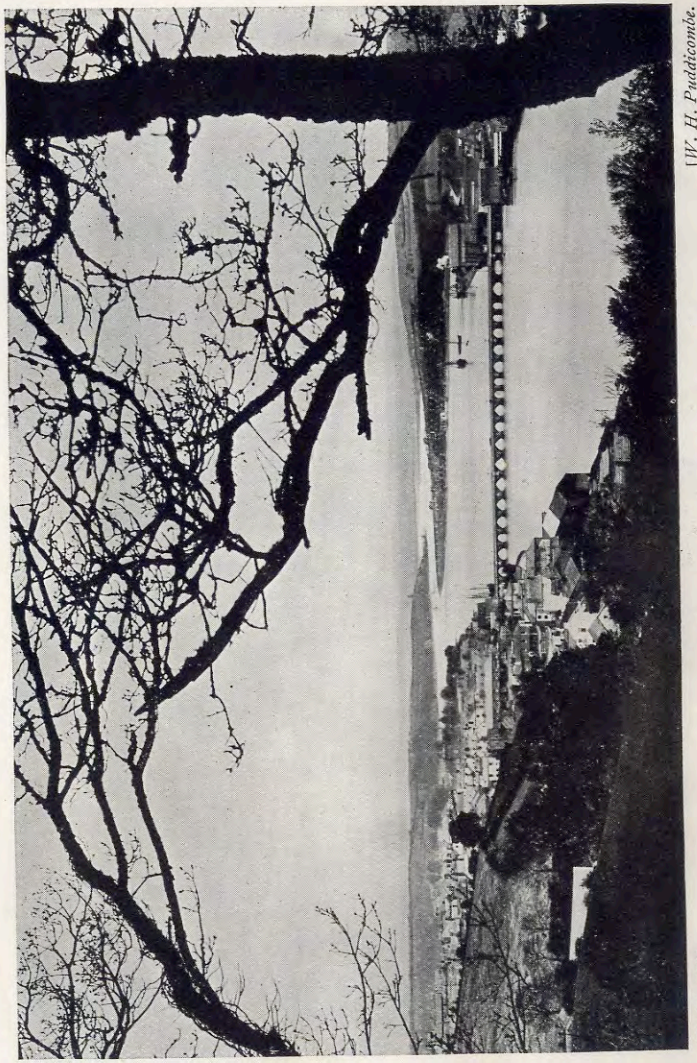
Map of the Country round Bideford.
On the Scale of Two Miles to One Inch.



[*W. H. Puddicombe.*

A PEEP AT BIDEFORD FROM UPCOTT HILL.

Photograph]

The Homeland Handbooks, No. 76.

BIDEFORD

WITH ITS SURROUNDINGS.

A Handbook for Visitors and Residents.

BY

BEATRIX F. CRESSWELL,

Author of *Dartmoor and its Surroundings*, *The North Coast of Cornwall, Bude and its Borderland, etc., etc.*

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS, etc.

Published, in co-operation with the Corporation of Bideford, under the general editorship of ARTHUR HENRY ANDERSON, by the Homeland Association for the Encouragement of Touring in Great Britain.

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EDITORIAL NOTE.

With a view to making further editions of this Handbook as accurate and comprehensive as possible, suggestions for its improvement are cordially invited. If sent to THE EDITOR, The Homeland Association, Chandos Chambers, 15 Bedford Street, Strand, W.C., they will be gratefully acknowledged.

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PLATES.

IN THE TEXT.

BIDEFORD.

"Oh! Bideford is a pleasant place, it shines where it stands,
And the more I look upon it, the more my heart it warms:
For there are fair young maidens in rows upon the quay,
To welcome gallant mariners when they come home from say."

Westward Ho! (Chapter XXVII.).

PREFACE.

THIS book has been very difficult to write, for two reasons: Firstly, the work has been done so well already; secondly, a vast amount of local history and interest has had to be compressed into a very small volume. Much has of necessity been omitted, and no one regrets the omissions more than the author.

An endeavour has been made to present an oft-told tale in new form, adding matter not previously dealt with, and bringing all local information up to date.

Hearty thanks are due to those who have kindly lent books or given personal assistance.

The author must add that she has felt honoured by being asked to write a book for the locality intimately associated with Charles Kingsley and the scenery of *Westward Ho!*

BEATRIX F. CRESSWELL.

BIDEFORD, 1909.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE,
PALL MALL, S.W.

15th March, 1909.

SIR,

I am directed by the Prince of Wales to thank you for your kindness in sending for his acceptance volumes published by your Association giving information of different parts of the West Country.

His Royal Highness will be very glad to accept any further publications of your Association which you are good enough to send.

Yours very faithfully,

ARTHUR BIGGE.

PRESCOTT ROW, Esq.,
Editor,
The Homeland Association.

BIDEFORD*

WITH ITS SURROUNDINGS

CHAPTER I

TELLS OF BIDEFORD HISTORY AND BIDEFORD TOWN

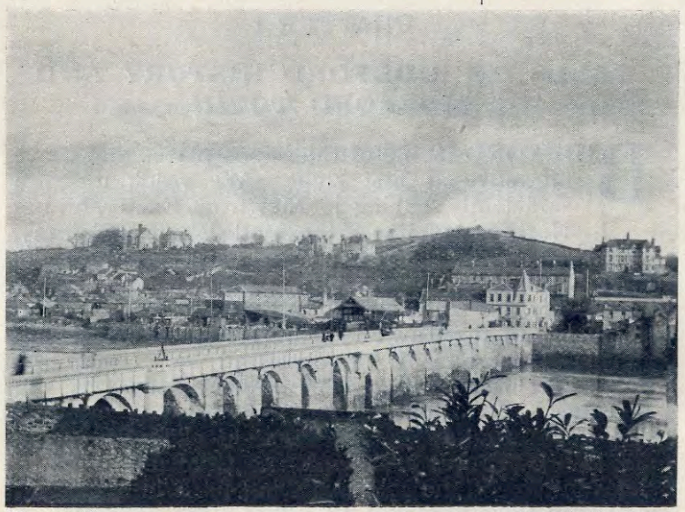
BIDEFORD is one of the happy places that prove attractive at first sight. We reach it, by a sufficiently striking journey from Exeter, on the North Devon line of the South-Western Railway, which runs beside the Taw as far as Barnstaple Junction. Here we curve aside, noting the gradual widening of the estuary, the sandy stretch of Braunton Burrows, the confluence of the Taw and Torridge—a waste of sand and water perplexing till explained by a map. At Instow the river between us and Appledore is the Torridge. Braunton Burrows Lighthouse appears among the sand-dunes. As the train glides on scenes unfold like pictures in a diorama. Gradually Bideford slides into sight, the river resolving itself into a broad waterway town-bordered on either side. The station is in that part known as East the Water, so we make our first acquaintance with Bideford by crossing the famous bridge.

The derivation of the name "By th' Ford" is obvious. Hither came the Roman road from Cornwall, trending to the point where the river was fordable. Thus rose the town ravaged by the Danes, the manor of Saxon Brictric, the golden-haired, who was loved by Matilda, daughter of the Count of Flanders, but who repulsed

See note on pages viii and ix.

her wooing. So she married William, who was presently the English Conqueror, and Matilda the queen remembered how Saxon Brictric had treated her. Through her instigation, he was brought to Winchester, and there died in prison, and his manors were given to the Conqueror's kinsman, Richard de Granville. Thus the history of Bideford as soon as it emerges from obscurity is connected with the Granville name.

Chudleigh Fort.



Photograph] [*W. H. Puddicombe.*

THE FAMOUS BRIDGE AT BIDEFORD.

Founded in the fourteenth century.

Another Sir Richard of the family obtained a charter from Henry III to hold fairs and a weekly Tuesday market ; so Bideford rose to the importance of a market-town.

The river ford was both inconvenient and dangerous, and early in the fourteenth century the building of the bridge was undertaken. Sir Theobald de Granville was

one of its first founders, but the success of the enterprise is traditionally ascribed to Sir Richard Gornard, or Gurney, the parish priest. No firm foundation for the piers could be found, until Gurney dreamt that an angel showed him the one place where a rock stood in the river. The varying size of the twenty-four arches adds much to the picturesqueness of the bridge. It is popularly said that the little ones were given by the poor, the broad ones by the wealthy of the parish ; necessities of construction more probably account for the difference. As is the case with many other ancient English bridges, it is said to be founded on wool-sacks, the term referring to a local tax on wool, or gifts of sacks of wool to defray the cost.* Bideford Bridge, like elderly people, has grown stouter : originally it was only wide enough for pack-horses. The modern addition of iron sides detracts much from its appearance. It is the "soul, round which the town, as a body, has organized itself ; . . . being first an inspired Bridge ; a soul-saving Bridge ; an alms-giving Bridge ; an educational Bridge ; a sentient Bridge ; and last but not least a dinner-giving Bridge." Nothing need be added to Kingsley's words to impress the hitherto ignorant stranger with the paramount importance of Bideford Bridge.

Bideford Bridge.

Contented with its bridge and market, Bideford passed a sleepy existence for about two hundred years. Then Sir Richard Granville, Elizabeth's Vice-Admiral of England, woke it up. He acquired from the queen the charter of incorporation which made it a borough, John Salterne (father of the Rose of Torridge) being the first mayor. A brisk trade was started with the recently discovered New World, through which the principal wealth of the town was acquired, and this flourished till the eighteenth century. Unfortunately, owing to the wars

* This conjecture has been confirmed by Mr. Brayley, librarian of Bideford Public Library, who has found among local records mention of such a tax for the upkeep of the bridge. A similar tradition exists concerning Parson Loveybond and the founding of Wadebridge Bridge. Compare also Leland's expression of a neighbouring place, "Pilton standeth on wool," or, as we should now say, "is supported by" its wool-trade.

in Queen Anne's reign, the merchants of Bideford and Barnstaple sustained commercial losses that could never afterwards be repaired. During the whole of the eighteenth century the trade of Bideford declined; it ceased with Maryland and Virginia about 1760, and with every part of America some twenty years later.

We have anticipated events, and must look back at Bideford of the seventeenth century, a prosperous market-town and borough, evidently with strong local opinions, for, in spite of the well-known loyalty of the Granvilles, it took the Parliamentary side during the Rebellion. "The fanatical innovators of the age" (as Watkins, the Bideford historian, calls them), made, however, no vivid mark on the pages of its history, and close by, at Potheridge, a boy, George Monck, was growing up, destined to restore whatever they might have been upsetting.

In 1682 Exeter tried and executed the last witches hanged in England. Bideford produced them. Watkins gives full details of the trial and depositions of these three old women, which leave his readers amazed at the nonsense they uttered up to their last moments, and the credulity of those who heard them.

As local history is pleasantest studied locally, we will content ourselves with this brief résumé, and have a look at the town. When we cross the bridge, the two most important buildings of Bideford face us: the Bridge Hall on the right, on the left the Municipal Buildings. These are both erections of the last century, and to the latter the Public Library and Museum have lately been added, the library through the liberality of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. This last addition, with its Gothic front, is an improvement on the shops that previously stood against the Town Hall. Within are library and reading-room, accessible to the visitors as well as the residents of Bideford. In the small museum are the stocks,

The Museum.

which formerly stood outside the Bridge Hall, and were used as late as the sixties. The bell in the corner was cast, and hung in the Bridge Hall to call parishioners to public meetings, when Mr.

Photograph] [*W. H. Puddicombe.*

IN THE HIGH STREET, BIDEFORD.

Whitfield, rector from 1744 to 1782, refused to allow parish meetings in the vestry. It is inscribed :

> Our parson's pride found me a bell :
> By that I rose, by that Satan fell.

A fine iron Armada chest of Flemish work deserves notice. The massive ornamental lock has eight bolts, all turned by one key from the centre of the lid. The principal collections are geological, including many specimens from the submerged forest at Westward Ho !, and an interesting collection of flint implements found in the neighbourhood. Two autograph letters of Charles Kingsley's hang in the library, and the original MS. of Capern's poem in praise of Devonshire cream.

The Bridge Hall has a solid dignity worthy of its connection with the bridge ; it includes, besides various offices, a good hall, in which public meetings are held. The back of the building touches All Halland Street, where, a little way down, we may note the Castle Inn, a house which displays no outward signs of antiquity or interest, but which claims, nevertheless, to have been the residence of Sir Richard Granville. Until quite recently it possessed a right of way to the quay through the shop backing against it, suggesting that in former days it had a river frontage, possibly before the present quay existed.

