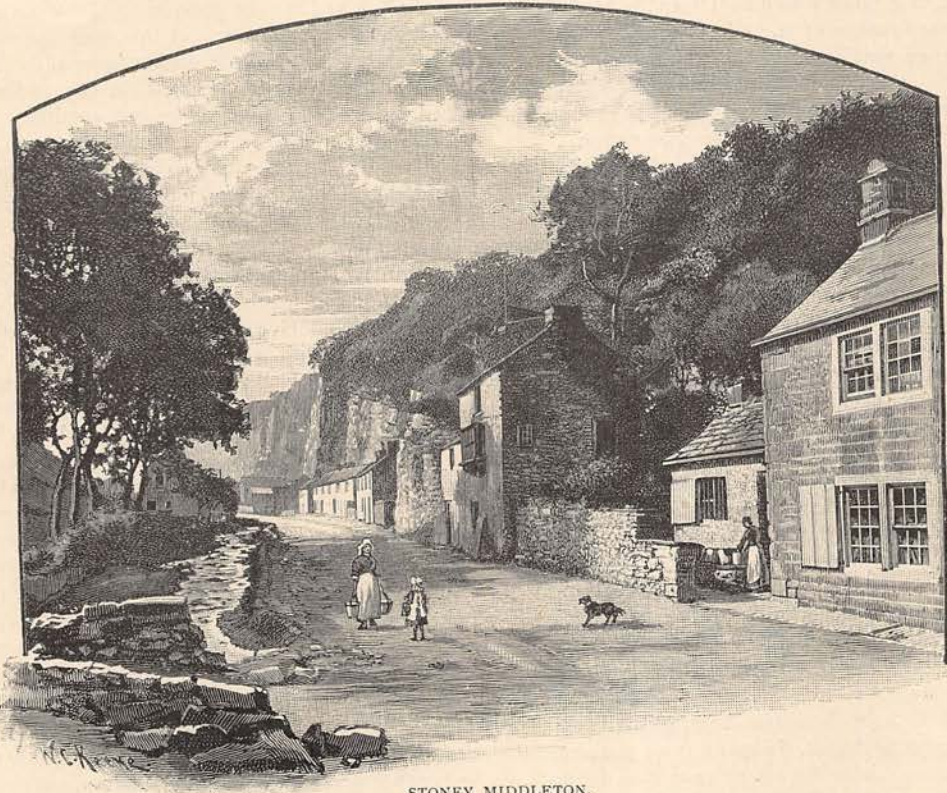
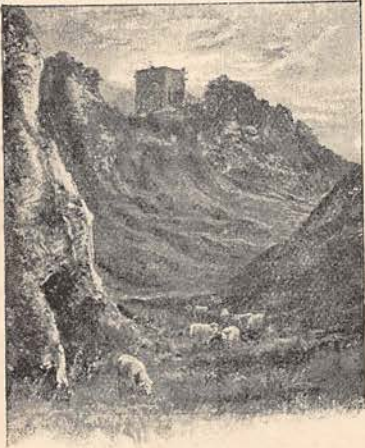


THE NEW DERBYSHIRE RAILWAY.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD KEENE, DERBY.



STONEY MIDDLETON.



CASTLETON CAVE DALE AND PEVERIL CASTLE.

DERBY borough and shire have played an important part in the industrial life of Great Britain. On the banks of the Derwent at Cromford Sir Richard Arkwright built his first cotton factory, and on an island swamp of the same river at Derby the first silk-mill in England was erected; while within pistol-shot of that mill one of the first china works in the United Kingdom—the works which extorted the admiration of gruff old Doctor Johnson—was established. Derbyshire, moreover, has been most intimately identi-

fied with the rise and progress of railways; and if the county cannot claim to be the birthplace of George Stephenson—"George the Fifth: the Greatest of all the Georges"—it was the scene alike of his early struggles and final triumphs. At Tapton House, Chesterfield, the invincible engineer lived and died; and in that industrial town, with its crooked steeple, he is buried; while the pride of the place is the Memorial Hall erected to his genius and his fame.

