The history and antiquities of Eyam; with a minute account of the great plague, which desolated that village in the year 1666 / By William Wood.

Contributors

Wood, William (Screenwriter)

Publication/Creation

London: Longman, [etc., etc.], 1848.

Persistent URL

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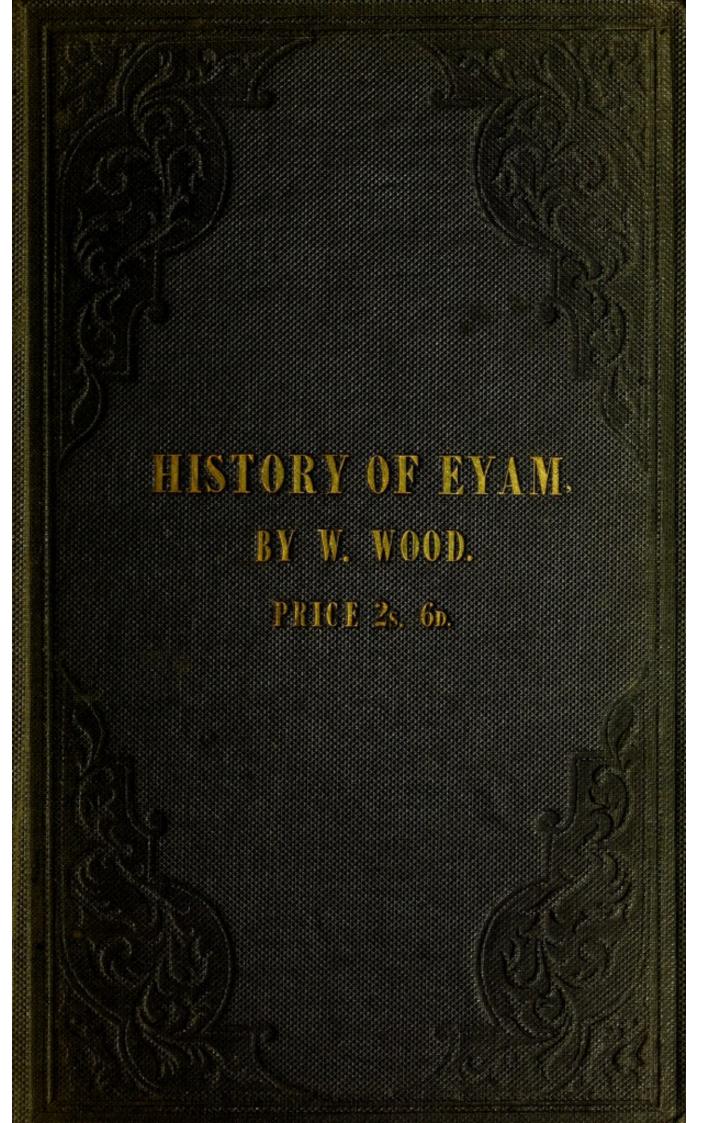
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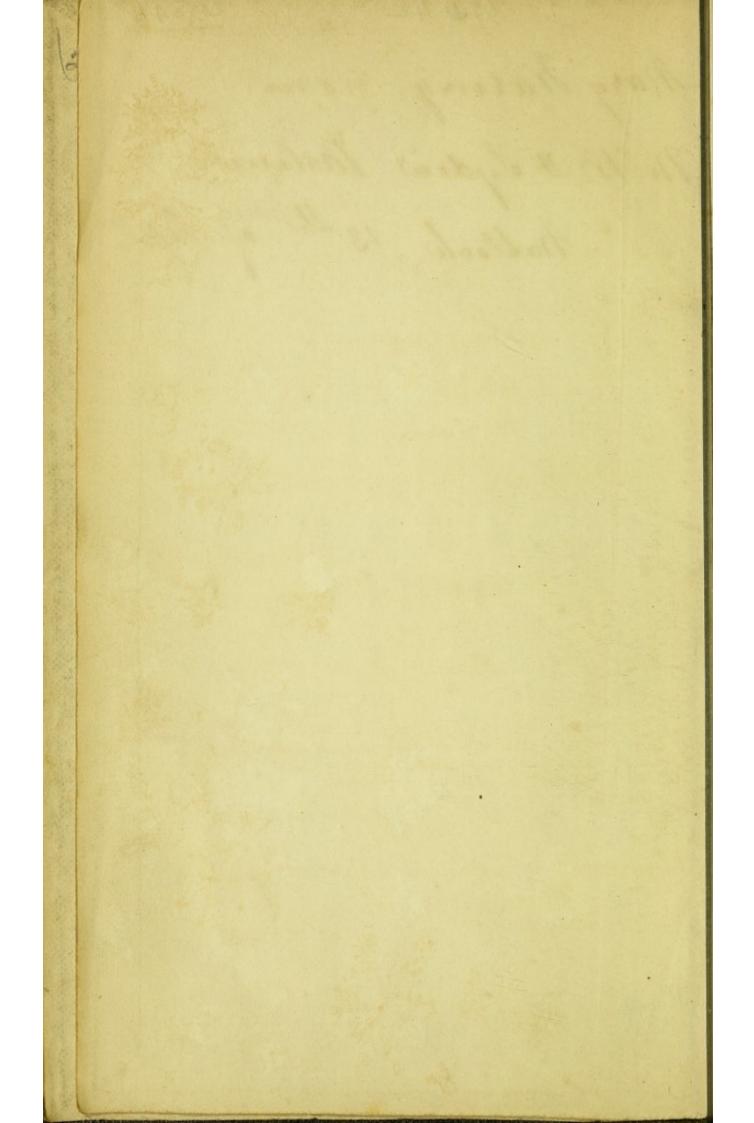


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HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES

OF

EYAM;

WITH A MINUTE ACCOUNT OF

THE GREAT PLAGUE,

WHICH

DESOLATED THAT VILLAGE IN THE YEAR 1666.

BY WILLIAM WOOD.

SECOND EDITION.

"Some writer,---why I know not,---has styled this ancient village the Queen of the Peak. If it be so, alas, she is indeed a widowed one! for there she stands alone among the hills, the solemn monument of 'A MIGHTY WOE,' that still tingles appallingly in the ear of history, and embues the whole district with a spirit of pensive gloom."

RAMBLES IN THE COUNTRY,

LONDON: LONGMAN & CO. BAKEWELL: J. GOODWIN.

Sold also by the Author at Eyam.

1848.

BAKEWELL: PRINTED BY JOHN GOODWIN.



GEORGE MOMPESSON HEATHCOTE, OF NEWBOLD, ESQ.

SIR,

In dedicating these labours of my leisure hours to you, my desire is to perpetuate, to the utmost of my humble ability, the lofty virtues of your noblesouled ancestor, Mompesson, Rector of Eyam, during its pestilential desolation.

As a descendant of so exemplary a character you must unavoidably feel intense satisfaction; that you participate in the undying homage which hallows his memory is a consequence, evident, essential, and natural; and that this unassuming little volume may contribute, in some degree, to that object is the fervent wish of

Your humble Servant,

WILLIAM WOOD.

EYAM, JULY 1, 1848.

GEORGE MOMPESSON HEATHGOTH.

in the

In dedicating the se proprints of my faisage hours to you, my disting the response of my faisage hours to your mode.

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Tour Monthle Selection

CODY MALLIEW

REBE EVENT PERSON

PREFACE.

THE public, for some time past, has incessantly demanded a second edition of this work :- to comply with this demand, and to make some necessary alterations, are the reasons for my re-appearance as an author. For myself, individually, I have been desirous of reprinting the work in order to infuse into its pages much new matter; to correct many mistakes; and to rectify some errors relating to history, antiquities, and science; altogether giving the work more of an original cast than a reprint of a former edition. Of the interest of local historical works, generally, opinions are various; but of Eyam, in particular, I can only repeat what was advanced in the preface to the first edition, namely,that a well-written history of Eyam, a sequestered village in the Peak, would be well worthy of public

perusal: this "little mountain city"—" over-shadowed by the spirit of old"—hallowed by the ever-present shades of the greatest of moral heroes—encircled with an enduring and dazzling halo of genius,—must ever be a place of deep, general, and intense interest.

The awful circumstance connected with the local history of this romantic village—its desolation by the plague in 1666,—has, from its occurrence, strongly elicited the attention and notice of the sympathising and thinking public. This may be inferred from the calamitous event having at sundry times called into action the highly classic pens of the following elegant authors:—Dr. Mead, Miss Anna Seward, Allan Cunningham, E. Rhodes, S. T. Hall, William and Mary Howitt, S. Roberts, J. Holland, and many others, who have, in verse and prose, laudably endeavoured to perpetuate the story of the sufferings of a number of mortals, who like Codrus and Curtius, offered themselves up a self-sacrifice for the salvation of their country.

Highly commendable as are the brief descriptions of these illustrious authors, on this painfully interesting subject, they are, however, respectively deficient in ample detail,—in correct data,—in the enumeration of material circumstances,—and in being compiled from cursory, casual, and erroneous information: defects, which could have been avoided

only by a long residence in the locality. To rectify the mistakes of preceding writers,—to introduce many hitherto omitted circumstances,—to snatch almost from oblivion a great number of incidents,—to collect into one body all the available information connected with that direful visitation, has been my humble attempt; and to whatever degree I may have succeeded, it must not be ascribed to paramount intellectual ability; but solely to having all my life resided among the impressive memorials of that awful scourge. Thus circumstanced I have also had the advantage of hearing, a thousand times repeated, the many traditions on that doleful subject.

It is to be regretted that a minute account of the occurrence was not taken nearer the time: and I cannot but sincerely wish that the task had fallen into more able hands even now.

This may, perhaps, be the most fitting and proper place to say, that in a former work,—"The Genius of the Peak,"—a small volume consisting of a variety of short poems, written in comparative childhood, there is much which my now more mature judgment would gladly expunge. Since the first appearance of this work, I have also published two others, "The Scottish Victims, or the Murder in the Winnets," and "Madame Stafford, or The Lamp of St. Helen," besides a great number of Sketches and Tales in the periodicals of the day, of

the merits of which I must say nothing here. But in a following page the reader may form a faint estimate of the opinions of the press respecting the merits of the first edition of this work. I have now only to observe that this little book may be of some service to that class who think and feel like the philosopher Montesquieu, who said "that he never felt a chagrin which an hour's reading did not dissipate."

THE AUTHOR.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.—FIRST EDITION.

- "The author of the History of Eyam has executed his task with enthusiasm and considerable ability. The result is a very interesting book."—Christian Reformer, October, 1843.
- "We have read the History of Eyam with great interest—a melancholy one indeed. The author has done justice to his subject, and is evidently possessed of both talent and industry."— Englishman's Magazine, April, 1845.
- "The description of the antiquities, &c. in Mr. Wood's History of Eyam, is clear and lucid."—Bateman's Vestiges of Derbyshire.
- "This is a very interesting volume, containing much interesting matter in a small compass. The work displays a highly creditable degree of mental culture. The account of the plague is told with deep feeling and graphic power of description.—Sheffield Independent.
- "There is a degree of beautiful simplicity and tenderness about this work which renders it most interesting to readers. The writer is one who has evidently conversed with nature and his own spirit amid those romantic and historically-interesting scenes of his nativity which he here so lovingly describes. It is embued with poetry, and excites a degree of sympathy in the reader, which the most masterly delineations of the mere book-making scenery-hunter would fail to inspire."—King's Macclesfield Paper.
- "We earnestly recommend this pleasing work to our readers. We assure them that it contains eloquent passages of surpassing interest, independent of its charms as a general museum of the facts and traditions of the locality it describes."—Buxton Herald.

- "The author of this work is evidently one of a thoughtful spirit: distinguished (as we know) above his fellows by habits of reading and intellectual conversation."—Derby Reporter.
- "This volume deserves extensive support on its own merits, independent of the noble cause with wnich it is associated. It is well written, keeps alive a sustained interest in the mind of the reader."—Derbyshire Chronicle, 1st Notice.
- "This work abounds with great interest. We wish Mr. Wood great success in his literary career."—Derbyshire Chronicle, 2nd notice.

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HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES

OF

EYAM.

- "Trust me, that for th' Instructed, time will come
 When they shall read no record but may teach
 Some acceptable lesson to their minds
 Of human suffering, or of human joy."—Wordsworth.
 - "O lovely village! far thy name is spread
 Throughout this land. Alas! 'tis not alone
 By rural charms that pilgrims here are led;—
 They come to gaze upon each field-gravestone
 That tells the woes that once to thee were known:—
 When pestilence with direful, black'ning breath,
 With a dread fury raged till, overthrown
 By sudden sweep, as each memorial saith,
 The trembling village rush'd into the arms of death."

W. W.

The village of Eyam has, throughout the mountain district of Derbyshire, been long honoured and earnestly characterized as the Athens of villages,—

the seat of the Muses,—the birth-place of Genius, and the Queen of the Peak. That it is justly entitled to such an eminent position among the surrounding villages; and, that good taste and judgment have been exhibited by those individuals who have thus lauded it with such classical encomiums, I will not presume to affirm. Certain it is, however, that Nightbroder, Miss Seward, Furness, and other minstrels mentioned in the scroll of fame, were born at Eyam. In this humble village, also, Cunningham, the unfortunate but highly gifted poet, tuned his harmonious sylvan shell, and gave to the world those lays which, in his short sunny day, crowned him with honour and unfeigned admiration. But distinguished as is this romantic village by giving birth and residence to these celebrated characters, it has, however, another and a stronger claim to general notice—the terrible Plague by which it was so singularly visited, and almost wholly depopulated, in the years 1665 and 1666: the details of which calamity must, however, necessarily follow a brief description of the location, scenery, antiquities, and Manor, of this highly interesting village.

Eyam is a village and parish in the north, or High Peak of Derbyshire. It is comprised in the Hundred of the High Peak;—in the Honours of Peveril and Tutbury; in the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Archdeaconry of Derby, and the Diocese of Lichfield and Coventry. The village stands in the south-east part of the parish, six miles north of

Bakewell, and nearly in the centre of a line drawn from Sheffield to Buxton: being twelve miles distant from each place. It contains about 180 houses, and 1000 inhabitants; who are chiefly employed in agriculture, lead mining, and silk weaving. The parish is nearly circular, about four miles in diameter, and includes the hamlets of Foolow and Eyam Woodlands. It abuts on the parishes of Hope, Hathersage, and Bakewell; and the following places and streams mark its boundary :—a rivulet near to Stony Middleton Churchyard—top of Stoke Wood—Goatcliffe brook—the river Derwent—Highlow brook top of Grindlow-Wardlow Miers-Foundley fence and the dale brook, to where it receives the rivulet first mentioned. Small as is this parish, yet it contained an extensive tract of moorland until the year 1801, when an Act was obtained for its inclosure: a circumstance which has, by the bulk of the parishioners, been greatly regretted. The village forms a long street, nearly a mile in length, built apparently, as it is approached from Middleton Dale, on a ledge or table-land of limestone. The village runs from east to west, in a serpentine form; and, as Gilbert White has observed of Selborne, the cartway divides two most incongruous soils. houses, in most places, on the north side, stand just where the shale and sandstone strata commence: whilst those on the south side are built invariably on the limestone; and though the village is so very long, the same diversity occurs throughout.

The several parts of the village are thus named,—
the Townend, which is the eastern part, and from
which branch the Lydgate, the Water-lane, the Dale,
the Cocy or Causeway; the Cross, or middle of the
village; and the Townhead, or the extreme western
part. Contiguous to the street, and nearly in the
centre of the village, stands the Church, a very
ancient fabric, which from its being encircled by
large umbrageous linden trees, has often excited the
notice and admiration of strangers.

Of the origin and signification of the name of this old English village—Eyam—there is but little that is satisfactory on the subject. In the Norman survey the name is written Aiune; in the fifteenth century it was written Eyham, now, uniformly Eyam. There is no doubt, that the word means water or water-place; a local peculiarity significantly apparent. It is very probable that Aiune or Eyam is Celtic. A little north of Eyam (within the parish) there is a small place called Bretton, which name is very ancient, and means mountainous. The word is pure Celtic, and was the name of England long before the Roman invasion. This little hamlet has retained a name of high antiquity, coeval with the aborigines of the island, and such has, in all probability been the case with Eyam. Some maintain that the meaning of the word is irrecoverably lost;*

^{*} Creighton, in his Introduction to his Dictionary of Scripture Names, observes that Dr. Johnson and other modern lexicographers, have greatly erred in seeking (and pretending to find) the

one of the two following conjectures, however, seems most probable.

In the word Eyam, we have undoubtedly the ham, or am, the common Saxon termination expressive of residence; but of what the Ey is significant, is not so manifest. One of the conjectures alluded to, states that the Ey is a corruption of the adjective High; and that the original signification of the compound word Eyam, was High-dwelling, Highplace, or High-hamlet: this, considering the locality of the village, its proximity to Sir William, one of the highest mountains in the Peak, is far from being improbable.* The other conjecture derives the Ey, from Ea, water, which, with the residential ham, or am, means a residence amidst, or by, a superfluity of water. The great quantity of water with which Eyam must always have been supplied, renders this supposition more than probable. In

origin of western tongues in Greek and Latin. He further states, that a knowledge of the Celtic is indispensable in tracing the true origin of the names of places, rivers, and mountains in the West of Europe.—That the Peak of Derbyshire would afford shelter to the Britons, during invasion by the Saxons and Danes, there is no doubt; and that a few of the oppressed aborigines would thereby escape the sword live and to perpetuate their race and language is probable. The dark-haired Celts were driven from the shore into the interior of the island.

[&]quot;O'er the wild gannet's bath came the Norse coursers,"
Saxon and Dane, Swede and Norwade, the fair-haired strength of
the North,

[&]quot; Left on the beach the long galley and oar,"

^{*} Vide, Genius of the Peak, page 116.

the centre of the village there is a pool vulgarly called the river, which name is a corruption of Eaver, or Ever-water: an appellation properly descriptive of this pool, which with the numberless springs and rivulets in and around the village, give a strong probability that the word—Eyam—may signify the Water-place, or The Village of Waters.* According to tradition, and other evidences, the habitations of the long by-gone inhabitants of Eyam once stood in what is called Eyam-Edge; and this is strongly countenanced by the fact, that where the greater part of the village now stands, was once covered with the works of lead mines; and to such an extent, that it is very common for old openings, or shafts, to fall in under the thresholds, pantries, and floors of the houses, and under the street and other places where none were known by the inhabitants to exist. In the Edge, traces of the foundations of habitations have frequently been discovered. This circumstance has been mentioned as a probable cause for some change in the name of the village. In fine, it may be observed of this vague and unsatisfactory subject, that whatever may be the signification of the name of the village; that whether it has changed its name or not; it has now a name which the poet wished that to be, of an old English village which he met with, namely-" no common name :"-

^{*} Vide, Medicus Magus, page 58.

"Thy name I know not nor would know,—
No common name would I be told;
Yet often shall I seek the now,—
Thou village quaint and old."—R. Howitt.



The geological features of Eyam and its immediate locality are extremely interesting and striking. Eyam, as before stated, is built on a rocky ledge, or table-land of carboniferous limestone; while northward, and contiguous to the village, the superjacent shale formation rises abruptly to a great altitude, where it is capped by the basset of the millstone grit. It is, however, in the limestone formation that the most interest is experienced. Of this the broken and fantastic masses, with their fossil organic remains, might well induce the philosophic Paley to describe them as "the splendid monuments of the felicity of past ages!" Carboniferous or mountain limestone is, in geological classification, a formation of the secondary, or transition series. The prevailing feature is a compact stone consisting principally of carbonate of lime. On the whole, it is a composition of marine exuviæ. Great natural caverns occur in this formation: two or three of great extent are said to pass under Eyam, but not to be explored on account of water. In this locality the phenomenon of streams pursuing a subterranean course is of frequent occurrence. Water on the surface is received into what is provincially termed a swallow, and after disappearing, may often be traced again issuing at the basset of some inferior stratum, at a considerable distance from the swallow. The Pippin, at the east end of the village, is a swallow; the waterfall, at the west end, is another of a larger kind. The water of these two swallows issues forth to the surface at the Gael's Wark, in Middleton Dale; a distance from the swallows of two miles.

Another object of interest in connection with the limestone is its numberless fossil organic remains. They are exclusively of marine origin, consisting chiefly of corals, shells, and encrinites; the latter are so abundant in some places as to occasion the name of " encrinal limestone." At the Water Groove quarry, a short distance from Eyam, the stone is wholly composed of this organic fossil-encrinite. The most numerous shells are Terebratula, Producta, and Sperifer. The Ammonite, though almost peculiar to the oolitic formation, is sometimes found in the limestone in the locality of Eyam. One was found at the Water Groove quarry a few years ago; another at Eyam, in Fentem's quarry; and another in the vicinity of Eyam. The two latter are now in the possession of T. Fentem, Esq., Surgeon, Eyam Terrace; they are beautiful specimens, the "whorls," and other particular parts being very distinct and perfect.* An hour's ramble in the precints of Eyam is

^{*} The Ammonites have at all times formed a very striking object of human contemplation. In India they constitute, or rather, their moulds, an object of veneration to the people, under the name of Salagraman, because it is believed that one of their gods

9

to the stranger a scientific treat: the fences of every field and every isolated stone being composed of these relics of an ancient sea; a fact now placed by philosophical investigation beyond a doubt. They are the unquestioned remains of living animals, and not "a lusus nature," the sport of nature, as some geologists of the old school so dogmatically maintained. The contemplation of these organic fossils—or in other words, of nature—unavoidably developes the thinking faculty; must present to our mental vision more extended views of the harmony and grandeur of all parts of the creation; and, consequently, must expand and elevate our conceptions of the attributes of the Great First Cause.

Another peculiarity in connection with the limestone formation, and an object of importance in the
mining speculations, in the vicinity of Eyam, and
the High Peak in general, is the formation provincially called toadstone, (amygdaloid), which alternates
with limestone so very irregularly both as respects
places and thickness. Toadstone (or channel as it
is often named) is a blackish substance, very hard,
something like the scoria of metals or Iceland lava.
This stratum is not laminated, but consists of one
entire solid mass, and breaks alike in all directions.
It varies from six feet to six hundred in thickness,

is concealed therein.—Lamarck has separated from the Ammonites the non-articulated, and denominated them, Planulites.—Pidgeon.

and possesses other apparent properties of volcanic The indefatigable Whitehurst* contended that this stratum was of igneous origin; and he supported his darling supposition with unabating zeal. St. Fond, a French geologist, came into Derbyshire a little after Whitehurst's time to examine this formation in particular: he descended Dirtlow mine, near Castleton, and on beholding mineral in composition with the toadstone he almost shouted with exultation, it being his particular object to disprove Whitehurst's theory. St. Fond sums up his observations by expressing great wonder that Whitehurst could have been so fatally mistaken as to perceive proofs of his igneous theory where evidently every thing is of an aqueous origin. After much conflict of opinion on this subject—the igneous or the aqueous origin of toadstone,—the balance is greatly in favour of the latter theory. Organic fossils have recently been found in this formation, though very rarely. In further support of its aqueous origin it is found to consist by chemical analysis of oxide of iron, carbonate of lime, and aluumina or clay. A sample from the Water Groove level contained, according to Layton,

25 per cent. ox. iron.25 per cent. carb. lime.50 per cent. aluminous matter.

The greatest peculiarity of the analysis is in the

† Whitehurst, as is well known, was born in Derby, and as a philosopher was much esteemed in his day.

carbonate of lime assuming the form and substance of fine transparent crystals; the clay is gathered around them in moist layers, while in other parts it is mixed more completely with the oxide of iron, and becomes more compact. The brilliancy of the crystals indicates the presence of water; which, with the absence of all uniformity of parts, prove to demonstration its non-igneous origin.*

The scenery of Eyam has but few parallels: it is highly varied and picturesque. In the eastern part of the village the cottages are generally mantled with ivy, adorned with fruit trees, and shaded by wide-spreading sycamores. In some parts the cottages are grotesquely clustered together; in other parts they stand singly, flanked with beehives. This rural and highly romantic picture is greatly heightened by the grey tower of the Church, which picturesquely overtops this part of the village, rising from the centre of a circle of beautiful linden trees, which encompass the Church-yard like giant sentinels, guarding the sacred precincts of the silent dead. Amidst these homely cottages there are some mansions of excellent structure, which for elegance and number far excel those of any other village in Derbyshire.

Northward of the village, a mountain range, nearly six hundred feet high, runs parallel with the

^{*} In further support of the author's views on this subject, see Hopkin's very excellent work, "Geology and Terrestrial Magnetism."

village, crowned with plantations of rising trees. This lofty range is to the village an impenetrable screen, to ward off the biting, boreal blasts: the village lying, as it were, beneath its sheltering height, in peaceful, calm repose. How beautiful the prospect from this lofty eminence. Thence the eye may behold—

" —— ancient hamlets nestling far below,
And many a wild wood walk, where childhood's footsteps go."

J. C. PRINCE.

A little farther north, nearly in the centre of the parish, rises Sir William,-the Parnassus of the Peak; a mountain of great altitude, and honoured by numberless classical associations. From the summit of this Prince of Derbyshire hills, the eye extends over countless hills and luxuriant dales. Masson, Axe-edge, Mam Tor, Kinderscout, and Stanage lift up their hoary heads and tell, in language stronger than words, of a companionship of ages. How rapturous must be the feelings of the tourist who ascends the peak of this mountain, and beholds on every hand the unaffected handmarks of Nature! How joyous his sensations to perceive in such goodly profusion, the original traces of the finger of God! Beautiful mountain! ever shall I remember standing on thy summit at the decline of a hot summer's day; the sinking sun tinged with gold the peaks of far distant hills, which shone severally in the distance like well remembered joys in the memory of the past. But anon, this levely

scene was changed: I beheld the clouds, old couriers of the sky, marshalling the elements to war; the distant mountains put on their misty robes, as if conscious of the impending storm. Soon I saw the vivid lightning flash; the thunder bellowed in the rear; and in the midst of this sublime scene I almost unconsciously repeated the following exquisite lines of Byron, changing almost without premeditation the words "Jura," and "joyous Alps," to "Mam Tor," and "Sir William high,"—

Drenched with rain, I gazed with profound emotion on the elemental strife; and in the calm which ensued I heard "the small still voice," with the awe and reverence of the Patriarch of old.

"—— God curbs the lightning, stills the roar,

And earth smiles through her tears more lovely than before."

