A

Guide

KINGSLEY'S COUNTRY

To

Bideford

and District.

PRICE—with MAPS—SIXPENCE.

Third Edition.

Kingsley's Country.

Bideford:
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1896.

PREFACE.

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, and people who read it felt a keen desire to visit the home of the "men of Bideford in Devon," who passed through such wondrous adventures, and the country which the author so vividly described. In a word, Bideford and District as a tourist resort was discovered, and visitors and residents alike benefited by the discovery. The number of visitors increases every year; and believing that a handy sized book, dealing especially with the district, would be acceptable, we undertook the task of issuing one. This, the *third* edition, will be found to contain new illustrations, and information revised to date.

We call it "Kingsley's Country" as a grateful acknowledgment to the memory of the man who first drew the attention of the pleasuring public to the district.

W. CROSBIE COLES.
JAMES G. OWEN.

"GAZETTE" OFFICE,
BIDEFORD, *June, 1896.*

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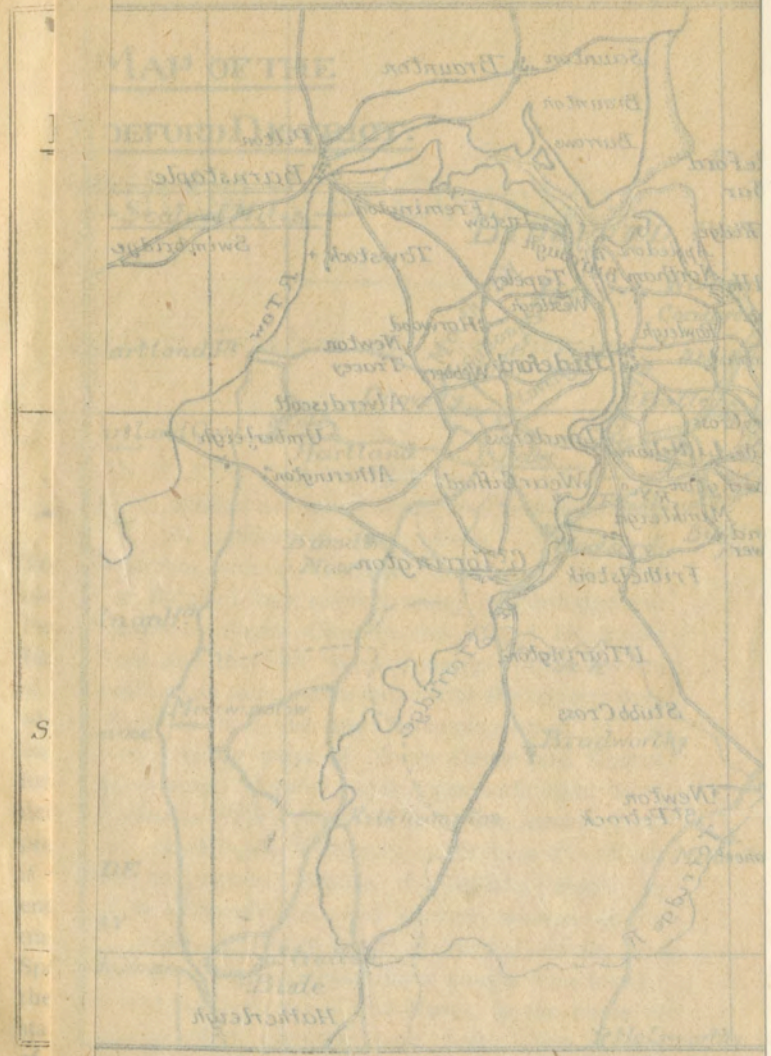

