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**DEVON**



# THE SHIRE OF THE SEA KINGS

Its Sunny Shores,

Bracing Moorlands and

Historic Sites.

(SECOND EDITION.)



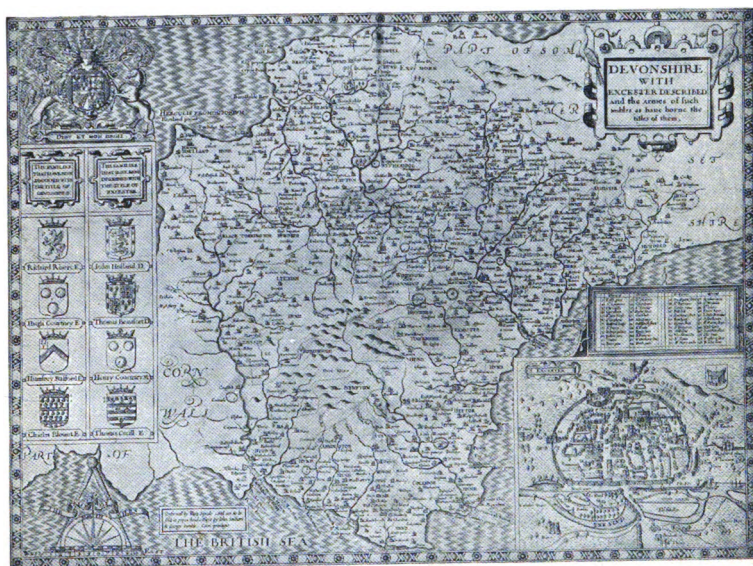


# DEVON.



The Shire of the Sea Kings.

(SECOND EDITION.)



SPEED'S MAP OF DEVON—1611.



Issued by the  
**GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY,**  
PADDINGTON STATION,  
LONDON, W.

October, 1908.

**JAMES C. INGLIS,**  
General Manager.

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NORWICH:  
W. H. STEVENS & SON, PRINTERS,  
BOTOLPH STREET.



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MAP



PORTRAIT OF DRAKE.

By permission of M. Godefroy Mayer, of Paris.



## THE SHIRE OF THE SEA KINGS.

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### Preface.

THE County of Devon may fairly be described as the playground *par excellence* of the West, and that in the most comprehensive sense of the term. Michael Drayton and Thomas Fuller, who wrote both in verse and prose of Devonshire in the seventeenth century, justify the praise they lavished on the subject of their theme, by the existence of a certain "self-containedness" which materially assisted the Devonians to get more enjoyment out of life than the majority of their less favoured neighbours. The men of Devon wove their wool, made their cyder, reaped their rich harvests, and waxed merry over what Herrick, the poet-parson of Dean Prior, terms their "nut brown mirth and russet wit," which appears to have taken the congenial form of a perpetual round of wakes, quintells, morris-dances, shearing feasts, wassail-bowls, harvest homes, mummeries and Christmas revellings. The phenomenal extent of the northern and southern littorals, moreover, greatly favoured the free exportation of home products, as well as the importation, without let or hindrance, of every sort of foreign commodities, many of them luxuries and including possibly a certain amount of contraband. It was from the numerous harbours of Devon that men like Drake, Grenville, Raleigh, Hawkins, Davis, the Gilberts and other hardy and daring "adventurers" set out on the voyages of discovery which were to lay the foundation of that greater Britain which lies beyond the seas, and when England in "the spacious times of Great Elizabeth" was threatened with the dangers of a Spanish invasion, it was Devon that provided

the best equipped ships of the home-fleet, captained by such sturdy Sea Kings as Francis Drake, John Hawkins, and Martin Frobisher. William Browne of Tavistock was born almost before the excitement occasioned by the appearance of the "Invincible Armada" in the Channel had subsided. He is supposed to have died at Ottery in the early days of the Civil War. Browne's admiration for Devonian "self-containedness" exceeded that of his clerical contemporary at Dean Prior. For him a love of the shire of his birth was a second religion, and he only re-echoed the feelings of his heart when he exclaimed in jubilant enthusiasm—

"Hail thou my native soil! thou blessed plot,  
Whose equal all the world affordeth not.  
Show me who can so many crystal rills,  
Such sweet-clothed valleys or aspiring hills;  
Such wood-ground, pastures, quarries, wealthy mines,  
Such rocks in which the diamond fairly shines.  
And if the earth can show the like again,  
Yet will she fail in her sea ruling men.  
Time never can induce men to o'ertake  
The fames of Grenville, Davis, Gilbert, Drake,  
Or worthy Hawkins, or of thousands more  
That by their power made the Devonian shore  
Mock the proud Tagus; for whose richest spoil  
The boasting Spaniard left the Indian soil  
Bankrupt of store, knowing it would quit cost  
By winning this, though all the rest were lost."

For William Browne, at any rate, Devonshire was the "Shire of the Sea Kings" and something more. In all probability he only voiced the opinion of the generation to which he belonged. More than a century-and-a-half passed away before a far greater poet than Browne arrived in Devonshire, and, having pitched his tent at Teignmouth, began to write verses with a lighter hand than the almost forgotten "Bard of the Tavy." John Keats was by descent a west countryman and he gladdened the heart of his friend Haydon, a Devonian to the finger tips, by such tuneful lines as

"For there's Bishop's Teign  
And King's Teign,  
And Coombe at the clear Teign-head—  
Where close by the stream  
You may have your cream  
All spread upon barley bread."

or

"Over the hill and over the dale  
And over the Bourne to Dawlish  
Where ginger-bread wives have a scanty sale  
And ginger-bread nuts are smallish."

By this time the "self-containedness" of Drayton Fuller, and Herrick, had lost most of its pristine importance, and holiday-makers of the better class were already finding their way to the "land of junket and cream," not by reason of the advantages set forth by the old writers, but because they began to realize the fact that no other English county presented so great a variety of climatic conditions and so many different features of natural and historic interest as Devonshire. It is now eighty years since Keats completed "Endymion" while tending a dying brother in a modest Teignmouth lodging house, and the revolution is complete. "Self-containedness" is a thing of the past, and Devonshire is the Mecca of the modern holiday-maker be he or she in quest of health, rest, change, sunshine, amusement, instruction, or sport. The *terra incognita* portrayed by Drayton in his "Polyolbion" as a land of mountains, rocks, and flowing streams (chiefly peopled by musicians and mermaids) is gaining ground in public favour every day, and it is generally recognised that the possibilities of Devonshire as one of the most popular travel-centres of the near future are practically infinite. Exacting indeed must be the intending traveller who cannot find the locality suitable to his or her taste or requirements within the four corners of a county which can offer you at once the mildness of Madeira or Monte Carlo, and the bracing and exhilarating air of the Yorkshire Moors or the heather-clad mountains of Scotland. In "Ever Faithful" Exeter the visitor finds himself at every turn face to face with the visible memorials of an eventful past; he can, at will, conjure up visions of the days when Norman and Saxon, Yorkist and Lancastrian, King and Parliament struggled for the possession of the "Red Mound," and he will assuredly find much to interest him in the glorious cathedral which tells the story of English ecclesiastical architecture for well nigh a thousand years, but he knows full well that both Dartmoor and Exmoor may be easily reached, and that some of the best sea and river fishing, golfing and yachting to be obtained in the United Kingdom are close at hand. In this particular sense the "self-containedness" of Devonshire is as strongly marked as ever. The greater part of the seaside resorts of both North and South Devon are accessible from Exeter, while an hour's journey over the picturesque Exe Valley Line brings you to Dulverton, the favourite trysting place of the angler and the hunters of the wild red deer, which may fairly be described as the southern gate of Exmoor.



The drive thence to Lynmouth through the Barle or Exe Valley is one of surpassing beauty, the hill and river scenery, which characterises the last portion of it, reminding one forcibly of the finest parts of Switzerland. It is hoped that a motor-service from Dulverton to Lynmouth may eventually become a *fait accompli*.

The names of many Devonian watering-places have become household words all over the world, but there are still certain less known spots, both on the Coast and in the Moorlands, which amply merit the attention of holiday-makers and sportsmen. Some of these offer special attractions to the angler and the golfer as well as to the lover of the picturesque. The gradual extension of coach and motor services in several directions is tending to open up health and pleasure-resorts hitherto comparatively unknown, and the inauguration two years ago, of the short route from London, which brings all places west of Taunton more than twenty miles nearer the metropolis, has, doubtless, done much to increase the popularity of Devonshire from the holiday-maker's point of view. It is with this object that "The Shire of the Sea Kings" was added early in 1907 to the series of travel-books issued by the Great Western Railway, whose lines afford rapid and direct communication with every part of the county. Its success can fairly be described as phenomenal. The first issue of 30,000 copies was rapidly exhausted and a second edition was urgently demanded. The pages of this edition, like those of its predecessor, will deal as concisely as may be, not only with the numerous advantages possessed by Exeter and other Devonian travel-centres, but with the best means of carrying out and enjoying an excursion by land, sea or river. A tour in Devonshire may be as long or as short as one desires, but a sojourn in the "Shire of the Sea Kings" if once tried is likely to be often repeated. The endless variety of the attractions it offers obviates the possibility of either weariness or disappointment, but the profit and pleasure afforded by a pilgrimage into Devonshire will be considerably increased by an intelligent study beforehand of such information as will enable the holiday-maker to accomplish his projected tour as conveniently and expeditiously as possible.

# I.—Exeter, the Capital of the West.

## The Ever Faithful City of the Red Mound.

IT is certainly not in any way surprising that at least three generations of British and American travellers have frankly acknowledged the claims of Devonshire's historic capital to rank as one of the pleasantest and most picturesque places of pilgrimage to be found within the length and breadth of the British Isles. In the dim ages which preceded the dawn of Christianity under the Celtic designation of Penhalte Cayre, the Exe and its tributaries already encircled a primitive aggregation of dwellings described by Geoffrey of Monmouth\* "as a city walled and of the



AN OLD MAP OF EXETER.

From a rare Print.

\* "Historic Towns," by Edward A. Freeman, London, 1901, p. 10.

most reputation, worship, defense, and defensible of all these parties.\* The very name it then bore is entirely forgotten but for some fifteen centuries "Isca Damnoniorum, Caer Wisc,\* Exanceaster, Exeter, essentially the same name under all changes, stands distinguished as the one great English city which has, in a more marked way than any other, kept its unbroken being and its unbroken position throughout all ages." No other historian has explained the evolution of Exeter as clearly and concisely as Mr. Freeman, although the average holiday-maker may possibly prefer the lighter and less technical narrative contained in Mr. Baring-Gould's "Book of the West," and Dr. Doran's "Memories of our Great Towns." All three writers approaching the same subject from different points of view, arrive at one and the same opinion as to the exceptional and surpassing interest which "Ever Faithful Exeter" must for all time present to every intelligent member of the great Anglo-Saxon race. "The city," writes Mr. Freeman, "which has sat on its hill as a dwelling-place of men, with an unbroken life of more than eighteen hundred years—the city by the side of which most of the capitals of Europe are things of yesterday—can hardly sink, like some of its fellows, to be a forsaken ruin or a common market-town. . . . The city in which Briton and Englishman have an equal share, the city which has stood so many sieges at the hands of so many enemies—the city which received one William at its eastern gate and the other at its western†—the city which still keeps at least the successors of the wall of Athelstan, the minster of Leofric, the castle of Baldwin, and the Guildhall of Shillingford—such a city as this can never lose its historic charm. A typical English city, alike in its greatness and its practical fall from greatness, but more than an English city in its direct connection with two states of things more ancient than the English name in Britain—the city alike of British, Roman, and Englishman, the one great prize of

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\* In his admirable "Book of the West" (London, 1889), the Rev. S. Baring-Gould thus explains the origin of the time-honoured name of the great cathedral city of the West:—"Exeter, the Isca Dumnoniorum (Freeman gives it as Damnoniorum) of the Romans was the Celtic Caer Wisc; that is to say the Caer or fortress of the Usk. The river name has become Exe; it derives from the Celtic word which signifies water, and which we have in whiskey and usquebaugh, *i.e.* fire water."

† William I. advanced against Exeter from Dorset. William III., having landed at Brixham, reached Exeter from the west, and there issued his famous manifesto to the people of England before proceeding to Sherborne Castle.

the Christian Saxon, the city where Jupiter gave way to Christ but where Christ never gave way to Woden—British Caerwisc, Roman Isca, West-Saxon Exeter, *may well stand first on our roll-call of English cities*. Others can boast of a fuller share of modern greatness; no other can trace up a life so unbroken to so remote a past.”† To only one phrase uttered by Mr. Freeman regarding Exeter, does the present writer very humbly take exception. “*Exeter,*” he tells us, “*is emphatically a city of the past.*” The love and habit of travel have increased by leaps and bounds since the erudite Professor penned these words at Oxford just over twenty years ago. What was then the luxury of the rich is now the heritage of the middle classes and even the privilege of the poor. As one of the most notable



EXETER, FROM THE CANAL.

touring-centres of south-western England, Exeter not only rejoices in a prosperous present, but may look forward confidently to a still more prosperous future.

A little more than a hundred years ago Robert Southey, then Poet Laureate, travelled down, note-book in hand, to Exeter by coach, and placed on record his impression that the place was malodorous as well as ancient. A century and a half before that an Exeter Canon had frankly described it as “one of the nastiest and noy-somest in the land.” A very wide gulf divides the phenomenally

† “Historic Towns,” Exeter pp. 239-40.

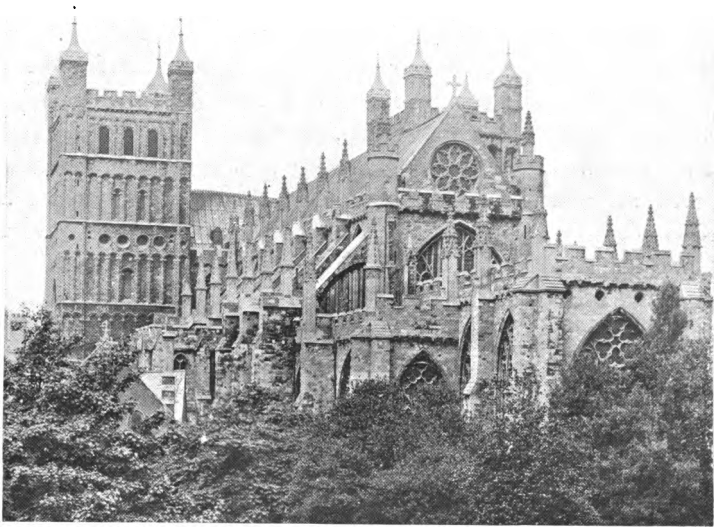
healthy Exeter of to-day, with its low death-rate and up-to-date hygienic improvements, from the unsavoury Exeter Southey denounced and Kellett anathematized. The Corporation of Exeter is one of the oldest in England. Its state-swords were the gifts of Edward IV. and Henry VII., and from the first of our Tudor Sovereigns the City received the much prized cap of maintenance still carried before its chief magistrate. It is a well-ascertained fact that a mayor whose name has not descended to posterity reigned in 1206, and an historic pageant commemorated the seven hundredth anniversary of Exeter's Corporate existence. The earliest city charter extant is one granted by Henry II., but this is mainly a confirmation of existing rights granted by Henry I. It was in 1222 that the rights and immunities of the nineteen parish churches (most of which have survived the vicissitudes of six centuries) were established by ordinance. The majority of our sovereigns have visited the fair city to which Queen Elizabeth gave the proud device *semper fidelis*, henceforth inscribed beneath the civic arms, the supporters of which are "*two pegasus argent, their hooves and mane golde.*" Dr. Doran tells a capital story of the countryman who gravely asserted, "These be the two race horses that rinned upon Haldon wi' names of 'em put under *Scamper and Phillis.*"† Loyalty to the Crown has ever been an honoured tradition in Exeter, and the citizens declined on principle to abandon the righteous cause of York against Lancaster till long after the union of the Roses gave legality to the conjoined two. Queens of England both Regnant and Consort have often by a strange coincidence played a prominent part in Exeter history. Katherine of Arragon came there in the heyday of youth and comeliness, and was entertained at a house adjoining the original church of St. Mary Major. The creaking of the weather-cock disturbed her slumbers, and the offending wind-gage was promptly removed by the obsequious authorities. Queen Elizabeth's fondness for Exeter has already been alluded to, and the distinction she conferred upon it had not altogether lost its novelty, when Queen Henrietta Maria arrived there on the May Day of 1644 and took up her abode at Bedford House, the site of which is now covered by a Georgian crescent. Next day the Chamber or Common Council made

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\* Freeman, p. 59.

† "Memories of our Great Towns," p. 140

her a grant of £200, and six weeks later she gave birth to the daughter who became in after life the beautiful but unfortunate Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans. The child was, in due course, christened "Henrietta Anne" in the Cathedral, the ponderous font of white marble now in use being specially provided for the occasion. "This Exeter Princess," says Dr. Doran, "was subsequently smuggled hence, and ultimately out of the kingdom, by Lady Morton. The lady was disguised as a beggar, the child passed for her son Peter—disguises that were not thrown off till the fugitives reached the other side of the Channel—when a coach and six carried them both to Paris. The little Exeter lady has left a name in history. She was the Henrietta d'Angleterre of French memoirs, the nymph of many swains,



EXETER CATHEDRAL.

the wife of the Duke of Orleans,\* the victim of a poisoned glass of chicory water and the subject of one of the finest funeral orations of Bossuet." Dr. Doran omits to add that a fine full-length picture of the "Exeter Princess" hangs in the now restored and renovated Guildhall, or to tell his readers that no less a celebrity than Thomas

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\* One of the most detestable men of the most debased period of French history.

Fuller, the author of "The Worthies of England,"\* left his Dorset vicarage of Broadwindsor (some thirty odd miles away to the west as the crow flies) for the purpose of becoming chaplain to Lady Dalkeith, "Lady Governesse to Her Highnesse the Princesse Henrietta." To her he dedicated a tiny duodecimo volume, bristling with epigrams, entitled: "Good Thoughts in Bad Times," printed in Exeter (1645), for one Thomas Hunt, and described rightly or wrongly as "the first-fruits of the Exeter Press." Soon after the "Joyful Restoration" of fifteen years later, when, on the 11th May, 1660, three hogsheads of good claret were turned out into the Exeter conduits for the benefit of all and sundry, Fuller published his famous work in which, as might reasonably be foreseen, he found much that was pleasant to say of Devonshire, "a goodly Province, so fruitful that it needs no art, and that Virgil, if now alive, might make additions to the Georgicks." In those days the Exeter Council was busily engaged in voting money and plate galore to the King, the Queen and the "Exeter Princess," and eleven years later the "Merry Monarch," having gone by sea to look at the new citadel at Plymouth, went back by land, and passed one night at the deanery in Exeter on his way. The "ever generous" as well as "ever faithful" city gave him £500 in gold, "which he graciously received, and expressed much favour towards the said city." He also knighted the Mayor, Benjamin Oliver; but "the King's short abode in this city hindered the great conduit at Carfax from emptying herself of an hogshead of wine, which the city had provided in readiness for that purpose, and after his Majesty's departure, made a free disposition thereof for his service." The next year, with more pleasant words to the city, the King sent the large-handed Council the picture of his recently deceased sister "Madame d'Orleans," the "sweet babe" of the troublous times of 1644. Queen Mary loved Exeter because it had opened its gates to her husband, who never tired of paying homage to the beauty of the Devonian littoral. There is no record of Queen Anne's personal feelings towards the "Ever faithful City," but Queen Caroline (George II's clever consort)

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\* In "The Worthies of England" first folio edition, London, 1662, Fuller says quaintly "Henrietta, youngest childe of King Charles and Queen Mary (sic), was born at Bedford House in this City, Anno 1644, on the sixteenth day of June. After her long and sad night of affliction, the day dawn'd with her, in her Brother's happy returne. Since she is married to the Duke of Orleance, I hope that I, once related unto her as a *Chaplain* may ever pray for her, that her soul may be sanctified with true Grace, and she enjoy both the Blessings of this and a Better life."

loved it with all her heart on account of the "English *ortolans*" (wheatears) provided for the Royal table from the Exeter market-stalls. Dr. Doran says: \* "if she (Queen Caroline) could not have got through her agents a dainty dish of these birds to set before the King, and take her full share of, she was almost capable of appearing in Exeter market itself, and buying up the whole supply." In 1789, her grandson George III. came to Exeter, accompanied by Queen Charlotte and the Royal Princesses, and with Madame d'Arblay (then still Fanny Burney) as a member of their suite. One looks vainly in her diary for an account of the celebrated dinner of boiled mutton and turnips, provided "by request" for the delectation of Lord Boringdon's Royal guests at Saltram. Queen Victoria was more than once an honoured guest in Exeter. Exactly fifty years ago (August 15, 1856), she broke her journey from Plymouth to Bristol in order to receive a loyal address from the Mayor (Mr. T. G. Norris) and Corporation. On this occasion † King Edward VII. came for the first time to the "Ever Faithful City," which had in the past identified itself so closely with the fortunes of his ancestors.

The jubilee of Queen Victoria's visit saw Exeter, from the traveller's point of view at any rate, brought considerably nearer London. By the opening of the new short and direct route to the West of England *via* Castle Cary and Langport, Exeter may now be reached from Paddington without a single stoppage in exactly *three hours*, the distance between the two cities being reduced by over twenty miles. One has barely finished luncheon in the restaurant-car attached to the train leaving London at 10:30 a.m., when the wooded slopes of Stoke and the winding course of the Exe remind you that you are approaching the "City of many Waters," the eventful history of which has been faintly outlined in the preceding pages. Anything more than a short sketch is manifestly beyond the scope of the present volume. The names of standard works dealing with the subject from various aspects have already been indicated, and a trustworthy guide has been prepared under the auspices of a Corporation, which is evidently conscious of its responsibility for adopting the view now propounded and not that enunciated by Mr. Freeman as to the present condition and future

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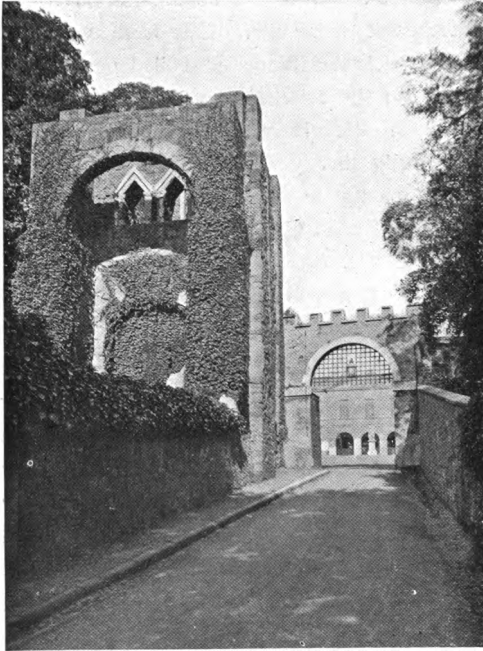
\* "Memories of Our Great Towns," p. 154.

† "Boyhood of a Great King," Harper & Brothers, London and New York, 1906.



possibilities of Exeter. It is, however, necessary to say something, as concisely as may be, of two of Exeter's historic monuments, *viz.*, its Castle and Cathedral.

Exeter owed the existence of the once massive fortress which crowned the Red Mound (doubtless a formidable stronghold in Norman, Briton, Roman and Saxon times) to the initiative of the



ENTRANCE TO ROUGEMONT CASTLE.

William welcomed at her western gate.

The defences which contented Athelstan and Alfred did not satisfy the Conqueror, and the carrying out of the contemplated works, as well as the command of the castle when finished, were entrusted by William I. to Baldwin, the enumeration of whose vast possessions in Devon fills many pages of Domesday Book. In Mr. Freeman's "Exeter" (p. 42) will be found an excellent little map

of the city as it was about A.D. 1080, with the churches of St. Sidwell and St. David without the walls and Rougemont Castle in the northern angle of the defences planned by "Sheriff" Baldwin. In 1331, the fortress, now well-nigh three centuries old, was "seized into the King's hands," and six years later made an appanage of the duchy of Cornwall. In the middle of Edward IV's reign commenced that second series of sieges of Exeter which only terminated in the seventeenth century. Richard III. arrived in Exeter during the month of November 1483, but his coming was not bloodless, although the Mayor welcomed him with all "solemnity and outward

joy." Mr. Freeman tells in a few words the oft-repeated story of "Crook Back" and Rougemont, possibly the most famous and certainly the best known of Exeter's historic anecdotes. "When the King," he writes, "heard the name of Rougemont," he was, in the words of an all but contemporary writer, "suddenly fallen into a great dump, and as it were a man amazed." Shakespeare has made Richard himself tell the tale in more polished words:

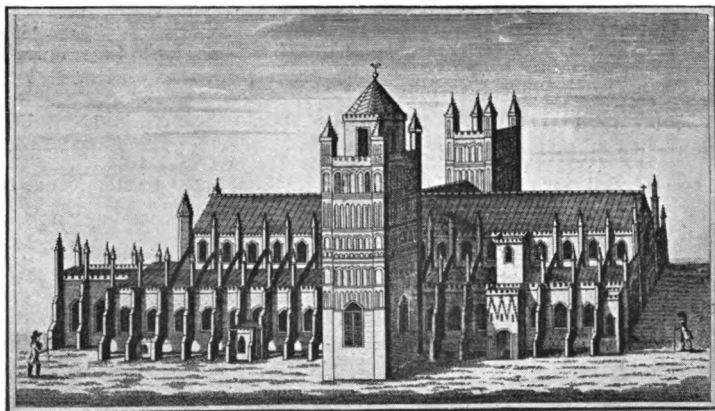
Richmond! when I was last at Exeter,  
The mayor in courtesy showed me the castle,  
And called it Rougemont—at which name I started;  
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,  
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

The soothsaying came true. Richard did not live very long after he saw Rougemont Castle, and he lived a short time indeed after he saw Richmond in the person of its "Earl." After the defeat of Perkin Warbeck, Henry VII. came to Exeter, bringing the captive rebel in his train. It was then that the cap of maintenance and the second sword gladdened the hearts of the Exeter councilmen. Early in James I.'s reign, Rougemont had become a "naked gap," but that fact notwithstanding the city had to encounter the vicissitudes of the Civil Wars. The ruins of Rougemont still possess a certain interest, and Mr. Baring-Gould calls attention to the presence of Anglo-Saxon work, exemplified by herring-bone masonry and windows rudely fashioned without arches.

By far the most useful guide to the Cathedral Church of St. Peter is a little volume of sixty pages written by the Rev. Chancellor Edmonds, who has acted as cicerone to many distinguished visitors. The Chancellor will probably not agree with Mr. Baring-Gould that the impression produced by the stately edifice, now rapidly nearing the thousandth year of its existence, is disappointing because it is built of the "cold and grey" stone of Beer, instead of the warm, red sandstone which contributes so much to the picturesque-ness of so many of the Exeter churches. Mr. Gould also points out that, in adapting the Norman towers to the requirements of transepts, the loftiness of proportion one might have looked for was ruthlessly sacrificed. Be this as it may, one is bound to confess that the interest centred in the "old foundation" of St. Peter, reared by pious and skilful hands on the time-honoured spot for over a thousand years, the heart of Exeter, is of quite an exceptional

character. Few of our English Cathedrals can, like that of Exeter, boast of still possessing the original Charter recording the foundation of the See\*, and both Chancellor Edmonds and Dr. Freeman are evidently disinclined to admit the justice of Mr. Baring-Gould's qualified praise. "Nowhere," says the former, "is there a cathedral of greater originality, of more complete harmony, of more obvious and striking unity." "The church of Exeter," writes Dr. Freeman, "forms a class of itself. As far as details go, no building of its age shows us the taste of that age in greater perfection." Chancellor Edmonds contends with much reason that Exeter Cathedral "does not hold its high place in the hierarchy of churches in virtue of



EXETER CATHEDRAL.

From an old print.

the area of ground which it covers. It does not rank in magnitude with the great cathedral of Wessex, or the greater church of Canterbury, or with Lincoln, or with York. But in originality, in harmony, in unity, it bears comparison with the proudest of them all." Such was also the opinion of the late Archbishop Temple, the fourth son of Devon since the Reformation to guide the destinies of the Shire

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\* In a glass case in the Cathedral Library at Exeter may be seen Edward the Confessor's Charter, by virtue of which the bishop's seat or "stool" was removed at Bishop Leofric's request from Crediton to Exeter. It has the names of the King, of Earl Godwin, of Harold (afterwards King,) who fell at Hastings, of Tostig, of the two Archbishops, of Stigand, of half-a-dozen bishops and abbots, and an equal number of bishops and thanes ("Exeter Cathedral," by Chancellor Edmonds, p. 21).

of the Sea Kings in matters ecclesiastical. To the care of an expert like Chancellor Edmonds one may safely entrust the fame of the great episcopal architect Quivil, whose genius is mainly responsible for all that is striking, quaint and beautiful in the foundation of St. Peter as we see it to-day. With the help of his little book one might almost dispense with the inevitable guide, but visitors to the cathedral are always treated with civility and attention, and the explanations given by the verger in attendance are mainly based on reliable information. Curiously enough, Chancellor Edmonds says nothing in his book of the magnificent *coup d'œil* of the interior which can only be obtained by climbing up a winding staircase of some eighty



EXETER CATHEDRAL—Interior.

steps and looking through the central pane of the glorious east window which can be opened. Then, and possibly then only, one realizes the exquisite beauty of the vaulting of the roofs, the grandeur of the architectural *ensemble*, and the completeness of that delightful harmony of details which will for ever keep green the memory of Bishop Peter Quivil. Nowhere can the exterior be seen to greater advantage than from the garden of the Bishop's Palace, and there is scarcely one of the old houses of the Close which does not

help you to conjure up a vision of what the "heart of Exeter" was, like before a degenerate age sanctioned the abuses which provoked the ire of Robert Southey as he listened to the bells ringing for the victory of Admiral Mitchell over the Franco-Dutch fleet. "Great Peter" (brought by Bishop Courtenay from Llandaff towards the end of the fifteenth century and re-cast in 1676), must surely have been silent on that occasion. The peal of ten bells, now hung in the south tower, is unrivalled both as regards weight and richness of tone. On a calm summer's evening their melodious sounds can be heard for many miles, echoing over the placid waters of the Exe and the broad estuary far away to the south.

The canal which once united the Water Gate of Exeter with the sea below Topsham is said to be the oldest artificial waterway in the United Kingdom. As early as 1563 John Trew, of Glamorgan, superintended the works which ten years later enabled vessels of sixteen tons to bring their cargoes up to Exeter quay. At this time Devonshire had a great reputation for the manufacture of what was called Spanish cloth, which the Exeter merchants were only allowed to export if it was made in the county and purchased in Exeter market. At one time no less than £3,000 worth of serges was produced weekly. The natural enemy of the exporter was the feudal earl, lord of both banks of the Exe, who, when the City refused to pay the toll levied on its ships, had recourse to the expedient of throwing trees into the river which effectually impeded navigation. The extortions thus attempted were little less dreaded than the rapacity of the Barbary Rovers and the terror of the Press Gang. Even in 1285 disputes as to market tolls also interfered with the free navigation of the Exe. It was a question of this kind which induced Isabella de Fortibus, Countess of Devon, to construct weirs across the river, and a similar controversy a short time later ended in the Earl of Devon barring the passage of the stream by building a "keil" at Topsham, which compelled all vessels to lade and unlade there. The Exeter Canal remains to this day a monument of the indomitable courage and perseverance of the citizens. The Mayor's boat took part in the aquatic pageants on the Exe during the thirteenth century. The question of excursions on the canal will be spoken of in the chapter dealing with Exeter as a travel-centre.

Lord Macaulay has said that "a people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of its remote ancestors, will never achieve

anything worthy to be remembered by its remote descendants." Those who realise the truth of this dictum will find something to interest them at almost every step they take in the "Ever Faithful City." It is to be sincerely deplored that the five historic gates of Exeter have one by one succumbed to the well-meant enthusiasm of the municipal reformer. Six years before George III. visited Exeter in 1789, the East Gate, which had been rebuilt for the fourth time three centuries previously, finally disappeared. From the time of Alfred the Great downwards, at least twenty Kings of England had entered Exeter through the archway, flanked by two huge circular towers built of the red Heavitree grit stone. The foundations of one of these towers or of an even earlier building still exist in the neighbourhood of the East Gate Arcade, facing High Street. The West Gate, through which William of Orange entered Exeter, has disappeared, but the "spindle" of the hinge can still be seen in the wall adjoining the old gate-house. The archway of the Water Gate, specially connected with commerce, can still be traced, but the North Gate, which figured conspicuously in the conflict with Perkin Warbeck, and the South Gate, with its towers, debtors' prison and church, which witnessed many remarkable events, including the imposing entry of Henry VII. into the Devonian capital, has long since vanished.

A great number of churches, chapels, and other historic buildings have been removed, but the traveller interested in ecclesiology and architecture would do well to visit in the course of his peregrinations the ancient churches of St. Mary Arches, St. Olave, St. Pancras, St. Mary Steps, and others; the College Hall of the priest vicars; the Tuckers', Weavers' and Fullers' Hall; Bampfylde House (the town residence of the Poltimores); the archway and door of the house in the Close, formerly occupied by the Abbot of Buckfast; and above all, the venerable Guildhall where at least six English sovereigns have been entertained. The Bishop's Falace and Deanery both merit attention, and it is much to be regretted that no steps have yet been taken to indicate by tablets the position of the most notable sites connected with the annals of Exeter. This omission has been partially remedied by the erection of suitable tablets marking the sites of the demolished West and East Gates. The latter, which from the time of the Romans formed the chief place of entrance to Exeter, both from the North and East of England. It was at this point

that no less than five Roman roads converged, including the two great "streets" known as the Iknield and Fosse ways.

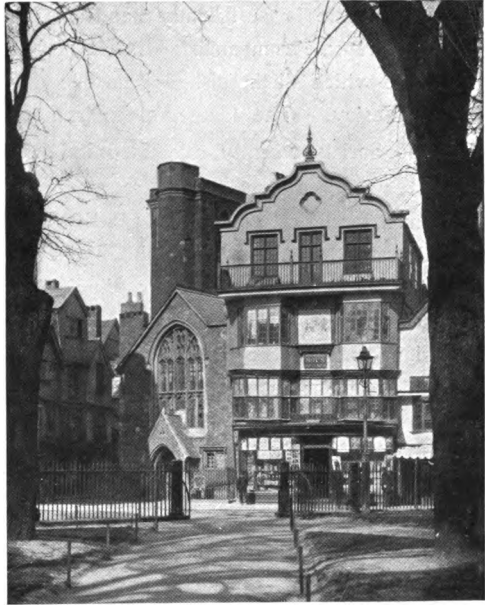
Very few of the ancient inns of Exeter now remain. As early as 1471 mention is made in the City archives of "Le Egle," opposite the Guildhall, where the cloth market was also held. Another notable hostelry was the "New Inn," belonging to the Corporation, which for three centuries attracted woollen merchants from all parts of the country. The judges of Assize lodged here (including Jeffreys) up till the year prior to Queen Victoria's accession, and the magnificent "Apollo Room," for many years one of the sights of Exeter, was the scene of many municipal and other festivities. It was at the "Seven Stars" that George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, wrote his journal in the year 1657.



EXETER GUILDHALL.

The "New London Inn," the great coaching centre of the epoch when the poet Southey visited Exeter, where no less than seventy coaches used to halt in the course of the day, still continues to maintain its pristine popularity. It was from the "New London Inn" that Sir Hudson Lowe, then a youthful subaltern in a Devonshire regiment, dated one of his letters in 1784. At that time the journey to London occupied at least thirty-six hours. It was not till many years later that the "Quicksilver" and the "Defiance" contrived to accomplish it in twelve hours less. When George III. came to Exeter

the "Royal Clarence Hotel," in the Cathedral yard was managed by a clever Frenchman named Peter Berlon. Thirty years later it passed into the possession of Samuel Foote, whose daughter Maria, the celebrated actress, subsequently became Countess of Harrington. In 1817 Foote had the honour of welcoming the Grand Duke Nicholas, afterwards Emperor of Russia. When Lord Nelson came to Exeter in 1801, the "Clarence" was known as "The Hotel," and it was only in June, 1827, that the presence of the Duchess of Clarence, afterwards Queen Adelaide, on her way to join her husband at Plymouth, gave it its present designation. Close to the "Clarence" is the old Elizabethan building formerly known as Mol's coffee house, and the still more ancient mediæval church of St. Martin.



MOL'S COFFEE HOUSE.

As you traverse the highways and byways of Exeter, notwithstanding the fact that the electric tramway has now invaded the sacred High Street, there are many quaint figures and curious nooks and corners to remind one of the time when old-world Exeter revelled in the possession of its Midsummer Watch, its City Waits, its Canon Bread, its Mayor of the Bull-ring, and a dozen other time-honoured customs now fallen into desuetude. Exeter of to-day possesses first-rate golf links, a beautiful cricket ground and many other attractions suitable to the exigencies of the twentieth century. The Royal Albert Memorial, University College, Library and Museum in Queen Street are entitled to rank amongst the finest and most inter-



esting institutions of the kind in the United Kingdom, and it is hoped that they will in the near future form the nucleus of an Exeter University.

The play-house in which Kemble, Siddons, and Edmund Kean performed was burnt down eighty-five years ago, and a similar fate overtook the building which replaced it on another site. The present Exeter Theatre is sufficiently handsome and commodious, and often attracts first-rate companies. Exeter is still characterized by that love of music which distinguished it in the days of William Jackson and S. S. Wesley. The Cathedral choir is always a good one, and the Oratorio Society recently celebrated its diamond jubilee.

It would occupy an entire page to enumerate the celebrated statesmen, ecclesiastics, scientists, artists, and men of letters who have hailed from the "Ever Faithful City." Suffice it to say that Exeter is the birthplace of one cardinal, one archbishop, one Lord Chancellor, and three Lord Chief Justices, to say nothing of such illustrious men as Stephen Langton, Miles Coverdale, Thomas Bodley, Richard Hooker and Nicholas Hilliard. If the old industries have ceased to exist others have taken their place, and the Exeter of to-day wears an unmistakable air of present prosperity. Those who are mainly responsible for its future are well aware that nothing can be more conducive to its well-being than the careful preservation of those ancient landmarks, many of which are far older than the time when Queen Elizabeth gave Exeter its oft-quoted motto and uttered the historic words "The Gentlemen of Devon are all born Courtiers and with a becoming confidence." The Exeter Chamber of Commerce is quite alive to the necessity of action in this direction and its present efforts are devoted to the commemoration of past glories, as well as to the promotion of commercial education and the improvement of the historic waterway so essential to the best interests of the City from a business point of view.

## II.—Exeter as a Travel-centre and Mid-Devon.

ITS central position as regards sea, river, railway and moorland makes Exeter one of those places in which holiday-makers of all classes delight to tarry. As the capital of a county should do, the chief-town of Devonshire commands still, as it did in far-off Roman times, the highways to all that is important and interesting either in the interior of the "Shire of the Sea Kings," or on its northern and southern shores. The country immediately surrounding Exeter is typical of much that is beautiful and striking in the Devonian landscape. To the north the verdant Exe Valley (beloved of fishermen) stretches in almost a direct line to Dulverton and the uplands of Exmoor, the haunt of the red-deer and the home of those quaint specimens of humanity described in the novels of R. D. Blackmore. Southwards lies Topsham, the trysting-place of the hardy adventurers of Elizabethan times, and the fruitful plain through which both the Exe, and the water-way which follows its course at a



OTTERY ST. MARY PRIORY CHURCH.  
From an Old Engraving.

respectful distance, find their way to the English Channel. Going west, railroad and highway alike take you in the direction of Plymouth, half-a-dozen notable pleasure-resorts, Dartmoor, and last, but not least, the far too little known district of the South Hams, where three or four watering-places are rapidly growing in public favour. Eastward lies a champaign country, rich in luxuriant orchards, stately mansions and glorious churches, like those of Ottery St. Mary and the Clysts. Cyder has, from time immemorial, been the popular drink of the men of Devon and the pride of the Devonian fruit-grower. Just as the Sussex house-wife of a century ago rejoiced in the brightness of her pewter, so the better-half of a Devonshire farmer took delight in the number and variety of her cyder mugs. Nothing possibly since William of Orange landed in Torbay caused so much commotion as the cyder-tax imposed by Lord Bute shortly after the accession of George III. The outcry raised in Devonshire was as that of one man. Broad-sides, containing caricatures and verses, were sold from house to house. These are now very rare, but strangely characteristic is that entitled "The Scotch Yoke or English Resentment," with the lines—

"In vain you have conquer'd, my brave Hearts of Oak,  
Your Laurels, your Conquests, are all but a Yoke;  
Let a rascally Peace serve to open your Eyes  
And the damnable scheme of a Cyder-Excise.  
Come on then, my Lads, who have fought and have bled,  
A tax may, perhaps, soon be laid on your bread;  
Ye natives of Worc'ster and Devon arise  
And strike at the Root of the Cyder-Excise."

Scarcely less curious is "The Tyburn Interview, a New Song by a Merchant of South Hams, Devonshire," of which the following verse may be taken as a specimen:—

"Ah! hapless Old England, no longer be merry  
Since Bute has thus tax'd your Beer, Cyder and Perry;  
Look sullen and sad; for now this is done  
No doubt, in short time they'll tax Laughing and Fun."

The clamour of the Cornishmen seventy-five years earlier had saved Trelawny, and the just irritation of united Devonshire made itself felt in the Councils of 1763. The obnoxious impost was soon repealed and peace once again prevailed throughout the "Shire of the Sea Kings."

The popularity of Devonshire as a holiday-haunt dates from the later years of the eighteenth century, when the coach proprietors "under great provocation," or in other words urged to greater efficiency

by the force of that public opinion which had proved so useful to the cyder-makers of the Clysts, the South Hams and the Dart Valley, had commenced providing better cattle and more comfortable vehicles as well as arranging for an acceleration of speed. Southey's visit to Exeter in 1799 has already been alluded to. Two years later Charles Dibdin followed his example and letter xxiii. of his "Observations on a Tour throughout almost the whole of England," is devoted to Devonshire. As for the roads they were far and away the worst which the genial Laureate of the Navy had ever encountered, but his praise of everything he saw was as lavish as the most loyal Devonian could possibly desire. Three years before Southey had emphasized the long since forgotten defects of Exeter sanitation, Woodward, the caricaturist, had traversed the native county of his brother satirist Dr. Wolcot ("Peter Pindar") from end to end. The practical outcome of his wanderings was his "Eccentric Excursions," a copy of which, with the hundred charming colour-prints complete, now realizes a very considerable sum. Although inclined to poke fun at the "inhabitants," he assures his readers that "Exeter has, from time immemorial, held a distinguished situation in the island, as a city of great antiquity, probity, and respectability. The buildings may be ranked under the heads of substantial and durable. Land's 'London Inn,' is the principal place of accommodation for travellers." Like Dibdin he anathematizes the roads and pokes great fun at the "corporators" of a certain town, who had just immortalized themselves by burning a portrait of the King, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, during the illuminations in honour of Lord Howe's great victory. Woodward's sketch of the road to Dartmoor, now reproduced, illustrates the Devonian love of cyder as well as the changes which have taken place since he made it. The roads of Devon are now irreproachable and they have done much to popularize Exeter and the whole of the county with motorists. A week's touring (with Exeter as a centre) will enable the modern holiday-maker to see more of Devonshire, than Woodward, Southey and Dibdin contrived to do during their much more prolonged wanderings.

By enquiry at most of the leading hotels or by consulting one of the local guide books the holiday-maker who wisely decides to select Exeter as his first travel-centre as far as Devonshire is concerned will ascertain the almost inexhaustible number of drives, cycling expeditions, and pedestrian excursions, which can be undertaken

with a maximum of enjoyment and at a minimum of fatigue and cost. The following drives by coach or otherwise are generally recommended to visitors, viz.:—Through Kennford to Chudleigh, where the famous Chudleigh Rocks are well worthy of exploration; a circular tour to Budleigh Salterton, passing over Woodbury Common, *viâ* Yettington to East Budleigh and returning by way of Winslade Park; Tiverton, *viâ* Bickleigh and the beautiful Valley of the Exe; Newton St. Cyres, by way of Crediton, Shobrooke Park, Thorverton, Culme John, and Poltimore Park; Dawlish, journeying over Haldon, through the Black Forest, and returning by way of Starcross,



THE ROAD TO DARTMOOR.

From an Old Engraving.

Kenton, &c.; Maryclist and Half-way House, Aylesbeare, Woodbury Castle, Marley and Bystock to Exmouth, returning through Lymptone and Topsham; over Pennsylvania Hill to Killerton, Broadclyst, Honiton, Clyst and Bishop's Court. A short circular tour by railway and steamboat has been arranged for, which enables the traveller to leave Exeter in the morning and after reaching Totnes to proceed down the Dart to Dartmouth by steamer and home by rail *viâ* Torquay.

Of the motoring tours which can conveniently be carried out while making Exeter a centre, the most noteworthy is that of Exeter to Okehampton and Moretonhampstead, returning by way of Dunsford and Long Down, which enables the traveller to see during a drive of little over forty miles some of the finest Dartmoor scenery. Very little longer and almost equally enjoyable is the round from Exeter to Exmouth, Budleigh Salterton, Sidmouth and Ottery St. Mary,

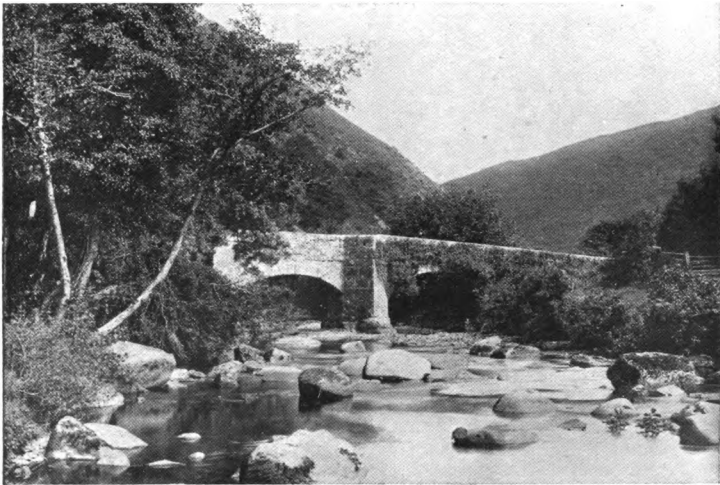


BUDLEIGH SALTERTON.

returning home by way of Honiton. Good motors for the day or week may be hired at Exeter and their owners will readily give every information as to routes.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould in the chapter he devotes to Exeter in the Devon volume of his "Book of the West," impresses on all visitors to Exeter, and on antiquarians and ecclesiologists in particular, the necessity of seeing the magnificent church at Ottery St. Mary, where both Lord Coleridge, the late Lord Chief Justice of England, and his father are buried. Mr. Gould is of opinion that this beautiful edifice gave the "original type" to Exeter Cathedral, for here also there was a beginning in the early English style and the towers have been used as transepts. The author of "The Book of the West" also

informs his readers that "a beautiful excursion may be made from Exeter to Fingle Bridge on the Teign, where the river winds between the hills densely wooded with coppice, that close in on each other like the fangs of a rat-trap. With this may be combined Shilstone Cromlech, the sole perfect specimen of the kind remaining in the county, and once but a single member in a series of very remarkable monuments. The Teign is frowned down on by several strongly fortified camps. Fingle should be seen when the hills are clothed in flowering heather, as though raspberry cream had been spilt over them.