J. C. PRINCE.

A little to the east of Eyam Riley, or the Hill of Graves—a noble and pleasing feature in the romantic character of the village. Rising on high, with its steepy wood-clad slope, it gives to the village a richly picturesque appearance. The varied and indescribable scenery in this direction is bounded on one hand by the sable rocks of Curbor, and the sin-

gularly built village of Stony Middleton; of which a great part forms a portion of the parish of Eyam.

On the south side of the village two dells branch parallel with each other into Middleton Dale. One, provincially called the Delf, or Delve, (a corruption of dell) is a most secluded and beautiful place. It has all the natural beauty and seclusion of the valley of Rasselas. Hanging tors, pensile cliffs, Cucklet church, shadowy trees, blooming flowers, a winding rill, tuneful birds, are only a few of the rural charms of this incomparable dell.

"By Nature destined from the birth of things For quietness profound."

At the western extremity of this lonely retreat is an extensive chasm, or cleft, known by the undignified appellation,—Salt Pan; it extends throughout the whole mass of limestone rock, and the projections on the one side, and indentations on the other, fully indicate that this vast mass of rock was rent asunder by some mighty convulsion of nature in some distant age of the world. A small stream issues from the mouth of the chasm, and winds its way among beds of moss, fern, and flowers. Often have I sat musing over the purling stream in the chasm, until I fancied myself in the Egerian Grotto. Ah!

"This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
Of an enamoured Goddess, and the cell
Haunted by holy love—the earliest oracle."—Byron.

The other dell, known as Eyam Dale, is rich in

rural scenery. On one side it is bounded by grey towering rocks, crested with ivy and other foliage. Some few of these rocks, however, are naked, exhibiting a sort of grimness that forms a pleasing contrast. The other side of the dell is covered with rising wood, amongst which there are numerous winding paths, that lead to a place called the "Rock Garden," where for ages the lovers of Eyam have breathed "the tender tale." A dancing rill winds through the dell, murmuring most musically to the lonely ear. This dell, and in fact the whole village, may be said to be another Anathoth: a place of responses, or echoes. In several approximate places a clear polysyllabical echo exists. Such is a portion of the very imperfectly described scenery of this secluded village, which has frequently been noticed to be the best specimen of an old English village now to be met with.

Throughout the whole of this parish are scattered many elegant and substantial dwellings; some for situation and elegance are rarely to be equalled at so great a distance from places of commerce. Of this class is Leam Hall, the residence of M. M. Middleton, Esq., an old English gentleman, alike distinguished for urbanity, sound sense, and literary taste.* This singularly neat villa stands in the midst of ornamented ground; and when contrasted with the mountain scenery in the circling distance,

^{*} M. M. Middleton, Esq., is the author of a work entitled "Poetical Sketches of a Tour,"—written for private circulation.

it has all the charms of an oasis in a desert. The exterior decorations of this rural seat have often excited the admiration of tourists. Stoke Hall, a little out of the parish, is another of this class of buildings. Still nearer the verge of the parish, in Stony Middleton, is the much admired country seat of Lord Chief Justice Denman; whose deserved fame as a lawyer and judge, and whose poetical taste, as evinced in his translation of the famous song on Harmodius and Aristogiton,* render this place of his occasional residence greatly attractive. Many other well-built habitations may be seen in all places throughout the parish: in Foolow, Hazleford, Stony Middleton, and Grindleford Bridge; besides solitary farm houses on the hills and in the valleys of this locality, which is justly characterised in the following language of the poet:-

"A realm of mountain, forest-haunt, and fell,
And fertile valleys, beautifully lone;
Where fresh and far romantic waters roam,
Singing a song of peace by many a cottage home."

J. C. Prince.

The varied and romantic scenery of this place, as may be expected, has distinguished the inhabitants by a character peculiarly antique. Before the present century the villagers of Eyam exhibited all the characteristics so observable in the inhabitants of mountainous districts. Even now a notion prevails of keeping themselves distinct by inter-mar-

^{*} Vide Bland's Anthology.

riages. They are exceedingly tenacious of the preservation of their genealogies: a consequence of inhabiting one place or locality for successive generations. Hence their observance of customs from time immemorial; hence their adherence to here-ditary prejudices; hence their numerous legends, handed down from time immemorial; and hence that unity of interest for which they have been so singularly distinguished in times past.

" Mortals attach'd to regions mountainous Like their own steadfast clouds."

It is lamentable, however, that the physical condition of the present inhabitants of this far-famed village is greatly inferior to that of their forefathers: the principal cause of this is the decay of the lead mines. Previously to the present century, each miner had his cow and small plot of land, to which he attended during the intervals of his work at the mine; this double employment yielded him sufficient to live in health and happiness, leaving him abundance of time for halesome recreation. The mines being under water, can no longer in their present condition be successfully worked: and this deplorable circumstance is fast changing the aspect and character of the village. It, however, still retains a few of the endearing marks of the old English village: a few old pastimes fondly kept; a smattering of happy harvest scenes; and the holy welcome of the Sabbath morn. These still remain to call up a thousand recollections of once happier times:

when sweet content and plenty dwelled within the rustic cot.

The antiquities of Eyam were once numerous and interesting: principally its Druidical remains. All that tract of land called Eyam Moor, was, until the time of its enclosure, literally covered with these relics of ante-historic times. Here, only a few years ago, a brass war celt was found by a boy, who carried it to his father, a blacksmith, by whom it was cut into pieces, purely for the sake of the material, which, as Vulcan often declared, was "the best he ever used." The still existing Druidical temple, or circle, on that part of the moor called Wet-withins, is even now very perfect, and frequently visited. It consists of sixteen oblong sandstones, standing in an upright position, forming a circle about thirty yards in diameter. The stones are nearly equal in size, standing about a yard high, except on the north side, where two or three are enveloped in heath, and therefore appear, though clearly visible, not so large as the others. This circle is further distinguished by a circular ridge of earth, about three feet high, in which the stones are placed. In the centre there stood, until some years back, a large stone, which was probably the altar on which human sacrifices were made. It was also the Maen Gorsedd (or stone of Assembly.) The ceremony used at the opening of the Gorseddau (or meetings) was the sheathing of the sword on the Maen Gorsedd, at which all the Druid priests asEYAM. 19

sisted. All the places of meeting were, like this, set apart by forming a circle of earth and stones round the Maen Gorsedd. This circle was called Cylch Cyngrair, or circle of Federation; and the priest, or bard, who recited the traditions or poems, was named the Dudgeiniad, or the Reciter. The Dudgeiniad, dressed in a uni-coloured robe, always commenced his recitations by one of the following mottos:—" In the eye of the light, and in the face of the sun;"—" The truth against the world." It is singular that this circle has not been more noticed, seeing that it is far more perfect than many, which are more particularly described.

How deeply impressed with sensations of veneration must be the contemplative mind, when standing within this circle, which was, some thousands of years ago, the theatre on which the ancient Briton displayed his knowledge, patriotism, and eloquence. This veneration, however, is diminished when we reflect on the bloody and unholy sacrifices made by the Druids.

Let us for a few moments fly back on the wings of thought, through the dim vista of two thousand years; let us imagine ourselves standing near this very spot, looking at the mysterious and bloody rites of the Druids. Behold within this very circle a lovely female is laid upon the central bloody stone; trembling with horror at the awful scene around her. About the place a countless throng look on with profound emotion, watching the victim with

anxious solicitude. The fire on the altar burns dimly; noisy and discordant music incessantly plays to drown the victim's cries. All is now hushed, and the white-robed priest, with an infernal joy, approaches his shivering victim, brandishing his knife; and oh! horrible! plunges it into her heaving bosom; and in an instant tears out her reeking heart and casts it into the fire. Terrific scene! Let us return to this our day, and rejoice in the utter abolishment of the sacrifice of human beings.

In the vicinity of this temple there are many other circles, within which there are mounds of earth and stones, beneath which urns have been found and carried away.* Contiguous to the great circle, there was, until some years back, one of the most interesting British barrows in the Peak of Derbyshire. It covered an area of ground from twenty-five to thirty yards in diameter. It was in the form of a cone, ten or twelve yards high, when perfect; and was composed wholly of small stones. On opening this cairn, or barrow, many years ago, an unbaked urn was found, containing ashes, bones, an arrow-head of flint, and a little charcoal with which the body had been burned. The person interred in this cairn was certainly some great chief or king; for according to some authors, it was the custom of the aborigines of this Island, to express their abhorrence of a tyrant or other wicked person after death, by casting a stone at the

^{*} Vide Brown, on Urn Burial.

place of his sepulture as often as they passed it; and thus were accumulated the large piles of stones, under which urns, containing ashes and bones, have been found. In the Highlands of Scotland, it is common to this day, to say contemptuously, "I shall cast a stone at thy grave some day." This barrow, however, could not by any possibility have owed its existence to the "casting of stones;" it must have been raised to commemorate the death, and place of sepulture of some valorous chief. Indeed, tradition hints of a battle having been fought on Eyam moor during or before the Roman occupation of England; and that a great warrior fell in the conflict. This barrow has often been explored in search of something appertaining to him; nothing, however, has been found recently except the urn, some arrow-heads, axes, and other implements of war.

"The sun sets o'er the warrior's grave,
And as he sinks beneath the mound
The spirits of the ancient brave
Seem dancing in the shades around.
The moon sheds from the distant hill
A halo round their rest sublime;
Like glory lingering round it still,
And shining through the gloom of time.
Their names are lost—their race unknown,
Yet fame survives with lingering breath,
Like twilight when the sun is gone,
Their glory gilds the vale of death."

About a mile west of this barrow there was, about forty years ago, another of rather less dimensions:

it stood on Hawley's piece. The diameter at the base was twenty-two yards, and about twelve yards high. When the moor was enclosed, it was carried away to make fences. An urn of great size was found near the centre on the ground, and was carried away to the residence of the person who found it; but was afterwards ignorantly buried.* Another barrow unexplored may be seen in Eyam-Edge, near the Old Twelve-meers' mine. It is about forty yards in diameter at the base, and about eight or ten yards high. In the top there is a dimple or cavity, which, according to Pilkington, is a manifest proof that it is British. Dr. Borlase, however, thinks that such are Roman.

Numberless urns have been found at various times around Eyam. About forty years ago, in making the road called the Occupation Road, a beautiful urn, richly decorated, was found by Mr. S. Furniss, Eyam; it contained nothing but ashes. Around the place where the urn was found, the earth appeared to have been burnt, which circumstance, according to Wormius, would lead us to believe it to be Danish. This author states, in his funeral ceremonies of the Danes, that "the deceased was brought out into the fields, where they made an oblong place with great stones, and there

^{*} The person who had this precious relic of antiquity, was persuaded by his silly neighbours, that it was unlucky to have such a thing in his house; and on losing a young cow, he immediately buried it.

burned the body, and then collected the ashes into an urn, round which they set great stones; casting up over it a mound of earth and stones." Respectable as is this authority, it is nevertheless doubtful, as will be seen from the following contents of an urn found within a few yards of this one.

Not many years ago, two men, Joseph Slinn and William Redfearn, were working near the Bole-hill, Eyam, when they discovered an urn surrounded with stones. Slinn, wishing to procure it entire, went to a distance for a spade; in the meanwhile, Redfearn, thinking it might contain some treasure, immediately dashed it to pieces, when, to his utter mortification, he found it contained only some ashes and two copper coins. One of the coins was lost on the spot, but was found some years after, when I saw it, and found it to contain the inscription, Maximianus, and something else not legible: probably Dioclesian, as Maximianus and Dioclesian were joint Emperors of the Roman Empire.* As these two urns were very similar, and buried so near together, it is highly probable that they were Roman; at least, containing Roman coins implies as

^{*} Maximianus (M. Arul. Valer. Hercul.) born in Sirmium. He entered early into the Roman army, and exhibited so much valour, that the Emperor Dioclesian, A. D. 286, shared the Empire with him. The cruelty of Maximianus towards the Christians is almost incredible. During his short career 144,000 were put to death, and 700,000 banished. He quitted the Empire with Dioclesian, and hanged himself at Marseilles, A. D. 310.—BAYLE.

much.* Another urn was found in the Mag-clough, Eyam,—a very large one: this was buried again afterwards. Robert Broomhead, Eyam, broke one to pieces in taking the foundation of an old wall up, at Riley, about fourteen years ago. One was found forty years ago in Riley-side, in which were some ancient weapons and arrow-heads of flint. Two cairns or barrows were destroyed on the top of Riley, many years ago, in which were found urns containing ashes and bones. There is also some recollection of a very large circle of stones, or very high unhewn pillars, near to those barrows, which stones were surrounded by a circular ridge of earth. The circle had an entrance, if not two, something like that mentioned by Dr. Stukeley, at Abury, North Wiltshire. This celebrated antiquary makes the Druidical remains at Abury to have been in a form symbolical of the serpent.

As, from what is already shewn, the Druids abounded so greatly, and had numberless temples

^{*} These urns might possibly be Saxon, as Roman coin was in some degree current with the Saxons.—Ross.

[†] The inclosure of a great part of that immense tract—Eyam Moor—has swept away innumerable relics of the Druids. Hence we find some inclosed parts still denominated "Druids' Fields, Druids' Flat," and the like. Many ancient tumuli have been levelled to the surface, while perhaps a subter-exploration would still yield many remains, sepulchral and other kinds. The contents of Derbyshire barrows generally are now pretty well known: Thomas Bateman, Esq., of Middleton by Youlgreave, in his "Vestiges of the Antiquities of Derbyshire," has thrown much light on this interesting subject.

around Eyam, it is natural to suppose that there would be some traces of their customs still observed. That such is the case there is ample evidence.*

One of the incantations practised at the festival of the Druids was to anoint the forehead of a sick person with May-dew, which was carefully gathered at day-break, and the cure of course immediately followed. Now at Eyam and its vicinity it has been a general, and is still a prevailing custom to anoint weak and deceased children with May-dew. Another part of the ceremony of the great festival of the Druids, consisted in carrying long poles of mountain ash festooned with flowers. Hanging out bunches of flowers from cottage windows, so very prevalent at Eyam on May-day, has its origin in this Druidical ceremony. In fact, to notice all the customs of similar origin, which are still observed at Eyam, would be tedious:—passing the bottle or glass, (deas soil) according to the course of the sun; diving for apples in vessels of water; making love-cakes, or speechless cakes; carrying garlands before corpses of unmarried persons; giving cakes and singing at funerals, and numerous other observances have a purely Druidical origin. Gebelin and Brande have both noticed a peculiar custom practised in Cornwall, and particularly at Penzance, the origin of which they say is lost in antiquity. The same custom is known and practised at Eyam, in

^{*} It must be observed that many of these customs are, in some degree, common to other neighbouring villages.

the very common plays-Loosing-tines or Longduck. In reading an account of the antiquities of Cornwall, I was particularly struck with the identity of the custom. The Golf, or Golfing, is said to be an amusement peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland, where it has been practised from time immemorial. The same diversion is known at Eyam, by the uncouth name—Seg. Goose-riding, about half a century ago, was at Eyam a very common, but barbarous amusement. The hopper-baulk; bees knitting on a dead branch, are considered to be certain prognostications, of death. The Druidical customs and other obervances may be deemed trifling and unimportant, but there was something of weight connected with their origin; at least they prove, in some degree, the great antiquity of the place where they are still observed.

That Eyam is a very ancient place may be still further ascertained. The word "Tor" is said to be of Phœnician origin, and this word is very common at Eyam:—the Tor Tops, the Shining Tor, the Hanging Tor, are all in its immediate vicinity. Bole, a word equally common, signified anciently the hearth on which the lead was melted: the boles were made on the western brows of Tors. Bole is an eastern word, signifying a lump of metal. These, with numerous other words, can be clearly traced to an Asiatic source, which is a demonstrative proof that mines in and around Eyam, were worked anciently either by a colony of foreigners,

or under their direction. We are certain that the mines of the Peak were worked in very early times; some think before the Roman invasion; certainly, however, by the Romans, or their enslaved Britons. It is unnecessary to refer to the several pieces of lead found near Matlock, bearing the inscriptions of Roman Emperors. On Eyam-moor, small pieces of lead have been found in every direction: one weighing fourteen pounds was met with beneath the surface very lately; and about thirty years since, in planting some ground near to Leam Hall, belonging to M. M. Middleton, Esq., a conical piece of lead was found, weighing between thirty and forty pounds. It was a yard in length, and had a hook or handle attached to it, whereby it had been disengaged from the mould in which it was cast.

That the Romans had, at least, a temporary residence in or around Eyam, we have satisfactory evidence in the finding of Roman coins and other articles. In the year 1814, some persons employed in baring limestone in Eyam Dale, found a great quantity of Roman coins, some silver and some copper, bearing the inscriptions of Probus, Gallienus, Victorinus,—Roman Emperors. These coins were once in the possession of T. Birds, Esq., Eyam, a highly celebrated antiquary. About sixty years ago, a copper coin was found on Eyam-moor, bearing the inscription of Probus; and about twenty since, a Roman copper coin was found in the Dale,

Eyam, with the inscription on one side, Divo Claudius, or God Claudius; on the obverse, Consecratia, or Consecration, with the Eagle; it is now in the possession of Mr. J. Slinn, Eyam. In that part of Stony Middleton which is in Eyam parish, there have been Roman coins at various times discovered; and a place called the Castle Hill, still bears evident traces of these once mighty masters of the world.

That the descendants of the Romans continued to reside in and around Eyam, may be conjectured from the language of the inhabitants. from plaustrum, to plaust hay or corn, for the eating of those articles; and sord, from sordes, the rind of bacon, and other things. I know many unlettered persons who invariably use quantum for quantity, and many other Latin words. There was a word very commonly used at Eyam, some years ago, but whence derived I am not aware. Steven, to steven a coat: to order a coat. Rhodes says that he has somewhere read that the Romans erected elegant mansions among the Peak Hills. And it is believed that the Romans continued to reside among the mountains round Eyam, even when the Saxons and Danes successively possessed the surrounding plains. Roman remains have been found in abundance in many places in the neighbourhood of Eyam, Stony Middleton, Brough, and other villages. Indeed, it has almost been satisfactorily proved that the sixth legion remained in Derbyshire sometime before they

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marched to the North; but there are only a few traces of the works left in which their taste and genius were exhibited.

That the Saxons penetrated amongst the mountains of the Peak, and resided in and around Eyam, numerous proofs might be adduced. Almost every little eminence has a Saxon name, or termination of name:—Hay-cliffe, Shining-cliffe, Goats-cliffe, and very many others, too numerous to mention. The following customs are of Saxon origin:—

Lich is a Saxon word, signifying a dead body. The principal gate into Eyam church-yard is to this day called Lich-gate, or, vulgarly, Light-gate. This is the invariable designation of the gate of the church-yard through which the funerals pass; and this appellation proves in some degree, the antiquity of the church and village. The principal gate of Duddlestone church-yard, Shropshire, is called by the inhabitants "the Lich-gate," and Duddleston has been particularly noticed for its antiquity. Lich-waking, sitting with the dead both night and day, is still practised by the old and wealthy families of Eyam.—The cross at Eyam is said to be of Saxon or Danish origin. Another once stood in Eyam-Edge, and one at Cross-low, Eyam; both the latter have been destroyed.

A very ancient custom was observed at Eyam, until within a century back. The principal road into Eyam once, was the Lyd-gate, now called Ligget. Lyd, or Lid, is a Saxon word, which means

to cover or protect. At this entrance into Eyam, there was a strong gate, at which "watch and ward were kept every night." Every effective man who was a householder in the village, was bound to stand in succession at this gate, from nine o'clock at night to six in the morning, to question any person who might appear at the gate wishing for entrance into the village, and to give alarm if danger were apprehended. The watchman had a large wooden halbert, or "watch-bill," for protection, and when he came off watch in the morning, he took the "watch-bill," and reared it against the door of that person whose turn to watch succeeded his; and so on in succession. No village in England has retained and practised a custom so ancient to so late a period. In the Scriptures there are numberless allusions to this very antique custom: as in Joshua ii. 5., "And it came to pass about the time of shutting the gate," and so on. Indeed the following distich may justly be applied to Eyam :-

"Here Antiquity enjoys,
A deep and mossy sleep."—R. Howitt.

The Manor of Eyam (Aiune) was part of the ancient demesne of the crown; and having been granted by Henry the First with other manors in the Peak, to William Peveril, was held under him by an ancestor of the Mortynes; Roger de Mortyne sold it about the year 1307, to Thomas de Furnival, Lord of Hallamshire.* A co-heiress of Furnival

^{*} Thomas the son of Gerard and Matilda Furnival mentions,

brought it to the Nevills, and a co-heiress of Nevill to John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. The Countess of Shrewsbury became possessed of it as one of the co-heiresses of Gilbert Earl of Shrewsbury, who died in 1616; from her it passed to her grandson, Sir George Saville. It remained in the Saville family until the death of William Saville, second Marquis of Halifax, in the year 1700; who left three daughters, his co-heiresses, amongst whom, after their marriage, the estates of the Savilles were divided, by a partition deed made in the sixteenth year of George the Second. Of these three co-heiresses, Anne married Charles Lord Bruce, son and heir of Thomas Earl of Ailesbury; Dorothy married Richard Earl of Burlington; and Mary married Sackville Earl of Thanet. It is generally supposed, that it was in consequence of the very rich veins of lead ore discovered at Eyam about the beginning of the eighteenth century, that these noblemen agreed to hold the Manor of Eyam jointly, and to present a Rector to the living (of which they had the gift) by turns.

The joint portion of the Manor belonging to Lord Bruce, became, through marriage, or otherwise, the property of the Duke of Chandos, from whom it passed by marriage to the Duke of Buckingham; the joint portion belonging to the Earl of

at the instance of the Statute Quo Warranto of Edward the First, his being possessed at that time of the Manors of Stony Middleton and Eyam.

Burlington, became, through marriage, the property of the Devonshire family; and the other joint portion has remained, up to the present, in the family of the Earl of Thanet. Thus, then, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Earl of Thanet, are the present Lords of the Manor of Eyam. Besides the manorial rights, and the gift of the living, the Lords of the Manor have little or no property in Eyam—most of the land and other property having been sold by Sir George Saville two centuries ago.*

It may be well to notice in this place a few popular errors connected with the Manor of Eyam, which have crept into works of otherwise very high merit. Rhodes states, through misinformation, that the Eyam estate descended from King John, to a family of the name of Stafford, on whom it was bestowed in consideration of certain military services, and on the express condition, "that a lamp should be kept perpetually burning before the altar of St Helen, in the parish church of Eyam." That the Staffords of Eyam, an exceedingly ancient and wealthy family, held their lands at Eyam on the tenure mentioned, is probably correct; but that it emanated from the munificence of King John, is an undoubted mistake. The document containing

^{*} The author, through a supposition contained in Glover's History of Derbyshire, made an error or two in the first edition of this work respecting the Manor of Eyam. He hopes this account of the Manor will be found correct.

the specification of the grant of lands at Eyam to the Staffords, is said to have been found at the Highlow Hall, near Eyam, many years ago; but in whose hands it now lies is not publicly known. A person, however, who saw the document at the time of its removal from the Highlow, states, that the grant was made, not by King John, but by some Roger: probably Roger de Mortyne. Perhaps the Mortynes held the Eyam estate under the tenure mentioned, and that a portion was granted to the Staffords (who resided at Eyam) to superintend the burning of the lamp of St. Helen. The lamp, however, has ceased to burn, but the Eyam estate of the Staffords is in a great measure held by their descendants.* There is some probability that the Staffords were related by marriage, or otherwise, to the Furnivals: this is countenanced by the arms of the Furnivals being, a bend between six martlets; and the Staffords, a chevron between three martlets. The Staffords were a very wealthy family, but never, as is stated in the Peak Scenery, Lords of the Manor of Evam.

In the reign of Richard the Second, one of the Staffords was, for some political offence, seized in his house at Eyam, and carried away to some place of security, where he remained a close prisoner,

^{*} Henry Case Morewood, who married the widow of a Morewood of Alfreton, sold, half a century ago, the Morewood property at Eyam. This property belonged to the Staffords originally: one of the Morewoods of Bradfield married a co-heiress of the last male of the Eyam Staffords.

until he was ransomed by his relatives and friends. Among the conservators of the peace in the county of Derby, made in the twelfth year of the reign of Henry the Sixth, (1433), we find the names of the following persons:- "John Stafford de Eyham, Richard Colyn de Eyham."* In the work referred to above, it is stated that a new mansion was erecting for the last of the Staffords who resided at Eyam, at the time of the plague, when the family left the place never to return. This is, however, a great mistake: for Humphrey, the last male of this branch of the Staffords, died at Eyam nearly a century before the plague. Of this family, their property, descendants, and habitation, more will be said subsequently. The remaining particulars of the Manor, with a few other circumstances connected with Eyam, up to the middle of the seventeenth century, will be found under different heads, after the following details of the terrible plague.

"THE PLAGUE
O'er hills and vales of gold and green,
Passed on, undreaded and unseen:
Foregoing cities, towns, and crowds;
Gay mansions glittering to the clouds,
Magnificence and wealth,
To reach a humbler, sweeter spot,
The village and the peaceful cot,
The residence of health."—Holland.

^{*} This Commission was appointed to tender an oath to the Gentry, for the better observance of the peace both in themselves and retainers.—Vide Glover's History of Derbyshire, vol. 1.

Let all who tread the green fields of Eyam, remember, with feelings of awe and veneration, that beneath their feet repose the ashes of those moral heroes, who, with a sublime, heroic, and an unparalelled resolution, gave up their lives, -yea! doomed themselves to pestilential death, to save the surrounding country. The immortal victors of Thermopylæ and Marathon, who fought so bravely in liberty's holy cause, have no greater, no stronger, claim to the admiration of succeeding generations, than the humble villagers of Eyam in the year Their magnanimous self-sacrifice, in confining themselves within a prescribed boundary during the terrible pestilence, is unequalled in the annals of the world. The plague, which would undoubtedly have spread from place to place through the neighbouring counties, and which eventually carried off five-sixths of their number, was, in the following forcible language of a celebrated writer, " here hemmed in, and, in a dreadful and desolating struggle, destroyed and buried with its victims." How exalted the sense of duty, how glorious the conduct of these children of nature, who, for the salvation of the country, heroically braved the horrors of certain, immediate, and pestilential death. Tread softly, then, on the fields where their ashes are laid; let the wild flowers bloom on their widescattered graves. Let the ground round the village be honoured and hallowed; for there,

"The dead are everywhere!
The mountain side; the plain; the woods profound;
All the lone dells—the fertile and the fair,
Is one vast burial ground."—MARY HOWITT.