Derby was in the van of railways, and in this last decade of the nineteenth century it brings up the rear. It was the first and is the last maker of our iron-roads. Indeed, the conception of the permanent way had its origin in this picturesque Midland County, where the Arts of Peace have been so successfully cultivated. Mr. Samuel Smiles, in his "Life of Stephenson," alluding to the tramway from the Derby Canal to the coal pits at Coxbench, says—

"In 1800 Mr. Benjamin Outram, of Little Eaton, Derbyshire, used stone props instead of timber for supporting the ends and joinings of the rails. As this plan was generally adopted the roads became known as 'Outram roads,' and subsequently, for brevity's sake 'tram-roads.'"

The last conquest of the iron horse in Derbyshire

is of more than local importance. It is, indeed, of national interest. The newly completed Dore and Chinley Railway, which pierces the Peak district, brings Sheffield and Manchester, *viâ* the Midland system, thirty-two miles nearer each other, opens a new holiday ground for tourist and tripper, fresh fields of industry, and a charming residential country.

The opening of this costly undertaking is an event of no ordinary occurrence. The new line is a little over twenty miles in length, yet more than five years and a million of money have been absorbed in its construction. The engineering works are of exceptional magnitude, and furnish a notable illustration of the triumph of mind over matter. What the iron horse cannot get over it goes under, and, as a consequence, there are four and a half miles of tunnelling. Engineers and capitalists had for a long time had their eye on the country traversed by this new Derbyshire railway; but the obstinate character of the district seemed to present insuperable obstacles.

Nor were the physical features of the locality the only difficulties encountered. The projectors of the line met with an almost unprecedented opposition from landowners and other interested parties—an opposition nearly as hostile as that with which the pioneers of railways had to contend. The Ruskinites raved against the invasion of the virgin territory with an invective more fierce than the wildest passages in *Fors Clavigera*. Minor poets made an insectile noise, imitating, in their forcible feeble manner, Wordsworth, who, when the railway to the Lakes was projected, called upon “the mountains, vales, and floods” to

“share the passion of a just disdain” against “that whistle.”

But selfishness surely had something to do with the protest of the recluse of Rydal Mount. If the poet worshipped Nature so much himself, would he deny her magical influences to people shut up from year to year in the tainted, street-stricken towns? Lord Houghton addresses Wordsworth in this matter:—

“And thou, the patriarch of these beauteous ways,
Canst never grudge that gloomy streets send out
The crowded sons of labour, care, and doubt,
To read these scenes by light of thine own lays.”

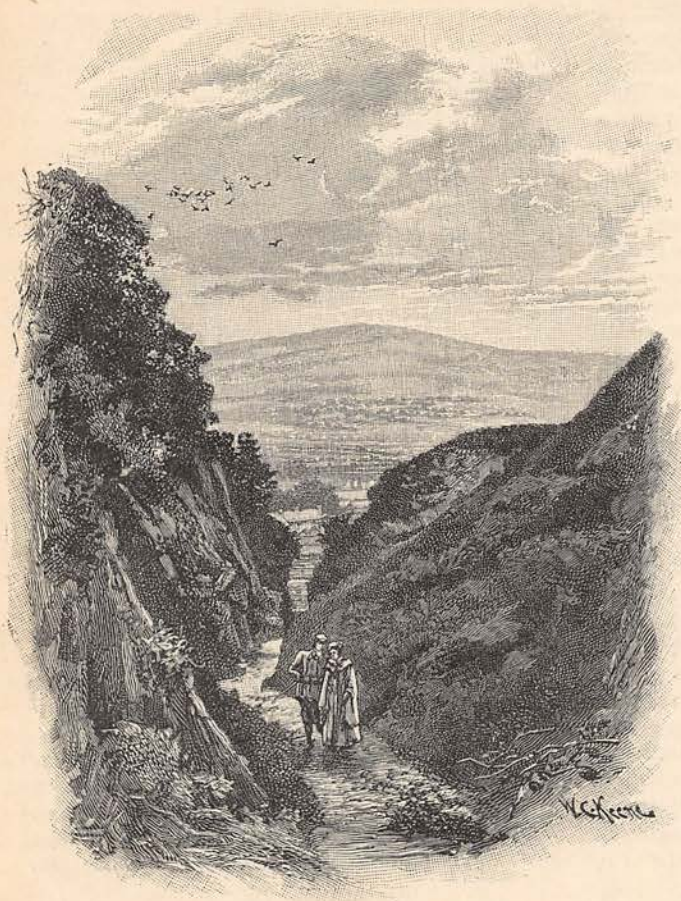
So far as the engineering works on the Dore and Chinley Railway are concerned, lovers of the picturesque will not have much to grumble at, for the triumphs of scientific enterprise add, by their splendid viaducts and winding and graceful curves, to the old wonders of Nature. Prior to the opening of this line the country was served by traction engines. The railway in the devious Derwent valley cannot surely be less æsthetic than these hideous abortions of misapplied mechanics.