FINGLE BRIDGE.

White heather may be picked there. Fulford House is a quadrangle in a sad state of dilapidation; originally of Tudor architecture, but disfigured by bad alterations in the Prince Regent's days, when Cockney Gothic was in vogue. In the house is a bad portrait of the 'Royal Martyr,' presented by Charles II., and one of 'Red Ruin,' a spendthrift Fulford. In the Hall is some superb carved panelling, early Tudor."

Mr. Gould is quite right when he speaks of Exeter as a unique centre for ecclesiological excursions. As a matter of fact there is scarcely a village church in the whole countryside which does not possess some quaint or beautiful feature of antiquarian interest. Mr. Gould mentions the exquisite carving on the oak rood screen

and pulpit of Kenton, as well as the carefully-restored screen at Dunchideock and those of Plymtree and Bradninch. That at Plymtree bears contemporary portraits of Prince Arthur, the son of the sovereign who gave Exeter its second Sword of State and Cap of Maintenance, together with that of Cardinal Morton. The Bradninch screen has, by way of ornamentation, paintings of the Sibyls, the Doctors of the Church, and of the legend of St. Francis. The church at Pinhoe, the scene of a great battle with the Danes fought 905 years ago, possesses an elaborately-coloured screen with vaulting-



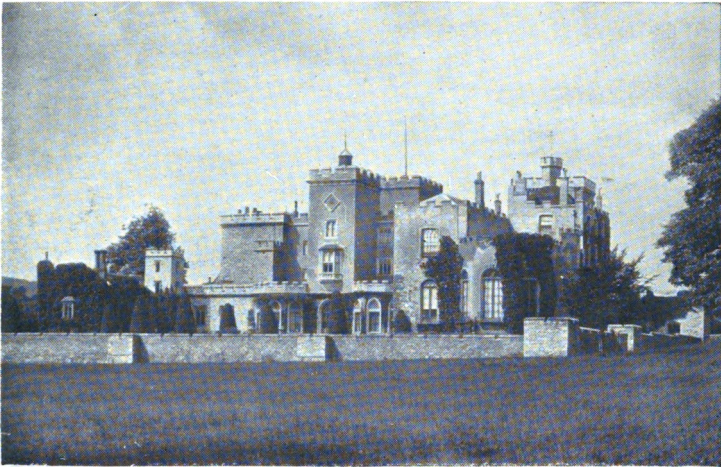
SHILSTONE CROMLECH.

ribs and gallery. At Pinhoe may also be seen a most curious mediæval alms-box representing a serving-man supporting himself with a stick in one hand, while the other is extended in the act of solicitation. Sculptured bench-ends also form a characteristic feature in most Devon churches. At East Budleigh there is one with the date 1534, in which a cook is depicted in the act of roasting a goose. Mr. Gould also alludes to the screen at Littleham, but he omits all mention of that at Brushford near Dulverton, which is not only handsome but has fortunately escaped the perils of the injudicious



restorer. To those who delight in these interesting memorials of the past, Exeter and its neighbourhood will assuredly prove a happy hunting ground.

There are few places in England where the sportsman, be he golfer, oarsman, cricketer, or football player, has greater opportunities than in "ever-faithful" Exeter, in the vicinity of which several packs of hounds meet during the hunting season. The angler will also rejoice to hear of the splendid opportunities which await him both on the Exe and the Culm. Within easy distance of the City, the river yields salmon and trout fishing considerably above



POWDERHAM CASTLE.

the average, while the canal already alluded to can boast of a fine stretch of coarse fishing, which is nominally free, as tickets for the whole season, that is from the 15th of June to the 15th of March, may be easily obtained at the Town Clerk's office. Carp, perch, roach, tench and pike are all sufficiently numerous, and the angler-tourist may confidently look forward to some good sport during his holiday at Exeter.

The distance from the site of the old Water Gate at Exeter to Turf is about seven miles, and the journey by water both to and from Exeter, either early in the morning or in the cool of a summer evening, is one not likely to be soon forgotten. The quaint Georgian houses

inhabited by the lock-keepers remind you of the days when the Barings and other merchant princes of Exeter used to go to and fro bent on business or pleasure. On the one side you see the ruddy cliffs of Exminster and on the other the old-world houses of Topsham, while the Countess Weir Bridge across the Exe recalls the old story of the famous quarrel between Isabella de Fortibus and the Exeter citizens. There is no difficulty in finding a weighty motive which amply justifies a trip to Turf, for which on most reasonable terms it is possible to secure the use of the Civic barge of the ancient Corporation which received its first Charter eight hundred years ago.



TURF, NEAR EXETER.

Looking northwards at the dim outline of Exeter Cathedral crowning majestically the "Red Mound," your sympathies are with the local poet who sung—

"Towards the end of leafy June  
 When city pavements seem aglow,  
 What joy on a sultry afternoon  
 Down the old canal to row;  
 Slowly fade St. Peter's towers,  
 Whilst all around us spreads the glade,  
 Refreshing herbage and sweet flowers,  
 And stately elms with cooling shade."

At Turf one is able to procure whitebait such as would provoke enthusiasm in the most jaded epicure. An improvised breakfast,

dinner or supper there are things not easily to forget, and while enjoying an *al fresco* meal you can see on one side Nutwell Court, the modern home of the Drakes, and on the other Powderham Castle, the still more ancient abode of the Courtenays, and in the far distance, Mamhead, the seat of Sir Robert Newman. These three great houses are all half hidden by the elm groves which surround them. Powderham should, if possible, be visited by all pilgrims to the west, and at Mamhead is preserved some of the finest of the handiwork of Grinling Gibbons. Amongst the treasures at Nutwell Court is Zuccherò's portrait of Sir Francis Drake, as well as the cups which a grateful Queen of England sent, after his voyage round the world, as a gift to the greatest of Devonshire's Sea-Kings.

### III.—Torquay and the Sunny Shores of South Devon.

Dawlish—Teignmouth—Paignton—Brixham.

“IT is beautiful. It reminds me of Porto Ferrajo. I should delight to live there.” It was in some such words as these that Napoleon, as he stood on the quarter-deck of the *Bellerophon*, ninety-three summers ago, expressed his heartfelt admiration of the tree-clad shores upon which he vainly hoped to land. Since then his words have found an echo, not only in the journal of the greatest of England’s Queens, but in the letters of politicians,



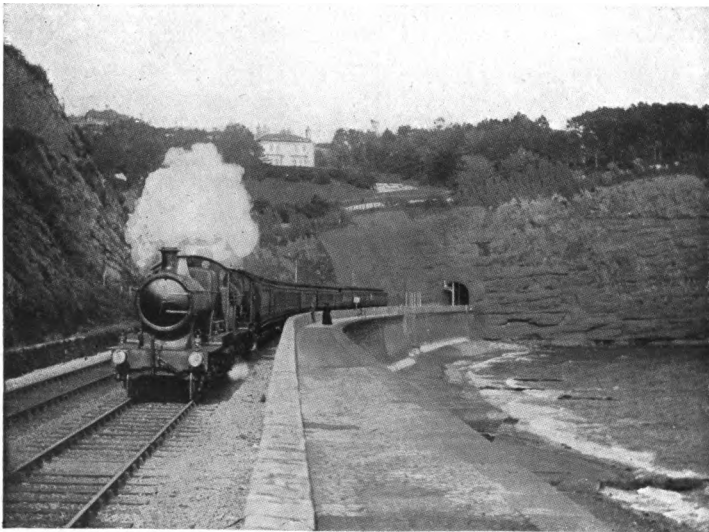
DAWLISH.

the opinions of physicians, the essays of philosophers and the verses of poets. Even the every-day traveller, who is neither politician, physician, philosopher or poet, will not readily forget the first impression of that marvellous symphony in dazzling whites, deep blues, bright greens and dull reds which he first gazed at with appreciative eyes from one of the steamers plying between Exmouth and the Dart.

One must look at the wooded cliffs and golden sands of South Devon from the sea to fully realize the meaning of the praises lavished on them by the fallen despot, when their strange fascination made him forget for an instant his past misfortunes and present anxieties. It is, however, by the coast-railway, which reminds one so forcibly of the line between Nice and Genoa, that the great majority of holiday-makers descend upon one or other of the watering-places of the Devonian littoral.

**Starcross**, the name of which comes from its connection with the Bishops of Sherborne, may be said almost literally to be within sight of Exeter. The ferry to Exmouth on the other side of the estuary was once in charge of these practical ecclesiastics. On the further side of Starcross a sandy "spit" or promontory appears actually to touch Exmouth but in reality it leaves a navigable passage of nearly three-quarters-of-a-mile in breadth. This is known as the Warren, a favourite holiday-haunt of picnickers, shell collectors, and golfers.

**Dawlish**, remarkable for its open green spaces and attractive lawns, has enlarged its borders very considerably since John Keats arrived there "over the hill" from Teignmouth, and wrote depreciatively of the condition of its gingerbread nut stalls, and stall-keepers



GREAT WESTERN EXPRESS  
BY SEA WALL BETWEEN DAWLISH AND TEIGNMOUTH.

at the Easter Monday Fair. Some years before that, the rising watering-place had welcomed another celebrated literary visitor. Jane Austen came there, presumably from "Lyme-of-the-King," and in "Sense and Sensibility" one reads that "it seemed rather surprising that anybody could live in Devonshire without living near Dawlish." It is clear that even a century ago the "snug resort" loomed large in the minds of persons comparatively little acquainted with the county. The view from Lee Mount is a charming one, and Dawlish has a *clientèle* of its own amongst those with whom bathing facilities and the opportunity for long walks are matters of primary consideration.



THE DEN, TEIGNMOUTH.

Teignmouth, two miles westward of Dawlish, has enjoyed more than a century of unbroken popularity. Fanny Burney came there to recruit, after throwing off the cares of Court life, and gave the place an excellent character. John Keats joined his dying brother there in March 1818, and holiday-makers, who care for such things, will be interested to know that the house they lodged in is now numbered 35, The Strand\*. At the time of Keats's visit, Winthrop Mackworth Praed, another poet who owned some of his happiest in-

\* "Literary Rambles in the West of England," by Arthur I. Salmon, London, 1906.

spirations to Teignmouth, was just sixteen. He was born at Bitton House, overlooking the Teign, in 1802, but evil times have fallen on his beautiful birthplace, now almost entirely built over. Although Teignmouth is up-to-date in every sense of the term, a number of quaint nooks and queer names proclaim the fact that Teignmouth has a past as well as both a present and a future. One of its thoroughfares is called French Street, probably because our traditional adversaries burnt it in 1340 and again in 1690. "Tegntun" was but a cluster of fishermen's huts when the Danes took it in 1001. The last attack on Teignmouth did no good to the cause of the exiled Stuarts and helped very materially to consolidate the position of William III. Keats soundly abused the rain, but nevertheless gladdened the heart of his friend Haydon with the truly Devonian lyric:—

"Where be you going, you Devon maid,  
And what have ye there in the basket?  
Ye tigh little fairy, just fresh from the dairy,  
Will ye give me some cream if I ask it?  
I love your hills and I love your dales,  
And I love your flocks a-bleating—  
But O, on the heather to lie together  
With both our hearts a-beating."

The painter took the complaints about the weather a little too seriously and replied, "Stay till the summer, and then look into its deep blue sky, and lush grass, and tawny banks, and silver bubbling rivers. You must not leave Devonshire without seeing some of its wild scenery, rocky, mossy, craggy, with roaring streams, and as clear as crystal—it will do your mind good." Possibly these words gave Keats the encouragement which enabled him, a few days later, to send the last pages of "Endymion" to the printers. A recent writer describes very concisely and, at the same time very fairly, the "attractions" of the town, about the merits of which Keats, the poet, and Haydon, the painter, had apparently many a hot argument:— "Teignmouth is sheltered from all keen winds by the hills. Its climate is equable, and its temperature cool in summer and warm in winter. Its coolness in summer is helped by the moorland breezes that come down the valley of the Teign, which is tidal to Newton Abbot, and is much used for boating, and for charming excursions to many pretty places on its banks. The heights of Haldon, behind the town, afford splendid opportunity for rambles of a refreshing and enjoyable character, and over it coaching excursions are made to places further afield. Teignmouth, by reason of good railway

arrangements, is within easy reach of Dartmoor and its moorside villages and towns. Steamers call here every day in the summer for trips to places up and down the coast. Summer outdoor recreations are popular, and there are clubs for croquet, lawn tennis, cricket, &c., as well as sailing clubs which hold periodical race meetings. The beach at Teignmouth is very fine for bathing. Water polo is a strong feature in aquatic sports, the town team proving almost invincible. Golf may be played on the Warren. Good fly fishing can be had in the neighbourhood, and salt water fishing produces good catches.\* Some of Keats's "climbs" and rambles took him towards Torquay, then only a pleasant village.



THE BEACH, TEIGNMOUTH.

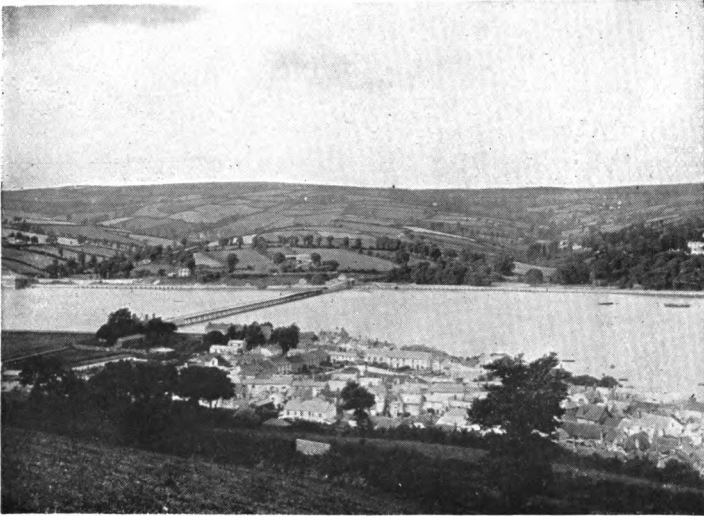
Before he left Devonshire he had written home enthusiastically of "lanes banked on either side with store of primroses." From Hampstead he wrote to his friend Mrs. Jeffreys, "I suppose Teignmouth and the *contagious* country is now quite remarkable; you might praise it I dare say in the manner of a grammatical exercise; *the trees are full; the Den is crowded; the boats are sailing; the music is playing.*" It is evident that the Teignmouthians took life gaily even in those far-off times, and there was unquestionably much tenderness in the poet's memories of the place where he completed

\* "Devonia," August, 1905.



"Endymion" and wrote the greater part of "Isabella," for some time later he praised Scotland by saying that the country was "very rich, very fine, and with a little of Devon." Teignmouth can boast of its painters as well as its poets. The two Condys, father and son, made the scenery of the Teign the subjects of some of their happiest efforts. Thomas Luny (1759-1837) one of the most accurate and prolific of British marine painters, once himself a sailor, settled in Teignmouth, where he built the house in Teign Street which still bears his name.

In addition to the natural attractions of the "Den" (Teignmouth's delightful promenade) and the "Ness" (the bold headland



SHALDON BRIDGE.

across the river), it must not be forgotten that the town is united to the charming suburb of Shaldon by the longest wooden bridge in England. Here you can enjoy some of those delightful river views which Luny and the Condys loved to paint, and the walk to the "Labrador" strawberry gardens along the coast on the way to Torquay is an experience which should on no account be omitted. On the Teignmouth side of the river you have Bishopsteignton with its fine fifteenth century church. Exactly opposite (across the Teign) stands out prominently Coombe Cellars, the subject of one of the younger Condys pleasantest pictures. It was at Coombe Cellars that

Mr. Baring-Gould laid the scene of his charming Devonshire idyll "Kitty Alone," but now-a-days it is chiefly celebrated for the excellence of its junkets, cream and cockles.

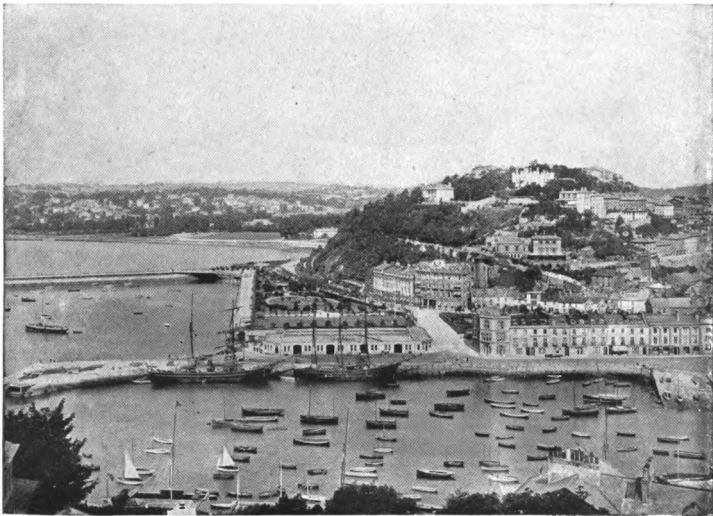
Torquay may fairly be described as the brightest jewel in the crown of Torbay, and the capital of the Devonian Riviera. The first impression of its singular beauty and picturesqueness is confirmed and strengthened every day one stays there. There is nothing quite like Torquay to be found in England. Porto Ferrajo, to which Napoleon compared this portion of the Devon littoral, has long since been thrown into the shade by the handsome town which has arisen



TORQUAY, FROM ROCK WALK.

amidst an unrivalled luxuriance of foliage on the slopes which shelter it almost entirely from every adverse climatic influence. Amongst these woods are many miles of walks and drives. To look upon Torquay as a winter health-resort, pure and simple, is entirely erroneous. Like other places on the South Devon coast, it is as cool in summer as it is warm in winter, and very few British seaside resorts are characterized by a greater equability of temperature than that of which Sir Walter Besant speaks as *the most lovely town in England*. "Whenever any sunshine visits these islands," he writes, "it is found at Torquay; *the coast is charming and delightful in winter as well as in the*

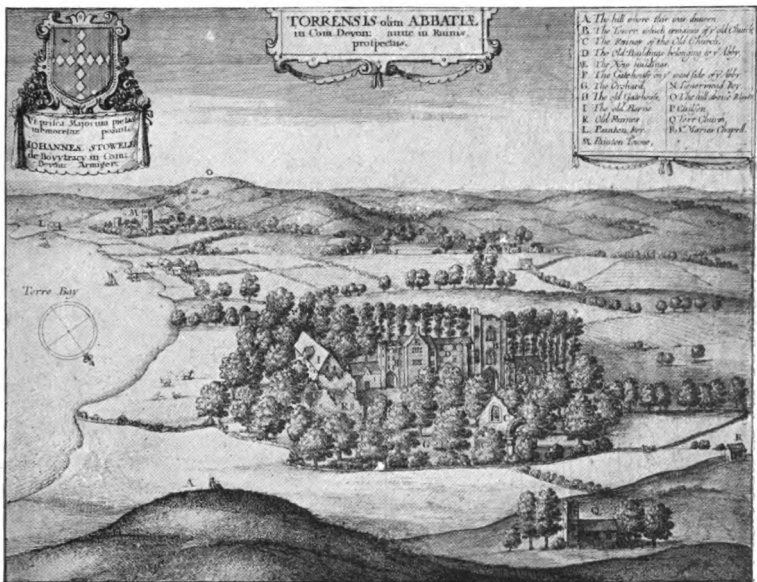
*summer.* The climate is as pleasant as that of the Riviera, and it is not so weary a journey to get there. *Five hours on the smoothest line in England, in a corridor carriage, will take the Londoner to Torquay.* For my own part I have found the place delightful in winter, whether one walks, or drives, or sits under the cliffs in the sun, every breath brings back health." It must be remembered that more recent arrangements and the inauguration of the Castle Cary and Langport route have brought Torquay within *four* instead of five hours of London. "Week-ends" in Devonshire are no longer as difficult as Sir Walter Besant imagined when the traveller reflects that one can leave London



TORQUAY—THE HARBOUR.

just before noon and be amongst the Torquay dracena avenues at 3:40 p.m., while by leaving Torquay at 9 a.m. you reach Paddington in time for lunch. The Duke of Argyle is credited with the kindly epigram that "the sole industry of Torquay is the manufacture of health." Nature has been exceptionally bountiful in her dealings with the Queen of Devonshire's watering-places, and a far-seeing Corporation has endowed her with a perfect system of sanitation, an unlimited supply of the purest water, and a bathing establishment on the most improved continental lines, but Torquay is something more than one vast and beautiful Sanatorium. It is pre-eminently a place where the

ordinary traveller and holiday-maker can obtain with very little cost and fatigue an amount of pleasurable enjoyment which he does not appreciate the less because it comes to him while experiencing the benefits of the balmiest and most recuperative of climates, and an environment which includes those three great desiderata, purity of soil, purity of water, and purity of air. Dullness is unknown at Torquay, where the diversions of the winter Season, which extends from October to Easter, are immediately followed by those of the summer, completing, as it were, the whole of the year's programme. Hotel accommodation at Torquay is exceptionally good, and an excellent guide has been

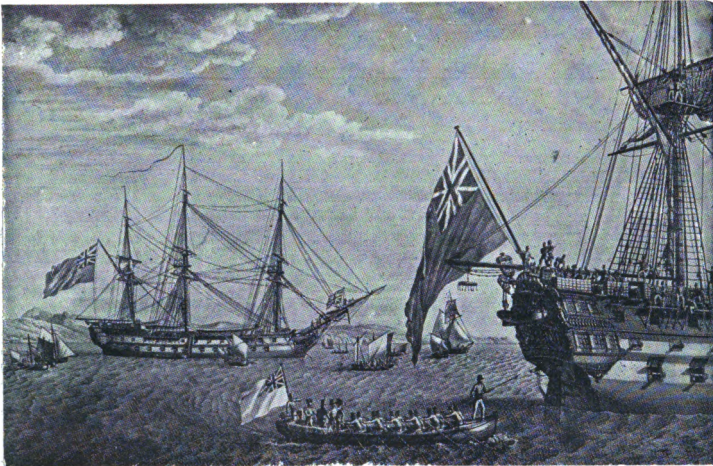


TORRE ABBEY. (From an old Print.)

published under the ægis of an energetic Corporation, now only in the sixteenth year of its existence. If the device of Exeter is *Semper Fidelis*, that of Torquay is, appropriately enough, *Salus et Felicitas*—Health and Happiness. In his youth the late Lord Tennyson wrote of Torquay as “the loveliest village in England,” and quite half a century later that most genial of Frenchmen, “Max O’Reil” (Paul Blouet), placed on record his deliberate opinion that Torquay was “the prettiest spot he had ever seen.” “In the winter,” he

added, "you get a perfect Mediterranean sight with the blue waters and the purple hills, and the effect of the beautiful verdure and the radiance of the lovely southern climate has been to make the Devonian the most cheerful of Britons."

Torquay is pardonably proud of her lengthy muster-roll of distinguished visitors. The very existence of the town is said to be due to Torbay being the great naval rendezvous of the Napoleonic wars. The visit of Lord Nelson to Exeter in the first month of the nineteenth century has already been mentioned. There were great doings at Torre Abbey, where the hero of the Nile took part in the fête given in honour of Lord St. Vincent's birthday. The proceed-



Transferring Napoleon from the *Bellerophon* to the *Northumberland*.—  
Torbay, 8th August, 1815.

From a contemporary Print.

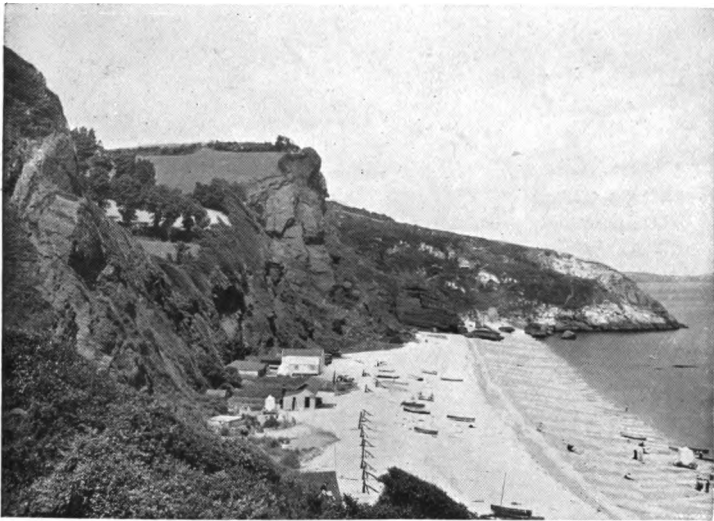
ings included a grand masquerade and the recitation of an ode (the existence of which has only recently become known) beginning with the lines:—

Hail the day, O ye Britons, its glories proclaim;  
A day like its hero, immortal in fame:  
And as Union's the word, so unite the full lay,  
And cheer with full bumpers St. Vincent Huzza!

and having as a refrain the verse:—

Long live our gracious King, our country, and our laws,  
Long live the noble heroes who fight their country's cause,  
Who nobly fight for liberty, for honour and applause,  
And defy the boasting Frenchmen to alter our laws.

No one more keenly appreciated the charms of Torquay than the late Queen Victoria, who came there as a girl, a young mother, and finally about twenty years ago on a visit to Torquay's most faithful *habituée*, the late Duchess of Sutherland. It was on board the Royal Yacht, in Torbay, that Queen Victoria gave the lesson in history to the late Empress Frederick of Germany, which she speaks of in her Journal, and it was from the deck of the *Victoria and Albert* that King Edward VII. caught the first glimpse of the Devon coast as well as that of the adjoining Duchy. Torquay has already welcomed a goodly number of Royal personages, including the late Emperor of the French and his son, who could look down from the



ODDICOMBE BEACH.

windows of their hotel on the blue waters from which their great ancestor as a prisoner on the *Bellerophon* had gazed sadly on the shores of the country he had threatened to invade.

Nigger entertainments and other kinds of beach shows find no favour in the eyes of those who are responsible for the social success of Torquay. On the other hand, yachtsmen, golfers, cricketers, and oarsmen, find themselves in a place where provision has been made for every kind of sport. Hunting is available in the district with either harriers, fox hounds, or otter hounds, while anglers can choose

between lake, river and sea. The deep-sea fishing in Torbay is of the finest, and the huge storage reservoirs on Dartmoor have, by the good offices of the Corporation, been stocked with Loch Leven trout. Salmon-peal and trout fishing can be obtained both in the Dart and Teign, while the waters in the vicinity of Berry Head are celebrated for the phenomenal abundance of whiting, bass and mackerel. The Corbyn sands are always the delight of children, whilst there are also splendid beaches at Babbacombe and Oddicombe, and few yacht clubs possess a more comfortable club house than the "Royal Torbay." In no English watering-place can yachts or fishing boats be chartered



COCKINGTON VILLAGE.

on easier terms than at Torquay. Vast sums have been expended on making the spacious inner and outer harbours of Torquay as perfect as possible, and their picturesqueness is materially added to by the long pier and the beautiful gardens, named (like the pier) after the Princess Louise, who inaugurated them. In addition to the existing theatre and the rooms devoted to concerts and other fashionable assemblies, a scheme has just been sanctioned by Act of Parliament providing for the erection of one of the largest and handsomest Pavilions in England. In this manner, from year's end

to year's end, Torquay secures her patrons with a constant round of high-class amusements.

Visitors to Torquay will have no difficulty in ascertaining every detail connected with the various places to be visited in the neighbourhood. The Lincombes, the Warberries, Chapel Hill, Babbacombe Bay, Cockington Court, Compton Castle, and the giant rocks at Watcombe should all be included in the holiday-maker's itinerary. Geologists will find a fruitful field for their explorations in Kent's Cavern on the road to Babbacombe, associated in most men's minds with the life-long labours of William Pengelly. Coach excursions



THE BEACH AND PIER, PAIGNTON.

run daily from the Strand to various points of interest in the district, as well as to the breezy uplands of Dartmoor, the whole of which may be conveniently visited while making a sojourn at Torquay.

The Great Western Railway issues cheap return tickets for the circular coaching excursions from Newton Abbot, Bovey, and Moretonhampstead, and daily during the summer the Torbay passenger steamers ply between Torquay, Paignton, and Brixham. The expeditions to Dartmouth will be alluded to elsewhere, but it is well to note that many of the circular drives by coaches and char-a-bancs



which start from the stations mentioned and penetrate the heart of Dartmoor are run in connection with the train service from Torquay. Dartmoor will hereafter be spoken of in the detail it merits. The celebrated Haytor Rocks, four miles from Bovey, form a notable feature in the landscape and close to them has been established for the convenience of visitors from Torquay and others, the Moorland Hotel, which commands a superb panoramic view over Torbay and the English Channel. In the extensive pleasure grounds of Torquay one meets with many of the features which struck one so forcibly at Penzance. In the Royal Terrace Gardens sub-tropical plants flourish even more luxuriantly than they do in the Cornish Riviera. In mid-winter one can see thriving side by side New Zealand flax and



PRINCE OF ORANGE, STATUE, BRIXHAM.

the Chinese palm, as well as the magnolia, red camellia, the eucalyptus, the yucca and the aloë.

**Palgnton**, the next neighbour of Torquay in a southerly direction, has of late years increased in importance by leaps and bounds. New houses have sprung up in all directions, and the marshes have now been completely drained and transformed into a delightful pleasure ground. As it stands almost in the centre of Torbay it commands views of great beauty and extent. There are few English

watering places in which bathing is more perfect than at Paignton, and it was in the Pavilion of Paignton Pier that the "Pirates of Penzance" was performed for the first time. Antiquarians will be interested in the ancient Norman church with a fine stone screen and a quaint carved pulpit of painted wood. There is an ancient cross in the churchyard, and close by are the remains of a ruined Episcopal Palace.

While staying either at Torquay or Paignton a visit should certainly be paid to old-world Brixham, which has afforded subject matter for countless pictures since that eventful day, the 5th of November, 1688, when William of Orange and his thirty thousand men landed there



#### BRIXHAM TRAWLERS.

for the purpose of maintaining the Protestant Religion and the liberties of England. Brixham has been from time immemorial the headquarters of the fishing fleet of Torbay, and still maintains a great many of the characteristic features which distinguished it at the time when we are told that the hero of the bloodless invasion was carried ashore in the arms of a "stuggy" little man and greeted with the words:—

"God bless your Majesty, King William,  
 You be welcome to Brixham Quay,  
 To eat buckhorn and drink bohea,  
 Along with we;  
 And God bless your Majesty, King William."

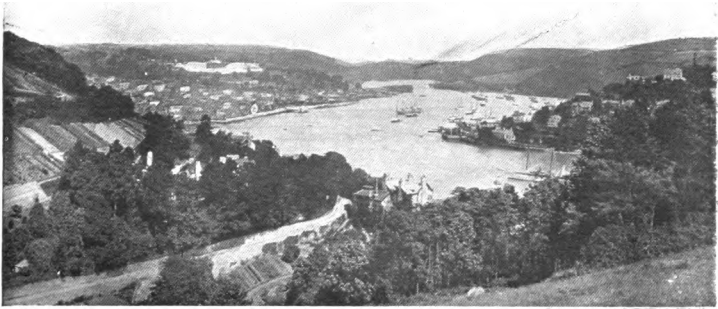
One of the most picturesque spectacles to be met with in Torbay is the return of the Brixham flotilla of brown-sailed trawlers on a fine evening in summer, to take up its quarters inside the harbour. As the ships round Berry Head, by twos and threes, the sight is one long to be remembered.

Brixham, described by a modern writer as the "Painter's Klondyke," had its bi-centenary celebration twenty years ago, when a marble statue of King William was erected on the spot where he landed. The very stone upon which he first placed his foot is carefully preserved, and, by a strange coincidence, it was used for a similar purpose on the 21st of July, 1828, when William IV. visited Brixham. Ancient chroniclers tell us that the Roman Legions, like the troops of William III., effected a landing on the sands of Torbay, and traces of their encampments are still pointed out at Berry Head and Galampton Warboro (now forming part of the Churston Golf Links), as well as at the Warberries, two of Torquay's seven hills. In any case we know that it was from Torbay that the squadron of the East India Company, on the 2nd of May, 1601, set forth on its first expedition to India, and it was just eighty-nine years later, namely on the 20th of July, 1690, that the united forces of Devon prevented the landing of the French troops, by the help of which, Louis XVI., called by his flatterers either "the Magnificent" or "the Sun King," hoped to effect the restoration of the elder Pretender

## IV.—The Sunny Shores of South Devon.

Dartmouth—Kingswear—Totnes and  
the Dart River.

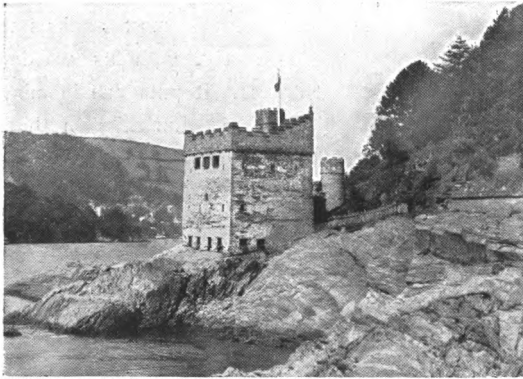
“IT was thought best to give up Plymouth, and to put in to that beautiful Dartmouth, the children being most anxious to see everything . . . . This place is lovely, with its wooded rocks, and Church and Castle at the entrance. It puts one in mind of the beautiful Rhine, and its Castle, and the Lurlei.” In these simple words Queen Victoria, on an August day just sixty-two years ago, expresses her admiration of one of the most charming spots in



DARTMOUTH AND KINGSWEAR.

the British Empire. It was on the 20th August, 1846, that King Edward VII. saw from the rain swept deck of the Royal Yacht the land-locked harbour from which, five centuries before, thirty-one ships manned by 757 men had set forth to assist King Edward III. in

laying siege to Calais. It was in recognition of these signal services that Dartmouth received the grant of arms of "The King in a Ship," to which two lions as supporters were subsequently added. Even at that time the historical record of Dartmouth was one to be proud of, for it was from thence that the valorous Richard Cœur de Lion, on Our Lady's Day of 1190, set out for the Crusade. In the same year commenced the hereditary feud of the hardy Dartmouthians with the French corsairs, and the annals of three hundred years tell the story of a great many burnings and sackings on both sides. These,



KINGSWEAR CASTLE.

however, seemingly came to an end before 1620, when the *Speedwell* and *Mayflower*, with the Pilgrim Fathers on board, lay during several days at Dartmouth, on the way to the scene of their final departure at Plymouth for the

then mysterious and little known Continent beyond the Seas, which had a short time before proved so disastrous to one of the greatest of the early Devonian Sea Kings. In later times Dartmouth became the trysting-place of the fleet of 500 sail which left these shores year after year for the now no longer existent Newfoundland Cod Fishery. Nor must it be altogether forgotten in these days when progress in the great science of locomotion is drawing Devonshire closer and closer to London, that it was at Dartmouth that Thomas Newcomen, the humble ironmonger in Lower Street, thought out and perfected the invention which played so conspicuous a part in the history of the steam-engine. His old home has vanished, but portions of its carved work have been incorporated with a residence at Townstal, called in his honour "Newcomen Cottage."

Whether Dartmouth be approached by rail, road, river or the open sea, the romantic scene which bursts on the delighted eyes

of the stranger is one not likely to be soon surpassed or easily forgotten. The hearty anathema of the Rev. S. Baring-Gould on the young officer from Egypt who insisted on reading a popular comic paper while travelling in this part of Devonshire in spite of the constant remonstrances of a more appreciative comrade who kept on saying "we are going through waves of colour, a sea of flowers" and "I want to look

out of both windows at once. I can't see enough of it. I feel as if I should cry, *it is so beautiful,*" was assuredly well deserved. Mr. Gould arrived at Dartmouth by one of the steamers which ply on the lower and most captivating portion of the great moorland stream, rising far away to the north in Cranmere Pool and which you will doubtless meet again and again in the course of your wanderings.

Mr. Gould's Dartmouth chap-

ter\* should certainly be read by every pilgrim to the Shire of the Sea Kings. "The descent of the Dart," he writes, "should be made as I made it then, on an early summer evening, when the mighty oaks and beeches are casting long shadows, and the reaches of the river are



THE BUTTER WALK, DARTMOUTH.

\*"A Book of the West."—Devon, pp. 323-336.

alternately sheets of quivering gold and of purple ink. . . . By the time Dartmouth came in view I could no longer restrain myself, but threw my cap into the air, and barely caught it from falling overboard as I shouted 'Hurrah for Merry England! Verily it has scenes which are unrivalled in the whole world.' Indeed now, in gravity, as I write this, I cannot think that I have ever seen any sight lovelier than Dartmouth on an evening in early summer, with Kingswear opposite, the one bathed in soft sweet shadow, and the other glittering and golden in the sun's declining rays." Dartmouth may fairly be congratulated on both the quantity and quality of its local literature,\* calculated to help the holiday-maker very materially to enjoy the sights and scenes of the ancient town, beloved alike of yachtsmen, anglers and antiquaries, which is not only one of the recognized gates of Dartmoor, but one of the starting points for a tour through the far-too-little known country of the South Hams.

Dartmouth is naturally proud of perpetuating its maritime traditions, by possessing not only the old "Britannia" but the new Royal Naval College, Mr. Aston Webb's admirable design for which is in sufficient accord with the old-world streets and houses which have survived the ravages of time and the over-zeal of municipal improvers and restorers. The names of Guy de Brian, Hody, Hawkins, Drake, Davis, Gilbert and the Earl of Dartmouth of Charles II.'s time, all figure in the golden book of local worthies, nor must it be forgotten that Lord Howe, the hero of "the ever glorious First of June," at one time represented the Borough in Parliament and is responsible for the widening of the New Quay in the first year of the reign of "Good King George." The Church of St. Saviour is well worth a visit, and Mr. Baring-Gould rejoices with reason, that "what has been done to it has been reparative and all in the best taste." He informs us that it contains a magnificently painted and gilt wood screen and a pulpit of the same character with the royal badges of later date on its side. A gallery runs round three sides of the church, over the aisles, of ancient date, the panels in front being emblazoned with the arms of the merchant princes of the town at the time of its greatest prosperity. The Hawley brass takes us back to the end of the fourteenth century, when John Hawley, the husband first of Joan and afterwards of Alice, "waged the navie of shippes of the

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\* "Up and Down the River Dart" and "Dartmouth Illustrated."—  
Dartmouth, R. Crawford & Son.

port of his own charges, and took 34 shippes laden with wyne to the sum of fifteen hundred tunnes." It will soon be five hundred, years since this notable adventurer was laid to rest, but twentieth century ladies may still take a retrospective interest in the "exceeding



ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, DARTMOUTH.

pride of garment" evinced by Joan and Alice Hawley, in their "goodly gownes with deepe and broad sleeves, whereof some hung downe to their feet, full of cuts and jagges." The disappearance of many of the ancient Dartmouth tenements is to be deplored, for these old



world houses covered with small slates, cut into various devices, "covering them as a coat of mail," were almost unique. Still a good many are left, and a whole day may be devoted to the quest of oaken chimney-pieces, coved ceilings and elaborate ornamentation in moulded stucco. Mr. Baring-Gould (and with reason) insists on the beauty of the walk from Dartmouth to the sea, for the town itself is literally land-locked. With him this excursion at least is *de rigueur*. It is certainly difficult to imagine anything much more picturesque than the narrow street running between houses "giving glimpses of the water, of old bastions and towers, of gardens hanging on the steep slopes, of fuchsias and pelargoniums running riot in the warm,



DARTMOUTH CASTLE AND ST. PETROCK'S CHURCH.

damp air, of red rock and green foliage, jumbled together in the wildest of tangles; of the blue, still water below, with gulls, living foam-flakes swaying, chattering over the surface." The church and castle keeping watch and ward over Start Bay, and the entrance to Dartmouth Harbour may very well have been associated by Queen Victoria with loving recollections of the Rhine and the Lurlei. The former is dedicated to St. Petrock, a sixth century British Saint, whose acquaintance we made at Exeter. It is full of venerable monuments crumbling to decay. Henry VII. must be credited with

the erection of the existing fortress, but it only superseded an earlier one, and Edward IV. had promised a grant from the customs on condition that the citizens built a "stronge and myghtye and defensyve new tower" in addition to stretching a chain across the river. The mother-church of Dartmouth is "set on a hill" and those who care to climb up to the once fortified shrine at Townstal, which, ten years hence will be entitled to celebrate the six hundredth anniversary of its dedication to St. Mary Magdalene or St. Clement, will be soon convinced that the sixteenth century Dartmouthians delighted almost as much in the strange conceits of their epitaphs as in the quaintness of the dwellings still to be seen in the Butter Walk, Shambles, Foss Street and other thoroughfares. The following are fair specimens of what may be read on its walls or pavements:—

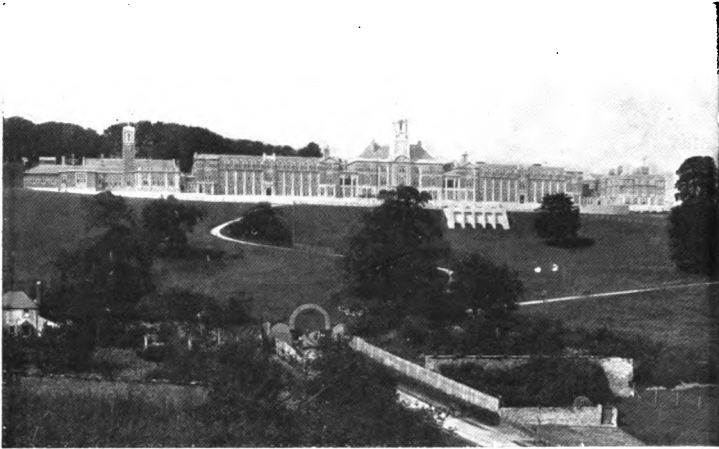
"William Roope, of Little  
Dartmouth, dyed in Bilbao,  
January The 30th, 1666, in the 6  
yeare of his abode there beinge  
embalmed and pvt into a Leaden  
Coffin, was, after Tenn Weekes  
Tossinge on the seas, here  
Below interred May ye 23  
Ao. Dom. 1667 Ætates svæ 35

and

"Here lyeth buried the Bodie of Robert Holland who  
Departed this life 1611 beinge of  
the age of 54 yeares 5 monthes and odd dayes.  
Here lies a breathless body and doth showe  
What man is, when God claims what man doth owe,  
His soule a gveste his body a trvble  
His tyme an instant, and His breath a bvbble  
Come Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Immediately opposite the quay at Dartmouth is Kingswear, also endowed by nature with a charming situation on a steep slope running down to the water's edge, and a church and castle as old and curious as those just described. Kingswear is the railway station for Dartmouth, with which it is connected by a ferry. Brookhill House on the Kingswear side of the Dart was once the abode of Sir Walter Raleigh, and from it was taken the huge plaster chimney-piece representing Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego before Nebuchadnezzar, now to be seen at Newcomen Cottage, Townstal, along with the "clovel" or wooden lintel over the fire-place at which the ingenious Newcomen sat while watching the vapour of his mother's kettle and pondering on the idea of utilizing steam

as the motor force which now, after the lapse of the best part of three centuries, brings you from prosaic Paddington to the poetic banks of the Dart in little over four hours. Tradition declares that

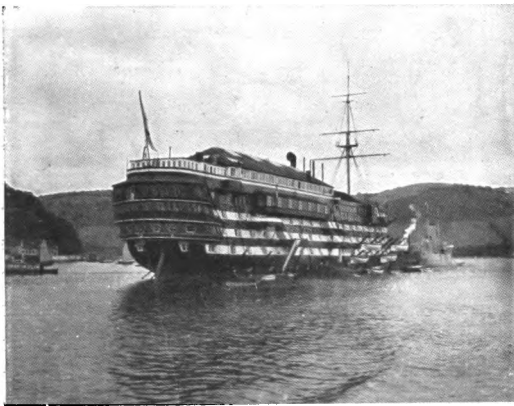


ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, DARTMOUTH.

it was in the presence of the counterfeit presentment of these four scriptural personages that Walter Raleigh enjoyed the first pipe of tobacco he ever smoked in England.

Autumn travellers in Devonshire should not forget to note Dartmouth Regatta as a sight on no account to be missed. There

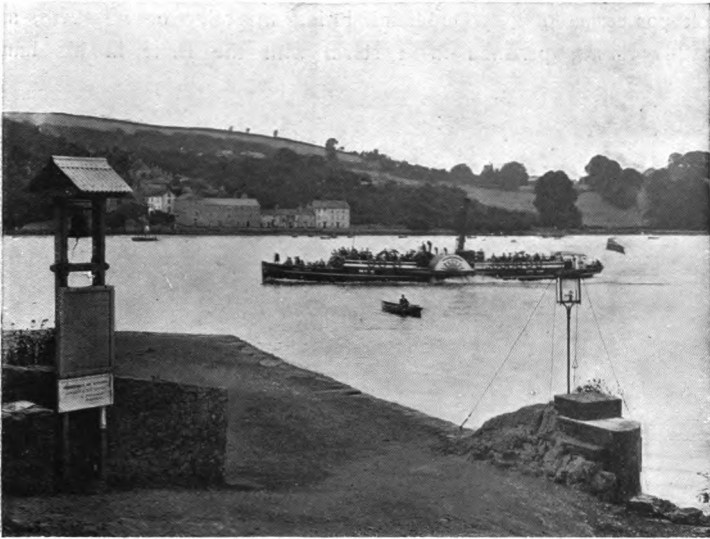
is no such animated scene or feast of colour to be seen on the Devon coast as Dartmouth Basin at Regatta time, filled with gaily decorated yachts, while the bells of St. Saviour's ring out merry peals in honour of the annual carnival.



THE "BRITANNIA."

Whether one proceeds "up" or "down" the Dart is almost immaterial, but the average holiday-maker will find the experience so thoroughly enjoyable that he will prefer halting for one day at least at Dartmouth, to "doing the trip" as part of a short circular tour. In any case he or she is not likely to regret the time devoted to exploring that part of Devonshire

"Where Dart romantic winds its mazy course  
And mossy rocks ashen to woody hills."



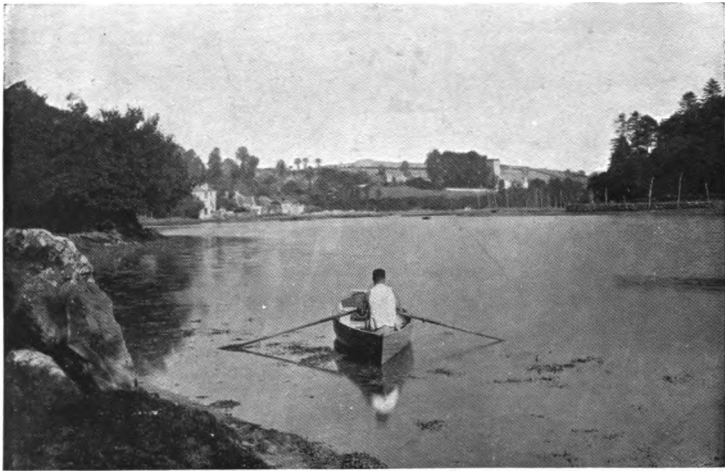
GREENWAY FERRY.

