hour;
There John, in gentle fashion wooed,
And wayward fancies were subdued.

Her love for John remained unchanged,
Save that it deeper, deeper grew,
That both alas should be estranged
From home and friends, so fond and true,
Was more than her sweet soul could bear,
And so she wrote in her despair.

How bright the answer, tears she shed
Of joy and sorrow, soon to see
The living who so long were dead,
The home of pleasant memory,
The steeds are standing at the door,
For John and Doll must ride once more.

"This is no flight," cried Doll, with glee,
Now pressing on her riding glove,
"Your passion made me fly with thee,
I follow now my father's love."
Thus passed the time until the Hall
Peered down on wandering John and Doll.

Now tears she shed as through the door
She passed and sought the old knight's face,
And fell, half fainting to the floor,
Within her father's locked embrace.
"Oh, child," he cried, "my lost adored,
Thank God thou art at last restored."

"Oh, father, dear, dost thou forgive?"
Said she in accents soft and low,
"Thy John and Doll, long mayest thou live
And bless thy children ere we go."
The old knight, full of joy and bliss,
Gave them his blessing with a kiss.

"Thou hath my love and home," cried he,
Then Doll, soft whispering like a dove
Said, "John, did I not say to thee
That we in time should change to love
My father's hate?" Said John, "Yea, Doll,"
Thus love was crowned at Haddon Hall.

THE END.

E. J. MYCOCK
HADDON HALL DERBYSHIRE, 1863
This poem is from the Buxton Advertiser, 1863.

HADDON HALL DERBYSHIRE

Old Haddon grey, thy time-worn frame appears
Yet made more noble by the lapse of years.
Thy walls, with mossy mantlet overgrown,
Bespeak Old Time hath claimed thee as his own.
Lo, where the soldier paced, wild grew the flowers;
Deserted are alike thy courts and towers,
Save by the poet, painter, or the sage,
Who write what thou wert once in History's page.
All own thee noble still, though girt with age,
For, as of old, each tree around thee grows
In wild luxuriance! and the sweet Wye flows
In gentle whisper as it did of old;
Looking at early morn like molten gold,
Onward it rolls through many a lovely vale,
But murmuring still its never-ending tale!

Ah, Haddon! thou wert famed in days of yore
Not for thy warlike deeds, but what is more,
For hospitality in bygone days,
When rich and poor alike could sing thy praise.
Now, silence wraps thee in mysterious folds;
No more the Peak King courtly revel holds;
Moments, days, years, nay! centuries have past,
Yet still thou laugh'st to scorn the wintry blast.
And he who first designed thy mighty plan,
Where is he? Tell me, Time, where is the man?
And he who laid Old Haddon's corner stone?
Time whispers, "Dead, forgotten, gone."

Now let my Fancy feudal days recall.
Let mirth once more fill thee, time-honored hall;
And the mailed warriors, called up from the dead,
With measured step once more thy courts shall tread.

King Christmas sits upon his icy throne;
With holly green and mistletoe he's crowned.
Loud is his voice, sonorous is his tone,
"Let sorrow in the wassail cup be drowned!"

Again the yule log on the hearth shall blaze,
And olden cheer be pictured to my gaze.
Quaffed be the cup by many a warrior bold,
Old tales recited, and some new ones told;
Whilst merry laughter rends the midnight air,
And knight renews his vows to "ladye" fair;
Again the boars' heads shall the tables bear,
And pomp and revelry sole monarchs here.

The vesper lamp is trimmed; in chapel there
Each lord and lady kneel in fervent prayer;
Filled is the chalice, and the chant is sung,
Right solemnly the midnight bell is rung,
And sweetest incense burned, its perfumes spread.
Before the shrine is bowed each warrior's head,
And blessings by the stoled priest are given
To each, and all, and registered in Heaven.

Hail, morn. The crowing cock salutes the day;
The lark shall warble, and the war-horse neigh,
Whilst yet the hoar-frost decks the leafless thorn.
So early sounds that blast of bugle horn
And lady fair with baron, squire, and knight,
Not less renowned in love, than famed in fight,
Meet on the plain that skirts the neighbouring wood,
Whilst sheds the morning Sun his golden flood
Of light upon each lord and lady's face.
Again the bugle's notes proclaim the chase!
Hear ye the hounds? methinks I hear them bay,
Ah, no, 'twas fancy, all have passed away.

Ah, all have vanished. Lord and lady gay
Who revelled here have “lang syne” passed away,
Are lifeless, cold, returned again to clay!
The faintest echo of that bugle’s blast
Has died away for ever in the past.
Yet, Haddon, ever honoured be thy name.
The humble Muse shall herald forth thy fame.
Peace crowns thy age, and Nature gives thee grace.
The ivy claims thee in its fond embrace.
When Summer with her gifts thy grounds adorn,
And Autumn clothes the fields with golden corn,
The rising Sun shall smile upon thy walls;
And when the dewy shade of evening falls,
Upon thy form shall sombre shadows play;
The thrush shall sing the song of parting day,
And the pale moonlight through umbrageous (shady) trees,
Its rays shall mingle with the perfumed breeze.
Haddon. thine age but makes thee more sublime,
Thou monument of glory, and of time!

THE END.

J. H. BAYLEY
ON VISITING HADDON, 1863

ON VISITING HADDON

Yes, rev'rently oft would I visit each scene
Where Knight and Fair Lady, and Minstrel have been,
For traces of grandeur retrieved from the pall,
Still linger about thee, once proud Haddon Hall!

The brave men are dead who guarded thy towers;
The bright smiles have fled that lit up thy bowers,
And the moss and the ivy have mounted the wall
Where waved thy proud standard, once famed Haddon Hall!

Thy fame is departed, thy splendour is o'er,
Thy courts are deserted, thy Lords are no more,
And the finger of Ruin has traced on thy wall
The end of thy glory, once proud Haddon Hall!

Through all the Wye valley o'er meadow and tree
The eye vainly seeks for a mansion like thee;
May long 'mid the landscape thy turrets rise tall
And Bards sing thy praises, still proud Haddon Hall!

THE END.