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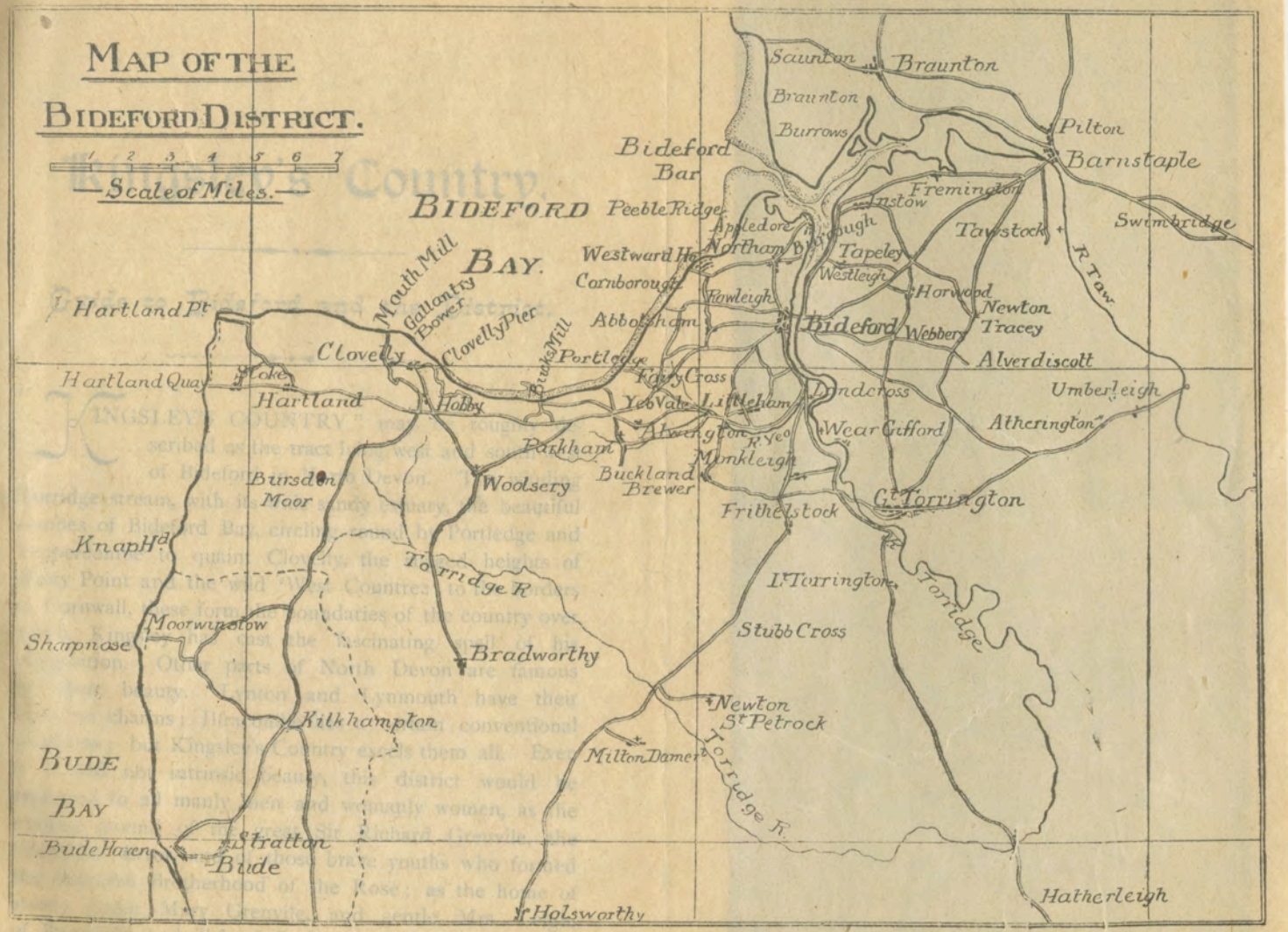
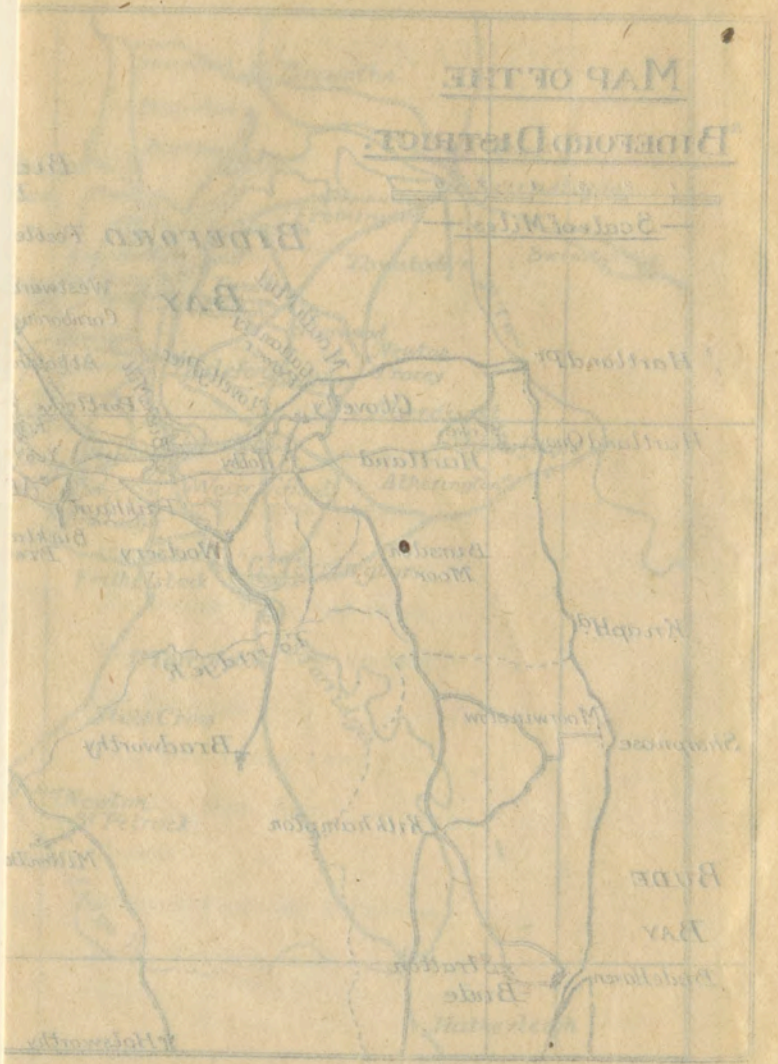




