In Derbyshire Dales

Thos. E. Cowen

2/6 net.

IN

DERBYSHIRE DALES

(COWEN).

Miss K. Heginbotham
Edge View
High Street, Calver
HOPE VALLEY
Derbyshire S32 3XP
01433 631282

"BY SYLVAN WOOD" — HAYWOODS.

Reginbothar
Calver

IN

DERBYSHIRE DALES

BY

THOS. E. COWEN

(Author of the History of Stoney Middleton, Sheffield's Charming Parks and Breezy Moors, &c. Member of The Hunter Archæological Society Sheffield.)

"There is no phun in fisick, but there is plenty of fisick in phun."
JOSH. BILLINGS.

PROLOGUE.

FOLK LORE is certainly a fascinating study. In many districts there were distinct personages or even "characters" around which life appeared to revolve, and spectators were entitled to see most of the fun.

Byron's lines in "Don Juan"—"'Tis strange, but true, for truth is always strange, Stranger than fiction," invites me to say there is absolutely no intention to offend our friends and acquaintances of a happy period of 32 years, but merely to entertain, during a National Blackout. Who is the Master of the Village? One leading light formerly declared that the Parson was the Master of the School and not the School gaffer.

Formerly a pedagogue figured it out in this way—"I'm the master of the children, the children are master of their mother; the mothers are master of the fathers. Therefore, I'm master of Middleton—Q.E.D." Certainly he knows everyone's age by the Admission Register.

But, jesting aside, if the reader gets some pleasure and relaxation from its perusal, then the effort has been worth while.

THE AUTHOR.

43, GREYSTONES AVENUE,
SHEFFIELD, 11.

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

ELIZA COOK.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	By Sylvan Wood and Meadow	7
II	The Shady Nook	11
III	The Village of Middletune	13
IV	Warm Springs and the Well Chapel of St. Martin's	17
V	The Poor Law a Century Ago	25
VI	The Irate Cobbler	27
VII	The Hillside	28
VIII	The Old Man on the Donkey	36
IX	Through the Dale	38
X	Wilfred	42
XI	Varied Occupations	44
XII	Pedlars and their Wares	48
XIII	The Knowing Pony	51
XIV	Farthing Damages	52
XV	The Wandering Boy	53
XVI	Furiners	54
XVII	Phantoms	55
XVIII	A Collection of Curios	57
XIX	Typical Scenes	58
XX	Plagues in the Dales	65
XXI	Hostelries and The Murder in the Winnats	68
XXII	The Wakes	74
XXIII	May Day	76
XXIV	Nativity Play	77
XXV	Well Dressing	79
XXVI	Music	81
XXVII	Education	83
XXVIII	Miscellaneous	89
XXIX	The Shades of Night	91

To

My Dear Niece

E.

I

Dedicate this Work.

FRIENDS.

"If nobody gave us a helping hand
And nobody seemed to care,
If the prizes of life all went to the strong
And nobody gave us a share,
If nobody had the time to give
A thought to you and me,
And we had to struggle as best we could
What a hopeless world 'twould be.

Lending a hand to help the weak
Can lighten another's load,
Giving our best with a willing heart
Can brighten a lonely road,
'Tis on something to live for, someone to love
That the purpose of life depends,
And there's nothing to equal the gladness and joy
Of making and keeping friends."

ANON.

CHAPTER I.

BY SYLVAN WOOD AND MEADOW.

"Lust for power, and lust for gold,
Their doom is seen in the graveyard cold,
The squire, shorn of his great estates,
How poor he lies within its gates;
The strutting lord of a passing day,
How voiceless his once haughty clay."

ANON.

LEAVING the busy station we soon arrive at the main road, and at the foot of the hill near the church and village, a turnstile on the left leads us through a mowing field to a stile at the far end. Here the path narrows and a secluded wood far from the madding crowd is inviting and fascinating. The scene is alluring with its tall trees, bracken, and running water. Care must we take in negotiating the slippery stones as we cross the brook. The solitude is lovely, and as we tarry a little time to absorb the scene we look to see if Oberon, Puck or Blossom are lurking somewhere in the vicinity and are sure of it when we crane our eyes to discern the intruders, and then our hopes are dashed to the ground when some youngsters on a similar search for adventure trip into sight. As we gaze in amazement time seems to stand still. When we emerge into the sunlight we see evidence of the Ice Age in the shape of tremendous blocks of stone transported from the Hope Valley.

We are naturally anxious to see the end of the narrow lane, and discover to our delight a pretty hamlet, with low dwellings and blossoming gardens. Now we come to a stone bridge and two bungalows, and so here is the main road. Turning right, we reach an old stone bridge over a river. We continue for another half-mile, and then reach the main road from the station. Turning right, we go station-wards until we reach a stile on the left.

This is the Third Meadow, which is traversed by a feeder of the river, near the last stone bridge. Care has to be taken in negotiating a swamp, and a footpath leads to the meandering brook, and then the Second Meadow looms in sight. Sheep are bleating and a flock are being taken to the Sheep Dip by

farmers and young volunteers. The first immersion is over and then appears the First Meadow, which is grazing land.

We recall Tennyson's lines :—

"With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow
And many a faery foreland set
With willow weed and mallow.

I wind about, and in and out,
With many a blossom sailing
. . . . . ."

On the left is the Hall, a spacious mansion with kitchen and flower gardens, lawns and conservatory opening by carriage drive to the turnpike. Here lived a Justice of the Peace, a man of notoriety and somewhat austere.

Frequent raids on the orchard had been reported, but the culprits always escaped. So the stern man decided to bring the offenders to boot, and the gardeners were instructed to bring any trespassers before the J.P. The fate fell upon a small party of boys, who, like Eve, had been tempted by the luscious hanging fruit from a tree a short distance from the Hall. It is not evident if this indeed was the first time or not, but when they saw the irate gardeners at the foot of the tree they quickly decided that it should be the last. They did not wait to be told to come down, and were certainly not surprised when they were led towards the Hall, and conducted before the stern magistrate. Tears would be unavailing, so they braced themselves for the ordeal. It might mean imprisonment, far from home, but it was their own fault.

They were spellbound when the gentleman asked, "Why were you there? Don't you know that it is very wrong to steal? Shall I hand you all over to a policeman?" Was he really angry?—they thought their discerning eyes caught a chuckle. The lads left the room promising never to come again.

Then a footman entered his room, and soon the boys quitted the Hall, each with a handful of apples in bulging pockets.

At a neighbouring market, some cows had been purchased by the Squire, and drovers engaged to deliver the cattle.

Whilst partaking of refreshment at an hotel, it was thought that the vendor had omitted to give the customary lucky money. Probably one of the herd was "faked," he thought. Where

THE HALL, STONEY MIDDLETON.

was the seller? Was he dodging the Squire, then I'm sure he's a fraud. Eventually he was discovered and the unfortunate man was forced to disgorge the lucky money, and the Squire returned with a sovereign and well satisfied with his bargain.

A blacksmith once visited the Hall, presumably to sell the Squire a cow, but I am afraid there was an ulterior motive. After stating the reason for his visit, the Squire asked why he wanted to sell the cow, to which the blacksmith modestly replied :—"Because I have no field where I can graze a cow." Whereupon he was offered the accommodation of a suitable field, and the blacksmith thanked the Squire and left highly satisfied.

On the way home he met a pal who knew of the scheme, but the twinkling eyes revealed the secret, the blacksmith naively adding, "If I had simply gone and asked the Squire to let me a field, he would have refused." But the sequel is rich.

The blacksmith was later told that his cow had been sold for a higher figure than he had asked the Squire.

One morning in his strolls he encountered a young girl with her finger in the treacle pot, which she was taking from the village store. Tugging her forelock, as she curtsied, the Squire gravely added, "The treacle will go back again when you have removed your finger."

The Squire generally followed the hounds, and on one occasion enquired of a shoemaker the direction they had taken. Noting the fellow's dress, the Squire smilingly added, "Well, Dickie, you've got your leggings on to-day, although it is fine." "Yes, sir; it's to keep the dust out of the lace-holes."