If you elect to take Dartmouth as a starting point, the first things which will arrest your attention while proceeding up the river at a leisurely pace are the old *Britannia*\* and the new Royal Naval College on Mount Boone, which commands a splendid view of the town and harbour, as well as of the course of the Dart. It was on the 7th March, 1902, that King Edward VII. came down to lay the foundation stone, the journey from London to Kingswear being even then accomplished in four hours and twenty-three minutes without a single stoppage. Greenway House still dominates the right bank of the river, standing out boldly amidst clumps of forest trees rendered

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\* This ship was formerly known as the "Prince of Wales" and was renamed on taking the place of the older *Britannia*, broken up in 1870.

still more beautiful by the wealth of shrubs and variegated wild flowers which cover the slopes. Greenway disputes with Sherborne and Myrtle-ville the distinction of being the scene of the well-known legends connected with Raleigh's experiences as a pioneer in both potato growing and tobacco smoking. Be this as it may Greenway was the birth-place of the half-brother of the "discoverer of Virginia," the scarcely less illustrious navigator, Sir Humphry Gilbert, "who set out to explore the remote countries of America and to bring off those *savages* from their diabolical superstitions, to the embracing of the Gospel." He took possession of Newfoundland during the reign of Elizabeth, and on his return, perished in a storm with the Bible in his hand,



STOKE GABRIEL.

exclaiming, "We are as near to heaven here at sea as on land." One would fain devote a few words to Lower Dittisham, famous for cockles, shrimps and damsons; to "Fire Beacon Hill;" to Churston and Galmpton Warboro; to the Roman Camp near Waddeton; to Sandridge, the Italian villa built by John Dunning, first Lord Ashburton, on the site of the much older house, the birthplace of another sturdy Devonian sailor, John Davis the celebrated Arctic voyager, whose little vessels, *Sunshine* (50 tons), and *Moonshine* (35 tons) sailed from Dartmouth on June 7th, 1575, and discovered the passage between Greenland and North America, which bears his name. When he passed through it, it was so narrowed by ice as to be called

Davis' Strait. Prince, the author of "The Worthies of Devon," says of Sandridge: "It is a very pleasant and healthy seat on the banks of the east side of the Dart, which compasseth near three parts thereof."\* It is, however, impossible to do more than allude to it, for we are already nearing the Longstream, and very soon glide by the ivy-clad tower of Stoke Gabriel and the churchyard which possesses one of the largest yew trees in existence. Next comes Bow Creek and the mouth of the Harborne, where trout fishers generally find excellent sport. The always famous salmon-fishery of the Dart has of late years steadily improved, and during the season some splendid fish carefully packed in reed are likely to be placed



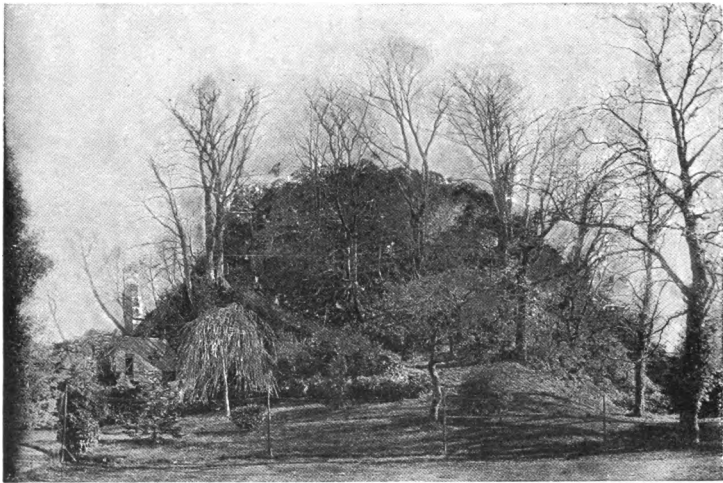
SHARPHAM-ON-THE-DART.

on board at Duncannon, where the course of the river swerves suddenly to the right. At Sharpham the hillside is completely covered with the densest foliage. The rookery and heronry of Sharpham Woods are well known, and the opposite bank is one of the favourite haunts of picnickers. At Sharpham House, a little further on, is a wych-elm, visible from the river, overshadowing very nearly a quarter of an acre, with branches eighty feet in length and very often nine in circumference. Politics at one time ran very high both at Dartmouth and Totnes, each of which places sent two

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\* "Up and down the Dart," page 26.

members to Westminster. As you come in sight of "Parker's Barn" and get a first glimpse of Totnes church-tower and the dim blue outline of the moorlands, somebody is almost sure to tell the story of the free and independent elector who was taken there in a cask to sleep off his libations until such a time as it was of no further consequence how he voted. The immediate approach to Totnes is singularly beautiful. Mr. Baring-Gould devotes some considerable space to the folk-lore of the Tin Stannary town which derived its present name from the Saxon word *tot* or *toten*, "to protect," and was already a place of considerable importance in the days of the Roman occupation of Britain. It was not till centuries later that Judael de



TOTNES CASTLE.

Totenays, to whom William the Norman granted the manor, built the castle with the circular keep, of which you see the ruins, half hidden by giant trees, towering proudly above a still a most perfect moat. Mr. Baring-Gould identifies Totnes with the old Durium of the Itineraries, and as the word signifies water, the name was appropriate enough. Ikneild Street, the British trackway last heard of at the East Gate of Exeter, traversed Totnes, at the time it occupied very much the position of an inland Gibraltar. A magnificent church of red sandstone with a stone screen of singular beauty, occupies the centre of the narrow, rocky ridge, which its mediæval defenders could easily hold against a far stronger force of assailants. Totnes is

one of the oldest municipal boroughs in the Kingdom, the first of its charters being granted as far back as 1205. On the north side of the church are the remains of the old priory of St. Mary, founded by the same Norman Earl as the castle. These buildings have long since been converted into a miniature guildhall, prisons, and a

sexton's house. The former is well worth visiting and contains several pictures and other objects of great historical interest. Many of the fine old mansions of the wealthy Totnes merchants of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries fortunately remain intact, but by far the most notable of all the ancient buildings of this remarkable place are the old piazzas, or covered ways, at the upper end of one of the steepest High Streets to be

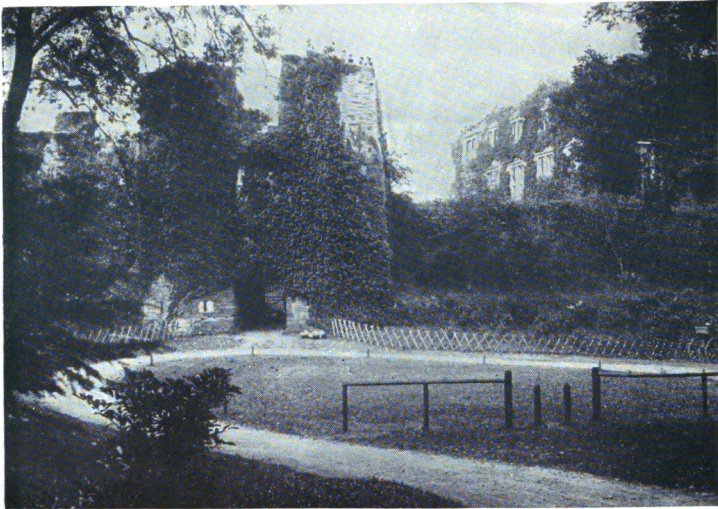


HIGH STREET, TOTNES.

found in Devonshire. The Totnes "Butter Walks" closely resemble the "Rows" at Chester, and are almost identical with what one sees so often in Italian cities, as well as in Berne and elsewhere on the Continent. Not many years ago Totnes possessed a Butter Market, which was in reality a continuation of the Piazzis, supported on granite pillars, of the beginning of the seventeenth century. It is not



surprising that Mr. Baring-Gould denounces, in most unmeasured terms, the destruction of this picturesque and unique feature in English domestic architecture for the purpose of giving the public a better view of the restored church. Whilst staying at Totnes a great many interesting places may be visited. At Dartington may be seen the remains of the splendid hall of the mansion which once belonged to the Hollands, Dukes of Exeter, and is now the property of the Champenownes.\* It dates from the reign of Richard II., whose device, a white hart chained, is repeated several times in the scheme of decoration. The antiquarian will be glad to note that on the opposite



BERRY POMEROY CASTLE.

side of the river is the unique parsonage of Little Hempston, which is, in fact, an untouched priest's house of the fourteenth century. The author of the "Christian Year" was often a visitor at Little Hempston where he delighted to dream over the life of a parish priest in the Middle Ages. About two miles from Totnes is Haberton, where the fine perpendicular church contains a very elaborate screen which has been carefully restored. Many of the windows have been filled with very fine modern stained glass in memory of the wife and children of Sir Robert Harvey, who has renovated the curious stone cross in the adjoining churchyard. As a set-off against the des-

\* See page 128 for the connection of the Froude family with Dartington.

truction of the Butter Market, it should be noted that the original South Gate of Totnes, now converted into a reading-room, still exists. Within an easy walk or drive of the town which legend connects with the story of Sylvius and Brute, are the magnificent ruins of Berry Pomeroy Castle, which will richly repay a visit, not only on account of the interest of the remains themselves, but the extreme beauty of their situation. Berry Pomeroy is also frequently visited from Torquay and Paignton. Mr. Baring-Gould very ably concludes his brief description of Totnes by remarking that "on all sides, peeping out of woods, above smooth lawns, backed by orchards, appear numerous smiling villas. It would seem that many well-to-do have come to the same conclusion as did Brute, and have made Totnes their seat, saying—

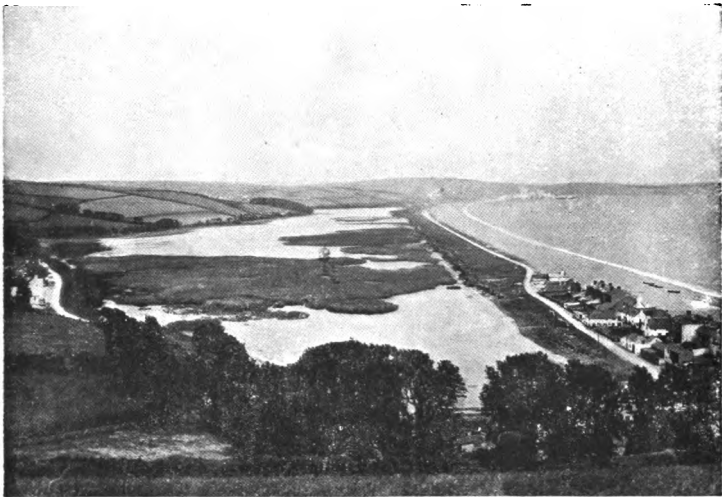
‘Here I sit—and here I rest!’

and the visitor will think with old Brute when he said that, and will wish that he could do the same.”

## V.—Through the South Hams. The Country of the Avon, the Erme, and the Yealm.

Slapton Lea—Kingsbridge—Salcombe—  
Start Point—Prawle Point—Bolt Head—  
and Bigbury Bay.

**B**ETWEEN the main line of the Great Western Railway from Totnes to Plymouth and the English Channel lies one of the richest and most prosperous districts of Southern Devon. Rocky headlands (like Prawle Point and Bolt Head), precipitous cliffs, pleasant "coves," strangely shaped creeks often reaching far inland with octopus-like branches, sun-lined "laps" of golden sand, fruitful orchards, giant elms and oaks, hedgerows aglow with wild flowers, smiling meadows and sequestered "combes," where lemons



SLAPTON LEA.

and oranges ripen in the open air and blue hydrangeas lie in masses under the trees—such are some of the distinctive features of the fertile South Hams, through which wind three of the most notable trout-streams having their source amidst the wilds of Dartmoor. Picturesque villages, interesting churches, creeper-covered cottages and venerable manor houses, old-world inns, and an abundance of legend and folk-lore, add very materially to the attractions with which generous nature has endowed this particular portion of the Devonian Riviera, every part of which is easily accessible from the Great Western Station at Kingsbridge, on account of its central position the usually recognised capital of the South Hams. A motor-



TORCROSS.

service connects Modbury with Plymouth, and (*see* appendix) during the summer there are no less than three short circular tours, including in their itinerary the never-to-be-forgotten coach drive from Kingsbridge to Dartmouth by way of Torcross and Slapton Sands. There is also constant communication by omnibus and otherwise between Kingsbridge and Salcombe, where the great historian Froude spent the latter portion of his life and which he always looked upon and described as a terrestrial paradise. Motorists and fishermen are not likely to quarrel with Froude's estimate of the South Hams, for the roads are carefully maintained and excellent sport can be obtained everywhere on almost nominal terms. As

one of the great holiday-haunts of the future, the prospects of this part of Devonshire are exceptionally bright and encouraging.

It was the good fortune of the writer to journey from Dartmouth to Plymouth by motor, visiting *en route* nearly all the points of interest now alluded to, and after leaving Kingsbridge, passing through Aveton Gifford, Modbury, Ermington, Yealmlton, Brixton and Plymstock. No sooner is the top of the hill up which the lane-like street of Dartmouth climbs reached, than panoramic prospects of infinite beauty and extent present themselves to the view. At one moment you are looking down on the tree-clad slopes of Kingswear and the placid waters of the land-girt haven which will ever be closely associated with some of the most stirring events of Devonshire's history; at the next, the eye wanders seawards as far as Torcross and Start Point beyond it. Beneath the pretty village of Stoke Fleming lies Redlap Cove, and at Blackpool commences the belt of glistening shingle which runs for two miles straight as an arrow and as level as a billiard table, dividing the blue waves of the Channel from the fresh-water pool known as Slapton Lea. You have already understood why the South Hams have been appropriately christened the "Garden of Devon." No enterprising "heart specialist" has as yet pitched on Slapton or Torcross as quite ideal sites for the carrying out of the Nauheim cure, but with the shooter of wildfowl and the disciple of Isaak Walton their names are familiar as household words, although they find no mention in the pages of Mr. Baring-Gould who also forgets to tell us that "Peter Pindar," the terror of two Kings, was born at Dodbrook, a suburb of Kingsbridge. The Torcross Hotel was of very modest dimensions a quarter-of-a-century ago, but enlargements and improvements have been the order of the day ever since, and the energy of its proprietor has brought into existence another "lea" (the term is sometimes given as "lee" and occasionally as "ley,") or fresh-water lake in the charming Beeson Valley, barely ten minutes' walk from the Torcross end of the Slapton Sands. Into this, by the netting of the higher part of Slapton Lea, hundreds of pike and eels and thousands of perch and rudd were introduced, with the most satisfactory results to everybody concerned except possibly the millions of minnows and sticklebacks already in possession. The spade work necessary before this could be done was accomplished by eighty men in sixteen weeks, and it included the creation of three islets, very useful to anglers,

and thickly planted with pampas, rhododendrons and sub-tropical plants. Ever since the new "lea" became a *fait accompli* the accredited journals of sport in general, and fishing in particular, have periodically announced the capture of gigantic pike like those which adorn the cheerful parlour of the popular "Torcross," where boats for perch, pike and rudd fishing are provided free of charge on the understanding that pike under four pounds in weight are returned to the water, while those turning the scale at twenty pounds become the property of "mine host." Inclusive terms are given here at an exceptionally low rate, both summer and winter, and coaches, plying twice and thrice daily, bring Torcross, Slapton Sands and the "Leas"



PROMENADE AND QUAY, KINGSBRIDGE.

into constant touch with the great world beyond the borders of the South Ham.

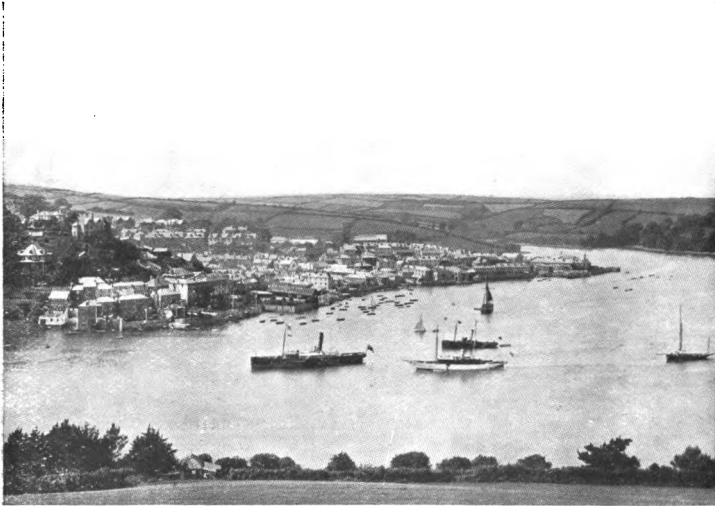
Kingsbridge stands on one of those many-armed creeks already alluded to as characteristic of this portion of the Devon littoral. At the mouth of the Kingsbridge creek is Salcombe, rivalling in the matter of winter climate, not only Torquay, but Falmouth and Penzance. Like Dartmouth, Kingsbridge is, ecclesiastically speaking, a dependant chapelry, the mother church being that of Churchstow, once the property of the Abbot of Buckfast. Combe Royal, the

monuments of the Fortescues at East Allington, Lee Priory and South Milton Church with its old panel-pictures of saints are all well worth visiting, but John Wolcot, the satirist of sovereigns, has left no visible trace in the town which gave him birth. He had probably betaken himself to London before 1778-80, when the troops quartered in the South Hams were singing—

“On the ninth day of November, at the dawning in the sky,  
 'Ere we sailed away to New York, we at anchor here did lie.  
 O'er the meadows fair of Kingsbridge, there the mist was lying grey;  
 We were bound against the rebels, in the North America.”

and so forth. The literary merits of the chorus were not much greater than those of the refrain which greeted the ears of Nelson twenty years later at Torre Abbey:—

“Now God preserve our Monarch, I will finish up my strain;  
 Be his subjects ever loyal, and his honour all maintain,  
 May the Lord our voyage prosper, and our arms across the sea,  
 And put down the wicked rebels in the North America.”



SALCOMBE.

Salcombe can be reached by a drive over the hills, or a pleasant sail on the little steamer which plies to and fro between that place and Kingsbridge “crig” or quay. The hill sides are as steep and as thickly wooded as at Devonport. It was in the old castle at Salcombe that Sir Edmund Fortescue, who held it for the King, successfully withstood two brief sieges by Sir T. Fairfax. At

Salcombe, the former residence of Lord Kingsale, embowered in forest trees and the verdure one might look for at Madeira or Monte-Carlo, has been converted into a comfortable hotel. Terraced gardens, commanding striking views of Portsmouth across the creek, lead down to the water's edge. As Portsmouth was a settlement of Win-



SALCOMBE CASTLE.

waloe, a great Britany saint, Mr. Baring-Gould has more to relate about it than of Salcombe, or even of "The Molte," where James Anthony Froude lived, wrote and died. The Avon should have entered the sea at some point of Kingsbridge Harbour, but an intervening hill sends it suddenly westwards and its waters mingle with the waves of the Channel at Thurlestone, the name of which takes its origin from



ON THE WAY TO BOLT HEAD.



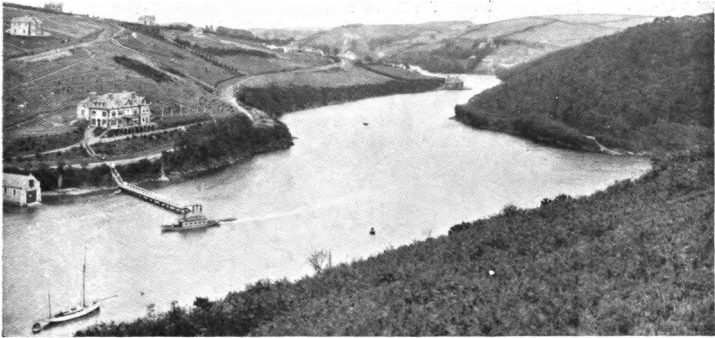
the "thirling" or drilling of a huge rock on the beach by the waves. From both Salcombe and Kingsbridge enjoyable excursions may be made to Bolt Head, Bolt Tail (where there is a prehistoric castle) and the mouth of the Erme at Oldaport. The ancient harbour which occupies two creeks is silted up and what remains there are of it are supposed to be Roman. Modbury is chiefly noted for possessing a band of musicians dating from Henry VIII.'s time, when it was called "a consort of fine musicale." "Good Queen Bess," wanted to hear the Modbury orchestra, and as its hereditary chief demurred on account of her royal father, notwithstanding his "huge contentment," having omitted to pay the



AT YRALMPTON.

expenses incurred many years previously, he was promptly deprived of four or five of his best manors. Bigbury and Bigbury Bay are both within easy reach of Kingsbridge and Modbury. Borough Island is frequently made the object of a holiday jaunt, and close to it is Ringmore village, nestling peacefully in one of these pleasant wooded "combes" which abound in the South Hams. Before Plymouth is reached the romantic and picturesque Yealm, the scenery of which rivals that of the Dart, must also be left behind. It is from this stream that Yealmpton (pronounced "Yampton") takes its name. Near "Yampton" is Flete, the beautiful country residence of

the Mildmays, who inherited it from the Barings. All true Devonians are born fishermen, and Mr. Baring-Gould cannot leave this land of rivers and brooks, bays and creeks, "leas" and estuaries without exclaiming "what streams these are that flow through the South Hams! What pools under deep banks in which the trout lurk! To him who can obtain permission to fish, the Erme, the Avon (and may not the Yealm be added?) can be assured days to be never forgotten, of excellent sport in lovely scenery."



THE YEALM.

## VI.—South Brent, Ivybridge and the Plympton.

### Devonshire and her great Painters.

**T**HE journey by rail from Totnes to Plymouth may be broken at three places, all of which possess an interest peculiarly their own. At Brent the main line is joined by the Kingsbridge branch, and there is much in the quiet little town on the borders of Dartmoor which recommends itself to the holiday-maker in search of pure air and the possibility of interesting pedestrian excursions. From South Brent one can trace the tortuous Avon to its source in the wildest part of the Tor Country, while Brent Hill



SOUTH DEVON GOLF LINKS. WRANGATON.

affords a magnificent view over the pasture lands of the South Hams and the sea coast from Exmouth to the mouth of the Yealm. South Brent gains ground year by year in the affection both of artists and anglers, and fishermen "in the know" declare that trout are as abundant in the upper reaches of the Avon as salmon are in the lower. Several packs of harriers and fox hounds meet in the

neighbourhood, and the hunting of the otter along the various streams which descend from the moorlands affords excellent sport to those inured to fatigue. The links of the South Devon Golf Club, at Wrangaton are only two miles distant. The parish church is dedicated to our old friend, St. Petrock, and many a physician in London as well as the West advise their patients to recruit in the clear atmosphere and bracing air of South Brent.

It has been said that Ivybridge is the most picturesque spot between Newton Abbot and Plymouth. Be this as it may, the pretty village, half hidden amongst the richest foliage, is becoming a favourite



IVYBRIDGE.

haunt of the holiday-maker and a centre for excursions through both Dartmoor and the South Hams. It is at this point that the railway crosses the Erme by a viaduct more than 100 feet in height. The river flows at Ivybridge through a picturesque ravine into the verdant plain, across which it makes its way past Ermington and Holbeton, into Bigbury Bay. From Ivybridge, Princetown, Two Bridges, and the source of the Erme are all within walking distance, and in tolerably dry weather the Dartmoor turf affords pleasant footing.

Although the Plymptons have long since ceased to be serious rivals of Plymouth, the birthplace of Sir Joshua Reynolds possesses



THE BRIDGE AND RIVER ERME, IVYBRIDGE.

an interest which can never be effaced. Mention has already been made of Devonshire in relation both to the Navy and Literature. The Great Duke of Marlborough was born on the Devonshire side of the boundary between that county and Dorset, but it is difficult to



IVYBRIDGE (From an Old Print).

realize how imperfect the chronicles of British art would be if one omitted to mention the names of those illustrious Devonians—Reynolds, Northcote, Eastlake, Prout and Haydon, to say nothing of Hart, Hudson (Reynolds's first teacher), Gandy, Hilliard, Brockendon, Lee, the Condys, Luny, Cook, Johns, and in modern time the two Widgerys, one of whom has quite recently filled the office of Mayor of Exeter. Few people nowadays attach importance to the oft-repeated rhyme:—

“Plympton was a market town  
When Plymouth was a furzy down,”

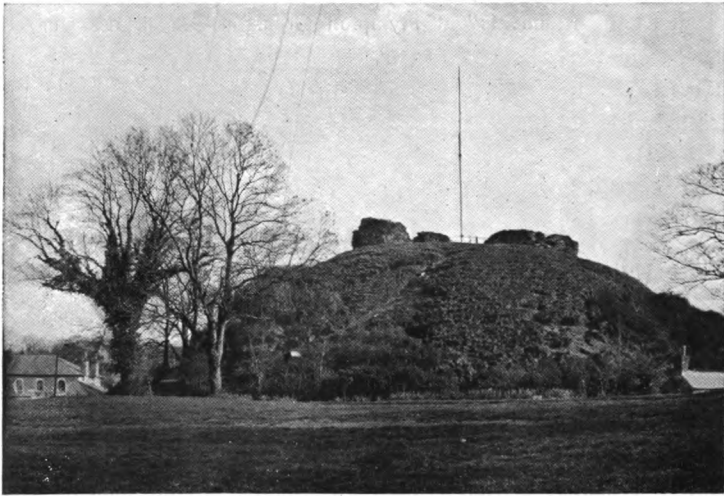
but it is impossible to ignore the significant fact that of these able artists, four, viz.: Reynolds, Eastlake, Northcote and Haydon “mastered the rudiments” at Plympton Grammar School, the story of which will be fully told in Mr. J. Brooking Rowe's “History of Plympton,” shortly to be published by Mr. J. G. Commin. Probably no other seminary of education in the country can boast of having given two Presidents to the Royal Academy. “The Three Towns” are proud of their achievements in war and commerce, but Plymouthians should be equally proud



**SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S BIRTHPLACE.**

of such notable citizens as Charles Locke Eastlake, Benjamin Robert Haydon, James Northcote, Samuel Prout, Solomon Hart, Samuel Cook, and A. B. Johns. Sir Joshua, doubtless the most

famous of them all, and, in the opinion of most men, the greatest portraitist that England ever produced, was, however, a native of Plympton, where he was born on July 16th, 1723. The ancient school of which his father, the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, was head-master, owed its existence to the munificence of Elize Hele of Wollaton, and it was founded four years after the restoration of Charles II. The old cloistered school-house, one of the earliest objects of young Reynolds's pencil, still remains, but the adjoining building in which the future President of the Royal Academy was born has been pulled down and replaced by another dwelling, while the portrait of himself



PLYMPTON CASTLE.

which he presented to the Corporation on his election as Mayor (an honour he was immensely proud of) was sold in 1832 for £150 to the Earl of Egremont. An excellent and most readable account of Sir Joshua Reynolds's relations with his native county from the days when he painted the head of Lord Mount Edgcumbe's tutor on a piece of common sail cloth with the materials used by ship-builders as a medium, before he was despatched to London to enter the studio of Thomas Hudson of Exeter, then at the zenith of his fame as a portrait painter, may be found in Mr. A. L. Salmon's "Literary Rambles in the West of England." Some details of the visit to Devonshire which Dr. Johnson paid under the ægis of his friend

Sir Joshua will be found under the heading of Plymouth. The great dictionary maker revelled in such local luxuries as cyder, honey, and Devonshire cream, and the profound impression he excited amongst the Plympton magnates had possibly something to do with the civic honours subsequently conferred on his companion. A handsome memorial to Reynolds which has been erected at Plympton now in some measure atones for the demolition of his birth-place and the disappearance of his picture. The best epitaph, however, which was ever penned on the illustrious son of Plympton consists in the light and vivid verses of Goldsmith, commencing with the lines:

“Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,  
He has not left a wiser or better behind;  
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand,  
His manners were gentle, complying and bland.”

and ending

“When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,  
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.”

Quite apart from the memories of Reynolds, both Plympton Erle and Plympton St. Mary, the Plintona of Domesday Book, will amply repay a visit. Plympton signifies a town “at the head of the water,” and in a manner the Plymptons formed the mother town of Plymouth. At the dissolution of the monasteries Plympton Priory proved to be one of the richest conventual houses in Devon. There



PLYM BRIDGE.



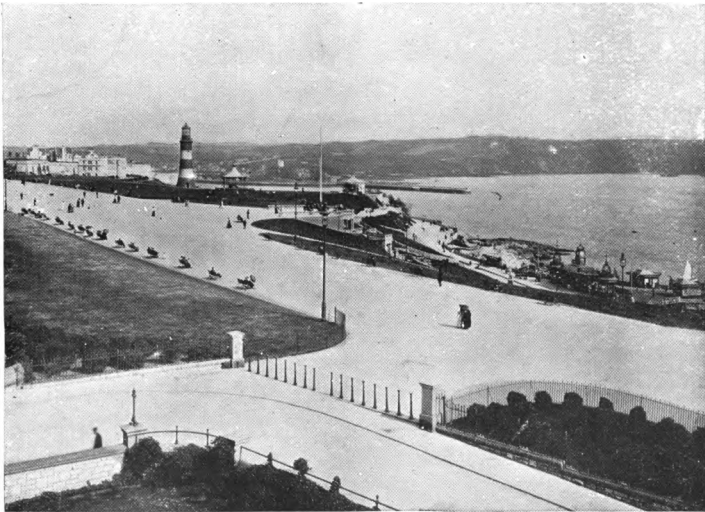
was a collegiate establishment at Plymouth as early as the tenth century, and Plymouth had some difficulty in escaping from the leading-strings of the Plympton ecclesiastics. Plympton Castle in its earliest youth underwent almost as many sieges as Rougemont itself, and was dismantled long before the Civil Wars, although Leland speaks of the ruins of "a faire large castelle and dungeon, whereof the walles yet stande, but the loggings within be decayed." Amongst the Parliamentary representatives of Plympton Erle, otherwise called Plympton St. Maurice, may be mentioned William Strode, one of the five members whom Charles I. endeavoured to arrest; Sir Nicholas Slanning, the Royalist Cornishman, often described as "one of the four wheels of Charles's Wain"; Sir Christopher Wren, and in modern times Lord Castlereagh. When George III and Queen Charlotte visited Devonshire in 1789 they were entertained at Saltram, where not many years before Reynolds had painted his celebrated portrait of the famous Miss Chudleigh, afterwards the notorious Duchess of Kingston, of whom Thackeray subsequently drew a pen-picture as "Beatrix" in "Esmond."

## VII.—Plymouth. The Home of the Sea Kings.

The Hamoaze—The Tamar and  
the Tavy.

“O dear Plymouth town! and O blue Plymouth Sound,  
O where is your equal on earth to be found.”

THESE lines eloquently testify to the hold which Plymouth had on the affections of the British sailor during the Great War in which Napoleon and Nelson strove incessantly for the supremacy of the Sea. You cannot turn over half a dozen pages of one of the song-books of the period without coming across complimentary allusions to Plymouth—and be it confessed to Polly. Mr. Baring-Gould is

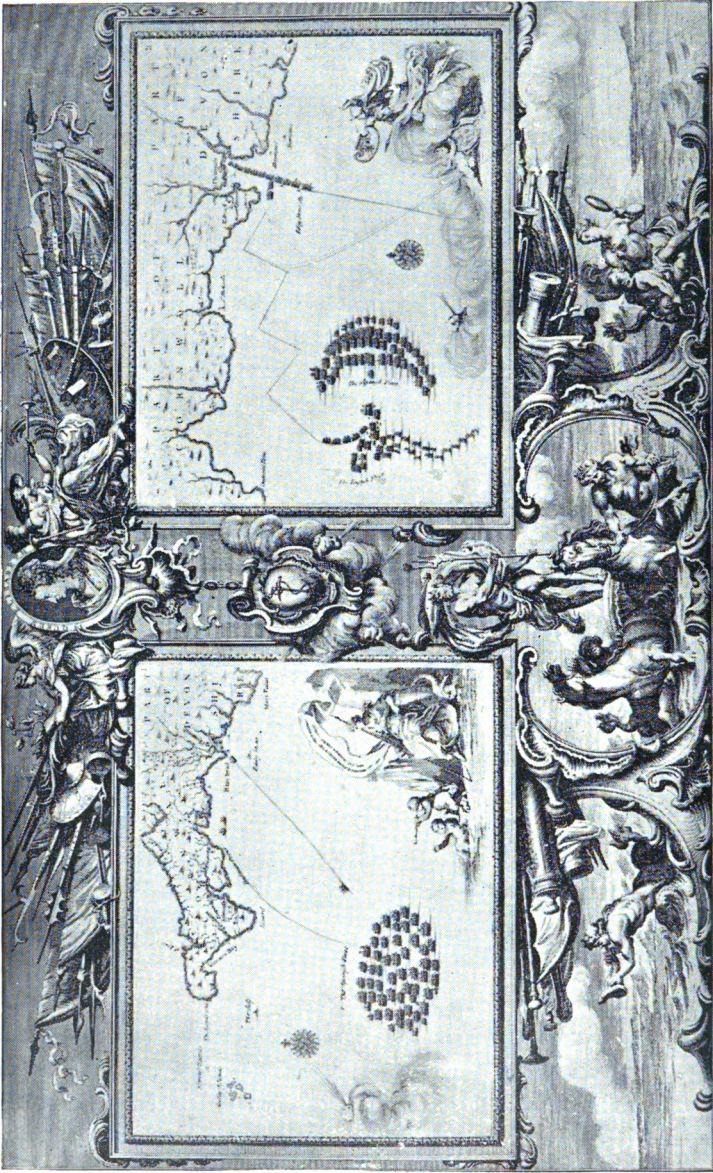


THE HOE.

quite at one with Jack as to the transcendent merits of the Sound. \* “The Bay of Naples,” he writes, “has Vesuvius and an Italian sky, but lacks the wealth of verdure of Mount Edgcumbe, and has none of those wondrous inlets that make of Plymouth Sound a watery hand displayed, and of the Three Towns a problem in

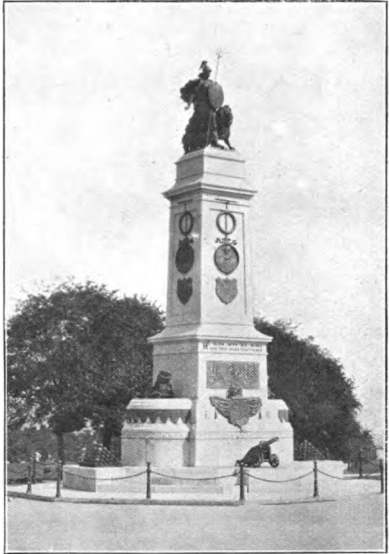
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\* “A Book of the West. Devon page 352.



THE SPANISH ARMADA OFF PLYMOUTH (From a rare Engraving).

topography which it requires long experience to solve." As you stand on Plymouth Hoe you realize at once the phenomenal beauty as well as the unrivalled historic interest of what has been justly called the finest marine parade in the world. A light haze veils the Eddystone Lighthouse from view but within a few yards of your coign of vantage rises Plymouth's tribute to the genius of Smeaton, consisting most appropriately of the greater part of the famous lighthouse which braved successfully the storms and stress of over a century, while close to it the eye falls on the statue of Francis Drake—king of Devonshire's sailor heroes—and the memorial of the Armada Tercentenary of twenty years ago, reminds you of the immortal game of bowls which Drake would not allow the news of the invading Spaniards to interrupt. The Elizabethan bowling-green has lately been reconstructed, and visitors can now still more easily conjure up visions of of the historic scene of 1588.



ARMADA MEMORIAL. PLYMOUTH HOE.

Drake was buried at sea, but Martin Frobisher, his fellow "adventurer" (in the days when the term enjoyed a very different meaning to that which it does at present) lies somewhere in the grand old Plymouth Church of St. Andrew, which also shelters a portion of the remains of Robert Blake, and where the irreverent hands of over-zealous nineteenth century "restorers" have placed the grave-stone of Charles Matthews comedian (and "Blue Friar") in such a position as to ensure its brief inscription being speedily obliterated by the tread of unconscious worshippers. Plymouth is not only one of the finest travel-centres that Western England, of which it is the uncrowned metropolis, can boast, but a shrine and place of pilgrimage both as regards the Old World and the New. It was from Plymouth that Cook started on his last voyage, but long before that the Barbican and the Hoe had been

associated with the prowess of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who took possession of Newfoundland in the name of Queen Elizabeth in 1583; John Davis, the pioneer of Arctic exploration; Sir Walter Raleigh, the colonizer of Virginia; to say nothing of Sir Richard Grenville, the three Hawkinses, or the Plymouth Company. The sailing of the *Mayflower* from Plymouth in 1620 (England and America will shake hands over its tercentenary fourteen years hence) makes an epoch in the annals of nations. Plymouth played as important a part in the foundation of Maine and Virginia, as it did long afterwards in the earlier

phases of Australian emigration. American travellers never leave Plymouth without visiting the rough stone bearing the word *Mayflower* and the date of her departure from these shores. It is there they realize the force of Elihu Burritt's admirable epigram: "Plymouth! Old Plymouth!! Mother of full forty Plymouths up and down the wide world that wear her memory in their names, write it in baptismal records of all their children and before the date of every outward letter, *this is the Mother Plymouth, sitting by the Sea.*"



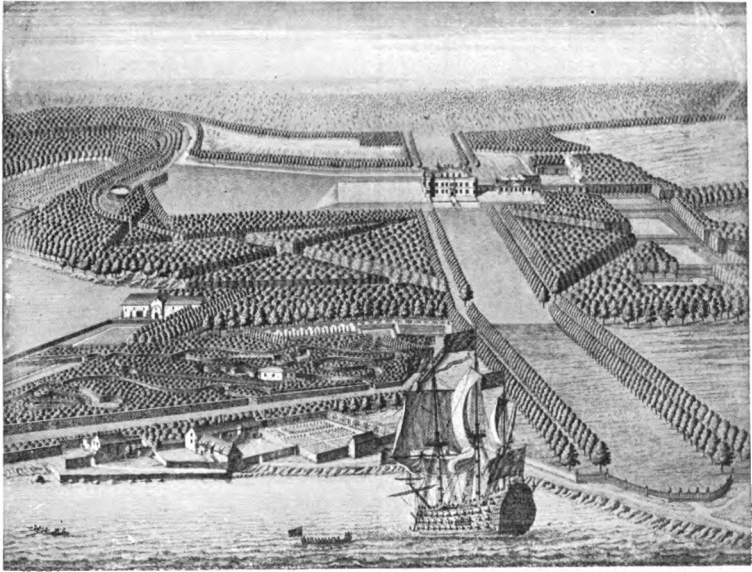
DRAKE STATUE, PLYMOUTH HOE.

Turning from the time-worn Carolian citadel, which forms a fitting background for the visible mementoes of an eventful past, you look across the Sound and the southern extremity of the Hamoaze to glorious Mount Edgcumbe, the eastern boundary and beginning of the Cornish Riviera. The tints of autumn have already begun to fall on the forest trees which encircle the mansion, where at least six English sovereigns have enjoyed the traditional hospitality of successive generations of the House of Edgcumbe, but that adds to rather than diminishes the loveliness of the prospect from the Hoe.

which a century ago elicited from the pen of David Garrick the lines commencing

“This mount all the mounts of Great Britain surpasses  
’Tis the haunt of the Muses, the Mount of Parnassus.”

The home of the Earls of Mount Edgcumbe dates from the reign of Henry VIII., and one day in each week the public are allowed to visit the English, French and Italian gardens, the old-world lawn, the delightful parterre, the stately orangery, and the classic statuary which remains untarnished in the soft and balmy atmosphere. The



MOUNT EDGCUMBE, 1700.

owners of Mount Edgcumbe have ever been patrons of the Muses. The first Earl encouraged the early efforts of Joshua Reynolds, the Plympton prodigy, and enjoyed the *bons mots* of David Garrick. His successor was an accomplished musician, who, if he had not been born in the purple, would have won name and fame as a composer and a poet. It is not surprising therefore to learn that Mount Edgcumbe is rich in “Sir Joshua’s,” that the library abounds in the rariora of literature, and that one of the largest malachite vases in existence is to be seen there. Queen Victoria has placed on record her keen appreciation of the beauties of Mount Edgcumbe and its surroundings.

"Plymouth is beautiful," she wrote in her diary of those happy yachting tours of sixty years ago, when the present King of England placed his foot for the first time on the Hoe of Hawkins and Drake of Raleigh and Robert Blake, "and we shall always be delighted to return there." Her opinion is shared to-day by the countless throng of travellers great and small, of pilgrims from across the seas, of holiday-makers from London, the Midlands and the North, of motorists, yachtsmen and antiquarians, and of searchers after health, rest or change who realize by personal experience the unlimited possibilities of "Mother Plymouth" as one of the most attractive travel-centres of the British Empire.

The literature of Plymouth is both rich and varied. Its history has been written from different points of view by such competent authorities as Messrs. R. N. Worth, Llewelyn Jewitt, H. F. Whitfield, and W. H. K. Wright, the last-named author being at the present moment the presiding genius of the Free Library, now located in the ancient Guildhall, where Nelson and Canning in turn became Freemen of the Borough, whose proud device of "*Turris fortissima est nomen Jehova*" breathes the sturdy spirit of Robert Blake and his contemporaries. Although the building is only supposed to date from the last year of the 18th century, the writer believes it enshrines more than is generally believed of the features of a far older structure. Mediæval glass still exists in the upper portions of the windows, and parts of the roof are unquestionably of very early origin. There is a "vanishing Plymouth," just as perceptible as the much-talked-of "vanishing London," and it is in the fitness of things that the deserted "Hotel de Ville" should in its enforced retirement from municipal affairs and uses, afford a shelter for the ancient books, drawings, prints, and portraits, which tell the story of "Mother Plymouth" from the days of Geoffrey of Monmouth and Michael Drayton down to the golden Georgian epoch when Joshua Reynolds welcomed Samuel Johnson to his native town, and the great lexicographer came to St. Andrew's Church to listen to the eloquence of Dr. Zachariah Mudge, whose bust by Chantrey still looks down on the pavement of the south aisle from which the early Victorian iconoclasts moved the tombstone of the great actor, whose death, like that of Garrick, for a time "eclipsed the gaiety of nations." The ancient Guildhall occupies a triangular piece of ground formed by the junction of High Street (to which somewhat contemptuous allusion

is made by Sir William Davenant in his "Newes from Plymouth"), Whimble Street (where Benjamin Robert Haydon first saw the light) and Looe Street, leading to Vauxhall Street, where in the now forgotten Payne's Prince George Tavern, in 1786 one of the principal inns of the town, William Henry Duke of Clarence, then popularly known as "jolly young tarry breeks," but destined forty-four years to become King of these realms, "was initiated into the ancient and honourable society of Freemasons in Lodge No. 86." This was on the 9th March. Two months later his name was added to the roll of Plymouth Freeinen, which before the Great War then about to



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH AND CROSS, PLYMOUTH.

begin was over, was to bear the names of Horatio Nelson, most illustrious of sailors, and George Canning, equally famous in the world of politics. The present building is said to be the third Guildhall which has occupied the same site, in the very heart of the old Plymouth, from which the tenements of the time of Francis Drake and his brother adventurers have not altogether disappeared, although the vanishing point may soon be reached. The name of Catte Street has been changed to Stillman Street; Palace Court Board School has supplanted the timbered dwellings in which the hospitable Paynter entertained Katharine of Arragon, after she had returned thanks at St. Andrew's



Church for her safe passage to England, where she was soon to realize the truth of Shakespeare's words "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Charles II. had no special love for the place which had given his father's troops so much trouble, and still stuck manfully to a motto savouring of Puritanism. He built the citadel, now faced by some of Plymouth's most cherished memorials, but many of its guns were so arranged as to dominate the three sister townships, for Stonehouse as well as Devonport (then known as Plymouth Dock) may be considered as forming part of the "Mother Plymouth" of history. It was possibly to please the "Merry Monarch," that the complacent Davenant put into the mouth of "Cable" the words—

"This town is dearer than Jerusalem  
 After a year's siege; they would make us pay  
 For daylight, if they knew how to measure  
 The sunbeams by the yard. Nay, sell the very  
 Aire too, if they could only serve it out in fine  
 China bottels; if you walk but three times  
 In the High Street they will ask you money  
 For wearing out the pebbles."

It is only just to say that the modern traveller will have no reason to quarrel with either Plymouth prices or Plymouth accommodation. If the palmy days of the "Turk's Head," the "Mitre," the "Rose and



A MAP OF PLYMOUTH, 1642.

Crown," the "Old Four Castles," and the "Prince George" are over, other hostelries abounding in twentieth century requirements and improvements have come into existence. Nor need he have any fear of a dull evening when the day's excursion or sight-seeing is over. The Theatre Royal still maintains the high reputation it enjoyed in the middle of the last century, and not far from Millbay Station is the handsome Palace of Varieties with its ornate exterior, its views of Armada scenes in encaustic tiles and its luxurious fittings. Excellent concerts and other entertainments are given constantly on the Pier, which is now one of Plymouth's recognised attractions.

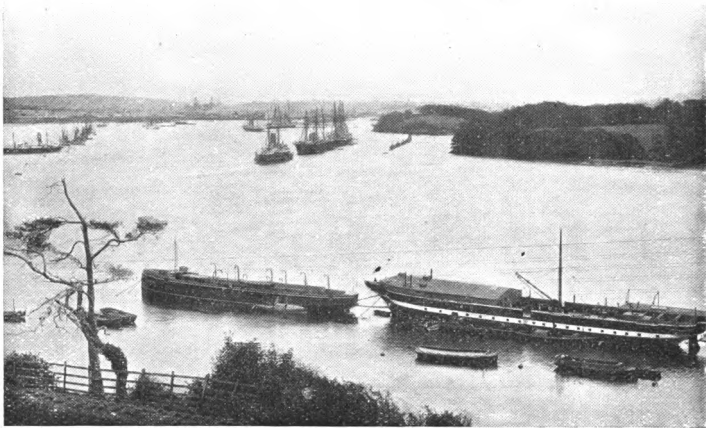


PROMENADE PIER, PLYMOUTH.

Plymouth may be fairly described as the terrestrial paradise of the modern excursionist. Let him prolong his stay there for an entire month and there is still something left to see. To the lover of boating the "Tamar's faithful bound," the Hamoaze estuary, the Lynher, the Plym, and the Yealm afford golden opportunities. Trout fishing may be obtained at a moderate cost in the fruitful waters of the Tavy, the Plym and half a dozen other streams, while the waters round Plymouth afford ample opportunities for the lover of every kind of deep sea fishing.

The Plymouth Mercantile Association publishes a useful leaflet, containing details of no less than 23 half-day and 30 whole day excursions.

sions. These can be obtained free on application to the booking office of the Great Western Railway Station either in summer or winter, the arrangements described being suited to the season. One of the most delightful of all these expeditions is to journey in one of the Great Western Railway Company's boats along the coast of the Cornish Riviera to Falmouth. If only the weather be propitious it will prove a not-easily-to-be-forgotten experience. The steamer passes close enough to the shore to permit the perfect enjoyment of a panorama of picturesque villages, rocky recesses, golden sands, green slopes and tree-covered hills.