Passing along the quay, we observe the Old Ship Tavern, where Kingsley's heroes convivially founded the Brotherhood of the Rose. A portrait of the Rose of Torridge appears on the outer wall, but some day we hope she will be fitly portrayed in the becoming ruff and steeple-crowned hat of her Elizabethan period.

The High Street ascends a steep hill. Detractors complain that Bideford is wholly modernized, but old pictures present a dreary appearance compared with the bright street of to-day, and some of the premises retain within the old rooms and fine ceilings of former years.

Granville Street turns to the market, a busy scene every Tuesday. Mill Street, though inconveniently narrow, is one of the principal thoroughfares of the town. It joins the High Street with broad, quiet

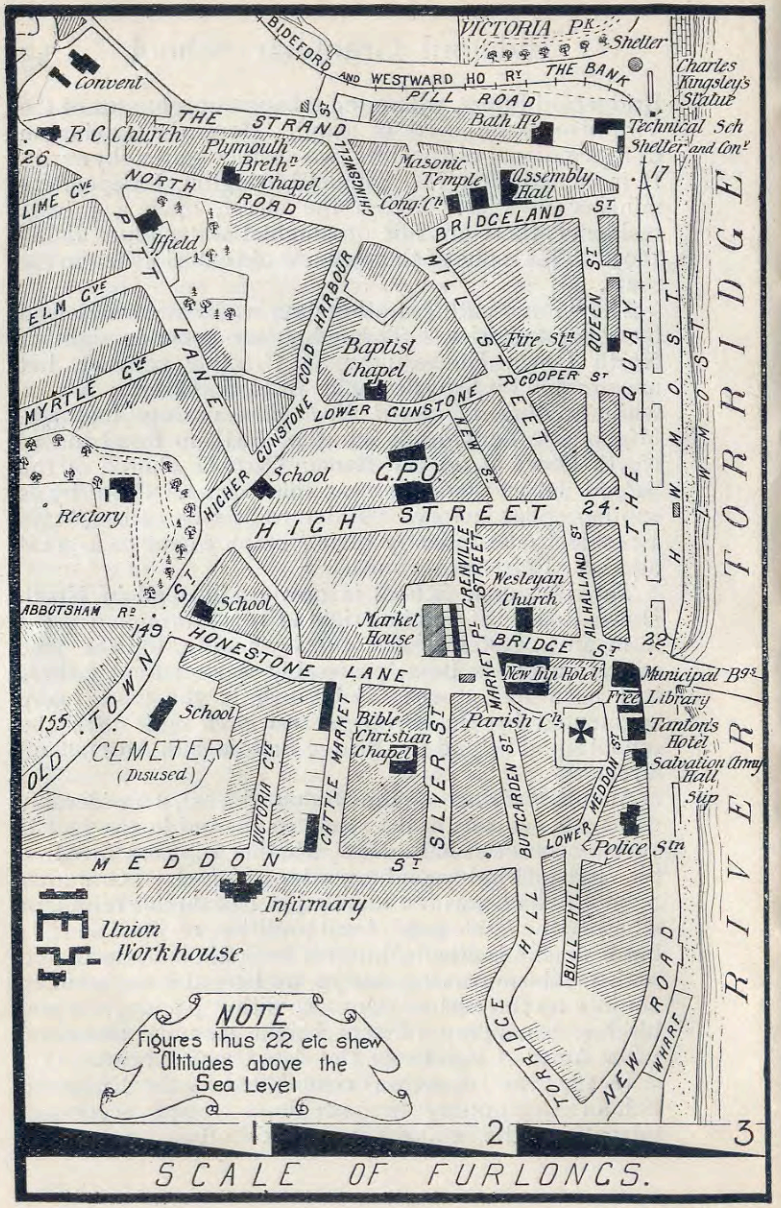
Bridgeland Street, where the tobacco warehouses of the Virginian trade used to stand. Here the Lavington Congregational chapel lifts two slender spires skywards. It is named after Mr. Samuel Lavington, Independent minister in 1752. Across the street, upon a private residence, there are fine ornamental water-pipes, dated 1693. This is one of the very few old exteriors left in the town.

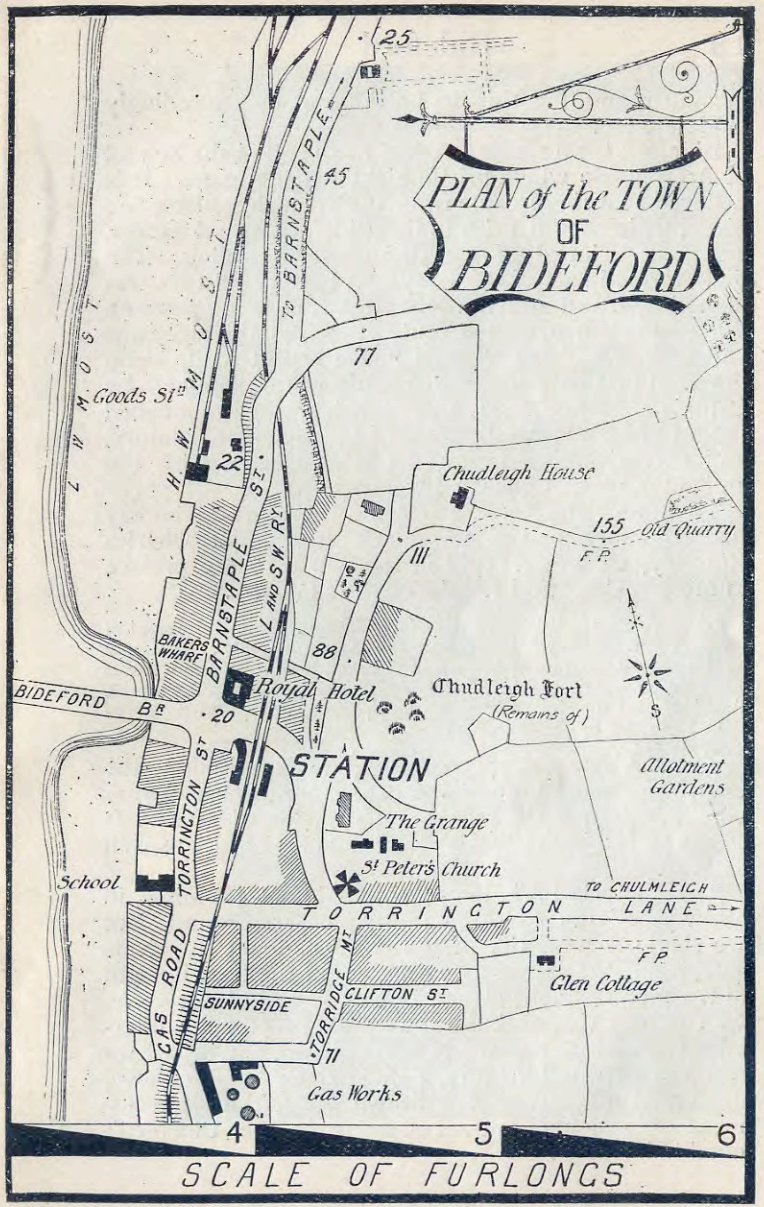
The " Rope-path " of other days is a by-way shadowed by collar factories. Through it we come in sight of North Down House, now an Ursuline convent, but once rented by Kingsley, who resided there for a year while writing *Westward Ho !* The narrow footpath, Mignonette Lane, leads into the Northam Road and to North Down Road, the Roman Catholic church of the Sacred Heart standing near this corner. Close by is another collar factory. " Bideford lives on collars," says a resident, the industry giving employment to a great number of girls and women.

The Grammar School is now established in North Down Road. It had its origin in 1625, through a grant from an ancestor of the Stucley family, for the free education of six boys, preferably those whose fathers had been lost at sea. Subsequently the funds were augmented by the Bridge Trust, and until 1879 the school stood behind the Bridge Buildings in All Halland Street.

An old carving of the Bideford seal, considerably damaged, remains in the schoolroom, and in the hall is Brimblecombe's chair. Now, whether Kingsley invented Sir Vindex Brimblecombe, master of Bideford Grammar School (which was not founded in Elizabeth's reign), or whether the name was a local tradition, no one can tell ; but his name is attached to this fine old chair, decorated with Jacobean carving, and as we look at it we seem to conjure up the austere dominie, with cap and gown and birch-rod, napping on that bright summer afternoon when Amyas Leigh broke the slate over his head.

In 1875 the school was remodelled by the Endowed School Committee, to provide a sound secondary education, the endowments and other sources of





Homeland] **A PLAN OF THE TOWN OF BIDEFORD.** *[Copyright.*

income permitting this to be done at an exceedingly moderate fee.

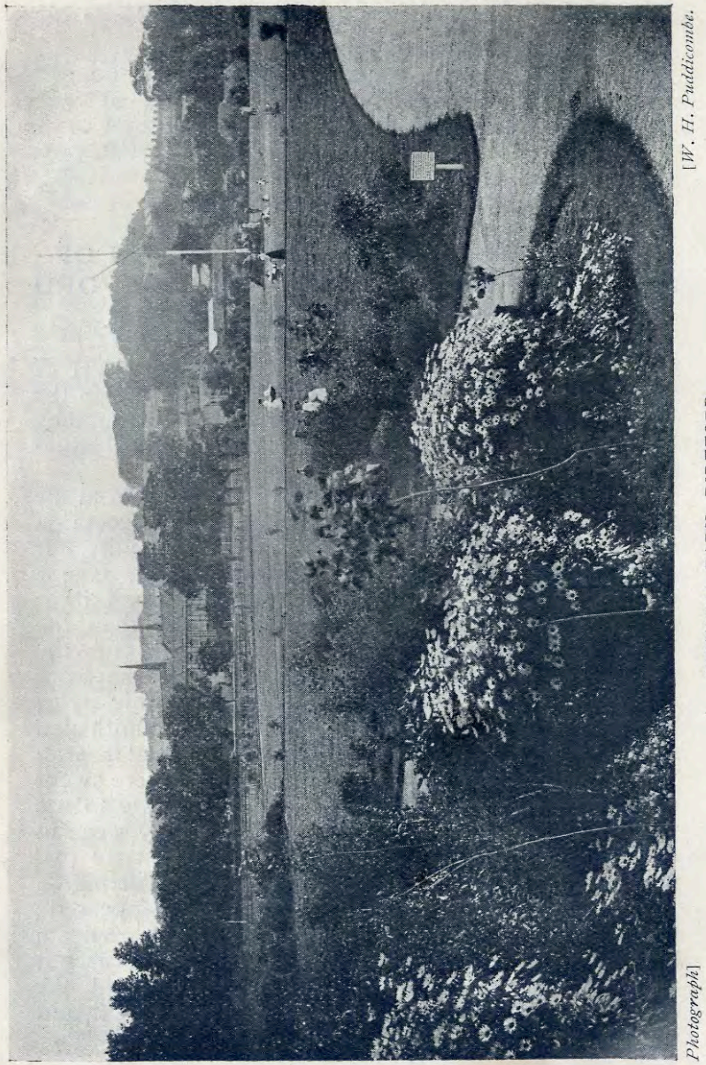
Bideford town seems to come to an end at the School of Art, outside which bristle eight Armada guns. It is believed that these came from the Spanish galleon *San Juan*, which fell a prize to the Bideford vessel *Victory*, and was stripped of everything worth saving. The guns formed part of the Greysand Battery till that was demolished, and afterwards served as mooring-posts on the quay. When, some twenty years ago, the quay was widened, the Town Council had a report made upon them. For this purpose the guns were examined by Captain Enthoven, R. H. A., Woolwich, who pronounced them to be undoubtedly guns of the sixteenth century, and corresponding in a remarkable degree with the authentic Armada guns at Inveraray.

To those detractors—and some there are—who say that Bideford makes too much fuss about Charles Kingsley, we would reply in the words of the preface to Messrs. Coles and Lees' *Kingsley's Country*.

> Forty years ago Bideford was languishing. The old shipping industry had entirely failed, and nothing taken its place. It seemed as if Bideford must enter the list of decayed towns. Then Charles Kingsley launched his grand story *Westward Ho!* upon the world. Bideford and district were discovered, and visitors and residents alike benefited by the discovery.

Kingsley's statue expresses Bideford's gratitude to the man who came—hero of the pen, as Sir Richard Granville was hero of the sword—and remade Bideford. It serves to remind us that Peace has her victories as well as War.