The desolation of Eyam by the plague, in the years 1665 and 1666, (but more particularly in 1666,) has, from the time of its occurrence, always been considered a most singular and remarkable event: the more so as the ravages of the plague were far more dreadful and fatal at Eyam, according to its then population, than those of any other pestilence hitherto recorded. From the latter end of 1664 to December, 1665, about one-sixth of the population of London fell victims to this appalling pestilence; but at Eyam, five-sixths were carried off in a few months of the summer of 1666, excepting a few who died at the close of 1665. This dreadful scourge at Eyam has no parallel; not even that of the "Black Death" of the fourteenth century.

Though the mortality of the metropolis was very great and horrible, yet there the populace were not restrained as to flight; there they could easily obtain medical aid; there neighbour knew not neighbour; there thousands might die without being intimately known to each other. But in Eyam, a little sequestered village, containing about three hundred and fifty stationary inhabitants, the death of every one would be a neighbour, if not a relative.

In Eyam, then, the plague was, in the language of Roberts, "the concentration of all the more dreadful features of that visitation in London without its palliatives." Indeed, it seems exceedingly strange, that Eyam, "a little mountain city, an insulated Zoar," secluded among the Peak mountains, and one hundred and fifty miles distant from London, should have been visited by a pestilential disease, which had scarcely ever occurred only in great and populous cities. It is, however, matter of fact, that this terrible plague was brought from London to Eyam in a box of old clothes and some tailor's patterns in cloth. Before I proceed to give the details of the commencement, progress, and horrible effects of this pestilence at Eyam, I shall take the liberty of noticing a few particulars respecting its cause, nature, symptoms, and whence it originated.

Pestilences in general are, as one writer remarks, a consequence of violent commotions in the earth, and are preceded by earthquakes, droughts, excessive rains, or pestiferous winds. Hecker observes, that at the time of the Black Death, in the fourteenth century, the foundations of the earth were shaken from China to the Atlantic; and that throughout Europe and Asia the atmosphere, by its baneful influence, endangered both animal and vegetable life. The German Chroniclers inform us, that at this time a thick stinking mist advanced from the east, and spread itself over Italy; and it is stated that previously to an earthquake, at the

same time, a pestiferous wind blew in Cyprus of such a deadly nature, that thousands fell down and expired in great agonies. Hecker further notices, that this is one of the rarest of phenomena, as naturalists have never been able to discover foreign and pernicious ingredients in the air, almost desolating great portions of the earth, as in 1348. That the human body is a far more delicate test than philosophical instruments, the effects of the Egyptian Khamsin and the Italian Sirocco plainly and satisfactorily indicate. The Black Death of the fourteenth century, so called from the black spots or putrid decomposition of the skin, is stated to have carried off in the East 37,000,000 of human beings, and in Europe in proportion to the population. This destructive pestilence is beautifully described by Boccacio, in the introduction to his " Decameron."

But the most generally presumed efficient cause of contagious diseases, is a change in the proportions of the constituents of the atmosphere, affecting various artificial constituents. Infection and contagion have their origin in animalculæ; and, therefore, their infancy, maturity, and decline. The bubo of the plague is full of them. And Cooper says, "if this opinion be well founded it is no wonder that a chemical examination of the atmosphere cannot detect miasma, which does not depend on the state of the atmosphere." "Is not contagion," says Dr. Dwight, "such a fermenta-

and hence the danger of contact; and is not exemption after affection, evidence that the germs in that subject have been exhausted." Sir Richard Phillips remarks, "that contagion is one of those words which, like attraction, suction, bewitching, and the like, mislead and obstruct inquiry." And he further observes, "that the differences concerning contagion among the faculty are intellectual phenomena."

The plague generally manifested itself by the febrile symptoms of shivering, nausea, headache, and delirium. In some these affections were so mild as to be taken for slight indisposition. The victim in this case generally attended his avocation until a sudden faintness came on, when the maculæ, or plague-spot, the fatal token, would soon appear on his breast, indicative of immediate death. But in most cases the pain and delirium left no room for doubt: on the second or third day buboes, or carbuncles, arose about the groin and elsewhere; and if they could be made to suppurate, recovery was probable, but if they resisted the efforts of nature, and the skill of the physician, death was inevitable.

I may be pardoned for just observing, that even in the plague, the greatest enemy of the human race, there is a capriciousness, or rather something mysterious, which baffles even conjecture.

About the middle of the last century, Aleppo was visited by the plague, and one half of its in-

habitants fell victims. The Rev. T. Dawes was then chaplain to the factory at Aleppo; and among many other particulars of the plague, he mentions the following very singular occurrences:—a woman was delivered of an infected child with the plague sores on its body, though the mother had been and was free from the distemper. Another woman who had a child of five months old, was seized by the plague and died shortly after; but the child, though it sucked her, and lay in the same bed during her whole disorder, escaped the infection. And another woman, upwards of a hundred years old, was attacked with the plague, and recovered; but her two grandchildren of ten and sixteen years of age, received the infection from her, and both died.

Vinc. Fabricius relates, that when the plague raged in Holland, in 1636, a young girl was seized with it, had three buboes, and was removed to a garden, where her lover, who was betrothed to her, attended her as nurse, and slept with her as his wife. He remained uninfected, and she (his beauteous Ægle) recovered and was married to him—

Soothes with soft kiss, with tender accents charms,
And clasps the bright infection in his arms."—Darwin.

The following notices may be justly deemed corroborative of the fact, that the plague was communicated from London to Eyam, in a box of tailor's patterns in cloth. Mr. Williams, Chaplain to Sir R. Suffron, formerly Ambassador a Constantinople,

relates that the jacket of a jannisary, who had died of the plague, caused the death of six more, who wore it in succession, before it was ordered to be burned. Alexander Benedictus mentions a feather bed, which proved mortal to numbers on account of its being infected. Theodore Mageire, in a paper laid before the King in Council, at Paris, 1651, says, "that some bandages of an infected person having been put between a wainscot and wall of a house in Paris, gave the plague, many years after, to a person who took them out, and it spread immediately through the city." Another writer observes, "that contagious matter lodges most in goods of a loose texture, which, being packed up and carried to other countries, let out, when opened, the imprisoned seeds of infection." At Florence, in 1348, two hogs were seized with convulsions, and died in less than an hour, after snuffling on some rags which had been thrown into the street from a poor man who had died of the plague. Forrester states that seven children died by playing on clothes brought from an infected house in Zealand to Alkmull, North Holland. Thus, then, with what wisdom and propriety, as we shall see subsequently, did Mompesson and the few survivors of the plague at Eyam, burn almost every article of clothing and furniture found in the village.

As to the sources of the plague there are different opinions. The general supposition is, that it is propagated by contagion from the East. Pliny insists that it is an African fever, bred in Ethiopia or Egypt; and that it travels from South to North, but more particularly West. Some maintain that it is common to Europe, especially the South. It is most probable, however, that there are various kinds of epidemic diseases; or rather the plague assumes different forms and aspects in different countries and climates. The "Black Death" was attended by expectoration of blood, the lungs being attacked with carbuncular inflammation, which must have added greatly to the fatality of the other symptoms. After its first fury was spent, it assumed the usual form of the plague: hemorrhage being no longer an attendant symptom. It was in this form that it was brought by some ships from Cyprus or Candia in the Levant, to Amsterdam and Rotterdam, where it made terrible carnage in the year 1663. Two Frenchmen are said to have brought it in some woollen goods from Holland to London, in December, 1664. These two Frenchmen, who resided in Longacre, London, on opening their goods, were seized with the plague and died in a day or two in great agonies. Thus began, in London, this terrible scourge, which from December, 1664, to the beginning of 1666, carried off 100,000 souls.

During the dreadful ravages of the plague in London, it is very probable that the then inhabitants of Eyam would hear but very little concerning that calamity. Confined to their secluded village, which is surrounded by towering heath-clad hills, they were happily debarred from hearing at every turn that kind of intelligence which casts a gloom over the mind, or shocks the feelings. They were in a great measure unknown; health and plenty dwelt among them; and until the arrival of the fatal box, nothing had occurred to disturb "the even tenor of their way." Accompanied by simplicity and innocence, they sailed down the placid stream of rural life, unannoyed by the ever-fatal storms of avarice and ambition. Ah! up to this awful period they had lived in security and peace: attended by all the blessings of village life—

"The life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never know; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man!"
THOMSON.

Before commencing the details of the arrival of the fatal box in Eyam, it may be interesting to know that the Eyam wakes of that year (1665) had only transpired a few days previously to that event: and it is said that this wakes was peculiarly marked by an unusual number of visitors, as if, as was imagined by the few survivors, these visitors, who were relatives to the villagers of Eyam, had been involuntarily moved to come and take a last farewell of those who were so very soon after destined to be swept away by the plague.* It is also said that the

^{*} The wakes was then held when it ought to be-the first Sun-

amusements on this occasion were more numerous and entertaining; but in what respect is not now known. Most probably, however, they would be of the usual and following character:-relations and friends would assemble at the village alehouses, wishing each other, as they raised the sparkling glasses to their lips, many happy returns of the festive time; the young men and maidens would dance upon the spacious village green; they would marry and be "given in marriage;" and numberless other innocent and social amusements would close each gladsome, merry day. Thus these fated beings would enjoy themselves on the brink of death: thus they would revel in pleasure and mirth, unconscious of their speedy doom! But, let me interrogate these children of nature in their dust:were you not depressed with sad and gloomy sensations? Were you not moved by sudden and strange emotions? Did not some oppressive and unaccountable weight rest on your minds? Did not your levely homes seem conscious of some " mighty woe"? Did you not behold over the village, DE-SOLATION written on the sky? Did you not hear the awful footsteps of approaching death? Did not the clouds weep along the hills on that fatal day, when the pestilential box arrived, in which the in-

day after the 18th of August, St Helen's day. The time of holding the annual festival, or wakes, was changed to the last Sunday in August, about a century ago. The cause of this change was the harvest.

visible pest lay concealed—in which that terrible minister of death only slumbered awhile, to awake with greater fury? Horrible was your doom! hapless children of the hills! The struggle, however, is past, and in the beautiful language of Ossian, shall not posterity—

" Awake your memories in your tombs?"

Yea! once again your meritorious sufferings shall appeal to the world for sympathy,

......" Ere Nature's pleasant robe of green,
Humanity's appointed shroud, enwraps
Your monuments and your memory."—WORDSWORTH.

It is singular that all who have hitherto written on this direful calamity, have invariably represented the plague as breaking out in Eyam, in the spring of 1666. This, however, was not the case, though by far the greater part of the number of victims died in July, August, and September, 1666. The box containing the tailor's patterns in cloth, and it is said some old clothes, was sent from London to a tailor who resided in a small house at the west end of the church-yard, now rebuilt, and occupied at the present time by a Mr. Marsden. The kitchen of the old house is in its original state, the house-place only has been renewed.* Whether the pat-

^{*} This memorable dwelling was occupied some years ago by a Mr. Adam Holmes. On one occasion Holmes was examining a flue or chimney in the old kitchen, when to his astonishment he drew from a small aperture in the chimney, a pair of old leathern stays of a very antique fashion. It was immediately conjectured

terns and clothes were bought in London for the tailor at Eyam, or sent as a present, cannot now be ascertained. Some, however, say that it was a relative of the tailor at Eyam who sent them, he having procured them in London, where he resided, for a small sum, in consequence of the plague, which was then raging there at its maximum. The box arrived at the tailor's house, Eyam, on the second or third of September, 1665. What the tailor's name was is not satisfactorily known: probably either Thorpe or Cooper. The common belief is, that it was a man-servant, or journeyman tailor, who first opened the box, and not one of the family of the tailor, as is often stated. This is evident from the fact, that Vicars, the name of the first victim, does not occur again in the list of the names of persons who died of the plague. And Dr. Mead, who lived a century nearer this occurrence than the present time, says the first individual infected was a servant. George Vicars, then, was the person who opened the terrible box. In removing the patterns and clothes, he observed in a sort of exclama-

that the stays had been concealed there at the time Mompesson required all the clothing of the village to be burned; and that they might, therefore, contain some invisible seeds of the dreadful pest. Holmes, although he had been an active soldier during the whole of the last war with France; had, as one of the British infantry, sustained with undaunted courage the fierce and terrible charges of Napoleon's cavalry at Waterloo, felt his heart sink within him, as he held in his hand these relics of female vestment. The stays were buried with hurried precipitation.

tion, how very damp they were; and he therefore hung them to the fire to dry. While Vicars was superintending them he was suddenly seized with violent sickness and other symptoms of a disease, which greatly alarmed the family and neighbourhood. On the second day he grew much worse: at intervals he was delirious, and large swellings began to rise about his neck and groin. What medical aid the village afforded was procured, but to no avail. On the third day of his illness the fatal token-the plague spot-appeared on his breast, and he died in horrible agonies the following night, the sixth of September, 1665. The putrid state of his body rendered immediate interment necessary, and he was interred in the church-yard the following day, September the seventh. Thus began, in Eyam, the plague,—the most awful of all diseases, which, after being in some measure checked by the severity of the following winter, spread amazingly, and eventually left the village nearly desolate.

It is stated that the whole of the family of the first victim, with the solitary exception of one, were speedily carried off by the destructive pest. This, however, is a mistake; for, according to the Register, the second was Edward, the son of Edward Cooper, who was buried September twenty-second, 1665, after an interval of fourteen days. The remaining days of this month had almost each its death; and the terrified villagers ascertained the fatal disease to be the plague. Then!

"Out it burst, a dreadful cry of death;

'The Plague? the Plague!' the withering language flew,
And faintness followed on its rapid breath;
And all hearts sunk, as pierced with lightning through,

'The Plague! the Plague!' no groundless panic grew;
But there, sublime in awful darkness, trod
The pest; and lamentation, as he slew,
Proclaimed his ravage in each sad abode,
Mid frenzied shrieks for aid—and vain appeals to God."

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

On the last day of September six persons had perished; and by the middle of October twelve more. Consternation and terror reigned throughout the village. The pestilence began to pass from house to house with increasing rapidity; the simple inhabitants looking forward with dreadful apprehension.

Some idea may be formed of the extreme virulence of the plague at Eyam, even at its commencement, by observing that even in large cities the plague has been known to cease in winter. In the first summer of the great plague at Genoa, 10,000 died, in the winter scarcely any; but in the following summer, 60,000. The great plague in London first appeared in the latter end of 1664, but was checked by winter until the ensuing spring. While at Eyam, where the effects of winter would be considerably greater than in cities, the plague continued its ravages without ceasing. Still it did not attain the height of its destruction and malignancy until the summer of 1666.

Towards the latter end of October the pestilence increased; doleful lamentations issued from the cottages containing the infected persons; the distress of those families is unimaginable; few or none would visit them; they were avoided in the street; all dreaded coming in contact even with those belonging to the families where the infection reigned; they were glanced at with fearful apprehension, and their privations arising therefrom almost defy de-During this awful month twenty-two scription. died. As winter approached the mortality became less, and hopes were entertained that the pestilence would cease. It continued, however, in spite of the weather, to pass from house to house, and in November, seven died. In December, a great snow is said to have fallen, accompanied with a hard and severe frost. The distress of the inhabitants was very great; the pestilence rather increased, for nine died in December.

During the last four months of 1665, the sufferings of the villagers had been truly dreadful; and though they had become familiar with death, yet they were doomed, in the following summer, to behold the pest assume a far more deadly and fatal aspect. Though the then survivors had seen, in the above time, forty-four of their relatives and friends snatched from amongst them by the terrific hand of pestilential death, yet some few of them were destined to see double that number swept away

in the short space of one month. Fated beings ! shall not

"The bard preserve your names and send them down to future times?"—Ossian.

The weather at the commencement of 1666 was exceedingly cold and severe, which evidently diminished the baneful influence of the plague. Nothing could exceed the joy manifested by the villagers at there being, as they supposed, some prospect of being delivered from that scourge. The pestilence was now confined to two houses; and on the last day of January only four had died during that month. In February, however, eight died, and there were many infected.

I shall in this place take the liberty of noticing some few particulars respecting the two unrivalled characters, who may be justly said to have been by their joint exertions, the principal instruments by whom Derbyshire and the neighbouring counties were delivered from the desolating plague,—the Rev. Thomas Stanley and the Rev. William Mompesson.

We shall see when we come to the time of the greatest fury of the plague, that the salvation of the surrounding country, originated in the wisdom of these two worthy divines. Their magnanimous conduct on this awful occasion can only be exceeded by the obedience of the sufferers over whom they exercised such heavenly influence. "One can scarcely decide," says Mr. Samuel Roberts, "in

this case, which most to admire, the wisdom of the pastor or the obedience of his flock. It was a sacrifice in either case, which we are utterly unable duly to appreciate. I can form no conception of any instance in mere human beings, more strongly proving the blessed effects of true Christianity than this, of faith no stronger, no obedience more perfect." The same writer thus very justly observes:—
"Ought not a monument to have been erected by the nation, to the memory of all those who fell victims, and a liberal national annuity to have been granted to each of the heroic survivors." They have, however, monuments to their memories, in the hearts of all truly good and sympathizing men.

The Rev. Thomas Stanley was born at Duckmanton, near Chesterfield. His public ministry was exercised at Handsworth, Dore, and eight years at Ashford, whence, by those in power, he was translated, in 1644, to the Rectory of Eyam, where he continued to reside, respected and esteemed, until Bartholomew-day, 1662. He continued to preach, however, in private houses at Eyam, Hazleford, and other places, until his death, in 1670. This very worthy man was succeeded by his predecessor, the Rev. Sherland Adams, who died in 1664. The successor of this litigious divine, was the Rev. William Mompesson, chaplain to Sir George Saville. Before his coming to Eyam, in April, 1664, he had married a beautiful young lady, Catherine, the daughter of Ralph Carr, Esq., of Cocken, in the county of Durham. She was young and possessed good parts, with exquisitely tender feelings. These two illustrious characters (Stanley and Mompesson) throughout the fury of the pestilence, as we shall see hereafter, forsook not their flock, but visited, counselled, and exhorted them in their sufferings; alleviated their miseries, and held fast to their duties on the very threshold of death.

On the first of March 1666, the plague had carried off fifty-six souls. Six died in this month. In the succeeding month, April, nine; and in May, three. The seeming relaxation in the latter month inspired the trembling villagers with hope: they began to ascribe the past malignancy of the pest to the severity of the winter, and the fearful dismay which had oppressed their drooping spirits, began to subside. But, alas! while these innocent and simple beings were indulging in this vain dream, the plague, that subtle and mysterious minister of death, was only resting and gathering strength to make more horrible slaughter. At the commencement of June this deadly monster awoke from his short slumber; and with desolating steps stalked forth from house to house, breathing on the terrorstricken inhabitants the vapour of death. The irresistible rage of the pest filled the hearts of all with dreadful forebodings: despair seized every soul. Loud and bitter lamentations burst forth from every infected house! Fear and apprehension prevented ingress to these abodes of distress. Horror and dismay enveloped the village; and many persons were led to practise a thousand weak and absurd expedients, to prevent infection. Numberless were the omens and presages of their dreadful calamities, which the terrified inhabitants could now call to mind. Some said that the desolation of the village had been at various times prognosticated. Many could recollect having seen the white cricket, and heard it sound the death-knell on their hearths. Others remembered having heard for three successive nights the invisible "death-watch" in the dead of night. And some called to mind how often, during a few preceding winters, they had listened to the doleful howlings of the Gabriel-hounds.*

These, with numerous other fanciful tokens of death, the simple and horrified villagers imagined, at this awful time, they had seen and heard. Would it, indeed, have been marvellous, had they imagined they had seen, with Ossian's Melilcoma, "the awful faces of other times looking from the clouds?"

As June advanced, the pestilence spread from house to house with dreadful rapidity:

* Superstition still lingers among the Peak mountains with peculiar tenacity. Prognostications of death are numerous. That of the howling of Gabriel-hounds is very popular indeed. Gabriel-hounds are believed to be the spirits of unbaptised infants which are destined to hover about in the air, and by a faint dog-like howling announce the death of individuals of their respective families. The appearance of a white cricket on the hearth is regarded as a certain prognostication of death in the house in which it is seen.

"Health, strength, and infancy, and age In vain the ruthless foe engage."—HOLLAND.

The unexampled mortality of the plague during the summer of 1666, is, as I have before stated, unequalled in history. Some have supposed that this destructive scourge was aggravated to its unparalleled fury at Eyam by the ignorance and destitution of the inhabitants; and their consequent maltreatment of the distemper. But the proximate cause of this unheard-of mortality was undoubtedly the courageous determination of the villagers to confine themselves within a certain boundary; for if those who fell a sacrifice in July, August, September, and October, had fled in the spring, they would most probably have escaped; but then there was this danger :- the infected would have fled with the non-infected, and thereby have carried desolation wherever they went. Hence, I imagine, we may trace the principal and evident cause of that dreadful mortality among the meritorious villagers of Eyam.

Up to the beginning of June seventy-four had perished from the commencement of the pest; this number of deaths, from a population of three hundred and fifty, was very great in so short a time; but, how incomparable to the dreadful havoc of the ensuing months of June, July, August, September, and October.

It was about the middle of June that the plague began to assume so terrible an aspect. Terror over-

whelmed the hearts of the villagers. Mrs. Mompesson threw herself and two children, George and Elizabeth, of three and four years old, at the feet of her husband, imploring their immediate departure from the devoted place! Her entreaties and tears sensibly moved the feelings of her husband, whose eyes were suffused with tears by this energetic and truly pathetic appeal. He raised her from his feet, and in the most affectionate manner told her, that his duty to his suffering and diminishing flockthat the indelible stain that would rest on his memory by deserting them in the hour of danger—and that the awful responsibility to his Maker, for the charge he had undertaken, were considerations with him of more weight and importance than life itself! He then again, in the most persuasive manner, endeavoured to prevail on his weeping partner to take their two lovely infants and flee to some place of refuge until the plague was stayed! She, however, steadfastly resisted his entreaties, and emphatically declared her determination that nothing should induce her to leave him amidst that destructive and terrible whirlpool of death! This affecting contest ended in their mutual consent to send the children away to a relative in Yorkshire, (supposed to be J. Beilby, Esq.,) until the pestilence ceased. There is a tradition of the mournful parting of the children and parents on this occasion. Mompesson called them aside, and, suppressing the bitterness of his feelings, gave each a parting kiss, and fervently admonished

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them to be obedient and good! Their tender and loving mother grasped each in her arms, and in the intervals of heart-bursting sighs kissed them again and again! When they departed, she ran to the highest window of their dwelling and watched them leave the village. As she caught the last glance of them, a sudden and startling thought crossed her mind that she should behold them no more! She uttered a shrill and piercing scream! Mompesson hastened to her side and endeavoured to console her in the most soothing language imaginable! In the first paroxysm of her grief she intently gazed towards the spot where they last met her view; nor would she be removed from the place, until the streaming tears

"Rushed from her clouded brain, Like mountain mists, at length dissolved to rain."

BYRON.

Alas! alas! her forebodings were realised; in this world she beheld her children no more: she took the infection, and died, as we shall hereafter see, blessing her children with her last parting breath!

It was at this period of the calamity (about the middle of June) that the inhabitants began to think of escaping from death by flight. Indeed, the most wealthy of them, who were but few in number, fled early in the spring with the greatest precipitation. Some few others, having means, fled to the neighbouring hills and dells, and there erected huts,

where they remained until the approach of winter. But it was the visible manifestation of a determination in the whole mass to flee, that aroused Mompesson; he energetically remonstrated with them on the danger of flight; he told them of the fearful consequences that would ensue; that the safety of the surrounding country was in their hands; that it was impossible for them to escape death by flight; that many of them were infected; that the invisible seeds of the disease lay concealed in their clothing and other articles which they were preparing to take with them; and that, if they would relinquish their fatal and terrible purpose, he would write to all the influential persons in the vicinity for aid; he would by every possible means in his power endeavour to alleviate their sufferings; and he would remain with them, and sacrifice his life rather than be instrumental in desolating the surrounding country! Thus spoke this wonderful man! Let us, however, hear his entreaties on this awful occasion in the words of the poet :-

[&]quot;Alas! beloved friends! Alas! where strays
Your wonted mind? What mean these signs of flight?
Is God unpitying, though he wrath displays?
Is the sun quenched when clouds obscure his light?
Oh! calm your trembling souls, be strong in Christian might.
Here we may strive and conquer, and may save
Our country from this desolating curse;
Some few, perchance, may fill an earlier grave;
But, if ye fly, it follows, and ye nurse
Death in your flight; wide, wider ye disperse

Destruction through the land. Oh, then! bow down
And vow to Him to virtue ne'er averse,
To stand unshrinking 'neath death's fiercest frown.
Then Heaven shall give us rest, and earth a fair renown."
WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

The inhabitants, with a superhuman courage, gave up all thoughts of flight. Mompesson immediately wrote to the Earl of Devonshire, then at Chatsworth, a few miles from Eyam, stating the particulars of the calamity, and adding that he was certain that he could prevail on his suffering and hourly diminishing flock to confine themselves within the precincts of the village, if they could be supplied with victuals and other necessary articles, and thereby prevent the pestilence from spreading. The noble Earl expressed in his answer deep commisseration for the sufferers; and he further assured Mompesson, that nothing should be spared on his part to mitigate the calamitous sufferings of the inhabitants-provided they kept themselves within a specified bound. This worthy nobleman, who remained at Chatsworth during the whole time of the plague, generously ordered the sufferers to be supplied with all kinds of necessaries, agreeably to the following plan.

A kind of circle was drawn round the village, marked by particular and well-known stones and hills; beyond which it was solemnly agreed that no one of the villagers should proceed, whether infected or not. This circle extended about half a mile

around the village; and to two or three places or points on this boundary provisions were brought. A well, or rivulet, northward of Eyam, called to this day, "Mompesson's Well," or "Mompesson's Brook," was one of the places where articles were deposited. These articles were brought very early in the morning, by persons from the adjoining villages, who, when they had delivered them beside the well, fled with the precipitation of panic. Individuals appointed by Mompesson and Stanley fetched the articles left; and when they took money it was placed in the well or certain stone troughs, to be purified, and to prevent contagion by passing from hand to hand. The persons who brought the articles were careful to wash the money well before they took it away. An account was left at this and other places of the progress of the disease, the number of deaths, and other particulars. When money was sent, it was only for some extra or particular articles: the provisions and many other necessaries were supplied, it is generally asserted, by the Earl of Devonshire. The Cliffe, between Stony Middleton and Eyam, was another place on the circle appointed for this purpose. A large stone trough stood there, in which money and other things were deposited for purification. There are other places pointed out, but these were the principal.