THE TAMAR.

As far back as 1789 Fanny Burney clearly realised the possibilities of Plymouth in the matter of an infinity of pleasant excursions by sea, river and land. The broad waters of the Hamoaze from which Nelson and so many of his captains have dated their letters, become a short distance to the north of Devonport, the estuary of the Tamar and the Lynher, and a little further on in the same direction the Tavy flowing southwards from Tavistock joins the Tamar on its course towards Plymouth. The picturesque banks of all these streams can be visited with the greatest ease and enjoyment while sojourning at Plymouth or at the popular Devonport hostelry, patronized for so many years by the late Duke of

Edinburgh. In the Burney Diary it is recorded that on the 25th of August, 1789, "all 'the Royals' went sailing up the Tamar; and I had the pleasure of a visit from the very amiable and ingenious Miss Harriett Bowdler, whom I had not seen since the tea-party at Mrs. De Luc's in my first monastic year." Queen Charlotte and her daughters came back loud in their praises of the romantic charms of Cothele, and Miss Burney's account of their proceedings is still excellent reading. It seems that a feud arose between the sea captains and Lord Mount Edgcumbe on account of the former being disappointed of a dinner to meet "the Royals," but Miss Burney is enthusiastic in her praises both of Mount Edgcumbe and the host's son, Lord Valletort. Of the former she writes:—"It is surprising to see the state of vegetation at this place, so close to the main, myrtles, pomegranates, evergreens and flowering shrubs all thrive and stand the cold when planted in a southern aspect as safely as in an inland Country." Of Lord Valletort, she says:—"He is a most neat little man and his face has the roses and lillies as finely blended as in that of his pretty young wife." Nearly sixty years later Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, accompanied by the late Empress Frederick of Germany and King Edward VII., followed the example of "the Royals" in 1789, and explored the creeks of the Tamar, as well as the estuary of the Tavy. Notwithstanding the adverse weather they encountered, the Queen records in her diary that the river scenery which met their view was very nearly the most beautiful she had ever seen. The praises of the Tamar and the Tavy have been sung by more than one poet, and in that interesting book entitled "Borders of the Tamar and Tavy," Mrs. Bray gives a long account of William Brown, the Tavistock poet, to whose works allusion is made in the introduction. Tavistock itself will be spoken of later on in connection with Dartmoor, but the Tavy and its leafy banks inspired Brown with those allegorical verses which perpetuate his memory in Western Devon. It is in words like this that he depicts the course of the river which flowed past his birthplace:—

"Tavy creeps upon

The Western Vales of fertile Albion.  
 Here roughly dashes on an aged rock  
 That his intended passage doth up-lock;  
 There intricately 'mongst the woods doth wander,  
 Losing himself in many a wry meander:  
 Here amourosly bent, clips some fair mead;  
 And then dispersed in rills, doth measures tread  
 Upon her bosom 'mongst her flow'ry banks."

Of the countryside itself he says:—

“Here stands a bridge, and there a conduit head;  
 Here round a Maypole some the measures tread;  
 There boys the truant play and leave their book;  
 Here stands an angler with a baited hook;  
 There for a stag one lurks within a bough;  
 Here sits a maiden milking of her cow;  
 There on a silky plain (by time thrown down)  
 Lies buried in his dust some ancient town.”

Dartmoor, as we shall see later on, can boast of two poets, William Brown and Robert Herrick, but it is only incidentally that one can gather their real opinion of the country in which they passed their lives. Brown, the bard of the Tavy, had possibly more genuine sympathy with Devonshire than Herrick, and if anything can condone the constant striving for classicalism which disfigures most of the effusions of the former, it is the epitaph upon the Countess of Pembroke still to be read in Salisbury Cathedral, and the amusing satire with which in the ballad, entitled “Lydford Journey,” he describes a Dartmoor town—once apparently Tavistock’s most formidable rival. It begins with the frequently quoted words:—

“But I oft’ have heard of Lydford law,  
 How in the morn they hunt and draw  
 And sit in judgment after.”

and ends:—

“At six o’clock I came away,  
 And pray’d for those that were to stay  
 Within a place so arrant.  
 Wide and ope, the winds that roar:  
 By God’s grace I’ll come there no more,  
 Unless by some tin warrant.”

## VIII.—Dartmoor. Its Literature, Legends, Lays, and Landmarks.

### Tavistock and the Western Borderlands.

THE fascinations of Dartmoor for every class of traveller are both infinite and irresistible. They address themselves with equal force to the antiquary, the artist, the naturalist, the invalid and the ordinary holiday-maker. Just as Wessex has come to be described as Thomas Hardy's country, and as Exmoor will for all time be identified with the memory of R. D. Blackmore, so Dartmoor is intimately associated with the verses of William Brown and Robert Herrick, and the prose of Charles Kingsley, S. Baring-Gould, and Eden Philpotts. Dartmoor may be approached and explored conveniently from all points of the compass. From Tavistock (with which we are immediately concerned) on the west, from Ivybridge and Totnes on the south, and from Newton Abbot on the east. A century ago when the great prison at Princetown was adapted for the reception of our captives during the French war, Dartmoor was, comparatively speaking, a *terra incognita*. One of the great highways, however, from Cornwall to London traversed a portion of it, and it was by that route that during a dark November day in 1805, the commander of the *Pickle* brought the news of the victory at Trafalgar and the death of Nelson to London. There are very few parts of England about which so much has been written as Dartmoor. Those who are interested in the subject should certainly read as carefully as may be "The Perambulations of the Ancient and Royal Forest of Dartmoor," by the late Samuel Rowe, M.A., "The Ancient Stone Crosses of Dartmoor and its Borderland," by William Crossing, "Dartmoor Illustrated," by T. A. Falcon, M.A., and "Pictorial Dartmoor." All these beautiful works have been published during the past few years by Mr. J. G. Commin, of Exeter, whilst his most recent book entitled "The History of Devonshire Scenery," by no less an authority than A. W. Clayden, Principal of the University College

at the Royal Albert Memorial, Exeter, has thrown still more light on the same entrancing subject. Very readable also is "An exploration of Dartmoor and its Antiquities with some account of its Borders," by John L. W. Page, published in London in 1889, and last, but not least, must be mentioned the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's "Book of Dartmoor," produced in the last year of the nineteenth century under the ægis of Messrs. Methuen. Much that is contained in this book is condensed into a single chapter of the same eminent writer's Devon volume of "The Book of the West," and those in search of the lighter kind of handbook will welcome the assistance afforded them by Mr. W. Crossing's "Amid Devonian's Alps," and Mr. B. F. Cresswell's "Dartmoor and its surroundings." Mr. Philpott's novels have helped to make the great moorland of the south as popular as Exmoor has become since the appearance of "Lorna Doone," and it must be remembered that although Brown and Herrick wrote very little about the majestic and awe-inspiring solitudes in the immediate vicinity of which they lived and died, the praises of Dartmoor have been sung by Carrington who loved to dwell on the splendour

"Of rock-crowned heights on which the cloud  
For ever rests; and wilds stupendous, swept  
By mightiest storm:—of glen, and gorge, and cliff  
Terrific, battling o'er the stone-strewn vale"

And the late Chief Justice of England, Lord Coleridge, in his far too-little-known poem "Rhoda, a Devonshire Eclogue," writes:—

"Towers up a tract of granite; the huge hills  
Bear on their broad flanks right into the mists  
Vast sweeps of purple heath and yellow furze.  
It is the home of rivers, and the haunt  
Of great cloud armies, borne on ocean blasts  
Out of the wide Atlantic wilderness—  
Far stretching squadrons with colossal stride  
Marching from peak to peak, or lying down  
Upon the granite beds that crown the heights."

The tableland of Dartmoor occupies no less than 225 square miles of country. It represents an upheaval of granite attaining in places a height of over two thousand feet above sea level. One portion of it is known as "The Forest," and is part and parcel of the Duchy of Cornwall. Surrounding it are the commons, which belong to the various moorland parishes. By the enclosure of a considerable tract a number of rough grazing farms have been formed, but a great deal of it remains to-day "just what it was," to use Mr Baring-Gould's appropriate description "thousands of years

ago, boulder-strewn ravines, through which rush impetuous streams, rocky high ground, with huge blocks of granite, so weather-worn and piled up as to suggest to the stranger that some Titans had so placed them to serve as castles or to add a romantic touch to already wild scenery." Great sweeps of heather and furze-clad downs run up to these elevations, and on many of these rude stone monuments lie scattered about in all directions. It must not be forgotten that Dartmoor is also the mother of all the great South Devonshire rivers, for it is in the vast tracts of bog on both sides of the equator of the moor that are nursed the mountain streams which in due course become the Avon, the Erme, the Yealm, and the Plym. In the works above alluded to will be found not only a full account of the geology of Dartmoor, but much that is interesting about its menhirs, sacred circles, roads, barrows, and cairns. The dwellings of the early inhabitants of Dartmoor can still be traced by the implements of stone, brass, flint and granite, as well as by their arrow heads and primitive pottery. To those interested in such matters, Dartmoor indeed furnishes a happy hunting ground, and it may well be doubted whether in any part of the United Kingdom can be found so many remains of a vanished population as in the line of wild country between Okehampton and Ivybridge, and Tavistock and Bovey Tracey.

The folk-lore of Dartmoor is quite as rich as one might expect of a locality where the existence of fairies and pixies, witches and wizards, ghosts and omens, supernatural "cries," and mysterious indications of good or bad luck are still to some extent religiously believed in. All these things one may study conveniently on Dartmoor while inhaling the purest and most bracing air in all England, and enjoying that wild and weird scenery which attaches itself so appropriately to such stories as that of the "Gurt old sperit of the Moors" and the phantom black sportsman, hunting with black fire-breathing dogs, known as wish-hounds.

Dartmoor is as essentially a land of many waters as it is a land of many rocks. In the driest of dry summers when the grass everywhere else is burnt up and the wells become exhausted, Dartmoor remains green, and the drovers from all the neighbouring districts come there with their cattle in search of the food and drink which cannot be found elsewhere. The Devonshire moormen, who have authority over the four regions into which Dartmoor is divided, are



able to identify the different herds of cattle which graze upon it; but a fog on Dartmoor is a thing not to be forgotten by anybody who has encountered it, and many are the stories of those who have lost their way in the impenetrable mist which gathers as suddenly as it disappears. Although Dartmoor is not so closely connected with sport as Exmoor, the small dark trout which are caught in the neighbourhood of Two Bridges and elsewhere are unquestionably delicious; and at Easter-time hare hunting is the order of the day, with a final grand gathering at Bellever Tor. As Mr. Gould writes:—\*

“Tis merry in the autumn  
 When snipe and cock appear  
 And never see a keeper  
 To say, No shooting here!  
 We stock the peat for fuel,  
 We ask no better fire,  
 And never pay a farden  
 For all that we require.  
 O the pretty Dartmoor  
 O the bonny Dartmoor  
 I would not be where I'm not free  
 As I am upon the Moor.”



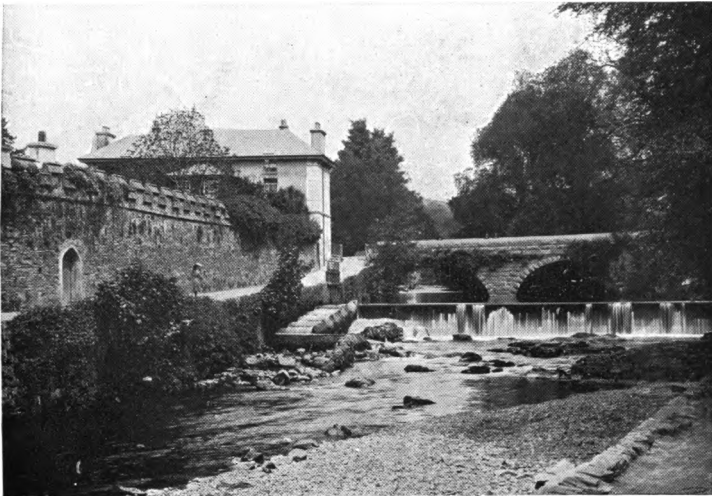
LAMERTON, NEAR TAVISTOCK.

At certain stations on the Great Western Railway† tickets are issued for a short circular tour which begins at Tavistock and

\* “Book of the West,” Devon, page 206.

† See page 195.

comprises those portions of the moors which are usually visited from its "Western Gateway." Tavistock is, of itself, a place of considerable interest, and its literary memories include not only those of Mrs. Bray, the authoress of "Borders of the Tamar and Tavy," but Miss Rachael Evans and Mrs. Charles. The former wrote a readable local book entitled "Home Scenes," while "The Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family," one of the classics of our childhood, is the principal production of the latter. The picturesque little town on the banks of the Tavy has been described by several writers as one of the prettiest in Devonshire, and its fortunes from time immemorial have been more or less bound up with those of the



THE ABBEY BRIDGE, TAVISTOCK.

Russell family, whose Devonshire residence, Endsleigh, is not far from it. Nicholas Rowe, the Dramatist, was connected with Lamerton, a village only a few miles north-west of Tavistock. Close to the Bedford Hotel are the remains of the once-powerful Benedictine Abbey, founded in the middle of the tenth century by Ogar, Earl of Devonshire, the father of Elfreda. About thirty years after its establishment it was destroyed by the Danes during their expedition up the Tamar, but was rebuilt with greater magnitude, and largely endowed by Henry I. and other benefactors. The gate house was

twenty years ago, at any rate, a public library, at which time the refectory did duty as a chapel. The parish church is a handsome building, dedicated to St. Eustachius, and contains many memorials of interest. Apart from its literary celebrities, the principal worthies of Tavistock are Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Glanville. The handsome tombstone erected as a memorial of the latter in the reign of Queen Elizabeth still exists. From the time of Edward I. until the Reform Bill, Tavistock sent a representative to Westminster. A century ago its member was Lord William Russell, who many years later was assassinated by his Swiss valet.



THE TAVY, TAVISTOCK.

Amongst expeditions generally undertaken by holiday-makers whilst staying at Tavistock, are walks and drives to Fitzford (the scene of one of Mrs. Bray's novels), Walreddon House, which dates from Edward VI.'s time, and Kilworthy, the ancient home of the Glanvilles, in the valley beneath which flows the beautiful Walla, immortalized in Brown's "Britannia's Pastorals." Crowndale, the birth-place of Drake, is within walking distance of Tavistock, and only a little further off is Harewood House, the scene of Mason's "Tragedy of Elfreda." A very pleasant excursion may be made up the valley of the Tavy as far as the source of the river at Fur Tor.

Amongst the most delightful scenery of the Dartmoor borderlands is that of Tavy Cleave, St. Peter Tavy, and St. Mary Tavy. The former is a narrow but very beautiful ravine through which the river rushes noisily in the direction of Tavistock. The golf links on Whitchurch Down, close to the town, are good enough to attract visitors from long distances. Those who read Brown are almost sure to find their way to Lydford, where although unlikely to be able to identify all the strange things he describes, they will be invited to inspect the court room said to be haunted by the wraith of Judge Jeffreys in the form of a black pig. The picturesque glen with its cascade should also be included in this excursion. Tavistock is certainly a place not only to visit but to carefully explore, for as Mr. A. L. Salmon very rightly observes\* "Besides these literary associations, the district of Tavistock teems with traditions and memories; legends of the Abbey and of the Moor, of the river and its bridges, the manors, the villages, the churches. These are the things to look for in the guide books, which in this respect have done their duty admirably. But it is a satisfaction to find so beautiful a town and neighbourhood can claim some distinction also in the glorious annals of English literature."



THE CASCADE, LYDFORD.

But it is a satisfaction to find so beautiful a town and neighbourhood can claim some distinction also in the glorious annals of English literature."

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\* "Literary Rambles in the West of England," page 71.

## IX.—Dartmoor. Its Roads, Rivers, Rocks, and Resting-places.

Yelverton—Newton Abbot—Manaton—Bovey  
Tracey—Moretonhampstead and Chagford.

IF the explorer of Dartmoor be wise he will provide himself before starting with a good map and one of the latest time-tables and coaching programmes issued by the Great Western Railway in which a mass of useful information as to coaching and other circular tours will be found. For practical purposes much of the Dartmoor literature is a little confusing. In two otherwise useful hand-books, one looks in vain for any mention of Yelverton, although that place is of primary importance as the junction of the only line of railway which really crosses the border of the Ancient and Royal Forest of Dartmoor. There is no index to "The Book of the West" (at any rate, as far Devon is concerned) and in that attached to "A Book of Dartmoor," one searches in vain for Moretonhampstead, although it enters largely into many pleasant excursions. In addition to the study of the G.W.R. time-table and the Map now placed at the disposal of the reader, the abridged edition of Rowe's "Perambulations,"† will materially assist the stranger both to understand and enjoy the weird beauties which have been described as "a wild mixture of heather, bog, rocks, and rapid streams." Mention has been made of Brown and Lord Coleridge in relation to Dartmoor and its borderlands, but it must not for a moment be forgotten that "Devonia's Dreary Alps" have their own uncrowned laureate in the person of Noel Thomas Carrington (1777-1830),\* the son of a Plymouth grocer, who served as a seaman on the occasion of Sir John Jervis's great victory of July 14th, 1797, and till within a short time of his death was head of a private academy in Devonport. His poem entitled

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\* See page 94.

† J. G. Commin, Exeter, Publisher.

"Dartmoor," which appeared in 1826, if a trifle stilted and bombastic, did something towards commencing that popularizing of the district he loved so ardently which has since progressed so rapidly by the aid of railway enterprise and the literary efforts of Messrs. Baring-Gould and Eden Philpotts. It was not in vain that Carrington asked

"Shalt thou alone  
Dartmoor! in this fair land where all beside  
Is life and beauty, sleep the sleep of death,  
And shame the map of England?"

While looking at the pre-historic remains centred in its village-circles, rude implements, dolmens and kistvaens one cannot help feeling that—

"E'en here,  
Man, rude untutor'd man, has liv'd, and left  
Rude traces of existence."

While following the course of the Plym, the Cad or the Meavy as you journey from Plymouth to Princetown, or while watching the junction of the two Darts at Dartmeet, it is not difficult to realise the debt which the "Shire of the Sea Kings" owes to the great central watershed of which Carrington wrote so eloquently:—

"For other fields  
Thy bounty flows eternal. From thy sides  
Devonia's rivers flow; a thousand brooks  
Roll o'er thy rugged slopes; 'tis but to cheer  
Yon Austral meeds unrivall'd, fair, as aught  
That bards have sung, or fancy has conceived,  
'Mid all her rich imaginings."

The times have come at last which the poet-pedagogue only dared to dimly foreshadow. In the twentieth century "Devonia's Dreary Alps" are hailed as one of the healthiest and pleasantest of British holiday-haunts, and the "dauntless grasp of Industry," in the shape of the telegraph and the telephone, the coach and the char-a-banc, the cycle and the motor, have at last assailed—

"The dread wilderness,"

as well as "yon Austral meeds," fertilized and made beautiful by the limpid waters of the two Darts, the two Teigns, the Taw, the Okement, the Lyd, the Tavy, the Walkham, the Plym, the Yealm, the Erme, the Avon and many others.

The ancient and Royal Forest and Chase in reality occupies only a small portion of the vast tract of upland usually designated as Dartmoor. The four "quarters" of the Forest, North, South, East and West, lie between Belston Tor and Cawsand Hill or Beacon at

one extremity, and Plymsteps, Abbot's Way and Huntingdon Cross at the other. From East to West the principal boundary points may be roughly given as Dartmeet and Walla Brook in the direction of Ashburton and Moretonhampstead, and Rattle Brook, Mistor and Princetown in that of Lydford, Tavistock and Yelverton. The remains of the old Trackway, Chiltonford Down, Bellever Tor and Two Bridges, may be spoken of approximately as occupying the centre of the Forest, while Widdecombe, Buckland-in-the-Moor, Holne, the Haytor Rocks and fifty other familiar places of pilgrimage lie in the eastern borderlands. Cranmere Pool, the mother of many waters,



THE TWO DARTS AT DARTMEET.

lies in the centre of the upper portion of the Forest, almost equidistant between Green Tor on the West and Kes Tor on the East. The heads of the chief circular tours and coach drives through the most noteworthy portions of Dartmoor are given as concisely as possible in the Appendix. They will be found to include all the principal points of interest in the moorland district, and can be arranged either in accordance with the taste of the traveller or the time at his or her disposal. What will suit admirably the ordinary excursionist or the seeker after picturesque scenery, and the pleasure accruing from a drive through the most exhilarating air in all England, may be found inadequate by the angler, the geologist, the

botanist, the antiquarian or the ecclesiologist, who discovers that throughout the length and breadth of Dartmoor—

“In many a green and solemn place,  
Girt with the wild hills round,  
The shadow of the Holy Cross  
Yet sleepeth on the ground.”\*

The word Yelverton is only a corruption of Elford-town, but the family from which it was originally derived, has been long since extinct, although their “windstraw,” or granite threshing-floor can still be seen at Longstone in Sheeps Tor. It is in this locality that the



BULL RING, ASHBURTON.

exigencies of the Plymouth Corporation have recently called a lake into existence. Sheeps Tor has its historical romance, for Squire Elford hid himself from the Roundheads in Pixy Cave near its summit, in the days when the place was still known as Sheltes Tor, from the Celtic “syth” or sheep. Yelverton is a good hunting-centre, there being several meets in the immediate neighbourhood. Near the church are St. Leonard’s Well and the remains of the old bull-ring, an institution which also flourished at Ashburton. Burra Tor was the residence of Rajah Brooke of Sarawak, who is buried in Sheeps Tor churchyard. Burra Tor was presented to the

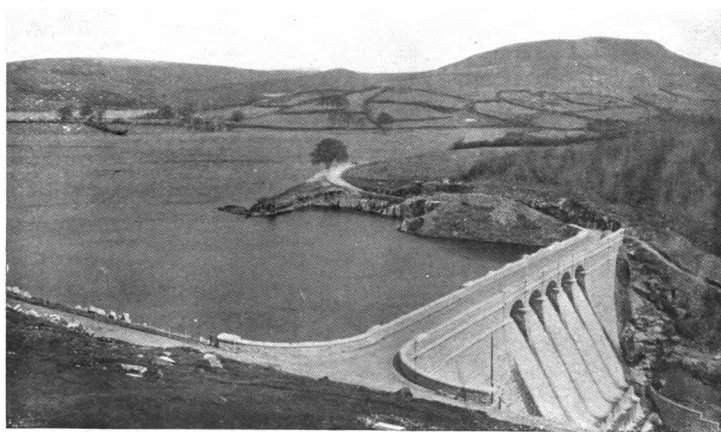
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\* “The Ancient Stone Crosses of Dartmouth and its Borderland,”  
by W. Crossing. Exeter, James G. Commin.



Rajah by the Baroness Burdett Coutts and some other friends. The whole district is exceedingly interesting; good accommodation will be found both in village inns and farm houses, and in the ascent of Deancombe and other similar excursions, the hardy pedestrian can find pleasurable employment for a week or even longer.

It is a far cry from Yelverton on the West to Newton Abbot on the east, but the Plymptons, Ivybridge, and South Brent in the southern borderlands have already been spoken of, while Princetown, Two Bridges, Dartmeet, and other places can more conveniently be considered in connection with the expeditions of which Ashburton, Newton Abbot, Manaton, Bovey, Moretonhampstead or Chagford are



BURRATOR RESERVOIR.

made the practical starting points, even if the Dartmoor "round" be carried out during a sojourn at Exeter, Torquay or Plymouth. From Totnes a branch line runs up the delightful Dart Valley to Buckfastleigh and Ashburton, while from Newton Abbot, often facetiously described as "the highroad to everywhere," and in reality a veritable "parting of the ways," one can journey by rail to Bovey Tracey, Lustleigh and Moretonhampstead. Manaton, just off the beaten track, forms the apex of a triangle with the last-named two places as its base, and Chagford is only about five miles due west of Moretonhampstead. Thus at every turn the Great Western Railway proves itself to be the natural key to all that is most beautiful and curious in Dartmoor.

Newton Abbot deserves great credit for the energy and enterprise shewn, by those responsible for its future, in the all-important matter of the intelligent development of its possibilities as a convenient travel-centre. It was one of the first places to produce a carefully prepared handbook detailing, not only its own attractions, but the various excursions of which it could be made the centre. In a manner it is the key to South Devon, for at an average distance of six miles or thereabouts, one is able to reach, and that by rail, Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, Paignton, Brixham, and Dartmouth, as well as Totnes, Ashburton, Bovey Tracey, and Chudleigh. It is a matter of legitimate pride that while enjoying the hospitality of Newton Abbot,



BRADLEY WOODS, NEWTON ABBOT.

the traveller "can see every place of note in South Devon and return in time for dinner the same day." Its population has tripled itself since 1851, and a phenomenally low death-rate, averaging 15 per thousand for 13 years, speaks volumes for the efficacy of a water-supply direct from Dartmoor. The accommodation obtainable at Newton Abbot is satisfactory, and building sites are still available in the most favoured localities. Of the many champions of Newton Abbot, first and foremost should be mentioned Lord Rosebery, who has placed on record his opinion that "There are few places in the

world where one could find so fascinating a transition as can be enjoyed in a drive from the greenery and woodland of Newton Abbot to the silence and loneliness of Dartmoor." Newton was assuredly entitled to a chapter in "A Book of the West," for it unquestionably offers great advantages to those bent on motor or driving excursions, while both the pedestrian and the cyclist will find themselves in an ideal spot for roaming amongst scenery which has been described as "the best and most varied to be found in Devonshire." As a place of residence Newton has much to commend it, whilst the merits of the College as an educational establishment are well known. Dartmoor may, of course, be reached with equal convenience from many other places, but it is from Newton Abbot that one should certainly go to Compton Castle, Kingskerswell Church (with its



COMPTON CASTLE.

parish stocks still *in situ* and its monuments of the Dynhams), Ugbroke Park, Lyndridge House, Bishopsteignton, Kingsteignton, the Chudleigh Rocks and the Teign Valley. Newton Abbot promises its patrons a fresh excursion every day for three weeks. Of the town itself the great architectural glory and historical landmark is "the very neat and fair house" built in early Stuart times by Sir Richard Reynell, and known ever since as Ford. Charles I. stayed there during the brief summer, which preceded the Civil War, in the course of which Ford changed hands no less than three times. It eventually became the property of the Courtenays,

and after the landing of William III., at Brixham, in 1688, he used Ford House as a temporary residence, and there issued his first proclamation to his future subjects. On the remains of the ancient granite Market Cross may be read an inscription stating that "The first declaration of William III., Prince of Orange, Glorious Defender of the Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England, was read on this pedestal by the Rev. John Reynell, Rector of this Parish, 5th November, 1688," and it was from Ford that the Prince's force set out on its bloodless march to London through Exeter. The procession appears to have been a very imposing one, for Lord Macclesfield was attended by two hundred negroes, wearing embroidered caps with white fur and plumes of feathers, while next came two hundred Finlanders in bearskins with black armour and broadswords. After them followed no less than fifty gentlemen and as many pages attending, the Prince's banner inscribed "God and the Protestant Religion." William himself was mounted on a milk-white charger in complete armour, highly wrought, with a plume of white ostrich feathers in his helmet, and forty-two running footmen by his side. Al-

most as interesting as Ford is Bradley House, one of the most curious specimens of a fortified mansion on a small scale now in existence. It dates from the fourteenth century, and though it has



SUMMIT, HAYTOR.

been rebuilt a great deal of the original structure still remains. In the chapel are to be seen the sculptured shields of Courtenay, De Englescheville, Bussel, Ferrers, and Bishop Lacy, as well as an ancient confessional in the western wall.

Bovey Tracey, only six miles to the north-west of Newton Abbot, forms part of many of the coaching and circular tours across

Dartmoor. Its church is rendered exceptionally interesting by a series of quaint epitaphs placed there in the reign of Charles II., by the then vicar, commemorative of Archbishop Laud and other Anglican martyrs. Tradition ascribes the foundation of the ecclesiastical build-



CHUDLEIGH ROCK.

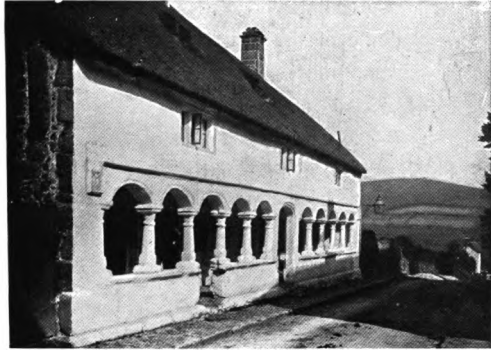
ings at Bovey to the piety of William de Tracy, one of the murderers of Thomas à Becket, but the legend is denounced as "baseless" in the Dictionary of National Biography which gives the year 1173 as the date of his death at Cosezna. We shall hear more of Tracy at Ilfracombe and elsewhere. At Bovey Tracey the traveller is

within four miles of Haytor Rocks, while about the same distance in the opposite direction are the Chudleigh Rocks and Cavern, which are often visited from Exeter and Newton Abbot. "Pixies' Parlour" and Chudleigh Cav-



THE CLEAVE, LUSTLEIGH.

ern both of them caves in the cliff of blue lime-stone at Chudleigh, and already spoken of, were visited by S. T. Coleridge nearly a century ago, and mention of them is made in his verses. The valley between Bovey Tracey and Moretonhampstead is



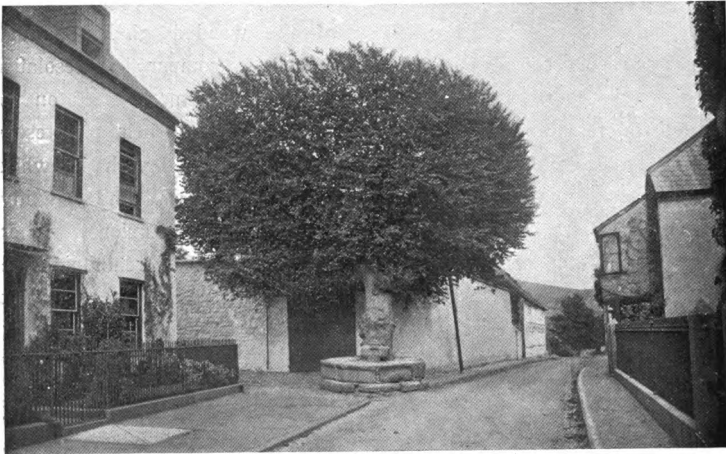
ALMSHOUSES, MORETONHAMPSTEAD.

exceedingly beautiful, the richness of the wooded glades through which you pass contrasting strangely with the comparative desolation which awaits you. Lustleigh and Manaton, which are passed on the way to Moretonhampstead are both renowned for their picturesque beauty, but for Mr. Baring-Gould, Moretonhampstead with its white-washed cottages, thatched roofs, quaint almshouses, and primitive appearance offers ideal headquarters for Dartmoor excursions. There is a road motor service (see Appendix) between Moretonhampstead and Chagford, which during the past two decades has rapidly in-



CHAGFORD, FROM THE TEIGN.

creased in popularity. Whether you stay at one or the other, the glorious defile of the Teign, one of the most charming of Devonshire's many rivers, must not be missed. A walk to Fingle Bridge is delightful, and on the way thither the Logan Stone, no longer capable of movement, may be seen, while close to it a glimpse of Whiddon Park, a fine old house buried amongst forest oaks and other trees, may be obtained. Moretonhampstead, Mr. Baring-Gould tells us, was once a purely moorland town, and the bold ridge which runs from Hell Tor and Hennock to the east was till comparatively recently covered with furze and heather. It is in a Moretonhampstead street that Mr. Baring-Gould and Mr. Blackmore figuratively shake



DANCING TREE, MORETONHAMPSTEAD.

hands, for "The Dancing Tree" of Moretonhampstead, described by the former, figures extensively in the latter's novel of "Christowel." The tree was an elm, and grew out of the basement of the old Village Cross, the lower steps of which engirdled the trunk with fragments of the head of the cross just below. The Dancing Tree was also known by the name of "The Cross Tree," and was already an institution on the 4th of June, 1800, when King George III's birthday was locally celebrated by a concert and ball. Seven years later the French officers who were prisoners on parole at Moretonhampstead gave a concert in the same place. The ancient elm was considerably damaged by the great storm of October 1st, 1891, but after again throwing forth vigorous sprays it finally came to grief two or three winters ago

and has been replaced by a youthful but less imposing looking fir. Moretonhampstead was the birthplace of George Parker Bidder, the well-known calculating boy. Mr. Baring-Gould lays stress on an expedition from Moreton to Grimspound, the pre-historic enclosure on the slope between Hookner Tor and Hameldon. The circumference measures over fifteen hundred feet, and was probably erected as a protection against wolves. Antiquarians will be interested to learn that on the hill-top above Grimspound is a cairn surrounded by a ring of stones and containing a kistvaen in the centre. By ascending Hameldon the Great Central Trackway, already alluded to, may be reached, and it may be traced across Dartmoor for a considerable distance. Technically speaking the whole of Dartmoor Forest is in Lydford parish,



**BOWERMAN'S NOSE.**

and the Great Central Trackway must not be confused with the lychway or "Corpse Road" along which the dead were borne to burial at Lydford, until in 1260 episcopal licenses were granted to allow burials as well as baptisms and marriages at Widdecombe. "Bowerman's Nose," a huge pile of granite rock, left standing on the hillside, may be visited from either Moreton, Manaton or Lustleigh, but while staying at either of these places one should certainly drive to Christow Church, in the beautiful Teign Valley and, crossing the river, inspect that of Ashton, which possesses an admirably-preserved screen covered with paintings. It was from Ashton



that came the beautiful Miss Chudleigh, who, as Duchess of Kingston, was tried for bigamy in Westminster Hall in 1778. Another favourite expedition in the north-east corner of Dartmoor is that to the Becky Falls, one of the finest of Dartmoor's natural curiosities, in which a mountain stream rushes over a bed of huge rocks and boulders.

To the south of Grimspound and Bowerman's Nose, to the west of Haytor and Rippon Tor, and to the east of Webburn, is Widdecombe, lying on the moorland stream which rises at Hameldon, and which Mr. Blackmore has also used very effectively in his novel of "Christowel." Widdecombe (occasionally spelt Withycombe and often Widecombe) is situated at the bottom of a deep



BECKY FALLS.

valley, "walled up to Heaven on the west by Hameldon, while the morning sun is excluded by a bold line of Tors on the east." In winter the inhabitants of Widdecombe are said to be as much closed in as Noah was in the Ark. The church, often called the "Cathedral of the Moors," to which access is gained by a road literally almost as steep as the side of a house, is exceedingly beautiful, and monuments there commemorate a phenomenal thunder storm which overtook the village during the seventeenth century, about which some exceedingly rare tracts have been recently re-published. Its stately tower has been compared to that of Magdalen College, Oxford, as regards

grace of proportion and is doubtless entitled to rank both in the matter of sharpness and finish of details with the finest towers of the West. In 1638, the Rev. G. Lyde, then Rector of the parish, wrote:—

“In Devon lyeth a parish wide and long,  
Called Widecombe, where pleasant rivers glide.

. . . . .

Much hidden treasure lies in mines of tin,  
Which have erected such a tower in height  
For strength and beauty comely to the sight,  
That like in country seldom hath been seen,  
So well contrived artificial been.”



WIDDECOMBE-ON-THE-MOOR.

If, however, Widecombe is better known than any other place in either Dartmoor or its borderlands it is on account of the popular song which for all time will perpetuate the memory of the old grey mare lent for the purpose of going to Widecombe Fair by one Thomas Pearse and commencing with the lines:—

“Tom Pearse, Tom Pearse, lend me your grey mare,  
All along, down along, out along, lee,  
For I want to go to Widecombe Fair,  
Wi’ Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davey, Dan’l  
Whiddon,  
Harry Hawk, old ucle Tom Cobleigh and all.”

It is difficult to point out a more instructive excursion as far as a general impression of Dartmoor scenery is concerned, than that to Two Bridges, where a well-known and most comfortable hotel has grown up from what was once a mere way-side inn in the vicinity of some of the best fishing on the Cowsick and the West Dart.

At Two Bridges you are quite close to Princetown, where flourishes another well-known hostelry, "The Duchy." The great convict station at Princetown is far less conspicuous than one would imagine, but some old buildings belonging to the time when Mrs. Hemans wrote:—

"Captives of Britannia's country,  
Here, from their lovely climes afar,  
In bondage pined; the spell-deluded throng,  
Dragged out ambition's chariot-wheel so long,  
To die because a despot King clasped  
The sceptre fitted to his boundless grasp."



TWO BRIDGES.

still form a feature in the landscape. Between the time you set out from Moretonhampstead and that at which you halt for lunch at either Two Bridges or Princetown, you should have become well versed in the folk-lore and legendary history of the moors, for you will have passed such well-known landmarks as Beetor Cross, Warren Tor, Hartland Tor, and Post Bridge (one of the characteristic "clapper-bridges"), and it is quite possible to leave Princetown early in the afternoon and reach Ashburton before dusk. Turning out of the

Ashburton Road, about half-a-mile from Princetown, is Wistman's Wood, the celebrated dwarf oaks of which can claim a quite exceptional antiquity. The drive is for the greater part one of extraordinary interest, for after passing almost close to Bellever Tor and before you arrive at Yar Tor you come to Dartmeet, the beauty of which has been already alluded to. The road from this point crosses several hills of unusual steepness, lying between Widdecombe, the Webburn rivers and the united Dart. The scene now suddenly changes and before you arrive at Ashburton you will have passed one of the most beautiful sylvan districts to be found in the whole of Devonshire. Holne Chase, as well as Ashburton and the country of Charles Kingsley and Robert Herrick, will be spoken of in the next chapter.

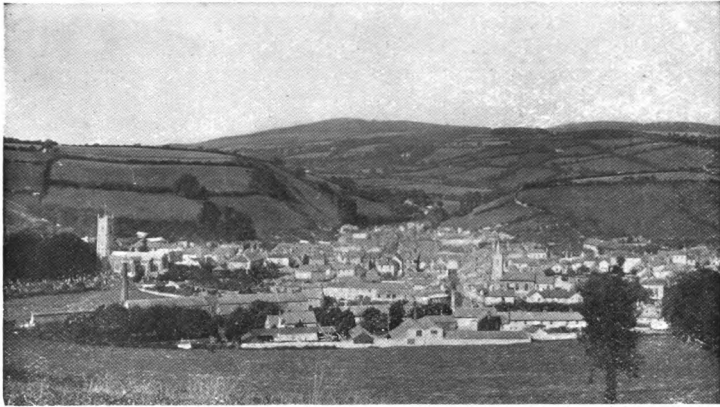
## X.—Dartmoor, and the Upper Dart, Holne Chase, and Ashburton.

In the footsteps of John Dunning and William Giffard (Ashburton), John Ford (Ilington), Charles Kingsley (Holne), Robert Herrick (Dean Prior), the Benedictines (Buckfastleigh), and James Anthony Froude (Dartington).

IF Lynmouth, Lynton and the Lyn Valley can, with every show of reason, claim to be a British Switzerland, surely the greater part of the delightful stretch of river and woodland lying between Dartmeet and Ashburton is entitled to rank as the Devonian Highlands? Ashburton, as a travel-centre, possesses advantages of the highest order. It is not only in direct railway communication with both the East and West, but to a natural position of almost incomparable loveliness it adds all the advantages which belong to a singular wealth of historical and antiquarian interest. It has often been called "THE Gate of Dartmoor." and its very latest describer, who deals so felicitously with its literary associations, speaks of it as "The magnificent gateway of Dartmoor Forest." If Ashburton finds no place in the index to "A Book of Dartmoor," the omission is amply atoned for in "A Book of the West," where ample justice is done to the "pleasant centre, whence excursions may be made, and possessing an old-world flavour about it as though preserved in *pot-pourri*." The origin of Ashburton is lost in the dark ages which preceded the Roman invasion. Some have connected the first syllable of its name with the ash tree (so abundant in Holne Chase) and the ashen log reminiscent of Christmas, but Mr. Baring-Gould cuts all discussion short by telling us that Ashburton simply means the *Tun* (town) on the Ashburn, Ash being another form of Exe or Usk, *i.e.*, water. Ashburton has or had its local laureate, and this gentleman explains the first phase of Ashburtonian history in the lines:—

"I sing of a town on the clear-sparkling Yeo (?)  
Once famed for its tin, in the dim long ago,  
When the Roman invader in eagerness sought  
For the store of rich wealth which its valley then brought."

Be this as it may, we know that Ashburton thrived as a Saxon *burgh* under Britric of the Golden Hair; as a Norman *Ville* and royal borough with Matilda, the first consort of a King of England to be called Queen, as lady of the manor, and as an English *town* in the days when Walter Stapleton, the practical and far-seeing Bishop of Exeter, became its patron and very often its chief resident. By this time Ashburton had attained to the dignity of a Stannary Town, where tin might be weighed and "stamped" or coined. Of all the metal so treated in 1303, throughout Devonshire, a little more than one-half came from Ashburton. The time honoured motto, *Fides Probata Coronat* is as old as these days, and the toast "Prosperity



ASHBURTON.

to the Borough of Ashburton and the Trade thereof," has been drunk many thousands of times since the 25th May, 1298, when Willielmus Titela and Johannes Pope represented Ashburton at the Parliament held in the 26th year of King Edward I., at York. Ashburton and its privileges somehow or other survived the quicksands of the first Reform Bill, but it is now only the chief town of a rural division and the political pitched battles of the Fowells and the Northcotes, the Reynells and the Stawells, the Courtenays and the Palks are regarded as ancient history. The charming old "town market" house with its quaint arcade and high timbered roof has succumbed to the ravages of the improving iconoclast, but there are many nooks and corners to remind one of the halcyon days of the woollen trade of Ashburton, when its serges were famous all over England and even across the seas. In the 17th and early 18th centuries the chief communication

between prosperous Ashburton and the great world beyond it was by long lines of pack-horses, the leader, generally "a way-wise old roadster," having a box of bells on its head. It was a decided innovation when an Exeter newspaper announced in 1764, that "A machine (not a coach be it noted) will set out from the New Inn (Exeter) for Plymouth every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning at six o'clock; breakfast at Ashburton going down and dine at Plymouth; and will return every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, breakfast at Ashburton and dine at Exeter, as fresh horses are placed at Ashburton for that purpose (apparently either breakfasting or dining!) and will run it sooner than any Post Chaise can. Each passenger to pay fifteen shillings."\* These were indeed prosperous

\* If these Ashburton breakfasts resembled in any way the Ashburton dinners, they must indeed have been something for the passengers to remember. Turning over a curious collection of local scraps and MSS. at the "Golden Lion," the writer unearthed the following modest note of the expenses of an election dinner held there previous to the return of Mr. Walter Palk of Marley, as one of the Borough members, in November, 1796:—

WALTER PALK, ESQ., M.P., *Dr.* TO JAMES LLOYD.

	£	s.	d.
Entertainment of certain voters the day before and morning of the election .. .. .	18	5	8
Dinner .. .. .	36	10	0
Beer, Porter, Cyder, and Pop .. .. .	4	5	0
Wine—612 Bottles of Red Port .. .. .	107	2	0
14 Bottles of Sherry .. .. .	2	16	0
12 Madeira at 6/- .. .. .	3	12	0
2 Claret at 6/- .. .. .	0	12	0
Spirits—12 Bottles of Brandy .. .. .	3	12	0
7 Ditto Rum .. .. .	2	2	0
15 Ditto Gin .. .. .	4	10	0
Fruite .. .. .	1	10	0
Sugar .. .. .	1	15	0
Tea and Coffee .. .. .	4	0	0
Cards .. .. .	0	10	0
Storehouse shut up at half-past six o'clock after which the following liquor was con- sumed, viz.—			
Grog and Punch .. .. .	3	12	6
55 Bottles of Port .. .. .	9	12	6
Negus .. .. .	2	12	0
3 Bottles of Brandy .. .. .	0	18	0
Hay and Corn .. .. .	1	15	0
Damages for articles broken .. .. .	5	10	6

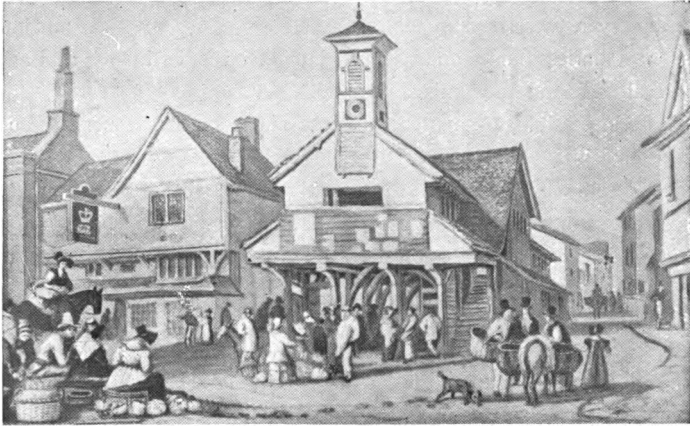
£219 1 2

Paid 13th February, 1797, James Lloyd.

Mr. Palk's conscience seems to have hesitated at the breakages and "mine host" deducted the charge for them.

At this time the whole of the electors on both sides numbered about 180 persons.

times for the "Mermaid," the "Three Tuns," the "Rose and Crown" (beloved of the wool staplers), the "Barnstaple Inn" (the resting place of the pack-horses), the "Sun" (frequented by the butchers) and the "Duke's Head," with its front all but covered by a huge fresco painting of the victor of Culloden. In August, 1779, there was wide-spread alarm at Ashburton. The French and Spanish fleets had been seen off Plymouth and rumours of coming invasion filled the air. Nothing eventually came of them, but a large number of French prisoners removed to Exeter for safety were marched through the Ashburton streets on their way thither under the escort of two companies of militia and 300 volunteers.



MARKET HOUSE, ASHBURTON.

From an Old Print.

In the middle ages Ashburton consisted of a royal and episcopal manor separated by a stream, but united by a bridge. The ancient chapel of St. Lawrence, once the property of the Guild of cloth-workers, has been converted into a grammar school, and the parish church is as ornate and interesting as one would expect of a place where, during the Tudor period, wood carving was extensively and successfully practised. In pre-Reformation times the Ashburton rood-screen must have been one of the artistic glories of Devonshire. During the eighteenth century Ashburton gave England two famous men, viz.—John Dunning, the great lawyer, and William Gifford, the great critic. The former eventually became the first



Lord Ashburton and married one of the Exeter Barings.\* The latter ascended from a cobbler's stool to the editorial chair of "The Quarterly Review."

Within easy reach of Ashburton is Ilsington or Ingsdon in Haytor parish. Mr. Baring-Gould waxes eloquent over the carved poppy-head benches and the quips and quirks of its first manorial lord the original Pomeroy, jester to Robert the Magnificent, father of the Norman conqueror, who from his coming in with the dessert, was known as Pomme-roy, the apple King. He omits, however, all mention of Ilsington's chief worthy, John Ford, the Elizabethan dramatist of whom so little is known outside the couplet—

"Deep in a dump John Ford alone was got,  
With folded arms and melancholy hat."

Ford, however, was a man of genius, and has won the unstinted praise of Charles Lamb and Henry Hallam. His birthplace at Bagtor though altered and modernised can still be seen.