CHAPTER II.

THE SHADY NOOK.

"Ah! the artist's life
Is pilgrimage. He may not tarry on
One spot of earth; he is drawn for aye towards
A jewel, which he aye pursues, and ever
Beholds before him, yet can ne'er attain."

HERDER.

EMERGING from the First Meadow through a stile two low buildings appear on the right in a quiet country lane, and the water, flowing from an enclosed plot of ground is warm, and water vapour appears over the receiving trough.

These two baths are of Roman antiquity, and the waters are of radio-activity.

For a distance of over three miles the flow of water is underground, and it has its origin in a fault in the strata at Foolow. The lane opens into a pretty shady nook, one of the beautiful spots in this village.

The Church of St. Martin's, the saint of cripples, on the left, has a 15th century square tower. But what is most striking in the Nook are two former cottages, now fitly named "Spa Cottage." The cottage is so picturesque that most visitors pause a moment before continuing their tour. This was the abode of an artist, and his charming wife. His brushes and his canvases were the mainsprings of his retirement. Early and late he could be seen either going or returning from his selected task, but with always a pleasant smile and a cheery word for everyone.

He had made considerable improvements to his domain by stripping the ceilings to the beams and lining out with black and white, inserting diamond panes in the windows, fixing an artistic fireplace, and painting pretty mottoes and verses inviting all and sundry to make themselves welcome to their home.

Canvases of well-known artists adorned his Art Room, besides the best of his own work.

Often in the early hours of the morning he would be met returning after putting some finishing touches of light and

ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, STONEY MIDDLETON.

shade to a picture, and this before the rest of the villagers were awake.

Occasionally he exhibited his pictures in the neighbouring town's art gallery, and a picture of his was accepted by the Royal Academy. He was also a skilled wood carver, and one of his last works in this direction was a beautiful carved screen in St. Martin's Church.

His wife was a model housewife and did much to assist her spouse by attending to his wants, managing his correspondence and entertaining his many friends and acquaintances.

On one occasion she took a resident to the First Meadow, and there under the tall trees, as the birds sang overhead, she quietly said, "This is the Nave of the Church, and overhead are the Singers." Truly an exalted theme, if only in imagery.

Long may their memory last in a village which they loved so well.

CHAPTER III.

VILLAGE OF MIDDLETUNE.

"Up Oaken-edge by Saxon Odin's dam,
Blackharry house, above the dale of Cam,
Across the lake once wrought by Roman bands."
R. FURNESS.

THE eminence known as "Castle Hill" is a conical summit on the Bank, Stoney Middleton commanding a good view from the south. It is undoubtedly an old British earthwork or watch tower with a surrounding wall and a vallum, or ditch, leading to another smaller hill called Castra Bank, behind Nook House in the direction of the Roman Baths. The narrow sheep-walk is traceable on the slope. Much might be gleaned by excavating at the summit by means of a pick and shovel. At the demolition of an old barn belonging to Dennis Ragg, of Stoney Middleton Bank, in 1806, an iron battle axe 4 ft. long was found in a side wall. In the rear of the earthwork in a north-westerly direction, at a distance of about 440 yards, there is a steep cliffe surmounted by a tract of level greensward.

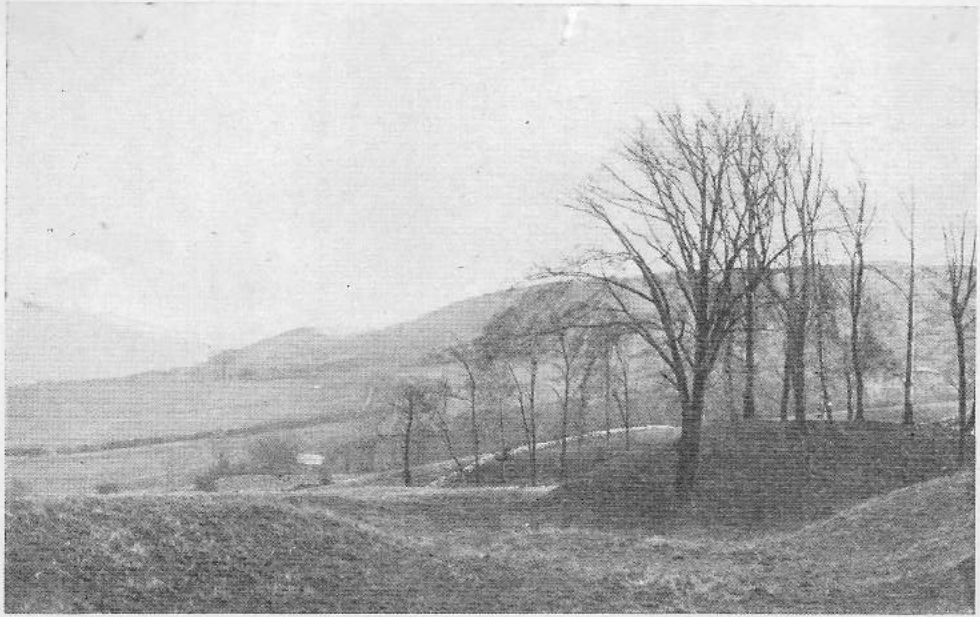
The plantation here may be the remains of a hill village of wattled huts, similar to one at Repton, as the site of the ancient village would not be found in front of the Watch Tower which guarded the approach in a southerly direction from Chesterfield, Bakewell and Baslow.

In the vicinity is an ancient gritstone slab 6′ x 1½′ x 1½′, containing five holes, probably used for gaming or as a depository for money during the Plague of Eyam. It may have been a Phœnician stone transported from Riley Quarry. Along Mill Lane at the foot of the Cliffe is an old British sunken road. On the opposite side of the village is a deep depression forming a long trench with a few trees on a hillock in the field called Butcher Piece immediately in front of the Vicarage. The place is called Kester Dale, and there is a distinct connection with Castra Bank and Castle Hill near the Bank. Some years ago, about 1880, in excavating the ground to lay a drain, the workmen discovered warlike weapons, including spear heads, halberds and battle axes. Upon an examination of the site the cuts on the farther slope indicates fire steps for military purposes.

THE BATTLE OF MIDDLETUNE.

About 914 A.D. Ethelfleda, the daughter of King Alfred the Great, called the "Lady of the Mercians," visited Middletune, where she hastily but effectively erected an earthwork with a watch tower and a vallum, or ditch, locally called Castle Hill, near the Bank, Middletune, and another in the same vicinity known as Castra Bank, near the Roman Baths. Similarly a double row of trenches overlooking the villages of Rowland and Hassop were cut for defensive purposes on the top of The Peak, and a single trench on Butcher Piece immediately in front of the Vicarage. These would enable the defenders to harass the marauding Danes, who might be tempted into the fastnesses of this part of Derbyshire, along the narrow lanes into Middletune.

As recently as 1880 warlike weapons (spearheads, halberds, swords, etc.) were found in Kester Dale ("Butcher Piece") and an iron battle axe, 4 ft. long with horn handle, was discovered in the side wall of an old barn, belonging to the Raggs of Middleton Bank.



"KESTER DALE," NEAR VICARAGE.

It was not until 915 A.D. that the prowess of this gallant lady and her timely preparations were put to the test when a determined force of Danes approached the district by way of Derby, Bakewell and Hassop. Here the marauders received their first check from the defenders of the double trenches on the Peak, where the miners and quarrymen hurled huge stones at the intruders whose ranks were still further depleted by sorties of raiding parties, armed with halberds, ploughshares and even picks and shovels.

At last the main body extricated itself, and appeared along the narrow approaches to Middletune village, where they were assailed by incessant showers of arrows proceeding from Butcher Piece or Kester Dale. But at last a much diminished force reached the outskirts of the village, where a very sanguinary battle was fought by Ethelfreda's strong forces on Castle Hill, assisted by the returning miners and quarrymen from the Peak and Kester Dale, on their flank.