The Victoria Park, but recently laid out, promises, in a few years' time, to form a pretty pleasure-ground. But we shall not soon tire of the promenade by the river-side, where we may rest on seats under the trees in sight of the picturesque shores of Instow and Appledore. As we continue this walk the town disappears, fields intervene between us and the Northam Road, and at last we reach a deserted factory, picturesquely tumble-down, upon which someone has drawn the faithful presentment of a donkey, now becoming one of Bideford's notable interests.



[*W. H. Puddicombe.*

VICTORIA PARK, BIDEFORD.

Photograph]

CHAPTER II

DESCRIBES THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. MARY, AND THAT PART OF BIDEFORD KNOWN AS EAST THE WATER

AS we cross the bridge, the sturdy grey tower of the parish church is evident enough ; within the town it is nearly concealed by the surrounding houses, and by the front of the Guildhall, behind which it is situated.

Evidences of a church existing in Bideford from the twelfth century are not lacking, but, with the exception of the font, the present building is of no antiquity. It had suffered many transformations in the course of centuries, and Oliver, about 1840, described it as resembling a lecture-room or theatre rather than the house of prayer. In 1865 the church, save for the tower, was entirely rebuilt. On the whole the work was happily carried out in good modern Gothic style ; but "the man who restores a church is an unmitigated sweep,"* and certainly Bideford Church suffered from an "unmitigated sweep," wherein many things were swept away past recovering. No attempt was made to use the original columns and capitals. That they were in excellent condition is obvious from the stability of two now serving as gate-posts to a house on the Torrington Road. Memorials vanished, and never reappeared ; worst of all, old oak was cleared out by the cartload, becoming the property of anybody who would carry it away, like McTurk (above quoted), who got old oak out of Bideford Church while they were restoring it, and stuck it up in the study with glue.

* *Stalky and Co.*

A screen formed from old bench-ends, dividing the tower from the nave, represents all that was preserved, and the Granville arms and fine decorative designs serve to suggest how interesting and excellent was the work thus wantonly lost.

In front of this tower screen stands the font, the oldest thing in the church, and unique in form among the fonts of the diocese. It appears to be a transition between the circular Norman and the later octagonal types, and is remarkable for having nine panels round the basin. The stem is ornamented with cable twist, the lower part of the basin carved with arcading, the panels divided by cable twist, and the edge completed with plait moulding. Three of the panels are carved with the cross, three with knots ; three are plain.*

The font.

In this font occurred the baptism recorded in the parish register, thus :—

Ano Dni 1588 Christenynge Raleigh a Wynganditorian xxvij day of March.

From this slender entry Kingsley created the scene—likely enough—of all the notabilities of Bideford attending the baptism of the first "red man" who ever trod English soil, named after the famous Sir Walter, perhaps his sponsor, just then starting his enterprise for colonizing Virginia. A year and a month later the register has another entry :

Ano Dni 1589 Burynge Rawly a man of Wynganditoram is this four day of April.

"The free forest wanderer has pined in vain for his old deer-hunts amid the fragrant cedar woods, . . . and now he is away to 'happier hunting grounds,' and all that is left of him below sleeps in the narrow town

* This ninefold symbolism of three times three is rare. The symbolists regarded seven as the number of creation, eight of regeneration ; hence the universal form of the octagon for fonts after the twelfth century.

churchyard, blocked in with dingy houses, whose tenants will never waste a sigh upon the Indian's grave."*

The church is large, with nave, north and south aisles, and chancel. Between the chancel and the south aisle is the tomb of Sir Thomas Granville, set in a stone screen. It formed part of a chantry founded, by Sir Thomas's will, for "a pryst and poor men to pray for me, and myn ancestors and heires for ever." A figure of the knight rests under a canopy ; the arms of Granville and Gilbert are carved at the base, and the frieze inscribed :

Hic Jacet Thomas Graynfyld Miles, patronus isti ecclesiæ qui obiit xviii die Mensis Marcii : a.d. mccccxiii cujus anima ppcietus deus. Amen.

He was the great-grandfather of Elizabeth's hero, Sir Richard Granville, Vice-Admiral of England, and commander of the famous *Revenge*. His wife, Lady Mary, daughter of Sir John St. Ledger of Annery, is buried in this chantry. In 1891 the Rev. Roger Granville, his descendant, then rector of Bideford, placed a brass to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of Sir Richard's death, after that splendid naval encounter in August, 1591, when for fifteen hours the little *Revenge* endured the assault of fifteen Spanish galleons and kept them at bay—"a fight memorable, even beyond credit, and to the heights of some heroical fable."

Some few memorials of Bideford merchants remain in the church, of which the most notable commemorates John Strange, who died in 1646, "in the fourth and most fatall yeare of his Maioralty," when making heroic efforts to check a visitation of the plague, then raging both in Bideford and Barnstaple. His monument teems with allegory, anagram, and symbolical device : below it is a memorial to his wife and children. The mayor's pew, elaborately carved, will be found at the north-eastern side.

A list of the rectors hangs in the church. As we glance through it we become aware that the name of Richard Gurney, founder of the bridge, is omitted. Immortalized

* *Westward Ho !* ch. xxix.

Photograph] [*W. H. Puddicombe.*

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The statue at Bideford.

See page 18.

in local tradition, he does not occur in the Exeter episcopal registers from which these authentic names are taken. The list commences with a notable name, Henry de Bratton, or Bracton,* rector in 1261. Living at an age when the clergy were of necessity lawyers, Bracton has been called the most famous jurist of any age or country; to the present day his book *De Legibus et Consuetudinibus Angliæ* is quoted. He was archdeacon of Barnstaple, and in 1267 chancellor of Exeter Cathedral, where he was buried.

Famous Rectors.

Robert de Braybroke, rector in 1381, became dean of Salisbury and bishop of London. Bideford has also given an archbishop to York; but William de Grenville, consecrated to the see in 1306, was not one of the rectors. From 1740 to 1743 the Rev. James Hervey was curate, and here composed his *Meditations among the Tombs* and *Meditations in a Garden.* The tombs are at Kilkhampton, Bideford inspiring the more cheerful garden theme.

In the reign of Henry VIII a scene in Bideford churchyard led to the abolishing of "mortuaries" by Act of Parliament. Sir William Coffin, passing that way, perceived something unusual going on, and, making inquiry, learnt that the priest had refused to bury a man unless the relations would give him the cow, the deceased's sole property, as his mortuary, or fee. Sir William tried remonstrance—it was no use; then he ordered the sexton to put the priest in the grave and bury him. When the threat had been half carried out, the priest relented, and duly proceeded with the proper funeral. The circumstance came before the king; but Sir William, instead of suffering from the wrath both of church and state, used the considerable court influence at his command to draw attention to the mischievous consequences of this abuse of mortuaries. The result was the passing of an Act of Parliament which limited, in favour of the poor, the extent of such demands.

* For further particulars of Henry de Bracton, see page 38 of *Minehead, Porlock, and Dunster,* No. 18 of the Homeland Handbooks. 1s. cloth; 6d. paper.

The attention of visitors is often invited to a memorial slab now leaning against the south wall of the churchyard:

To the memory of Captain Henry Clark, of this town, who departed this life 28th April, 1836, aged 61 years.

Our worthy friend who lies beneath this stone
Was master of a vessel all his own;
Houses and land had he, and gold in store:
He spent the whole, and would if ten times more.

For twenty years he scarce slept in a bed;
Linhays and limekilns lull'd his weary head.

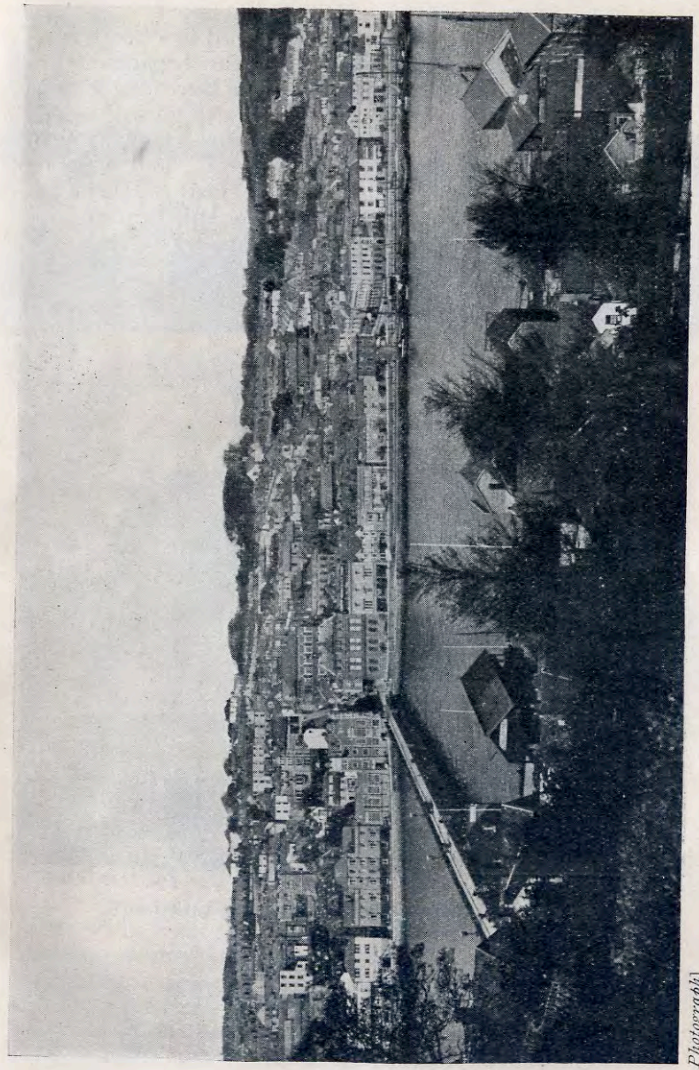
There are five verses of this epitaph, but they do not record the popular Bideford story, that Captain Clark, returning wealthy from a voyage, discovered that his sweetheart had died in his absence, and from that moment became perfectly reckless, squandering all his property, and refusing to go into any house or live in a civilized manner.

For the benefit of the residents of East the Water, a chapel of ease, St. Peter's, has been erected during recent years. On this side of the bridge, just opposite the station, is the Royal Hotel, the "Colonial House" of 1688, but considerably rebuilt.

Within there is a fine oak staircase, and any visitor to Bideford will be admitted to the panelled room, a beautiful apartment with a remarkably fine plaster-work ceiling, gracefully ornamented with wreaths of flowers. The whole room is furnished in keeping with its style, and on one of the panels hangs a portrait of John Strange, four times mayor of Bideford. Here, it is said, Kingsley wrote part of *Westward Ho!* Possibly he stayed here before settling in North Down House.

Ascending the hill past the church, we note one of the last kilns of the potteries that formerly flourished at Bideford. By way of field-paths, we finally reach Chudleigh Fort, raised in the seventeenth century by the Parliamentary forces under Major-General Chudleigh. It is now surrounded by an embattled wall, from which peep the muzzles of some small ships' cannon. The ascent is

Chudleigh Fort.



BIDEFORD TOWN FROM CHUDLEIGH FORT.

[*W. H. Puddicombe. Photograph*]

worth making to see the view. Bideford lies before us, the river at its feet. To the far right broadens the estuary, with the hills beyond Braunton Burrows. From Chanter's Tower above Appledore the eye passes along the shore to Kingsley's statue on Bideford Quay. South of the bridge the town dwindles away, and Upcott Woods rise over the hills. In the farthest distance rises the tower of Monkleigh Church. Hill beyond hill the landscape stretches around, demanding further exploration.

Photograph] [*W. H. Puddicombe.*

THE PROMENADE BY THE RIVERSIDE, BIDEFORD.

See page 18.

Appledore. Instow.

Photograph] [*W. H. Puddicombe.*

THE ESTUARY OF THE TAW AND TORRIDGE.

CHAPTER III

TAKES US TO ABBOTSHAM, WESTWARD HO!, NORTHAM AND APPLEDORE

NORTH of Bideford the land runs out in a peninsula—the Torridge on one side, the sea on the other—the entire length from Bideford to Appledore being three and a half miles. The light railway which starts from Bideford Quay runs round the entire district by a circuitous route, and is most convenient both for the tourist and for those who play on the golf-links at Northam Burrows.

Causeway, the railway halt at the foot of the Northam Road, is a name recalling a feature of Bideford that has but recently vanished. Near where the park now lies there ran—and, indeed, runs—another stream, the Pill, flowing into the Torridge. Traces of it remain in the meadows, but the greater part is covered over, the marshy land reclaimed, and the stream ignominiously forced to discharge itself through pipes. The causeway enabled pedestrians to cross the marshy land and narrow water, and is of considerable antiquity, in-

dulgences having been granted by the medieval bishops of Exeter to those who assisted in maintaining it.