It is said that no one ever crossed this cordon sanitaire from within or without, during the awful

calamity: this, however, is not precisely correct. One person as we shall see hereafter, crossed it from without at the sacrifice of life; and in a subsequent part I shall give some interesting particulars of some who crossed it from within. It must be admitted that it was to the prescribing of this boundary and other precautions attendant thereon, that the country around was saved from this most horrible pestilence. The wisdom of Mompesson, who is said to have originated this plan, can only be surpassed in degree by the courage of the inhabitants in not trespassing beyond the bounds prescribed, whom, as Miss Seward justly observes, "a cordon of soldiers could not have prevented against their will. much less could any watch which might have been set by the neighbourhood, have effected that important purpose." The annals of mankind afford no instance of such magnanimous conduct in a joint number of persons; and ages pass away without being honoured by such an immortal character as Mompesson, who, while the black sword of pestilence was dealing death around him, voluntarily " put his life in his hand," from an exalted sense of duty,-for the salvation of the country. Towards the latter end of June, the plague began to rage more fearfully. Nothing but lamentations were heard in the village. The passing-bell ceased, the church-yard was no longer resorted to for interment, and the church-door closed.

"Contagion closed the portal of the fane
In which he wont the bread of life to deal;
He then a temple sought, not made with hands,
But reared by Him, amidst whose works it stood
Rudely magnificent.

ROBERTS.

At this period, Mompesson, deeming it dangerous to assemble in the church during the hot weather, proposed to meet his daily diminishing flock in the Delf, a secluded dingle, a little south of Eyam, and there read prayers twice a week, and deliver his customary sermons on the Sabbath, from a perforated arch in an ivy-mantled rock. ghastly hearers seated themselves at some distance from each other on the grassy slope, opposite the rocky pulpit. Thither they repaired one by one for many a Sabbath morn, leaving at their mournful homes, some a father, some a mother, some a brother, and some a child, struggling with death. They glanced at each other with looks of unutterable woe, asking in silence "whom Fate would next demand." Mompesson, standing on the verge of the arch, lifted up his voice to heaven and called aloud on the God of mercy to stay the deadly pest, while the fervent responses of the shuddering hearers dolefully echoed from the caverns around. Thus they assembled in the sacred dell, while each succeeding Sabbath told the tale of death. "Do you not see," says Miss Seward, "this dauntless minister of God stretching forth his hand from the rock, instructing and consoling his distressed flock in that

little wilderness? How solemn, how affecting, must have been the pious exhortations of these terrible hours." Rhodes observes, "that Paul preaching at Athens, or John the Baptist in the wilderness, scarcely excites a more powerful and solemn interest than this minister of God, this 'legate of the skies,' when contemplated on this trying occasion, 'when he stood between the dead and the living, and the plague was stayed.'" This romantic arch has, from that terrible time, retained its designation of "Cucklett Church." How insensible to the awfulness of that horrible season must be that being who can tread this hallowed dell and not hear

"Amidst the rocks an awful sound
In deep reverberation sigh,
And all the echoing caverns round
With mournful voices far reply,
As if, in those sepulchral caves,
The dead were speaking from their graves."

BRETTELL.

During the dreadful months of July, August, and September, the terrific sufferings of the inhabitants almost defy description. Parents beheld their children fall in direful succession by the hand of the insatiable and purple-visaged tyrant. Children turned aside with fearful dread at the distorted features of their parents in death. Every family, while any survived, buried its own dead; and one hapless woman, in the space of a few days, as we shall afterwards see, dug the graves for, and buried

with her own hands, her husband and six children. Appalling as such a circumstance must be, it is, however, only one out of the very many of that eventful time.

We are now arriving at that period when the fury of the pestilence attained its maximum: when it threatened the wretched villagers with utter extermination. Fear and dismay overwhelmed their souls; they shrunk back with terror at the increasing ravages of this most capricious, indescribable, and horrid disease; which, in the beautiful language of the poet,—

"Darts in the whirlwind—floats upon the breeze—
Creeps down the vales, and hangs upon the trees—
Strikes in a sunbeam—in the evening cool—
Flags on the fog, and stagnates on the pool—
In films ætherial, taints the vital air—
Steals through a pore, and creeps along a hair—
Invades the eye in light—the ear in sounds—
Kills with a touch, and at a distance wounds."

FURNESS.

It was during the latter part of June or the beginning of July, that the church-yard closed its gates against the dead. Funeral rites were no longer read; coffins and shrouds no longer thought of; an old door or chair the bier on which the dead were borne; and a shallow grave or hole hastily dug in the fields or gardens round the cottages, received each putrid corpse ere life was quite extinct. In July, the weather became extremely warm and sultry; and the rage of the pest really terrific.

Dreadful wailings burst forth from every side; and the countenances of the few who ventured abroad were deeply impressed with the visible signs of inward horror. The village was unfrequented; it stood, as it were out of the world; none came to sympathise with its suffering inhabitants: no traveller passed through the lonely street during that awful time: it was regarded and avoided as the valley of death! Horror and Destruction rode, and marked the boundary of the dreadful place. On the clouds that hung gloomily over the village were written "Pestilence and Death:" at which terrific inscription the approaching stranger turned aside and precipitately fled. Thus, helpless and alone, perished the villagers of Eyam:

"Struck by turns, in solitary pangs
They fell, unblest, untended, and unmourned."
THOMSON.

It is impossible for pen to describe, or imagination to conceive, the unspeakable distress of those who resided in that part of the village, and in those houses, where the plague raged from first to last, with the greatest violence. Some dwellings, in July, and especially in August, contained at the same moment both the dying and the dead. In one house a victim was struggling with death, while they were hurrying another therefrom to a grave in the fields. In the next a few were anxiously watching and wishing for the last convulsive gasp, that the body might be instantly interred, and that "so

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much of the disease might be buried, and its influence destroyed." The open day witnessed the putrid bodies of the victims pass along the street; and sable night was startled at the frequent footsteps of the buriers of the dead. The horrid symptom of the last stage of the disease in almost every victim, was the signal for digging a grave, or rather hole, to which the deceased, placed on the first thing at hand, or more frequently dragged along the ground, was speedily hurried and buried with inconceivable precipitation; "even whilst the limbs were yet warm, and almost palpitating with life." So anxious were they for immediate interment, that some were buried close by their cottage doors, and it is said, some in the back parts of the very houses in which they died. In this state of things passed day after day, and week after week, The terrified villagers had for some time past forsaken their wonted occupations; the untended cattle lowed mournfully on the neighbouring hills; the fields and gardens became a wilderness; and family feuds and personal animosities sank into oblivion! Nothing was now scarcely to be seen, save-

"The deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye
No more with ardour bright."

THOMSON.

Every family up to July had been, from dire necessity, compelled to bury their own dead; for no one would touch nor even glance at a corpse that did not belong to his own house or family. But

when, as was now frequently the case, the last of a family died, or when one died in a house and the others were dying, some person was necessitated, however dangerous the task, to undertake the removal of the unsightly corpse, and instantly to bury it. For this hazardous but necessary purpose, the All-wise Providence had endowed with sufficient nerve, hardihood, and indifference, the person of Marshall Howe, a native of the village, a man of gigantic stature, and of the most undaunted courage. The daring conduct of this individual in that terrible time, has rendered his name familiar with the villagers of Eyam to the present day. During the greatest fury of the plague, he filled the fearful office of burier of the dead. It appears, however, that he took the distemper nearly at the time of its first appearance, but recovered; and to the belief that a person was never attacked twice, much of his intrepidity may be ascribed. Covetousness or avarice seems to have instigated him in part, to undertake his perilous vocation. When he learned that a person was dying, without relatives to take charge of interment, he immediately proceeded to a garden or adjoining field, and opened a grave; then hastening to the house where the victim lay, perhaps warm with life, and tying one end of a cord round the neck or feet of the corpse, he threw the other over his shoulder, dragged the body to the grave, and with an "unhallowed haste" lightly covered it with earth. The money, furniture, clothes, and other effects of the deceased were his unenviable remuneration. For nearly three months he was thus employed. By some, however, he was paid a stipulated sum for interring their deceased relatives; acquiring in this manner both money and valuables. Through burying the last victims of the pest houses, he claimed and took whatever he found therein; and in alluding to the quantity of clothing he had thus obtained, he jocularly observed, that "he had pinners and napkins sufficient to kindle his pipe with while he lived." Such was the awful occupation of Marshall Howe during the most horrible ravages of plague; he, however, tasted the bitter draught, by burying with his own hands, his wife on the twenty-seventh, and his son on the thirtieth of August of the fatal 1666. For a generation or two after the plague, parents in Eyam endeavoured to bring their children to rule and obedience by telling them that they would send for Marshall Howe.

A few of the last days of July were really dreadful: sometimes five, sometimes six died in one day; and in the whole month fifty-seven. But it was in August that the pest bared his arm for the most deadly slaughter. Distraction overwhelmed the hourly diminishing villagers; some lay in a death-like stupor, anticipating their doom; others ran about the streets in a state of madness, until they suddenly dropped down dead. From every house that was not empty, loud and dismal cries issued forth, mixed with violent exclamations of pain; and

as Ossian sings, "the groan of the people spread over the hills." The swellings in the neck and groin of the patient became insufferable when they would not burst, and the torment was unspeakably excruciating. All now expected death; no one cherished a hope of escape: and a mournful gloom settled on the features of the few who ventured to pace the lonely street. Those who fetched the victuals and other articles from the stated places, were marked on the brow by sullen despair; and even

"The very children had imbibed a look
Of such unutterable woe, as told
A tale of sorrows indescribable."
ROBERTS.

As August advanced, the mortality increased with inconceivable rapidity. The wakes came on again, but alas! alas! how awful the change. The remaining few thought not of their wonted joy; they breathed not its name, for all their thoughts were full of death! The festive Sunday passed away, with all the stillness of the grave; none watched for the arrival of relations and friends; no village choristers assembled at the church; nor did the cheerful bells call aloud to the hills to be merry and glad. Nearly all who had tripped upon the village-green at the last anniversary of this, till then, happy time, were now laid, uncoffined, in their graves.

Towards the latter end of the fatal month, near four-fifths of the inhabitants had been swept away. Mompesson, during the whole time, unremittingly went from house to house comforting, as much as

possible, his dying flock. He, however, was an ailing man, and had an issue in his leg. One day his beloved wife observed a green ichor issuing from the wound, which she conceived to be the result of his having taken the distemper, and its having found a vent that way. Great was her joy on this occasion; and though Mompesson thought she was mistaken, yet he, as we shall see in his letter to his children, fully and duly appreciated her extreme anxiety for his welfare. This admirable and worthy man was now destined to drink of the sickening cup which had been passing round the village. Catherine, his beloved partner, had during the spring, shewn symptoms of pulmonary consumption. is represented to have been exceedingly beautiful though very delicate. There is a very current tradition in the village, that on the morning of the twenty-second of August, 1666, Mompesson and his wife walked out arm in arm in the fields adjoining the Rectory, as had been their custom for some months in the spring, hoping that the morning air would restore her to convalescence. During this walk she had been dwelling on her usual themetheir two absent children, when, just as they were leaving the last field for their habitation, she suddenly exclaimed: "Oh! Mompesson! the air! how sweet it smells!" These words went through the very soul of Mompesson, and his heart sank within him! He made some evasive reply, and they entered their dwelling. The lapse of a few hours

confirmed his fearful anticipation from her remark in the fields: she had taken the distemper, the horrid symptoms had appeared, she became at intervals delirious, and before night no hope was entertained of her recovery. Mompesson seemed for awhile unable to stand the terrible shock; he stood at her bedside a statue of despair. He, however, after the first paroxysm of grief was past, began, with a fortitude unexampled, to use every means imaginable to arrest the progress of the disease. Cordials and chemical antidotes were administered by his own hand; but, alas! in vain. She struggled with the invincible pest until the morning of the twenty-fourth, when her spirit took its flight to the regions of bliss. Mompesson cast himself beside her putrid corpse; and in the agony of despair bathed her cold and pallid face with burning tears. The domestics came and led him faltering away; yet ere he left the room he turned, and, sobbing, cried "farewell! farewell! all happy days!" He repaired to his closet, and on his bended knees lifted up his voice to heaven; while

"One lightning-winged cry
Shot through the hamlet; and a wailing grew,
Wilder than when the plague-fiend first drew nigh,
One troublous hour,—and from all quarters fly
The wretched remnant, who had ceased to weep;
But sorrow, which had drained their bosoms dry,
Found yet fresh fountains in the spirit deep,
Wringing out burning tears that loved one's couch to steep."
WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

She who had been a few days past so lovely and beautiful, was now a livid corpse; she who had been the object of every attention, now lay lone and still, guarded from every eye by dreadful apprehension.

"Ah! then Mompesson felt
What human tongue nor poet's pen must feign—
Quick to the grave the kindred earth was given
With e'en affection's last sad pledge forgone,
The mortal kiss—for round those blighted lips,
Exaled the lingering spirit of the pest,
As if in triumph o'er all that was once
So lovely and beloved."

HOLLAND.

Thus, this lovely and amiable woman fell a victim to the plague in the twenty-seventh year of her age. Her resolution to abide with her husband in defiance of death, is a striking instance of the strength and purity of female affection. She was interred the day after her death, August the twenty-fifth, 1666, in the church-yard at Eyam. Over her ashes her loving and truly affectionate husband erected a splendid tomb, which, with its inscription and devices, will be described hereafter.

Great as was the calamity that had visited and was still visiting almost every family in the fated village: terrible as was the devastation of the pestilence in August, yet the very few inhabitants who were left, nearly forgot their own sufferings and distress in the death of Mrs. Mompesson. They had witnessed in her worthy husband, so much sympathy and benevolence, so much attention and

humane feeling, that they regarded him as their counsellor, physician, and friend, and hence their participation in his sorrow for the loss of his lovely and amiable wife. The trying situation, the lacerated feelings of this incomparable man will be best shewn by the two following letters, written with his own hand a few days after the interment of his affectionate spouse.

To his dear children he thus announces the death of their mother:—

"To my dear children, George and Elizabeth Mompesson, these present with my blessing.

" Eyam, August 31, 1666.

"Dear Hearts,—This brings you the doleful news of your dear mother's death—the greatest loss which ever befel you! I am not only deprived of a kind and loving consort, but you also are bereaved of the most indulgent mother that ever dear children had. We must comfort ourselves in God with this consideration, that the loss is only ours, and that what is our sorrow is her gain. The consideration of her joys, which I do assure myself are unutterable, should refresh our drooping spirits.

"My children, I think it may be useful to you to have a narrative of your dear mother's virtues, that the knowledge thereof may teach you to imitate her excellent qualities. In the first place, let me recommend to you her piety and devotion, which were according to the exact principles of the Church of England. In the next place, I can assure you, she was composed of modesty and humility, which virtues did

possess her dear soul in a most extraordinary manner. Her discourse was ever grave and meek, yet pleasant also; an immodest word was never heard to come from her mouth. She had two other virtues, modesty and frugality. She never valued any thing she had, when the necessities of a poor neighbour required it; but had a bountiful spirit towards the distressed and indigent; yet she was never lavish, but commendably frugal. She never liked tattling women, and abhorred the custom of going from house to house, thus wastefully spending precious time. She was ever busied in useful work, yet, though prudent, she was affable and kind. She avoided those whose company could not benefit her, and would not unbosom herself to such, still she dismissed them with civility. I could tell you of her many other excellent virtues. I do believe, my dear hearts, that she was the kindest wife in the world, and think from my soul, that she loved me ten times better than herself; for she not only resisted my entreaties, that she should fly with you, dear children, from this place of death; but, some few days before it pleased God to visit my house, she perceived a green matter to come from the issue in my leg, which she fancied a symptom that the distemper had found vent that way, whence she assured herself that I was passed the malignity of the disorder, whereat she rejoiced exceedingly, not considering her own danger thereby. I think, however, that she was mistaken in the nature of the discharge she saw: certainly it was the salve that made it look so green; yet her rejoicing was a strong testimony that she cared not for her own peril so I were safe.

was little inferior than to me; since why should she thus ardently desire my continuance in this world of sorrows, but that you might have the protection and comfort of my life. You little imagine with what delight she talked of you both, and the pains she took when you sucked the milk from her breasts. She gave strong testimony of her love for you when she lay on her death-bed. A few hours before she expired I wished her to take some cordials, which she told me plainly she could not take. I entreated she would attempt for your dear sakes. At the mention of your names, she with difficulty lifted up her head and took them: this was to testify to me her affection for you.

" Now I will give you an exact account of the manner of her death. For some time she had shewn symptoms of a consumption, and was wasted thereby. Being surrounded by infected families, she doubtless got the distemper from them; and her natural strength being impaired, she could not struggle with the disease, which made her illness so very short. She shewed much contrition for the errors of her past life, and often cried out,- 'One drop of my Saviour's blood, to save my soul.' She earnestly desired me not to come near her, lest I should receive harm thereby; but, thank God, I did not desert her, but stood to my resolution not to leave her in her sickness, who had been so tender a nurse to me in her health. Blessed be God, that He enabled me to be so helpful and consoling to her, for which she was not a little thankful. During her illness she was not disturbed by worldly business-she only minded making her call and election sure; and

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she asked pardon of her maid, for having sometimes given her an angry word. I gave her some sweating antidotes, which rather inflamed her more, whereupon her dear head was distempered, which put her upon many incoherencies. I was troubled thereat, and propounded to her questions in divinity. Though in all other things she talked at random, yet to these religious questions, she gave me as rational answers as could be desired. I bade her repeat after me certain prayers, which she did with great devotion,—it gave me comfort that God was so gracious to her.

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"A little before she died, she asked me to pray with her again. I asked her how she did? The answer was, that she was looking when the good hour should come. Thereupon I prayed, and she made her responses from the Common Prayer Book, as perfectly as in her health, and an 'Amen' to every pathetic expression. When we had ended the prayers for the sick, we used those from the Whole Duty of Man! and when I heard her say nothing, I said, 'My dear, dost thou mind?' She answered, 'Yes,' and it was the last word she spoke.

"My dear babes, the reading of this account will cause many a salt tear to spring from your eyes; yet let this comfort you,—your mother is a saint in heaven.

"Now, to that blessed God, who bestowed upon her all 'those graces,' be ascribed all honour, glory, and dominion, the just tribute of all created beings, for evermore.—Amen!

" WILLIAM MOMPESSON."

Is there not in this truly pathetic letter, the visible effusion of a truly Christian spirit,—the bright effulgence of a heavenly mind, which ought to command the admiration of succeeding generations to the end of time? On the same melancholy event, the following letter was written by Mompesson, to his friend and patron, Sir George Saville:—

"Eyam, September 1, 1666.

"Honoured and Dear Sir,—This is the saddest news that ever my pen could write. The destroying Angel having taken up his quarters within my habitation, my dearest wife is gone to her eternal rest, and is invested with a crown of righteousness, having made a happy end. Indeed had she loved herself as well as me, she had fled from the pit of destruction with the sweet babes, and might have prolonged her days; but she was resolved to die a martyr to my interests. My drooping spirits are much refreshed with her joys, which I think are unutterable.

"Sir, this paper is to bid you a hearty farewell for ever, and to bring you my humble thanks for all your noble favours; and I hope you will believe a dying man, I have as much love as honour for you, and I will bend my feeble knees to the God of Heaven, that you, my dear lady, and your children, may be blessed with external and eternal happiness, and that the same blessing may fall upon Lady Sunderland and her relations.

"Dear Sir, let your dying Chaplain recommend this truth to you and your family, that no happiness or solid comfort can be found in this vale of tears, like living a pious life; and pray ever remember this rule, never do anything upon which you dare not first ask the blessing of God.

"Sir, I have made bold in my will with your name for executor, and I hope you will not take it ill. I have joined two others with you, who will take from you the trouble. Your favourable aspect will, I know, be a great comfort to my distressed orphans. I am not desirous that they should be great, but good; and my next request is that they be brought up in the fear and admonition of the Lord.

"Sir, I thank God I am contented to shake hands with all the world; and have many comfortable assurances that God will accept me through his Son. I find the goodness of God greater than I ever thought or imagined; and I wish from my soul that it were not so much abused and continued. I desire, Sir, that you will be pleased to make choice of a humble pious man, to succeed me in my parsonage; and could I see your face before my departure hence, I would inform you in what manner I think he may live comfortable amongst his people, which would be some satisfaction to me before I die.

"Dear Sir, I beg the prayers of all about you that I may not be daunted at the powers of hell; and that I may have dying graces: with tears I beg, that when you are praying for fatherless orphans, you will remember my two pretty babes.

"Pardon the rude style of this paper, and be pleased to believe that I am, dear Sir, &c.

" WILLIAM MOMPESSON."

"In the whole range of literature," say William and Mary Howitt, "we know of nothing more pathetic than these letters;" alluding, besides these

two, to another, dated Eyam, Nov. 20, 1666, which will be found hereafter.

It is singular, indeed, that Mompesson enjoyed such remarkable good health during the whole time of the calamitous visitation: he, in the language of the poet,

> "Drew, like Marseilles' good bishop, purer breath, When nature sickened, and each gale was death."

From house to house he went, and prayed with the dying victims:—

"Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood." GOLDSMITH.

From the interment of Mrs. Mompesson (August the twenty-fifth) to the end of the month, the pestilence raged with unabated fury; although fourfifths of the population were swept away. On the twenty-sixth of this terrible month, Marshall Howe, who had been daily employed in hurrying the dead. to their unhallowed graves, was doomed to experience a loss, equal in his own estimation to that of his pastor. Joan his wife, who had often remonstrated with him to desist from his perilous avocation, was seized with the distemper: and the virulence of the attack threatened almost immediate. dissolution. Though he had been for full two months moving in the whirlwind of death, yet up to this time he had deemed himself invulnerable to the pest; but the infection of his wife brought conviction to his mind, that he had been the means.

of bringing the disease across his own threshold; and he wept bitterly. The direful symptom appeared on the snow-white bosom of his beloved Joan: and early on the morning of the twentyseventh she breathed her last. Marshall wept aloud over her stiffening limbs; but ere the sun had tipped with gold the orient hills of Eyam, he wound her up and carried her in his brawny arms to a neighbouring field, where he dug a grave and placed her silently therein. A sullen sadness overspread his mien, while over her remains he patted the earth with an unusual and unconscious circumspection. Filled with gloomy sensations he returned to his home, but, alas! there he found his only, his dear son William, struggling with the pest. Despair "whirled his brain to madness:" he cast himself on a couch and uttered doleful lamentations. William, his beloved son, who had inherited something of his father's iron constitution, wrestled with the horrid and deadly monster until the morning of the third day of his sickness, when he yielded to his direful and mortal antagonist. His disconsolate father bore his warm but lifeless corpse to the grave of his wife, beside which he buried it, while floods of tears bespoke his inconceivable agony. Marshall Howe, however, continued in his unenviable office; but the recklessness and levity which he had exhibited were no longer observable after the bereavement of his wife and son. The terrified and fast dwindling villagers were no longer startled, when he

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returned from the interment of a victim in the Cussy-dell, by the following observation which, on these occasions, he invariably made:—"Ah! I saw Old Nick grinning on the ivied rock as I dragged such-a-one along the dell!" Marshall Howe survived the plague many years.

The sixth, twenty-sixth, and the last day of August, were the only days in that awful month on which no one died: while the whole number who perished in the other twenty-eight days was seventy-This number of deaths must be considered eight. really appalling, especially when it is taken into estimation that the population of the village on the first of August was considerably under two hundred. The havoc in this month was dreadful beyond all description. The houses eastward from the middle of the village were nearly all empty. An awful gloom pervaded this part; broken, however, at times by the sudden shriek of one whom the bloodscenting pest discovered in some lone and secluded corner. The inhabitants of the extreme western part of the village, who were at that time very few, shut themselves close up in their houses; nor would they, on any occasion whatever, cross a small rivulet eastward, which runs under the street in that part of Eyam. That portion of the street which crosses this small stream is called at this day "Fiddler's-Bridge;" and it is very commonly asserted that the plague never crossed it westward. This, I think, is hardly correct; but as there were but very few

inhabitants in that direction, not many deaths could occur. Indeed, as we shall see hereafter, those who fled at the breaking out of the disease, were principally, if not exclusively, inhabitants of that part, and consequently, there would be but few left. One man, however, in the upper or western part of the village, is said to have taken the distemper by intending to visit his sister, a widow, who dwelt in the Lydgate, or the eastern part of Eyam. It is told, that this man heard by chance, late one evening, in the latter end of August, that his sister, for whom he had the greatest affection, was taken ill of the plague. Being much troubled, he came to the determination of visiting her, even should he fall a sacrifice. Early next morning he arose, unknown to his family, and proceeded down the silent street to her abode. The door opened at his touch, but the house was empty. No enquiry of the fate of his sister was requisite; she had died the preceding night, and Marshall Howe had consigned her to a grave in an adjoining garden, and had rifled her dwelling long before the break of day. The man returned to his family full of grief and sorrow; but, he went not alone,—the invisible pest accompanied him, and swept him and all his family into their graves in the short space of a few days. Thus, like leaves in Autumn, fell the villagers of Eyam, in the terrible and fatal month of August, 1666.

September was unusually hot, and the plague

raged with unmitigated violence, considering the amount of population left. Almost every day in this month had its victim; and the few that were left, were now become so familiar with death, that its announcement excited scarcely any notice whatever. A dreamy stillness reigned around the nearly desolated village; it was canopied by a dark and deepening gloom, which fancy might imagine had been formed by the incessant accumulation of sorrowful respirations. The last day of September was one of the few days during that month unattended by death. Although the inhabitants at the beginning of September were reduced to a very few, still the insatiated pest carried away twenty-four during that month. October came, the month in which it ceased; yet, up to the eleventh, it still carried on the work of destruction, with but little relaxation of fury. On the eleventh of October, 1666, this awful minister of death, after having from the first day of the same month, destroyed fifteen out of about forty-five, thus sweeping away five-sixths of the inhabitants of the village, was exhausted with excessive slaughter, and was in its last conflict, worsted and destroyed.