A gentleman living in the Peak country admirably expresses himself on this question of railways and romance.

“Few men,” he observes, “know North Derbyshire better than I do, none have revelled in its delights more than myself, and to no one are its beauties more sacred; but each time that the perennial cry of railway desecration is heard few have a greater regret for the selfishness that lies at the root of it. I have a summer cottage on a hill overlooking a Derbyshire valley. Along the bottom runs the Midland main



THE WINNATS (WIND-GATES), CASTLETON.



CAVE DALE, CASTLETON.

line ; trains pass and re-pass every few minutes ; the line is a tiny streak, the engine and carriages a toy—the whole a standing example of how puny are man's greatest mechanical triumphs, his chief efforts at controlling Nature's forces, when measured by the ever-present, unchanging immensity of even a small area of the glorious natural beauties of our land. No ; do not hinder railways affording facilities for opening up the country to the dwellers in the towns ; speed them on, help to cheapen the fares, and we shall want no Kyrle Societies, no Sunday Leagues, no Open Space Committees ; all the influences they try to foster will be ready at our hand."

The Dore and Chinley Line, with its gigantic works and pretty railway stations, has passed through all the stages that greet great enterprises : that of sheer ridicule, that of virulent resistance, that of passive acceptance, and finally, that of enthusiastic welcome. It was derided as "The Bilberry and Besom Line" on account of the moorland character of the country which it crosses ; "The Flue Line" in reference to the tunnels that perforate the hills ; and "The High Pique Line" because of its competition with the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway. Those, however, who came to scoff remain to praise,

for the Dore and Chinley Line is now a fact of very substantial proportions, ballasted with something more solid than bombast, and is the latest completed addition to the new routes to Peakland. Another railway is in course of construction that will also be the carrier for this part of mid-England : The East to West Coast Railway—a cross-country line that links Hull with Liverpool, and connects the North Sea with the Atlantic Ocean.

A plan of this ambitious addition to our network of railways appeared in CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for the month of August, 1892.

Mention, moreover, should be made of the fact that the L. & N.W. Company are also exploiting Derbyshire, and are busily engaged in carrying their "track" over the hills from Buxton to Staffordshire. This extension of their system makes the idyllic valley of the Dove easy of access without desecrating Dove Dale.

But to return to the Dore and Chinley Railway. It should be remembered that so long ago as 1872 certain Sheffield capitalists sought Parliamentary powers to construct a line to be called "The Dore, Hassop, and Castleton Railway." The scheme failed through want of support. It was considered that such a line could only serve a limited and almost unproductive local area, leading from nothing to nowhere. In 1884 the Dore and Chinley Railway Company, Limited,

was floated, and received Parliamentary sanction.

This project also proved abortive. It was at this juncture that the rich and powerful Midland Company discerned the advantages of the abandoned undertaking, and at once stepped into the breach.

The new line is no plaything, but considering the mountainous character of the country the gradients are fairly good and the curves not severe. The steepest incline is not more than 1 in 100, and the most acute curve not more than half-a-mile in radius.