Kenwith Castle, the next halt, shows us the site of that Kenwith Castle where Hubba the Dane besieged Odun, Earl of Devon, in 879. A modern house retains the name of what must have been an ancient earthwork. We may observe that up North Down Road to Kenwith Castle, across the railway, and back by the lanes on the other side, makes a pleasant walk from Bideford.

Our train stops next at Abbotsham Road. We ascend the narrow lane on the south side of the line, and presently reach the village. In 1284 the church of St. Helena was appropriated to Tavistock Abbey, and the circular Norman font shows us that it was an early building. The tower stands north-east, on the side nearest the sea, built, perhaps, for watching or defence, like many towers in the near neighbourhood. The interior is purely cruciform, and the fine carved bench-ends deserve special attention. On one are the arms of Vescey, bishop of Exeter in 1519, which helps to date them; he had been archdeacon of Barnstaple.

Abbotsham.

If, instead of turning towards the village, we take the road to the right after quitting the railway, we reach the lodge at Abbotsham Park, near which is a gate on the right hand. Unless so informed, we should hardly recognize this as the way to Abbotsham Cove, so narrow and bramble-grown is the tiny path. Presently we see a stile, and then the path is evident enough all the way to the shore. Quitting the beach, we find an opening under the railway, and a fairly clear track along the low cliffs all the way to Westward Ho! The sea-view down to Hartland Point and the masses of gorse and heather, that in summer render the banks glorious, make the walk delightful; but it is something of a scramble, best taken by the adventurous.

Westward Ho! is, as far as we are aware, the only existing town godfathered by a novel. It had beginnings before the book appeared. Late in the fifties a Northam Burrows Hotel and Villa Company was formed to develop the district. On the

Westward Ho!

publication of Kingsley's novel, Dr. Ackland, one of the directors, suggested naming the new settlement Westward Ho! Kingsley does not seem much to have appreciated the compliment. In 1864 he wrote to Dr. Ackland: "How goes on the Northam Burrows scheme for spoiling that beautiful place with hotels and villas? You will frighten away all the sea-pies, and defile the Pebble Ridge with chicken-bones and sandwich scraps."

Westward Ho! fringes the shore and low cliffs. The wide view over the bay is very fine, the air magnificent. Across the edge of the Burrows stretches for two miles the firm grey line of the Pebble Ridge, beyond which a submerged world lies under the water.

It is very wonderful to think of this submerged forest, in which we hear of large trees standing upright in the position in which they grew; where moss, nuts, acorns, and leaves are to be found, with the bones of stags, of the British ox, sheep, and other domestic animals—and man: a whole world of the Neolithic period lying under the waves; no traditional Lyonesse, but an actual country long since vanished, for the topographers of the seventeenth century, though they mention the Pebble Ridge, have no idea of land beyond it. Yet the story repeats itself: the pebbles, gradually rolled from Hartland hither, are being drawn back; the sea has stolen parts of the soil; even at that infant settlement, Westward Ho!, houses have been destroyed by its encroachment.

Half-way through the town stand those

> Twelve bleak houses by the shore,

still inscribed "United Services College," which witnessed the exploits of Stalky and Co., and educated Rudyard Kipling. Here in Devon we think that an Englishman is all the better for having a bit of Devon in him, and we heartily claim Mr. Rudyard Kipling as sharing something of the good red soil. Behind the terrace still rises the rough bank, where, "in summer all right-minded boys built huts in the furze hill"; below it a path straggles to the beach, where, like Amyas Leigh, they bathed off the Pebble Ridge. Reading *Stalky and Co.* at West-

ward Ho!, we regret that the United Service College is no longer settled here.

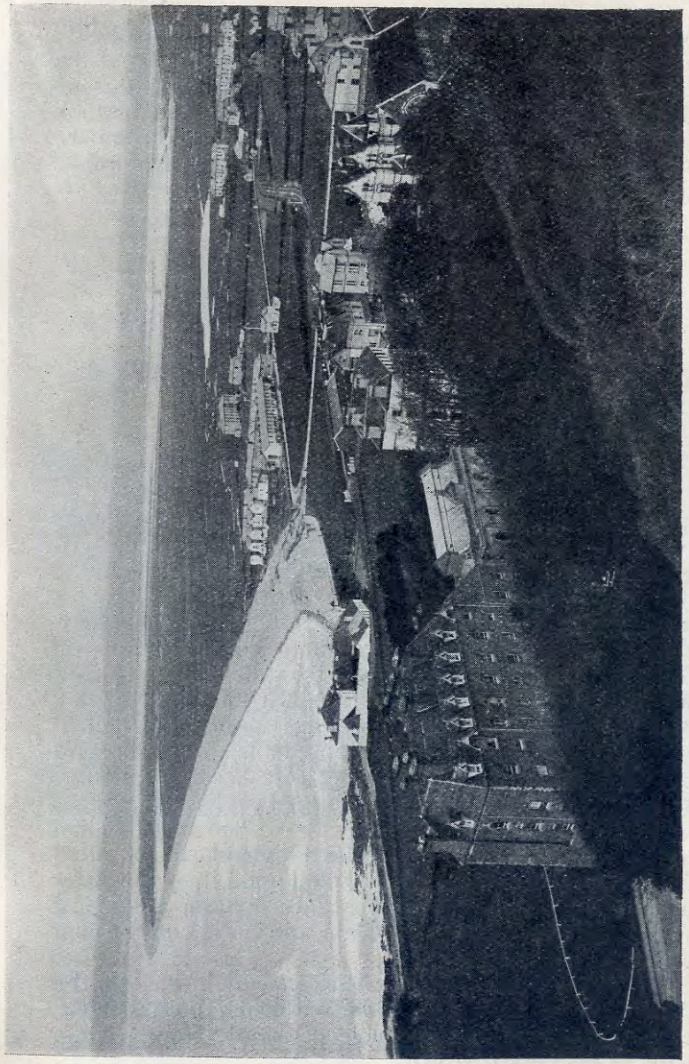
The Golf Club House is near, the links (see page 66), lying between Westward Ho! and Northam, on the waste of sand-dunes, brackish marshland, and rough pasture that comprise the Burrows, where rights of free pasturage belong to the potwallopers* of Northam.

Northam groups prettily round its grey church, with the lofty tower. The interior is plain, with traces of early work, but little of striking interest. On a capital of the north aisle we read:

This yele was made anno 1593.

Burrough, not far from the church, belonged to the Leigh family in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The house was entirely rebuilt in 1868. Pictures of the older residence remain, and the new house bears some resemblance to the old one. A stone preserved in the garden bears the initials T. L. (Thomas Leigh), and the date 1619. In the sixteenth century the house was the home of Stephen Burrough, master of the vessel *Edward Bonaventure*, in Sir Hugh Willoughby's expedition to the Arctic. He, with Chancellor, pilot of the fleet, named the North Cape, and was the first to sail into the White Sea. In 1556 Burrough again penetrated north, establishing a record of high latitude but recently broken. Stephen was appointed chief pilot of England, and this adventurous seaman Burrough may have suggested the creation of Amyas Leigh. Northam and Appledore are near together, but the prettiest way to reach the latter from Bideford is by the river-shore. At the end of the promenade we can cross the beach, or, should the tide be up, ascend the lane straight before us. Either way we reach Lower Cleavehouses, a little hamlet by the water-side. A lane beyond the cottages leads to a stile, whence a footpath running behind the garden-wall leads into the woods. The way is plain

* Still so called. The name in electioneering refers to the old franchise, by which every man possessing a hearth on which he could boil a pot had a vote.



WESTWARD HO! AND THE PEBBLE RIDGE.

[*W. H. Puddicombe. Photographer*]

enough. Across the river we see the Crimean obelisk and the towers of Westleigh Church; before us is the conspicuous landmark, Chanter's Tower, above Appledore, built by a merchant of that name as an outlook from which to watch his vessels passing across the bar.

On the highroad between Northam and Appledore we find Bloody Corner Stone, inscribed:

BLOODY CORNER.

STOP! STRANGER. STOP!
NEAR THIS SPOT
LIES BURIED
KING HUBBA THE DANE,
WHO WAS SLAIN BY
ALFRED THE GREAT
IN A BLOODY RETREAT
A.D. DCCCLXXXII.

Saxon Chronicule [*sic*].
Chappell's Record.

The stone was erected by Mr. Chappell, but the date was really 878 or 879, and the Devon men conquered Hubba without Alfred's assistance. Watkins thus tells the story: "In the year 879 the Danish invader Hubba, after having ravaged South Wales, embarked in thirty-three ships for Devonshire, and being landed on Northam Burrows, proceeded to attack the castle of Kenwith, in which was Odun (*sic*), Earl of Devon, with a small garrison. After a brave resistance, the gallant Devonians finding the place untenable, determined to cut their way through the besiegers. Accordingly, they sallied out, and after a bloody conquest the Danes were routed, with the loss of above 800 men. Odun took with his own hand the Raven standard, so called from the figure of a raven worked upon it by the sister of Hubba, which was supposed to contain a magical virtue. Hubba himself was slain, and buried on the spot called by his name."

This refers to the Hubba Stone, which was on the beach, in a line with Bloody Corner Stone, "that charmed rock within which sleeps the old Norse viking, with all his fairy treasure."

Nowadays we shall look for the Hubba Stone in vain, but it was visibly in existence less than forty years ago. Inquiries were made for it by the Devon Association in 1902, resulting in various accounts, either of its removal or of its being covered by an extension of the docks. Close by its side the shipbuilding yard is named Hubbastone Yard.

Appledore is charmingly pretty, making pictures at every turn: groups of crooked cottages, grey and brown; delightful effects of boats and masts; always combined with blue water, green foliage, and hills that melt into hazy distances beyond the shining shores.

Photograph] [*W. H. Puddicombe.*

THE PEBBLE RIDGE, WESTWARD HO!

CHAPTER IV

INDICATES THE VILLAGES OF YEO-VALE—TELLS OF CAPERN, THE POSTMAN-POET—AND SHOWS THE BOATING POSSIBILITIES

THE road on the southern side of the bridge takes us towards the wooded shelter of Yeo-vale.

Just before Upcott Hill turns over the rise we note a house lying back from the road. This is Ford House, an Elizabethan mansion, the oldest house near Bideford, which disputes with the Castle Inn the privilege of having been the residence of Sir Richard Granville. Not far from its gates the ancient ford crossed the river. During some alterations to the gas-works East the Water, part of a causeway was laid bare that seems to have paved the ford. At low tide the river here is very shallow. "There's not a boy in Bideford who has not crossed it," says one who himself frequently performed the feat when a Bideford boy.

The Yeo joins the Torridge near the railway-bridge. At this corner there is a parting of the ways, and the Torrington Road, crossing river and railway, ascends to Landcross. The little church is nearly hidden among lanes. Its only feature of interest is the Norman font, in which was christened George Monck, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, who effected the Restoration of Charles II. The parish register records: *Anno regni Jacobo sexto* 1608, *unidecimo die decembris baptizatus est Georgii Monck filius Thomas Monck equitis.*

It is remarkable that in this entry King James, five years after his accession, is described as the "sixth" (of Scotland).

Upcott Woods afford some of the prettiest walks at Bideford. These rambling wood-paths represent some of the original roads into the town from Torrington, for the road from Landcross Bridge was only made at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and that entering the town on the south side of the bridge later still. Our ancestors seem to have had the most hilly and roundabout ways of reaching places, but we have to remember that the neighbourhood of the river was then all marshy swamp.

Keeping straight through the woods, we climb a steep hill, then, gently curving to the right, we presently see a notice for Littleham Church (two miles from Bideford). It is hardly needed, for the tower is close by. Scanning the view, we see Monkleigh Church straight before us, with Dartmoor plainly evident behind it. In a direct line with Littleham is the tower of Buckland Brewer, near a group of trees. Far to the right the pinnacles of Alwington rise up like horns. Some years ago Littleham church was most beautifully restored by the then rector, the Rev. H. Morse. During the work a small fresco was uncovered in the north transept, representing a bishop, doubtless St. Swithin, to whom the church is dedicated. Leaving the church, and ascending the hill, we see, northwards, right across the estuary to Braunton, Baggy Point, and the hills on the north-east between Barnstaple and Exmoor. Soon we reach a signpost, and return to Bideford by undulating lanes that bring us to the top of the town.