Kingsley's Country.

Guide to Bideford and the District.

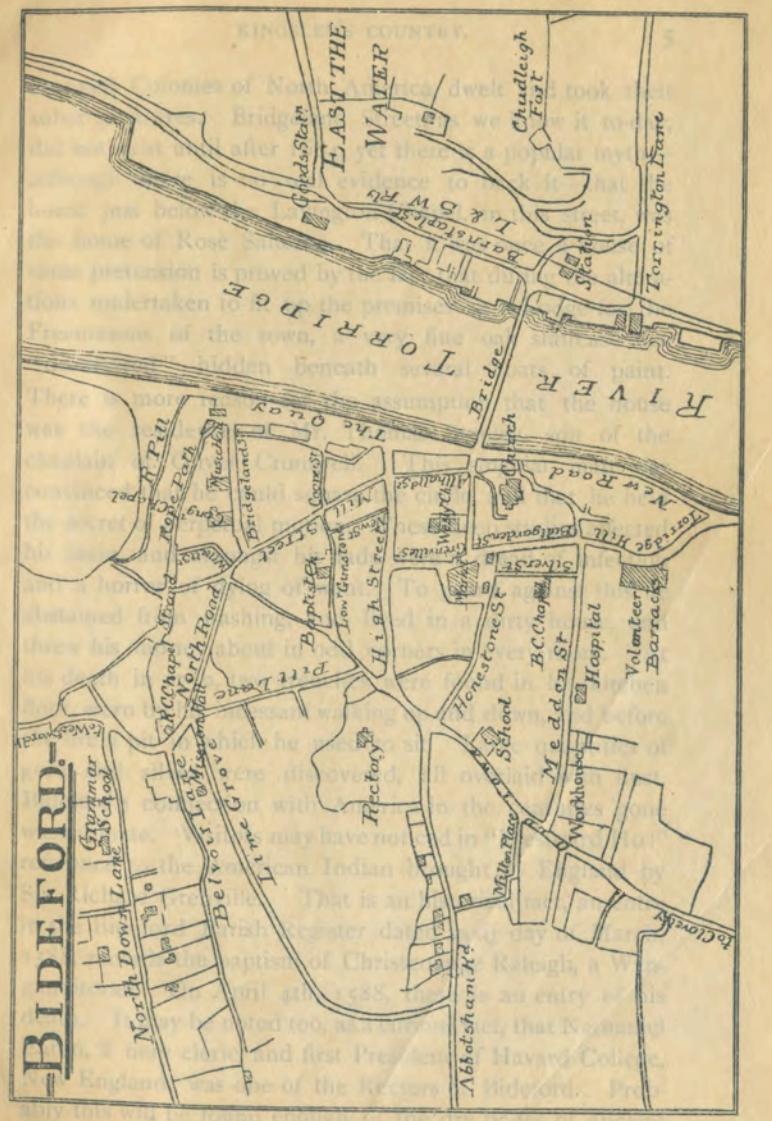
"KINGSLEY'S COUNTRY" may be roughly described as the tract lying west and south-west of Bideford in North Devon. The winding Torridge stream, with its wide sandy estuary, the beautiful combes of Bideford Bay, circling round by Portledge and Peppercombe to quaint Clovelly, the rugged heights of Harty Point and the wild 'West Countree' to the borders of Cornwall, these form the boundaries of the country over which Kingsley has cast the fascinating spell of his imagination. Other parts of North Devon are famous for their beauty. Lynton and Lynmouth have their delicious charms; Ilfracombe has a certain conventional prettiness; but Kingsley's Country excels them all. Even if it had not intrinsic beauty, this district would be endeared to all manly men and womanly women, as the training ground of the great Sir Richard Grenvile, the Spaniards' terror, and of those brave youths who formed the immortal Brotherhood of the Rose; as the home of stately Ladie Mary Grenvile, and gentle Mrs. Leigh, of Burrough, and ill-fated Rose Salterne.

