

Farewell to Kidsley Park¹

KIDSLEY forms the north-east portion of the Parish or Township of Smalley. The highway from Derby to Heanor divides this district into two unequal portions, the smaller of which—the north-eastern—formed the ancient park of the Abbots of Chester. As parks were designed for the preservation of animals of the chase, main roads never passed through them, and so here the highway will be found to define its south-eastern border.

The acute turn of the road at the top of the village without doubt marks its south-western boundary, and the locality of the main entrance is indicated by "Gate" farm, now [1905] held by Mr. David Derbyshire.

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It is said that Queen Elizabeth gave the Manors of Smalley and Kidsley to Henry Sacheverell, father of Jacinth Sacheverell. In 1698 Robert Sacheverell owned a farm at Kidsley, then in the tenure of William Oldknowle, at the rent of £25 14s. od. per annum—undoubtedly the principal farm. As at that time land would let for about five shillings per acre, the rent would indicate a farm about one hundred acres in extent. Kidsley Park Farm about fifty years ago was held by Mr. Daniel Smith, the well-known Quaker. He died January 3rd, 1863, aged 94, and was the last of the Friends who occupied that place. His daughter, relict of the late Mr. William Davis, who died May 7th, 1863,² became the wife of Mr. W. H. Barber, B.A., of Smalley. She was a most accomplished and exemplary lady; the following "Farewell to Kidsley" is from her pen. I shall offer no apology for its insertion. Its sentiments are the overflowings of a large and sympathetic heart enfolding every creature of God, and ever living as under the shadow of His wing:—

Farewell, farewell, thy pathways now by strangers' feet are trod,
And other hands and horses strange henceforth shall turn thy sod.
Yes, other eyes may watch the buds unfolding in the Spring,
And other children round that hearth the coming years may bring,
But mine will be the memory of cares and pleasures there,
Intenser—that no living thing in some of them can share,—
Commencing with the loved and lost, in days of long ago,
When one³ was present on whose head Atlantic breezes blow.
Long years ago he left that roof, and made a home afar—
For that is really only "home" where life's affections are!
How many thoughts came o'er me, for old Kidsley has "a name
And memory"—in the hearts of some not now unknown to fame.

¹ From Charles Kerry's *History of Smalley*, 1905, and notes by Edward Watkins, of Fritchley.

² According to the Friends' Registers, Elizabeth Smith married Joseph Davy, 15 vii. 1830. Joseph Davy, farmer, of Kidsley Park, died in 1856.

³ Her brother William, who early went to America, and became an engineer and inventor of repute.

We dreamt not, in those happy times, that I should be the last
 Alone, to leave my native place—alone, to meet the blast ;—
 I loved each nook and corner there, each leaf and blade of grass,
 Each moonlight shadow on the pond I loved : but let it pass—
 For mine is still the memory that only death can mar ;
 In fancy I shall see it, reflecting every star.
 The graves of buried quadrupeds, affectionate and true,
 Will have the olden sunshine, the same bright morning dew.
 But the birds that sang at even when autumn leaves were sere
 Will miss the crumbs they used to get, in winters long and drear.
 Will the poor down-trodden miss me ? God help them if they do !
 Some manna in the wilderness His goodness guide them to !
 Farewell to those who love me ! I shall bear them still in mind,
 And hope to be remembered by those I left behind :
 Do not forget the aged man—though another fills his place—
 Another, bearing not his name, nor coming of his race.
 His creed might be peculiar ; but there was much of good
 Successors will not imitate, because not understood.
 Two hundred years have come and past since George Fox—first of Friends—
 Established his religion there⁴—which my departure ends.
 Then be it so. God prosper these in basket and in store,
 And make them happy in my place—my dwelling, never more !
 For I may be a wanderer—no roof nor hearthstone mine,⁵
 May light that cometh from above, my resting-place define.
 Gloom hovers o'er the prospect now, but He who was my friend
 In the midst of troubled waters, will see me to the end.

EVA.

Derby, June 6th, 1863.

⁴ George Fox was at Kidsley Park in 1650 and 1654. See *Camb. Jnl.*

⁵ She had lost nearly everything, and had very little left, "after her father and all were dead." It would look as though she were temporarily staying with some friends in Derby as a sort of refugee.

As I understand it, it is the specific mission of Quakerism to propagate a Christianity of a prophetic apostolic type, a Christianity in which the Church is a living fellowship of disciples at work for the social and moral ends of the Kingdom of God. But the Church is not simply, in the Quaker conception, a fellowship of disciples at work for the Kingdom of God ; it is such a fellowship *plus* Jesus Christ Himself, in whose Spirit, the Spirit which unites them one to another and to Him, they become together "one flock, one Shepherd."

WILLIAM C. BRAITHWAITE, B.A., LL.B., in *The Message and Mission of Quakerism*, 1913, Phila. ed., p. 22.