As we tread these winding ways, gay with hedge blossoms and blithe with bird songs, we may remember one who trod them daily, yet never tired of their rural delights—Edward Capern, the postman-poet, letter-carrier between Bideford and Buckland Brewer in the forties and fifties of the last century. He himself gives us a delightful picture of the leisurely rural postman of that period, whose local gossip was as welcome as his letters. Capern, too, wrote verses on the way, with complete indifference to the delaying of Her Majesty's mails. "The rude bar of a Devonshire stile or field-gate served for a writing-desk;

The Postman-Poet.

or, seated by the side of some friendly hedge, the post-bag resting on his knees, he pencilled out his thoughts in the rough, to be polished up in the little cottage at the end of his outward journey."

Edward Capern was born at Tiverton in 1819; his parents shortly afterwards removed to Barnstaple. In 1847 Capern was appointed letter-carrier between Bideford and Buckland Brewer. He resided in a cottage at the latter village. His poems first attracted the attention of Mr. W. F. Rock, of Barnstaple, and a selection was made for a small volume, published in 1855 or 1856. Two other volumes followed, and then, through the influence of Walter Savage Landor, Lord Palmerston conferred a pension on the poet. Capern then migrated to the Midlands, where he became fairly well known, lecturing or reciting his own poems. About 1885 he and his wife returned to North Devon, settling near Heanton Punchardon, where, in 1895, the postman-poet died, and was laid to rest in the churchyard. We cannot, however, help regretting that Capern is not buried at Buckland Brewer, a place more closely connected with his name. His verses are very charming. Capern, like the Ettrick shepherd, was a hedge poet, singing in no soaring strain, but delightsome ditties. At the present day, when we are almost overdone with dialect, it is curious to find that Capern never attempted a Devonian poem, and still more remarkable to find that he tried to write Scotch! Perhaps some wish to resemble Burns induced him to adopt the costume of Widgery's familiar picture, with the tam-o'-shanter and plaid. A portrait of him late in life by G. Edgar Williams is still more striking. The earlier picture is that of the postman; the later one shows the poet. The originals of both are in the Bideford Free Library.

A popular drive from Bideford is along the Clovelly road as far as Fairy Cross, there turning up to Alwington. Here the church is very fine, and full of old wood-carving. On the south door is a refuge ring, and the massive lock is a huge baulk of timber. Many of the fine bench-ends were brought from Parkham, when that church was "restored" by

Alwington.

Photograph] [*W. H. Puddicombe.*

EDWARD CAPERN, THE POSTMAN-POET.

From Widgery's portrait in the Public Library, Bideford.

clearing them out. The pulpit is curiously placed in the middle of the south aisle, and, together with the reading-desk and reredos, was constructed out of various pieces of old carving in 1792. At the end of the south aisle is the Portledge pew, a formidable erection, built from a minstrels' gallery formerly at Portledge House. A bench-end, with the initials R. C. and the date 1580, refers to Richard Coffin, of Portledge, whose monument is in the church. He died 1617, and is the "Mr. Coffin" of *Westward Ho!* Kingsley calls him "Tom," but had he studied the memorials here or at Monkleigh, he would have seen that the family name was James or Richard. From Alwington the drive is continued to Littleham, returning to Bideford by the Yeo-vale Road.

The ascent to Buckland Brewer is steep, but through lovely woods, and we may feel sufficiently interested in Capern to visit his cottage. The village, which boasts a fine old church house inn, takes its name from the Bruyère family, founders of Torre Abbey,* to which the church belonged from 1249 to 1525. With the exception of the tower, the church was wholly rebuilt in the eighteenth century, a beautiful Norman door of the earlier church being preserved. The tower, built in 1399, represents a rebuilding after the Norman church had been destroyed by lightning. It is said that this tower and Clovelly were built at the same time, the parishes only possessing one hammer between them. The Buckland men worked so hard that their tower was the first completed, and the Clovelly architect was so chagrined by their success that he hanged himself.

Boating on the Torridge is one of the pleasures of Bideford. The river is navigable up to Wear Gifford, and throughout the summer pleasure-boats may be hired along the quay. The tide has, of course, to be considered, and, on the first occasion, it is advisable to take a boatman to learn something of the river currents and shallows.

June is the popular month for visiting Wear Gifford.

* For further particulars of Torre Abbey, see page 20 of *Torquay and its Surroundings*, No. 57 of the Homeland Handbooks. 1s. cloth; 6d. paper.

Wear Gifford.

The place is a village of strawberry gardens, and, for one shilling, tea with unlimited strawberries and cream is provided. The village lies all along the river edge, and is so pretty that many of us will echo Capern's lines :

> Sweet vale of green Devon wood, sheltered and cosy,
> How blest are thy maidens, how happy thy men !
> Thy little ones all, like thy gardens, are rosy ;
> Thy orchards are fruitful and fertile thy plain.
> Long, long may the Hall throw its shade on the river,
> The beautiful Torridge that winds to the sea ;
> Thy woods, herds, and flocks, and thy sunsets for ever !
> A cot at Wear Gifford and Janie for me !

The Hall to which he refers is a mansion possessing one of the finest oak-roofed halls in England. It stands like a stronghold near the water-side, and was formerly the home of the Gifford family. Permission to see this hall is sometimes kindly granted to visitors ; inquiries about it should be made in the village.

The church, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, stands near it. On the south wall is a spirited fresco, in fair preservation, of the martyrdom of St. Edmund : he is in the centre, with archers on either side. Many of the windows retain figures of saints in old glass. Two recumbent effigies on the north side of the church probably represent Sir Walter Gifford (*circa* 1273) and his daughter Emma. In the south aisle is a large monument of the seventeenth century of the Fortescue families.

We quote the last lines of the epitaph, playing upon the derivation of the name, given when the brave warrior interposed his shield to save Duke William's life at the battle of Hastings :

> And long and wide may sacred grace and fame
> Produce and propagate their generous name,
> That it may brook what honnour gave in field,
> Le Fort Escu, the strong and lasting shield.
> A shield not only their own right to fence,
> But also to repel wrong's violence ;
> Which, that it may accordingly be done,
> Pray (reader), pray God be his shield and sunne.

On the opposite side of the river, among its woods, stands Annery House, the ancient home of the St. Ledgers, so frequently mentioned in *Westward Ho !* In the park is Hankford's Oak, an earlier owner of the manor having been Sir William Hankford, Lord Chief Justice in the reign of Henry IV. To him Risdon attributes the story, usually told of Judge Gascoigne, of the imprisonment of Prince Hal and Falstaff. This at least seems a fact : that after the death of Henry IV Hankford thought it prudent to retire to Devonshire. At Annery he gave orders to the park-keeper to shoot anyone he found in the woods at night who would not speak to him. Shortly afterwards the man saw someone loitering under the trees at night, challenged him, received no reply, shot, and found he had killed his master.

Hankford's Oak is, of course, haunted.

In Monkleigh Church, one mile south of Annery House, dedicated to St. George, is a fine canopied tomb called Hankford Monument ; but no trace remains of the elaborate brasses and inscriptions described by Risdon. Beautiful bench-ends, with elaborate armorial bearings, connected with the St. Ledger family, and the emblem of the Crucifixion, are also in the Annery aisle. The church is rich in monuments, including an interesting brass of Sir James Coffin, who died in 1566.

The most direct way from Bideford to Monkleigh is by a bridge over the Yeo some little way along the Yeovale Road. The distance is four miles.

CHAPTER V

TELLS OF CLOVELLY AND HARTLAND

CLOVELLY is the Mecca of every pilgrim visiting North Devon. Throughout the summer the coaches and other vehicles go there twice in the day; out of the season the mail-cart, carrying passengers, runs regularly. It leaves very early in the morning, and again at 2 p.m., reaching the Hobby gate about 3.30, giving time to walk through the drive, visit Clovelly, get tea at the New Inn (famous for its old china), or the Red Lion, and pick up the returning mail-cart, 5.30, at Clovelly Cross.

But to do justice either to Clovelly or Hartland a short stay should be made. Clovelly forms a good centre for such excursions as are detailed in the following pages. It is ten miles by road from Bideford. Hartland is fourteen, with church, lighthouse, and quay yet another three or four miles beyond. Cyclists will find the road surface good, and the gradients not immoderately steep. *Fourpence is charged for pedestrians at the Hobby, carriages one shilling; motors are not permitted through the drive, and it is closed on Sundays.* The Hobby Drive owes its name to the whim of Sir James Hamlyn, who devised it some sixty years ago. No hobby-horse ever ridden has given greater pleasure. Many doubtless come to it, as did Capern when first told its beauty—

> I deemed it but an empty sound,
> A fancy or an idle vaunt—

to find it, as he did, a place

> Of beautiful and balmy spots,
> And pathways buried in the shade,
> Of sultry nooks and cooling grots,
> And flowers that gem the sunny glade.

Photograph] [*S. Thorn.*

THE FAMOUS COBBLED STREET OF CLOVELLY.

Bright glimpses of the Severn sea
Like its reflected heaven at rest,
When Lundy in serenity
Sleeps like an island of the blest.

Think not that at the end of it you will see Clovelly, for though it lies below your feet, it is so tightly tucked into its narrow gorge that it is scarcely perceived until, half stumbling down the steep path, where everything is carried by donkeys with panniers, you come right into it. Capern called it "a village like a waterfall." The expression is admirable—not only is it like a waterfall in its headlong career downhill, but in its grace, its brightness, its sparkle. Clovelly shimmers with colour—flower colour, nature colour, local paint and glitter ; tones often positively crude, but here blending like Oriental embroidery, into a perfect whole. The tiny place is full of odd corners and turnings, with more ways and courts than appear at first sight, every nook a picture framed in green woodland and sparkling sea.

Clovelly.

Clovelly is the Aberalva of Kingsley's *Two Years Ago*, and in pages of that book will be found the best description of the place. Save that the stream then flowing through the village (as down every combe along the coast) has been covered over, though 'tis sixty years since the book was written, Clovelly is unaltered. It is one of those happy places that never alter. Some new buildings there may be "up to the cross." Clovelly itself remains unchanged year after year.

By kind permission of the lady of the manor, access to the park, the wilderness, and Gallantry Bower is permitted on each week-day except Tuesday at Yellery Gate, a small charge being made. It is about a mile to Gallantry Bower, a headland rising 387 feet sheer from the sea, known to seamen as "White Rock," from its light colour. Watching the hawks that frequently hover over the cliffs, we may remember that in olden days no bird was thought to excel a Clovelly hawk for sport. From Gallantry Bower the walk can be continued through Brownsham Woods to Mouth Mill, with tea and a scramble on the beach as part of a summer afternoon's programme. There is also a public

path through Brownsham Woods towards Hartland, and in these shades much time can be delightfully passed on a hot summer's day.

The church, near the Court, some little distance from the village, is a sturdy grey building, dating back many

Photograph] [*W. H. Puddicombe.*

FAR-FAMED CLOVELLY.

"A village like a waterfall."—Capern.

centuries, as its Norman south door and ancient font bear witness. Within we may note the old oak seats, not carved, but many of them cut with notches in which to rest a weapon. Three of these benches carry as many curious little brackets (there should be six) ; they

were seats for the unlucky parish apprentices, for whom religion provided nothing comfortable. The church is full of interesting monuments of the Cary's possession of the manor for 300 years. Just within the altar-rails a beautiful little brass of a gentleman in armour is inscribed :

Pray for the sowle of Master Robert Cary Esquier sonne and heyre of Sir William Cary Knight which Robert decessyd the xv day of June in the yere of our Lord God m.v.xl. on whos sowle Ihu have Mercy.

The large Elizabethan tomb near this brass commemorates his son, another Robert Cary, who died in 1586.

We shall look with interest on the monument of his grandson on the chancel wall :

In memory of William Cary Esqr. who served his King and country in ye office of Justice of Peace under three princes : Q. Elizabeth, King James, and King Charles I., and having served his generation dyed in the 76 year of his age Ano D^mi 1652.

This is the "Will Cary" of *Westward Ho !* who was thus, in actual life, only twelve years old at the time of the Armada. William Cary, however, had eventful experiences, without help from fiction : he would have remembered the coming of the Armada, and lived to hear of the execution of Charles I. He was donor to the church of the fine Jacobean pulpit, carved with the Cary arms, the initials W. C., and the date 1634.

On the north side of the chancel a brass commemorates "Charles Kingsley, son of Charles Kingsley, sometime rector of this parish." He was born at Holne, on Dartmoor, in 1819, where his father was then curate in charge, though he quitted the parish soon afterwards. In 1830 Sir James Hamlyn Williams presented Charles Kingsley senior to the living of Clovelly, where he remained six years ; and it was during those years, youth's most impressionable time, that his son acquired that intimate knowledge of the locality so evident in his book, together with his lifelong love for the West Country.