Of the number who perished at Eyam by the hand of this direful plague, there are different accounts. The Register, which is undoubtedly as correct as can be expected from the confusion of the time, states the number of victims to be 259; while

there is another account as follows:- "259 of ripe age, and 58 children."* But as the number mentioned in the Register contains children, the latter account is most probably incorrect. This devastation is certainly appalling, when the amount of population at the commencement of the calamity is considered, which amount has generally been stated at 330. From the number of families visited by the plague, mentioned in the subsequent letter of Mompesson, it would, I opine, be nearer the mark, to say 350, or perhaps a few more. The number of deaths taken from the latter amount would leave But many fled at the first appearance of the distemper; some of whom never returned. shaws, the then most wealthy family in the village, left it with precipitation and never came back. A family of the name of Furness, took refuge at Farnsley, or Foundley, a farm-house, about a mile from Eyam. Mr. Richard Furness, the poet, a native of Eyam, and the late schoolmaster of Dore, near Sheffield, is a lineal descendant of that family. A man of the name of Merril, who lived at the Hollins-House, Eyam, built a hut on Eyam Moor, and resided therein until the plague abated. A hut was built a little beyond Riley by a family named Cotes, who dwelt there during that terrible time. little dale that runs up to Foundley was nearly full of huts, built under the projecting rocks. There were others in the Cussy dell; and on various parts

^{*} De Spiritualibus Pecci.

of the Moor the remains of these fugitive residences have existed till very lately. Mompesson's children as we have seen, were sent away, and many others undoubtedly, who would not return for some time after the plague. Hence we may conclude, that there would be but very few left of those who tarried within the precincts of the village; indeed, it is a very current tradition that, in case of a death, two dozen funeral cakes were, for some years subsequent to the plague, sufficient for the whole village, inclusive of the few distant relatives of the deceased. And I may here add, that of all the desolating traces of that destructive malady, there is none which to the present day has been more generally talked of, than that the main street, from one end of the village to the other, was grown over with grass; and, it is said, that kingcups and other flowers grew in the very middle of the road. This, however, one would imagine, could hardly be the case in 1666; but more probably in 1667, and a few succeeding years. That the village was almost desolate there is no doubt; and in the following sublime language of Ossian, it may be said :-"There the thistle shook its lonely head: the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round its head."

The winter which succeeded the cessation of the pestilence was, by the very few who were left, wholly spent in burning the furniture of the pest

houses, and likewise nearly all the bedding and clothing found in the village: reserving scarcely anything to cover their nakedness. The necessary articles of apparel were fumigated and purified; and every means that could be suggested, were taken to prevent the resurrection of the horrid pest. But, the awful dread of this deadly monster; the condition of the village at the termination of its ravages, will be best shewn by giving, after the following letter of Mompesson, a few very popular and authentic traditions of that unspeakable and agonizing time:—

"To John Beilby, Esq., ---, Yorkshire.
"Eyam, Nov. 20, 1666.

"Dear Sir,—I suppose this letter will seem to you no less than a miracle, that my habitation is inter vivos. I have got these lines transcribed by a friend, being loth to affright you with a letter from my hands. You are sensible of my state, the loss of the kindest wife in the world, whose life was amiable and end most comfortable. She was in an excellent posture when death came, which fills me with assurances that she is now invested with a crown of righteousness. I find this maxim verified by too sad experience: Bonum magis carendo quam fruendo cernitur. Had I been as thankful as my condition did deserve, I might have had my dearest dear in my bosom. But now farewell all happy days, and God grant that I may repent my sad ingratitude!

"The condition of the place has been so sad, that I persuade myself it did exceed all history and example.

Our town has become a Golgotha, the place of a skull; and had there not been a small remnant, we had been as Sodom, and like to Gomorrah. My ears never heard such doleful lamentations-my nose never smelled such horrid smells, and my eyes never beheld such ghastly spectacles. There have been 76 families visited within my parish, out of which 259 persons died. (blessed be God) all our fears are over, for none have died of the plague since the eleventh of October, and the pest houses have been long empty. I intend (God willing) to spend this week in seeing all woollen clothes fumed and purified, as well for the satisfaction as for the safety of the country. Here have been such burning of goods that the like, I think, was never known. For my part, I have scarcely apparel to shelter my body, having wasted more than I needed merely for example. During this dreadful visitation, I have not had the least symptom of disease, nor had I ever better health. My man had the distemper, and upon the appearance of a tumour I gave him some chemical antidotes, which operated, and after the rising broke, he was very well. My maid continued in health, which was a blessing; for had she quailed, I should have been ill set to have washed and gotten my provisions. I know I have had your prayers; and I conclude that the prayers of good people have rescued me from the jaws of death. Certainly I had been in the dust, had not Omnipotence itself been conquered by holy violence.

"I have largely tasted of the goodness of the Creator, and the grim looks of death did never yet affright me. I always had a firm faith that my babes would do well, which made me willing to shake hands with the

unkind, froward world; yet I shall esteem it a mercy if I am frustrated in the hopes I had of a translation to a better place, and God grant that with patience I may wait for my change, and that I may make a right use of His mercies: as the one hath been tart, so the other hath been sweet and comfortable.

"I perceive by a letter from Mr. Newby, of your concern for my welfare. I make no question but I have your unfeigned love and affection. I assure you that during my troubles you have had a great deal of room in my thoughts. Be pleased, dear Sir, to accept of the presentments of my kind respects, and impart them to your good wife and all my dear relations. I can assure you that a line from your hand will be welcome to your sorrowful and affectionate nephew,

" WILLIAM MOMPESSON."

Thus wrote this affectionate spirit—thus he describes the sufferings of his flock, which sufferings, however, will be further and more fully detailed in the following traditions of this terrible calamity:—

When the plague broke out in the latter end of the summer of 1665, there lived in a humble strawthatched cottage, a little west of the church, a very happy and contented family, named Sydall: consisting of husband, wife, five daughters, and one son. The father, son, and four daughters, took the infection and died in the space of twenty-five days, in October, 1665; leaving the hapless mother and one daughter. The mother had now nothing to render her disconsolate case bearable but her

only surviving daughter Emmot, a modest and pretty village maiden. Emmot had for some time received the fervent addresses of a youth named Rowland, who resided in Middleton Dale, about a mile south-east of Eyam. He had daily visited her and sympathised with her on the death of her father, brother, and four young sisters. Often had she anxiously remonstrated with him on the danger of his visits; but nothing could deter him from nightly pacing the devoted village, until the deathbreathing pest threatened total desolation to the surrounding country, if intercourse were allowed. The happy scene when Rowland and Emmot were to cast their lots together, had been appointed to take place at the ensuing wakes; and fervently did they pray that the pestilence would cease. The ring, the emblem of endless and unchanging love, had been presented by Rowland to his beloved Emmot; and by her it was treasured as the certain pledge of his sincerity and affection. Frequently would she retire into her chamber, and bring it forth from its sanctuary and place it on her finger; while her eyes sparkled with meaning,—while through those bright portals of her mind came forth her thoughts, in language more eloquent than words. Rowland was seen each morn hasting along the dale to his occupation. Lightsome were his steps; his whistling echoed from rock to rock; and his soul glowed with all the charms of anticipated bliss. Thus this loving pair indulged in dreaming of future happiness;

thus they cherished the fond hope of connubial joy, on the very eve of separation!

Towards the end of April, 1666, the lovely Emmot was seized by the terrific pest, and hurried to her grave on the thirtieth of the same month. Rowland heard a brief rumour of the dreadful tidings and his hopes were scattered. The brand of general abhorrence with which he would be marked if he, at that period of the pestilence, attempted to venture into the deathful village, debarred him from ascertaining the fate of his Emmot. Often, however, would his love and dreadful anxiety urge him to pass the circle of death. But, to bring the pestilence home to his own family; to incur the everlasting infamy of spreading a disease so terrible, with the almost certainty of death on his own part, happily deterred him, on each attempt, from entering the poisonous "Upas vale."

On one occasion, however, Rowland ascended a hill contiguous to Eyam; and thence he looked over the silent village for hours. It was sabbath eve,

"But yet no sabbath sound
Came from the village;—no rejoicing bells
Were heard; no groups of strolling youths were found,
Nor lovers loitering on the distant fells.
No laugh, no shout of infancy, which tells
Where radiant health and happiness repair;
But silence, such as with the lifeless dwells,
Fell on his shuddering heart and fixed him there,
Frozen with dreams of death and bodings of despair."
WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

It was some time after the plague had ceased that Rowland summoned up sufficient courage to enter the village, and to learn the fate of his Emmot. Glimmering hope and fearful apprehension alternately possessed his mind, as his faltering steps brought him to the verge of the village. He stood on a little eminence at the eastern entrance of the place, and glanced for a few moments around; but he saw no smoke ascend from the ivy adorned chimnies,-nothing but the sighing breeze broke the still expanse, and he felt chained to the spot by terror and dismay. At length he ventured into the silent village, but he suddenly stopped, looking as much aghast as if he had seen the portentous inscription which met the eye of Dante when the shade of Virgil led him to the porch of Erebus. He then passed slowly on, gazing intensely on the desolate blank. A noiseless gloom pervaded the lonely street; no human form appeared, nor sound of life was heard. Filled with unspeakable amazement he looked on each silent cottage; a hollow stillness reigned within, and,

" Horror round

Waved her triumphant wings o'er the untrodden ground."
WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

Then towards the cot of his Emmot he bent his way. His direful forebodings increased with every step. As he approached the dwelling his heart swelled and beat with painful emotion; but ere he reached the place a solitary boy appeared and thus

the sorrowful tidings told:-" Ah! Rowland, thy Emmot's dead and burried in the Cussy Dell!" This sudden disclosure struck Rowland with unutterable grief; he clung to an adjoining wall, and there stood awhile combating with feelings keen and unspeakable. At the death of Emmot, her mother, frantic with despair, fled to the Cussy Dell, and there dwelt with some fugitive relatives. Rowland after some time, approached the abode of his Emmot; the once happy place where he had spent so many happy hours. He reached the threshold, over which the grass grew profusely; the half-open door yielded to his hand, and he entered the silent dwelling filled with unimaginable sensations. On the hearth and floor the grass grew up from every chink; the tables and chairs stood in their usual places; the pewter plates and pans were flecked with rust; and the once sweet warbling linnet lay dead in its cage. Rowland wept as he left the tenantless dwelling; his dreadful apprehensions were verified; and until death closed his eyes at a great age, he frequently dropped a tear to the memory of his once lovely Emmot.

Just before the breaking out of the plague, a young woman was married from Eyam to Corbor, about two miles distant. She left a mother in Eyam, who dwelt in a cottage alone, in great indigence. During the plague the old woman took the infection, and her daughter, unknown to her husband, came to see her, not knowing that she was ill.

Great was her consternation at finding her poor old mother writhing in dreadful agonies. She returned to Corbor the same day, very much terrified at the horrid scenes she had witnessed in the village. On the succeeding night she was taken very ill, and her husband and neighbours became almost frantic with fear lest she should have brought the distemper from Eyam. The following day she became worse, before night all the symptoms of the pest appeared, and she expired in great pain on the second day of her illness. The inhabitants of Corbor were alarmed beyond description; but, strange to say, no one else took the infection.*

Some few who had the plague, in Eyam, recovered; the first was a Margaret Blackwell. The tradition says that she was about sixteen or eighteen years of age when she took the distemper; and that her father and whole family were dead, excepting one brother, at the time of her sickness. Her brother was one morning obliged to go to some distance for coals; and he arose very early, cooked himself some bacon, and started, being certain, as he said, that he should find his sister dead when he came back. Margaret, almost dying with excessive thirst, got out of bed for something to drink; and

^{*} There was a very fatal fever (some say it was the plague) in Corbor in 1632, when many died. There are some gravestones in the vicinity with the initials J. C., A. C., and several others, dated 1632. These initials are supposed to relate to a family of the name of Cook.

finding a small wooden piggin with something in which she thought was water, but which was the fat from the bacon which her brother had just cooked, she drank it all off, returned to bed again, and found herself soon after rather better. She, however, had not the least hope of surviving:—

"But nature rallied, and her flame still burn'd—
Sunk in the socket, glimer'd and return'd;
The golden bowl and silver cord were sound;
The cistern's wheel revolved its steady round;
Fire—vital fire—evolved the living steam,
And life's fine engine pump'd the purple stream."

FURNESS.

On her brother's return he found her, to his great surprise, much better; she eventually recovered, and lived to good old age. Drinking adventitiously the contents of the wooden piggin, has generally been considered the cause of her unexpected resuscitation.

Towards the latter end of the summer of the dreadful pest, a man of the name of Merril, of the Hollins-house, Eyam, erected, as I have before noticed, a hut near the summit of Sir William, wherein he dwelt to escape the plague, having only a cock with him, which he had taken for a companion. In this solitary retreat they lived together for about a month, with nothing to cheer them but the wild bee wandering with merry song. Merril would frequently, during this solitary sojourn, descend to a point of the hill from which he could

overlook the fated place; but nothing could he perceive in the distance but the direful havor of the awful scourge, as exhibited in the increasing number of graves in the fields of the village. One morning, however, his companion, the cock, strutted from a corner of the hut into the heath, and after glancing about, sprang from the ground with flapping wings, nor stopped in its airy course until it arrived at its former residence, Hollins-house. Merril pondered a day or two over the meaning of his companion's abrupt desertion, and at last he thus soliloquized:-" Noah knew when the dove went forth and returned not again that the waters had subsided, and that the face of the earth was dry." He, therefore, took up his altitude and returned to his former residence, where he found his cock. The plague had abated; and Merril and his cock lived many years together at the Hollins-house after the pestilence was totally extinguished.

The helpless condition of the inhabitants of Eyam during that dreadful season, may be seen from the following fact:—

A little west of Eyam, at a house called Shepherds' Hall, or Shepherds' Flat, resided a family named Mortin, who suffered greatly during the plague. This family consisted of husband, wife, and one child; the wife being, at the time the plague broke out so fiercely in 1666, in an advanced state of pregnancy. There was another house very near to Mortin's, inhabited by a widow named Kempe,

and her children; and these children had brought the infection to the Shepherds' Flat, after playing with the children of Eyam. When the time of Mortin's wife's pregnancy was expired no one would come near to assist in giving birth to her child. She was very ill, and declared that without assistance she should die. Mortin, in the last extremity of despair, was compelled to assist in the act of parturition. The eldest child was during this time shut up in a room, where it screamed incessantly, being almost petrified with fear. Very soon after, both children and mother took the distemper and died, and Mortin buried them successively with his own hands at the end of his habitation. The other family of Kempe all died, and Mortin was left the only human being at Shepherds' Flat, where he lived in solitude for some years after the plague. A greyhound and four cows were his companions; one of the cows he milked to keep the greyhound and himself. To such an extent did this horrible pest carry on human desolation, that hares, rabbits, and other kinds of game multiplied and overran the vicinity of Eyam : Mortin's greyhound could have gone out and brought in a hare in a few minutes, at any time of the day.

That the surrounding country was greatly alarmed at the devastation of the pest at Eyam, the following accounts are sufficient evidence:—

At the period of this dreadful malady, Tideswell, about five miles west of Eyam, was one of the prin-

cipal market towns in the Peak, and it was frequented on the market days by great numbers from the wide-scattered villages. Those who regularly attended, as well as the inhabitants of the place, were thrown into great consternation by the appalling reports of the pestilence at Eyam; and a watch was appointed at the eastern entrance of Tideswell, to question all who came that way, and to prevent any one from Eyam entering the place on any business whatever. A woman who resided in that part of Eyam called Orchard Bank, was, during the maximum of the plague, compelled by some pressing exigency to go to the market at Tideswell; knowing, however, that it would be impossible to pass the watch if she told whence she came, she therefore had recourse to the following stratagem, The watch, on her arrival, thus authoritatively addressed her :- "Whence comest thou?" "From Orchard Bank," she replied. "And where is that?" the watch asked again; "Why, verily," said the woman, "it is in the land of the living." The watch, not knowing the place, suffered her to pass; but she had scarcely reached the market when some person knew her, and whence she came. "The plague! the plague! a woman from Eyam! the plague! a woman from Eyam!" immediately resounded from all sides; and the poor creature terrified almost to death, fled as fast as she possibly could. The infuriated multitude followed her at a distance, for near a mile out of the market-place,

pelting her with stones, mud, sods, or other missiles. She returned to Orchard Bank, bruised and otherwise worse for her daring prevarication. The dread of this infectious disease, as manifested in the case of this woman, and in the institution of keeping watch in the approximate villages, is not marvellous; for, in the accounts of the constables of Sheffield, there is the following item :- " Charges about keeping people from Fullwood Spring (ten miles from Eyam) at the time the plague was at Eam." Fuel was an article which the inhabitants had to encounter great difficulties in obtaining; those who fetched it from the coal-pits had to make circuitous routes, and represent themselves as coming from other places. One man on this journey unthinkingly let it slip that he came from Eyam, on which he was greatly abused and driven back, with his horses unladen. In a will of a Mr. Rowland Mower, Eyam, made when the plague was at its greatest height, there is something like the following allusion to the almost certain death of the whole population:—" Inasmuch as a great calamity has befallen the town, or village of Eyam; as death has already entered my dwelling; as all are in daily expectation of death; and as I humbly consider myself on the verge of eternity, I therefore, while in sound mind, thus give and bequeath, as hereafter noted, my worldly effects."

The dreadful panic which the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages experienced, on any one ven-

turing therefrom to Eyam, may be sufficiently seem by the following singular and well authenticated fact:—

During the plague, a man who lived at Bubnell, near Chatsworth, an ancestor of Mr. W. Howard, Barlow, had either to come to, or pass through, Eyam, with a load of wood, which he was in the habit of carrying from the woods at Chatsworth to the surrounding villages. His neighbours fervently remonstrated with him before his departure, on the impropriety and danger of going near Eyam; being, however, a fine, robust man, he disregarded their admonitions, and proceeded through Eyam with the wood. The day turned out very wet and boisterous; and as no one would accompany him to assist in unloading the wood, great delay was thereby occasioned. A severe cold was the result; and shortly after his arrival at home he was attacked with a slight fever. The neighbours having ascertained his route, became alarmed at his indisposition; they naturally concluded that he had taken the infection, and they were so incensed at his daring and dangerous conduct, that they threatened to shoot him if he attempted to leave his house. A man was appointed to watch and give the alarm if he crossed his own threshold. The consternation of the inhabitants of Bubnell and neighbouring places, excited the notice of the Earl of Devonshire, who had, either at his own request or otherwise, the particulars of the case laid before him. The noble

Earl, being anxious that no unnecessary alarm should be excited, reasoned with the persons who waited on him from Bubnell, on the impropriety of rashly judging because the man was ill, it was necessarily the plague. He told them to go back, and he would send his doctor the next day at a certain hour to investigate the nature of the man's illness. The interview, either at the suggestion of the Earl, or from the doctor's fear, was appointed to take place across the river Derwent, which flows close by Bubnell. At the appointed time, the doctor took his station on the eastern and the invalid on the western side of the river. The affrighted neighbours looked on from a distance, while the doctor interrogated the sick man at great length. The doctor at last pronounced him free from the disorder; prescribed him some medicine; and the man, who was then much better soon recovered.*

Mompesson left Eyam in 1669, three years after the plague; but the horror which it had disseminated, had extended even to Eakring in Nottinghamshire, and to the time of his leaving Eyam for the living of that place. This benefice was presented to him by his friend and patron, Sir George Saville. On his going to take possession of the living of Eakring, the inhabitants refused him admission into the village; in consequence of their terrors of "the cloud and whirlwind of death," in

^{*} The doctor's prescription is now in the hands of Dr. Nichol-son, son-in-law of Mr. W. Howard, Barlow.

which he had walked. A small house or hut was therefore erected for him in Rufford Park, where he resided in seclusion until their fears died away. Such was the horror of that desolating infection; such were the dreadful impressions which it created in far more distant places.

Having given, though very imperfectly, a few of the traditions of this awful time, I shall relate the details of the rapid extinction of the Talbots and Hancocks of Riley: two families who were carried off by the plague with horrid dispatch; and whose brief transition from health to sickness, and from sickness to death, was attended with circumstances never before experienced.

> "O! reader! reader! had we been Spectators of the real scene."

S. T. HALL.

Riley Graves are about a quarter of a mile east-ward of Eyam, on the top or rather on the slope of a hill, the base of which partially terminates in Eyam. These mountain tumuli are generally known to be the burial places of the Hancock family during the plague. Perhaps there is no place capable of producing such peculiar and serious impressions. These insulated memorials of the hapless sufferers, viewed in conjunction with the surrounding scenery, give a tone to the feelings as pathetic as inexpressible. We feel as if we were holding communion with the spirits who murmur a saddening requiem to pleasure and frolicksome gaiety. All seems so hallowed: so over-shadowed, and so deeply imbued

with solemnity. Were I competent to describe the impressive scenery of Riley Graves, it would be only a work of supererogation; seeing that it has already received the deeply impassioned strokes and the heart-softening touches of the elegant authors of "Peak Scenery," and "Rambles in Derbyshire;" I shall therefore proceed to give the details of the almost total extinction of the family of Hancock, and the sole extinction of that of Talbot—the two families who resided at Riley at the commencement of the desolation in Eyam; with a particular notice of the places of their interment; and (as is indispensably necessary in this work,) a brief description of the surrounding scenery.

Those who have visited Riley Grave Stones have unavoidably noticed, about fifty yards from the enclosed cemetery, a small ash tree, standing in a north-east direction of the stones, and it was a few yards south of this tree where stood the habitation of the Hancocks. There is not the least remains of that dwelling to be seen at this day; the disconsolate mother, after burying her husband and six children, as hereafter described, deserted it; and it was, some time after, carried away to repair the neighbouring fences. The house in which the Talbots lived was about two hundred and fifty yards west or rather north-west of that of the Hancocks; the present Riley farm house is built on its site. The road from Manchester to Sheffield passed, in

those days, close by this house, and Talbots, being blacksmiths, had a smithy adjoining the house, and close to the road. Besides this occupation they farmed one part of Riley old land, and Hancocks the other. The Talbot family consisted of Richard, his wife, three sons, and three daughters: one son, however, had left Riley, and lived at some distance, before the commencement of the plague in his own family, and therefore escaped. The high and airy situation of Riley, one would imagine, ought to have operated against the distemper; and being besides a full quarter of a mile from Eyam, the two families were not compelled to have any communication with its inhabitants. How or by what means this subtle agent of death found its way to Riley is not now known; most probably some of the Talbot family brought it from Eyam, as they all perished before the infection, or at least the death, of any one of the Hancocks. The pestilence had raged full ten months in Eyam, before the Talbots of Riley were visited by this deathful messenger.

On the fifth of July, 1666, died Briget and Mary, daughters of Richard and Catherine Talbot, of Riley. They were young and beautiful: they had sported with innocence and mirth on the flowery heath only a few days before death came and laid his cold, chilly hand on their lovely bosoms. Often had they roved on the neighbouring moors, with hearts swelling with joy; they had spent many a

sunny day, chasing the many-hued butterfly, amidst the busy hum of the wild and toilsome bees; and then, like two sweet roses bursting into bloom, they were suddenly plucked from their lonely, parent bed. These two lovely girls fell victims to the horrid pest in one sad, direful day. Their weeping and terrified father immediately committed them to the earth beside his mournful home. On the seventh of the same month, he performed the sad but imperative task on Ann, the last of his daughters; and on the eighteenth, on his wife Catherine. Robert, his son, died, and was buried on the twenty-fourth, and on the ensuing day, the father himself died and was buried, leaving one son, who on the thirtieth died also, and was buried, probably by the Hancocks, on the same day. Thus from the fifth to the thirtieth of July, perished the whole of the household of the fated Talbots of Riley. They were interred nearly together, close by their habitation; and in the orchard of the present Riley-house, a dilapidated tabular monument, with the following very nearly erased inscription, records their memories :- "Richard Talbot, Catherine his wife, 2 sons, and 3 daughters, buried July, 1666."

The pest now passed on to the habitation of the Hancocks, where the work of death commenced by the infection of John and Elizabeth Hancock. On the third of August, only three days from the death of the last of the Talbots, they both died, and were buried a short distance from their cottage, by the

hands of their distracted mother. Although her husband and two other sons survived four days after the first victims, yet tradition insists that the mother of this family buried them herself, altogether unassisted. John, her husband, and two sons, William and Oner, now sickened of this virulent malady. She became frantic; she saw that the whole family were destined to the same fate as the Talbots, and she wrung her hands in bitter despair. During the night of the sixth, Oner died, and her husband a few minutes after, and before morning, William gave his last struggling gasp. Can imagination conceive anything so appalling as the case of this suffering woman: on the third she buried a son and a daughter, and in the night of the following sixth, she closed the eyes of her husband and two other sons. How awful her situation; being far from any other dwelling; not a soul to cheer her sinking spirits; not a being to cast her sorrowing eyes upon, save her two surviving children, whose lamentations were carried afar on the startled morning breeze. Such was the terrible night of the sixth of August, to this woful woman; often she ran to the door and called out in agony for help; then turning in again she fell on her knees, and

"With hands to heaven outspread,
Her frequent, fervent, orisons she said,
In loud response her children's voices rise,
And midnight's echo to their prayer replies."

LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

The beams of the following morning's sun fell on the shallow graves which she had made for her husband and two sons. Dreading to touch the putrid bodies, she—as she had done by the other—tied a towel to their feet, and dragged them on the ground in succession to their graves. Hapless woman! surely no greater woe ever crushed a female heart.

The end of two short days, from the seventh to the ninth, saw her again digging another grave among the blooming heath for her daughter Alice. On the morning of the next day, the tenth, Ann, her only child left at home, died and was buried. Thus

" each morn that rose,
Her grief redoubled, and renewed her woes."
LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

A few days after the death of her last daughter, she left her habitation at Riley, and went to her only surviving son, who had been, some years previously, bound an apprentice in Alsop-fields, Sheffield; with whom she spent the remainder of her sorrowful days. It was this son who erected the tomb and stones to the awful memory of his fated family; and it was one of his descendants, a Mr. Joseph Hancock, who about the year 1750, discovered, "or rather, recovered," in Sheffield, the art of plating goods.*

The houses on the top part of Stony Middleton are nearly on a level with Riley Graves; divided by two narrow dales. The inhabitants of these houses, according to a very popular tradition, watched with

^{*} Vide Rhodes' Peak Scenery.

profound awe the mother of the Hancocks, morning after morning digging the graves for her husband and children. Awful and terrible scene. Did they not in imagination hear her audibly exclaim with the holy prophet? "Oh! that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night."