It is impossible to say too much in praise of the scenery through which you either plunge into the old-world streets of Ashburton, or mount gradually by a tree-fringed, winding road to those breezy uplands where you soon realize the force of the lines—

"Far removed be the day, ere fashion deface  
The features and charms of this primitive place!  
The freehold of Nature, though rugged it be,  
Long, long may it flourish unsullied and free;  
May the fox love to kennel; the buzzard to soar,  
The tenants of Nature on rugged Dartmoor."

The writer has visited Holne Chase both going to and on leaving Ashburton, and still retains a vivid remembrance of the impression awakened by the gleams of sunlight through the oaks, birches, ferns and hollies; the varied hues thrown on the "clitters," the true Devonshire name for those huge pieces of granite and spar so frequently met with in this part of the moorlands, and the Dart deep in the valley by the roadside impatiently dashing over its mossy boulders on its way towards the open sea from its small beginnings amongst—

"Crag, rocks, and stones confusedly hurled,  
The fragments of an earlier world."

A recent writer on Dartmoor speaks as follows of this highly-favoured portion of the "Shire of the Sea Kings":—

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\* "Literary Rambles in the West of England," p. 124-5

“There is nothing in Devonshire finer than all that upper course of the Dart which extends from Ashburton into the heart of the Royal Forest, far up towards the sources of the river. It has been compared to Wharfedale, and especially to the valley of the Wharfe about Barden and Bolton Abbey. There is a certain resemblance. Steep, wooded hillsides, with ridges of moor and mountain, rising distance beyond distance, belong equally to both districts. And yet the points of difference are plainer than those of likeness. Hills and scours of mountain limestone take forms very unlike those of carboniferous dunstone or of granite. The plants and insects vary. The colour of the water is not the same. The Dart scenery is, on

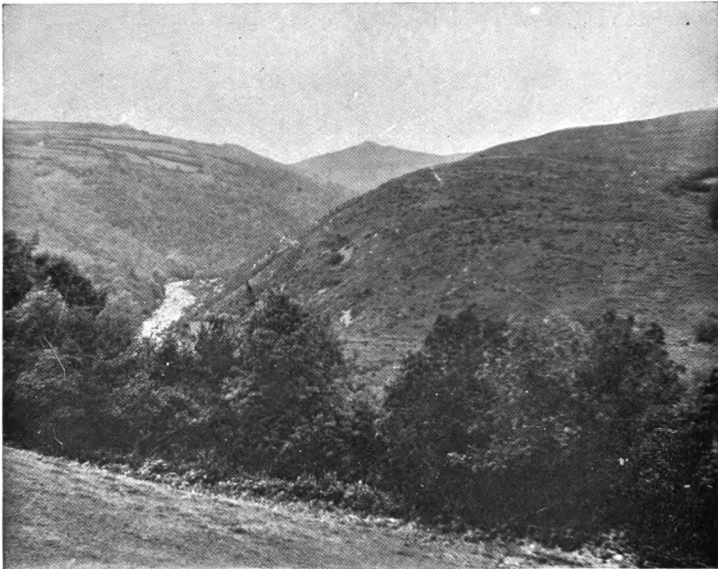


#### HOLNE CHASE.

the whole, far more Highland in character than that of Yorkshire, and recalls, perhaps more strongly, parts of the ‘Lady of the Lake’ country, where the mountains send out their spurs on the cultivated lands below. It may fairly be said that no one is really acquainted with Devonshire, or is entitled to judge her scenery with reference to that of other Counties, until he has not merely visited, but made himself familiar with this grand region.” Sir H. De la Beche struck the right note when he said—“No true naturalist or lover of wild scenery ever visited Dartmoor without wishing to return to it again.” At Ashburton itself nearly everything that meets the eye or ear savours of an eventful but always prosperous past. The

bells which ring out so sweetly from the tower of the church linked with the memory of Miles Coverdale as with that of Walter Stapleton, were first cast in the fifteenth century, for in the accounts of the years 1487-8 there is a charge of ten shillings and threepence for "blessing the bells" and earlier still are memoranda of collections made to defray the cost of the necessary ropes.

The walk or drive to Holne, the birthplace of Charles Kingsley, is one not soon to be forgotten. The first air that the author of "Westward Ho!" breathed was that of Dartmoor, and it was on



THE DART, SHARP TOR.

Dartmoor scenery that his eye first rested. The modest parsonage of his childhood has now given place to a more ornate successor, and he left the neighbourhood with his parents when a child, but he revisited the village in early manhood, when he wrote to his father in the following terms:—"what I saw of Holne more than justifies your praises and drawings of it. The distinction and specific glory of Holne is the descent into cultivation coming down Holne Ridge, after four hours awful silence and desolation. From Fox Tor along the Titanic ridges of Cator's Beam, Ann Head and Peter-in-the-Mount, over the black bog which varies the primeval forest; the first gleam

of spires and chequered fields, the first tinkle of the sheep bell and creak of the plough, and halloo of boys, and the murmur of the hidden Dart. I could only pray and thank God for showing me such a thing. Hazel Tor (Answell Rock) is the finest thing I have ever seen except the Upper Wye, which the whole much resembles, I mean from Plinlimmon to Presteign.”\* To the very end of his life, when at Clovelly and Eversley, Kingsley loved with all his heart “that great well-head of health and life—the ancient Forest of Dartmoor.”

If the old market-place, the “machines,” the pack-horses, the “hostels,” and (sad to relate!) the election dinnerst have vanished



THE BIRTHPLACE OF CHARLES KINGSLEY.—HOLNE.

for ever from Ashburton, the Golden Lion looks down majestically (if not menacingly) from above the portals of the roomy house, erstwhile the scene of Mr. Walter Palk’s gargantuan feast. More than a century has passed away since then, but the “Lion”

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\* Before descending into the village of Holne, the traveller should halt and scan the wonderful view over the heather-clad moors. In the background are the solemn Tors rising majestically one above the other, while the Dart winds in and out like a silver thread.

† According to Mr. Justice Grantham’s ruling in a neighbouring county, even election teas are fraught with dangerous consequences to the givers.

maintains all the prestige and old-world savour of the coaching days which have long since shared the fate of Ashburton's political symposia. The shade of the terraced gardens of the hospitable "Lion" is specially grateful after a walk to Holne, or any of the "day" excursions for which Ashburton is justly famous. Holne Chase has already been spoken of, and it is particularly well worth seeing in the late autumn, when the brilliant russet of the beech and other forest trees present a striking contrast to the evergreen of the holly and still darker tints of the yew, and from Buckland Beacon, a little less than five miles from Ashburton, one can enjoy a superb view, ranging over the whole of the South Hams from Haldon to Bolt Head, and, on exceptionally clear days, allowing a glimpse of Portland Bill over the Teignmouth estuary and far beyond the white cliffs near Axmouth. As to one of the Ashburton excursions to "scenes of loveliness," Mr. Baring-Gould gives excellent advice. He exhorts his readers not to miss "Dr. Blackall's Drive," and it is sincerely to be hoped that the formidable notice-boards forbidding access to it, which faced the writer, have now been removed in the best interests of the Dartmoor pilgrim. "The main road from Dartmeet," Mr. Baring-Gould writes, "is taken till the Dart is passed at New Bridge, then, after a steep ascent, the highway is abandoned before Pound Gate is reached, and a turf drive runs above the Dart, commanding its gorge, the Holne coppice, and Bengie Tor, the high road being rejoined between Bell Tor and Sharp Tor. This excursion may be combined with a drive through Holne Chase, if taken on a day when the latter is open to the public." He adds two pieces of excellent advice to travellers who are strictly enjoined to see Holne Chase from both sides of the Dart, and not to omit visiting Hanbury and Holne Chase camps, the ancient defence of the western "gateway of the Moors." Widdecombe and Bovey are often visited from Ashburton, and few people who have read and enjoyed Mr. Salmon's "Literary Rambles in the West," will resist the temptation to see something of Dean Prior, Buckfastleigh and Dartington.

"Although the author of the "Hesperides" spoke of the "warty incivility" of Dean, and grumbled about the dulness of Devonshire generally, Dean Prior participates very largely in the undeniable loveliness of the Dartmoor borderland. "Westward," writes Mr. Salmon, "rise the heights of Ugborough, Three Barrows and Brent Moor; northward is the noble-placed Buckfast Abbey, reminding one by its

position (and now by its resurrection!) of the glorious monastic houses in Yorkshire; and the beautiful Dart winds past Holne Bridge and Buckfast and Staverton to Totnes, Dittisham, Dartmouth . . . . The air that blows from the moors has usually a bracing and tonic vigour, and even in summer, reminds us that it comes from a land of heather, desolate firs, dark morasses; but here all is luxuriance and fertility." Herrick has already been more than once alluded to. One can hardly forgive him for having written amidst such surroundings the unmerited complaint—

"Search worlds of ice, and rather there  
Dwell, than in loathed Devonshire."



VICARAGE OF ROBERT HERRICK.—DEAN PRIOR.

It almost kills the romance of such charming verses as those beginning—

"Fair daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon;"

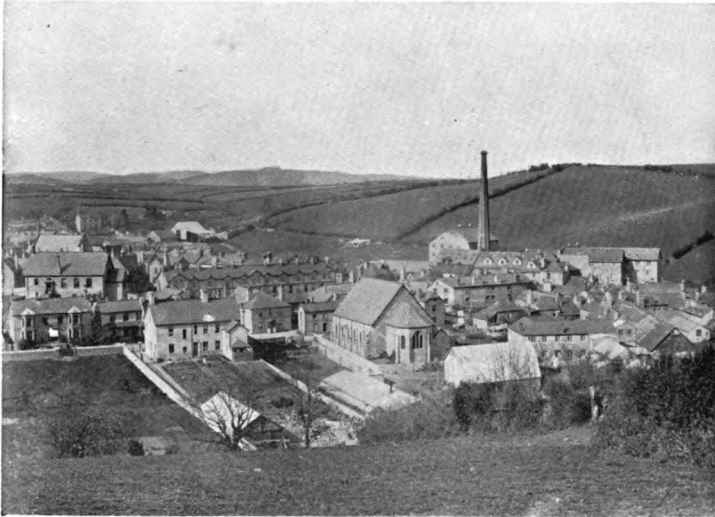
the genial description of his humble vicarage—

"Like as my parlour, so my hall  
And kitchen small;  
A little buttery, and therein  
A little bin;"

or the touching epithet on his housekeeper—

"In this little urn is laid  
Prudence Baldwin, once my maid,  
From whose happy spark, here let  
Spring the purple violet."

In the Dean Prior register the burial of "Prudence Baldwin, an olde maid" is duly recorded. A guide book glibly informs its readers that the poet, "whose grave is marked by a handsome monument," was restored to his benefice (and "loathed Devonshire") by Charles II., and "spent the closing years of his life with Mistress Prue his house-keeper, Trasy, his pet dog, Phill, his tame sparrow, a goose, a cat, a pet lamb, and some few chickens." As a matter of fact, the locality of Herrick's last resting place is unknown, and "Mistress Prue" certainly predeceased her master, the author of the epitaph.



#### BUCKFASTLEIGH.

Buckfastleigh is on the direct line to Totnes, and within considerably less than half an hour's reach of Ashburton. Here on the banks of the Dart and amidst scenery of incomparable beauty, is rising once more from the ruins of centuries, a great monastic house, the first foundations of which were probably laid by Kynewulf about A.D. 760, after his conquest of South Devon and the driving of the aboriginal inhabitants beyond the Tamar. Mr. Baring-Gould connects Buckfast Abbey with the still older St. Petrock, while others make its history begin with Abbot Alfoin during the reign of Canute. Thirty years ago nearly everything had disappeared except the foundations buried in the ground and the "Abbot's Tower," long since converted into a secular dwelling. The stones of Buckfast had gone

to make roads, bridges, and cloth-mills. The idea of the restoration of Buckfast\* Abbey originated early in the last century with Pere Muard, who died in 1854, but it was not until 1882 that the expelled French Benedictines became the owners of the ruins. Two years later began the excavations and restoration (the latter still incomplete, but always progressing as funds come in) which have added the final touch to the Abbey's eventful history. The rebuilding of the conventual church and the appointment of a presiding Abbot have been attended with one or two strange coincidences. The name of the first Superior of the restored Monastery was Dom Stephen Denis, Dennis having been also the name of the favourite of Henry VIII. to whom the confiscated Abbey was given. His successor, Abbot



BUCKFAST ABBEY.

\* Buckfast derives its Saxon name, probably meaning "Deerfastness"—from the herds of red deer (once so numerous on the outskirts of Dartmoor) who were accustomed to descend to the waters of the Dart for refreshment. This name agrees also with the arms of the Abbey—A stag's head surmounting a crozier. The possessions of the Abbey were, of course, very extensive, though it is not now possible to trace them all. For the cultivation of the land in its immediate vicinity, in the reign of Edward the Confessor, were required 92 villeins, 90 bordars, and 67 serfs, with their families—numbers sufficient to form quite a good sized village. The chief industry of the Abbey was the celebrated woollen trade, which is carried on to this day there and at Ashburton, two miles distant, and the pathway leading across the moor from Buckfast to Tavistock, which was traversed by mules laden with woollen goods, is still known as the "Abbot's Way."



Dom Boniface Natter, who perished in the wreck of the "Sirio," was the first Abbot nominated with canonical succession to a monastery suppressed by Henry VIII. Buckfast Abbey was restored to its full rights by a decree issued by the Benedictine Abbot General Dom Maurus Serafini, on October 29th, 1902, in virtue of which decree the canonical election of an Abbot was decided on. The voting took place on November 14th of the same year, when the late Abbot Natter was raised to the dignity of the abbatial chair. The great ceremony of the abbatial benediction, with the investiture of mitre and crozier, was without any premeditation fixed for February 24th, 1903, the Feast of St. Mathias, which satisfied the various conditions laid down by the rubrics. It was not until after the date had been approved by the Bishop that the discovery was made, showing that the very same date three hundred and sixty-five years before was the last day of "community life" lived by the monks of Buckfast. The present Abbot is Dom Anscar Vonier, installed October 18th, 1906. A most interesting account of Buckfast Abbey has been compiled by Dom Adam Hamilton, O.S.B., an erudite historian, who has for some years been one of the brethren. Not far from Buckfastleigh is Dartington\* the Derentum of Domesday, whose rector for many years was the Venerable R. H. Froude, and here, in 1818, was born James Anthony Froude, the historian, who has been described as greater than Macaulay in depth and variety of tone, and greater than Carlyle in beauty and lucidity of style. "To all who love England and her heroic memories, the parsonage at Dartington must ever be a sacred spot."† The ancient abode of the Champernownes and their monuments at Dartington have already been mentioned in connection with Dartmouth and the lower reaches of the Dart. It is now time to leave regretfully the wooded glades, limpid streams, historic sites and literary landmarks of the Dartmoor borderlands, and return once more to the not less picturesque banks of the "fruitful Exe."

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\* See Chapter IV., page 64.

† "Literary Rambles in the West," page 127.

## XI.—The Exe Valley. Tiverton, Bampton, and Dulverton.

In the footsteps of R. D. Blackmore.

THERE is no more delightful district in the whole of Devonshire than the fertile Valley of the Exe, which runs almost in a direct line from Exeter to Dulverton, the southern gate of Exmoor, just over the Somersetshire frontier, and in a measure the half-way house between South Devon and the Severn Sea. Although the greater part of Exmoor belongs to the sister county it would be manifestly impossible to deal with Devonshire from the holiday-maker's point of view without giving some account of it, and it must, more over, be remembered that R. D. Blackmore was, both by birth, descent and education, a man of Devon, and that many of the places mentioned in "Lorna Doone," "Perlycross," and the "Maid of Sker" have been clearly identified with the Shire of the Sea Kings. Before



THE EXE AT TIVERTON.

beginning a ramble in what may be legitimately called "The Blackmore Country" one may with great advantage study a most interesting volume bearing that title, written by Mr. F. J. Snell, the author of "A Book of Exmoor," which has just been published by Messrs. Adam and Charles Black. Mr. Snell shows clearly that Devonian life, traditions, and customs, as well as Devonshire towns, villages and streams, entered far more largely than one would imagine into the whole of Blackmore's writings. This subject will be further referred to when Tiverton is reached, and those who desire to follow still closer in the footsteps of the author of "Lorna Doone" will make a detour eastwards by a cross-country line to see something of Uffculme, Culmstock, and Hemyock, all of them well on the Devon side of the Blackdown Hills. The "Red Mound" and the massive tower of St. Peter's are scarcely out of sight when the train bound for Tiverton leaves the main line to Taunton and London and begins to make its way northwards, following very closely the banks of the Exe, which receives a good many tributary streams in the course of its windings towards the sea. Creeper-clad cottages, smiling villages, stately church towers, and pasture lands of surprising richness are passed in rapid succession, but in the Exe Valley the most striking feature of the landscape is unquestionably the orchards, generally laden in late summer or early autumn with red or golden fruit. As has already been said there was a time when every Devonshire gentleman's house and every farm possessed its well-stocked and carefully-pruned orchard; then for a while beer ran cyder hard and nearly beat it out of the field, but public taste has again turned and the apple trees are having their good times once more. In the Exe Valley may still be heard the rural Georgic, first set down in writing by Mr. Baring-Gould, and giving complete instructions how apples are to be grown and cyder made. It will suffice to quote the following verses:—

"An orchard fair, to please,  
 And pleasure for your mind, sir,  
 You'd have—then plant of trees  
 The goodliest you can find, sir;  
 In bark they must be clean,  
 And finely grown in root, sir,  
 Well trimmed in head, I ween,  
 And sturdy in the shoot, sir.

O the jovial days when the apple trees do bear,  
 We'll drink and be merry all the gladsome year.

All in the month of May,  
 The trees are clothed in bloom, sir,  
 As posies, bright and gay,  
 Both morning, night, and noon, sir,  
 'Tis pleasant to the sight,  
 'Tis sweet unto the smell, sir,  
 And if there be no blight,  
 The fruit will set and swell, sir.  
 O the jovial days, &c.

The summer oversped,  
 October drawing on, sir;  
 The apples gold and red  
 Are glowing in the sun, sir,  
 As the season doth advance,  
 Your apples for to gather,  
 I bid you catch the chance  
 To pick them in fine weather.  
 O the jovial days, &c.

When to a pummy ground,  
 You squeeze out all the juice, sir,  
 Then fill a cask well bound,  
 And set it by for use, sir,  
 O bid the cyder flow  
 In ploughing and in sowing,  
 The healthiest drink I know  
 In reaping and in mowing.  
 O the jovial days, &c."

So attractive is the view from the carriage windows that Bramford Speke, Nether Exe, and Bickleigh are soon left behind, and you find yourself in Tiverton, famous for three centuries as the greatest of Devonshire's educational centres, and especially celebrated in the earlier part of the Victorian era as the scene of Lord Palmerston's political contests and controversies. The hand of the "improver" has fallen heavily on the "town of the two fords," for Tiverton derives its name from having been built between two passages across the Exe and the Lowman, the latter designation conveying



GREENWAY'S ALMSHOUSES, TIVERTON.



BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL.  
The Chapel and Tower.

the same sense of smoothness or sluggishness as is implied in the terms Lomond, Leman, Lyme and Leam. Not thirty years ago Blundell's School\* retained nearly the whole of its old-world features, but it was as far back as 1830 that the "restorers" of the period began the work of desecration (completed in 1854) by getting rid of the magnificent screen in St. Peter's Church which helped to commemorate the munificence of John Greenway

and Joan his wife. Fortunately Greenway's almshouses, with their beautiful chapel and exquisite sculpture, have survived the perils of fire, sword and over zeal, and one may still read the rhyme inscribed in bold letters under the main cornice—

"Have grace, ye men, and pray  
For the sowl of John and Jone Grenway."

The story of Tiverton is admirably told both in Mr. Baring-Gould's "A Book of the West" and Mr. F. J. Snell's "The Blackmore Country." While halting at Tiverton, as everyone certainly should do, the traveller, whatever may be the object of his quest, will find his

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\* "Blundell's" was founded in 1604, and in Dr. Richards's time took high rank amongst English Public Schools. Its ter-centenary two years ago was commemorated by the publication by Mr. J. G. Commin of Exeter of "Blundell's Worthies, 1604-1904," edited by M. L. Banks. "The Register of Blundell's School," with introduction and appendices by Arthur Fisher, is in course of preparation. A septennial celebration helps to keep alive the enthusiasm of "Blundellians" or "Blundellites" on both sides of the Atlantic. "Blundell's" seems to have suffered as much by Act of Parliament as by the hand of man.

time very fully occupied, for he must see the castle, once a great Courtenay stronghold, and Cranmore, the formidable earthwork which frowns down upon modern Tiverton from the height above Collipriest. Then there is the great parish church of St. Peter, in which the four rectors of the four separate divisions of Tiverton were once, as Mr. Snell puts it, "co-regnant." This exceptional state of things is supposed to have originated the romance of "The Seven Crosses," related with evident zest by Mr. Baring-Gould. It is satisfactory to note that the fragments of the Greenway screen are preserved at Powderham, while the rood-screen, after careful restoration, has been re-erected at Holcombe. The opening scene of "Lorna Doone" passes



BLUNDELL'S OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.

at Blundell's School, where R. D. Blackmore was a scholar, with Frederick Temple, subsequently Archbishop of Canterbury, as his friend and protector. Mr. Snell speaks of the Primate as an "amateur father, and a somewhat severe one into the bargain." No one else must bully "little Blackmore" under peril of condign punishment, but years and years afterwards, when handing some prize-winner a copy of "Lorna Doone," Dr. Temple, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, admitted that he had occasionally chastised the author "by striking him on the head with a brass-headed hammer."\* "Blundell's" has certainly produced more "worthies" than any other school of the four western counties, but after the Primate and the novelist, the best known is probably Bampfylde Moore Carew

\* "The Blackmore Country" p. 49.

(like Blackmore himself the son of a Devonshire parson) who was elected to succeed Clause Patch as King of the Gipsies or Beggars about the middle of the eighteenth century. Carew was born at Bickleigh in 1693; kept a pack of hounds while at "Blundell's" and ran away from school in order to avoid a well-deserved whipping. The exact place of his death in 1777 is unknown. The "White Witch" (the substantive serving equally well for both sexes) has



THE RIVER CULM NEAR CULLOMPTON.

not yet come to be regarded as by any means an extinct species in the neighbourhood of Tiverton. Mr. Baring-Gould relates several wonderful cures performed by "Old Snow" and others, but the subject is scarcely as interesting to the average holiday-maker as the good trout fishing to be found in the Exe and some of its tributaries, and the flourishing lace manufactory which keeps Tiverton busy and prosperous, in spite of its political extinction as a Parliament-

ary borough. In consequence of the depredations of the Luddites, John Heathcoat transferred his frames to Tiverton in the year after Waterloo. His son married an Amory and the business now carried on by the firm of which Sir John Amory is the head, is continued to this day in full vigour, finding employment for 1400 adults and 130 children. While at Tiverton Mr. Baring-Gould strongly insists on the propriety of an excursion to Cullompton in the Culm\* valley to see "the interesting

\*Culm is derived from the Welsh *cŵll* and the Gaelic *caol*, signifying narrow or slender.

church with the fine restored screen in all the splendour of colour." Cullompton, at any rate, has had the good sense to preserve and cherish what Tiverton threw away. Close to Uffculme (which also boasts a screen) is Bradfield House, "a rare treasury of old oak carving." It is possible that Blackmore has nowadays more admirers than church-screens, however beautiful and ornate. They probably will not need to be reminded that Perliton, Perlycross and Perlycombe, are only "pretty, but deceptive aliases for Uffculme, Culmstock, and Hemyock." It was here that Blackmore spent the days of his earliest youth, before he went to "Blundell's" under the wing of Frederic Temple—*justissimus unus*. Samuel Wesley, the poet, died



BAMPTON.

when a master at Tiverton School, and Mr. Baring-Gould omits, strangely enough, all mention of Richard Cosway, whose family was closely associated with the once profitable woollen industry. The large picture of "St. Peter delivered by an Angel," designed for an altarpiece and hanging on the north wall of St. Peter's Church, was Richard Cosway's gift to his native town. If not an *alumnus* of Blundell's like Martin Dunford, John Davey, Thomas Colby, Bishop Bull, Dean Hook, "Parson" Jack Russell (who divides all the best Blundell stories with the erratic Carew), Francis Fulford, the



Chesneys and Abraham Hayward, the great miniaturist is clearly entitled to rank amongst Tiverton's most distinguished citizens and occupy a high place on the muster-roll of Devonshire's great artists.

It is high time to regain the banks of the Exe and proceed northwards to Bampton, either by rail or the high road through the picturesque valley we quitted for a short time on our Blackmore pilgrimage. In this favoured region the "cob-cottage," so warm in winter and cool in summer, is still often to be met with, and always seems in perfect accord with its sylvan surroundings and the soft contrasts of forest, stream and lea which meet the eye at every turn. Bampton, once pervaded by a "Sabbatic calm" and invariably spoken of as "sleepy," "slumberous" or "somnolent," appears to have stood still, except on one day of the year, for at least a couple of centuries, in spite of the fact that it is situated on the line from Exeter to Morebath and Dulverton and has been from time immemorial a household word to the rider to hounds and the angler. Its quarries have now "been galvanized into stupendous energy" and Mr. Baring-Gould is disconsolate, for all his sympathies lie with "Blackmore's Bampton, not the Bampton that now is." If you want to see a Devonshire town, reminiscent of Queen Anne's time, go to Bampton. The mutton obtainable there and at Dulverton is something to remember. There was a castle at Bampton once, and the name Briton Street, according to Mr Baring-Gould, recalls the fact that here, in "Beamdune, in this very street, the ancient Britons—'twas in 614—fought a great fight for freedom against the West Saxons, and there were slain of them forty and two thousand." In Bampton Church lie many of the Bouchiers (Henry VIII. made John of that ilk Earl of Bath), and behind the organ are the tombs of Arthur and John Bowbeare, reputed to have been giants of the "girt John Ridd" type. As might be expected Bampton is celebrated for longevity, as well on account of the purity of its air as the high quality of its meat. Between 1645 and 1895, three incumbents held the living for an average of nearly sixty years each. "Old Bart Davy," instituted in the middle of George III.'s reign, survived the eighth year of that of Queen Victoria. An irreverent parishioner rudely disturbed the "Sabbatic calm" of Bampton by nailing the following distich to the church door—

"The Parson is a wored out  
The Clerk is most ado;  
The Saxton's gude vor nort—  
'Tis time to have all new."

On the last Thursday in October, Bampton awakens to find itself the Nijni Novgorod of the West. Even prior to the opening of the quarries, on this particular day, Bampton could not justly be described either as "slumberous," "dead-alive," or "merely archæologically interesting." Bampton Fair is a sight on no account to be missed by those who happen to be "down Devonshire way" in late autumn. Rugby, Barnet and Brampton Brian Fairs are all very well in their way, but as an evident expert has pointed out "Bampton fair is absolutely *sui generis*. Exmoor ponies throng the streets, flood the pavements, overflow the houses, pervade the place. Wild as



THE BARLE AT DULVERTON.

hawks, active and lissom as goats, cajoled from the moors and tactfully manœuvred when penned, these indigenous quadrupeds will leap or escalate lofty barriers in a standing jump, or a cat-like scramble, whilst the very 'suckers' have to be cajoled with all the Dædalian adroitness with which the Irish pig has to be induced to go whither it would not." Until 1850 the yearly "dispersal" took place at Simonsbath in the heart of Exmoor. Since then it has roused Bampton from its traditional slumbers on the last Thursday of every October. The all-important question of "buffy bays," and "mealy noses" is beyond the ken of these pages. So also is the "summering of sheep" and the comparative advantages of the horned and

unhorned specimens we shall meet with presently while crossing the moor. The average height of the Exmoor pony is  $12\frac{1}{2}$  hands, and it is recorded that one of them, only 44 inches high, was seen to jump out of a pound five feet six inches in height, just touching the top bar with his hind feet. On the way to Dulverton is Exbridge, where are the breeding ponds of the Exe Valley Fishery.

Dulverton is to Exmoor what Ashburton is to eastern, and Tavistock to western Dartmoor. It is not only pre-eminently the "meeting of the ways" as far as the northern uplands of Devon is concerned, but it is the head of the interesting roads which take you through the beautiful valleys of the Exe and the Barle, and then

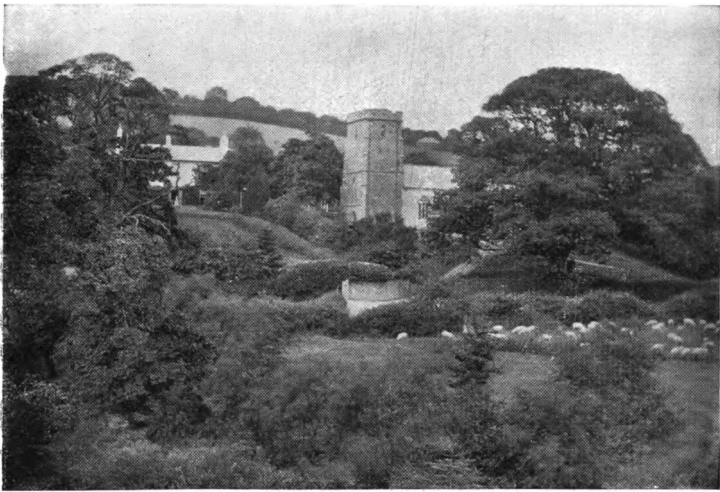


THE FISHERY PONDS, EXBRIDGE.

Two-year-old brown trout rising to floating food.

across a portion of Exmoor to the still more lovely and striking Switzerland of the Lys. Dulverton, moreover, is not only the haunt, but the home of hunters of the wild red-deer from every part of the United Kingdom. It was celebrated before the exploits of "Parson Jack," and the appearance of *Lorna Doone*. It has been famous ever since, but Dulverton is in Somerset, and the "Doone Country" must consequently be dealt with at greater length elsewhere, although, as the Rev. J. F. Chanter of Parracombe (one of the greatest living authorities on the subject) points out Badgworthy (pronounced "Badgery" and called Bagworthy by Mr. Snell), the traditional stronghold of the

Doones and many other spots connected with their history, are on the Devonshire side of the border-land. Exmoor can boast of a literature quite as rich, varied and extensive as that of Dartmoor. At least two biographies of "Parson Jack," teeming with Exmoor incidents, are in existence, and much excellent reading and useful information will be found in Mr. Philip Evered's "Staghunting with the Devon and Somerset, 1887—1901. An account of the chase of the Wild Red Deer on Exmoor."\* We are now able to explore the Blackmore country from Parracombe to Culmstock and Lynton to Tiverton, under the "personal conduct" of Mr. F. J. Snell. Since the late Earl of Carnarvon built a modern hostelry just above the

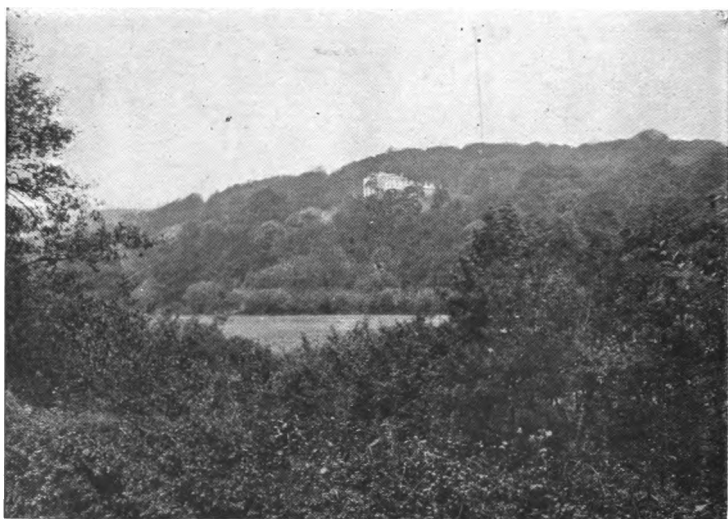


BRUSHFORD CHURCH.

junction of the Barle, and close to the railway station, the centre of interest has somewhat gravitated in the direction of Brushford, a place of more than ordinary interest. The church there is one of the few ecclesiastical buildings in Devonshire which have come scatheless through the ordeal of restoration. It stands almost in the shadow of an oak of enormous girth and extent, possibly older than the building it shelters, but still living and putting forth new branches vigorously. The road which takes you from Dulverton Station, to Brushford, also brings you to Combe, the beautiful E-shaped Elizabethan manor-house, the home for centuries of the Sydenhams. There was

\* London, Chatto & Windus. Exeter, James G. Commin, 1902.

a close affinity between the Sydenhams of Combe and those of Brympton. Combe, like many other Devonshire mansions, has its ghost story, the unquiet spirit in this case being that of Major Sir George Sydenham, one of Charles I.'s "Knights-marshal." He is said to have last appeared at the bedside of a college friend of the late rector of Brushford, himself a Sydenham, who is credited with having successfully laid the wraith of his ancestor. Combe is an excellent specimen of the better kind of Devonshire manor-house. Quite apart from the attractions it offers to a sportsman (and it may be noted that excellent fishing may also be obtained there) Dulverton and its immediate neighbourhood may be visited and revisited with



PIXTON WOODS.

pleasure. The late Lord Tennyson came there late in life and christened it the "land of bubbling streams." The Earl of Carnarvon had assured the Poet Laureate that the "Dulverton waters were the most delicious he knew of," and the Poet Laureate realized the force of the recommendation when he sat on the wooded bridge over the Exe and saw the "arrowy river" running towards its confluence too vehemently to break on the jagged rocks. There is a romance connected with the history of the Aclands and the "frozen music of Pixton House," now the property of the Dowager Countess of Carnarvon, whose children are descended from the intrepid Lady

Harriet Acland.\* The memory of Lady Harriet is kept green by the lovely "Lady Harriet's Drive," the exquisite beauty of which is alone enough to enable Dulverton to maintain its proud claim to extraordinary loveliness of scenery. It was in sight of the Haddeo Valley and the gorgeous oak woods of Pixton that Tennyson began the Hymn to the Sun in a new metre, for his "Akbar." Dulverton is one of the best travel-centres in the Exmoor borderlands, and its enterprising inhabitants gave hostages to fortune when they installed a system of electric lighting while other people were only thinking about it. It is the same spirit which has prompted the citizens of Dulverton to offer to co-operate with those of Lynton and Lynmouth in so modifying the steep gradients of the first portion of the road from Lynmouth to Simonsbath, that a motor-service could easily be arranged between these places and Dulverton. If this is accomplished the favourite route to the Devonian Switzerland will assuredly be that *viâ* Dulverton, Exmoor, and the Lyn Valley. At the "Carnarvon Arms" you are close to the Devon and Somerset frontier-line, but it was in the old-world and still well-to-do village-town of Dulverton, where you still find a Rosemary Lane and a Lady Street ("Our Lady Street" in pre-Reformation days), that you must go if bent on a Blackmore quest in search of some trace of Master Reuben Huckaback, "Girt" John Ridd's maternal uncle, once the proud proprietor of the "hosiery, drapery, serge and long-cloth business" carried on "at the sign of the 'Gartered Kitten'." There will be more to say of Dulverton and the Exe and Barle Valleys under the head of Exmoor.

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\* Lady Christian Harriet Caroline Fox-Strangways, sister of Stephen, first Earl of Ilchester.

## XII.—Exmoor.

### The Home and Hunting-ground of the wild Red Deer.

#### The Valleys of the Barle and Exe.

AS Mr. Baring-Gould points out in the few pages of "A Book of the West" which he devotes to the subject of the Northern Heights of Devon, Exmoor is at once superior and inferior to Dartmoor. As a matter of fact both the elevation of Exmoor and its superficial extent are much less than those of Dartmoor, but whereas the land rises at least 800 feet before the outside limits of Dartmoor are reached, Exmoor springs, as it were, from the sea to its full height. The Tors, which form one of the great features of Dartmoor, are entirely absent from "rounded and lumpy" Exmoor, which in remote times, with the Black Down as its continuation, served as the great barrier to the Damnonii, the only portal being that of Dulverton. At no point does Exmoor itself attain an altitude much greater than that of the Bodmin Moors. The sylvan scenery to the south of Exmoor, where the valleys are watered by the Yeo, the Bray, and the Mole, may be described as pleasing rather than striking, and Mr. Baring-Gould does not appear to credit Exmoor with either the splendours of the Lyn Valley, or the grandeur which certainly distinguishes parts of the tree-clad hills through which the sister streams, the Exe and Barle, flow over rocky beds to their junction to the south of Dulverton. At some time there must have been Irish settlers in these regions as many of the words have a purely Irish derivation. The river Barle, for instance, takes its name from the Irish word "barlach," signifying chilly. It must, moreover, be said in favour of Exmoor that it affords a series of magnificent views of the Welsh mountains on the other side of

the Bristol Channel. The Exmoor ponies and Exmoor sheep have already been spoken of, but it is the hunting of the red deer and the fishing of the moorland streams which bring sportsmen from every quarter to Dulverton and Exmoor. To the mighty hunter Exmoor is the Red Deer Land, for it is there that the wild stag has been hunted ever since the time of Great Elizabeth. The Devon and Somerset Hunt is at the present moment in the full tide of its prosperity under the mastership of the Mr. E. A. Stanley, who perpetuates the traditions of Mr. M. F. Bissett, the present Lord Fortescue, Mr. C. H. Williams-Bassett, and those who have gone before him. The land owners on both sides of the border line give every facility and encouragement to the Hunt, which is regulated and largely controlled by an influential and representative committee. The area hunted over may almost be said to lie within the district which stretches from Barnstaple to Dulverton, Wiveliscombe, Williton, and Minehead, and then back again through Lynton to Barnstaple. In addition to these there is the outlying country of the Quantock Hills, and a further stretch from Dulverton to Tiverton, through Rackenford, Witheridge and Eggesford. The Quantock Country is hunted by Mr. E. A. Stanley, and the Tiverton district by Sir J. Amory. Deer are always plentiful and the season for stag-hunting extends from about August 8th to October 18th, and a few stags are also hunted about Easter. Hind-hunting begins at the end of October and lasts till the end of March, the close season being from the end of April until about the 20th of July. The popularity of stag-hunting may partly be accounted for by the exhilarating nature of the sport, and partly because it may be enjoyed at its best when Parliament has risen and mankind generally is busy holiday making. A great many stags are killed during the season and a far larger number of hinds during the winter, the sum total reaching nearly 300 head. Black game is fairly abundant on certain parts of Exmoor, but the grouse apparently declines to naturalise so far south. The Exmoor pony is supposed to be the foundation of the English horse, and when taken into the lowland and crossed with the thoroughbred, valuable polo strains are the result. A movement is now on foot for the registration of the Exmoor native-bred sheep, and the institution of an Exmoor flock book. The season for trout fishing on the Exmoor streams begins on the 1st of March and closes in the middle of September.



Lynmouth and Lynton will, as they richly deserve, have a chapter to themselves, but it will be some time before the writer will forget the impression made on his mind by a never-to-be-forgotten drive on a fine July day in the company of one who knows every inch of Exmoor, up the Barle Valley to Simonsbath, to the junction of the two Lyns in that picturesque ravine, almost Alpine in its character, and then back by the road which skirts the shores of the Exe from the point where it is a tiny rivulet until it broadens out into the powerful stream which Lord Tennyson contemplated from the wooden bridge at Dulverton when it caused him to exclaim, "Time is like a river, ever past and ever future. That is an old simile



CHALLACOMBE, NEAR SIMONSBATH.

and a good one." The distance from Dulverton Station to Lynmouth by the Barle Valley is 26 miles; through the Valley of the Exe it is four miles more. As you ascend from Dulverton you see before you, surrounded by groves of larch, ash, and other trees, Northmoor, the seat of Sir Frederick Wills, and a little further on the Higher Combe Drive reminds you forcibly of Holne Chase and the Hobby Drive at Clovelly, both of which it is even said to surpass. At this point the hedgerows are ablaze with fox-glove, wild roses, and honey-suckle, while a pleasant shade is afforded by the spreading branches of the giant beech trees. At South Hill you come face to

face with what one may call "the picturesque desolation of breezy Exmoor," and your companion is soon busily employed in pointing out the characteristics of the sheep and ponies you pass, and such notable landmarks as Torr Steps,\* the Devil's Punch Bowl, and "Lorna Doone" country, stretching for some distance to the west and east, as far as the eye can reach. By this time a very considerable elevation has been attained, and from Wambarrows, Dartmoor, the Welsh coast, the Wellington Monument,



TORR STEPS.

Dunkerry Beacon, and Sidmouth Gap are all visible. Mountsey Gate and Comber's Gate are both favourite meets of the Devon and Somerset, and Simonsbath is the scene of unwonted activity owing to the shearing of Lord Fortescue's enormous flock of Cheviots being in progress. Brendon Two Gates, somewhat further on, is supposed to mark the western end of the Doone Valley, and a prospect of rocky wilderness is bounded only by Hangman's Hill above Combe Martin far away to the west. Scob Hill Gate and Barton Steep

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\* Torr Steps form one of the wonders of Exmoor. The bridge is 180 feet long and consists of huge slabs of stone averaging 7 feet in length by 3 feet 6 inches wide. Its origin is attributed to the Celts of the district.



DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS AT EXFORD.

are soon left behind, and you find yourself almost suddenly amongst the oaks of Watersmeet Valley, and looking down from the road, which drops with almost alarming rapidity, on the now united East Lyn and Farley Water which run at the foot of the tree-clad rocks and wooded slopes forming the romantic gorge leading to Lynmouth and the Severn Sea.

The return journey is not a whit less interesting. From Simonsbath another road is taken and a halt is called at Exford,



THE "ROYAL OAK," WINSFORD.

where the famous river which gives its name to Devonshire's historic capital is little better than a rivulet. It is at Exford that the master of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds has his kennels, for the purpose of seeing something of which a brief halt is made. Notwithstanding this short delay the day is still young when you draw up at the "Royal Oak," at Winsford, a long, straggling thatched house with projecting windows, low ceilings, quaint gables, in perfect accord with the general appearance of a village which can fairly be described as an English Vallombrosa. On a hanging sign is apparently a contemporary picture of the flight of Charles II. from Worcester, but you are informed that it is only



AT WINSFORD.

a copy by a distinguished artist, the original having come to grief in one of the storms which in winter sometimes sweep across the Exe Valley. Winsford is within four or five miles of Dulverton, and those who have time should stay there long enough to visit the old church and the ruins of Barlynch Priory, once inhabited by a community of Austin Friars. "Shaded," as Mr. F. J. Snell points out, "by what the old charter calls 'the mountain of the high wood of Berlic,' its situation was in the highest degree romantic, and if

the Prior had a lust for venery his taste might easily be gratified, for in the adjacent woods the deer would have found abundant shelter and thither they doubtless resorted to pass the long summer day in the dense foliage." The vicar of Winsford, who has resided



BARLYNCH PRIORY.

there for just half-a-century, has described the scene of his labours very happily in the following clever acrostic:—

“Where the swift Exe, by Somerset's fair hills,  
 In curving eddies borders pastures deep,  
 Near fern-fringed slope of lawn, where babbling rills  
 Sing sweetest music, 'mid thick foliage peep  
 Five bridges and thatched roofs. The grey Church Tower  
 O'er all looks down on groves of oak and pine;  
 Red deer, red Devons, ponies of the moor,  
 Delight the traveller in this home of mine.”

By the time Dulverton Station is reached once more you will have driven very nearly fifty miles. Visitors to Dulverton may be glad to know that the proprietor of the “Carnarvon Arms” has secured for his guests the rights of five miles of preserved fishing in private waters belonging to Lord Carnarvon, as well as the reaches of the

upper Exe and the Barle. Some good fishing is generally to be found in the neighbourhood of the Torr Steps, beneath which the Barle hurries over the mossy stones and gravel toward Dulverton.



DULVERTON

### XIII.—Lynmouth, Lynton, and the Lyn Country.

A Devonian Switzerland.

**N**EITHER Lynmouth in the "Cleave," Lynton on the "Cliff" nor even the beautiful tracts of country bordering the Lyn Rivers East and West, owe their present popularity and prosperity, as many people imagine, entirely to "Lorna Doone" and the magic touch of R. D. Blackmore. Long before that wonderful romance made its appearance the praises of the "little haven of Lynmouth" had been sung right lustily by Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth, while no less an authority than the great Gainsborough had proclaimed it to be a veritable "paradise for painters." As far back as James I's reign Thomas Westcote waxed eloquent over "the little inlet, which in these last times, God hath plentifully stored with herrings,"—the capricious fish destined to bring fortune to the Lyn-



LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH.

mouthians till their sudden disappearance caused the manufacture of warp to become for a time the principal prop of both Lynton and Lynmouth. It was just a century ago that the enterprising Mr. T. Litson conceived the idea of making the twin-villages independent alike of herrings and wool, and commenced building the hotels which were speedily patronized by the wealthy, Mr. Thomas Coutts, the fashionable Marchioness of Bute, and a great many other well-known people. Blackmore had still to be breeched and become a "Blundellite" (as he always called it), when Coleridge declared "the land imagery of the north of Devon" to be "most delightful," while his brother-in-law the Laureate, not less emphatic-



LYNMOUTH HARBOUR.

ally, pronounced Lynmouth to be "the finest spot, except Cintra and Arrabida," he had ever seen. The De Wichehalses had migrated to the shores off North Devon from their original homes by the Zuyder Zee, long before Blackmore spelled their name with an additional h, and drew the marvellous picture in which we see Will Watcombe, the great authority on the "Gulf Stream," living at Lynmouth, Jeremy Stickles giving his pursuers "a loud halloo" at the "founts of Lyn," and John Ridd and Uncle Reuben paying their visit to Ley Manor. Robert Southey, it is true, compared the scenery of Lynmouth to that of Switzerland, and we are indebted to S. T.



Coleridge for the phrase "land imagery," but Richard Blackmore, only alludes vaguely to "the little haven of Lynmouth, whose inhabitants dwell in huts, and depend for a livelihood on the curing of herrings." It was certainly fortunate that worthy Mr. Litson had fairly set the ball rolling, and that "the twin-villages" were able to take advantage of the keen interest which was soon to be centred in every locality indicated in the soul-stirring pages of "Lorna Doone."