Above the village, near Clovelly Cross, stands the earthwork Clovelly Dykes. Its outer ring surrounds an area of some thirty acres. Within are three encampments, and, though somewhat cut by roads, it forms one of the largest British camps in Devon. From here it is a pleasant walk to Woolfardisworthy (spelt on the signposts as pronounced, Wolsery), where the church has a very good Norman door.

Hartland is not one place, but four—Hartland, Stoke St. Nectan (with the church and abbey), Hartland Quay, and Lighthouse.

Hartland.

There is nothing to detain us in the village, though much may be said about it, as readers of Mr. Chope's *Story of Hartland*, purchaseable there, will discover. A beautiful walk of about a mile brings us to Stoke. We pass Hartland Abbey on our way: *the house is not shown to visitors.* A sharp rise brings us to a pretty cluster of cottages, with a venerable church house, still retaining some ancient lancet windows, among them, and over all towers the splendid church of St. Nectan.

Somewhere near this locality in the sixth century St. Nectan, a British missionary preacher, was martyred. Doubtless, as soon as the faith for which he suffered took root, he was venerated in this place ; but the first known church was founded about 1060 by Gytha, the mother of Harold. She here endowed a college for twelve canons, but a century later it was converted into an Augustinian abbey, to which Geoffry de Dynham granted the patronage of the church. He, Gytha, and St. Nectan are sculptured on the cross now erected in the churchyard.

The tower, decorated with an ancient figure of St. Nectan on its eastern side, is magnificent—a landmark that has welcomed home many a voyager since the monks of Hartland Abbey raised it about the year 1400. For this present church was a piece of rebuilding occupying them for a century, the body of the church dating from 1350, and the screen completing the interior from fifty years after the building of the tower.

Throughout the summer the north door is open.

This porch is surmounted by a parvise chamber called the Pope's Room, from Thomas Pope, last Abbot of Hartland. It was of this room that Hawker of Morwenstow wrote his legend, the *Cell by the Sea*, telling the story of the solitary who, to expiate a crime, remained here, seeing no one, speaking to no one, having his food placed daily at the foot of the stairs, until the untouched plate showed that he had died. The beautiful verses of this poem describing the church have been printed, and hang within the building.*

We pause a moment in the grand interior before attempting to study it in detail. There is a sense of length, of lofty soaring in the tower arch, an impression of colour: it is simple, yet not bare; decorated, yet not gaudy; the screen corresponds in the size of its details with the largeness of the church. To reach it we have traversed some of the most beautiful scenery in the world, and the men who built Hartland Church built in harmony with its surroundings.

The square font belongs to a former building; it is late Norman work, Transitional in character, and particularly fine. Four faces at the corners of the bowl look down on four other faces at the base—the baptized looking at the unbaptized. Old benches furnish the church, but the only carved ones are a few erected by Hugh Prust in 1530; his initials will be found upon them. It is a pity that the old pulpit, with its unexplained inscription, "God save King James—Fines," is relegated to the room above the vestry. The altar is formed from a carved tomb which was discovered at the abbey.

The most interesting monument is on the chancel floor. It was formerly part of a high tomb. In the

* The author would like to observe that the epitaph

Here lie I at the chancel door,
Here lie I because I'm poor--

etc., quoted in all guide-books, is no longer to be found here; nor is it clear to what tomb (if any) it belonged. Epitaph collectors will find it *in situ* at Kingsbridge, in South Devon.

centre is a brass with armorial bearings, and the name Thomas Docton, with these inscriptions:

Deus det, deus aufert.

Rejoyce not againste me, O mine enemie, when I fall I shall arise, when I sit in darkness the Lord shall be a light unto me.

Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? God is able to make him stand.

The story runs that Thomas Docton, enraged with his son, struck him with a sword belt. The buckle hit the boy's temple and killed him on the spot, to the father's undying remorse.

A small brass to Anne Abbot, who died 1610, retains the enamel with which many of these memorials were decorated, and which in most cases has perished.

Crossing the higher stile from the churchyard, we find ourselves on the road for Hartland Quay. The surroundings are bare and bleak. We follow the telephone wires in faith. Onward and downward winds our path; a magnificent coast scene, with wild headlands and dark rocks, appearing. But where is there human habitation?

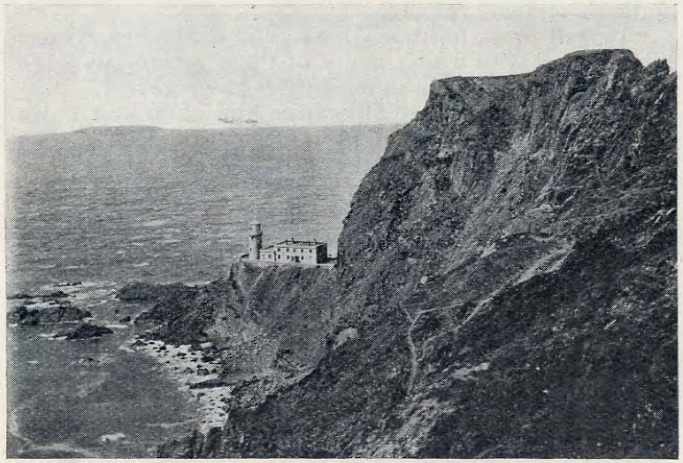
Finally we reach the quay—a few cottages, a snug hotel, closely gathered under the cliffs. The scenery is grand, as impressive as anything on the Cornish coast which begins yonder where Morwenstow juts into the sea. Tintagel is marked by its island, and dim beyond it shimmers the coast-line, ending in Trevose Head, beyond Padstow. To our right Lundy lies out in mid-channel. Close beside us wild rocky reefs fringe the shore, and from the "look out" we may watch the sun sink sheer into the sea.

A cliff walk from Hartland Quay will take us to the Point and Lighthouse. It is a walk of wild, glorious scenery, where Nature has been left to herself. Here are no villas, no golf-links, only St. Nectan's Tower rising skywards, and here and there a grey farmstead on the hills.

Along narrow tracks we plunge to the bottoms of deep combes, where the furze is ever in flower. Down one steep side and up the next we climb, not always

without a scramble when the stream that flows through each ravine has to be crossed. The last one tumbles in a waterfall at Damehole Point, where the sea has made walls of cliffs that seem wrought by giant hands, and curve like a ship turned turtle. Here imagination runs riot in opportunity for romance. We almost see the Armada spoil which our fancy pictures as being hidden in the dark recesses of the caves.

On the top of the point we may get, through the coastguard's telescope, a good view of Lundy ; or may



Photograph] [*S. Thorn.*

THE LIGHTHOUSE, HARTLAND.

look eastwards towards Baggy Point and Morte, the last bit of Devon visible. On a very clear day the dim Welsh coast appears in the farther distance. Below us the lighthouse stands on a rocky platform, at the extreme end of "Harty" Point, the classic promontory of Hercules. Visitors are admitted to see the lighthouse amid its wild surroundings of dark jagged rocks, but these are not really as striking as those near Hartland Quay. The next

The Lighthouse.

eastern point on the coast is Shipload Bay, but a coast walk to Clovelly is a most exhausting effort, and, indeed, almost impossible, such frequent turnings inland are necessary to circumvent the combes. Even the lanes that lead us to scenes strongly contrasting with that wild shore are perplexing, winding with bewildering curves through sheltered valleys and past peaceful farms. Along these byways we pass undirected, trusting to luck to find our way to some friendly signpost for Hartland or Clovelly.

Bucks Mills is a pretty hamlet between Bideford and Clovelly. From the latter we may walk to it at low water along the beach, below cliffs where the bushes and mossy undergrowth hang down within reach of the waves. Or from Bideford the mail-cart will drop us at Bucks Cross, to make our way down the combe, get tea, and return through the woods to Hoops Inn or Fairy Cross, and be picked up in time to reach Bideford for late dinner. Peppercombe, yet nearer Bideford, affords a similar afternoon's excursion, and from here we may walk back into Bideford, varying the road by taking the turning through Abbotsham.

CHAPTER VI

DESCRIBES GREAT TORRINGTON, WITH ST. GILES IN THE WOOD AND FRITHELSTOCK

IT is but ten minutes' run by rail from Bideford to Great Torrington, the terminus of this line. The route is very pretty, along the river-side, the Torridge curving in many bends, as if loath to quit its lovely valley.

At the station we have by no means reached Torrington: a steep ascent must be climbed for nearly a mile; the footpath along the side of the road is to be preferred. Below winds the river, with the road to Taddiport and Little Torrington beside it. Soon we see the former at our feet, a cluster of cottages round a tiny church-tower and a grey bridge. Taddiport in former days was the leper settlement gathered round the church of St. Mary Magdalene. The little strips of fields across the river are the leper meadows, allotted to these outcasts of Taddiport.

Our path brings us into the town at Windy Corner, marked by an oddly shaped modern cross above a well. The old-fashioned market town stands compactly round its church and square, built, as we observe from anywhere above it, not on the top of a hill, but on a lofty platform above the river.

It is a pity the old name, Cheping Torrington (Market Torrington), is not used: it would be reminiscent of Risdon's days, when it was "very populous, flourishing with merchants and men of trade, being the most convenient place for occasions of King or county upon a general meeting in those parts."

Nowadays Torrington is thought to be completely out of the way, and even motorists look askance at its hills.

The origin of the borough is lost in obscurity. Fairs were held as early as 1220, and in 1228 the sheriff of the county was ordered to demolish the castle, then belonging to the Tracies. It was rebuilt in 1340, but gradually fell into decay. When Risdon wrote, only the chapel remained, converted into a school, and this was taken down in 1780.

The old manor-house, now the vicarage, was a residence of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII. She gave it to the incumbents of the parish. Nearly all traces of the moat surrounding it have disappeared.

In the sixteenth century Wolsey, afterwards the great cardinal, was vicar of Torrington. In the days of his greatness Henry VIII gave him the advowson of the living, which Wolsey bestowed upon his new foundation of Christ Church College, Oxford, patron of the living at the present day.

The Parliamentarians of Bideford and Barnstaple attacked Sir John Digby, the Royalist commander, who had his quarters here, in 1643; but they were completely routed, and fled, a disorderly rabble, all over the country, "scarce a man without a cut over the face or head, or some other hurt, that wrought more upon their neighbours towards their conversion [to loyalty] than any sermon."

Two years later the disciplined Roundhead forces under Fairfax and Cromwell himself attacked Lord Hopton's fortifications here, and drove him from the town. On this occasion a number of prisoners were confined in the church, which was also used as a powder-magazine; this was fired, most likely accidentally, blowing up the church, killing two hundred prisoners, and damaging houses in the vicinity.

The church, dedicated to St. Michael, was rebuilt in 1651, John Howe, Cromwell's chaplain, the famous Nonconformist divine, being incumbent till ejected in 1662. We turn with considerable interest to examine a church built during the Commonwealth, though, as a matter of

fact, it was principally the west end that suffered damage.

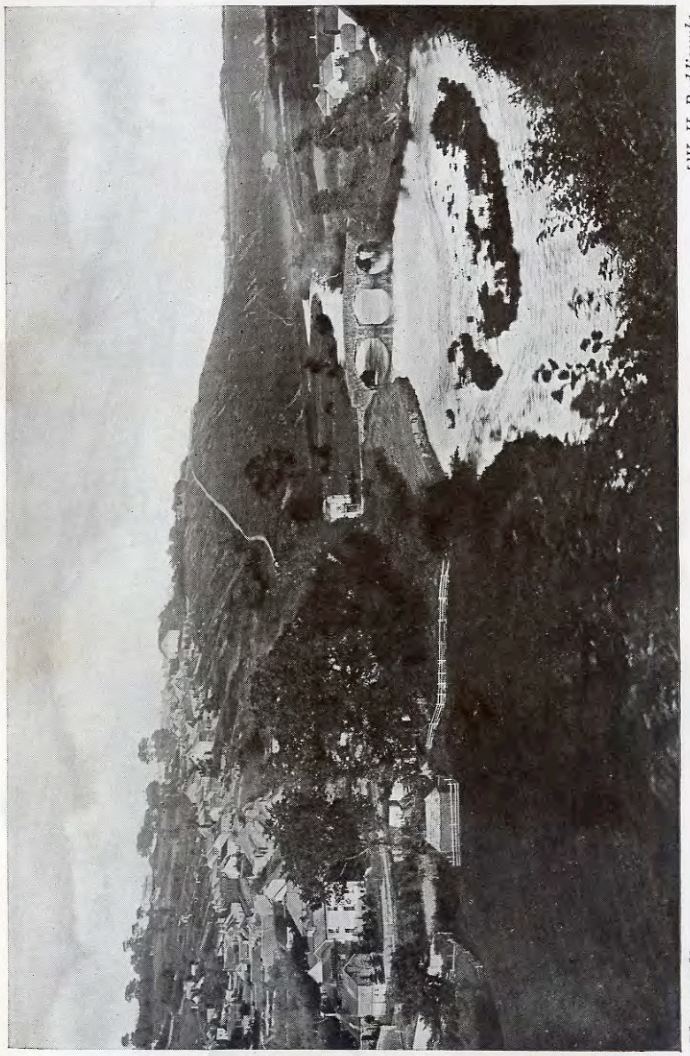
Old Torrington Church had a south tower, which was not pulled down till 1830. The present tower and spire are new. On the exterior of the south transept is a stone inscribed :

"This church was blowen up with powder, Feby ye 16th Ano 1645 and rebuilt Ao 1651."