The Danes fought with great bravery and every sign of desperation, but every attempt to take Castle Hill was beaten off, until at length, completely wearied with the task and weakened by the enforced march from Derby, they gave up the struggle and fled in disorder, but very few stragglers escaped from the hands of "Derbyshire men strong in t'arm and wick in t'head."

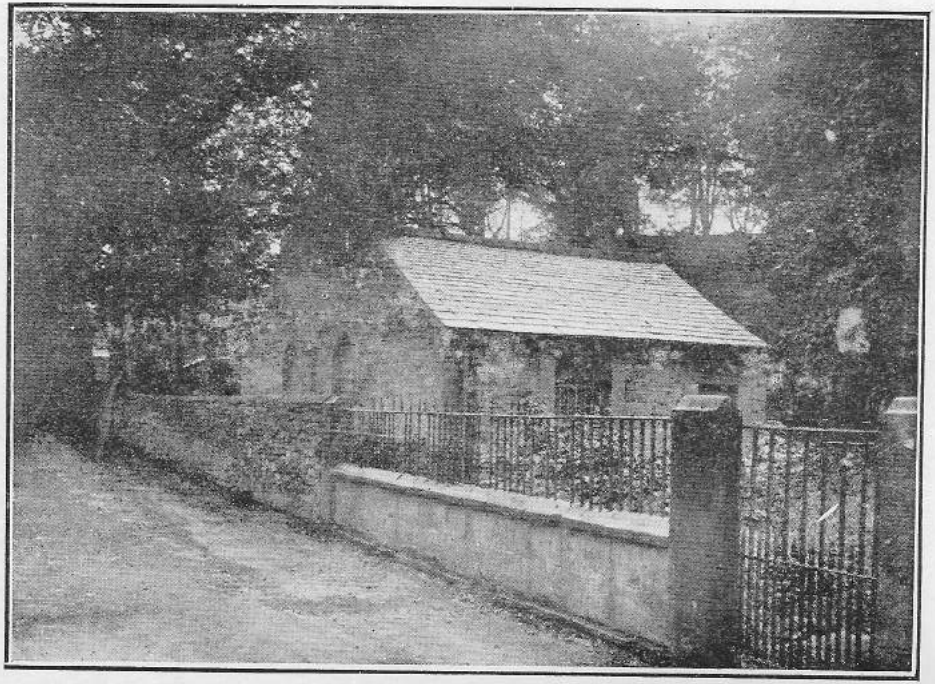
CHAPTER IV.

WARM SPRINGS AND THE WELL CHAPEL OF ST. MARTIN.

"Oh! the pleasant woodland well,
Gemmed about with roses;
Sweetest spot in dale or dell,
Bright when evening closes,
Sparkling gushing clearly
There it was first love begun,
And, amidst eve's shadows dun,
There it was I wooed and won,
Her I loved most dearly."

RICHARD HOWITT.

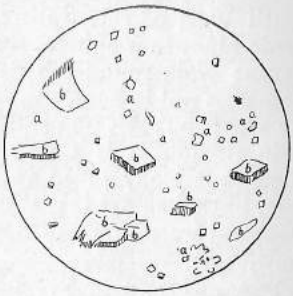
IN Dr. Short's "Minerals Waters," Vol. I, published in 1734, we read "Stoney Middleton village stands on the N.E. side of a steep Hill, at the foot of which is a large Brook, on the North side whereof is a much higher and steeper Mountain, being a mile and a quarter from top to bottom. The Situation is very Romantick, the ground all very dry and pleasant, the Water good and sweet, being strained through those large Mountains of Limestone, the Air pure, thin, wholesome and very fragrant in Summer and at a very little Distance several fine Groves of Woods, all about beautiful Grass and Corn Fields, along the Sides of those high Mountains. From East to West on the Side of this Brook runs a very High, long Ridge of Limestone Rocks full of sinuous Grottoes, several whereof communicate with one another and run into the Mountain above. At the Foot of this high Mountain on the North Side of the Town rises first the drinking warm Spring out of a Rock, and falls down on the Earth below, but having no Bason to receive it, it cannot be measured without a great deal of trouble, however, it cannot send forth less than twelve hundred Gallons of Water in an Hour; it weighs lighter than common Water rarefied by the Sun's Heat in an excessive hot Day, wherein the Spirits in my Thermometers were up at eight Inches and put into the Brook the Spirits in the small Bores subsided to the second Inch, and these in the large to two Inches five eighths; both set in this drinking Water the Spirits rose again to one below six. The Bath is about eight Yards



ROMAN BATHS, STONEY MIDDLETON.

South West of this Spring, it is enclosed with a Wall four Yards high, four square, six Yards every way, on its inside is a stone Walk round the Bath, it is open above. The Thermometers put in here, the Spirits rose to six Inches one eighth, the Water bubbles up continually with great Force, in all Parts as in Buxton, it is a very large and plentiful Spring, every extraneous Body fallen into it in a few Days appears very blue, but taken out it is white in the Air; then we have three perpetual warm Springs close by the West Side of the Church Yard, each whereof raised the Spirits in the Tubes to six Inches. November 27, being a hard Frost for forty-eight Hours before and a little Snow, I took the Thermometers which I had used there the Summer before (the Diameter of its Bore being one twenty-second of an inch) whose Spirit the Warmth of this Water had raised to one-eighth above the third Inch though these by the Church Yard made the Spirits subside two Inches and a half, being about eighty Yards nearer the Town and farther from the Mountain, in which Course it cooled more than the first Spring and Bath; but in above Frost, the Spirits in the Thermometer being only one eighth of an Inch above the Balls set in the Bath, it raised it one eighth below the third Inch, the drinking Water two eighths above the third Inch. So that this Water in frost or cold Weather is one twenty sixth Part warmer than in Summer, and the increased Heat of the Springs by the Church Yard side in Summer equal to the Warmth of the other two, is from the Earth's Surface above them heated by the hot Weather, and the Heat Rays of the Sun reflected by the Stone Walls near them upon the Water. This Water weighed fifty grains in a Pint lighter in Winter than Common Water. All these five warm Springs are of the same kind, and produce the same Colours upon Examination, for they brighten the Solution of Gold, Solution of Silver turns them first of a deep Pearl Blue, then white and a large Sediment is let fall. Solution of Copper turns them of a greenish Blue. Solution of Sugar of Lead first of a Pearl White, then clear with a dark Sediment, Oil of Tartar of a fine Pearl, then a small Sediment, Syrup of Violets first of a whitish Blue then greenish. Tincture of Logwood of a pleasant scarlet Red, Galls of a muddy White, the acid Spirits raised a strong Commotion or Ebullition in it, and Rhenish Wine mixt with it occasioned a great intestine Motion. Fifteen Pints of the

Warm Bath
a. Marine Salt b. Nitre



Drinking Spa
a. Marine Salt b. Nitre

Crystals Of The Salts Of
Stoney Middleton Warm Bath And
Drinking Spaw

Tho: Short
1733

Bath boiled away left sixty nine Grains of Sediment, thirty four whereof was Salt, the rest Limestone Powder. Sixteen Pints of the drinking Water exhaled left seventy Grains of Sediment, one half whereof was Salt, the rest calcareous Earth. The Waters near the Church Yard Side exhaled left near the same Quantity of Sediment, their calcined Earths were scarce influenced by the Loadstone, that of the drinking Water caked like Sea Coal, and was very light. These Sediments fermented much smoaked and boiled with Acids, turned Green with Syrup of Violets, and sent forth a volatile Smell, or Spirit with Sal Armoniac the Salts crackled and fly on a red Hot Iron, and swell and boil. Made into a Lixivium they project Crystals of Nitre and Marine Salt. This Water and Buxton will keep a Fortnight in Summer without stinking, Matlock twelve Days, Middleton Bath Water not above ten Days."