It has been observed by some writers that Riley, or Riley graves, was the general burial place of those who died of the plague; this is, however, a mistake: the Talbots and Hancocks only were interred there. The Talbots I have never seen noticed by any writer. Six head-stones and a tabular tomb record the memories of the Hancocks. The site of the graves was originally on the common or moor, on the verge of which was the dwelling of the Hancocks. That part of the common was afterwards inclosed, and the stones, which lay horizontally and marked precisely the places of the graves, were placed in an upright position, and somewhat nearer together. The late Thomas Birds, Esq., Eyam, a profound antiquary, caused these memorials to be put in a better state of preservation. He purchased the ground whereon they lay; but, since his death, or just before, it became the property of Thomas Burgoine, Esq., of Edensor, who for the better security of those relics of the plague, removed them still nearer to each other, and erected a wall round them in the form of a heart. It is hoped that the owner will prevent any further change in the situation of these sacred stones. On the top of the tomb there is the following inscription and quaint rhymes:—

" John Hancock, sen., Buried August 7, 1666.

Remember man
As thou goest by,
As thou art now,
Even once was I;
As I doe now
So must thou lie,
Remember man
That thou must die."

On the four sides of the tomb are the words— Horam, Nescitis, Orate, Vigilate. On the headstones the inscriptions are as follows:—

> Elizabeth Hancock, Buried Aug. 3, 1666. John Hancock, Buried Aug. 3, 1666. Oner Hancock, Buried Aug. 7, 1666. William Hancock, Buried Aug. 7, 1666. Alice Hancock, Buried Aug. 9, 1666. Ann Hancock, Buried Aug. 10, 1666.

It is impossible for the tourist to describe his feelings fully and minutely when he visits this hallowed and lonely place; he beholds, in the language of Ossian, "green tombs with their rank whistling grass; with their stones and mossy heads;" and his soul becomes suddenly overcharged with grave and solemn emotions. The scenery around these rude and simple monuments of eventful mortality, is highly picturesque; and adds greatly to the impressiveness of the sensations which a visit to this place invariably creates. Standing within the se-

pulchral paling we behold to the left a long range of sable rocks sheltering the ancient villages of Corbor and Calver. Farther on, Chatsworth meets our view, and forms a conspicuous object in the prospect. Proud Masson is seen in the dim distance, holding imperial sway over a thousand lesser hills. To the right we glance on the plain tower of Eyam Church rising above the ivy-adorned cottages in rural magnificence. Still farther on we see the peaks of endless hills, where the winding classic Cressbrook flows,—the minstrel Newton's Arethuse. And behind, plantations of young trees are richly commingled with purple-blooming heather. Such are a few of the most prominent objects viewed from Riley Graves-" The Mountain Tumuli," where heath-bells bloom-where nestling fern and rank grass grow-where lone and still,

"Their green and dewy graves the unconscious sufferers fill."
WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

One hundred and eighty-two years have now transpired since this unequalled and dreadful visitation; and, therefore, many of the stones which told of the calamities of Eyam, have been destroyed. In order that the future inhabitants of Eyam may be enabled to point out to the tourist most of the places where the ashes of the sufferers repose, I shall briefly describe the places where stones have been known to exist; where bones and bodies have been found; and where the still existing few memorials may be seen:

In the Cussy Dell there were, about fifty years ago, two or three grave-stones to the memory of a portion or the whole of a family named Ragge; and the register mentions four persons of that name who died of the plague. These stones have either been broken or carried away. It was the last of these memorials which is the theme of the short and beautiful poem, entitled "The Tomb of the Valley;" written a few years ago by Richard Furness.

At the Shepherds' Flat some stones existed until very lately, to the memories of the Mortins and Kempes; two families who perished by the plague, with the solitary exception, as we have before seen, of one individual. These memorials, after having marked for more than a century and a half, the precise places where the mortal remains of the sufferers of Shepherds' Flat were deposited, have been destroyed by some late barbarian occupants of that secluded place. Bretton, about a mile north of Eyam, was visited by the plague; and many gravestones once recorded the names of those who died. A few still remain. The victims were of the families of Mortin, Hall, and Townsend. One of these sufferers was buried in Bretton Clough, and a round stone still covers the grave, but without any inscription. In Eyam Edge some gravestones were once seen near to the house now belonging to Miss Palfreyman; but they have disappeared long ago. Behind, or rather at the west end of some dwellings,

now recognised as the Poor-houses, one or two of these stones which are said to have recorded the deaths of some persons of the name of Whiteley, have been of late demolished. In a field adjoining the back part of the house occupied by Mr. J. Rippon, Eyam, one of these "melancholy tablets of mortality" once existed. That part of Eyam called the Townend was, about ninety years ago, bestrewed with these calamitous memoranda. Some have served for the flooring of houses and barns; while others have been broken up for numerous purposes. The house and barn contiguous to the Miners' Arms Inn was built on a small plot of ground which contained the unconsecrated graves of a whole family at least. The stones which commemorated the untimely fate of these sufferers were sacrilegiously broken when the present building was erected. A piece of waste land at the east end of the village, now forming a part of Slinn's Croft, must, from the number of monumental stones it once contained, have been the general place of interment for many families. Some of these humble tablets were inscribed with a single H.; probably the initial of Heald: the name of a family of whom many perished. This brief and simple inscription is, however, applicable to two other families, named Halksworth and Hadfield, who might inter their deceased members in this place. One of these stones, still existing, records the memory of a woman named Talbot; and others were commemora-

tive of many other persons of various names. These mournful memorials, with their serious and impressive records, are now, with one single exception, no longer seen. A want of becoming veneration for the remains of those unparalleled sufferers; an utter absence of proper feeling, must be the characteristic of that degraded being who has been the means of destroying those simple monuments of the greatest moral heroes that ever honoured and dignified mankind! The inhabitants of Eyam ought to have vied with each other in the preservation of every relic of the eventful fate of the victims of the plague; the ground in which their ashes are laid, ought to have been for ever undisturbed; and the tablets which told the story of their calamities guarded as much as possible, even from the defacing hand of time. Alas! alas! such has not been the case: nearly all the humble stones which were laid to perpetuate their memories have been demolished:

"Ah! There no more
The green graves of the pestilence are seen;
O'er them the plough hath pass'd; and harvests wave,
Where haste and horror flung th' infectious corse."

ELLIOT.

The following are, however, the few stones that still remain:—

Besides Mrs. Mompesson's tomb there is another in the church-yard, but the inscription is now obliterated; yet I believe it was erected to the memory of a person named Rowland, who died of the plague in 1666. The register mentions several of this name, who were carried off during that awful time. In a field behind the church, known as Blackwell's Edge-field, there are two stones with the following inscriptions:—" Margaret Teyler, 1666;" "Alies Teyler, 1666." According to the register, Margaret was buried July 14, 1666; and Alies was one of the last who perished by the hand of the pest. Nearly the whole of this family died of the distemper, although there is no mention of any other on the present existing stones. It appears, however, that the father, mother, and children of the family, died at long intervals, considering the sweeping, sudden, and awful desolation.

In a field adjoining Froggatt's factory, there is an old dilapidated tabular tomb, with H. M. inscribed on one end. These letters are the initials of Humphrey Merril, who was buried there on the 9th of September, 1666. In the parson's field, in the Lydgate, Eyam Townend, two gravestones are laid nearly parallel to each other, containing the following records:—"Here lye buried George Darby who dyed July 4th, 1666;" "Mary, the daughter of George Darby, dyed September 4th, 1666." The house which this family occupied is supposed to have been contiguous to their graves. There is a tradition that this lovely young maiden was extremely beautiful and engaging; that she was frequently seen in the adjoining fields; that she was

suddenly seized by the terrific pest while gathering flowers in the field of her father's sepulchre; and that she lingered only one short day before she was laid beneath the daisy-sods, beside her father's grave. How sudden the change. Homer's beautiful simile on the death of Euphorbus, may be applied with equal felicity to the fate of this young maiden:—

"As the young olive, in some sylvan scene,
Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in snowy flowerets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high heaven invades
The tender plant, and withers all its shades;
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin, now defaced and dead."

A stone in the possession of Mr. John Slinn, Old Miner's Arms Inn, Eyam, has the following inscription: "Briget Talbot, Ano. Dom. 1666." She was the wife of Robert Talbot, clerk, and was buried on the fifteenth of August, 1666. The stone was found in a small piece of ground, now forming, as aforementioned, part of Slinn's croft. This Robert Talbot was in holy orders, but where he officiated, or whether he ever exercised the sacred functions or not, I am not able to affirm. house in which he resided was recently known as the Parson's House. These calamitous tablets, with those at Riley, still bear testimony of the plague at Eyam. Many have been destroyed, and probably many more are buried beneath the surface of the gardens and fields of the village.

Within the present generation several human skeletons, and other remains of the victims of the plague, have been discovered in various parts of the village. In making some alterations in some buildings opposite the school, about twenty-five years ago, three skulls and other bones were found. From the position of the skulls, the bodies appeared to have been laid side by side, very near each other, and what was most particularly observed was, that the teeth were extremely white and perfect. The jaws of all the skulls had the requisite number of teeth, which were most remarkably sound. On making the new road from the Dale to the Townend, near twenty years ago, a human skeleton, lying at full length, was found in a garden. It measured nearly six feet, and the teeth as in the above case, were quite perfect. The skeleton, on account of the stature, was supposed to be that of a young man, and the whiteness and soundness of the teeth, were most probably owing to his being at the time of death in the vigour of life. An old house, opposite the church, was pulled down a few years ago, when a human skeleton was found under the parlour floor. Two or three gravestones, which had in part paved the same room, were destroyed at the same time. Many persons remember to have seen the stones, but all have forgot the particular inscriptions. There was a gravestone, if not some part of a human skeleton, once found in a field which is now called Philip's sitch. In a cleft of the rocks in the dale side, some bones were found many years since, by Mr. Samuel Hall, Eyam. There is some probability that these bones were not human. In the Dale, very near the Hanging Flat, some bones were once dug up. There is no doubt whatever, that the remains of the victims of the plague are scattered far and wide in and around the village. By way of concluding this doleful subject, it may be proper to notice a few particulars respecting the still existing difference of opinion concerning the respective merits of Mompesson and Stanley, in the happy influence exercised over the villagers of Eyam, during their awful calamity.

It is insisted by a few, that Stanley exerted himself in mitigating the sufferings of the inhabitants of Eyam during the plague, to a far greater degree than Mompesson; that he was the principal means of preventing the contagion from spreading to the neighbouring villages; that the fame of Mompesson has cast an undue shade over the lofty virtues of his pious predecessor; and that, for this and other reasons, the venerable and conscientious Stanley has not had justice done to his memory. Without wishing to detract anything from the merits of Mompesson, I must confess that there are grounds for suspecting that Stanley has not had that justice done him which he so deservedly merited. It is lamentable that such should have been the case; yet I believe, although there is no particular clue to the motives of the persons by whom his name has

been kept back, that it will scarcely admit of doubt. The following extract from Bagshaw's Spiritualibus Pecci, quoted by Calamy, in his Lives of the Nonconformists, sufficiently corroborates what is here advanced:-" When he (Stanley) could not serve his people publicly, he was helpful to them in private. Some persons yet alive will testifie how helpful he was to his people when the pestilence prevailed in Eyam, that he continued with em when, AS IT IS WRITTEN, 259 persons of ripe age and 58 children were cut off thereby. When some who might have been better employed moved the then Noble Earl of Devonshire, Lord Lieutenant, to remove him out of the town, I am told by the creditable that he said, 'It was more reasonable that the whole country should in more than words testifie their thankfulness to him, who, together with the care of the town, had taken such care AS NO ONE ELSE DID, to prevent the infection of the towns adjacent." "* The well-known veracity of the venerable Apostle of the Peak, gives to his testimony the weight of indubitable truth. And I may here add, that the memory of Stanley amongst the inhabitants of Eyam is, to the present day, greatly revered and deservedly cherished. By some he is invariably designated as, THE GREAT GOOD MAN. He died at Eyam in the year 1670, "satisfied to

^{*} The author, notwithstanding his appeal to some written testimony, is certainly mistaken as to the number who died of the plague.

the last in the cause of Nonconformity." The house in which he lived was, until it was pulled down, called Stanley's House. Tradition gives to this honourable character all the glowing virtues of the Man of Ross:

"And what! no monument, inscripton, stone?

His race, his form, his name almost unknown."—Pope.

This highly exalted character of Stanley must not be supposed to detract in the least from that of the benevolent Mompesson. No: Mompesson's memory is richly worthy of all the admiration with which it has been honoured. The living of Eyam was presented to him on the death of Sherland Adams, in 1664; only one year before the first breaking out of the plague. From the following passage in his letter to his uncle, J. Beilby, Esq., —, Yorkshire, he appears to have been dissatisfied with his situation at Eyam :- " Had I been so thankful as my situation did deserve, I might have had my dearest dear in my bosom-God grant that I may repent my sad ingratitude!"—He seems, however, to have known with Seneca, that "Virtue is that perfect good, which is the complement of a happy life; the only immortal thing that belongs to mortality." His virtue was not contemplative, but active: and it must be remembered, that this divine property is never so glorious as when exhibited in extremities. What a sublime sentiment he gave to the world in the following words, in his letter to Sir George Saville :- "I am not desirous

that they (his children) should be great, but good;" and he then adds, "my next request is, that they may be brought up in the fear and admonition of the Lord." When he considered himself on the verge of eternity, he thus in the purest spirit of philanthropy addresses his patron: - "I desire, Sir, that you will make choice of a humble, pious man to succeed me in my parsonage; and could I see your face before my departure hence, I would inform you in which manner I think he may live comfortably amongst his people, which would be some satisfaction to me before I die." In another part he says :- " Never do any thing upon which you dare not first ask the blessing of God." Such were the requisitions and holy admonitions of this admirable minister of Christ. His high sense of duty was made strikingly manifest on the following occasion. The Deanery of Lincoln was generously offered him; but he humbly declined accepting it in favour of Dr. Fuller, whom he sincerely esteemed.* How noble! how disinterested! was this Christian-like act of friendship. He, however, in addition to the Rectory of Eakring, accepted of the Prebends of York and Southwell. He married for his second wife Mrs. Nuby, relict of Charles Nuby, Esq., who bore him two daughters. He died at Eakring, the 7th of March, 1708, in the seventieth year of his age. A brass plate, with a Latin in-

^{*} This Dr. Fuller is often erroneously confounded with Dr. Fuller, author of "The British Worthies."

scription, marks the place in the church at Eakring where his ashes repose.

Of this man, Miss Seward thus emphatically observes:—" His memory ought never to die! it should be immortal as the spirit that made it worthy to live."

And is it not gratifying to the villagers of Eyam, to know that the place of their humble residence has been honoured by the deeds of such a disinterested, benevolent, and exalted character as Mompesson? The conduct of this ever-to-be-admired man was a pure emanation from the heart of a Christian in spirit and truth. And while France glories in the name of the good Bishop of Marseilles, England shall exult in her transcendant rival—Mompesson, the village pastor of Eyam!*

It is lamentable that so little is known of the descendants of this worthy and dignified character. In Miller's "History of Doncaster," his son, George Mompesson, is mentioned as witness to an indenture, connected with the establishment of a library, in 1736, at Doncaster church. This said George Mompesson was rector of Barnborough, Yorkshire; he married Alice, daughter of John Broomhead, schoolmaster of Laughten-en-le-Morthen. She is buried in Barnborough church; and a Latin inscription distinguishes her grave: she died on the 16th of October, 1716, aged forty-

^{*} It would be doubly gratifying, had there been some honourable mention of Stanley by Mompesson, in any of his letters.

seven years. Another inscription records the death of John, the son of George and Alice Mompesson, rector of Hassingham; he died on the 2nd of January, 1722, aged thirty-two years. Few or no descendants of this family are now left, except George Mompesson Heathcote, Esq., Newbold, near Chesterfield.*

"In the summer of 1757," writes Miss Seward, " five cottagers were digging on the heathy mountain above Eyam, which was the place of graves after the church-yard became too narrow a repository. The men came to something which had the appearance of having once been linen. Conscious of their situation, they instantly buried it again. In a few days, they all sickened of a putrid fever, and three of the five died. The disorder was contagious and proved mortal to numbers of the inhabitants. My father, who was the Canon of Lichfield, resided in that city with his family, at the period when the subtle, unextinguished, though much-abated power of the most dreadful of all diseases awakened from the dust, in which it had slumbered ninety-one years." After a most careful inquiry, I am almost certain that Miss Seward was mistaken; at least as respects the date. That some linen or woollen cloth was dug up at Riley, some very old persons have a faint recollection; but it

^{*} The name—Mompesson—is not English: and it is believed that the immediate ancestors of the worthy rector of Eyam of that name, were foreigners—Italians probably.

could not be in 1757, and have produced such effects as Miss Seward describes, as the mortality in that year was only ordinary. In the month of January, 1779, the weather was unusually warm; indeed, most remarkably so; and in the ensuing summer, a bad fever broke out, which carried off upwards of twenty of the stoutest persons in the village-chiefly men. This happened in the middle of the summer; and the flesh meat which the villagers had provided for the wakes, became tainted and green in a most astonishingly short time: so much so, that it was nearly all buried uncooked. Those who died, swelled in the neck and groin; and the villagers apprehended that the terrible ghost of the plague had risen from the dust. This contagious fever after a while passed away. If it were not to this time that Miss Seward alludes, she was totally misinformed. In 1813, another fever made its appearance, and hurried a few to their graves with great speed. On both these occasions, the desolation of Eyam, in 1666, was the theme of the whole village. It is singular that even to this day, the villagers express their disapprobation of one another in the following phrases:-" The plague on thee," and "The plague take thee."

In the year 1766, the Rev. Thomas Seward preached a centenary sermon in the church of Eyam, in commemoration of the plague. The sermon was written with great descriptive power: it drew forth abundant tears from the sobbing auditors. It is

hoped that in the year 1866, a second centenary sermon will be preached at the same place and on the same event.

I shall take but little notice of the several causes which the few survivors believed had brought down the plague on the village as a judgment. At the wakes preceding the first appearance of the pest, some few wanton youths are said to have driven a young cow into the church during divine service; and to this profane act the dreadful visitation was by some ascribed. A persecuted catholic, named Garlick, who was taken prisoner at Padley Hall, in the reign of Elizabeth, is said to have been much abused as he passed in custody, through Eyam, when he said something which has been, by some, construed into a prediction of the plague. These with other presumed causes of the awful scourge must be considered fanciful. The great omniscient Disposer of events, in his wisdom permitted it; and we poor worms of creation must not pretend to know for what wise end it was intended; nor must we more presumptuously presume

" To teach eternal wisdom how to rule."-Pope.

According to the register, the following are the names of those who died of the plague, with the dates of their respective deaths. Their ages are not given. Some were young, being mentioned as the children of such and such persons. I shall, for brevity's sake, only give the simple names:—

BURIED, 16	65.		BURIED, 1666.	
George Vicars,	Sept.	7	Samuel Rowbotham	Jan. 1
Edward Cooper		22	Abell Rowland	15
Peter Halksworth		23	John Thornley	28
Thomas Thorpe		26	Isaac Willson	28
		30	Peter Mortin, Bretton	
Sarah Sydall		30	Thomas Rowland	7.4
Mary Thorpe	Oct		John Willson	15
Matthew Bands,	Oct.	1		
Elizabeth Thorpe		1	Deborah Willson	17
Margret Bands	••	3	Alice Willson	18
Mary Thorpe		3	Adam Halksworth	18
Sythe Torre		6	Anthony Blackwell	21
William Thorpe		.7	Elizabeth Abell	27
Richard Sydall		11	Jon. Thos. Willson	Mar. —
William Torre		13	John Talbot	
Alice Torre (his wife)		13	John Wood	
John Sydall		14	Mary Buxton, Foolow	
Ellen Sydall		15	Ann Blackwell	
Humphrey Halksworth	1	17	Alice Halksworth	
Martha Bands		17	Thomas Allen,	April 6
Jonathan Ragge		18	Joan Blackwell	6
Humphrey Torre		19	Alice Thorpe	15
Thomas Thorpe		19	Edward Bainsley	16
Mary Bands		20	Margret Blackwell	16
Elizabeth Sydall		22	Samuel Hadfield	18
Alice Ragge		23	Margret Gregory	21
Alice Sydall		24	Allen (an infant)	28
George Ragge		26	Emmot Sydal	29
Jonathan Cooper		28	Robert Thorpe	May 2
Humphrey Torre		30	William Thorpe	2
Hugh Stubbs	Nov.	1	James Teylor	11
Alice Teylor		3	Ellen Charlesworth	24
Hannah Rowland		5	Isaac Thornley	June 2
John Stubbs		15	Anna Thornley	10
Ann Stubbs (his wife)		19	Jonathan Thornley	10
Elizabeth Warrington	••	29		
Randoll Daniel		30	Anthony Skidmore	12
	Dec.		Elizabeth Thornley	
Mary Rowland		1	James Mower	15
Richard Coyle	••	2	Elizabeth Buxton	15
John Rowbotham		9	Mary Heald	16
- Rowe (an infant)		14	Francis Thornley	17
Mary Rowe		15	Mary Skidmore	17
William Rowe		19	Sarah Lowe	17
Thomas Willson		22	Mary Mellow	18
William Rowbotham		24	Anna Townsend	19
Anthony Blackwell		24	Abel Archdale	20
1665-6.			Edward Thornley	22
Robert Rowbotham	Jan.	1	Ann Skidmore	24

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BURIED, 1666.			BURIED, 1666.			
	June 2	25	John Torre	July	90	
Emmot Heald		26	Samuel Ealott	···	29	
John Swanna	2	29	Rowland Mower		29	
Elizabeth Heald	July	2	Thomas Barkinge		30	
William Lowe		2	Nicholas Whitby		30	
Eleanor Lowe (his wife		3	Jonathan Talbot		30	
Deborah Ealott		3	Mary Whitby		30	
George Darby		4	Rowland Mower		30	
Anna Coyle		5	Sarah Ealott		31	
Briget Talbot, Riley,		5	Joseph Allen		31	
Mary Talbot, do.		5	Ann Martin, Bretton		31	
John Dannyel		5	Robert Kempe, Sheph		-	
Elizabeth Swanna		6	Flat		31	
Mary Thornley		6	George Ashe,	Aug.	1	
John Townsend		7	Mary Nealor		1	
Ann Talbot, Riley		7	John Hadfield		2	
Francis Ragge		8	Robert Buxton		2	
Elizabeth Thorpe		8	Ann Naylor		2	
Elizabeth Lowe		9	Jonathan Naylor		2	
Edytha Torre		9	Elizabeth Glover		2	
Anne Lowe		13	Alexander Hadfield		3	
Margret Teylor,		14	Jane Nealor		3	
Alice Thornley		16	Godfrey Torre		3	
Jane Naylor		16	John Hancock, jun.		3	
Edytha Barkinge	-	17	Elizabeth Hancock		3	
Elizabeth Thornley	100.00	17	Margaret Buxton		3	
Jane Talbot		17	Robert Barkinge		3	
Robert Whyteley		18	Margaret Percival		-4	
Catherine Talbot		18	Ann Swinnerton		4	
Thomas Heald		18	Rebecca Mortin, Shep			
Robert Torre		18	herds' Flat		4	
George Short		18	Robert French		6	
Thomas Ashe		18	Richard Thorpe		6	
William Thornley		19	Thomas Frith		6	
Francis Wood		22	John Yealot		7	
Thomas Thorpe	2	22	Oner Hancock		7	
Robert Thorpe	2	22	John Hancock		7	
Robert Talbot		24	William Hancock		7	
Joan Nealor	2	25	Abram Swinnerton		8	
Thomas Healley	2	25	Alice Hancock		9	
Richard Talbot	2	25	Ann Hancock		10	
John Nealor	2	26	Frances Frith		10	
Joan Talbot	2	26	Elizabeth Kempe		11	
Ruth Talbot	2	26	William Halksworth		12	
Anna Chapman	2	26	Thomas Kempe		12	
Lydia Chapman	2	26	Francis Bocking		13	
Margret Allen	2	29	Richard Bocking		13	
The second secon						

3,000		9	DUDYED 1666		
Many Parling, 1666.	A	10	Many Abell		20
	Aug.		Mary Abell	Aug.	30
John Tricket	••	13	Catherine Talbot		30
Ann Tricket (his wife)		13	Francis Wilson	Cont	
Mary Whitbey		13	Elizabeth Frith	Sept	1
Sarah Blackwall, Bretton		13	William Percival		2
Briget Naylor		13	Robert Tricket		3
Robert Hadfield	• •	14	Henry Frith		4
Margaret Swinnerton	• •	14			
Alice Coyle		14	Mary Darby		4 7
Thurston Whitbey		15	William Abell		-
Alice Bocking		15	George Frith		7
Briget Talbot		15	Godfrey Ashe		8
Michael Kempe		15	William Halksworth		9
Ann Wilson		15	Robert Wood		
Thomas Bilston	• •	16	Humphrey Merril		9
Thomas Frith	• •	17	Sarah Willson		10
Joan French		17	Thomas Mozley		16
Mary Yealot		17	Joan Wood		16
Sarah Mortin, Shepherds	5		Mary Percival		18
Flatt		18	Francis Mortin		20
Elizabeth Frith		18	George Butterworth		21
Ann Yealot		18	Ann Townsend, Brett		22
Thomas Ragge		18	Ann Glover		23
Ann Halksworth		19	Ann Hall		23
Joan Ashmore		19	Francis Halksworth		23
Elizabeth Frith	••	20	Townsend, an infa		29
Margaret Mortin		20	Susanna Mortin		29
Ann Rowland	• •	20	James Parsley	Oct.	
Joan Buxton	• •	20	Grace Mortin		2
Francis Frith		21	Peter Ashe		4 5
Ruth Mortin	• •	21 22	Abram Mortin		
Frith (an infant)			Thomas Torre		_
Lydia Kempe		22	Benjamin Mortin		
Peter Hall, Bretton		23	Elizabeth Mortin		_
Mortin (an infant)		24	Alice Teyler		
Catherine Mompesson		25	Ann Parsley		
Samuel Chapman Ann Frith		25 25	Agnes Sheldon		-
Joan Howe		27	Mary Mortin Samuel Hall		
Thomas Ashmore		27	Peter Hall		
Thomas Wood		28			
William Howe		30	Joseph Mortin		
THIRD ILOWG		00			

The number of these hallowed names is 267; but as Mompesson states the precise number of the allglorious self-martyrs to be 259, it is thought that eight out of the 267 died during the plague, but not of the plague. Tradition mentions this to be the case in two or three instances. The register gives no date from the fifth to the fifteenth of October, therefore it cannot be ascertained which of the two or three last mentioned deaths occurred on the eleventh of October: the date of the last death of the plague. There appears to have been from the fifteenth to the last of October, six deaths out of the small remnant left; but the authority of Mompesson, for the cessation of the pestilence on the eleventh of October, must be conclusive and satisfactory. Many persons of the same name are distinguished from each other in the register, by stating their degrees of relationship;—this I have omitted, as before mentioned, to avoid tedious repetition and useless verbosity.