Lynmouth and Lynton at the present moment deservedly enjoy such wide-spread popularity with every class of holiday-maker, that the improved facilities for getting there provided by the



THE LYNTON-MINEHEAD COACH.

recent opening of the shortened route to the West *via* Castle Cary and Langport are sure to be keenly appreciated. Notwithstanding the isolation consequent on their natural position, they are accessible from every quarter. The great majority of travellers probably prefer the Great Western express to Minehead, and the coach journey thence to Lynmouth, through Porlock, run in connection with it, and pronounced on all hands "the finest drive in all England." The road winds through a picturesque and fertile valley to Porlock, passing on the way Selworthy Lane, a charming stretch of rural scenery, Holnicote, the seat of Sir T. D. Acland and Allerford. A halt is generally made at the "Ship" before the steep ascent of Porlock Hill is breasted, and a climb, in which you rise over a

thousand feet in the course of a single mile, brings you to the edge of the uplands which extend westwards almost as far as Countisbury. You are still high up on the purple moor when the Devon boundary is reached, and you look down on Glenthorne, one of the most charming spots on the shores of Severn Sea. Amongst the combes which alternate with the hills you soon catch glimpses of the turbulent Lyn, and begin to realize the fascinations of the Devonian Switzerland into the midst of which you plunge by an incline almost as precipitous as that of Porlock. Steamers leave Cardiff and Bristol daily for Weston-super-Mare, Lynmouth and Ilfracombe. A line of light railway, passing through very pretty scenery, and affording those who patronize it a delightful series of panoramic views on either side of it, unites the outskirts of Lynton with Barnstaple in the North Devon hinterland, and has intermediary stations at Parracombe, Bratton Fleming and Woody Bay. The Exe Valley Line takes you, in little more than an hour from the Great Western Station at Exeter, to Dulverton Station, from which\* a drive of 26 or 30 miles, either through the Exe or the Barle Valley, takes you across Exmoor and through East Lynn Cleave to Lynmouth. The Dulverton coach, once a very popular institution, runs no longer, but the drive can be easily arranged for at either end. The establishment of a motor-service between Dulverton and Lynmouth would certainly still further popularize the most delectable portion of what has now come to be known as the Blackmore Country. During the summer and autumn months, "Jones's" coaches and char-a-bancs make no less than eight driving trips every week, full particulars of which can be obtained at the Coach Office, Lynton. There is also a service by four-horse coach to Ilfracombe *via* Parracombe, Combe Martin and Watermouth Castle. The Minehead four-horse coaches "Lorna Doone" and "Red Deer,"† in connection with the Great Western Railway, run twice daily. Char-a-bancs from Lynton and Lynmouth always convey passengers to the meets of the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds at Cloutsham, Yearnor Moor, Brendon Two Gates, Hawkcombe Head and elsewhere. The low charges made for all these excursions are worthy of imitation.

The "twin villages" illustrate very forcibly within a circuit of less than half a dozen miles that strange diversity of climatic and

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\* See Chapter XI.

† See page 198.

other conditions which characterizes Devonshire as one of England's pleasantest playgrounds. One might pass the day in the Lynmouth lowlands and sleep in the more bracing air of the Lynton highlands or *vice versa*. The sanitary condition of both is irreproachable and to the purity of the water supply must be attributed the phenomenal healthiness enjoyed by the inhabitants of both the Cleave and the Cliffs. Lynton and Lynmouth have all the possibilities of a winter season and these are greatly increased by the presence of the cliff-railway which now unites both places and obviates the necessity of the once dreaded "scramble skywards" by the coach road, or the some-



A MEET AT CLOUTSHAM.

what less steep ascent through the wooded slopes by the zig-zag path. For the possession of the Cliff Railway, Lynton and Lynmouth have chiefly to thank Sir George Newnes, whose house crowns one of the peaks of Holiday Hill. Cars run constantly every day between 7 a.m. and 8.30 p.m., and in July, August and September until 9.30 p.m. Even the theological proclivities of holiday-makers are thoughtfully provided for, the time-table on Sundays being in a measure regulated "to suit the convenience of church and chapel-goers." The fine old parish-church at Lynton is dedicated to St. Mary. The musical services there are of a very high order, but

"revel cake" and "revel beer" are presumably things of the past.\* Long after John Ridd, Jeremy Stickles and Will Watcombe were gathered to their fathers, Lynton Feast held its own for a whole week from the first Sunday after Midsummer Day. Mr. Snell tells us that "when the congregations emerged from the parish church, there awaited them near the gate a barrel of beer, and the majority of the worshippers were speedily 'at it,' quaffing a glass or discussing revel-cake—a special confection made of dark flour, currants, and carraway seeds." This was followed by wrestling matches for silver spoons and other prizes, but the Lynton "revel" in any case is now as dead as Queen Anne or those who took part in its athletic contests. Mr. Snell says it became obsolescent and then obsolete, which amounts pretty much to the same thing. The Wichehalses once owned the manor-house at Lynton, standing on the site of the building now known as Lee Abbey, close to Duty Point, famous for the far-reaching prospect it commands in all directions over the sea, the heather-clad hills, the Valley of Rocks and the oak groves of Wooda Bay. In "Tales from the Telling House," Blackmore recounts the story of a family tragedy, mentioned still earlier in Cooper's "Guide to Lynton." On the south side of Lynton Church is to be seen the monument of Hugh Wichehalse of Ley, "who departed this life, Christide Eve, 1653 *et* 66." His virtues are extolled in two and twenty lines of verse from which we learn something of the merits of the Wichehalses.

"Rare Paterns of blest Peace and Amity  
 Models of Grace, Emblems of Charity  
 Rich Talents not in niggard napkins Layd,  
 But piously dispensed, justly payd."

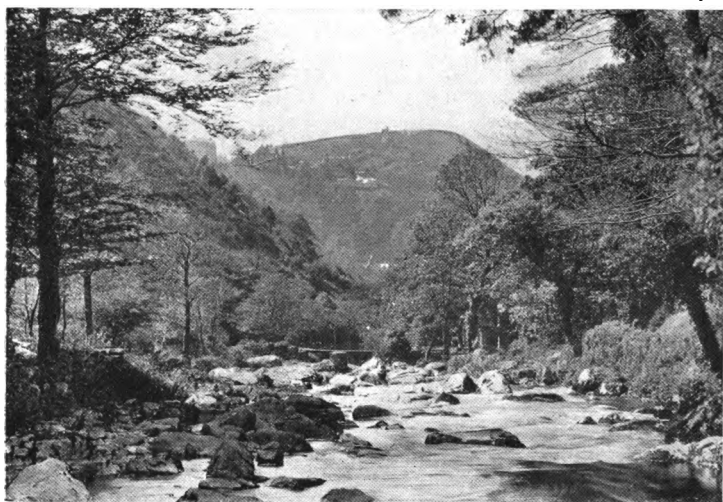
The Blackmore pilgrim should see this after re-reading the fifteenth chapter of "Lorna Doone." One of the most beautiful views to be found at Lynton is that from the grounds of the Koyal Castle Hotel, according to Mr. Snell the only "castle" which Lynton ever possessed, a circumstantial story told in the Legends of Devon notwithstanding.

It is all very well to talk about "turning scenery into shekels" (the alliteration is almost as happy as the "niggard napkins" of the pious Wichehalses), but few places have been so little vulgarised during their rapid rise into public notice and favour as Lynton and Lynmouth. The hotel and other accommodation for visitors

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\* The Blackmore Country.

at both places leaves nothing to be desired, but Lynmouth retains many of its old-world landmarks, and visitors from Bristol and Cardiff must still land in small boats, and that operation is not always a particularly pleasant one. The bathing is fairly good, and the requirements of the golfer have received due consideration, but the paramount attractions of the "twin-villages" as a travel-centre, lie in the marvellous environment, the absolute purity of the air and water, the strange and striking diversity of the landscapes and seascapes, the old-world features which have survived the up-to-dateness of the twentieth century, the proximity of Exmoor, with its combes, "cleaves" and rivers; the fascination of the



EAST LYN AND LYNTON.

red-deer, the ponies, and the native-bred sheep; and last but certainly not least, the excellent freshwater and deep-sea fishing procurable at an almost nominal price. The quality of the last-mentioned form of sport should help Lynmouth to enjoy the winter-season it is beyond doubt entitled to. The name of Cecil Bevan will always be honourably associated with the annals of the Lynmouth life-boat, as well as with the notable achievements of the "Kingfisher" in the matter of sea-fishing. A skate turning the scale at 146lbs. is by no means the largest he has caught. Two years ago he beat all former records by taking by the spiller or long line—785lbs. of eatable fish in a single

day. The biggest fish Mr. Bevan has ever brought to shore are an angler, or devil-fish, which weighed 210lbs, a large skate 198lbs, and a conger measuring 7ft and weighing 54lbs. His boat, the "Kingfisher," is an open one, only eighteen feet in length, but of good beam. The hauling of the spiller in bad weather creates great excitement, and takes a lot of dexterous handling. Mr. Bevan's collection of photographs commemorating the most remarkable "catches" are as interesting as the row of monster pikes to be seen at Torcross. The trout fishing on the Lyn commences almost opposite Mr. Bevan's door, and if the fish do not as a rule "run large" they are sufficiently abundant to tempt one further afield to try the



FALLS AT WATERSMEET, LYNMOUTH.

Badgworthy Waters, in the midst of scenery which an expert pronounces to be beautiful enough, "to make every  $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. trout seem a noble two pounder."

It is manifestly impossible to mention, much less to describe half

the "sights" of Lynton and Lynmouth, or the excursions by land and sea which await the pleasure of those who resolve to "holiday make" in the "twin-villages." Full information is readily obtainable at all the chief hotels, and the local guide-books are more than usually informative and reliable. "Advance" is the motto of those interested in the future of Lynton and Lynmouth, as well as that of Australia. The cliff-railway marks an epoch in their history, and the opening of the light line to Barnstaple another. The projected motor-service from Dulverton will bring Lynmouth and Lynton within much easier reach of London and other great centres of population. It will be one of those "linkings-up" characteristic of the latest phase of travel development. A pilgrimage to this most interesting portion of the Blackmore country will be rendered still more enjoyable by a careful perusal of the chapter in Mr. Snell's book dealing with the Mouth of the Lyn. It will, in all probability, induce the traveller to devote an hour or two to Parracombe on his way to Barnstaple,\* and to make one or two special Blackmore excursions from Lynmouth, including the home of the Doones of Badgworthy. Sojourners in the "twin-villages" would do well to bear in mind Miss Gratiana Chanter's observation that "to follow one of these tiny Exmoor streams from its birth to its end, is a dream of delight to those who love to be alone with nature and her many marvels." The East Lyn† rises above Oare, John Ridd's birthplace, and after flowing in a north-westerly direction, unites at Malmsmead with the Badgworthy Water and its tributaries. From this point commences the pilgrimage to the interesting Doone Valley, which is *de rigueur* with every visitor to Lynton and Lynmouth.

The word "Lyn" comes from the Saxon *hlymna*, signifying a torrent. The picturesque confluence of the Farley Water and East Lyn at Watersmeet is in no way unworthy of the poetry inherent in the very name. It is not till you arrive in Lynmouth that the rush and roar of a cataract over huge boulders and through a chasm of grey rock, at an incline of at least one foot in five, proclaim the presence of the West Lyn, now on the point of uniting with the sister stream almost within sight of the blue waves of the Channel. Mr. Snell's vivid description of the scene is well worth remembering:—"Clothing the sides of the ravine are oaks and beeches and

\* The trains on the light railway between Barnstaple and Lynmouth stop, if so desired, at Parracombe Siding.

† See Chapter XII.

thickets of underwood, while ferns of the most exquisite sorts fringe the banks." Glen Lyn is deservedly one of the great sights of Lynmouth.

"Here are mosses deep,  
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,  
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,  
And from the craggy ledges the poppy hangs in sleep."

"The Valley of Rocks" at Lynton has been one of the wonders of Devon ever since the Bishop of Ossory came there with the Dean of Exeter towards the end of the eighteenth century. It was known long before that as "Danes Combe," the "Danes" or "Denes" meaning dens or hollows. Southey speaks with enthusiasm of its



VALLEY OF ROCKS.

grandeur, saying that it made him feel for the first time the "sublimity of solitude." The pile of stones known as the "Devil's Cheesewring" marks the whereabouts of the abode of the witch Mother Meldrum, spoken of in the seventeenth chapter of "Lorna Doone" as having been consulted by John Ridd.\* The "Valley of

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\* All authorities do not agree on the correctness of this identification. Castle Rock is also pointed out as the site of Mother Meldrum's dwelling.



Rocks" is approached by the beautiful North Walk, and most pedestrians include "Duty Point" in the same excursion. One of the latest and most appreciative describers of the northern coast of Devon and Cornwall appears to have been quite as strongly impressed with the weird majesty of the "Valley of Rocks" as Southey was in the early days of the nineteenth century. In his "Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall," Mr. A. H. Norway writes:—



CASTLE ROCK, LYNTON.

jutting cairns of granite over all its grassy slopes. The valley is full of savage dignity and grandeur; and on this coast where magnificence of rock forms is comparatively rare and the headlands sweep down for the most part rounded and

grassy to the sea, it forms a welcome interlude among the long succession of what are rather spurs of moorland thrust out into the sea than the promontories of a true coast line." Enough, it is hoped, has been said, to induce the reader to choose the "twin villages" for a holiday-jaupt, either in summer or winter. While the invalid will revel in the recuperative powers of the invigorating sea-breezes and Exmoor air, the "mighty rider," the fisherman, the golfer, the botanist, and the antiquarian will discover daily fresh fields for activity and amusement. To those only in search of change and rest the opportunities afforded by Lynton and Lynmouth are almost unique. It must be remembered that the greater part of the Minehead coach drive (including Porlock) belongs of right to Somerset, while Combe Martin and its silver-mines may be more appropriately spoken of under the head of Ilfracombe.

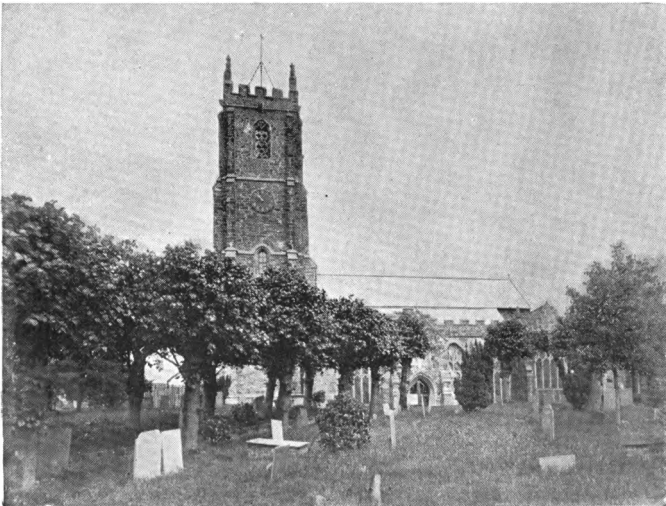
## XIV.—The Hinterland of Exmoor.

South Molton.

Barnstaple, the Capital of North Devon.

Charles Kingsley's Country.

IF a straight line be drawn from Taunton to Bideford and from Lynton to Chulmleigh it must pass through South Molton, an old-world town of the Bampton type in the very centre of the Exmoor Hinterland. South Molton is without doubt what Mr. Snell calls "an important hub of Blackmore associations," and every votary of the great novelist must halt there either going to or coming from Dulverton or Lynmouth. A visit to South Molton is all the more



SOUTH MOLTON CHURCH.

easy because it is on the Great Western line from Taunton to Barnstaple. There is a good deal to interest the traveller at South Molton. In the first place it has a fair not quite so famous as that of Bampton, but for all that distinguished by sundry old-world customs. The church at South Molton is famous for its amazing gargoyles, and an oft-quoted local proverb runs:—"South Molton for strength; Chittlehampton for beauty." It was at South Molton, in 1655, that Hugh Groves and John Penruddock proclaimed King Charles. A bloody fight ensued in the churchyard, then, as now, adorned by lime tree avenues, which ended in the capture of the



QUEEN ANNE'S STATUE, BARNSTAPLE.

two Cavalier chiefs who expiated their temerity on a scaffold at Exeter. It was also in South Molton Churchyard that Carew revenged himself on the local bellman by appearing to him as a ghost. Squire's Free School, once a famous seminary, is now deserted, but a miniature of the founder is still attached to the chain of the Mayor, who wears the most gorgeous robes and maintains the most imposing state of all the Devonian chief magistrates. There are several interesting places in the neighbourhood of South Molton, including Whitechapel Barton, the ancient residence of the Bassetts. In "Lorna Doone," South Molton is spoken of as "a busy place for talking," and it is presumably for this reason that Mr. Snell dubs it "Gossip Town."

Barnstaple on the Taw, apparently so-called from the words "stapol" and "Barum," the name of the district, can boast of a

very remote origin, and Leland, when he visited it in Henry VIII.'s reign, says it was full of fables about the cow of Bannock, an Irish priest who migrated from Wales into Devon about the Fourth Century. It has been said that modern Barnstaple presents few objects of interest beyond the leaden spire of St. Peter's Church, which is considerably out of the perpendicular, and the quaint arcade crowned with a statue of Queen Anne. This is far from being the case. With its wealth of public parks, fine markets, and wood-paved streets, it may fairly be described as a model English country town. Barnstaple, moreover, is rich in the matter of historical associations. During the seventeenth century it afforded a place of refuge to a great number of French emigrants. Amongst them were the St. Michels of Anjou, from which family came the pretty but silly Elizabeth St. Michel, whom we all know as the Mrs. Pepys of her husband's diary. The names of a great many of these Huguenot settlers are still recognisable although now very considerably modified. The de Boursaquettes are now Buzzacott; the L'Oiseaus, Bird; the Roches, Roach; the Blanchepieds, Blampy. From the Le Gays sprang the poet Gay, the friend and contemporary of Pope, Swift, Addison, Parnell and Bolingbroke. In 1688, the very year that William of Orange landed at Brixham, Gay was born at a corner house in Joy Street, which is still pointed out. A secret drawer forming part of an old chair which came from it and was sold after his death, was found to contain a large number of his unpublished pieces. The poet's writings savour very little of Devonshire and Devonshire manners and customs, but when he wrote

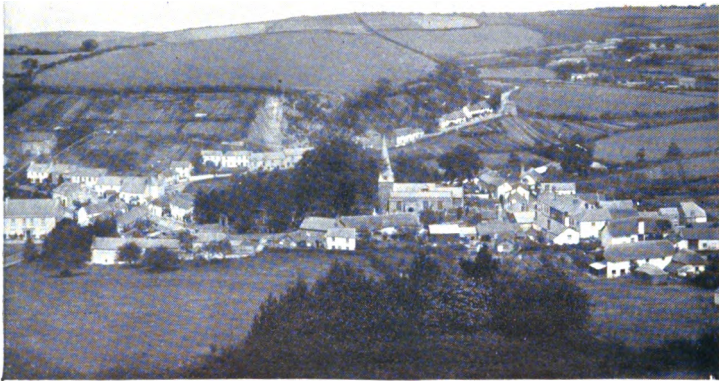
"Gaffer Treadwell told us, by-the-by,  
Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry."

he made the mourners assuage their grief by drinking new cyder mulled with warm ginger, and there is in one of his couplets the purely Devon word "kee" instead of cow. Surely there is the true local colour of the green meadows about Barnstaple in the lines:—

"Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinners clean.  
Sometimes like wax she rolls the butter round,  
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound.  
Whilome I've seen her skim the clouted cream,  
And press from spongy curds the milky stream."

Bishop Jewell received his early education at Barnstaple and so did Sir F. Carruthers Gould, by descent a man of Barnstaple, and

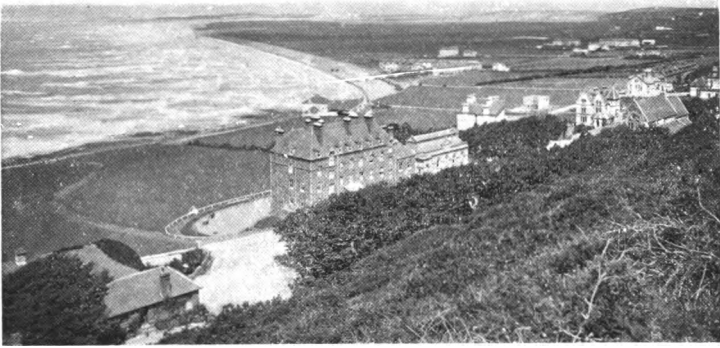
probably the best known of her modern worthies. The Huguenot settlers brought their skill in the woollen trade with them but only one of the five quays of Barnstaple still remains in use. The others are condemned to perpetual quietude by the long bridge which bars the passage to them. Barnstaple Fair is one of the largest in Devonshire. It is solemnly opened by the Mayor, who provides a feast of mulled ale, and toast and cheese at the Guildhall. On this occasion the Elizabethan corporation plate, of which Barnstaple is justly proud, is used. In the immediate vicinity of Barnstaple, Pilton Church should be seen for its fine screen and curious hour-glass



SWIMBRIDGE.

still *in situ*; Tawstock for its Bouchier Tombs; Chittlehampton for its beautiful tower; and Atherington, for the remains of what must have been one of the most remarkable of all the Devonshire screens. Umberleigh, another picturesque hamlet, was once the site of a palace of King Athelstan. It subsequently passed to John O'Gaunt, as witness the doggerel lines:—

“I, John O' Gaunt, do give and grant  
From me and mine to thee and thine  
The Barton fee of Umberlee.”



WESTWARD HO GOLF LINKS.

A visit to Swimbridge should on no account be omitted; the screen in the church is magnificent and the ancient pulpit with figures in the niches cannot fail to interest the antiquarian. At Littleham there is to be seen an early fresco of St. Swithin. Barnstaple is very often made a centre from which a more or less prolonged excursion to Bideford, Westward Ho! famous for its Golf Links, Clovelly, and the other parts of what is now commonly known as Charles Kingsley's Country can be made. It was at Bideford that "Westward Ho!" was written. At Barnstaple one must not forget to see the "potting" works which have taken the place of the ancient industry once carried on by the French refugees. Kingsley's country scarcely comes within the scope of these pages but probably very few holiday-



ON THE TORRIDGE, BIDEFORD.

makers go to Barnstaple without seeing some thing of the old-world town on the estuary of the Taw and the Torridge, where Kingsley thought out his great romance, and which reckons Sir Richard Grenville, the companion of Sir Walter Raleigh in the exploration of Virginia and Carolina, as one of its chief worthies. The intrepid Grenville perished at the fight of Flores in August 1591; his last words, uttered in Spanish, are worth remembering. They are:—"Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet



KINGSLEY'S STATUE, BIDEFORD.

mind for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, that hath fought for his country, Queen, Religion and honour; whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body and shall always leave behind it the ever lasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty as he is bound to do."

From Bideford there are two excursions which may be made with advantage. One is to Weir Gifford, a mediæval mansion which possesses one of the finest oak-roofed halls in England, and the other to Clovelly and the Hobby Drive. The motorist may, if he wills it, easily push on as far as Bude and thence to Tintagel so closely associated with the Arthurian legend. From Barnstaple a

light railway, as has been before noted, conveys travellers direct to Lynmouth, while another line goes straight to Ilfracombe. It is with Ilfracombe that this brief account of Devonshire as one of the great holiday haunts of the Empire will be brought to a close.



CLOVELLY.



## XV.—Ilfracombe and the North-west Devon Littoral.

Morthoe and Woolacombe Sands.

Combe Martin and Parracombe.

The Eastern approach to Lynton and Lynmouth.

**B**IDEFORD Bay, broken in the centre by the estuary of the Taw and the Torridge, has like Plymouth, Torbay, and Topsham, played an important part in the naval annals of the "Shire of the Sea Kings." Sir Richard Grenville of Bideford, has already been spoken of, but it must also be remembered that Barnstaple was one of the subsidiary Cinque Ports, and, as such, assisted in repelling the Spanish Armada.\* "The local contribution to the English fleet amounted to five ships out of a total number

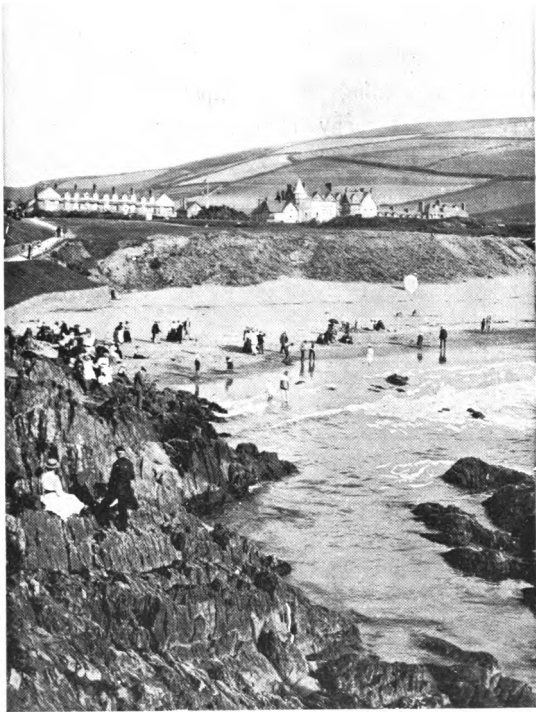


MORTE POINT, MORTHOE.

\* The Blackmore Country, page 247.

of 197." Philip Wyott describes the manner in which they crossed the bar, "to join Sir Francis Drake at Plymo," and Stow gives us the names of three of them—the *Tiger*, the *God Save Her* and the *Galleon Dudley*. In a later list of Barnstaple or "Barum" vessels we find the *White Hart*, the *Blessing*, the *Prudence*, the *John of Braunton* and the *Mayflower*. Bideford (or Barnstaple) Bay,

as it appears to be called indifferently, stretches from Morte Point on the east to Hartland Point on the west, although the former portion of it is often designated Morte Bay. At one end of it we have Morthoe; at the other Clovelly; in the centre, the estuary of the twin rivers with Appledore, Bideford & Barnstaple on its shores. Ilfracombe lies to the west of Morte Point, on the road to Combe Martin, Parracombe & Lynton. There is nothing depressing in the "Shore of Death," except the name



WOOLACOMBE SANDS.

and the traditions. Blackmore introduces Braunton (on the road from Barnstaple to Saunton Sands and Morthoe) into the "Maid of Sker," and the scenery there is delightful. It was to Braunton that Polly retired before she married old David. Whether the designation Saunton be derived from Sandton (the town of sand) or Sancton (the town of the saints) the Saunton Sands are well worth visiting. Blackmore makes them the scene of the supposed burial of the Bampfyld infants,

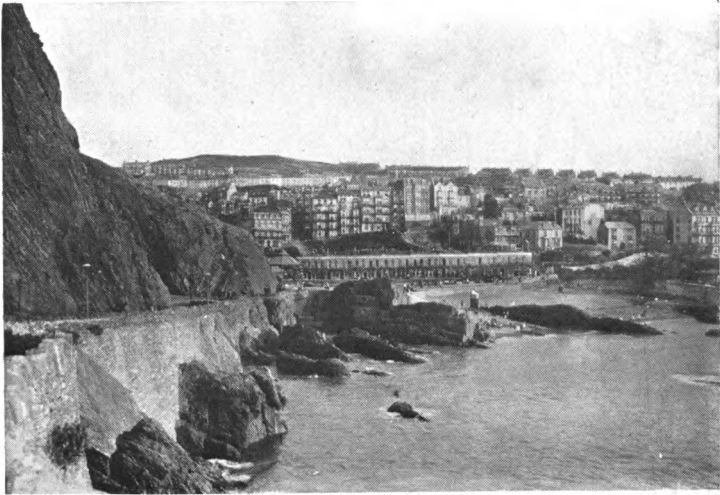
and the still better known Woolacombe Sands a little further to the north, have been associated with William de Tracy, the murderer of Thomas a Beckett\* whom we last heard of at Bovey Tracey. In Morthoe Church (which should certainly be examined) there is a recumbent effigy of William de Tracy, rector of Morthoe, who died in 1322, but it appears in the highest degree improbable that he was the assassin of fifty-three years before. The contrary theory, however, is supported by Risdon and Westcote. The de Tracy story is not, by any means, the only historical romance connected with Woolacombe Sands, upon which the mysterious Duke of Ripperda (lately escaped out of the Castle of Segovia) landed in 1728, before he took service with the Emperor of Morocco and elaborated a new religion, combining the principal tenets of Judaism and Islamism. Mr. Snell has many interesting facts to relate about the "Shore of Death" and the "Cape of Death," for there was a time when Morthoe harboured a gang of wreckers, who prayed unblushingly that "a ship might come ashore before morning," and in order to facilitate the fulfilment of their impious desire were wont to tie a lantern to the horns of a cow on foggy nights so that the unwary mariner might be lured to his destruction. These practices were not wholly extinct in 1846, when Queen Victoria and King Edward VII. (then Prince of Wales) paid their memorable visit to the southern coast of Devon and the Cornish Riviera. Mr. Blackmore used these weird stories very dexterously in the "Maid of Sker," but Mr. Snell points out that Rapparee Cove ("Maid of Sker," chapter 45) is at Ilfracombe, to which pleasant watering-place we now proceed.

The popularity of Ilfracombe as a seaside health and pleasure resort dates from the early days of the eighteenth century, and has been fully maintained ever since. It is not easy now-a-days to imagine what the difficulties of locomotion must have been in 1817, when Fanny d'Arblay came there with her son, who was then reading hard for his examinations at Cambridge. The facile pen which described Weymouth and Plymouth nearly thirty years before, now writes of "a long, narrow town, consisting of only one regular street . . . but offering prospects of fine hills and noble openings to the sea." Madame d'Arblay's health improved wonderfully at Ilfracombe, and she soon began to take part in many enjoyable excursions, during one of which she narrowly escaped being trapped

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\* See page 108.

by the tide. The thrilling adventure of Madame d'Arblay and her dog "Diane" at the entrance of Wildersmouth occupies several pages of her diary. In all probability they would both have perished if it had not been for the energy of Mr. Alexander d'Arblay and his college friend, Mr. John Le Fevre. Despite the perils of Wildersmouth and the "Capstan," Madame d'Arblay had evidently become an enthusiastic admirer of Ilfracombe and its neighbourhood, before, towards the end of the Autumn, it was time to set off for Bath, where Queen Charlotte was expected to "take the waters." The Capstone (called by Madame d'Arblay the "Capstan") is the conical elevation of shale, along the side of which the Parade has been constructed.



WILDERSMOUTH COVE.

Ilfracombe is protected by several heights or "tors" of which the Capstone is one. Below Lantern Hill stretches a pier which affords further shelter to the harbour. Close at hand is the popular winter-garden, always crowded during the season. There is frequent communication by sea between Ilfracombe and Clovelly, as well as with Bristol, the Welsh Coast, and occasionally Lundy Island. Lantern Hill is crowned by the picturesque chapel of St. Nicholas, subsequently utilized as a light-house and later still as a local museum. There is always good hotel and other accommodation to be found in Ilfracombe, and one of the finest sites in the town is now

occupied by the splendid "Hydro" conducted by Dr. Toller, and opened in 1905. The list of available walks and drives is almost inexhaustible, and it should be noted that the climate in winter is very little (if at all) less mild and equable than that of the southern littoral. Ilfracombe, like Barnstaple and Bideford, is also entitled to honourable mention in connection with the achievements of the Devonshire "Sea Kings," for it contributed no less than six ships (quite a flotilla in those days) to the expedition against Calais in 1346. It was at Ilfracombe three centuries and a half later that Colonel Wade, Captains Hewling and Carey and other fugitives from Sedgmoor, seized a barque and vainly endeavoured to effect their



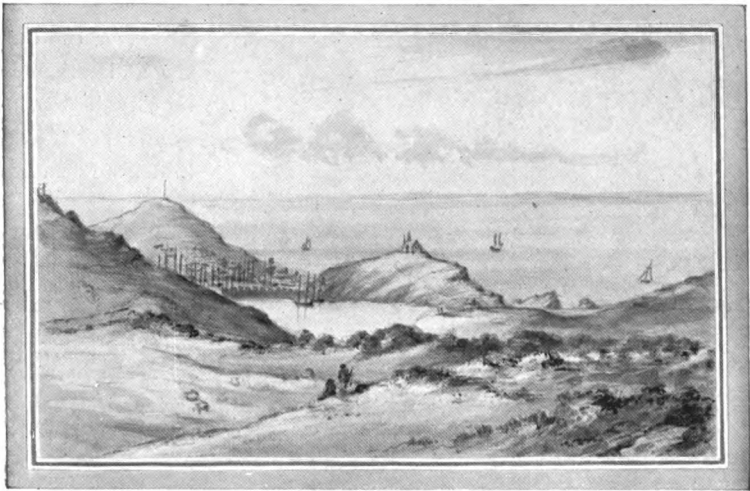
ILFRACOMBE HARBOUR.

escape by sea. In 1644 Sir Philip\* Doddington captured Ilfracombe for King Charles, but it was soon afterwards retaken by the Parliamentarians. The old church dedicated to the Holy Trinity dates from the twelfth century. Its font is Norman and its pulpit Jacobean and one of its principal monuments is that of Captain Richard Bowen, slain July 24, 1797 in Nelson's unsuccessful descent upon Teneriffe. The Bouchiers and Bouchier Wreys have always proved good friends to the town, from the time they built the pier in 1731. Sir Philip Sidney, the Martins and the Audleys have also been Lords of the Manor. The best

\* Mr. Gill says Sir Francis.

houses at Ilfracombe are built on the slopes of the Runnacleaves to the east, or at the Tors on the west, and the Crookhorn Cavern, to which a tunnel beneath the Runnacleaves leads, has also been said to have been the hiding place of the ubiquitous William de Tracy. A farm-house near the shore at Woolacombe is still called Woolacombe Tracy, and Dean Stanley has lent a certain authority to the legend that he was banished to the desolate coast of the "Combes" to make bundles of the sand and binds (wisps) of the same. The old Devon saying that "The Tracys"—

"Have always the wind in their faces,"



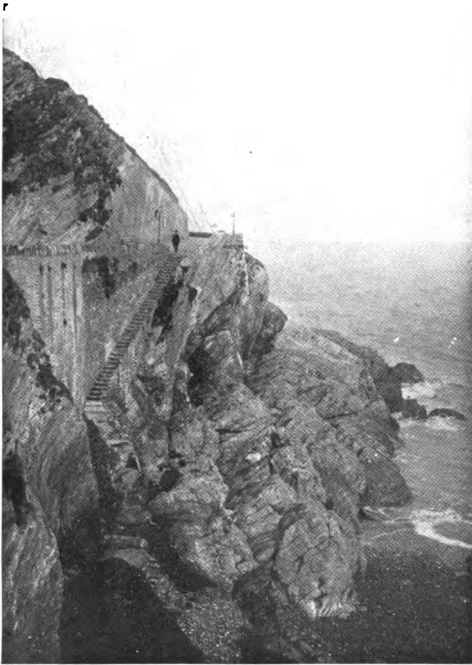
ILFRACOMBE, 1820.

From a Water-colour Drawing.

is not yet quite forgotten. It is much more likely to have been the scene of Madame d'Arblay's hair breadth escape, although she connects it with the pretty cove of Wildersmouth. The Tors Walk affords some delightful views of the Bristol Channel.

Ilfracombe is strongly recommended as an excellent centre for sea-fishing, good sport being obtainable both from the pier and rocks. During the autumn months the angler may, with the aid of stout hand-lines, hope to capture congers, skate and cod of considerable weight. The rod should be used for codling, rock whiting, bass and mullet. Pollack is best fished for with float tackle. "Bass and mullet,"

writes an acknowledged expert,\* "the latter 2-lbs. and 3-lbs. in weight are very frequently taken from the pier and from Perriman's Steps,



CAPSTONE CLIFFS.

under the Capstone, . . . and the sport is not to be despised. The best rocks to fish from (and any one on the quay will tell you where they are) are the Flat Rock, Perriman's Steps, the Wrasse Rock, Samson's Cove, Hele Stone, Hooker's Stone, Torrs Point, and Britton's Rock, and woe-betide the venturesome angler who casts his line from other places, for he will be punished by a certain loss of tackle if he goes out of the beaten track and attempts

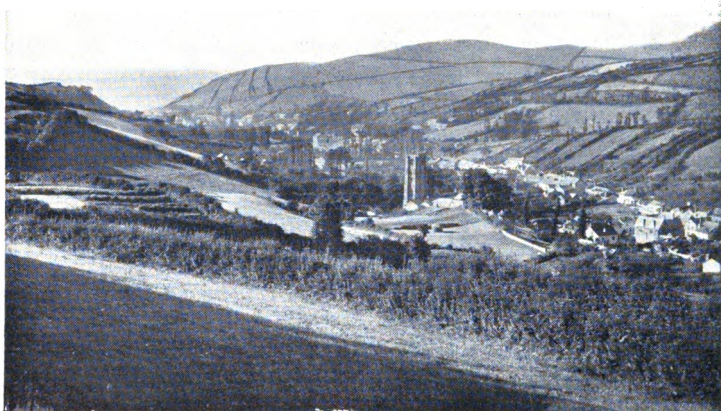
to find pastures new."

"For those who like boat fishing there is even better to be had than from pier or rocks. In winter huge congers, skate, and cod are taken in great numbers with stout lines and monster hooks baited with half a herring. In summer the principal fish to be taken are bream, averaging 2lb. each, pollack (especially by whiffing from Hillsborough to Watermouth, or from the Capstone towards Lee, and I have had some capital fun in this way—20lbs. or so, in a couple of hours), and bass, which last are caught in the races below Lee off Bull Lighthouse, and to the less ambitious angler hundreds of rock whiting, some 2lb. each, can be got on almost any day or

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\* R. Warren Vernon, "The Angler's Guide to Ilfracombe," Twin Brothers, Ilfracombe.

tide with an occasional codling, or even bigger fish as well. . . . Fishing from the pier at Ilfracombe one sees Nature at her grandest—at times the spray dashes over its north end, while the wind howls over the Capstone as the white-sailed Bristol pilot cutters flit swiftly by to seek shelter in the inner harbour. Then is the time for big fish, so hold tight to your hand-line, and very likely you will be rewarded by a heavy pluck, and maybe a 20lb. cod will shortly be flopping on the top staging of the pier. But Nature has varying moods, and I know of no more beautiful sight than the setting sun reflecting its rays on grand old Hillsborough Cliff,\* which towers up into the evening sky, its delicate shades of grey tinted with a blood-



COMBE MARTIN.

red glow. And if the sea angler has his basket full he will give one lingering glance at this noble cliff which rises sheer out of the sea opposite to where he is fishing, and as the darkness creeps on he will return at peace with all men, and inwardly resolving to spend his next sea angling holiday among the pleasant Devonians at their beautiful Combe.”

There is a good ghost story connected with Chambercombe (within easy reach of Ilfracombe). Swimbridge, where “Parson” Jack Russell so long ministered, has been already alluded to, but Combe

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\* Often written Helesborough.



Martin of the Silver Mines is well worth exploring, either from Ilfracombe or Lynton. As a matter of fact it is on the road traversed by the Ilfracombe and Lynton coach. It was Westcote's village and justly celebrated, both for its picturesqueness and its folk-lore, long before it received the enormous advertisement of the "Mighty Atom." Westcote speaks of his birthplace "as rich and famous for her silver mines, of the first finding of which there are no certain records remaining." Splendid cups of Combe Martin silver were made in Queen Elizabeth's time and presented to Sir Richard Martin, Lord Mayor of London, and William Bourchier, Earl of Bath. They both bore rhyming inscriptions in praise of "Martin's Combe" and Sir Beavis Bulmer, the worker of the mines. The levels were driven under the village and beneath the King's Arms (the curious old mansion often described as "The Pack of Cards") runs another subterranean tunnel. Combe Martin and Martinhoe (*i.e.*, "Martin's Valley and "Martin's Hill") both owe their names to Martin of Tours, one of the Norman Conqueror's most zealous supporters. It is at the latter that Mr. Blackmore locates the crime giving rise to the couplet—

"If anyone asketh who killed thee  
Say 'twas the Doones of Bagworthy." \*

Parracombe (often spelt with one r) is nearly equi-distant between Combe Martin and Lynton, and roughly speaking five miles from each. In all probability it has already been made the object of a pilgrimage from Lynton. Parracombe was the aboriginal home of the Blackmores and the clan is by no means extinct there. Mr. Snell and Mr. Page cross swords over the merits of the scenery, but surely, apart from its being *par excellence* a Blackmore shrine, there is sufficient to interest the traveller in the old residence of the Blackmores, the circular British encampment at Hallwell Farm, and the abandoned twelfth century church at Parracombe itself, to say nothing of the perfumed breezes of Parracombe Common the charming valley of Trentishoe and the purple peak of Chapman Barrow, the highest point in North Devon. There is another Devonshire proverb, as old or even older than that about the fate-pursued Tracy's. "Out of the world and into Combe Martin," betokens a degree of isolation and desolation scarcely consonant with the generally accepted legends about the success of the silver mines, or the scene at the King's Arms on the arrival of the popular Lynton coach, the humble char-a-banc or the

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\* See page 138.

heavily laden motor. We cannot, however, be sufficiently grateful that the old adage inspired Miss Annie Irwin with delightful verses:—

“‘Out of the world’ they call thee. True  
 Thy rounded bay of loveliest blue,  
 Thy soft hills veiled in silvery grey  
 Where glancing lights their shadows stray.  
 Thy orchards gemmed with milk white bloom,  
 Thy whispering woodlands grateful gloom,  
 Thy tower, whose fair proportions rise,  
 ’Mid the green trees, to summer skies—  
 Viewed thus afar, by one just fled  
 From the vast city’s restless tread,  
 He well might deem, when gazing here,  
 His footsteps pressed some lovelier sphere.”

With this well-merited tribute to the beauty of Devonshire scenery in general and that of Combe Martin in particular, this brief account of the sunny shores, bracing moorlands and historic sites of the “Shire of the Sea Kings” must come to an end.

Other counties may excel in one or other direction, but no single county it is safe to assert presents so numerous or so varied attractions to the holiday-maker, rich or poor, old or young, strong or weak, as Devonshire. At every season of the year, in spring, summer, autumn and winter alike, the seeker after change, pleasure, health or sport may come to the “Shire of the Sea Kings” with the absolute certainty that his sojourn there will be both profitable and agreeable. As far as the antiquary, the artist, the ecclesiologist, the naturalist and the man of letters is concerned there is assuredly no more fruitful or congenial sphere of inquiry than that which Devonshire affords and few better or more trustworthy guides than Mr. Baring-Gould, Mr. Snell and the other writers whose works have been frequently alluded to in these pages. Christmastide is scarcely associated in most men’s minds with absence from home, but a Christmas spent in the soft and genial atmosphere of Torquay, Teignmouth, Torcross, Salcombe Ilfracombe, Lynton or Lynmouth, is an experience one may well long to repeat. The “merry” Christmas of our ancestors has not yet gone out of fashion on the “sunny shores” of Devon, and throughout the whole of Devonshire the old lines still find an echo:—

“And well our Christian sires of old,  
 Loved when the year its course had rolled,  
 And brought blithe Christmas back again,  
 With all its hospitable train  
 Domestic and religious rite  
 Gave honour to the holy night.

England was merry England, when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;  
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale,  
A Christmas gamble oft would cheer  
The poor man's heart through half a year."

It is in the winter-time and the early spring that some of the sport which Devonshire offers to strangers may be best enjoyed. Then, and throughout the whole year, "bountiful nature" helps the "Shire of the Sea Kings" to make good her claim to be considered, not only one of the most popular playgrounds of the British Empire, but of the world at large.

FINIS.

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## TOURIST BOOKINGS TO DEVON.

The Bookings to LYNTON, via BARNSTAPLE and Rail are suspended from November 1st to April 30th inclusive.

The Lynton and other Bookings in connection with Coaches cease early in October, as the Coach Services cease on or about October 6th for the Season.

For the Coach Services each Season, see the Tourist Programme then current.

FROM	LYNTON, LYNMOUTH, via Minehead & Coach.			NORTH DEVON RAIL AND COACH TOUR, including MINEHEAD, LYNTON, ILFRACOMBE, BARNSTAPLE. F			LYNTON, via Barnstaple and Rail.			To LYNTON, via Barnstaple. From LYNTON, Coach to Ilfracombe and Rail. F						
	F			F			F			F						
	1st	2nd	3rd	1st	2nd	3rd	1st	2nd	3rd	1st	2nd	3rd				
LONDON	s. 59	d. 6	s. 41	s. 63	s. 47	s. 40	s. 59	s. 6	s. 38	s. 3	s. 63	s. 42	s. 9	s. 35	s. 8	
BANBURY ...	55	6	40	57	0	48	55	2	37	4	60	3	42	9	35	0
BATH	34	2	25	39	0	23	38	10	22	8	38	10	27	9	23	0
BEWDLY ...	53	2	38	56	0	41	52	6	35	3	57	6	40	2	33	0
BIRKENHEAD	77	4	53	78	0	56	77	0	50	2	82	0	55	3	45	0
BIRMINGHAM	55	6	40	57	0	43	55	2	37	4	60	3	42	8	35	0
BRISTOL (T'emple Meads)	30	10	23	35	0	26	30	6	20	6	35	6	25	6	21	0
CARDIFF	41	10	31	48	0	34	41	6	28	0	46	6	33	0	28	0
CHESTER	72	10	50	76	0	53	72	4	47	6	77	6	52	6	43	0
CHIPPENHAM	38	0	27	43	0	31	39	0	23	9	42	9	30	0	25	0
CREWE	67	6	47	69	0	50	67	2	44	2	72	3	49	8	40	0
DUDLEY	55	6	40	57	0	43	55	4	37	8	60	3	42	9	35	0
GLOUCESTER	40	10	30	47	0	33	40	6	27	0	45	6	32	6	27	0
HENLEY-ON-THAMES	52	0	36	53	0	39	52	0	32	6	61	6	42	8	35	0
HEREFORD	49	6	35	53	0	39	48	4	32	2	53	3	37	3	28	0
KIDDERMINSTER	52	8	38	57	0	41	52	6	36	0	57	6	41	0	33	0
LEAMINGTON	55	6	40	57	0	43	55	2	37	4	60	3	42	8	35	0
LEDBURY	46	6	38	51	0	36	46	6	31	0	51	6	36	0	30	0
LIVERPOOL	77	8	53	78	0	56	77	4	50	5	82	3	55	6	45	0
LANELLY	57	10	41	64	0	44	57	6	38	0	62	6	43	0	36	0
LUDLOW	56	6	39	60	0	43	56	3	36	3	61	3	41	9	30	0
MAIDENHEAD	52	6	36	63	0	44	52	6	33	9	60	3	42	3	35	0
MALVERN	49	6	35	53	0	39	48	4	32	2	53	3	37	3	31	0
MANCHESTER	76	10	52	78	0	56	76	6	50	0	81	6	55	0	45	0
MONMOUTH	43	0	31	48	0	35	43	0	27	6	47	0	32	6	27	0
NEWBURY	44	6	31	53	0	37	44	0	28	6	50	11	34	2	28	3
NEWPORT	40	9	29	46	0	38	40	0	26	6	45	6	31	6	26	0
OXFORD	52	10	37	57	0	40	52	8	34	5	57	9	39	6	32	0
PEMBROKE	75	0	51	82	0	55	74	8	45	8	79	9	53	9	44	0
READING	48	9	34	60	0	41	48	0	31	9	60	3	40	9	33	0
ROSS	46	0	33	50	0	36	46	0	26	30	47	6	35	6	28	0
RUABON	69	0	47	72	0	51	68	8	44	10	73	9	49	9	41	0
SALISBURY	36	9	27	42	0	30	36	6	24	2	41	2	28	8	24	0
SHERWSBURY	61	8	43	64	0	46	61	4	40	6	66	3	45	6	37	0
SMETHWICK JUNCTION	55	6	40	55	0	35	55	2	37	4	60	3	42	8	35	0
STOURBRIDGE	54	8	39	57	0	42	54	6	36	6	59	6	41	6	34	0
STOURPORT	52	8	37	53	0	41	52	6	35	0	57	6	40	0	33	0
STRATFORD-ON-AVON	55	6	40	57	0	43	55	2	37	2	60	3	42	3	35	0
STROUD	40	10	30	47	0	33	40	6	27	3	45	6	32	3	27	0
SWANSEA	55	2	39	62	0	43	54	10	36	3	59	9	41	3	34	0
TENBY	72	2	50	78	0	54	71	10	47	0	78	9	52	0	43	0
WARWICK	55	6	40	57	0	43	55	2	37	4	60	3	42	3	35	0
WEDNESBURY	56	2	40	60	0	43	55	10	38	0	60	9	43	0	35	0
WELLINGTON (Salop)	61	8	43	64	0	46	61	4	40	6	66	3	45	6	37	0
WEST KIRBY	...	...	...	...	...	...	77	0	50	4	82	0	55	0	45	0
WINDSOR AND ETON	55	6	38	64	0	46	55	0	35	6	63	0	43	0	35	0
WOLVERHAMPTON	57	2	41	61	0	44	56	10	38	2	61	9	43	3	36	0
WORCESTER	49	6	35	53	0	39	48	4	32	6	53	3	37	6	31	0
WYCOMBE, HIGH	55	6	38	65	0	45	55	2	35	6	60	3	42	3	35	0

F Coach Services generally cease on or about October 6th, for particulars see Programmes current May to October.