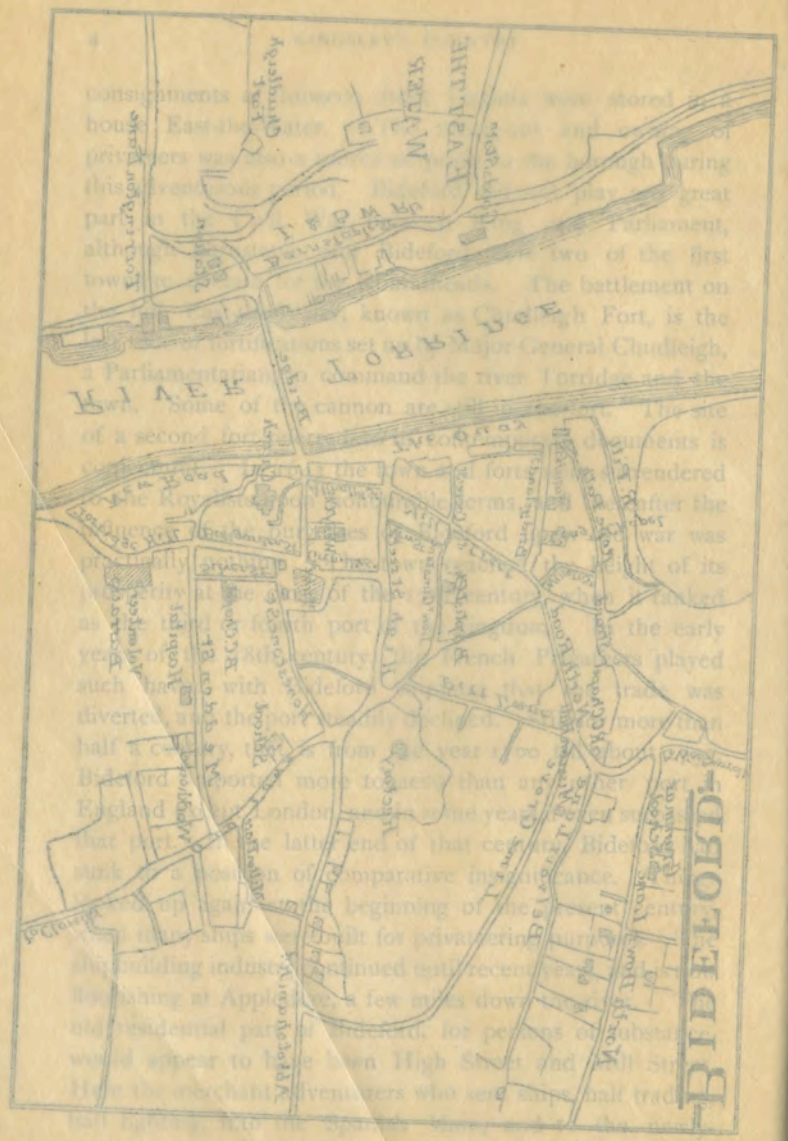
Old Bideford.