In concluding this direful account of the plague it is worthy of notice, that of the seventy-six families visited by the pestilence, but very few have perpetuated their race and name to the present day,—at least in Eyam. Of these, the following are their respective surnames:—Cooper, Rowland, Daniel, Rowbotham, Blackwell, Thornley, Willson, Mortin, Hadfield, Gregory, Skidmore, Mower, Elliott, Townend, Frith, Merril, Hall, Sheldon, and Furness. Of the latter family none died of the plague. Many families became extinct, a few of whose names are as follows:—Vicars, Halksworth, Thorpe, Sydall, Bands, Torre, Ragge, Stubbs, Teyler, Warrington, Coyle, Rowe, Abell, Talbot, Wood,

Buxton, Allen, Bainsby, Charlesworth, Heald, Lowe, Mellow, Archdale, Swanna, Darby, Naylor, Barkinge, Whytely, Short, Ashe, Chapman, Whitby, Kempe, Glover, Hancock, Percival, Swinnerton, French, Bocking, Tricket, Bilstone, Howe, Ashmore, Parsley, and Butterworth. Such are the family-names of those to whom mankind owes the homage of everlasting admiration: names which ought not to be immersed in the dark and dismal current of oblivion: names of beings whose moral heroism must excite sensations of wonder and awe, when the present, proudest physical labours of man have crumbled to ruin, and all his proud glories passed away in the dream of time.

The Church.—This very plain fabric stands, as I have before noticed, nearly in the centre of the village: the churchyard wall on the south side, running parallel with, and close by, the principal street. It is a very simple edifice; quite in keeping with the scenery around. That there was a former church—perhaps as far back as Saxon times—is highly probable: indeed, there are a few relics about the present structure, strongly indicative of great antiquity. Almost every part of the building is comparatively modern; the north part is of the reign of Henry the Second; the south, or front part, of Elizabeth; the chancel and tower were re-erected about the year 1600. At the east end of the north aisle, there is a window of the fourteenth

century, still containing a few squares of painted glass.

The church was very small previously to the enlargement of the chancel, by the Rev. R. Talbot, Rector; and that part erected in the reign of Elizabeth. The present tower was raised at the cost of Madam Stafford, a maiden lady, one of the coheiresses of Humphrey Stafford, Eyam. The grotesque figures projecting from the top part of the tower, belonged to the prior one; and from their defaced and dilapidated appearance, as compared with those on the Saxon churches of Hope and Tankersley, they must certainly have been ornaments of a church long anterior to the Norman Conquest. The tower is square, nearly sixty feet high, surmounted with a small battlement and four ornamented pinnacles, about five feet in length. Four rich and deep toned bells occupy the top part of the tower, where ten bells might be hung conveniently. The bells, which are said to have been given by Madam Stafford, are rich in material-containing much silver. They have the following inscriptions:

1st. JESVS BEE OVR SPEED. 1619. co.

2nd. GOD SAVE HJS CHVRCH. 1618. e o.

3rd. JESVS BE OVR SPEDE. 1618. co.

4th. JESWS BE OVR SPEDE. 1623.

There are five bell frames, but never more than four bells were hung, although a notion prevails that one was stolen and taken to Longstone, or elsewhere.—Nearly in the middle of the west side of

the tower there is a stone something less than the adjoining stones, with the following letters, and something like figures inscribed thereon:—

This stone, among the Solons of the village, has been the subject of numberless conjectures. The letters are evidently modern in style—not more than two centuries and a half old; the date of the erection of the tower. They are most probably the initials of the then church-wardens; this is almost certain from the C. W. at the head of the other letters. What the figures mean is totally inexplicable; some think they are not figures at all.*

Notwithstanding the architectural defects of the church, it has, however, one classical ornament that would add to the splendour of some of our magnificent cathedrals. It is the sun-dial, placed immediately over the principal doorway of the church. This complex piece of mathematical ingenuity, which is one of the finest of the kind in the kingdom, was delineated by Mr. Duffin, clerk to — Simpson, Esq., formerly a worthy magistrate, of Stoke Hall, near Eyam. The workmanship was ex-

^{*} It is the opinion of many that this stone is of great antiquity. It evidently was either intended for a different situation, or it belonged to the old tower—if the latter, it is very old, notwithstanding the letters being so very perfect. In the British Magazine for 1832, vol. 2, there is a fac simile of the inscription.

ecuted by the late Mr. William Shore, of Eyam, an ingenious stone-mason. The following is a brief description of its admirable contents, by an able hand at gnomonics:—"It is a vertical plane declining westward, and from certain methematical principles connected with conic sections, the parallels of the sun's declination for every month in the year—a scale of the sun's meridian altitude—an azimuthal scale—the points of the compass, and a number of meridians are well delineated on the plane from the stereographic projection of the sphere.

"The plane being large, the horary scale is well divided; the upper, or fiducial edge of the style is of brass, and an indentation therein representing the centre of the projection, casts the light or shade of its point on the hyperbolic curves and other furniture of the dial." How lamentable that this noble work of genius should stand in its present neglected state!

The interior consists of nave, chancel, and north and south aisles. The modern erection of a south side gallery, and one of rather older date at the western extremity, have lamentably destroyed the original architectural beauty of the church. Eight pointed arches,—three on the north side, three on the south side, and one at each end,—supported by plain, octagonal, and clustered pillars, once adorned the interior of this edifice. Two only now visibly remain. How deplorable that the whims

and fancies of some persons should be allowed to destroy the ornaments and designs of our pious and venerable forefathers.

An ancient stone font, lined with lead, occupies its wonted place; and strongly reminds us of past times. There are also a few relics of catholic times. At the north-east extremity of the north aisle, are the remains of a confessional. An aperture in the wall is still seen, through which, it is said, were whispered the confession of sins: or rather, an opening through which the Host was viewed at a distance. From an adjoining wall there projects an half circular stone with a hollow or cavity in the top, which was once a receptacle for holy water. There are but few monuments or other things of interest in the interior. On one of the wood cross beams of the roof of the chancel there is a rude carving of a talbot or dog: the crest of the arms of the Earls of Shrewsbury, formerly lords of the manor of Eyam, and patrons of the benefice or living. Another of these beams contains the letters J. H. S. the initials of Jesus Hominum Salvator. The style or form of the letters is peculiarly antique. The inscription, J. B., 1595, F. B., may be seen on the front of the manorial seat: the letters are the initials of John Bradshaw and Francis Bradshaw. This family succeeded to the family mansion and part of the estate of the Staffords, who are supposed to be interred under the manorial pew. There is no monument, however, of this once influential family, which may be accounted for, by the church having been, in this and other parts, frequently altered; when, as no descendants of the family resided at Eyam any length of time, after the death of the co-heiresses of the last male of the Staffords, anything commemorative of their memories would probably be destroyed. The old manorial pew was remodelled and repaired by the Bradshaws.

In the chancel there is a mural monument, to the memory of John Wright, gentleman, who was buried January 2, 1694; and Elizabeth, his wife, buried August 22, 1700. The inscription is surmounted by the family arms. Two others, to the ancestors and other relatives of M. M. Middleton, Esq., of Leam Hall. One to Ralph Rigby, curate of Eyam twenty-two years, buried April 22, 1740.* A brass plate, to the memory of A. Hamilton, Rector of Eyam, who was buried October 21, 1717. The inscription is in Latin. Another brass plate commemorates the memory of Bernard, son of Bernard Wells, who died March 16, 1648. An alabaster monument of great beauty perpetuates the memory of Mary, daughter of Smithson Green, Esq., Brosterfield, who died in May, 1777. In the vestry there is a brass plate to the memories of Charles

* The night of the funeral of this gentleman was attended with the following singular occurrence:—three clergymen, from Yorkshire, returning from the funeral, were lost on the East-moor in a snow, which fell after the setting of the sun. A shepherd found one on the following morning, and with difficulty animation was restored; the other two were dead when found.

Hargrave, Rector of Eyam, who died Nov. 18, 1822; and his son William, who died Nov. 1, 1816. A stone in an obscure corner records the death of Joseph Hunt, Rector of Eyam, who was buried Dec. 16, 1709; and Ann, his wife, buried Dec. 18, 1703. In the manorial pew there is a brass plate to the memory of John Galliard, who died April 29, 1745. On the opposite side of the pillar is another, adorned with a death's head and cross bones, to the memory of John Willson, who died December 21, 1716. On the reading desk there is a plate to the memory of the Rev. Edmund Fletcher, who died Oct. 7th, 1745. These, with a few other slabs on the floor, are all of any interest in the church.

"The unimpressive marks of earthly state
And vain distinction." Wordsworth.

In the floor of the chancel there is a stone inscribed with T. B., the initials of Thomas Birds, of antiquarian notoriety: he died, deeply revered, May 25, 1828. The national arms; full length figures of Moses and Aaron, painted in oil in the reign of Queen Anne; a table of benefactions, the Lord's Prayer, and Apostles' Creed, are, with the exception of an organ, erected a few years ago, all the other principal ornaments of the interior of this humble edifice.

THE CHURCHYARD.—If it be possible to be in love with death, it certainly must be while gazing on the daisy-clad graves of this lovely place of village sepulture.

"Green is the churchyard, beautiful and green,
Ridge rising gently by the side of ridge:
A heaving surface."

WORDSWORTH.

The towering, leafy, linden trees which encompass this churchyard, have often excited the admiration of strangers. They were planted at the suggestion of one of the Wright family, Eyam. They have, however, been deemed a nuisance, and one half were felled about seven years ago, to the great regret of the parishioners in general. Notwithstanding this regard, it must be admitted that the lopping down of every other has greatly improved the church as a striking feature in the landscape, besides adding to the airiness and lightsomeness of the churchyard.

Amongst the prominent and generally interesting objects of this place of village graves is the tomb of Mrs. Mompesson,

"Where tears have rained, nor yet shall cease to flow."
WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

Ah! what numbers have I seen bending over this hallowed tomb, chained as it were to the spot, by emotions the most intense and overwhelming. Such is the tribute paid by posterity to the ever-to-beadmired memory of this amiable woman.

" -----the good die first,
While they whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
Burn longest in the socket." WORDSWORTH.

The inscription on the top of the tomb is in Latin, the following is a translation:—" Catherine, wife

of William Mompesson, Rector of this Church, daughter of Ralph Carr, Esq., late of Cocken, in the county of Durham, was buried on the 25th day of August, 1666! Take heed for ye know not the hour." On one end of the tomb is an hour-glass, between two expanded wings, intended to represent the rapid flight of time; underneath, on an oblong tablet, Cave^E is inscribed; and nearer the base appears the words Nescitas Horam. On the other end of the tomb is a death's head, resting on a plain projecting tablet, below which are the words Mihi lucrum, nearly obliterated. At the corners of the tomb are four rude stone pillars; and at the east end a yew tree has been planted by the present Rector, the Rev. E. B. Bagshaw.

On the north side of the churchyard stands a beautiful monument to the memory of the wife of Richard Furness, author of the "Rag Bag," crected by him as a mark of his love and affection. It contains the following lines from his pen:—

"Love like a pilgrim came
With Hope, and raised this urn
Where Elegy's sad muse
Long lingering shall mourn,—
Shall pour ambrosial dews
T'embalm the virtuous name

Of Frances the wife of Richard Furness, who died Aug. 12, 1844."

Near the tomb of Mrs. Mompesson, stands the richly ornamented stone Cross, which has been, and still is, the subject of much conjecture. Of the origin and antiquity of crosses there are many con-

flicting opinions. Early historians mention the raising of stone pillars on various occasions. Jacob raised one at Luz, afterwards named Bethel; he erected another also at the grave of Rachel. The Paphins worshipped their Venus under the form of a white stone pyramid; and the Brachmans the great God under the figure of a little column of stone. In the Scottish Western Isles such rude stone pillars are denominated bowing stones. In the Isle of Barra there is one seven feet high, on approaching which the inhabitants take a religious turn around it. Pillars and rude crosses of stone were raised also as memorials of civil contracts. Stones, on which representations of the Crucifixion were cut, sometimes marked the boundaries of districts. Many instances might be given of these termini. Crosses were erected where any particular instance of mercy had been shewn by the Almighty; where the remains of any great person had rested on the way to interment, as those splendid ones erected by Edward I. in memory of his beloved Queen Elinor. They were erected in churchyards, to excite religious feelings; in market places, to repress undue extortion and gain; and often at the meeting of four roads. Penances were often finished at crosses. Near Stafford stood one designated the Weeping Cross. Sepulchral crosses were erected in Great Britain and Ireland soon after the adoption of praying for the dead.

The richly embellished cross at Eyam, is about

eight feet high, although about a foot of the top of the shaft is broken and lost. A variety of figures are embossed thereon, with many singular symbolical devices. On the arms are figures blowing trumpets, others are holding crosses, one is holding a book, and on the western side of the shaft is a figure representing the Virgin and Child. Runic and Scandinavian knots liberally adorn its sides. In a word it is considered to be the most richly embellished cross in England, and it has therefore found a place in the sketch-book of almost every lover of the antique. Rhodes, in the Peak Scenery, states that the top part of this cross lay in the churchyard, covered with docks and thistles, when Howard, the philanthropist, was at Eyam; and that he caused it to be placed on the dilapidated shaft. This is a mistake. The top part may have been some time from its proper place, but it was before Howard's time. This venerable relic of antiquity was, a few ago, raised up and placed upon a kind of pedestal for its better preservation and appearance.

EYAM.

This churchyard has often and justly been styled poetic ground; "scarcely a stone but has its distich commemorative of the virtues of the deceased, and the sorrows of surviving relatives." Near the tomb of Mrs. Mompesson, and close by the chancel door, there is an humble upright stone, with the following quaint inscription:

"Here lieth the body of Anne Sellars, Buried by this stone—who Died on Jan. 15th day, 1731.

Likewise here lise dear Isaac

Sellars, my husband and my right,

Who was buried on that same day come

Seven years, 1738. In seven years

Time there come a change—

Observe and here you'll see,

On that same day come

Seven years my husband's

Laid by me.

WRITTEN BY ISAAC SELLARS.

Numerous are the stones in this burial place that contain the offerings of the muse of the Rev. R. Cunningham, curate of Eyam church from 1772 to 1790. Close adjoining the south side of the tower, is the burial place of the Sheldons, Eyam, the maternal ancestors of Thomas Fentem, Esq., Surgeon, Eyam Terrace. Their tombs, under which is the vault, are paled off with metal palisading, very neatly. Affixed to the tower, just over the tombs, is a stone, containing the following lines, partly from Shakspeare's Cymbeline:

"Elizth. Laugher, Ob. Feb. 4th, 1741, Æt. 24.

Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,

Nor the furious winter's rages,

Thou thy worldly task hast done,

Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.

I weep thee now, but I too must,

Here end with thee and turn to dust;

In Christ may endless union prove,

The consummation of our love.

Erected by Tho. Sheldon. (Her Lover.")

The following epitaph, written by him whom it commemorates, cannot but be recognised as a muti-

lated quotation from a fine passage in Homer's Iliad. The sense is reversed and in every respect spoiled:—

"William Talbot, died April 16, 1817, aged 79 years.

Cold death o'ertook him in his aged years,

And left no parents unavailing tears;

Relations now enjoy his worldly store—

The race forgotten and the name no more."

Spencer T. Hall, in his incomparable "Rambles in the Country," thus alludes to this churchyard:—
"A cemetery more indicative of local history and character than this, it would be difficult to find in the whole of England; and I never read a more interesting chapter of village biography than here."

RECTORS.—The following list of the names of the Rectors of Eyam, with the respective dates of their resignation or death, is as complete as the parish register will afford.

cela Paurostos esse basera la	Died.	Died or resign'd	Sus- pended.	Re- signed,
Rev. Robert Talbot,	1630			
Rev. Sherland Adams,			1644	
Rev. Thomas Stanley,				1662
Rev. Sherland Adams (again)	1664			1
Rev. William Mompesson,		130000	a 1999	1669
Rev. William Adams or Oldham,		1675		
Rev Ferns,		1679		
Rev Carver, *				
Rev. Joseph Hunt,	1709		1.0	
Rev Hawkins,				1711
Rev. Alexander Hamilton,				
Rev. Dr. Edmund Finch,				
Rev Bruce,				
Rev. Thomas Seward,				
Rev. Charles Hargrave,	The second second			
Hon. and Rev. Robert Eden,				1826
Rev. E. B. Bagshaw, present rector		1		
Rev. M. Fletcher, curate.			1	1

^{*} This rector was of the family of the Carvers, of Whiston,

Of these rectors, only a few have been particularly distinguished. The Rev. Robert Talbot, whose name is the first in the oldest register, was of the family of the Talbots, Earls of Shrewsbury. The Talbots of Eyam, of whom the last of the name died in 1817, were descended from this rector, and were consequently of the same aristocratical blood.*

The Rev. Sherland Adams, was Rector of Eyam, and also of Treeton, in Yorkshire. His numerous and vexatious suits at law with the parishioners of Eyam, rendered him extremely hated; and his conduct at Treeton, where he chiefly resided, was no less disreputable. When the war broke out between King Charles and the Parliament, his intolerance and party spirit became ungovernable; and his furious loyalty assumed such an aspect, that he was regarded with disgust. The measures he took in favour of the royal cause excited the notice of the partizans of the Parliament, and he was seized, deprived of livings, and cast into prison. The charges preferred against him are embodied in a pamphlet, written by one Nicholas Ardron, of Treeton, the only copy of which, now known, is in the British One of the accusations is as follows:-Museum.

Yorkshire, of whom M. M. Middleton, Esq., of Leam Hall, is a descendant.

^{*} I have no direct proof of what is here advanced, but it is almost certain. And I noticed in looking over the genealogy of the Earls of Shrewsbury, that the adopted names of the minor members were Richard, Robert, and William—the Talbots of Eyam were the same.

"Further it is charged against him, that he is a man much given to much trouble and suits at law, as is well known at Eyam, in Derbyshire, where he was rector, where they tasted this his turbulent spirit; that he gave tythe of lead ore to the King against the Parliament, delivered a man and musket against them, and sent a fat ox to the Earl of Newcastle, as a free gift to maintain the war against the Parliament." He was amongst the number of gentlemen who compounded for their estates. For a small estate at Woodlathes, near Conisbro', he paid £198, where he resided until the Restoration, when he was reinstated in his livings again. That this clergyman was a disgrace to his order, may be satisfactorily seen from the following extra evidence:when the Rev. - Fowler, Sheffield, gave up his living for non-conformity, Adams said that "Fowler was a fool, for before he would have lost his on that account, he would have sworn a black crow was white."* How striking the contrast between this compromising hypocrite and the virtuous non-conformist, Stanley. Adams died April 11, 1664, and was buried in the chancel of the church at Treeton, where a Latin epitaph commemorates his loyalty, virtues, and sufferings.

The Rev. Thomas Stanley, whose memory is still cherished in Eyam and its vicinity, with a degree of adoration which rarely falls to the lot of any public man, was translated to the living of Eyam in the

^{*} Vide Hunter's History of Hallamshire.

year 1644, immediately after the arrest of Sherland Adams, the bona fide rector. He continued in his office, beloved and respected, until Bartholomewday, 1662. It was in the capacity of curate, however, that he officiated from 1660 to 1662,—Sherland Adams, having obtained possession of his livings at the Restoration, in 1660. After enduring, for a few years, the sneers and bickering of a few bitter enemies, Stanley laid his head on the pillow of death, encircled with an halo of consolation, arising from an uncorrupted heart and an unviolated conscience.

"Dying he
Deposited upon that unknown shore—
Eternity—images and precious thoughts
That perish not—that cannot die."—Wordsworth.

Stanley was buried at Eyam, where he died, August, 1670. During the time of this holy man's ministry at Eyam, he performed the part of lawyer in the making of wills, and in numerous other matters. In his hand writing there are still extant numerous testamentary documents, and his signature is attached to many important deeds of conveyance, all tending to prove his high esteem—his honour and unimpeachable probity. He was supported by the voluntary contributions of two-thirds of the parishioners.*

* The arms of the Stanleys may be seen on a stone over the front entrance of the house occupied by Mr. Britt of Duckmanton, near Chesterfield, whose family are lineal descendants of the Stanleys.

The Rev. Joseph Hunt has rendered his name somewhat particular, by an ill-judged, and disgraceful act, during his ministry at Eyam. A party of miners had assembled at the Miners' Arms Inn, Eyam, the house now occupied by Mr. John Slinn; it was then kept by a Matthew Ferns, and an infant child of his being suddenly taken ill, the rector, Hunt, was sent for to baptise it immediately. Having performed the ceremony, he was invited to sit and regale himself with the boozing bacchanalians—the miners. This, it appears, he did until he was inebriated. The landlord had a very handsome daughter about eighteen, and Hunt, inspired by John Barleycorn, began to speak out in commendation of her charms. From one thing to another, it was at last agreed that Hunt should marry her; and the miners, not willing to trust him to fulfil his engagement another time, insisted that the ceremony should take place there and then. To this, after taking another glass, he unfortunately consented. The Common Prayer Book was brought out, and one of the miners put on a solemn aspect, and read the whole ceremony: Hunt and the happy damsel performing their respective parts. After the affair had spread round the neighbourhood, it at length reached the ears of the Bishop of the Diocese, who threatened to suspend him if he did not fulfil in earnest what he had done in jest. He was therefore - obliged to marry Miss Ferns, legally. This, however was not the last of his misfortunes, arising from the affair: he was under promise of marriage to a young lady, near Derby, who immediately commenced an action against him for breach of promise. Some years were passed in litigation, which drained his purse and estranged his friends; and eventually he had to take shelter in the vestry (which, I think, was built for that purpose,) where he resided the remainder of his life, to keep the law-hounds at bay. He died in this humble appendage to the church, where his bones and those of his wife lie buried. He is represented to have been very social;—the young men of the village visited him in his solitary abode, where they would sit round the fire, telling alternate tales to while away the dreary winter nights.

The Rev. — Hawkins succeeded Hunt, who after a year or two exchanged the living with the Rev. Alexander Hamilton. The discovery of the rich vein of lead ore in Eyam Edge, just after the exchange, induced Hawkins to regret his bargain; and he unsuccessfully attempted to break his engagement with Hamilton.

Dr. Edmund Finch,* brother to Finch, the Earl of Nottingham, uncle and guardian to the daughters and co-heiresses of William Saville, Marquis of Halifax, succeeded Hamilton, as Rector of Eyam.

^{*} The great great grandfather of the author of this work, came with Finch from Wigan, as a servant:—he was a young man; he married, had a family, and died in Eyam. Hence the origin of the author's family in Eyam.

He left the great living of Wigan for the then very rich living of Eyam. During the twenty years he was rector, he resided but little at Eyam. He gave the handsome service of communion plate, and was otherwise a benefactor.

The Rev. — Bruce succeeded Finch. The living was presented to him while he was on the continent. He died of brain fever, before reaching Eyam. The successor of Bruce was the Rev. Thomas Seward, who held the living fifty-one years. During this period he became Canon of Lichfield, where, in 1772, he went to reside. The Rev. Peter Cunningham was his Curate at Eyam.

Seward's successor was the Rev. Charles Hargrave, of honoured memory. Troubles connected with his mode of obtaining the living harrassed him for some years. The matter was at length settled; and after living thirty-two years as pastor, respected, beloved, and deservedly esteemed, he died—

"In a moment,

Like a shadow thrown

Softly and lighty from a passing cloud,

Death fell upon him." WORDSWORTH.

After Hargrave came the Hon. and Rev. Robert Eden, now Bishop of Soder and Man. He resigned the living in 1826, and was succeeded by the Rev. E. B. Bagshaw, the present Rector.

THE LIVING, on account of the mines, varies in its annual amount. One penny for every dish of ore is due to the Rector, and two-pence farthing for

every load of hillock-stuff. During some part of the last century the living was worth near £2000 a year. Little, however, is now derived from the mines; but it is likely, should the speculations now in progress to liberate the mines from water, be carried into effect, that this benefice may become as valuable again, or even more so. It is now worth £350 a year: nearly two-thirds of which is derived from glebe lands, and the remainder from tithes and surplice fees.

The Register contains but few matters worth transcribing. The following are the most particular: "December 30th, 1663, buried Anna the traveller, who, according to her own account, was 136 years of age. Old Robert Slinn, died 26th of November 1692." How patriarchal! How much in keeping "with the spirit and manners of the locality," is this old man's distinction from others.

The Mines.—There is, particularly on the south side of Eyam, strong evidence of much mining in past ages. Indeed, the Eyam Mineral Charter proves the antiquity of the lead mines at Eyam. This village and parish is included under the general denomination of the King's Field, which is subject to the operation of a peculiar system of mineral law. One clause of the law declares, "that by the custom of the mine it is lawful for all the King's liege subjects to dig, delve, search, subvert, and overturn, all manner of grounds, lands, meadows, closes, pastures, mears, and marshes, for ore mines, of

whose inheritance soever they be; dwelling-houses, orchards, and gardens, excepted." From the inconvenient effects of this sweeping clause many of the old freehold tenures of the parish of Eyam, are or were exempt, by virtue of a charter granted by King John, previously to his being created Duke of Lancaster. Who holds this charter now I am not aware, neither can any person name the particular tenures alluded to. They are, however, supposed to be those contiguous to the village: or what is denominated the old land. With the exception of a little land at Hucklow, and at Grippe, these decreed tenures at Eyam, are the only lands exempted from the arbitrary mineral laws, observed throughout the comprehensive district of a large part of the Peak of Derbyshire. It may, however, be observed that the benefit of the Eyam Mineral Charter has been long forfeited, as the tenures alluded to have been long subjected to the operation of the ordinary mineral laws and usages.