The fares are published subject to alteration and withdrawal.

For Full List of Stations from which Tourist Tickets are issued see Tourist Programme.

TOURIST BOOKINGS—Continued.

FROM	To LYNTON, via Barnstaple.						BARNSTAPLE. See Note G.						ILFRACOMBE via Barnstaple. See Note E. See also Note G.						EXETER. (For Fares to Chud- leigh, Rovey and Moretonhampstead via Ide see Note F). See also Note G.					
	From LYNTON, Coach to Minehead and Rail. F.																							
	1st	2nd	3rd	1st	2nd	3rd	1st	2nd	3rd	1st	2nd	3rd	1st	2nd	3rd	1st	2nd	3rd						
LONDON	s. 63	d. 0	s. 44	d. 6	s. 36	d. 0	s. 55	d. 0	s. 34	d. 3	s. 28	d. 0	s. 59	d. 0	s. 37	d. 0	s. 30	d. 0	s. 50	d. 0	s. 31	d. 6	s. 25	d. 0
ABERDEEN	...	...	...	...	...	...	165	2	...	...	79	0	169	2	...	...	81	0	161	2	...	...	77	0
ARDROSSAN	...	...	...	...	...	...	139	3	...	...	67	0	137	3	...	...	69	0	129	3	...	...	65	0
BANBURY	54	0	40	0	32	0	50	8	38	2	27	0	54	8	35	10	29	0	46	8	30	8	25	0
BATH	36	0	25	3	20	0	29	4	18	6	15	0	33	4	21	2	17	0	25	6	16	0	13	0
BEWDELY	...	...	...	...	...	...	47	4	30	9	25	0	50	0	34	0	27	0	43	4	28	4	22	0
BIRKENHEAD	75	6	52	9	42	0	72	6	46	0	37	0	76	6	48	8	39	0	68	6	43	8	35	0
BIRMINGHAM	54	3	40	0	32	0	50	8	38	2	27	0	54	8	35	10	29	0	46	8	30	8	25	0
BLACKBURN	...	...	...	...	...	...	78	8	50	0	40	0	82	8	52	8	42	0	74	8	47	6	38	0
BRADFORD (Yorks.)	...	...	...	...	...	...	80	2	52	0	42	0	84	2	55	0	44	0	76	2	50	0	40	0
BRISTOL (T'emple Meads)	32	6	23	0	19	0	26	0	16	4	13	0	30	0	19	0	15	0	22	0	14	0	11	0
CARDIFF	...	...	...	...	...	...	37	0	24	0	20	0	41	5	27	0	22	0	33	0	21	6	18	0
CHESTER	73	0	50	0	40	0	68	0	43	4	35	0	72	0	46	0	37	0	64	0	40	10	33	0
CHIPPENHAM	39	9	27	6	22	0	31	6	19	9	16	0	35	6	22	9	18	0	28	0	17	3	14	0
CRUWE	66	8	47	0	38	0	62	8	40	2	32	0	66	8	42	10	31	0	58	8	37	8	31	0
DARLINGTON	...	...	...	...	...	...	94	10	...	...	50	0	98	10	...	...	52	0	90	10	...	...	48	0
DUDLEY	55	0	39	6	32	0	50	10	38	6	27	0	54	8	35	10	29	0	46	8	30	8	25	0
DUNDEE	...	...	...	...	...	...	148	3	...	...	75	0	152	3	...	...	77	0	144	3	...	...	73	0
EDINBURGH	...	...	...	...	...	...	132	6	...	...	67	0	136	6	...	...	70	0	128	6	...	...	68	0
GLASGOW	...	...	...	...	...	...	133	3	...	...	67	0	137	3	...	...	69	0	129	3	...	...	65	0
GLOUCESTER	41	6	30	0	24	0	36	0	23	3	19	0	40	0	25	11	21	0	32	0	20	9	17	0
GREENOCK	...	...	...	...	...	...	135	9	...	...	68	0	139	9	...	...	70	0	131	9	...	...	66	0
HANDSWORTH AND SMETHWICK	54	3	40	0	32	0	50	8	38	2	27	0	54	8	35	10	29	0	46	8	30	8	25	0
HENLEY-ON-THAMES	59	0	39	9	32	0	47	6	29	6	24	0	51	6	32	6	26	0	43	0	27	3	22	0
HEREFORD	50	0	35	3	28	0	43	4	28	6	20	0	47	4	31	6	22	0	39	4	26	2	19	0
HUDDERSFIELD	...	...	...	...	...	...	76	6	49	6	40	0	80	6	52	0	42	0	72	6	47	0	38	0
KIDDERMINSTER	52	9	37	6	31	0	48	0	32	0	25	0	50	0	34	0	27	0	43	10	28	6	22	0
LANCASTER	...	...	...	...	...	...	84	6	53	6	43	0	88	6	56	2	45	0	80	6	51	0	41	0
LEAMINGTON	54	3	40	0	32	0	50	8	38	2	27	0	54	8	35	10	29	0	46	8	30	8	25	0
LEDBURY	50	0	35	3	28	0	42	0	27	0	22	0	46	0	30	0	24	0	33	0	25	0	20	0
LEEDS	...	...	...	...	...	...	80	2	52	0	41	0	84	2	55	4	43	0	76	2	50	0	40	0
LIVERPOOL	75	9	53	0	42	0	72	10	46	3	37	0	76	10	49	0	39	0	68	10	43	9	35	0
LLANELLY	59	6	41	0	33	0	53	0	34	0	28	0	57	5	37	0	30	0	49	0	31	6	26	0
LUDLOW	57	0	39	6	32	0	51	9	32	10	22	0	56	2	35	10	24	0	47	9	30	4	22	0
MAIDENHEAD	60	0	40	3	32	0	48	0	29	9	24	0	52	5	32	9	26	0	44	0	27	3	22	0
MALVERN	50	0	35	3	28	0	43	4	28	6	23	0	47	4	31	6	25	0	39	4	26	2	20	0
MANCHESTER	74	9	52	6	42	0	72	0	45	10	37	0	76	0	48	6	39	0	68	0	43	4	35	0
MONMOUTH	44	9	30	9	25	0	37	5	23	6	19	0	43	0	27	10	22	0	34	3	22	2	18	0
NEUBURY	48	6	33	0	27	0	39	6	24	6	20	0	43	6	27	6	22	0	35	6	22	3	18	0
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE	...	...	...	...	...	...	105	4	...	...	56	0	109	4	...	...	58	0	101	4	...	...	54	0
NEWPORT	42	6	29	3	24	0	36	0	22	6	18	0	40	5	25	6	20	0	32	0	20	0	16	0
OBAN	...	...	...	...	...	...	155	3	...	...	79	0	...	...	...	...	...	...	151	3	...	...	77	0
OXFORD	54	3	36	9	30	0	48	2	30	3	24	0	52	2	33	0	26	0	44	0	27	6	22	0
PENBROKE	76	9	51	6	41	0	70	2	44	8	36	0	74	11	48	0	38	0	66	2	42	2	34	0
PERTH	...	...	...	...	...	...	146	8	...	...	73	0	150	3	...	...	76	0	142	8	...	...	71	0
READING	56	6	38	0	31	0	44	6	27	9	23	0	48	6	30	5	25	0	40	6	25	6	21	0
ROSS	46	9	33	0	27	0	35	0	26	6	20	0	45	8	29	0	22	0	37	8	24	0	19	0
RUABON	68	9	47	6	38	0	64	2	40	10	33	0	68	6	44	4	35	0	60	2	38	6	31	0
SALISBURY	38	9	27	0	21	0	32	0	20	2	16	0	36	4	22	9	18	0	25	6	16	0	13	0
SHREWSBURY	61	6	43	0	35	0	56	10	36	4	29	0	60	10	39	0	31	0	52	10	33	10	28	0
SMETHWICK JUNCTION	54	3	40	0	32	0	50	8	38	2	27	0	54	8	35	10	29	0	46	8	30	8	25	0
STIRLING	...	...	...	...	...	...	137	3	...	...	70	0	141	3	...	...	72	0	133	3	...	...	68	0
STOURBRIDGE	54	3	39	6	32	0	50	0	32	6	26	0	53	10	35	0	28	0	45	10	30	0	23	0
STOURPORT	54	0	38	0	30	0	47	4	30	9	25	0	50	0	34	0	27	0	43	4	23	4	22	0
STRAFORD-ON-AVON	54	3	40	0	32	0	50	8	38	2	27	0	54	8	35	0	29	0	46	8	30	9	25	0
STROUD	41	6	30	0	24	0	36	0	23	3	19	0	40	0	25	11	21	0	32	0	20	9	17	0
SUNDERLAND	...	...	...	...	...	...	103	6	...	...	55	0	107	6	...	...	56	0	99	6	...	...	53	0
SWANSEA	56	9	39	0	31	0	50	4	32	3	26	0	54	9	35	3	28	0	46	4	29	9	24	0
TENBY	73	9	49	9	40	0	67	4	43	0	35	0	71	9	46	0	37	0	63	4	40	6	33	0
WARWICK	54	3	40	0	32	0	50	8	38	2	27	0	54	8	35	10	29	0	46	8	30	8	25	0
WEDNESBURY	60	0	41	0	33	0	51	4	34	0	27	0	55	4	36	0	29	0	47	4	31	0	25	0
WELLINGTON (Salop)	56	9	43	0	35	0	56	10	36	4	29	0	60	10	39	0	31	0	52	10	33	10	28	0
WEST HARTLEPOOL	...	...	...	...	...	...	98	8	...	...	52	0	102	5	...	...	54	0	94	8	...	...	50	0
WEST KIRBY	75	6	52	9	42	0	72	6	46	0	37	0	76	6	48	8	39	0	68	6	43	8	35	0
WIGAN	...	...	...	...	...	...	73	2	46	0	38	0	77	2	49	0	40	0	69	2	44	4	36	0
WINDSOR & ETON	62	6	41	9	34	0	59	6	31	6	26	0	54	6	34	2	28	0	46	6	29	6	26	0
WOLVERHAMPTON	56	0	41	0	33	0	52	4	34	0	28	0	56	4	36	8	30	0	48	4	31	6	26	0
WORCESTER	50	0	35	3	28	0	43	4	28	6	23	0	47	4	31	6	25	0	39	4	26	2	20	0
WYCOMBE, HIGH	61	9	41	3	33	0	50	8	31	6	26	0	54	8	35	6	28	0	46					

**TOURIST BOOKINGS—Continued.**

Tourist Fares via Exeter and L. & S.W. Railway: **1st.**   **2nd.**   **3rd.**  
 To BUDE (May 1st to October 31st) from } BRISTOL (Temple Meads) ...   38/4;   24/8;   20/-  
   } BATH ...                        41/10;   26/8;   21/-  
 To EXMOUTH FROM BRISTOL (Temple Meads) ...   24/6;   16.-;   13-  
 + Chudleigh, Bovey and Moretonhampstead via Exeter and Ide. Tickets are issued via Exeter  
 and Ide at the following amounts above the Exeter Tourist Fares.

Amounts above Exeter Fares.

	1st.	2nd.	3rd.
CHUDLEIGH ...	4/6	2/10	2-
BOVEY ...	5/6	3/6	3-
MORETONHAMPSTEAD ...	7/6	4/8	4/-

The 2nd Class Fare, London to Chudleigh is 34/3; London to Moretonhampstead 36/- 2nd Class.  
 The 3rd Class to Moretonhampstead, from Hereford and Ross is 22/-.

**E** Ilfracombe Tourists may break the journey at Braunton for Saunton Sands, and Morthoe for Woolacombe Sands and Lee.  
**F** The Coach Services generally cease early in October. Particulars of the Coach Services each Season will be found in the Tourist Programmes then current.  
**G** For Tourist Fares to Barnstaple, Ilfracombe and Exeter on and from November 1st to 30th April inclusive see the Winter Tourist Programme.

**Chagford via Exeter and Moretonhampstead by Motor Car.** During the continuance of the Motor Car Service between Moretonhampstead and Chagford, Tourist Tickets are issued as under:

	1st.	2nd.	3rd.
LONDON STATIONS AND OFFICES via Ide ...	57/6	36/0	29/0
" " " " " Newton Abbot ...	58/4	36/6	30/0
EALING via Reading or Paddington and Ide ...	57/6	36/0	29/0
" " " " " Newton Abbot ...	58/4	36/6	30/0

*See current Time Tables and Bills for Service.*

FROM	DAWLISH.				TEIGNMOUTH.				NEWTON ABBOT.				TORQUAY, PAIGN-TON, BOVEY, CHUD-LEIGH, via NEWTON ABBOT.												
	1st	2nd	3rd	3rd	1st	2nd	3rd	3rd	1st	2nd	3rd	3rd	1st	2nd	3rd	3rd									
LONDON ...	53	6	33	6	27	0	54	6	34	2	28	0	56	0	35	0	28	0	57	6	36	0	29	0	
ABERDEEN ...													167	2			80	0	188	11			81	0	
ARBROATH ...													153	3			77	0	155	0			78	0	
ARBROSSAN ...													135	3			68	0	137	0			69	0	
BANBURY ...	50	4	32	10	27	0	51	2	38	6	27	0	52	8	34	4	28	0	54	5	35	4	29	0	
BATH ...	28	6	18	0	15	0	29	6	18	6	15	0	31	0	19	6	16	0	32	9	20	6	17	0	
BIRKENHEAD ...	72	2	46	0	37	0	73	0	46	6	38	0	74	6	47	6	38	0	76	3	48	6	39	0	
BIRMINGHAM ...	50	4	32	10	27	0	51	2	38	6	27	0	52	8	34	4	28	0	54	5	35	4	29	0	
BLACKBURN ...	78	4	49	10	40	0	79	2	50	2	41	0	80	8	51	2	42	0	82	5	52	3	42	0	
BRADFORD (Yorks) ...	79	10	52	0	42	0	80	8	52	0	42	0	82	2	53	0	43	0	84	0	54	0	44	0	
BRISTOL ...	25	8	16	0	13	0	26	6	16	8	14	0	28	0	17	6	14	0	29	9	18	6	15	0	
CARDIFF ...	36	8	23	10	19	0	37	6	24	3	20	0	39	0	25	3	20	0	40	9	26	3	21	0	
CHESTER ...	67	8	43	2	35	0	68	6	43	8	35	0	70	0	44	8	36	0	71	9	45	8	37	0	
CHIPPENHAM ...	31	6	19	6	16	0	32	0	20	3	16	0	33	6	21	0	17	0	35	0	22	0	18	0	
CREWE ...	62	4	40	0	32	0	63	2	40	6	33	0	64	8	41	6	33	0	66	6	42	4	34	0	
DARLINGTON ...	94	6			5	0	95	4			50	0	96	10			51	0	98	7			52	0	
DUDLEY ...	50	0	32	10	27	0	51	2	38	6	27	0	52	8	34	4	28	0	54	5	35	4	29	0	
DUNDEE ...													150	3			76	0	125	0			76	0	
EDINBURGH ...													134	6			68	0	136	3			69	0	
GLASGOW ...													135	3			68	0	137	0			69	0	
GLOUCESTER ...	35	8	23	0	19	0	36	6	23	4	19	0	38	0	24	6	20	0	39	9	25	6	21	0	
GREENOCK ...													137	9			69	0	139	6			70	0	
HENLEY-ON-THAMES ...	46	6	29	3	24	0	47	6	29	9	24	0	49	0	30	9	25	0	51	0	31	6	26	0	
HEREFORD ...	43	0	28	4	19	0	43	10	28	9	20	0	45	4	29	9	21	0	47	1	30	10	21	0	
HUDDERSFIELD ...	78	2	49	6	40	0	77	0	50	0	40	0	78	6	51	0	41	0	80	3	51	9	42	0	
KIDDERMINSTER ...	47	6	31	0	24	0	48	4	31	6	25	0	49	10	32	6	25	0	51	7	33	6	26	0	
LANCASTER ...	84	2	53	3	43	0	85	0	53	9	43	0	86	6	54	9	44	0	88	3	55	6	45	0	
LEAMINGTON ...	50	4	32	10	27	0	51	2	38	6	27	0	52	8	34	4	28	0	54	5	35	4	29	0	
LEDBURY ...	41	2	27	0	22	0	42	0	27	0	22	0	44	0	28	0	23	0	45	3	28	9	23	0	
LEEDS ...	79	10	52	6	42	0	80	8	53	0	42	0	82	2	54	0	43	0	84	0	54	10	44	0	
LIVERPOOL ...	72	6	46	0	37	0	73	4	46	6	38	0	74	10	47	6	38	0	76	6	48	6	39	0	
LLANRLLY ...	52	8	33	10	27	0	53	6	34	4	28	0	55	0	35	4	29	0	56	9	36	4	29	0	
LUDLOW ...	51	6	32	8	23	0	52	3	33	2	23	0	53	9	34	2	24	0	55	6	35	0	25	0	
MAIDENHEAD ...	47	6	29	9	24	0	48	6	30	0	24	0	49	6	31	3	25	0	51	6	32	3	26	0	
MALVERN ...	43	0	28	4	22	0	43	10	28	9	22	0	45	4	29	9	23	0	47	1	30	10	24	0	
MANCHESTER ...	71	8	45	8	37	0	72	6	46	0	37	0	74	0	47	0	38	0	75	9	48	2	39	0	
MONMOUTH ...	37	9	24	6	19	0	38	9	25	0	20	0	40	0	26	0	21	0	42	0	27	0	21	0	
NEWBURY ...	39	0	24	6	20	0	40	0	24	9	20	0	41	6	26	0	21	0	43	0	27	0	22	0	
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE ...	105	0			56	0	105	0			56	0	106	6			57	0	109	1			58	0	
NEWPORT ...	35	6	22	2	18	0	36	4	22	9	19	0	37	10	23	8	19	0	39	6	24	10	20	0	

The fares are published subject to alteration and withdrawal.

TOURIST BOOKINGS—continued.

FROM	DAWLISH.			TEIGNMOUTH.			NEWTON ABBOT.			TORQUAY, PAIGN-TON, BOVEY, CHUD-LEIGH, via NEWTON ABBOT.								
	1st 2nd 3rd			1st 2nd 3rd			1st 2nd 3rd			1st 2nd		3rd		1st 2nd		3rd		
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
OBAN	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	157	0	...	80	0	158	9	...	...	81	0
OXFORD	47	9	30	0	24	0	48	6	30	4	24	0	50	0	31	6	25	0
PENBROKE	69	10	44	6	36	0	70	8	45	0	36	0	72	2	46	0	37	0
PERTH	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	148	3	...	...	...	150	0	...	...	75	0
READING	44	0	27	6	22	0	45	0	28	0	23	0	46	0	29	0	23	0
ROSS	41	0	26	3	19	0	41	9	26	9	20	0	43	3	27	9	21	0
RUABON	63	10	40	9	33	0	64	8	41	2	33	0	66	2	42	2	34	0
SALISBURY	29	0	18	3	15	0	30	0	18	10	15	0	31	4	19	8	16	0
SHREWSBURY	56	4	36	2	29	0	57	4	36	8	29	0	58	10	37	8	30	0
SMITHWICK JUNCTION	50	4	32	10	27	0	51	2	33	6	27	0	52	8	34	4	28	0
STIRLING	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	159	3	...	...	...	141	0	...	...	72	0
STOURBRIDGE	49	6	32	0	25	0	50	4	32	8	26	0	51	10	33	6	28	0
STOURPORT	47	0	30	7	24	0	48	0	31	0	25	0	49	4	32	0	25	0
STRATFORD-ON-AVON	45	10	...	...	24	0	46	8	...	...	25	0	48	2	...	...	49	11
Do.	50	4	33	0	27	0	51	2	34	0	27	0	52	8	34	6	28	0
STROUD	35	8	23	0	19	0	36	3	23	4	19	0	38	0	24	6	20	0
SUNDERLAND	103	2	...	...	54	0	104	0	...	...	...	...	105	6	...	...	107	3
SWANSEA	50	0	32	0	26	0	50	10	32	6	26	0	52	4	33	6	27	0
TENBY	67	0	43	0	35	0	67	10	43	4	35	0	69	4	44	4	36	0
WARWICK	50	4	32	10	27	0	51	2	33	6	27	0	52	8	34	4	28	0
WEDNESBURY	51	0	33	2	27	0	51	10	33	6	27	0	53	4	34	6	28	0
WELLINGTON (Salop)	56	4	36	0	29	0	57	4	36	8	29	0	58	8	37	6	30	0
WEST HARTLEPOOL	98	4	...	...	52	0	99	2	...	...	53	0	100	8	...	...	102	5
WEST KIRBY	72	2	46	0	37	0	73	0	46	6	38	0	74	6	47	6	38	0
WIGAN	72	10	46	8	38	0	73	8	47	2	38	0	75	2	48	2	39	0
WINDSOR & ETON	50	0	31	3	25	0	51	0	31	6	26	0	52	6	32	6	26	0
WOLVERHAMPTON	52	0	33	10	27	0	52	10	34	4	28	0	54	4	35	4	29	0
WORCESTER	43	0	28	4	22	0	43	10	28	9	22	0	45	4	29	9	23	0
WYCOMBE, HIGH	50	0	31	6	25	0	51	0	32	0	26	0	52	6	32	10	27	0
YORK	82	6	...	...	44	0	83	4	...	...	44	0	84	10	...	...	45	0

For Fares to Bovey and Chudleigh via Exeter and Ide see Note at top of page 182.

The fares are published subject to alteration and withdrawal.

For full list of G.W. Stations from which Tourist Tickets are issued see Tourist Programme, and the Tourist Programmes of other Companies for bookings from their Stations.

FROM	ASHBURTON, BRIGHAM, DARTMOUTH.			TOINES, MORETONHAMP-STEAD, via NEWTON ABBOT.			KINGSBRIDGE, via Brent.			PLYMOUTH, DEVON-PORT, TAVISTOCK, PRINCETOWN.								
	1st 2nd 3rd			1st 2nd 3rd			1st 2nd 3rd			1st 2nd		3rd		1st 2nd		3rd		
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
LONDON	60	3	37	10	30	0	58	4	36	6	30	0	64	0	40	2	32	0
ABERDEEN	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	176	6	...	...	...	176	6	...	...	...	...
ARBROATH	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	162	7	...	...	...	162	7	...	...	...	...
ARDROSSAN	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	147	7	...	...	...	144	7	...	...	...	...
BARNBURY	57	2	37	3	30	0	55	2	36	0	29	0	60	10	39	6	32	0
BATH	35	9	22	6	18	0	33	10	21	2	17	0	39	6	24	8	20	0
BIRKENHEAD	79	0	50	2	41	0	77	0	49	0	39	0	82	8	52	6	42	0
BIRMINGHAM	57	2	37	3	30	0	55	2	36	0	29	0	60	10	39	6	32	0
BLACKBURN	85	2	54	2	44	0	83	2	52	11	43	0	90	0	57	2	46	0
BRADFORD (Yorks)	86	8	56	0	45	0	84	8	55	0	44	0	91	6	58	0	48	0
BRISTOL	32	6	20	6	17	0	33	6	19	2	16	0	36	0	22	8	18	0
CARDIFF	48	6	28	0	22	0	41	6	26	10	22	0	47	2	30	0	24	0
CHENYER	74	6	47	6	38	0	72	6	46	9	37	0	78	2	49	9	40	0
CHIPPENHAM	38	6	23	9	19	0	36	0	22	6	18	0	43	0	27	0	22	0
CRAWLEY	69	2	44	2	36	0	67	2	43	0	35	0	72	10	46	6	38	0
DARLINGTON	101	4	...	...	53	0	99	4	...	...	52	0	106	2	...	...	106	2
DUDLEY	57	2	37	0	30	0	55	2	36	0	29	0	60	10	39	6	32	0
DUNDEE	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	159	7	...	...	...	80	0	159	7	...	...
EDINBURGH	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	143	10	...	...	...	73	0	143	10	...	...
GLASGOW	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	144	7	...	...	...	72	0	144	7	...	...
GLOUCESTER	42	6	27	4	22	0	40	6	26	0	21	0	46	2	29	6	24	0
GREENOCK	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	140	3	...	...	...	70	0	147	1	...	...
HENLEY-ON-THAMES	58	6	33	6	27	0	52	0	32	6	26	0	57	0	36	0	29	0
HEREFORD	47	10	32	8	23	0	47	10	31	6	22	0	53	6	35	0	26	0



## TOURIST BOOKINGS—continued.

FROM	ASHBURTON, BRIXHAM, DARTMOUTH.			TOTNES, MORETONHAMP- STEAD, via NEWTON ABBOT.			KINGSBRIDGE, via Brent.			PLYMOUTH, DEVON- PORT, TAVISTOCK, † PRINCETOWN. †		
	1st	2nd	3rd	1st	2nd	3rd	1st	2nd	3rd	1st	2nd	3rd
HUDDERSFIELD	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
KIDDERMINSTER	54 4	36 2	27 0	52 4	33 10	27 0	59 2	37 4	30 0	59 2	38 3	30 0
LANCASTER	91 0	57 6	46 0	89 0	56 3	45 0	94 8	59 9	49 0	95 10	60 6	49 0
LEAMINGTON	57 2	37 3	30 0	55 2	36 0	29 0	60 10	39 6	32 0	62 0	40 2	33 0
LEDBURY	48 0	31 0	25 0	46 0	30 0	24 0	52 0	33 9	27 0	52 10	33 9	27 0
LEEDS	86 8	56 9	45 0	84 8	55 6	44 0	90 4	59 0	48 0	91 6	59 9	48 0
LIVERPOOL	79 4	50 4	41 0	77 4	49 2	39 0	83 0	52 8	42 0	84 2	53 6	43 0
LLANELLY	59 6	38 0	31 0	57 6	36 9	30 0	63 0	40 3	33 0	63 4	41 2	33 0
LUDLOW	59 0	37 0	26 0	56 3	35 6	25 0	61 9	39 0	30 0	64 0	40 0	30 0
MAIDENHEAD	54 6	34 0	27 0	52 6	32 9	26 0	58 0	36 3	29 0	59 6	37 0	30 0
MALVERN	49 10	32 8	25 0	47 10	31 6	24 0	53 6	35 0	27 0	54 8	35 0	28 0
MANCHESTER	78 6	50 0	40 0	76 6	48 9	39 0	82 2	52 3	42 0	83 4	53 0	43 0
MONMOUTH	44 9	28 9	23 0	42 9	27 6	22 0	48 3	31 0	25 0	49 6	31 10	26 0
NEWBURY	46 0	29 0	23 0	44 0	27 6	22 0	49 6	31 0	25 0	51 0	31 9	26 0
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE	111 10	...	59 0	109 10	...	58 0	116 8	...	62 0	116 8	...	62 0
NEWPORT	42 6	26 6	22 0	40 6	25 6	21 0	46 0	28 9	23 0	46 0	28 9	23 0
OBAN	...	...	...	...	...	...	166 7	...	...	84 0	166 7	...
OXFORD	54 6	34 2	27 0	52 6	32 10	26 0	58 0	36 4	29 0	58 0	36 4	30 0
PEMBROKE	76 8	48 9	39 0	74 8	47 6	38 0	80 3	51 0	41 0	80 8	51 4	41 0
PERTH	...	...	...	...	...	...	157 7	...	...	79 0	157 7	...
READING	51 0	31 9	26 0	49 0	30 9	25 0	54 6	34 3	28 0	55 6	34 9	28 0
ROSS	47 9	30 6	23 0	46 0	29 6	22 0	51 3	32 9	26 0	52 6	33 6	26 0
RUABON	70 8	45 0	38 0	69 0	44 0	35 0	74 4	47 6	38 0	74 4	47 6	38 0
SALISBURY	36 0	22 6	18 0	34 0	21 4	17 0	39 6	24 9	20 0	41 0	25 8	21 0
SHREWSBURY	63 4	40 6	33 0	61 4	39 3	32 0	67 0	42 9	35 0	68 2	43 0	35 0
SMETHWICK JUNCTION	57 2	37 3	30 0	55 2	36 0	29 0	60 10	39 6	32 0	62 0	40 2	33 0
STIRLING	...	...	...	...	...	...	148 7	...	...	76 0	148 7	...
STOURBRIDGE	56 4	36 6	28 0	54 4	35 2	28 0	59 10	38 9	30 0	61 2	39 6	31 0
STOURPORT	53 10	34 10	27 0	52 0	33 6	27 0	57 4	37 0	29 0	58 9	37 9	30 0
STRAIFORD-ON-AVON Do.	52 8	...	...	50 8	...	...	56 2	...	...	57 6	...	...
STROUD	42 6	27 4	22 0	40 6	26 0	21 0	46 2	29 6	24 0	47 4	30 9	25 0
SUNDERLAND	110 0	...	...	108 0	...	...	114 10	...	...	60 0	114 10	...
SWANSEA	56 10	36 4	30 0	54 10	35 0	28 0	60 6	38 8	31 0	61 0	39 0	31 0
TENBY	73 10	47 2	38 0	71 10	45 10	37 0	77 6	49 6	40 0	77 6	49 6	40 0
WARWICK	57 2	37 3	30 0	55 2	36 0	29 0	60 10	39 9	32 0	62 0	40 2	33 0
WEDNESBURY	57 2	37 6	30 0	55 10	36 2	29 0	61 4	39 9	32 0	62 8	40 6	33 0
WELLINGTON (Salop)	63 4	40 6	33 0	61 4	39 3	32 0	67 0	42 9	35 0	68 2	43 6	35 0
WEST HARTLEPOOL	105 2	...	...	103 2	...	...	110 0	...	...	118 0	...	...
WEST KIRBY	79 8	50 2	41 0	77 8	49 0	39 0	82 8	52 6	42 0	83 10	53 3	43 0
WIGAN	79 8	51 0	41 0	77 8	49 0	40 0	84 2	54 0	43 0	84 2	54 0	43 0
WINDSOR & ETON	57 0	35 6	28 0	55 0	34 9	28 0	60 6	37 9	31 0	62 0	38 6	31 0
WOLVERHAMPTON	58 10	38 0	31 0	56 10	36 9	30 0	63 6	40 9	33 0	63 6	41 0	33 0
WORCESTER	49 10	32 6	25 0	47 10	31 6	24 0	53 8	35 0	27 0	54 8	35 0	28 0
WYCOMBE, HIGH	57 0	35 6	29 0	54 10	34 4	28 0	60 6	38 0	31 0	61 10	38 6	31 0
YORK	89 4	...	...	87 4	...	...	94 2	...	...	94 2	...	...

† Yelverton—Tickets for Tavistock and Princetown are available at Yelverton.

For Tourist Fares for Plymouth, Devonport, Tavistock, Princetown, on and from November 1st to April 30th inclusive, see Winter Tourist Programme.

For fares to Moretonhampstead via Exeter and Ide, see Note at top of page 182.

The fares are published subject to alteration and withdrawal.

For full List of G.W. Stations from which Tourist Tickets are issued see Tourist Programme, and the Tourist Programmes of other Companies for bookings from their Stations.

STATIONS.	MORTEHOE, via DULVERTON AND BARNSTAPLE. †			WOODY BAY, via DULVERTON, BARNSTAPLE, AND LYNTON AND BARNSTAPLE RAILWAY. †		
	1st	2nd	3rd	1st	2nd	3rd
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
LONDON & DISTRICT	58 0	36 4	30 0	58 6	37 3	30 6
BATH	32 7	21 2	17 0	...	...	...
BRISTOL	29 3	18 4	15 0	...	...	...
SALISBURY	35 6	22 4	18 0	...	...	...

† Apply on and from 1st May to 31st October only.

## TOURIST BOOKINGS—continued.

**ADDITIONAL WEST OF ENGLAND CIRCULAR TOURS.****CIRCULAR TOURIST TICKETS** are issued on and from May 1st to

October 31st, so far as Coach Services allow, at **Paddington Station, the Company's Bank Office, King William Street** (City and South London Railway Station), and **Messrs. Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus, Fleet Street, E.C.**, during the continuance of the Coach and Boat Services, for the following Tours :—

- (1) London (Paddington) to Minehead.  
 Minehead to Lynton (22½ miles) by Mr. Langdon's Coach.  
 Lynton to Ilfracombe (21 miles) by Mr. Copp's Coach.  
 Ilfracombe to Barnstaple and Dulverton.  
 Dulverton to Exeter via Tiverton.  
 Exeter to London (Paddington).
- |              | 1st         | 2nd         | 3rd         |
|--------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| <b>Fares</b> | <b>67/-</b> | <b>50/-</b> | <b>42/-</b> |

This tour enables Tourists to visit, among other places, Bath, Bristol, Yatton (Junction for Wells and Clevedon), Weston-super-Mare, Taunton, Minehead, Lynton, Ilfracombe, Barnstaple (Junction for Bideford), Dulverton, Exeter, Bridgwater, Highbridge (Junction for Burnham), and Yatton (Junction for Clevedon and Wells).

The Coach Services generally cease on or about October 8th. For each Summer's Service see the Tourist Programme then current.

- (2) London (Paddington) to Torquay and Dartmouth.  
 Dartmouth to Kingsbridge by Coach.  
 Kingsbridge to Plymouth.  
 Plymouth to London (Paddington).
- |              | 1st         | 2nd         | 3rd         |
|--------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| <b>Fares</b> | <b>68/-</b> | <b>44/-</b> | <b>36/-</b> |

This Tour enables Tourists to visit, among other places, Bath, Bristol, Weston-super-Mare, Taunton, Exeter, Teignmouth, Newton Abbot, Torquay, Dartmouth, Kingsbridge, Plymouth, Totnes, Bridgwater, Highbridge (Junction for Burnham), and Yatton (Junction for Clevedon and Wells).

- (3) London (Paddington) to Torquay and Dartmouth.  
 Dartmouth to Totnes by River Dart Steamer.  
 Totnes to Plymouth.  
 Plymouth to Tavistock, Lydford and Launceston.  
 Launceston to Plymouth.  
 Plymouth to London (Paddington).
- |              | 1st         | 2nd         | 3rd         |
|--------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| <b>Fares</b> | <b>72/-</b> | <b>46/-</b> | <b>38/-</b> |

This Tour enables Tourists to visit, among other places, Bath, Bristol, Weston-super-Mare, Taunton, Exeter, Teignmouth, Newton Abbot, Torquay, Dartmouth, Totnes, Plymouth, Tavistock, Lydford, Launceston, Bridgwater, Highbridge (Junction for Burnham), and Yatton (Junction for Clevedon and Wells).

- (4) London (Paddington) to Exeter, Newton Abbot and Moretonhampstead.  
 Moretonhampstead to Princetown by Coach Service generally on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from about June 3rd to about September 30th.  
 Princetown to Tavistock, Lydford and Launceston.  
 Launceston to Plymouth.  
 Plymouth to Exeter and London (Paddington).
- |              | 1st         | 2nd         | 3rd         |
|--------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| <b>Fares</b> | <b>72/-</b> | <b>46/-</b> | <b>38/-</b> |

This Tour enables Tourists to visit, among other places, Bath, Bristol, Weston-super-Mare, Taunton, Exeter, Dawlish, Newton Abbot, Moretonhampstead, Princetown, Tavistock, Lydford, Launceston, Plymouth, Totnes, Bridgwater, Highbridge (Junction for Burnham) and Yatton (Junction for Clevedon and Wells).

Tickets are also issued for making the Tours in the reverse direction.

**ADDITIONAL BREAKS OF JOURNEY.**—Holders of Circular Tour Tickets can also stop at other Stations on the Direct Route covered by the Tickets as shewn in the Tourist Programme, and at any Station between Plymouth and Launceston when covered by the Tickets.

**ALTERNATIVE ROUTES WITH THE LONDON & SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY.**

Holders of Paddington or Westbourne Park Tourist Tickets issued, May 1st to October 31st, for Exeter, Plymouth or Devonport, may return by the Great Western Company's Route, or travel via the London and South Western Company's Route to Waterloo or Vauxhall. No break of journey is allowed by L. & S. W. Route.

In like manner, Holders of Waterloo or Vauxhall Tourist Tickets, issued, May 1st to October 31st, for Exeter, Plymouth or Devonport, may travel by the Great Western Company's Route to Paddington or Westbourne Park, or return by the London and South Western Company's Route. No break of journey is allowed by G.W. Route.

**GENERAL NOTES.**

The Fares and Arrangements are given subject to alteration.

From November 1st to April 30th inclusive, some of the Tourist Bookings to Barnstaple, Exeter, Devonport, Plymouth, Princetown and Tavistock are withdrawn. For particulars of the Winter Tourist Bookings to these places, see the Tourist Programme for November 1st to April 30th.

Tourist Tickets are issued for Devon Resorts, at the principal Stations on other Company's Lines, as shown in the respective Companies' Tourist Programmes.

**BREAKS OF JOURNEY.**—Tourists have the privilege of breaking the journey at specified places en route as shown in the Tourist Programme, copies of which can be obtained free at the Company's Stations, Offices, and Agencies.

A Programme of each Season's Tourist Fares and Arrangements is issued, and copies, free of charge, can be obtained at the respective Companies' Stations and Offices.

## COMBINED MONTHLY TOURIST AND SEASON TICKETS FOR PASSENGERS AND CYCLES.

### PASSENGERS:

In order to facilitate the journeys of Visitors during their stay in the West, arrangements have been made for the issue of Monthly Tickets at Paddington and Great Western Country Stations, (shewn as issuing Tourist Tickets), which will enable Passengers to travel to the West and back, and to make as many journeys as may be desired within a prescribed district, as set out below, upon payment of the undermentioned sums in addition to the Tourist fares to Dartmouth and Kingsbridge (respectively):—

#### **Tour 1.**—Covering the following Stations:—

TORQUAY	KINGKERSWELL	BOVEY
TORRE	NEWTON ABBOT	LUSTLEIGH
PAIGNTON	TEIGNMOUTH	MORETONHAMPSTEAD
CHURSTON	DAWLISH	TOTNES
BRIXHAM	STAIRCROSS	STAVERTON
KINGSWEAR	TEIGNGRACE	BUCKFASTLEIGH
DARTMOUTH	HEATHFIELD	ASHBURTON

FIRST CLASS.

SECOND CLASS.

THIRD CLASS.

**36/-**

**26/-**

**21/-**

FOR EXAMPLE.—A Passenger can by paying 51/- (which is the Third Class Tourist Fare from Paddington to Dartmouth plus 21/-) obtain a Monthly Ticket available for one journey in each direction between Paddington and Dartmouth, or any Station in the list above, and for use as often as desired between the Stations in the list.

#### **Tour 2.**—Covering the following Stations:—

TOTNES	CORNWOOD	LODDISWELL
BRENT	PLYMPTON	KINGSBRIDGE
WRANGATON	AVONWICK	STAVERTON
IVYBRIDGE	GARABRIDGE	BUCKFASTLEIGH
	ASHBURTON	

FIRST CLASS.

SECOND CLASS.

THIRD CLASS.

**26/-**

**19/-**

**15/-**

FOR EXAMPLE.—A Passenger paying 47/- (which is the Third Class Tourist Fare from Paddington to Kingsbridge plus 15/-) can obtain a Monthly Ticket for one journey in each direction between Paddington and Kingsbridge, or any Station in the above list, and for use as often as desired between the Stations in the list.

### CYCLES:

The Passengers who purchase these tickets are permitted to take with them a Bicycle or Tricycle at the ordinary charges for the machine between the Stations covered by the Tourist portion of the ticket; and upon payment of additional sums, as shewn below, the machine may be taken with the Passengers on all journeys they may make in the district specified on the Season portion of the ticket:—

TOUR 1.	Bicycle 5/-	Tricycle 7/6.
TOUR 2.	Bicycle 3/6.	Tricycle 5/6.

Special Holiday Season Tickets may be purchased after arrival in the West on the conditions set out on the next page.

## SPECIAL HOLIDAY SEASON TICKETS ARE ISSUED AT STATIONS IN THE WEST, AS SHEWN BELOW.

### PASSENGERS:

Tourists and Excursionists (holding Excursion Tickets available for one week or longer) on shewing the backward portion of their Tickets at the Stations for which they were issued—as shewn in the first column below—can obtain Special Holiday Season Tickets, available for as many journeys as desired between the Stations the Season Tickets embrace, as under:—

#### FARES FOR TOUR (NO. 3.)

Monthly Fares.			Fortnightly Fares. (14 days)			Weekly Fares. (7 days)		
1st	2nd	3rd	1st	2nd	3rd	1st	2nd	3rd
36/-	26/-	21/-	24/-	18/-	14/-	16/-	12/-	10/-

**Tourists, and Excursionists**  
(whose tickets are available for  
a week or longer) to

**District covered by Holiday Season Ticket.**

ASHBURTON  
BOVEY  
BRIXHAM  
DARTMOUTH  
DAWLISH  
MORETONHAMPSTEAD  
NEWTON ABBOT  
PAIGNTON  
TEIGNMOUTH  
TORQUAY+  
TOTNES

TORQUAY  
TORRE  
PAIGNTON  
CHURSTON  
BRIXHAM  
KINGSWEAR  
DARTMOUTH  
KINGSKERSWELL  
NEWTON ABBOT  
TEIGNMOUTH  
DAWLISH

STARCROSS  
TEIGNGRACE  
HEATHFIELD  
BOVEY  
LUSTLEIGH  
MORETONHAMPSTEAD  
TOTNES  
STAVERTON  
BUCKFASTLEIGH  
ASHBURTON

+ Torquay Tourists can also obtain Holiday Season Tickets at Torre Station.

#### FARES FOR TOUR (NO. 4.)

Monthly Fares.			Fortnightly Fares. (14 days)			Weekly Fares. (7 days)		
1st	2nd	3rd	1st	2nd	3rd	1st	2nd	3rd
26/-	19/-	15/-	18/-	13/-	10/-	12/-	9/-	7/-

**Tourists, and Excursionists**  
(whose Tickets are available for  
a week or longer) to

**District covered by Holiday Season Ticket.**

ASHBURTON  
KINGSBRIDGE  
TOTNES

TOTNES  
BRENT  
WRANGATON  
IVYBRIDGE  
CORNWOOD  
PLYMPTON  
AVONWICK

GARA BRIDGE  
LODDISWELL  
KINGSBRIDGE  
STAVERTON  
BUCKFASTLEIGH  
ASHBURTON

### CYCLES:

Holder of the Special Holiday Season Tickets are permitted to take with them a Bicycle or Tricycle, for all journeys they make in the District, covered by the Holiday Season Tickets at the following charges:—

	Monthly Rate		Fortnightly Rate		Weekly Rate	
	Bicycle	Tricycle	Bicycle	Tricycle	Bicycle	Tricycle
Tour 3.	5/-	7/6	3/6	5/-	2/6	3/6
Tour 4.	3/6	5/6	2/6	4/-	2/-	3/-

# G.W.R. ROAD MOTOR SERVICES.

In connection with the Company's Trains, Road Motor Cars are run between the places mentioned below:—

## MORETONHAMPSTEAD STATION AND CHAGFORD (G.W.R. Office).

Passing Halfway House, Eaton Cross, and Rock House.

WEEK DAYS ONLY.

### FARES.

From	To									
	Moretonhampstead		Sloncombe Lane		Half Way House		Easton Cross		Chagford	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
MORETONHAMPSTEAD ...	...	...	0	3	0	5	0	6	0	9
SLONCOMBE LANE ...	0	3	...	...	0	3	0	3	0	6
HALF WAY HOUSE ...	0	5	0	3	...	...	0	3	0	5
EASTON CROSS ...	0	6	0	3	0	3	...	...	0	3
CHAGFORD ...	0	9	0	6	0	5	0	3	...	...

During the Summer, Dartmoor Coaching Trips are run by Mr. H. J. Osborne, Rock House, Chagford, on Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays in connection with Motor Cars leaving Rock House at 1 45 p.m.

THROUGH BOOKINGS CHAGFORD TO EXETER.—DAY EXCURSION TICKETS are issued every week-day (Fridays excepted) from Chagford to Exeter, at a return fare of 4s. 6d.

ON FRIDAYS, MARKET TICKETS are issued from Chagford to Exeter at a return fare of 3s. 6d. For availability of these Tickets see local announcement.

## PAIGNTON STATION AND TORQUAY (G.W.R. Office, Vaughan Parade).

Passing through Hyde Road, Church Street, Preston, Hollacombe, and Torquay Station Entrance.

WEEK DAYS AND SUNDAYS.

### FARES.

From	To							
	Torquay (G.W.R. Receiving Office, Vaughan Parade), & Princess Gardens	Torquay (Station Entrance)	Hollacombe (Railway Tunnel)	Preston ("Manor" Inn)	Christ Church	Church Street	Hyde Road	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
TORQUAY (Station Entrance)	0	2	...	...	...	...	...	...
HOLLACOMBE ...	0	3	0	2	...	...	...	...
PRESTON ...	0	3	0	3	0	2	...	...
CHRIST CHURCH ...	0	4	0	4	0	2	...	...
CHURCH STREET ...	0	4	0	4	0	2	0	2
HYDE ROAD ...	0	4	0	4	0	3	0	2
PAIGNTON (Station)	0	4	0	4	0	3	0	2

## PAIGNTON STATION AND TOTNES STATION.

Passing Collaton Church and Longcombe.

WEEK DAYS ONLY.

### FARES

From	To					
	Paignton Station	Collaton Church	Longcombe	Totnes (True Street)	Totnes (Ashburton Rd. Corner) & Station	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
PAIGNTON (Station) ...	...	...	0	3	0	9
COLLATON CHURCH ...	0	4	...	...	0	9
LONGCOMBE ...	0	9	0	4	0	6
TOTNES (True Street) ...	1	0	0	9	0	6
" (Ashburton Rd. Corner) ...	1	0	0	9	0	3
" (Station) ...	...	...	...	...	...	...