It is rumoured that Joan Padley, heiress of the Padley Estates, used to meet her lover, Robert Eyre, of Hathersage, near the Warm Springs of Middleton, and when she took farewell of her soldier sweetheart, who left for the French Wars, they promised to build on the trysting place a Well Chapel dedicated to St. Martin, the saint of cripples, if he returned after the Battle of Agincourt, 1415. Cox, in his "Derbyshire Churches,"

says that the Eyre and the Padley Coat of Arms were inscribed on the ancient font which was to be found in the churchyard. It was carved in good Gothic style and removed from the Church in 1861, then overshadowed by some light trees. From an accurate drawing of it taken some years before, it was evidently octagonal in shape, three sides of which are ornamented with shields—two shields are plain and the other has a chevron, the Arms of Eyres of Hassop. It was of excellent design. It was doubtless given to the Church by Robert Eyre, who married the heiress, Joan Padley.

Extracts from the Registers at Hathersage Parish Church, 1627-1700 A.D., concerning the inhabitants of Stoney Middleton.

1627.		
Martii 9	Bapt.	Georgius filius Laurentii Walheade.
		Anthonius filius Francisci Wilcockson
Aprilis	Bapt.	Johannes filius Mri Roberti Bareley
	Sep.	Johannes filius Arthuri Bartram
Junii	Bapt.	Thomas filius Thomas Jackson
	Bapt.	Margarita filia Johannis Smyth
7 bris	Sep.	Anna Troute
8 bris	Matrim:	con: Thomas Brittlebank et Gracia Wilcockson
	Bapt.	Barbara filia Johannis Healde
10 bris	Sep.	Francisca filia Janae Robinson
	Sep.	Maria filia Roberti Haugh
	Bapt.	Thomas filius Johannes Walkeden
	Sep.	Robertus Walkeden
	Bapt.	Thomas filius Guilielmi Eyre
Janacrii	Sep.	vid Elizab: Cocke

The Parish Registers of Stoney Middleton Church only commenced in 1715.

A mural monument erected to the memory of a famous equestrian and wrestler, William Capps, gentleman, of Stoney Middleton, was fastened to the wall of the Church, but at the "Restoration" (?) of the Church, 1758-9, this monument was removed and placed outside on the wall in front of the new building (*i.e.* the quasi-Grecian body which replaced the centre Nave). In 1861 a further "Restoration" was made, and the last remnant of this handsome monument of the gallant, generous, and honoured Capps was cast to the ground, only to be unearthed in 1912 (two years after the "History of Stoney Middleton" was published) by the sexton of that period, Mr. Alfred Mycock, who discovered it in the Church coke-house.

IN MEMORY OF WM. CAPPS
GENTLEMAN
OF
STONEY MIDDLETON
WHO DIED JAN. 24, 1703.

"Deaths Harbinger with surprising wings
Summons poor souls before th' Eternal king
Death with his dart; Time will his glass combine
To bring poor mortal soules to th' bar betimes
Cheer up, Dear souls, These to your Spirit brings
Blest Hallelujas to the King of Kings."

There is a unique Brass Tablet on the right of the Sanctuary in the Main Body of St. Martin's Church.

Cross Bones, a Skull and the Hour Glass are engraved above the inscription, which reads :—

"Here lieth Interred the Body of
Mrs. Efther Fynney Sifter to Mr.
William Fynney was Born.... Dec.
19th Ann. Dom: 1704. Died in
The 1st Year of her Age ———
Here lies the Body of Mr. William
Fynney of Stoney Middleton was
Born Decbr. 19: 1704. Departed this Life
June 4th 1734 in ye 30th Year of his Age.
Robt Meller Calver Sculpt."

An interesting document, in the possession of Mr. Urban Hallam, of Stag House, Stoney Middleton, throws some light on events in Stoney Middleton pertaining to the church.

1762	Jam. Hallam as Churchwarden for Stoney Middleton To an abstract of Cash Received from The Church Assessment	£	s.	d.
		4	0	11
	To the Church Collettion for a Brieff at Knap Mill .....in Hand .	2		1½
		4	3	0½

Cr.	———	Cr.	£	s.	d.
16th Aug. 1762	By Cash paid for Oathes . .		0	8	8
	By 4 forms of pray'rs . .		0	4	0
	By Cash pay'd Mr. Cowley For that Day's Expense .		0	13	6
	By Tool Barro . .		0	0	6
	By Cornelius Hallam cleaning ye Church .		0	0	6
	By Cash Spent of Mr. Hadfield .		0	1	0

15th Octor.	paid Court Fees . .	0	4	10
	By two Books— for the Church . .	0	4	0
	By Coals for Sodoring the Lead 1.2 Dr.	0	1	6
2nd Novr.	By Cash paid Mattw Furnis for Leading Stone . .	1	15	0
	By an Almanack .			6
	By Ezra Cocker cleaning the Yard . .		1	0
	Cr. ———	Cr.£	s.	d.
2nd Novr.	By coppies of the Register, etc., etc.. .	0	2	0
	By parch-ment . .		1	4
	By Forms of prayr . .		3	0
	By Cash paid for present-ments . .		4	10
	By my charges that Day .		2	6
	By Cash paid Jnd. Thorn-hill for Ring		5	0
	By Cornelio Hallam Cleaning ye Church . .		0	6
	By Wine for Sacrament—	4	14	2
	2 Quart . .		4	0
		4	18	2

Jams Hallam's
Accounts
Whilst Churchwardon
11th March, 1763
Received the within Ballace
of James Booth
Per Mary Hallam.

On Christmas Day, 1853, a curious wedding took place at Stoney Middleton Church, the contracting parties being from a gipsy encampment. Donkeys, dressed up with straw saddles, were gathered from the mines over a wide area. The bridal party was then escorted to St. Martin's Church amid a crowd of onlookers.

After the ceremony the bride and bridegroom were conducted to their new home and received the congratulations of neighbours and friends, and the donkeys were afterwards set at liberty.

For many years St. Martin's Church was served by ordained priests from the mother church of Hathersage.

In 1835, the late Rev. Urban Smith was appointed Incumbent by the patron of the living, the Vicar of Hathersage, and held the living for 53 years.

The first vicar resided in the Dower House of the Shuttlewoods (the present Moon Inn premises), then surrounded by iron railings, until the present Vicarage was built. He was a noted geologist and secretary to the Greek Testament Society, whose members erected a suitable memorial tablet when he died in 1887.

Tablet erected to the memory of the first Incumbent of Stoney Middleton, who was faithful pastor of this parish for 53 years. This monument was provided by the Greek Testament Society and arranged by the late Dr. E. M. Wrench, of Baslow. The stones were from Mr. Smith's collection and contain the names of some not quarried now. The bosses are all pure fluorspar or fluoride of calcium. The upper left and lower right stained by manganese like Blue John, and the upper right and lower left stained by iron and possibly aluminium—the more common cause of colour in fluorspar.

Left. *Right.*

1 Dark Birdseye	2 Colehill Fossil	3 Light Newburgh	4 Light Bird Eye	5 Light Coraline	6 See No. 1
18 See No. 14					7 See No. 2
17 See No. 12		Inscription			8 Rosewood
16 See No. 3					
15 See No. 1	14 Hopton Wood	13 See No. 8	12 Dark Coraline	11 See No. 3	10 See No. 1	9 See No. 5

The Rev. U. Smith was succeeded by Rev. J. B. Riddlesden in 1888, who was the second vicar, and held the living for 47 years until 1935, thus completing a period of 100 years with only two vicars. Mr. Riddlesden was a fine old English gentleman, and was highly esteemed by his parishioners.

The third vicar is Rev. G. Caldwell, who took the living in 1936.

CHAPTER V.

THE POOR LAW A CENTURY AGO.

"When it is not despicable to be poor, we want fewer things to live in Poverty with satisfaction than to live magnificently with Riches."—ST. EVREMOND.

IN the S. Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Notts. and Lincolnshire Notes and Queries, Vol. II, dated June, 1900, there is an interesting account of "The Poor Law a Century Ago," which was contained in a book obtained at a sale of the effects of an old resident of Stoney Middleton, who was for many years an Overseer of the Poor.