BIDEFORD, a growing town of over 8,000 inhabitants, is naturally the centre of Kingsley's Country, for it is to-day, as it was three centuries ago, the market town for the district, and the port of the entire West Country. That Bideford is a very ancient town is beyond doubt. It is so old, indeed, that its origin is lost in the mists of tradition. The name Bideford, a contraction of By-de-Ford, is, of course, derived from its position by the ford across the Torridge, which has, from earliest times, been much frequented by travellers between Cornwall and Somerset and the North. In the winter time especially, when the river is liable to sudden flooding, people must often have been delayed at the crossing for days together, and thus it is more than probable that in the early centuries this "little white town on the hill," which, by-the-by, didn't extend very far up the hill then, entertained many strangers. It sometimes entertained very unwelcome strangers, the marauding Danes to wit, who paid several foraging visits to the Torridge estuary in the tenth century. By the days of King John, Bideford had grown sufficiently to require a market, and a charter was granted to Sir Richard Granvill, a forbear of the great Sir Richard, to hold a Market and Fair at Lady-day and Michaelmas. The fairs are now merely dates in the local calendar, their decay being brought about by the frequent cattle sales which have come into fashion of late years. The town played no striking part in national history until the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when it blossomed in splendour, mainly through the enterprise and interest of Sir Richard Grenvile, Kt., Vice-Admiral of England. He is one of the two heroes of whom Bideford

boasts. The other was John Strange, merchant and mayor, who died in 1646, and of whom more will be said hereafter. Sir Richard Grenvile obtained a charter of incorporation for Bideford in 1574, John Salterne being the first mayor. Amongst other things the charter permits a Pied Poudré Court. This "dusty foot" Court of Justice sat during the Fair days, to settle any disputes which might arise between merchants and others attending the Fair, whilst the dust was on their feet, *i.e.*, instanter. The court has long been obsolete, but it may be of interest to mention here tha Bideford still maintains its Court of Record. The seal of the new corporation, which was struck in 1577, bore the legend: "SIGILLUM COMMUNE DE BEDIFORDE, 1577." There had previously been an official seal, which was also circular, and 2½ inches in diameter. The device in that case was a bridge of four arches, a building with the bell turret on the dexter side representing the old tollhouse, and a chapel with spire on the sinister. Upon a Maltese cross in the centre, raised on a shaft, was a representation of the Virgin and Child. The ground was filled in with sprigs. The legend was: "SIGILLUM VILLÆ DE BY-DE-FORD IN COM. DEVON." The seal carved in stone was built into one of the walls of the old Free School, and is now preserved in the new Bridge Buildings. Visitors may see it built into the walls up the staircase. During the latter part of the reign of good Queen Bess, and in the early years of the Stuart period, the borough increased in wealth and importance, and was granted a more favourable charter in 1610. There was a large shipping trade with the Americas, with Holland, France and Spain, and a tradition still lingers that the first large

consignments of tobacco from Virginia were stored in a house East-the-Water. The fitting-out and owning of privateers was also a source of profit to the borough during this adventurous period. Bideford did not play any great part in the Civil War between King and Parliament, although Barnstaple and Bideford were two of the first towns to declare for the Roundheads. The battlement on the hill, East-the-Water, known as Chudleigh Fort, is the last relic of fortifications set up by Major-General Chudleigh, a Parliamentarian, to command the river Torridge and the town. Some of the cannon are still in the fort. The site of a second fort referred to in contemporary documents is conjectural. In 1643 the town and forts were surrendered to the Royalists upon honourable terms, and thereafter the influence of the burgesses of Bideford upon the war was practically nothing. The town reached the height of its prosperity at the close of the 17th century, when it ranked as the third or fourth port of the kingdom. In the early years of the 18th century, the French Privateers played such havoc with Bideford shipping that the trade was diverted, and the port steadily declined. Still for more than half a century, that is from the year 1700 till about 1755, Bideford imported more tobacco than any other port in England except London, and in some years it even surpassed that port. In the latter end of that century, Bideford had sunk to a position of comparative insignificance. Things looked up again at the beginning of the present century, when many ships were built for privateering purposes. The shipbuilding industry continued until recent years, and is now flourishing at Appledore, a few miles down the river. The old residential part of Bideford, for persons of substance, would appear to have been High Street and Mill Street. Here the merchant adventurers who sent ships, half trading, half fighting, into the Spanish Main, and to the newly-