The exterior of the vestry at the south-east end of the church is richly decorated in Late Perpendicular style. It was a chapel, and possibly Cardinal Wolsey may have shared in founding it. Within, the difference between the east and west parts of the building is strongly marked. The old clustered columns remain eastwards, the image niches that ornamented them hacked away, doubtless by the Puritan builders. The pulpit is good Renaissance work of the eighteenth century ; " Hear God's Word " is carved upon it. Two mural tablets in the north aisle are more interesting than they appear to be ; they commemorate Mrs. Penelope Johnson, who died in 1814, and Mrs. Mary Palmer, 1794. These ladies were sisters of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Mrs. Palmer herself, a lady of considerable talent, was authoress of the *Devonshire Courtship*, a well-known dialogue that has helped greatly to preserve the Devonshire dialect.

Torrington streets can boast of having been trodden by the feet of more famous men than those of many larger towns. Wolsey was here, and John Howe ; in the gabled house opposite the town-hall Cromwell slept ; General Monck, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, was a local man ; Sir Joshua Reynolds used to visit his sisters, and on one occasion brought with him Dr. Samuel Johnson. The neighbourhood was surrounded by the houses of well-known county families : all through the pages of Devonshire history run the names of Risdon of Winscott, Monck of Potheridge, St. Ledger of Annery, while Rolle of Stevenstone has not yet ceased to be a household word.

Castle Hill is the most beautiful part of Torrington ; it stretches behind the market, overlooking the river. The steep slopes are threaded with paths ; former fortifica-



GENERAL VIEW OF TORRINGTON.

[*W. H. Puddicombe, Photograph*]

tions are turned into a peaceful bowling-green. The small obelisk half-way down the hill-side is a Waterloo memorial. Some remains of picturesque embattled walls yet stand, the grassy path in front of them known as the Old Maid's Walk, perhaps because it leads no whither. On the top of the opposite hill is Little Torrington church, and beside the ever-winding Torridge at our feet run roads that appear pleasantly level, but which rush up-hill at their earliest opportunity.

Lovers of Devonshire should make their way to St. Giles in the Wood, three miles from Torrington, where was the home of Tristram Risdon, who wrote the *Survey of Devon* at the end of Elizabeth's reign, a book full of delightful information quaintly worded. Formerly St. Giles was part of Torrington parish, but "in 1309 some of the remotest inhabitants petitioned Walter Stapeldon, bishop of Exeter, that they might found another church, which, with the consent of Sir Richard Merton, Knight, the patron of Chepin Torrington, was by the bishop granted, and the inhabitants purchased a piece of land to build a church which was consecrated in honour of St. Giles the Holy Hermit."

We understand why it was called St. Giles in the Wood as we walk thither through Stevenstone Park, until recently the home of the late Hon. Mark Rolle, a benefactor whose work is evident in the village cottages and the restoration of the church. There is no monument to Tristram Risdon (who deserves a memorial), but several interesting brasses and tablets of the families of Risdon and Rolle.

Frithelstock is a favourite excursion, either by driving from Bideford or from Torrington Station, from which it is distant one mile. On reaching the station we turn to the right and ascend a very steep hill. The priory ruins behind the church are the special attraction, though the remains are very scanty. A three-light Early English lancet window is very fine, and the group of the ivy-clad ruins, with the village church beside it, picturesque. The priory was founded about 1220 by Robert de Bello Campo (Beauchamp), in honour of St. Gregory, for a prior and four regular canons of the

Augustine order. Colonized from Hartland, the abbot of Hartland had a right of vote in selecting the prior, and Frithelstock had the same privilege when an abbot was selected for Hartland. At the Dissolution the property was granted to Viscount Lisle, but soon passed into other hands.

The church, dedicated to Our Lady and St. Gregory, has a good stoup in the porch and a small Norman font ; fine image niches remain on the pillars. On the north wall are the royal arms of Charles II, dated 1667, done in plaster relief, a feature frequently to be seen in North Cornish churches, but less common in Devon. This example, with its Renaissance decoration, is particularly good.

Those who do not mind a long walk will find the five miles through the Torridge valley to Bideford a most beautiful road, gently descending the hill by woodland and river.

CHAPTER VII

TELLS OF INSTOW AND THE PARISHES EAST THE WATER, BUT DEALS MAINLY WITH LUNDY ISLAND

IT is impossible in a small volume to do justice to a neighbourhood so full of interest as that of Bideford, and we must apologize to the country East the Water for the brevity of this chapter. The beautiful views that greet us from every hill-top, though adding much to the pleasures of our rambles, do but repeat from various points scenes now familiar.

The walk to Horwood, three miles, where there is an interesting little church, affords one of the finest points of scenery in the neighbourhood.

Among the parishes between Bideford and Barnstaple Junction, Westleigh deserves special notice. The churchyard is entered through a gate-house, one of the few now remaining in Devon: these were frequently the old church-houses of the parishes. The large yew-tree in the churchyard inspired Capern with one of the most striking of his poems, and the quaint wrought-iron handle of the west door is worth observing.

The view from the top of Instow Churchyard is famous, even in this land of beautiful views. From no place does Appledore look more picturesque than when seen from this height, with the river in full tide between the shores.

Instow Church displays features of successive buildings —a square Norman font of the twelfth century, a north aisle, and two pillars on which are inscribed :

"The year of our Lord MDXLVII Richard Waterman and Emma his wife"—

denoting an enlargement, the work of a local merchant of the sixteenth century: a period when they did so much for their parish churches.

In the chancel a tablet commemorates Humphry Sibthorpe, M.D., who died 1797, and was Sherardian professor of botany at Oxford. He was a friend of Linnæus, who named the genus *Sibthorpia* after him. It is represented in England by the rare *Sibthorpia Europea*, Cornish moneywort, which grows at Newbridge on the Dart, at Lustleigh Cleave, and a few other similar places in Devon and Cornwall. Dr. Sibthorpe doubtless found it, and sent it to the great botanist, who named it after his friend. Kingsley speaks of it when he tells us of the flowers that came from St. Brandan's Fairy Isle in the western ocean—"strange flowers that still linger about this land—the Cornish heath, the Cornish Moneywort . . . and the little pink Butterwort of Devon."* This last (*Pinguicula lusitanica*) may be found on the marshes near Clovelly Dykes.

Instow and Appledore are connected by a regular ferry, and a favourite excursion is to cross by boat, take the river-path to Bideford (page 32), and return by train. Instow is surrounded by pretty inland walks, while its boating facilities and central position make it popular with those who wish to avail themselves of excursions both from Bideford and Barnstaple.

At Fremington are the clay-beds supplying most of the clay for the Barnstaple potteries. A local pottery in the place turns out effective art ware, though it has not acquired the celebrity of the Barum Pottery.

Wherever we have strayed, Lundy Island has been a prominent feature in the picture. Some venturous spirits may wish to find their way thither. In summer there are frequent steamer excursions from Ilfracombe, but the regular communication with Lundy is from Instow, a skiff leaving with mails twice a week. The distance is twenty-three miles, a day trip; but circumstances sometimes keep the boat out all night, and one intrepid Bideford lady, with large

Lundy.

* *Water Babies.* Chapter V.

experience of Lundy, has made the return journey lashed to the mast!

The island is a granite rock three and a half miles long—a bit of Dartmoor rising out of the sea, it is said, local folklore declaring that what Dartmoor feels, Lundy feels: fog on the Moor means fog at Lundy, be the land between never so clear, and when rain falls on the one it rains on the other also.

The heroes (or villains) of Lundy are the Moriscoes, its pirate-lords, first heard of in the twelfth century. In 1199 King John gave the island to the Knights Templars, on account of the rebellion of William de Morisco. But the Moriscoes were in possession, and the Templars could not turn them out; they were glad to receive money compensation from the king, and in 1217 De Morisco had a fresh grant of the island. A snug nest of pirates was Lundy from the thirteenth century onwards, piracy degenerating into smuggling in the march of civilization. Those who wish to read its history in full must avail themselves of the excellent monograph on Lundy Island by Mr. J. R. Chanter.*

Before the Reformation Lundy had its church, dedicated to St. Helena, attached to the abbeys of Hartland on the mainland and Cleeve, in Somerset. After the Dissolution it became a total ruin, traces of its site only remaining in the nineteenth century. In 1889 Mr. Heaven, owner of the island, determined to build a new church there, which was consecrated by Bishop Bickersteth. His visit to Lundy was the first episcopal visit to the island since the Reformation. The old dedication of St. Helena was revived, and the Rev. H. G. Heaven became priest as well as monarch of his granite realm, sometimes jestingly alluded to as the Kingdom of Heaven. It has been owned by this family since 1836. Lighthouses stand at both ends of the island, the old lighthouse on the top being now disused. Near this are the remains of Marisco Castle, and farther on we look down upon the terrific chasm of the Devil's

* A copy of this scarce book, now out of print, is in the Bideford Public Library.

Lime-Kiln, "the mouth of which, as old wives say, was once closed by the Shutter Rock itself, till the fiend in malice hurled it into the sea, to be the pest of mariners." There it rears itself two hundred feet, reaching forward with its sharp fang; and as we look at it we now think not only of the romance of the Spanish galleon, but of the loss of H.M.S. *Monlagu*, still fresh in all memories.

To learn Lundy we must seek the north end of the island, and have more experience than a day's trip can give us. To the ornithologist Lundy is of special interest, and the north part of it is the birds' realm. It has been celebrated for its birds for centuries; accounts of them are given in the mediæval returns for the island. Gannets and wild ducks had a fixed price; other birds were recorded as "not edible." In 1264 "An eyrie of butchers falcons, that have three young ones, sometimes four," was reckoned among its valuables.

Even the casual visitor cannot fail to note the birds, that wheel and scream and whirl overhead, or rest in chattering rows on every rocky ledge. The wild headlands, the inaccessible cliff-faces, are their home. Men come and go, history or governments deal with Lundy as they please; these are the owners, the monarchs of Lundy—and fitly so, for to enjoy the full freedom of Lundy, it would be necessary to have the wings of a bird.

At Lundy we reach the last scene in this land of *Westward Ho!* As we have rambled from place to place the book has been ever with us. We have seen the names of its characters, their monuments in the village churches, till the tale seems no fiction, but some true story from a chronicle of old time. Other stories have been written of the locality; *Westward Ho!* remains pre-eminent. Would you learn why? Bring it, and come to Bideford.

CHAPTER VIII

TO BARNSTAPLE, BRAUNTON, ILFRACOMBE AND LYNTON

A GOOD train service affords to Bideford visitors plenty of opportunities of spending a day at Ilfracombe or Lynton, via Barnstaple,* a busy prosperous town, seen at its best on Friday market-days, when it is all stir and bustle. The leaning leaden spire of the parish church, erected about 1389, has been considered one of the finest broached leaden spires in Europe. Inside the church there are many quaint monuments to the mayors and merchants of Barnstaple of the sixteenth century. It is also worth while to turn down Litchdon Street (on the eastern side from the Albert clock tower) to see the beautiful building of Penrose's Almshouses, founded by John Penrose in 1627; Queen Anne's Walk, just beyond the town station, is a quaint colonnade of Renaissance style, known in the seventeenth century as the Merchants' Walk or Exchange.