The accounts commence with January (here spelt Janewary) 4th, 1793, when the monthly meeting, presumably of the Poor Law Board, was held. During the first seven years, one name appears with remarkable frequency, that of Matthew Nail, in some portions of the accounts spelt Mathey Neale, though doubtless the same person. To judge from the accounts of 1793, this man was in receipt of relief, varying from 2/- to 5/- a week. On October 9th, 1793, the overseer charges 1/6 for going to "Doar" to inquire of George Fox about "Elin (query Ellen) Nail." And then follows an entry for October 7th, apparently an afterthought of the overseer's, as it is out of place, of 1/- dispersed to the justices on account of Elin Nail's settlement. There is something of a romance in this. On November 27th, 6/2½ was spent in going to Sheffield to have Elin Nail married, while on the following day a sum of a guinea was dispersed for various articles of clothing for the same woman. Further down, on February 18th, we see that Elin became a mother, and the whole thing

is interesting as showing the very personal interest in those days taken by the Poor Law officials in poor people with whom they had to deal. So far as the writer could read the case, Matthew Nail was a poor old man, in receipt of poor relief, and whose daughter got into trouble, from which she was extricated by the help of the overseer and the justices. But this may only be a theory.

The duties of an overseer at that time were distinctly varified. In addition to acting the part of matrimonial agency, we find he had to disburse the Easter fees to Hope Church, and pay the land tax for Stoke-Miln. On August 2nd to repair a gate at Stoke Lane Head at a cost of 1/-. Pay the tithes and the wages of the constable. Remunerate Thomas Youle (November 10th, 1793) for mole-catching, for the community on that occasion, 15/-, and so on. On May 1st, 1794, by the way, 3/3 was "paid for this book." By the look of the aged and time-worn volume now before us, and judging from its size and the quality of its paper, a modern stationer would have blushed to accept 6d. for it.

And, by the way, the quaint matrimonial story to which we have already referred, developed at last into a tragedy, for on September 12th, 1794, the overseer had to disburse 10/6 for "the beren of the child," in other words for the burying. We believe the "J. Denman," who signed the book on behalf of Her Majesty's justices was the first Lord Denman. Assessments is written as "sesmentes."

Extracted from the accounts for the Overseers of the Poor for the Lordship of Stoke, for the year 1793, and for the highways :—

		£	s.	d.
March 28	Going to Bakewell with a List of the Inhabetence for ye turnpike		1	6
April 5	Paid for the Poor Warrand and presentment		3	6
June 27	Paid Robard Hallam for the Highway Warrand and presentm.		3	0
October 24	Paid the constable Stone middleton	2	2	0
Janewary, 1794.	Paid the Constable of Stoneymiddleton		19	8
31	Thos. Youle, Goutley overseer : of the year end of the hiwage for Stoack and Goutley for the year 1794 and 5.			

June, 1794.				
18	Paid constable of Stoney Middleton	4	12	6
	Charg for Isaac and myselfe		5	6
	Seen and aloude by Hus			
	Thomas Outram			
	Isaac Outram			
	Joseph Bennitt x his mark			
March				
23	Spent at Midelton		4	0
1797				
April 8	Four Leves comes to	29	19	10
	Supplementee highe	4	0	0
	Roberd halle		13	0
	Recevd at Midelton	3	6	0
	Seen and allowed by us George White			
	Thomas Outram			
	Isaac Outram			
Decemb 20	Paid William Hallam in Part of Payment toward train band soldier and militia mons familos	1	1	0
	Do. Thomas Youl		3	0
1798	Seen and aloud by Hus			
	Thos. Outram			
	Tho' Higginbottom.			

CHAPTER VI.

THE IRATE COBBLER.

"But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart."
"*The Lady's Dream*"—Stanza 16.
THOMAS HOOD.

A STERN fellow of the artisan type lived in another part of the village.

He followed the work of cordwainer for his son, who allowed him special leave to attend rent audits, markets, funerals, etc.

Severe, critical and tart, he was not generally popular in the village.

Besides being Parish Councillor he was also People's Warden at the neighbouring church, and would sometimes criticise the vicar, who may have secured his election as churchwarden so as to corner his opposition.

He also had a seat on the Committee of School Managers, and although he averred to the School Inspector he had finished his education at the age of 6, yet he had more to say about the school and still more about the master. "A guinea weekly was ample payment for a schoolmaster."

It would appear that the agenda was previously discussed with the squire.

The village blacksmith had been instructed to make some new iron gates for the churchyard, but unfortunately the order had not been carried out immediately. Some time later the churchwarden met the blacksmith. "Oh, we've started the gates," but the heated warden said, "It's too late, I've given the order to ——." "Oh, you have, have you," quickly remarked the blacksmith. "If I were a younger man I'd knock your block off."

One evening a crowd had collected in the Dale, and he shouted to the sergeant, "Officer! clear the Dale," to which, remembering his sneers about police salary and pension, he naively said, "You go home, or else you'll be the first to be cleared."

CHAPTER VII.

THE HILLSIDE.

"Mine be the cot beside a hill
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear,
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near."
S. ROGERS.

A HIGH street stretches for about two miles towards the edge of the moors, interspersed by low houses, boot factories, farm buildings and a school.

On the left, about 150 yards from the main road, a lane leads to pasture land, and in a further field there is the Vicarage, a fair-sized stone building with lawn and good gardens. Here we have a commanding view of tree-clad hills, winding river, and leafy avenue leading to the village. On right and left copses appear on the hill tops and on the higher ground on the right is a pretty dale, haunted by tourist, geologist and botanist. There is also a path appropriately called Lovers' Walk. The

HIGH STREET, as it used to be.

field in front of the Vicarage is called Butcher Piece, with a long fairly deep trench, and fire steps at the back of the trench.

The old vicar had several pupils at his schoolroom, and they were prepared for professional life or entrance to a University. He was a good Greek scholar and antiquarian. He made journeys to and from the village and to different villages by pony and trap, and kept a coachman.

Bitter feuds existed between the squire and parson, who could always give "a Roland for an Oliver." One quarrel was about choosing the site for a cemetery in the parish, near to the Hall grounds, as the squire thought the mourners and friends could overlook his grounds. When the parson refused to accept this offer of another site, he quietly left the church, along with all his servants, and when his wife died in another village he did not bury her in the village, but decided that "where a tree falls, there it should lie."

When the doctor was asked by the parson if snuff-taking affected the brain, the doctor quietly replied "No, I don't think so, for I don't think snuff addicts have any."

The parson once met a lodging-house keeper who remarked "Good morning, your rivverence, I expect you've had a sumptuous breakfast and are full of good wine." "Yes, and you're full of ignorance and impudence, Mr. ——."

Calling upon a shoemaker, an inveterate card player, he was refused admittance, and the reply was shouted "Full up."

A sweep, a diligent Sunday School teacher, was always ready in an emergency. When a difficult word presented itself he would simply say, "Call it Manchester."

When he met the blacksmith he often complained about him not being present at church last Sunday. "I notice, Will, you don't take much notice of the church bells, but I always see you in the club procession attracted by the brass band."

When the blacksmith did attend church the vicar asked why he always sat on the back row. He answered, "You see, sir, it's like this ; there is really so much scandal talked of in church that I like to see people in front of me, when I know they are not discussing me."

One of his many friends and sympathisers wrote to the parson enclosing a cheque for £5 for the benefit of God's poor in the parish. In a letter acknowledging the kind gift, he

added as a rider, "There's no God's poor in the parish, only the devil's."

During his long incumbency he made structural alterations to the church, re-roofing the building, removing the dilapidated gallery, providing a new West doorway and closing the South door, and inserting an earlier window in the 15th century tower. To provide education both on Sundays and on week-days, he built a school on waste land with the assistance of a large circle of friends in 1835. To provide a regular water supply he piped water from the hillside and collected the water in a trough—Dimple Pump and Town End Pump, and arranged for the disposal of waste water being received by the brook.

Outwardly austere and orthodox he was always ready to help the sick and needy by gifts of clothing, milk and dinners. He was generally treated with great deference and respect.