Of the ore obtained from the mines in the whole parish of Eyam, the lot, which is every thirteenth dish, is claimed and taken by the Lords of the Manor. One penny a dish belongs to the Rector; and a small exaction called cope, is paid by the purchaser of the ore to the Barmaster: these, with a trifle paid to the Rector, and the Lords of the Manor, for what is provincially called hillock-stuff, are the lots and tithes paid by the mines of Eyam. Tithe of mines is of a predial nature, that is by dish.

Smitham and other inferior kinds of ores were formerly supposed to be exempt from duty (lot not cope.) It was, however, decided otherwise in an action at law against the miners of the High Peak in 1750.

The Lords of the Manors of Eyam and Stony Middleton hold an half-yearly court, alternately at Eyam and Stony Middleton. This court is denominated the Great Court Barmoot, at which the steward, John Charge, Esq., Chesterfield, presides, who with twenty-four jurymen, chosen every halfyear, determine all cases in dispute that occur, respecting the working of the mines in the above Manors. Other matters, independent of the mines, are also adjusted at these periodical courts, of which the whole expenses are paid by the Lords of the Manors. The Barmaster, M. Frost, Esq., Baslow, has also important offices connected with the mines: putting miners into possession of newly discovered mines, collecting the lots due to the Lords of the Manors, and measuring all the ore, are only a few of the Barmaster's duties.

The great vein of ore known as the Edge-side Vein, was discovered more than a century and a half ago; but it was not worked in the parish of Eyam until some time after its discovery. In the space of fifty or sixty years, it was cut for more than two miles in length; but dipping very fast eastward, it at length reached the water, and could no longer be successfully worked. A sough or level, known as the Stoke Sough, was brought up to it from the

river Derwent, about eighty-four years ago, but did not answer general expectation. The quantity of metal obtained from this vein may be judged of, from the fact, that it enhanced the annual income of the Rector from £300 to £1800 a year, and this for a long time. Other veins in the vicinity have been very productive; but nearly all have been long shut up by the same almost irresistable element—water.

About half a century ago the Morewood Sough was projected, with a view of more effectually clearing the Edge-side Mines of water. It commences at Stony Middleton, near the neat country villa of Lord Chief Justice Denman. After carrying it about half a mile, the project was suspended for some years; but the work was at length resumed, for awhile, by James Sorby, Esq., Sheffield, who after some time was obliged, on account of the very great expense, to abandon it. The mines and sough were ultimately bought by a company of gentlemen, principally from Sheffield, who are at this time carrying it on with great zeal and vigour. The sough or adit has been driven more than three-fourths of the distance, and ere long the very laudable speculation will have a trial. Of its result there are various opinions, still there is but little doubt of success. Expectations the most sanguine have been long entertained of the riches of the Edgeside Mines, could the water be carried away by a sough at a lower level than the Stoke Sough, and the one now in progress is believed to be fully adequate for the purpose. The sough has already passed under the village of Eyam, and its termination will now soon be reached. Its depth from the surface of the mines is more than three hundred yards. Mr. George Maltby superintends the work with careful vigilence.

The Water Groove Mine is also in the parish of Eyam; it has been long celebrated for its mineral wealth. A steam engine of 300 horse power was erected on it some years ago, with a view of clearing it of water; but it has been found to be not fully competent for that desirable purpose. A sough or level, branching from the Morewood Sough, is now in progress to effect the same object. William Wyatt, Esq., Eyam, is the agent in this great and laudable enterprise.

By far the oldest lead works are of the rake kind, extending over a large tract of land south of the village. Camden thinks that Derbyshire was alluded to by Pliny, when he says, "In Britain, lead is found near the surface of the earth in such abundance, that a law is made to limit the quantity which shall be gotten."

Of the origin of the laws and customs connected with the working of the lead mines in Eyam and the High Peak in general, there is much room for speculation. Some think that they originated with the aboriginal inhabitants of Derbyshire; but from a passage in Suetonius, it is inferred that the miEYAM. 151

neral customs and laws of the aborigines were superseded by others introduced by the Romans. Heineccius countenances the supposition, that private adventurers were afterwards permitted to work the mines, which would be productive of multifarious laws and regulations, and hence their anomalous character. It may be here observed that there is every reason to believe that the High Peak of Derbyshire was a penal settlement during the Heptarchy; that is, persons convicted of certain crimes in any of the seven kingdoms were doomed to be sent to the High Peak of Derbyshire, and there work in the lead mines under the superintendence of certain officers denominated captains: a designation still retained by the superintendents of mines in Cornwall and Derbyshire.

Bole-hills are very numerous in the vicinage of Eyam—they are the places where ore was smelted before the introduction of the cupola.

The mines in Eyam Edge are very deep, and the New Engine Mine I have heard stated as being the deepest in Derbyshire. Among the number in the Edge is the Hay-cliff; a mine distinguished for having contained in great abundance, that extraordinary phenomenon in the mineral world, provincially called Slickensides. It is a species of Galena; and is well-known amongst mineralogists. This mine once had it in singular quantity and quality. The effects of this mineral are terrific: a blow with a hammer, a stroke or scratch with the miner's

pick, is sufficient to blast asunder the massive rocks to which it is found attached. Of the nature of this mineral, and its terrible power, there have been many, but quite unsatisfactory, solutions. Whitehurst, in his work on the Formation of the Earth, thus mentions its wonderful power:-" In the year 1738, an explosion took place at the Haycliff Mine, Eyam, by the power of Slickensides. Two hundred barrels of materials were blown out at one blast-each barrel containing 350lbs. weight. During the explosion the earth shook as by an earthquake." A person named Higginbotham once narrowly escaped with life, by incautiously striking this substance in the above mine. Experienced miners can, however, work where it greatly abounds without much danger. It is also known by the name of CRACKING-WHOLE.

In this mine and many others in Eyam Edge, was sensibly felt the earthquake which destroyed Lisbon, on Saturday, November 1st, 1755. Mr. Francis Mason, an intelligent overseer of the mines in Eyam Edge at the time of its occurrence, wrote a lengthy and minute account of the circumstance, of which the following is the substance:—he states that "he was sitting near the shaft about eleven o'clock, A. M., the first of November, 1755, when he felt the shock of an earthquake; it raised him up in his chair, and shook plaster and other things from the roof the place where he was sitting. He observed a chasm in a field three hundred yards

distant: it was in the direction of the vein they were working, and about an hundred and fifty vards long. Two miners, sixty fathoms deep in the mine, were terrified beyond description at the shock they experienced. A second and more terrible shock immediately succeeded. Three other shocks followed each other: all together occupying twenty minutes. Pieces of mineral fell from the sides and roof of the mine; but the shafts remained uninjured."* A few years before this earthquake, another was very sensibly felt at Eyam. It happened on the wakes Sunday, and the inhabitants were in church, when the shock came on. Several had their Prayer Books forced from their hands by the shock; and the pewter plates tingled on the shelves of the houses in and around Eyam.

In bringing this brief account of the mines to a conclusion, it may not be improper to notice, that the lives of many miners have been sacrificed in pursuing their perilous and hazardous occupation. The following are those now remembered, with the names of the mines where they were killed:—

Edward Torre, killed near the Parson's Fold, 1669.
Three men, Stoke Sough, 80 years since.
William Fox, Shaw Engine, 90 ditto.
Edward Dooley, Twelve Meers.
Robert Unwin, Hay-cliff.
Michael Walker, Twelve Meers.
Nineteen men, Middleton Engine, (different times.)

^{*} For a more minute account see First Edition of the History of Eyam.

- Bramwell, Twelve Meers.

- Simson, ditto.

- Bennet, New Engine.

- Fearest, Stoke Sough.

Samuel Howard, Water Groove.

William Hancock, ditto.

A man, Broadlow.

A lad, ditto.

George Benson, Pasture Groove.

- Stailey, Twelve Meers.

- Middleton, Morewood Engine.

Robert Middleton, Slater's Engine.

Francis Mower, Hay-cliff.

Humphrey Rowland, Black Engine.

MINSTRELS.—JOHN NIGHTBRODER, although not known as a minstrel, was a highly celebrated literary character, and a liberal benefactor. He was born at Eyam, and founded the house of Carmelites, or White Friars, at Doncaster, 1350.*

Miss Anna Seward, the well-known poetess, was born at Eyam, in the year 1747. In the literary world she is still distinguished, not only for her poetical powers, but for her biographical and epistolary talents. Her father, the Rev. Thomas Seward, Rector of Eyam, Prebendary of Salisbury, and Canon Residentiary of Lichfield, was a man of rather extraordinary learning and taste. He wrote and published many works. At the age of three, before she could read, he had taught her to lisp the Allegro and Penseroso of Milton; and in her ninth year she could repeat from memory, with varied and correct accent, the three first books of Paradise Lost.

^{*} Vide Hunter's Deanery of Doncaster.

In her seventh year she left Eyam; and a few years after she removed from Lichfield to Bishop's-place, where she resided until her death. Miss Seward's intellectual precosity was zealously cherished by her admiring father; but as she advanced into womanhood, he withdrew that animating welcome which he had given to the first efforts of her muse.

It is unnecessary to enumerate her works—they are well and deservedly known. The "Elegy to Major Andre," the "Death of Captain Cook," the poetical novel "Louisa," the "Epic Ode on the return of General Elliott from Gibraltar," are among the best of her productions. Of her enduring attachment to Eyam, the place of her birth, she often warmly dilated; and an annual visit to her birthplace, was the invariable testimony of her enthusiastic affection. On her journey through Derbyshire. to a musical festival at Sheffield, in the summer of 1788, she visited Eyam, and wrote the following ode, which was never printed before its appearance in this work. The original manuscript was in the hands of T. Birds, Esq., Eyam, who, before his death, kindly permitted a friend to make a transcript from which this copy has been taken.

ELEGIAC ODE.

"A little while I leave with anxious heart,
Source of my filial cares, thee Full of Days;
Lur'd by a promise from harmonic art
To breathe her Handel's rich, immortal lays.
Pensive I trace the Derwent's amber wave,
Winding through sylvan banks; and view it lave

The soft luxuriant valleys, high o'er-peer'd By hills and rocks in solemn grandeur rear'd.

- "Not two short miles from thee, can I refrain
 Thy haunts, my native EYAM, long unseen;
 Thou and thy loved inhabitants again
 Shall meet my transient gaze. Thy rocky screen—
 Thy airy cliffs I mount and seek thy shade—
 Thy roofs that brow the steep romantic glade—
 But while on me the eyes of Friendship glow,
 Swell my pain'd sighs, my tears spontaneous flow.
- "In scenes paternal not beheld through years,
 Nor seen till now but by my father's side;
 Well might the tender tributary tears
 From the keen pang of duteous fondness glide;
 Its pastor to his human flock no more
 Shall the long flight of future days restore;
 Distant he droops—and that once gladdening eye,
 Now languid gleams e'en when his friends are nigh.
- "Yet ere I go—who may return no more,

 That sacred dome mid yonder shadowy trees,
 Let me revisit:—ancient, massy door,

 Thou gratest hoarse; my vital spirits freeze,
 Passing the vacant pulpit to the space
 Where humble rails the decent altar grace,
 And where my infant sisters' ashes sleep,*

 Whose loss I left the childish sports to weep.
- "But O! thou blank and silent pulpit, thou
 That with a father's precepts just and bland
 Didst win my ear, as Reason's strengthening glow
 Shewed their full value; now thou seem'st to stand
 Before these eyes, suffus'd with gushing tears,
 Thou dearest relic of departed years;
 Of eloquence paternal, nervous, clear,
 Dim remonition thou, and bitter is my tear."

^{*} Two of the author's little sisters lie buried in the chancel of Eyam Church; but no stone or inscription marks the place where they sleep.

This highly celebrated lady died at Bishop's-place, 1809, in the sixty-second year of her age. Her remains repose at Lichfield.

The Rev. P. Cunningham, curate of Eyam for many years during the latter part of the rectorship of the Rev. T. Seward, was deservedly celebrated as a poet; though his productions were far from voluminous. It was chiefly, if not wholly while he resided at Eyam, that his muse, inspired by the romantic grandeur of the surrounding "dells and woodlands wilds," wandered forth by Derwent's stream, and there enraptured heard,

"The red-breast, hid in golden foliage, pour Slow warbled requiems o'er the dying year."

Of the parentage of Cunningham but very little is now known in Eyam. That he had received a highly classical education his poetical works very plainly indicate. In the first of his published poems, "Chatsworth," he thus pays "an elegant tribute" to his favourite river, Derwent:—

"The muse,
She wanders, Derwent! where, with lingering pride,
The amber-tressed Naiads on thy stream
Through bending woods and vales luxuriant glide.
Fair, when the parting sun's mild golden light
A mellower radiance on thy bosom throws,
But fairer when the silver beams of night,
With trembling lustre on thy stream repose.
'On Latmos thus, as Grecian bards have sung,
When Night's fair Queen forsook her starry road,
And o'er Endymion's face enamoured hung,
His sleeping form with silver radiance glow'd.'"

His next poem was "The Russian Prophecy," written in 1785; it was occasioned by a phenomenon which appeared in the heavens, but was only observed in Russia.* "The Naval Triumph" is one of his happiest efforts, which, with the former two, constitute nearly the whole of his poetical effusions, composed at Eyam.

Perhaps no village pastor was ever so beloved by the flock committed to his charge, as Cunningham was by the inhabitants of Eyam. On leaving the village where he had spent the flower of his days, "through evil and good report," he was appointed chaplain to the English Factory at Smyrna, where he resided several years. From the time of his leaving Eyam he was faithfully and unremittingly attended by misfortune: in the Archipelago he narrowly escaped shipwreck; and at Smyrna he was involved in equal peril by fire, in which his papers and manuscripts were wholly consumed.

To Cunningham, a residence at Smyrna was banishment, and he resolved to revisit his native land. Without friends or money, desolate and unknown, he returned on foot through Germany on his way to Paris; suffering from fatigue and endless privations. During this long journey, he approached one night, after a day's hard travelling, a large town on the borders of Hungary, when he sat down by the way-side to reflect on his forlorn condition. After having pondered awhile over his

^{*} Vide Gentlemen's Magazine, July, 1785, page 531.

misfortunes, he took from his pocket, for the first time, a volume of poetry, which had been presented to him by an English lady, on his departure from Smyrna. A particular poem had been recommended for his perusal by his female friend, and he turned to the page, where he found, "close nestled within the leaves," a note, or order, for fifty pounds:—
"thus delicately," says Rhodes, "did an amiable woman contrive to administer to the necessities of a stranger in a foreign land."

To his own country he now returned, and undertook the duties of an humble curacy in the vicinity of London, but soon after obtained a small living through the influence of the Devonshire family. This he did not long enjoy. "Invited to preach to a society to whom he had become endeared, at Islington, he attended, and after delivering his last, and one of his best discourses, he dined with the delighted members. He appeared in high spirits, but as soon as the cloth was drawn, while conversing with a gentleman near him, he fell back in his chair, and expired without a sigh or groan: such was the end of Cunningham." Of his moral character, during the latter part of his ministry at Eyam, much has been said: whether justly or not, I am unable to say. One thing is certain, that for a number of years, he was unparalleled in the fulfilment of his duties; and that he laboured most assiduously to improve the condition of his parishioners, by bettering their manners, and giving instruction to youth, wholly regardless of pecuniary compensation.

In the person of RICHARD FURNESS, Eyam, his birth-place, furnishes another candidate for literary honours. In a history of his native village he must have a first place as regards literary distinction. He is now residing in the vicinity of Sheffield; highly honoured by the literati of the surrounding country.

Of his poetical works, little need be said: they are generally known and commended. "The Rag Bag," with the exception of a few fugitive pieces, was his first published work; and has been much admired. "Medicus Magus," his next work, is, although not so popular, far better written. In the latter there are many beautiful passages: some novel ideas, highly characteristic of a fine genius. Two selections from its pages are quoted in the foregoing account of the plague.

This ardent votary of the Muses is now fast advancing on his way through "this vale of tears;" yet it is fervently hoped that, ere "his sands of life are run," he will add many a jewel to his well-won crown of fame: thus embalming his memory in the admiration of future times, and emblazoning with honour his loved and native village,—Eyam.

This romantic village has other, if less successful, candidates for poetic honours: and of these there are a few whose effusions have only been perused by friends.

FAMILIES OF DISTINCTION.—There appears to have been but very few families of wealth at Eyam in times of yore. The Staffords were by far the most conspicuous and wealthy. Nothing, however, is known of their lineage; they were exceedingly rich, and of great importance in the village and neighbourhood. Humphrey, the last male heir of this family, died at Eyam, where they had invariably resided, some time about the year 1580. His immense property was valued at the time of his death, at £400,000, which was equally divided amongst his four daughters. Catherine, the eldest, married Rowland Morewood, of the Oaks, near Bradfield, Yorkshire: she was buried at Bradfield, July 16, 1595. Gertrude, married Rowland Eyre, Esq., Hassop, an ancestor of the present Earl of Newburgh: her burial at Longstone, in 1624, is recorded on a brass plate in the church. Ann married Francis Bradshaw, of Bradshaw, near Chapelen-le-Frith; and the other remaining sister was, I imagine, never married, but was known as Madame Stafford. Francis Bradshaw had the family mansion of the Staffords included in his wife's share of her father's property, where he and his descendants resided until the plague broke out in Eyam. The house was very capacious and antique; it stood at the west end of Eyam, and a large field, now called the Orchard, and another, the Hall-yard, were its appendages. The fish-pan belonging to this very old mansion was destroyed not many years ago.

The last Bradshaw who resided at Eyam, was erecting on the site of the old dwelling, what is now known as the Old Hall, at the very time the plague commenced, when he and his family fled to Brampton, in Yorkshire, and never returned. The new mansion, which was rather elegant, was never finished; three or four families did, however, reside in it some time back, but it is now converted into a barn. On the south front, there is a circular stone, containing the crest of the arms of the Bradshaws: a hart on a wreath standing under a vine. The other part of the arms of this family is, two bendlets between two martlets.* That portion of the Evam estate belonging to the Bradshaws remained in the family until the death of George Bradshaw of Bradshaw, the last male heir of the elder branch of the Bradshaws; he left no issue, and his whole property was inherited by his sister Elizabeth, who married Joshua Galliard, Esq., of Edmonton, in Middlesex, by whom she had two sons, Peirce and John; the latter of whom died young. Peirce had a son, Bradshaw Galliard, a poet, and two daughters, Anne and Mary. Anne married Eaglesfield Smith of Longshaw, Dumfries, Scotland; Mary married Charles Bowles, of Ratcliff, Middlesex, between whom, at the death of Bradshaw Galliard, the whole property of the Bradshaws was divided.

^{*} The notorious Judge Bradshaw was of this family; his grandfather went from Bradshaw Hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith, to Wyberslegh, near Marples, Cheshire, where the regicide was born.

Eaglesfield Smith inherited the Eyam estate. The Morewood property at Eyam was sold in small lots rather more than forty years ago.

The Colyns were a family of distinction at Eyam in the reign of Henry the Sixth; but of their descendants and property nothing is now known. French was the name of another rather important family in the village. A notice of this family is in the register as follows: "Stephen, the son of Stephen French, baptized Dec. 4th, 1643." The name occurs also amongst those who died of the plague. The Brays were a family of some note at Eyam; the register has the following record :- " Mr. Bray buried 1640." The Wilsons of Eyam were once a family of substance; in Glover's History of Derbyshire there is this notice: "Richard Milnes, Chesterfield, married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of the Rev. R. Wilson, of Burton, Norfolk, and of Eyam, Derbyshire; she died Jan. 17, 1691." The Gibels of Eyam were a family of distinction—the only remains of whom, in Eyam, is their name as distinguishing a barn and a tor: " Gibel barn" and " Gibel tor."*

Eyam has been the birth-place of a few very eccentric characters; amongst whom was Michael Barber, Parish Clerk fifty-nine years. He was a very learned man in his time—a profound astrologer.

^{*} I have a notion that the Gibels were Colyns—Gibel I cannot find written, and therefore think it not rightly written here, but it is pronounced now nearly as I have given it.

CORNELIUS BRUSHFIELD, the Hanging Flatt anchorite; John Gregory, a modern Diogenes; John Dooley, a modern Nestor; Philip Sheldon, a zealous politician, with the suavity of an Ulysses; and Thomas Birds, a profound antiquary, and a Howard in philanthropy.

The inhabitants of Eyam are singularly distinguished for their attachment to the Established Church. There are but few Wesleyan Methodists. Methodism was, however, very early introduced into Eyam; although in no place were the promulgators more abused. The first sermon preached in Eyam by the Methodists was in 1765, by Mr. Matthew Mayer, of Portwood Hall, near Stockport. The preacher stationed himself by Furness' barn side; but so much hostility was exhibited on this and a subsequent occasion, that he each time narrowly escaped with life. The few friends of the preacher were pelted with brick-bats, mud, stones, and other missiles; and to such a degree did the infatuated multitude carry on their opposition, that the preacher had the ringleaders brought before a magistrate, who bound them in recognizances for their good behaviour in future. Everett, in his History of Methodism, says, that the then inhabitants of Eyam " were employed in the lead mines, and were a most savage race."

Benefactors of Eyam.—Some centuries ago, a person now unknown, left for the poor of Eyam, £15, the interest of which to be annually paid on

St. Thomas's day. Dr. Edmund Finch, left £15 for the same purpose, the interest to be paid at the same time. Eyam is also included in the many villages receiving the well-known Gisborne charity. Dr. Finch, for the teaching of ten poor children of the parish of Eyam, bequeathed to the school £100, which with £15 left by another, was laid out in freehold land, called the Long Meadow, near Bradwell, now let for £7 a year. Thomas Middleton, Leam, left £5 a year to the school for the teaching of ten children to read and write; this benefaction is charged on two pieces of land, called the Upper and Under Low. His Grace the Duke of Devonshire makes an annual donation of £2 2s. Od. to the school; and £1 10s. Od. is produced by rental of a small piece of common land allotted to the school.

The endowed School is a modern building,—only remarkable for its "cotton-mill-like appearance." Mr. William Orpin, is the present schoolmaster, who is highly and justly respected.

At the present day, Eyam is the residence of many respectable families, whose houses are distinguished by elegance and taste. The Rectory, for its commodiousness, situation, gardens, and scenery is not surpassed by any parsonage house in England. It was rebuilt, in an improved style of architecture, about eighty years ago, at the expense of the Rev. T. Seward, Rector of Eyam. Since then its exterior has been greatly improved, and very much so by its present occupant, the Rev. E. B. Bagshaw.

EVAM HALL, the residence of P. Wright, Esq., is a large, handsome, and rather antique looking building. The architecture is of the style of the reign of Elizabeth. It is a very capacious and massive building, with exterior appendages quite in keeping with the design of the structure; and I have heard the present occupant highly commended by one skilled in architecture, for preserving as respects the appendages, the uniformity of the whole. The Wrights are a very ancient and wealthy family, highly distinguished for equability, consideration, and punctuality. A female of this family married, nearly a century ago, one of the Traffords of Trafford Hall, Lancashire, who were related through marriage to the Booths, Earls of Warrington.

EYAM FIRS, is a secluded and beautiful villa, a little north of the village. It is the residence of John Wright, Esq., the elder brother of P. Wright, Esq., Eyam Hall.

EYAM TERRACE, in the east of the village, has been often admired for its picturesque situation. Its contiguity to the Dale, so beautifully romantic, adds infinitely to its delightfulness. It is owned and occupied by Thomas Fentem, Esq., Surgeon, who inherited much of the property of his maternal grandfather, the late Philip Sheldon, Eyam.

A little south-west of the church, a substantial and highly finished house was erected twenty years ago, by M. M. Middleton, Esq., Leam Hall. It is occupied by William Wyatt, Esq., late of Foolow.

EYAM VIEW, is a very elegant mansion; it was erected by Thomas Burgoine, Esq., Edensor; and is now occupied by Thomas Gregory, Esq., Solicitor.

There are also five Inns in the village: the Bull's Head, the principal Inn, by Mr. John Cocker; the Miners' Arms, by Mr. William Bland; the Bold Rodney, by Mr. Samuel Furness; the Rose and Crown, by Mr. Verdan Siddall; and the King's Arms, by Mr. John Slinn.

A Society of Miners, or Sick Society, was established in Eyam, 1767; a Sick Society for Females, 1807; a Cow Club, 1838; and a Funeral Club, 1839. But Eyam has another equally commendable institution—a Subscription Library, containing upwards of 600 volumes, well selected. It was established 1821, under the auspices of the Hon. and Rev. Robert Eden, Charles Fentem, Esq., Mr. F. Cocker, Mr. J. Froggatt, and Mr. P. Furness. This institution has lately been converted into, or rather joined to, a Mechanics' Institute. A suitable place has been purchased, re-built, and fitted up in a most elegant manner. This institution has placed Eyam in a proud position as a village: works on the most abstruse sciences circulate among the villagers, and intellectual development is the necessary result. The author of this work has the honour of being the Librarian and Secretary.

South of the village are two dells or dingles, one containing a cavern of exciting interest. It is denominated "Merlin." It is often filled with water,

and therefore not always explorable. The water appears to have a subterranean source; hence, those who have read Sir Humphrey Davy's "Last Days of a Philosopher," must, while looking on this water, naturally think of the Proteus anguinus.

The other Lions are the Wonder, a cavern nearer Stony Middleton; the Lover's Leap; and Blackwell's Tor; the latter is thus designated from the fact of a boy named Blackwell falling therefrom, and being for a while suspended by the feet in a yew tree, near the summit of the rock. From the high tor, named the Lover's Leap, a love-sick maiden, Hannah Baddaley, threw herself, but her petticoats forming a kind of parachute, she sustained little injury. In the Gael's Work, in the same dell, a skeleton was found nearly seventy years ago; it was ascertained to be the remains of a Scotch pedler, who had been murdered.

The Flora, cattle, land, and fossils of Eyam are much the same as those of the Peak generally. In quantity and excellence of water, Eyam has the advantage of almost every village in Derbyshire: and it is said, there is a hot spring at the bottom of the New Engine climbing shaft, of supposed sanative properties.

[&]quot;My task is done; my song hath ceased; my theme Has died into an echo."—Byron.

J. Goodwin, Printer, Bakewell.