While the merchants of both Sheffield and Manchester will appreciate the commercial advantages of this new highway, they will not be indifferent to the pleasant residential attractions it opens out ; and, no doubt, in a few years hence the health-inspiring district will be dotted with mansions and villas, designed, let us hope, by a Norman Shaw, in artistic sympathy with the superb scenic surroundings, and not with the architectural atrocities and breaches of the peace in bricks and mortar of Mr. Buggins, who builds for today and charges for all time. The "beauty spots" of this romantic region will become familiar to thousands of people to whom such inviting places as Castleton and the Vale of Hope, Grindleford Bridge, and Hathersage are but mere geographical expressions,

together with the magnificent range of "Edges" that dominate the dales from Kinderscout in the northern extremity, by Bamford, Derwent, and Millstone, to Stanage, Froggatt, and Curbar at the southern end overlooking the wide vale of Chatsworth.

Will the reader accompany the writer in a trip over this new line? Well, we have joined the train at Dore and Totley, a pleasant suburb of Sheffield, and in touch with the undulating moorlands that rise and fall in mountain waves of oceanic grandeur—the heathery wilds that were beloved by Charlotte Brontë and Ebenezer Elliott, and are described by Paul Cushing in "The Blacksmith of Voe;" by Mrs. Humphry Ward in "The History of David Grieve;" by Joseph Hatton in several novels, and by other authors of repute. We rattle through Pointon Wood and presently enter the first tunnel, 6,171 yards in length, beginning at Totley Bents and terminating at Padley Wood. There is only one longer tunnel in the United Kingdom—the Severn Tunnel, 7,664 yards in length. We are burrowing under the Derbyshire Dukeries, for at this point the estates of their Graces of Devonshire, Rutland and Norfolk may be said to embrace each other. You might shoot at a grouse on the property of a Cavendish for it to fly over the ground of a Manners, and for it to drop dead on the estate of a Howard. Fox House, a well-known coaching house, at the junction of four roads, is over the tunnel to the east side, as also is Longshawe Lodge, the shooting-box of the Duke of Rutland. The public are allowed access to the pleasant grounds at Longshawe Lodge, which are diversified with a lake, and some effective rockery and wild-shrub gardening. It is a retreat placed amid wild moorland scenery, where the grim gritstone rocks are scattered in strange confusion amid ferny cloughs and wind-swept spaces of ling and heather, bilberry and wild thyme. One of these weather-stained stones is called "The Toad's Mouth," because of its supposed resemblance to that uncouth reptile. The line emerges into the glad daylight again just at the poetical point where that vivacious stream, the Burbage Brook, joins the Derwent.

The Burbage valley is one of the loveliest in Derbyshire, and the "Brook" is an ideal peat-stained stream; and, as it wimples at its own sweet will through Padley Wood, the scene might have been borrowed from Fairyland. You almost expect in these secluded glades to disturb at their revels Titania, Oberon, and their attendant elves and nymphs. This Burbage, by the way, is not to be confounded with the lime-burning village of the same name near Buxton.

On its journey from the hills the Burbage Brook has passed the sublime rocky platform of Hu-Gaer ("the city of God") and the old British fort, Caelswark ("the building of the churl—Anglo-Saxon 'Carl'"). The view from these prehistoric crags is very impressive; and this part of the railway journey is, perhaps, the most picturesque on the whole route. Close at hand are the ruins of Padley Hall and its desecrated chapel, painfully associated with the

persecutions of Roman Catholics in Derbyshire in Queen Elizabeth's reign. The buildings are a mere shell, and very affecting to the religious mind in their decay. It is a pity, if not a scandal, that the chapel, a monument of the piety of mediæval times, should be prostituted to the use of a hayloft and a cowshed!