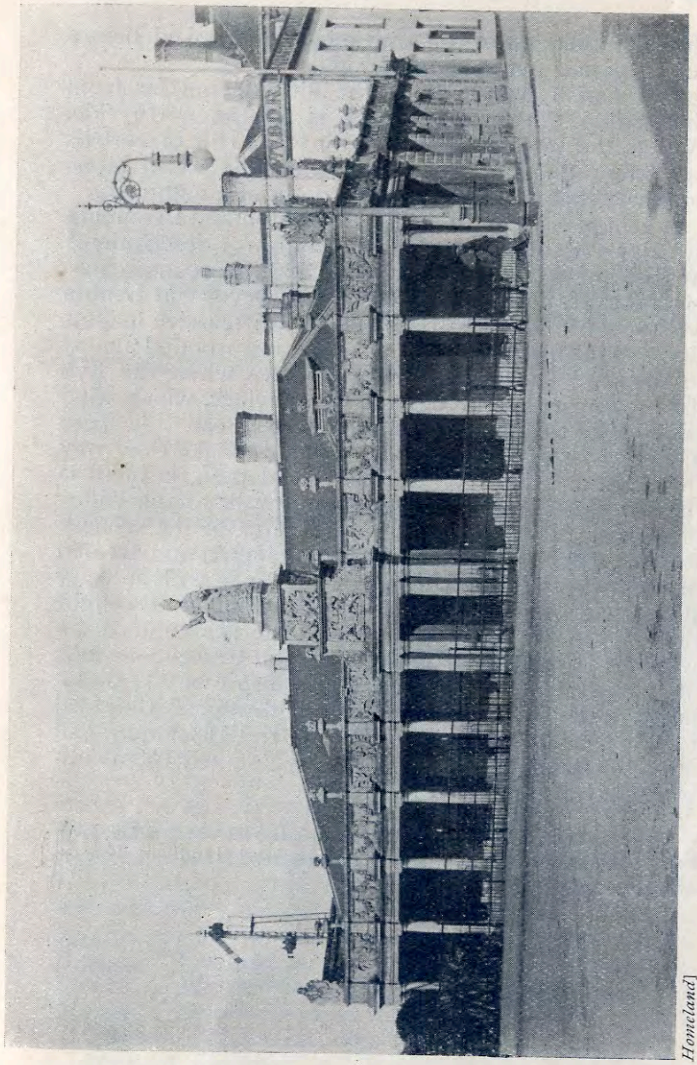
Braunton Burrows would be most pleasantly reached from Bideford by taking a boat at Instow, and putting across the estuary. The walk across these rugged sand-dunes will give a good impression of the formation of this broad estuary, where the sea drives the stones of the pebble ridge to the south, and builds the sand-dunes to the north. A little chapel dedicated to St. Anne used to stand out far from the lighthouse, but it has entirely disappeared. The new and popular Saunton (St. Anne's

* For full particulars of this district, see *Barnstaple and the Beauties of North Devon*, No. 77 of the Homeland Handbooks. 1s. cloth; 6d. paper.

town) retains the old name. Braunton Church is extremely interesting, with a south tower surmounted by a spire. It is dedicated to St. Brannock, a Welsh missionary saint who settled in the locality about 550; his figure, with his cow, will be found on one of the bench-ends; these ancient carved seats of the fifteenth century are retained throughout the church. This has the broadest roof span of any village church in the county, entirely unsupported by pillars. The Jacobean pulpit is dated 1636. Just inside the south door (*which is always open*) is a brass now placed upon the wall, representing Lady Elizabeth Bowcer (Bourchier), daughter of the Earl of Bath, 1548, especially interesting as having at the back the head and shoulders of a knight in the armour of the early thirteenth century, showing that the later monument was cut from an old brass. A full account of Braunton Church has been recently published by the Rev. T. F. Chanter. A long afternoon might be spent at Braunton and the Burrows, returning to Bideford via Barnstaple by train.

The many beautiful excursions round Ilfracombe make it worth while to stay some days there. Those whose curiosity will be satisfied by only seeing the pretty watering-place may easily spend the day there by leaving Bideford fairly early, and changing into the Ilfracombe train at Barnstaple Junction. Ilfracombe is the only place on the north Devon coast that can be correctly termed "a watering-place," with its bright shops, the promenade laid out by the sea, its bathing facilities, and band. Ilfracombe must also be the hilliest watering-place in England, for the side-streets are like precipices.

The appearance of the locality is striking and unusual; for the cliffs are broken into jagged headlands, particularly notable on the Tors Walks. Capstone Hill, surmounted by a zigzag path, affords a grand view of the coast of North Devon and the borders of Exmoor, with Great and Little Hangman Hills rising above the sea. Opposite is the soft line of the Welsh shore, and at our feet Lantern Hill, with the ancient chapel of St. Nicholas on the top of it, built in former days that the



Homeland] [*Copyright.*

QUEEN ANNE'S WALK, BARNSTAPLE.

A quaint Renaissance colonnade, formerly known as the Merchants' Walk or Exchange.

special protection of the saint might be invoked before vessels passed out of sight of land.

The parish church is on the hill-side not far from the station, its massive tower is on the north side. Within, the most striking feature is the row of corbels upholding the roof—a row of the most weird stone creatures that ever were imagined out of a nightmare.

It is impossible to do justice to Lynton and Lynmouth in a day's excursion, or a few brief lines of description.* At Ilfracombe we begin to realize that we are approaching a locality unlike any other part of Devon—at Lynton we know it. Exmoor rises before us : massive heights that roll back from the sea, not bare, but wooded almost to the top ; and cut into deep combes where the Lyn dashes over rocks through the long ravines, which wind back under these lofty hills. Those who can only spare a short time to visit the locality should make their way from Lynmouth to Watersmeet ; and then, if there is time to spare, return to Lynton and walk to the Valley of Rocks. Thus the two finest features of the scenery will have been visited, and a slight impression formed of the majesty of the whole. A day, even with an early start, gives very little time for sightseeing, as the light railway can but wind slowly over the great curves by which it is so skilfully brought up the tremendous hills of this wild region : a locality that also owes its popularity to the pen ; for as Kingsley introduced Bideford to fame through *Westward Ho!*, so did Blackmore call attention to the surroundings of Lynton and Lynmouth when he gave us *Lorna Doone*.

* For full particulars of this beautiful district, see *Lynton, Lynmouth and the Lorna Doone Country*, Homeland Handbook No. 37. 1s. cloth , 6d. paper.

CHAPTER IX

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE FISHING TO BE OBTAINED IN AND AROUND BIDEFORD

THROUGH the enterprise of the Town Council the reservoirs of Bideford have been from time to time stocked with trout, and at the present time hold a considerable quantity of fish, and tickets may be obtained from the Town Clerk at 2s. 6d. a day or £1 1s. for the season. The reservoirs themselves are exceedingly prettily situated, and, apart from the sport to be obtained, a very pleasant day can be spent by the water, and the views of Bideford and the neighbourhood, as seen from the reservoir, are exceedingly beautiful. The rules which the Town Council have made with regard to their fishing are exceptionally simple, and are merely that all fish under 9 inches must be returned to the water ; fishing to be confined to the hours of from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. ; no dogs to be allowed to accompany fishermen under any circumstances ; and the fly only to be used in the top reservoir, and fly-fishing and spinning only to be allowed in the lower reservoir. The two best baskets of which the writer has recently heard are one of fifteen fish weighing 17 lb., and one of nine averaging about 1 lb. per fish. The best flies in use, according to local experience, seem to be those in general use on the trout streams in the neighbourhood, though a few fish have been secured with lake flies. Messrs. Squire & Son of High Street are sole agents for Messrs. Hardy Bros., and through them every conceivable form of tackle can be obtained.

Most of the river and stream fishing in and round

Bideford is in the hands of private owners, but there is some fishing to be obtained by ticket at Torrington. There is not the slightest need for anyone who is fond of fishing to think that he will not get sport on this account by coming to Bideford, because, when the fish are taking, a very good basket can be secured in the reservoirs.

Good sea fishing can be obtained at Appledore, which is situated within about two and a half to three miles of Bideford, and bass in plenty are to be caught in the Torridge, which affords very good sport, especially with the white fly.

Photograph] [*W. H. Puddicombe.*

THE QUAY AT BIDEFORD.

Items of Interest for Motorists.

BIDEFORD is 220 miles from London. The best road from Exeter is that which leads through Crediton, Winkleigh, and Torrington, and along the beautiful valley of the Torridge. The road is of a first-class nature, and, though undulating, includes no steep hills.

LOCAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB.—The Devon and Cornwall Automobile Club. Hon. Sec.: A. G. Nias, Yealmpton, Plymouth.

MOTOR UNION LOCAL CORRESPONDENT.—A. G. Nias, Yealmpton, Plymouth.

MOTOR UNION LOCAL SOLICITOR.—A. F. Seldon, Bridge Chambers, Barnstaple.

GARAGE AND HOTEL ACCOMMODATION—
Tanton's Hotel, Bideford.
Royal Hotel, Bideford.
New Inn Hotel, Bideford.
Grand Hotel, Appledore.
Marine Hotel, Instow.
Instow Private Hotel.
Emery and Cox, Bideford Motor Works and Garage.
W. H. Elliott, Bridgland Street, Bideford.

REPAIRS AND PETROL—
W. H. Elliott.
Emery and Cox.

The roads around Bideford are good, with few bad hills.

Local Notanda.

Notes for Intending Residents.

Rates.—Local rates for the year, 8s. in the £.
Rents.—From £20 to £200.
Gas.—3s. per 1,000 feet.
Population.—9,500 (estimated). *Death Rate.*—11·5 per 1,000.
Subsoil.—Light, sandy.
Public Schools.—Grammar School (Boys); Edgehill College (Girls).
Private Schools of all kinds, including Ursuline Convent School.
Local Authority.—Bideford Town Council. *Town Clerk.*—W. B. Seldon.
Early Closing Day.—Wednesday. *Market Day.*—Tuesday.
Public Library.—Carnegie Free Library.

Notes for Visitors.

Railway Communication.—Bideford is served by the London and South-Western Railway, the route being via Exeter and Barnstaple Junction. The through trains have breakfast, luncheon, and dinner cars, and the journey from Waterloo is accomplished by the best train of the day in $4\frac{3}{4}$ hours. The route traversed is of exceptional beauty.

Places of Worship.—Parish Church of St. Mary; Chapel of Ease, St. Peter; Roman Catholic Church; Nonconformist Churches of all Denominations.

Newspapers (Local).—Bideford Gazette, Western Express.

Sport and Recreation.—Cricket, Football, Fishing (see page 63), Shooting; Hunting with Staghounds, Foxhounds, Harriers, Beagles, and Otterhounds.

Golf.—Bideford is favourably situated for golf, the course of the Royal North Devon Club being available. From Bideford the Golf Pavilion is distant three miles, but it can be reached by the Bideford and Appledore Light Railway or by motor bus, the station at Northam being close to the links and club-house. The course is one of eighteen holes, extending over the burns, sand-dunes and splendid pasture-land of Northam Burrows. It was the first seaside course opened in England in 1867, and is one of the best known and varied in the country, with the local water-supply laid on to each green. Visitors properly introduced are allowed to play. Fees: 2s. 6d. per day, 10s. per week. These charges are doubled during the tournament weeks. Major J. Newton King, secretary. There is also a nine-hole ladies' course, Westward Ho! and North Devon Ladies' Golf Club, annexed to the Royal North Devon, the terms for visitors being 1s. per day, 5s. per week, 20s. per month. The links have been recently made available as a test-course, with the most improved and scientific hazards up to date. They are frequently used by Mr. J. H. Taylor, the champion golfer, who is a native of Northam, and acted when a boy as a caddie there for many years. Many tournaments have been played by professionals, and Mr. Taylor has expressed his opinion that these links are the best and most sporting in England.

Notes by the Reader.

The Editor of the "Homeland Handbooks" would be glad of any notes that would tend to make this Handbook more useful or correct.

Address—

ARTHUR HENRY ANDERSON,
Chandos Chambers, 15 Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

Notes by the Reader (*continued*).

Notes by the Reader (*continued*).

Hints from the Selborne Society.

THE Selborne Society would put forward a very urgent plea for preserving the beauties of Nature. Want of thought on the part of a few deprives many of enjoyment. Everyone can bring some influence to bear upon the matter, and a few suggestions are here offered.

WILD PLANTS should never be rooted up or gathered in great quantities, and never picked simply to be thrown away.

WILD BIRDS should not be disturbed in the breeding season.

BUTTERFLIES and other pretty insects should not be collected indiscriminately. RARE SPECIES should in all cases be specially respected and protected. There are plenty of interesting creatures to be studied without killing those that give pleasure to everyone.

WASTE PAPER, Broken Glass and the Rubbish from picnics should never be left about.

The writing and cutting of names on trees and buildings is a foolish practice which causes needless disfigurement.

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