When he overhead the butcher using an expletive, he remarked, "Better language, Mr. ——, please." To which the angry butcher rejoined, "You mind your own business." "It is my business, I tell you, as parish vicar."

At the age of 80 his work was ended, and he was laid to rest in the cemetery amidst general mourning and regret at the passing of a fine old English gentleman.

A VILLAGE SUNDAY.

The sun has just begun to rise
To go his journey round the skies,
The village rouses from its sleep,
The Holy Sabbath Day to keep.

The sleepy Church awakes to life,
Loud rings its bells in joyous strife
And slowly wending down the lane
Comes the village crowd again.

The Parson, in his usual place,
Recites the Prayers and asks for Grace,
Then out the people come again
And wander down the shady lanes.

They wander round the fields in Spring
And thanks to God they loudly sing,
For the sun his journey run
Sinks in the West, and Sabbath's done.

H. C. B.

An old man, living in the high street, had an old man and woman weather instrument, and on one occasion the old gentleman was indignant because it prophesied rain. Hastily opening the door, he placed the offender outside the door with the caustic remark : "See for yourself, you silly old devil."

The preacher, on entering the chapel pulpit, gave out his text, "And the trumpet shall sound." After a pause, the stillness of the chapel was ended by a loud blast from a trumpet manipulated by a boy in the gallery. After this the chapel was speedily emptied.

Two Cockneys, touring the Peak, called at an inn for some refreshment, and asked for ham and eggs and a bottle of wine. "Sorry, sirs, we have no wine to sell, but we can sell you a bottle of elderberry wine which my owd mon has for rumatism," politely answered the hostess. "That will do," the weary travellers remarked. They drank this, and afterwards called out, "Bring me a bottle of ditto." The hostess then consulted her husband, "Give 'em a bottle ov t'same sort, they'll not know difference," was the advice given. Again there was a knock and an order "Let us have a bottle of ditto repeated." Her husband instructed her to "supply the same sort ; they'd never know difference."

When the bill was presented, it ran :—

1 bot ellebery wine—2/-
1 bot or ditter—3/-
(better still)
1 bot or ditter repeated—5/-
(best stuff in house)

p. 13/-. "Give me ten bob en o'ill gie ye ob 'am and en eggs," sweetly replied the hostess.

It was a custom many years ago for men in Stoney Middleton to wear green felt hats. A housewife, living near the Dale Bottom, was dissatisfied because her spouse did not possess such headgear, so, having a pot of green paint handy, she gave his black hat a coat. Now if all days had been fine the poor fellow would not have suffered from the ridicule that followed when the green paint ran down his face one rainy day.

A local Lime Burner, who kept the Nursery Tavern over 80 years ago, was also the keeper of a model lodging house. It was frequented by those who tramped the countryside in search of adventure and to eke out a precarious livelihood.

His commanding presence did not invite disputes about the legality of the charges, and all quarrels ended when he entered the lodge in the evening. It was rumoured that the lodge was formerly a public called the Red Lion in the coaching days.

During the construction of Totley tunnel in 189–, the accommodation was not equal to the demand, so the visitors had to go to bed in relays, and the beds were never really cold.

If the increased charges were disputed, Goddard would argue: "I cannot take less. I have plenty of people waiting to stay here. You have a clean bed and a warm fire; what more do you want?" If a questionable couple arrived, and their sly glances would often give them away, he would pointedly remark to the woman, "My maiden, art thou married?"—this with a direct look which brooked no lies. If still undecided, he would naively suggest, "Well, you can both jump over the broom, just in case."

He often boasted that he had housed professional men of all descriptions, and every one was pleased to visit his house when in the district—parsons, doctors, artists, lawyers and photographers were there.

THE ANCIENT† MANOR OF MIDDLETUNE.

The Wapentake* or Hundred of Hammestan comprised the modern High Peak and Wirksworth. Here there were five churches, six priests, and five lead mines. In the Domesday Book for Derby we read: "In Middletvne Goded had iv bovates‡ of land available. Land for iv oxen, viii Villanes, and i bordar (*i.e.* copy holder), with ii ploughs and iv acres of meadow and little underwood, valued at vi shillings." (In the time of King Edward the Confessor.)

The adjunct Stoney or Stony is derived from the Anglo-Saxon stœn, Stan, a stone, hence Stoney Middleton implies the stoney or paved middle town. Dr. Wrench thinks that Middleton takes its name from the township being in two

† Manor was the whole extent of land under a Norman baron, over the inhabitants of which he had jurisdiction in criminal and civil suits.

* Wapentake (A.S. wœpan arms, and tac to touch) was equivalent to the Hundred in Anglican districts, so-called because when the overlord appeared for justice, the men touched his spear in token of fealty.

‡ Bovate, ploughland, varying from 8 to 24 acres.

parishes, with a boundary in the middle. The following is taken from Wood's "History of Eyam" :—

"Thomas, the son of Gerard and Matilda Furnival, mentions at the instance of the Statute Quo Warranto of Edward the First, his being possessed at that time of the Manors of Stoney Middleton and Eyam. Elizabeth, the widow of Thomas de Furnival, who died in 1332, seized of Eyam and Stoney Middleton, had for her dowry, inter alia, Eyam, Stoney Middleton, Bamford, and Hathersage, Derbyshire, and Treeton, Todwick, Ullay, Brampton, Catcliffe, Orgrave, and Whiston, Yorkshire ; she died on Tuesday next ensuing the Feast of the Blessed Virgin 28th Edward the Third after enjoying her splendid dowry a great many years. It then reverted to her husband's grandson by his first wife, Thomas, Lord Furnival, called the Hasty (Lord of Hallamshire)."

In the "Journals of the Derbyshire Archæological and Natural History Society," the following occurs :—

"At the Great Court of Baslow on Wednesday morrow, St. Andrew A.D. 37, Edward III, 1363, Johnde Ruyle, John and Richard Mulner of Midleton, Walter Bosan of Midleton, and Walter Wareyn were summoned for fishing in the preserved water. Again in the same Court on Wednesday next before S.S. Simon Jude's Day 42 Edward III A.D. 1368, the tenants of Midleton and Eyam were ordered to be distrained for pasturing their cattle on the moors."

The following has been given in the Reliquary, 1860-70 (edited by Llewellynn Jewitt, Esq., F.S.A.): "In the 16th year of the Reign of Richard II, 1393, two messuages of land and 9½ acres in Eyam were transferred from John de Stafford of Eyam and Thomas Amott of Midleton to John Rankell Chaplain. Again in the 19th year of the reign of Richard II, 1395, King John or possibly his eldest son attested his grant of land in Calver and Midleton Cliff from Godfrey de Roland to Thomas and Richard Gomfray. On the 2nd February, 1421, in the reign of Henry V, a piece of land at Eyam called 'Rylye' was transferred to John Martyn and Nicholas Martyn. In connection with this transfer the name of John de Stafford Squyer was followed by that of Henry de Stafford of Mydleton Clyff."

"In the 12th year of the reign of Elizabeth the Manor of Stoke, with its appurtenances and diverse lands, tenements,

and hereditaments in Hope, Great Hucklowe, Little Hucklow, Folowe, Eyme, Tyddeswall, Litton, Abney, Alfreton, Teddepole, Baslowe, Howmefield, Middleton, Dronfield, Egginton, and Bradwell were acquired by Humphrey Barley, generous for himself and his heirs. He held in capite I May, 12 Eliz. lib., 25 fol. 107." "Derbyshire 16 May, 1601, the names of those gentlemen with theire severall somes of money, they are to paye towards setting forthe of three horsemen into Ireland vizt: Henry Wigley of Mydleton gent xvs."

"Franciscus Sharpe of Stoney Middleton" occurs in a list of vills and freeholders of Derbyshire dated 1633, and the sign altóc implies he possesses a writ or certificate of excuse.