The first station from Dore and Totley is at Grindleford Bridge. The burly hill called "Sir William"—not named after "Historicus"—breaks the sky-line to the west, with Stoney Middleton opening out its limestone pass, and classic Eyam—the scene of the Great Plague—scattered in isolated grey cottages over the hungry hillsides. Hathersage is the next station. The church on the hill, surrounded by greater heights, is old and interesting, and contains some fine monuments. The churchyard is the burial-place of "Little John"—Robin Hood's gigantic accomplice. A delightful rural ramble brings the lover of quaint architecture to North Lees Hall, once the manor-house of the Eyre family, and now the property of Mr. G. H. Cammell, the Hallamshire ironmaster. North Lees is an isolated Elizabethan mansion, surrounded by the austere hills. A staircase from basement to roof is a feature of the fine old house. It is spiral in shape, and the stairs, which consist of solid pieces of oak, run round a massive newel from top to bottom. The view from the flat, lead-covered roof of the tower is a revelation in scenery too comprehensive to be even epitomised in this sketch. Hill, water, wood, cottage and hall, pastoral slope, moorland expanse, winding valley, stern peak—these are the suggestive items in the picture that the landscape painter may fill in at leisure. North Lees is now occupied as a farmhouse. The creamy milk and toasted oat-cake are excellent. A little distance below this hospitable home, partly concealed in a small plantation, are the ruins of a Roman Catholic chapel built by the Eyre family, and demolished in 1688.

Shortly after Hathersage is passed we leave the Derwent to the north-east at Mytham Bridge, where the tributary river Noe joins the parent stream. The Noe gives a healthful account of itself, for its face is tanned with moss and heather, and the trout are jumping merrily.

Here is the third station—Bamford—a capital starting-point for a tramp to Ashopton and the beautiful country called "The Woodlands." Now we pursue the Noe Valley to Hope, the fourth station on the line, which leaves Castleton about two miles to the south-west.

The picture that the carriage window affords is of the massive, grassy slopes of Win Hill and Lose Hill guarding the line to the right, and Mam Tor and the lesser hills, bulking in varied shape, with their outlying valleys and green patches of pasturage, to the left. There is no dale in Derbyshire more beautiful than the Vale of Hope. It is as sweet as its name. There are others more romantic more rugged, more grand; but for pastoral charm it is irresistible. Hope is the station for Castleton—a mile away. Castleton is a name to conjure with. Over its ruined castle Sir

Walter Scott has thrown his magician's wand; while the caverns and mines are nearly as wonderful as the caves in Rider Haggard's stories of adventure. The climax of the scenery is reached at Edale. It is the fifth station on the line. The railway winds by Edale End, down Edale itself, past Edale Chapel and Edale Head.

Of Edale Head let the authorities speak. The late

playing hide-and-peek with the railway. Presently there is a sharp scream from the engine, and we are in the clammy darkness of Cowburn Tunnel. Flakes of fire flutter along the wet walls, and a thousand echoes seem to have been set flying. This tunnel is 3,703 yards long, and the water that was encountered gave the engineers more trouble than the adamantine rock, which was blasted. The tapping of immense mountain



BURBAGE BROOK.

Mr. Louis J. Jennings, M.P., in his "Rambles Among the Hills in the Peak of Derbyshire," is constrained to say of Edale:—

"It is impossible to do justice to the view which charms the eye. It may be doubted whether there is anything finer to be seen in England, for it includes almost everything which goes to form magnificent scenery except water. To the north the lovely Valley of Edale lies spread below, guarded by a range of hills at each end. On the other side is the equally fine Valley of Hope, with heather-covered hills stretching away for many miles. These hills are not, as we all know, as high as the mountains of Switzerland; but they are beautiful in form, and present a very noble and even grand appearance. Fresh from a visit to Switzerland, it seemed to me that I had seen nothing more beautiful and attractive."

On goes the train, with the moss-coloured Noe

reservoirs caused a rush of water which threatened to sweep away the navvies, who became, indeed, "navigators." From February, 1889, to July, 1892, the excavators were at work under Cowburn Hill. In lining the tunnel 20,000,000 bricks and 80,000 tons of stone were used. The ventilating shaft which strikes in the centre of the tunnel is 750 feet deep. This speech of figures excels all "figures of speech." Cowburn belongs to the Mam Tor range of bare grit-stone hills, on which the grass but grudgingly grows. A straight run of a mile brings us to the "fork" at Chinley and Chapel-en-le-Frith, known as the North and South Junction. From the South Junction the line passes over a striking stone viaduct of thirteen arches that almost match the fifteen arches of the viaduct on the main line.

And now our journey over the Dore and Chinley Line is at an end. Have you enjoyed the trip?

EDWARD BRADBURY.