## ROAD MOTOR CARS—continued.

### DAILY SERVICE.

**PLYMOUTH** (Millbay Station), **YEALMPTON**, **MODBURY**.  
Serving **DUNSTONE**, **WESTERN LODGE** and **FLETE**.

*On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays during the Summer the Cars also run to Bigbury, and on Thursdays and Saturdays during the Summer to Aveton Gifford.*

Between	And										RETURN FARES.
	Elbur't'n Cross.	Brix- ton.	Ye'lp- ton.	Dun- stone.	Western Lodge.	Flete.	Mod- bury.	Aveton Gifford.	Bigbury		
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	
PLYMOUTH ...	0 6	0 6	0 9	0 10	1 0	1 0	1 3	...	...	...	<b>Modbury and Plymouth 2s.</b>
ELBURTONCROSS ...	...	0 3	0 6	0 7	0 9	0 9	1 0	...	...	...	
BRIXTON ...	...	...	0 3	0 5	0 7	0 9	1 0	...	...	...	<b>Aveton Gifford and Plymouth, and Bigbury and Plymouth, and vice versa, 3s.</b>
YEALMPTON ...	...	...	...	0 2	0 4	0 6	0 9	1 3	...	...	
DUNSTONE ...	...	...	...	...	0 2	0 4	0 7	1 0	...	...	
WESTERN LODGE ...	...	...	...	...	...	0 2	0 5	1 0	...	...	
FLETE ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	0 3	0 9	...	...	
MODBURY ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	0 6	0 6	...	

Passengers travel by RAIL Car between Plymouth and Yealampton.

### PLYMOUTH, CROWNHILL, and ROBOROUGH—Daily.

#### FARES

From	To								
	Millbay Station.	Market.	Cmpt'n Lane End.	Tor Lane.	Crown- hill.	Plym Bridge Lane.	George Hotel.	Wool- well Cot'ges	
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
MARKET ...	0 2	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
COMPTON LANE END ...	0 2	0 2	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
CROSS PARK VILLAS ...	0 3	0 2	0 2	...	...	...	...	...	...
CROWNHILL ...	0 4	0 3	0 2	0 2	...	...	...	...	...
PLYM BRIDGE LANE (& Conval. Home)	0 5	0 4	0 3	0 3	0 2	...	...	...	...
GEORGE HOTEL ...	0 6	0 5	0 4	0 3	0 2	0 2	...	...	...
WOOLWELL COTTAGES ...	0 7	0 6	0 5	0 4	0 3	0 2	0 2	...	...
ROBOROUGH VILLAGE ...	0 8	0 6	0 5	0 5	0 4	0 3	0 2	0 2	0 2

**SALTASH, CALLINGTON & ALBASTON Daily.** Serving **CARKEEL**, **HATT**, **PAINTER'S CROSS**, **ST. MELLION**, **VERNIGO**, **KITT HILL**, **HARROWBARROW**, **METHERELL**, **GUNNISLAKE**.

#### SINGLE FARES.

Between	And										
	Saltash.	Carkeel.	Hatt.	Painter's Cross.	St. Mellion.	Vernigo.	Call- ing- ton.	Kitt Hill & Harrow- barrow.	Honey- combe Corner		
	s d	s d	s d	s d	s d	s d	s d	s d	s d	s d	s d
CARKEEL ...	0 3	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
HATT ...	0 6	0 3	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
PAINTER'S CROSS ...	0 6	0 3	0 3	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
ST. MELLION ...	0 9	0 6	0 3	0 3	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
VERNIGO ...	0 9	0 6	0 6	0 3	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
CALLINGTON ...	1 0	0 9	0 9	0 6	0 6	0 3	...	...	...	...	...
KITT HILL AND HARROWBARROW	1 3	1 0	0 9	0 9	0 6	0 6	0 3	...	...	...	...
HONEYCOMBE CORNER (for Metherell)	1 3	1 0	0 9	0 9	0 9	0 6	0 3	0 3	...	...	...
ALBASTON & GUNNISLAKE	1 3	1 3	1 0	1 0	0 9	0 9	0 9	0 4	0 3	0 3	0 3

#### Through Return Fares Rail and Road Motor Car.

<b>MUTLEY</b> .....	<b>To CALLINGTON or ALBASTON</b> (By Road Motor from Saltash) or vice versa <b>2/-</b>
<b>NORTH ROAD</b> .....	
<b>MILBAY</b> .....	<b>To ALBASTON</b> By Road Motor from Saltash, returning by Rail from Tavistock, or
<b>DEVONPORT</b> .....	<b>To TAVISTOCK</b> By Rail, returning by Road Motor from Albaston to Saltash.
<b>KEYHAM</b> .....	(Passengers use their own means of conveyance between Albaston and Tavistock.)
<b>FORD</b> .....	<b>*2/6</b>
<b>ST. BUDEAUX</b> .....	
<b>SALTASH</b> .....	

These Tickets are available for two days only, or from Saturday to Monday.  
\* Not available Bank Holidays.

# ROAD MOTOR CAR TOURS—PLYMOUTH DISTRICT.

DURING SUMMER MONTHS ONLY

(Condition of Roads and circumstances permitting).

**MOORLAND TRIPS BY OBSERVATION CAR**  
are run from **PLYMOUTH** (Millbay Station) **TO YELVERTON**  
**AND BURRATOR.**

**ON SUNDAYS AND MONDAYS.**

Giving passengers the opportunity of walking from Burrator to Dousland over the lovely Yannadown.

Seats for Passengers taking Return Tickets will be reserved on pre-payment of a Fee of 3d. for each Seat on application to the Station Master at Millbay.

### FARES.

BETWEEN PLYMOUTH & YELVERTON OR BURRATOR,  
**1/6** Single; **2/6** Return.

**CIRCULAR TOURS BY OBSERVATION CAR** are run from  
Plymouth (Millbay Station) on Thursdays.

*via* Plympton, Ivybridge, Ermington, Flete, and Yealmpton.

Allowing about two hours at Ivybridge before proceeding to Yealmpton, enabling passengers to  
**Visit the Beautiful Valley of the Erme and the Woods at Ivybridge.**

**Fare for the Circular Trip, 2/6.**

Passengers may return by rail from Ivybridge; those joining the Car at Plympton and Ivybridge can return from Plymouth to those stations by rail without extra charge.

Seats for the throughout journey by Road Motor will be reserved on pre-payment of a Fee of 3d. for each Seat, on application to the Station Master at Millbay.

Passengers will be carried on the Return Journey, provided there is room in the Car, at Single Fares as under:—

From any point between **IVYBRIDGE** and **FLETE** to **PLYMOUTH, 1/3**  
" " **FLETE** and **YEALMPTON** to **PLYMOUTH, 1/-**

From **PLYMOUTH** (Millbay Station) on Wednesdays and Saturdays, to **CRAFTHOLE**  
for the Golf Links) and **DOWNDERRY.**

### FARES.

	CRAFTHOLE.		DOWNDERRY.	
	Single	Return	Single	Return
PLYMOUTH .. ..	<b>1/6</b>	<b>2/6</b>	<b>2/6</b>	<b>4/-</b>
TORPOINT .. ..	<b>1/3</b>	<b>2/0</b>	<b>2/3</b>	<b>3/6</b>

## General Notices.

### ROAD MOTOR CARS.

The Road Motor Car or Omnibus Services are run subject to the condition of roads permitting.

Children under 3 years of age carried in arms will not be charged for; full fares will be charged for children over 3 years of age.

The Company do not undertake that the Cars shall start or arrive at the times specified, neither will they be accountable for any loss, inconvenience, or injury which may arise from delay or detention.

Passengers' luggage and parcels and small packages, up to a maximum weight of 1 cwt. per package can be conveyed on most of the services. For particulars of fares, charges, etc., see small bills.

Special Cars for the conveyance of Private Parties can be provided at suitable charges. For particulars apply at the Company's Stations, or to the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, London, W.

**For Times and Latest Arrangements See Handbills.**

# RAIL, RIVER AND COACH EXCURSIONS.

## NOTE.

In the following pages short particulars are given of a few of the Circular and other Trips, by Rail, River and Coach, that are available in the Shire of the Sea Kings.

Limited space does not admit of more than a brief summary of these trips being set out, but full information, and particulars of the many other delightful excursions run by or in conjunction with the Great Western Railway, are furnished in pamphlets which may be obtained at any of the Company's Stations and Offices.

## COACHING EXCURSIONS ON DARTMOOR.

### COACHES FROM BOVEY AND NEWTON ABBOT STATIONS.

Combined Rail and Coach Tickets are issued every week-day, May to October inclusive, at the following Stations for Bovey and Newton Abbot, from which places Coaching Excursions are run daily at the inclusive fares shewn:—

FROM	Inclusive fare for Rail and Coach Trip		FROM	Inclusive fare for Rail and Coach Trip.	
	s.	d.		s.	d.
Brent .. ..	6	9	Kingswear .. ..	6	6
Brixham .. ..	6	6	Newton Abbot .. ..	5	0
Churston .. ..	6	0	Paignton .. ..	6	0
Dartmouth .. ..	6	6	Plymouth (Millbay) .. ..	7	0
Dawlish .. ..	6	0	"   (North Road) .. ..	7	0
Devonport .. ..	7	0	"   (Mutley) .. ..	7	0
Exeter, St. David's .. ..	6	6	Starcross .. ..	6	0
"   St. Thomas .. ..	6	6	Teignmouth .. ..	5	6
Ivybridge .. ..	7	0	Tiverton .. ..	7	0
Keyham .. ..	7	0	Torquay .. ..	5	6
Kingsbridge .. ..	7	0	Torre .. ..	5	6
Kingskerswell .. ..	5	6	Totnes .. ..	6	3

Different routes over some of the most delightful parts of Dartmoor are covered daily, and, amongst other places, the following well known features of interest are visited:—Becky Falls, Manaton, Haytor Rocks, Buckland Woods, Holne Chase, etc., etc.

Tickets at the same fares as those shewn against Exeter, Torquay and Plymouth can be previously obtained at the G.W. Offices at 97, Queen Street, Exeter; Vaughan Parade, Torquay; 107, Old Toun Street, Plymouth; and 96, Fore Street, Devonport.

**Proprietors of Coaches from Bovey Station—Messrs. HELLIER & LEE.**

**Proprietors of Coaches from Newton Abbot Station—**

**Messrs. THE NEWTON ABBOT COACHING CO.**

*For full particulars apply for Programme of Rail, River and Coach Trips obtainable free of charge at the Stations, or post free from the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, W.*



## COACHING EXCURSIONS ON DARTMOOR—continued.

### COACHES FROM MORETONHAMPSTEAD STATION.

Every Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday, commencing usually early in May, and during June, July, August, and September, combined Rail and Coach Tickets are issued from the Stations shewn below to Moretonhampstead at the Fares indicated:—

FROM	Rail, inclusive Fares to Moretonhampstead and back, and Coach Trip.		FROM	Rail, inclusive Fares to Moretonhampstead and back, and Coach Trip.	
	s.	d.		s.	d.
Keyham .. ..	7	6	Starcross .. ..	6	0
Devonport .. ..	7	6	Dawlish .. ..	6	0
Plymouth .. ..	7	6	Teignmouth .. ..	5	6
North-Road .. ..	7	6	Dartmouth .. ..	6	6
Mutley .. ..	7	6	Kingswear .. ..	6	6
Ivybridge .. ..	7	0	Brixham .. ..	6	6
Brent .. ..	6	9	Churston .. ..	6	0
Kingsbridge .. ..	7	0	Paignton .. ..	6	0
Totnes .. ..	6	3	Torquay .. ..	5	6
Newton Abbot .. ..	5	0	Torre .. ..	5	6
Exeter (St. David's) .. ..	6	6	Kingskerswell .. ..	5	6
St. Thomas .. ..	6	6	Moretonhampstead .. ..	—	—

The Coach Trips run are as follows:—

**Mondays and Thursdays.**—To WIDDECOMBE-IN-THE-MOOR, passing Saddle Tor, Haytor Rocks, and other places of interest. After halting for 1½ hours, proceed to Grimspound and Chagford, allowing 1½ hours at Chagford before returning to Moretonhampstead.

**Wednesdays.**—To Haytor Rocks, halting there for 1½ hours. Thence to Manaton and Becky Falls, passing the Bowerman's Nose and other interesting features, and on to Chagford, allowing 1½ hours there before returning to Moretonhampstead.

Tickets at the same fares as those shewn against Plymouth, Exeter and Torquay can be obtained at the G.W. Offices at 107, Old Town Street, Plymouth; 96, Fore Street, Devonport; 97, Queen Street, Exeter; and Vaughan Parade, Torquay.

### COACHES FROM CHAGFORD.

On arrival of the G.W.R. Motor Cars at Chagford (see page 188) the following Coach Trips are run:—

**Tuesdays.**—To DREWSTEIGTON for Fingle Bridge and returning by way of Water Gate and Sharp Tor along the river Teign to Chagford.

**Fridays.**—To KESTOR ROCK and WALLA BROOK.

**Saturdays.**—To FERNWORTHY and GREYWEATHERS passing through some of the wildest regions of Dartmoor.

The Coaches return to Chagford in time for the return Motor Car to Moretonhampstead.

**FARE FOR EACH TRIP 2s. 6d. BOX SEATS 1s. EXTRA.**

**THESE TRIPS ARE NOT RUN AFTER SEPTEMBER.**

**Proprietor of Coaches from Moretonhampstead Station and Chagford . . . MR. H. J. OSBORNE, Chagford.**

*For full particulars apply for Programme of Rail, River, and Coach Trips at the G.W.R. Stations or Offices, or post free from the Superintendent of the Line, Faddington Station, W.*

For Details of MORETONHAMPSTEAD-PRINCETOWN Circular Trip, see page 193.

## RAIL & COACH CIRCULAR TRIPS ACROSS DARTMOOR.

On Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays during June, July, August and September, combined Rail and Coach Tickets are issued for the following Tours at the fares and from the Stations as set out below:—

**No. 1 Tour.**—To Moretonhampstead by Rail. Across Dartmoor from Moretonhampstead to Princetown by Coach. Return by Rail from Princetown.

**No. 2 Tour.**—To Princetown by Rail. From Princetown (starting from the Duchy Hotel) to Moretonhampstead by Coach. Return by Rail from Moretonhampstead.

FROM	Combined Rail and Coach fare.		FROM	Combined Rail and Coach fare.	
	s.	d.		s.	d.
Plymouth—No. 1 Tour ..	6	3	Dartmouth .. ..	8	0
" No. 2 " ..	5	0	Kingswear .. ..	8	0
Princetown .. ..	6	3	Paignton .. ..	7	6
Yelverton .. ..	6	3	Torquay } .. ..	7	0
Ivybridge .. ..	6	3	Torre } .. ..	7	0
Kingsbridge .. ..	7	0	Tavistock .. ..	7	3
Totnes .. ..	6	3	Exeter, St. Davids ..	8	6
Ashburton } .. ..	6	6	" St. Thomas .. ..	8	6
Buckfastleigh } .. ..	6	6	Dawlish } .. ..	7	6
Newton Abbot } .. ..	6	6	Teignmouth } .. ..	7	6
Moretonhampstead } ..	6	6			

The fare for the double Coach journey only is 5/6;  
for single journey, 3/-.

If any passenger should desire to make the double journey the same day on the Coach, and to return to destination by the same way he came, he can do so on payment to the Coach driver of 2/6 extra.

The Coach from Princetown to Moretonhampstead connects at Princetown with the Coach from Tavistock.

**CIRCULAR TRIP TICKETS** available by Railway from **Saturday to Monday**, may be had at an extra fare of 2/- each, but the Coach portion of the trip must in each case be **completed on the day of issue**. The Tickets can be had on the days, and to enable the holders to break their journey as follows:—Tour No. 1, available from Saturday to Monday, may break the journey at Princetown or Plymouth; Tour No. 2, available from Saturday to Monday, may break the journey at Moretonhampstead or Newton Abbot.

Tickets at the same fares as those shewn against Plymouth and Torquay, can be obtained at the Great Western Offices, 107, Old Town Street, Plymouth; 96, Fore Street, Devonport and Vaughan Parade, Torquay; and Exeter and St. Thomas at Great Western Office, 97, Queen Street, Exeter.

*For full particulars of these and other Tours apply at any of the Stations or Offices of the Great Western Railway Company; for programmes of Rail, River and Coach Trips, or to the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, W.*

## COACHING EXCURSIONS THROUGH THE SOUTH HAMS.

### COACHES FROM KINGSBRIDGE STATION.

Combined Rail and Coach Tickets are issued every week-day as follows:—To Kingsbridge by Rail. Kingsbridge to Dartmouth by Coach *via* Torcross and Slapton. Return by Rail from Dartmouth or vice versa. The following are the fares:

FROM	Inclusive fare for Rail and Coach Trip.	FROM	Inclusive fare for Rail and Coach Trip.	
Devonport	} 5/6	Saltash	} 6/-	
Plymouth (Millbay)		Keyham		
North Road		} 5/-	Newton Abbot	} 5/-
Mutley			Lustleigh	
Plympton			Bovey	
Ivybridge	Torre			
Brent	Torquay			
Avonwick	} 5/6	Paignton	} 5/-	
Gara Bridge		Churston		
Loddiswell		Brixham		
Kingsbridge		Kingswear		
Totnes		Dartmouth		
Ashburton	} 5/6	Starcross		} 5/-
Buckfastleigh		Dawlish		
Moretonhampstead		Teignmouth		
Exeter, St. Davids		Chudleigh		
" St. Thomas				

### COACH FARES ONLY 3/6 IN EACH DIRECTION.

Tickets at the same fares as those shewn against Exeter, Torquay, and Plymouth can be previously obtained at the G.W. Offices at 107, Old Town Street, Plymouth; 97, Queen Street, Exeter; Vaughan Parade, Torquay; and 96, Fore Street, Devonport.

The Circular Trip Tickets are available for two days, so that Passengers can break the journey at Kingsbridge, Torcross, Slapton, or Dartmouth the first day, and return on the second day. Tickets taken on a Saturday may be used on the return journey on the following Monday. If any passenger should desire to make the double journey the same day on the Coach, and return to destination the same way he came, he may do so on paying to the Coach driver 2/6 extra.

In association with the Cheap Tickets issued to Kingsbridge (for particulars see excursion programme) the following Coach Trips are run on week-days from Kingsbridge to Torcross and Slapton Sands, and back:—The Coaches leave Kingsbridge Station at about 9.40 a.m. and 2.20 p.m., and return from Slapton Sands at about 5.20 p.m., Torcross 5.50 p.m., to Kingsbridge Station in time to catch the evening train.

Combined tickets embracing the Rail and Coach journeys are issued from the Plymouth Stations by certain morning trains. Third Class fare 4/6 inclusive.

Proprietors of Coaches from Kingsbridge Station—

**THE DARTMOUTH COACHING CO. (Manager: Mr. Vickery, Torcross Hotel).**

*For full particulars apply for programme of Rail, River and Coach Trips obtainable free of charge at the Stations, or post free from the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington, Station, W.*

### COACHES BETWEEN KINGSBRIDGE AND SALCOMBE.

Coaches are run daily between Kingsbridge and Salcombe in connection with the Company's trains. For full particular see information under heading of "Coaches" in G.W.R. Official Time Table.

## COACHING EXCURSIONS ON THE WESTERN BORDERLANDS OF DARTMOOR.

### FROM TAVISTOCK.

Combined Rail and Coach Tickets are issued on Week-days from about the middle of May to the end of September, at the following Stations for Tavistock, from which Station Coaching Excursions are run daily at the Fares shewn—

FROM	Combined Rail and Coach Fare.		FROM	Combined Rail and Coach Fare.	
	s.	d.		s.	d.
Plymouth ..	..		Dartmouth ..	}	8 6
North Road ..	..		Kingswear ..	}	
Mutley ..	}	4 9	Paignton ..	..	8 0
Launceston ..	..		Torquay ..	..	
Lydford ..	..	4 0	Torre ..	}	7 6
Exeter ..	..		Newton Abbot ..	}	
St. Thomas ..	}	8 6	Totnes ..	..	7 0
Dawlish ..	..		Ivybridge ..	..	6 0
Teignmouth ..	..	8 0			

**No. 1 Tour.—WEEK-DAYS.**—To Tavistock by Rail, and by Coach to Dartmeet and back via Merrivale Bridge and Two Bridges, remaining at the latter place about 1 hour for lunch, and at Dartmeet 2 hours, returning to Princetown for the 6.40 p.m. train, or return to Tavistock by Coach.

This Coach connects with the Moretonhampstead Coach at Princetown or Two Bridges.

**No. 2 Tour.—TUESDAYS AND THURSDAYS.**—To Tavistock by Rail, Tavistock to Princetown, stopping for 2½ hours, and proceeding thence to Burrator Reservoir and back via Roborough Rock by Coach, and thence from Tavistock by Rail.

This Coach connects with the Moretonhampstead Coach at Princetown or Two Bridges.

**No. 3 Tour.—FRIDAYS.**—To Tavistock by Rail, Tavistock to Morwell Rocks, Brentor, and Lydford, and back to Tavistock, via Dartmoor Inn and Blackdown by Coach, and thence from Tavistock by Rail.

Tickets at the Fares shewn against Plymouth, Torquay, and Exeter, can be previously obtained at the Great Western Offices, 107, Old Town Street, Plymouth; 96, Fore Street, Devonport; Vaughan Parade, Torquay; and 97, Queen Street, Exeter.

**Proprietor of Coaches . . . Mr. T. TRUSCOTT, Tavistock.**

*For full particulars apply at any of the Company's Stations for programme of Rail, River, or Coach Trips, or to the Superintendent of the Line, G.W.R., Paddington Station, W.*

## Rail, River, and Coach Trips (River Dart).

On each Week-day combined Rail, River, and Coach Trip Tickets are issued for the following Circular Tours at the Fares and from Stations as set out below :—

**No. 1 Tour.**—To Kingsbridge by Rail, Kingsbridge to Dartmouth via Torcross by Coach, Dartmouth to Totnes by River Dart Steamer, returning to destination by Rail from Totnes.

**No. 2 Tour.**—To Totnes by Rail, Totnes to Dartmouth by River Dart Steamer, Dartmouth to Kingsbridge via Torcross by Coach, returning to destination by Rail from Kingsbridge.

FROM	Inclusive Fare (3rd Class by Rail).		FROM	Inclusive Fare (3rd Class by Rail).	
	s.	d.		s.	d.
Saltash .. ..	6	3	Moretonhampstead .. ..	6	0
Keyham .. ..	6	3	Lustleigh .. ..	6	0
Devonport .. ..	6	0	Bovey .. ..	5	6
Plymouth .. ..	6	0	Torre .. ..	5	6
North Road .. ..	6	0	Torquay .. ..	5	6
Mutley .. ..	6	0	Paignton .. ..	5	6
Plympton .. ..	5	6	Churston .. ..	6	0
Ivybridge .. ..	4	9	Brixham .. ..	6	0
Brent .. ..	4	6	Kingswear .. ..	6	0
Avonwick .. ..	4	6	Dartmouth A .. ..	6	0
Gara Bridge .. ..	4	6	Dartmouth B .. ..	4	6
Loddiswell .. ..	4	6	Exeter .. ..	6	6
Kingsbridge .. ..	4	6	St. Thomas .. ..	6	6
Totnes.. ..	4	6	Starcross .. ..	6	0
Ashburton .. ..	5	0	Dawlish .. ..	6	0
Buckfastleigh .. ..	4	9	Teignmouth .. ..	5	6
Newton Abbot .. ..	5	0	Chudleigh .. ..	6	0

The Circular Trip Tickets are available for two days, so that Passengers can break the journey at Kingsbridge, Torcross, Slapton, or Dartmouth the first day, and return on the second day. Tickets taken on a Saturday may be used on the return journey on the following Monday. If any passenger should desire to make the double journey the same day on the coach, and return to destination the same way he came, he may do so on paying to the coach driver 2s. 6d. extra, or if a passenger desires to return by boat, he can do so on payment of 1s. extra.

Passengers from Kingsbridge or Dartmouth, will take their Tickets at the Railway Stations in those towns whether the first part of the tour is to be by Rail or not.

The Tickets will be available on the Return Rail Journey by any Ordinary Train.

The times of the River Dart Steamers are regulated by the tide, and for particulars of the times see the River Dart Steamship Company's Time Bills exhibited at the Stations. Passengers should note the Steamer Service in order to determine whether it is best to take No. 1 or No. 2 Tour.

As the Coach Accommodation is limited, organisers of Parties should communicate with the Coaching Company so that extra Vehicles may be provided.

**A** By Rail to Totnes or vice versa.

**B** By Steamer or Coach.

## RAIL AND RIVER TRIPS (RIVER DART)—continued.

Circular Tickets for trips Up or Down the River Dart are issued from May 1st to October 31st, available—

(1) By Rail to Totnes, thence by Steamer to Dartmouth, and returning by Rail from Dartmouth;

or (2) By Rail to Dartmouth, thence by Steamer to Totnes, and returning by Rail from Totnes,

at the following Fares:—

FROM	CIRCULAR TRIP.				FROM	CIRCULAR TRIP.							
	1st	2nd	3rd			1st	2nd	3rd					
	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.				
Moretonhampstead...	7	6	4	9	3	9	4	6	2	9	2	3	
Lustleigh ...	7	0	4	6	3	6	4	6	2	9	2	3	
Bovey ...	6	0	3	9	3	0	4	6	2	9	2	3	
Chudleigh ...	5	6	3	6	2	9	4	6	2	9	2	3	
Newton Abbot ...	4	6	2	9	2	3	4	6	2	9	2	3	
Ashburton ...	8	6	5	6	3	9	5	0	3	3	2	6	
Buckfastleigh ...	7	9	5	3	3	6	EXETER (St. Davids)	7	6	4	9	3	9
Staverton ...	6	3	4	0	3	3	St. Thomas ...	7	6	4	9	3	9
Totnes ...	4	6	2	9	2	3	Exminster ...	7	0	4	6	3	6
Saltash ...	9	6	6	3	4	9	Starcross ...	6	6	4	3	3	3
Keyham ...	9	0	6	0	4	6	Dawlish ...	6	0	3	9	3	0
Devonport ...	9	0	6	0	4	6	Teignmouth...	5	6	3	6	2	9
PLYMOUTH (Millbay)	8	6	5	6	4	3	Ide ...	7	6	4	9	3	9
North Road ...	8	6	5	6	4	3	Longdown ...	7	0	4	6	3	6
Mutley ...	8	6	5	6	4	3	Christow ...	6	6	4	3	3	3
Plympton ...	8	6	5	6	4	3	Ashton ...	6	6	4	3	3	3
Ivybridge ...	8	6	5	6	4	3	Trusham ...	6	0	3	9	3	0
Brent ...	7	9	5	0	3	9	Heathfield ...	5	6	3	6	2	9
Kingsbridge ...	11	0	7	3	5	0							

Passengers by Railway to Dartmouth or Totnes and not holding Circular Tour Tickets will be allowed to travel Up or Down the River Dart for 1s. Fore Cabin, 1s. 3d. After Cabin, on production of the return half of their Rail Excursion Ticket at the Offices of the River Dart Steamboat Co., either end.

Circular Trip Tickets can be procured at the Totnes Railway Station, or at the Steamboat Co's Office, Totnes.

The Tickets, which are not transferable, will be available by any train, and will enable the holders to break the journey at Torquay, Paignton, Churston, Dartmouth and Totnes. The Tickets will only be available on the day of issue, unless taken on Saturday when they will be available until the following Monday inclusive.

For hours of sailing of the Steamers between Totnes and Dartmouth see the published notices of the RIVER DART STEAMBOAT COMPANY, which can be seen at the above-mentioned Stations.

Tickets at the same fares as shown against Plymouth and Torquay can be previously obtained at the G.W. Offices, 107, Old Town Street, Plymouth; 96, Fore Street, Devonport, and Vaughan Parade, Torquay, and those shown against Exeter at the G.W. Offices, 96, Queen Street, Exeter.

# Coaching arrangements in North Devon and the Exmoor Country.

---

## COACHES from and to MINEHEAD.

### MINEHEAD, LYNMOUTH, AND LYNTON.

Coaches run on Week-days between MINEHEAD STATION and LYNTON, calling at PORLOCK and LYNMOUTH.

**FARES.**—Single Journey, **6/6.** Return Journey, **11/-**

Coach Proprietor: - - **MR. LANGDON, Lynton.**

---

## COACHES from and to ILFRACOMBE.

### ILFRACOMBE AND LYNTON.

Coaches are run daily in each direction (Sundays excepted) between ILFRACOMBE and LYNTON.

**FARES.**—Single Journey, **4/6.** One Shilling additional for Box Seats. Return Journey, from **5/-** to **7/-** per passenger according to seat occupied. One Shilling additional for Box Seats.

Coach Proprietor: - - **MR. COPP, Ilfracombe.**

---

**SEATS AND LUGGAGE ARRANGEMENTS.**—A Small extra Charge is made for the "Box" and "Inside" seats if especially reserved. 60 lbs. of luggage is allowed for each passenger without extra charge. All luggage over this weight, 3/6 per cwt.

---

The Coaches commence running early in the summer and generally stop running after the first week in October, and to avoid disappointment, those travelling after September are recommended to make enquiries as to the running of the Coaches at either Ilfracombe, Lynton, or Minehead.

---

*For full particulars and times of Coaches, etc., etc., apply for Programme of Tourist Arrangements at any of the G.W.R. Stations, or from the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, London, W.*

# List of Golf Links in Devon.

Railway Station.	Club.	Secretary's Name and Address.	No. of Holes.
Barnstaple .. ..	North Devon Ladies' Golf Club	Miss Smith, Fairholme, Bideford	
	Royal North Devon Golf Club	G. Gorton, Northam, R.S.O., North Devon	18
	Saunton Golf Club	H. N. Harrison, Bradiford House, Barnstaple	9
Churston .. ..	Churston Golf Club	A. V. Armstrong, Devonia House, Paignton, Devon	18
Dawlish, Starcross or Warren Platform	Warren Golf Club	A. Bearne, The Holt, Dawlish	18
	Dulverton .. ..	Dulverton Golf Club	J. P. Scott, Bury, Dulverton
Exeter .. ..	Exeter Golf Club ..	K. King, Messrs. Fox, Fowler & Co.'s Bank, High Street, Exeter	9
Heathfield or Newton Abbot	Stover Golf Club	Major Mosse, Front House, Bovey Tracey	18
Ilfracombe .. ..	Ilfracombe Golf Club	E. Hibbert, Berryabor, near Ilfracombe	9
Kingsbridge .. ..	Thurlestone Golf Club	S. Broad, Buckland, Thurlestone, Devon	9
	Bolberry Golf Links	E. S. Stidston, Bolberry, Marlborough	9
Mortehoe .. ..	Lee Golf Club ..	F. W. Saunders, Lee	11
	Woolacombe Bay Golf Club	A. S. Dawes, Mortehoe Hotel	18
Plymouth .. ..	United Services Golf Club	Engineer Captain C. H. Pellow, R.N., U.S.G.C., Plymouth	18
Princetown .. ..	Prince Hall Golf Club	J. Petherick, Prince Hall, Princetown	9
Tavistock .. ..	Tavistock Golf Club	Captain D. E. Payn, Golf Club, Tavistock	18
Tiverton .. ..	Tiverton Golf Club	Dr. Aslett, Lodge Estate, Tiverton	9
Torquay .. ..	Torquay Golf Club	A. Myerea, Westhome, Babbacombe	9
	Torquay Ladies' Golf Club	Miss Keary, Orwell Lodge, Torquay	9
Totnes .. ..	Totnes Golf Club	C. F. Rea, King Edward VI. School, Totnes	9
Wrangaton .. ..	South Devon Golf Club	J. W. Matthews, Ermewood, Ivybridge	9
Yelverton .. ..	Yelverton Golf Club	H. Spearing, Fern Villa, Yelverton	9



# USEFUL INFORMATION

concerning Hotels, Health and Pleasure Resorts,  
and leading Commercial Establishments.

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**ASHBURTON. GOLDEN LION HOTEL** (FIRST-CLASS FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL).

Extensive Gardens and Grounds. Excellent suite. Good Stabling. Post Horses and Carriages. Nearest Hotel to Buckland Woods and Holne Chase Drives. 'Bus meets all trains. Six minutes by rail from River Dart. Trout and Salmon Fishing. Motor accommodation.

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The Square and Newport Road,

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TELEPHONE 0200.

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H.R.H. Princess Christian.

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 Telegrams—"ILSINGTON."

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 Garage. . . Golf Links  
 within easy distance. . .

... ❄️ \* ❄️ ...

Fifteen minutes' walk Dartmoor. Coaches run twice daily over the Moor. Easy distance Torquay, Exeter, Plymouth. G.W.R. express trains stop at Newton Abbot six miles distant, Bovey being connected by branch line.

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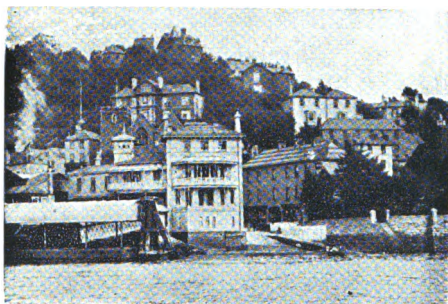
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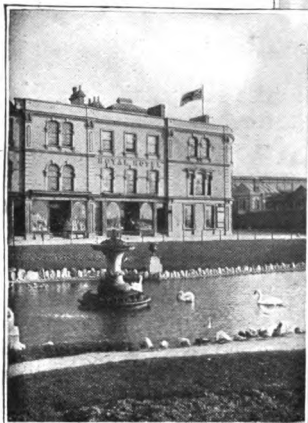
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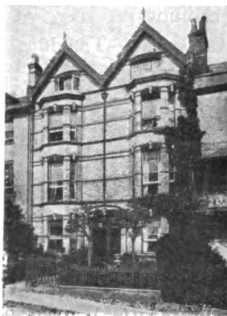
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**Town Clerk, Exeter.**

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(And at TAUNTON).

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Teas and Coffees.    Grocery and Provisions.    . . .  
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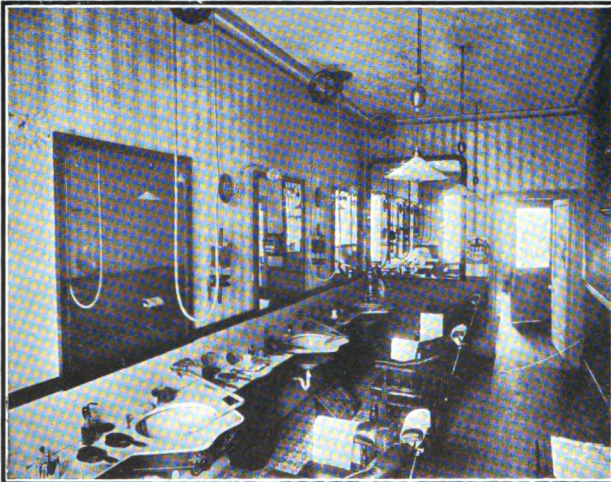
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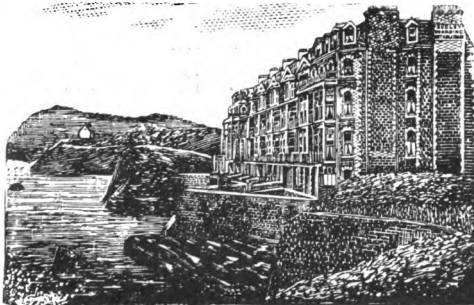
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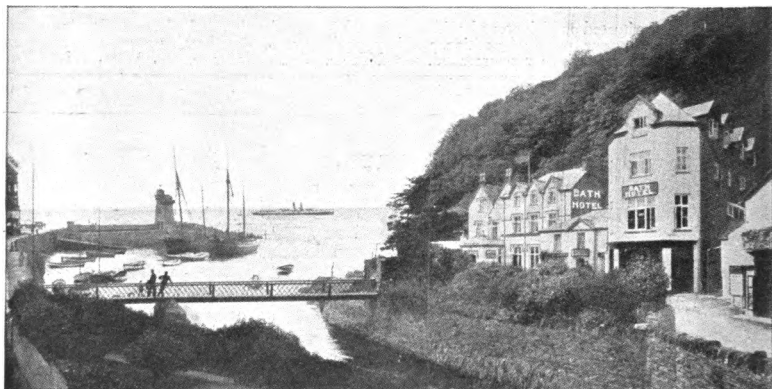
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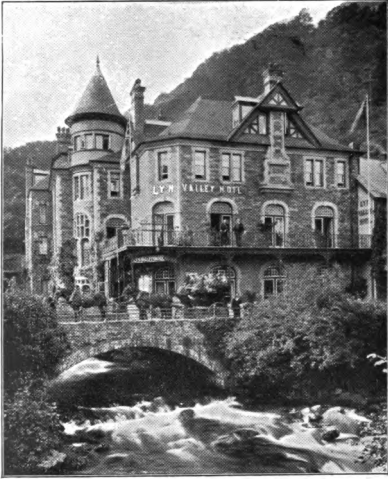
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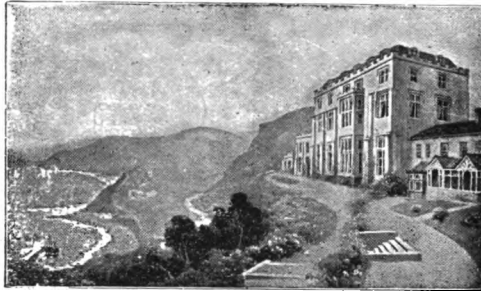
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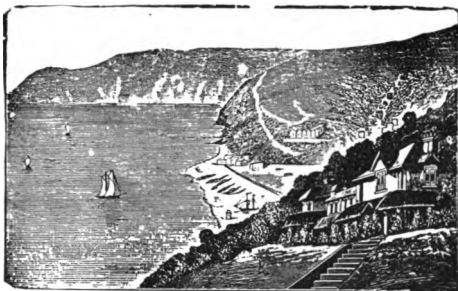
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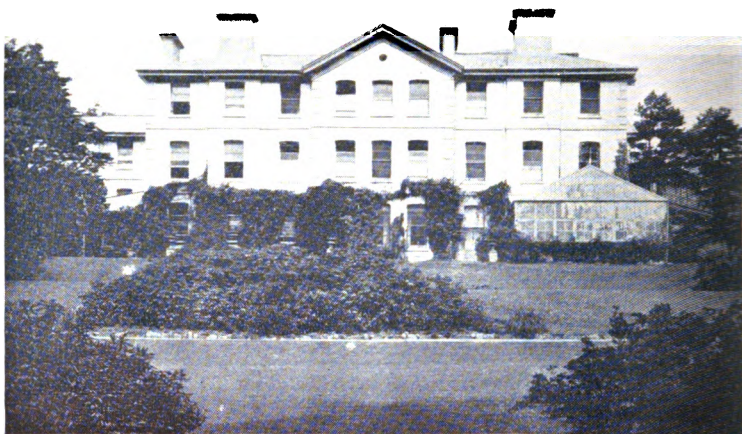
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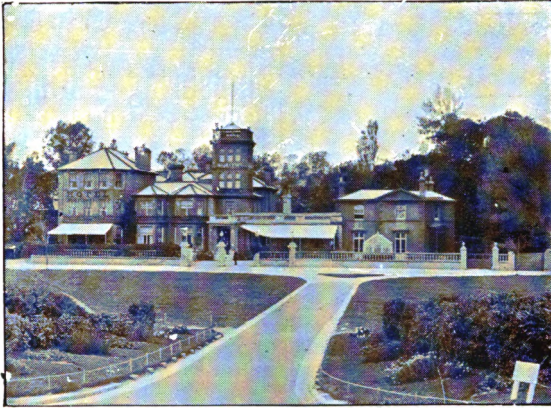
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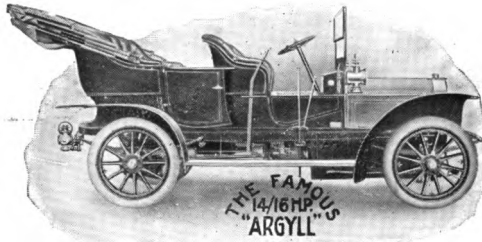
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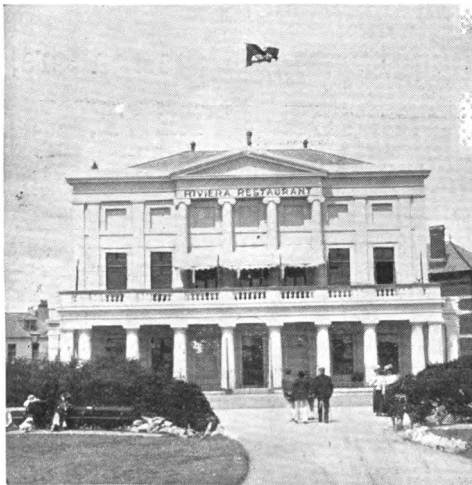
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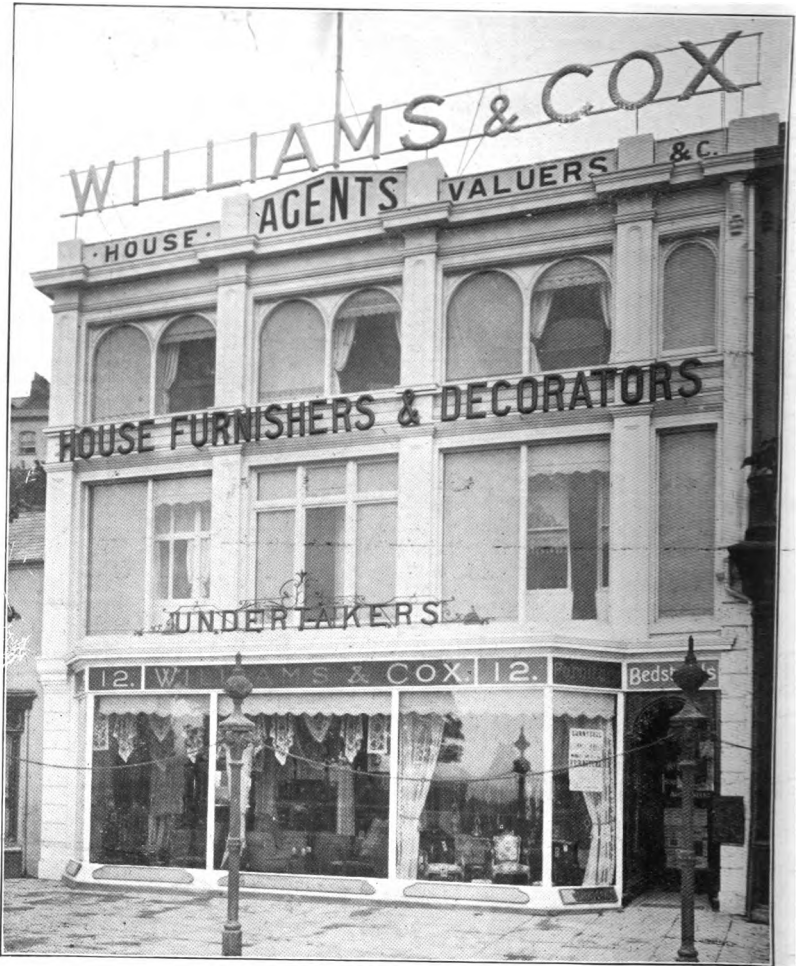
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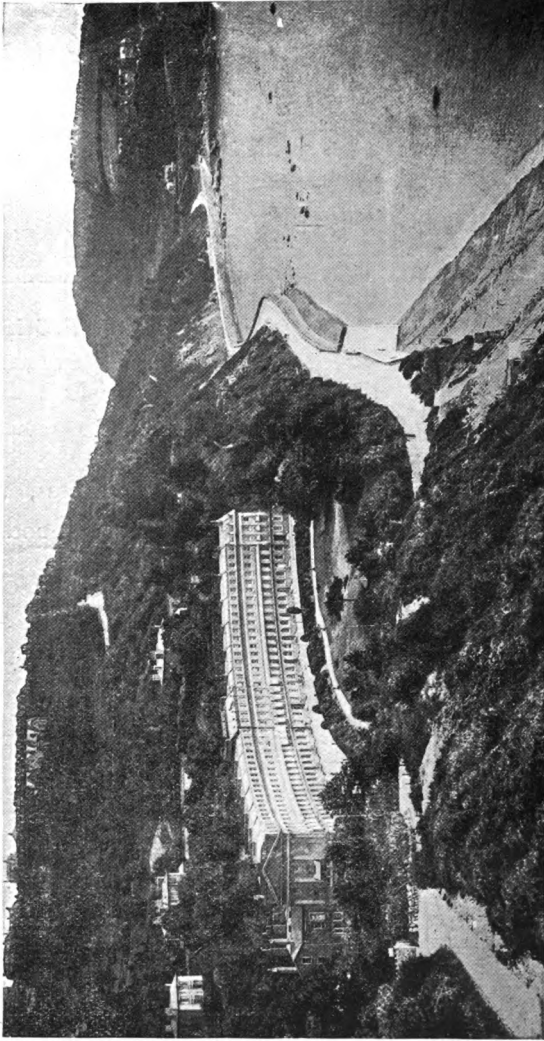
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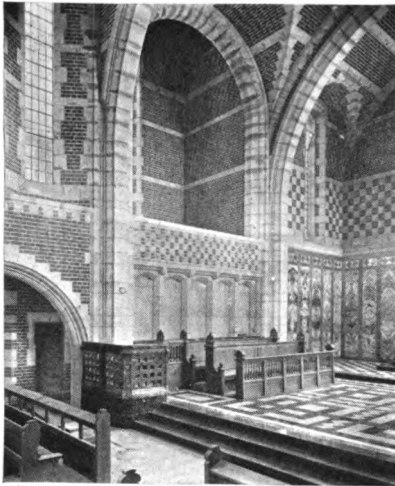
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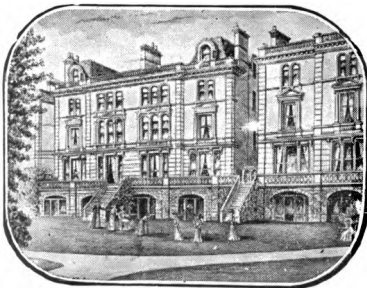
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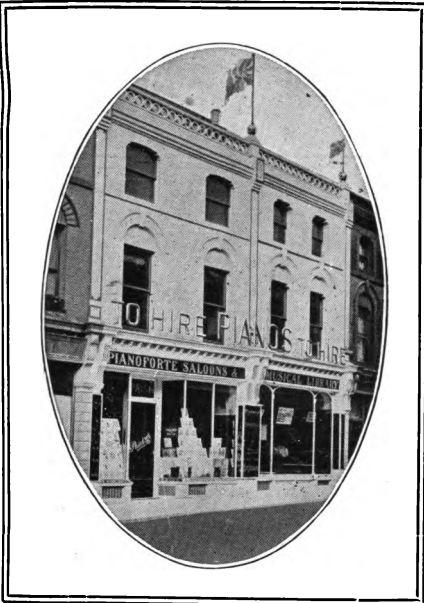
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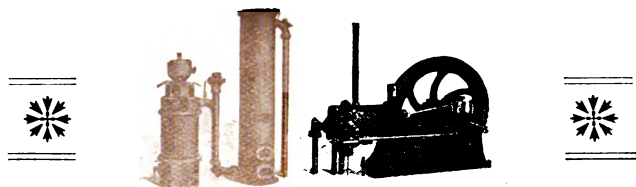
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