"Whereas Alathea Countess of Arundell and Surrey was heretofore seized of Certaine Farmes or rents of farmes issuing out of farmes and of Certaine Tythes of Corne, Hay, Wooll, and lamb and other tythes Coming, gowing, and renewing forth of the Parish of Glossop, in the county of Derby, etc., for the recusancy of the said Countess are sequestered. These they grant, lease, lett and farm lett unto William Couse, of Stuffnall, in the county of Salop gent. and Robert Ashton of Stony Middleton in the county of Derby gent. two parts in three for one whole yeare from the five and twentyeth day of March 1650 for Three Hundred and Eighty three pounds. All repairing and maintaining of houses and outhouses to be carried out."

In 1665 Robert Ashton Esqr. of Stoney Middleton High Sheriff* of Derbyshire owned land to the extent of 44 acres 1 rood 24 poles.

In 1670 Dennis Ragg of Stoney Middleton Bank had a farm under the Morewood of Alfreton. He issued a trade token for a halfpenny in 1670, and may have been either grocer, tallow chandler or miller, as the Raggs and Furnesses followed all three businesses.

A grant was made by Sir John Benet Knight to Pembroke College, dated November 10th, 1676, and contains the following:—"And also all the annual rent of eighteen pence of like lawful money reserved and issuing out of, or for lands in Stoney Middleton in the said county of Derby now or late paid by Roger Ashton Esquier."

* Sheriff (Shire-reeve) looked after the affairs of the shire, and girded a sword upon him when elected.

In 1703 Wm. Capps, wrestler and equestrian, died. It would appear that he was a gentleman of note of that age, for there is Capps Barn, Capps Close, and Capps Big Close even to-day.

The Manor belonged at an early date to the Bernakes, of Upper Padley. Richard de Bernake sold it in the reign of Edward I to Thomas de Furnival. From the Furnivals it passed by marriage to John, First Earl of Shrewsbury. Gilbert, the seventh Earl, died without issue, and the Manor passed to the Countess of Pembroke, one of his co-heiresses ; thence to the Savilles. It again fell to an heiress, the Countess of Burlington, and thus came to the Cavendish family.

The Old Manor House stood at a corner of Vicarage Lane, where a gable end still remains.

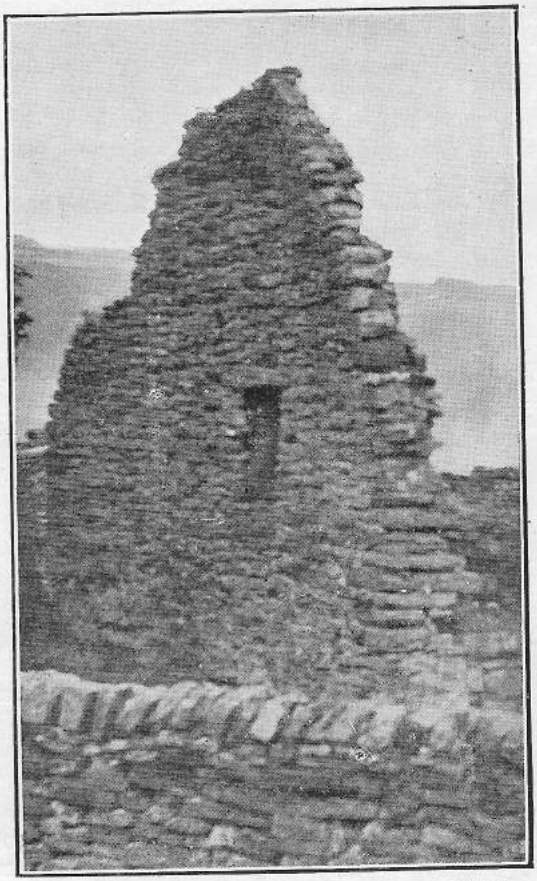
CHAPTER VIII.

THE OLD MAN ON THE DONKEY.

"His father's will and his mother's heart
Were found in his word and deed,
For staunch and true are the men they hew
From a rugged moorland breed."

In the forenoon an elderly farmer might be seen mounting the high street towards Highfields astride a donkey. As he was a tall and heavy person his long legs trailed on the ground, and this rare spectacle was amusing to both villager and visitor, and some of the more venturesome of the natives treated it with some profanity.

As Vicar's Warden he attended both the church vestry and manager's meetings. Although thoroughly courteous and polite he always sat upright when the question of increasing the teachers' salaries arose. The application from a lady teacher was once discussed at considerable length, and at the close the kindly old gentleman remarked "I think she would still remain even if we reduce her salary." If a member made some startling remark, he would quickly add, "I was just thinking the same thing myself," but the initiative was generally left to the wiseacres, and the rest gave the usual cry of "Agreed."



RUINS OF THE OLD MANOR, VICARAGE LANE.

He was very observant of changes in the direction of wind and was generally considered a very fair weather prophet. This reminds one of the farmer whose neighbour was lauding the fine hay weather, when he was heard lamenting "But turnips are doing nowt in yond field." They couldn't have it both ways!

CHAPTER IX.

THROUGH THE DALE.

"Rocks on whose veteran fronts
The storms that come at winter's stern behest
Have beat for ages."

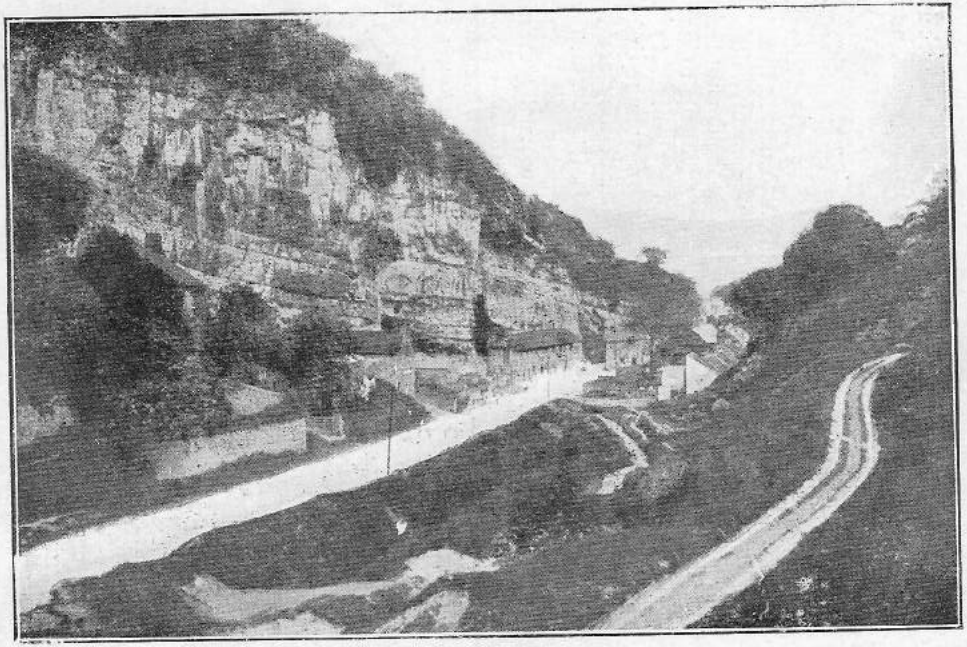
ANON.

To the west of the village a deep ravine gradually widens to a Dale, with towering limestone rocks of castellated design. It is a sombre entrance to a desert. Above, the hills are bare, and the rocks of greyish hue. Frequently the rock shapes terminate in craggy points, somewhat resembling vast unwieldly bulwarks rising in heavy buttresses one above another. Sometimes a mass hangs towering over its base, and the smoking lime kilns reveal the manner in which man subdues the forces of Nature. Formerly lead was smelted in the two cupolas, and cawk was prepared by washing and bleaching as an adulterant for paint.

A brook, which emerges in the sunlight near a wood, meanders through the Dale, often with a babbling noise as though there were voices, and this is sometimes startling to visitors.

"I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles."

Often the older people congregate on a garden seat in the smithy yard, especially before or after closing hours at the adjacent pub. Here would meet the chandeller, the gardener, the quarryman, the blacksmith, the joiner and the gamekeeper. Proceedings usually opened with the remark, "Well, an you ought fresh to-day?" Then the ball started rolling



MIDDLETON DALE.

about the squire, parson, etc. The old blacksmith would chip in with the remark "Who's yon comin' up Dale? I tell you it's Gilbert." Then was heard the usual burst of laughter when Edgar came into sight.

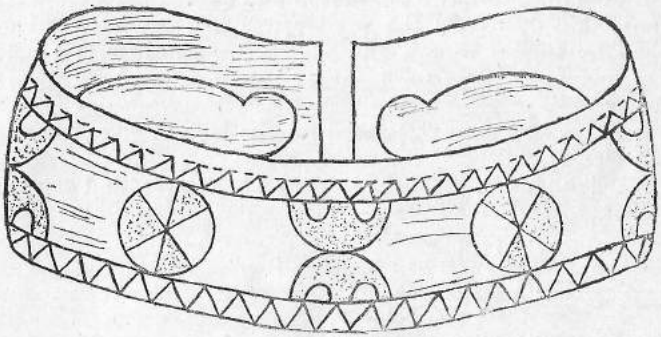
A heated altercation once took place as to which had received the better education, the gardener or the quarryman, and it was decided to see who was the best writer. When the task was finished it was difficult for the company to decide the argument, as each competitor had felt the absolute necessity of acquitting himself satisfactorily in the eyes of the village.

A young schoolmaster was called upon to decide the issue. This gentleman, unwilling to make only one enemy, surveyed the work very carefully and studiously as though undecided and at length remarked, "It is really very difficult to decide with such a short exercise of penmanship. This is very well written, but when compared with the other attempt there is very little to choose between them. I think they are both beautiful specimens of caligraphy." Thus two persons had been appeased.

The question of money, introduced at the daily meeting of the smithy parliament, drew this dry remark from a young blacksmith: "It's like this. If an old man has a legacy to leave, his relatives would declare, 'My, isn't he living a long time?' But the other prong was used if no money was to be expected and so, 'Isn't to'old fellow afraid of dying? He has cost quite a lot up to now'."

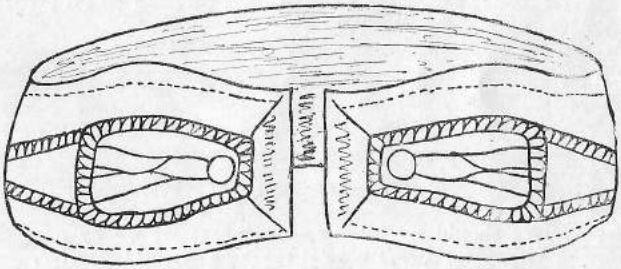
The blacksmith once met the doctor, who was going on his rounds, and asked him to examine a boil at the back of his neck. The doctor was always in a hurry and often dismissed with all ceremony. So the patient was instructed to turn his head, and then he quickly thrust his lancet into the boil, and squeezed out the core. He was then told to go home and put on a prescribed dressing. Whilst admonishing an inveterate smoker for his habit, the injured person curtly replied, "But you smoke, doctor." "What does it matter if I do; I'm a better man than you."

At the beginning of last century, household clocks were unknown in farmhouses. A clock had been purchased by a farmer, and a neighbour went to enquire the time, but it was a novelty. So she quietly replied, "Well, I canna tell you correctly, for I dunna reightly underston the thing myself,



ARMILLOE.

A Silver Bracelet of the 2nd or 3rd Century, found about 1865 in Middleton Dale.



ARMILLOE.

A Silver Bracelet of the 2nd or 3rd Century, found about 1865 in Middleton Dale.

but I'll tell you what, if you'll just sit you down a bit and wait till you hear it smite and then count, ye'll kno' t'reight time."

A man once sold two dozen new laid eggs at the store. The transaction over, and the vendor was just leaving the shop, when he turned round, and said, "Oh, I forgot, I'd better take four eggs home for breakfast; you can put them down in t'book."

Another shopman was asked for the loan of sixpence to go to t'pictures.

A neighbouring butcher travelled a wide area, and generally tried his hand at rhyme :—

"A bit o' Lamb
As sweet as honey and jam."

"A bit of shoulder
Make you bolder."

"A bit of veal
Make you weal."

The election of five members of a Parish Council was a great event, and nine candidates put up. Each candidate sought the vote of an old miner, and each put the same query, "Will you give me your vote?" and each received the same reply. "Ay." At the close of the poll one candidate said to the miner, "Thou's voted for me?" but he was nonplussed when the miner replied, "Last night I pleased ye all; to-night I've pleased me sen."

CHAPTER X.

WILFRED.

"We should do by our Cunning as we do by our Courage—always have it ready to defend ourselves, never to offend others."—GREVILLE.

WILFRED had a small poultry farm outside the village in the direction of Longstone Edge. His buxom wife had provided him with a family of a round dozen, and so to meet the needs of this large family he had succeeded in obtaining a contract for carting limestone for road-making to the neighbouring

town. He started work at 7.30 or 8 a.m. and, along with other carters, he made the journey through the Sough, Eyam Woodlands and Padley towards Fox House, where the tits were baited and the drivers had some rest and refreshment. Sometimes their destination was either Ringinglow or Ecclesall.

A man of moderate height and good physique, he was seldom attacked by villagers, as he was proverbial for the adept use of his fists, and he was not against using the knuckledusters when danger threatened and the adversary was likely to snatch a victory.

Whether the nefarious practice of appropriating a pheasant or partridge from the adjoining Dale or the Edge procured for him the post of head gamekeeper for a business gentleman in the town is not known, but much of the poaching was checked when he was installed into this prominent position. Besides, he had a regular and constant order to send eggs by train to his employer, and so he prospered.

About this time a small fortune was secured by some member of his family, and he bought the buildings once occupied by the village chandler.

Always ready for a spree, he often visited the six inns in turn, and when they turned out they would all accompany a timid member of the party home and tell him to throw in his cap first, and if it was not kicked out, he could enter in safety.

One Sunday three or four pals went a good long walk and eventually reached Bretton, where there are six houses and one pub. It was closing time, but they had travelled three miles and entered for a couple. The landlord was friendly with the constable from E——, but unfortunately it was the sergeant who later made a tour of inspection and entered the room where the party were seated with several pint pots in front of them. Several questions were then put to the landlord and his visitors, who pleaded they were covered by the three miles limit. However, he was not satisfied, and the matter was reported to the superintendent, who decided to make a test case.

Unfortunately, two of the party were within the three miles, and subsequently a clever lawyer had much difficulty in persuading the magistrates that it was a technical error and not done in defiance of the law of the land.

CHAPTER XI.

VARIED OCCUPATIONS.

"Sum win wealth by brawny strength,
Sum win wealth by wits,
Sum just gather thousands,
While sum are glad o' bits ;
Sum 'ave ter work for wot they get,
While sum are just M.P.'s
Who draw four 'undred quid a year,
An' live a life o' ease."

JIMMY MAXTON ('33).

LIKE many other places, the villagers of Stoney Middleton, during their evolution, have been engaged in a variety of industries, to supply the need of the moment or the more urgent laws of supply and demand.

Although agriculture is probably the earliest and most essential employment, yet this industry was insufficient of itself to absorb all those workers who were anxious and willing to earn a livelihood, so it was imperative to seek other avenues of employment.

1. *Lead Mining* was doubtless in progress in many mines around Middleton Dale, such as Deep Rake, Salad Hole, Wren Park, Little Pastures, White Coe and Gin, even before the Roman occupation of Britain. How stubbornly the Middleton natives resisted the well-disciplined and well-armed 6th Roman legion, who marched from their station at Chesterfield to establish a local station at Stoney Middleton has seldom been recorded by the historians of that time, but it is easy to declare that those early Middletonians were certainly "strong in t'arm and 'wick in t'head."

A similar local station was established at Brough, and here again the Bradda miners would do their best to impede the invading army, but at Brough a more elaborate camp was made, and the well-disciplined foes would endeavour to link up the two stations established before making further inroads into the Peak District. There is little doubt that in both places prisoners of war would be employed in the local lead