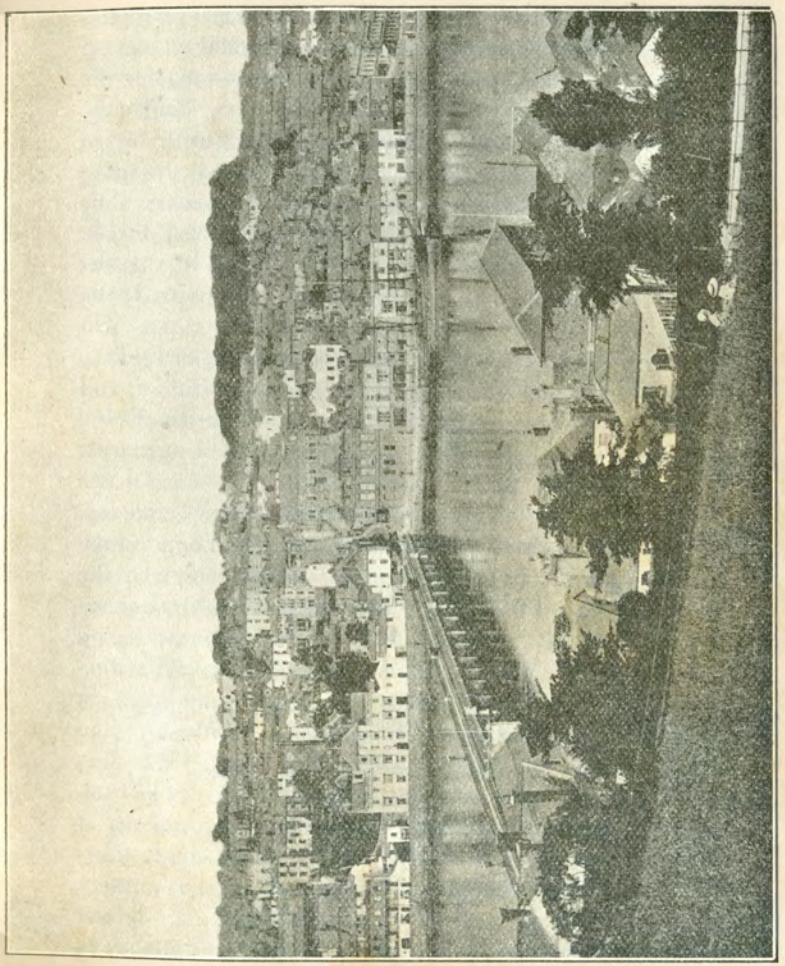




founded Colonies of North America, dwelt and took their sober pleasures. Bridgeland Street, as we know it to-day, did not exist until after 1684, yet there is a popular myth—although there is no real evidence to back it—that the house just below the Lavington Chapel, in this street, was the home of Rose Salterne. That it was once a house of some pretension is proved by the fact that during the alterations undertaken to fit up the premises as a Lodge for the Freemasons of the town, a very fine oak staircase was "discovered" hidden beneath several coats of paint. There is more reason for the assumption that the house was the residence of Mr. Thomas Stucley, son of the chaplain of Oliver Cromwell. This singular man was convinced that he could square the circle, and that he held the secret of perpetual motion. These deep studies affected his brain, and amongst his fads were a dread of infection and a horror of dying of want. To guard against this he abstained from washing, and lived in a dirty house, and threw his money about in odd corners in every room. At his death in 1730, two trenches were found in his kitchen floor, worn by his incessant walking up and down, and before the fire a pit in which he used to sit. Large quantities of gold and silver were discovered, all overlaid with dust. Bideford's connection with America in the centuries gone was intimate. Visitors may have noticed in "Westward Ho!" reference to the American Indian brought to England by Sir Richard Grenville. That is an historical fact, an entry in the Bideford Parish Register dated xxvij day of March, 1588, records the baptism of Christenynge Raleigh, a Wynganditoran. On April 4th, 1588, there is an entry of his death. It may be noted too, as a curious fact, that Nathaniel Eaton, a fiery cleric, and first President of Havard College, New England, was one of the Rectors of Bideford. Probably this will be found enough of the dry bones of ancient history.

Bideford of To-day.

THE renaissance of Bideford is principally attributable to two things: the publication of Kingsley's romance, "Westward Ho!" in 1855, and the extension of the London and South Western Railway from Barnstaple in 1856. There are other subsidiary causes for the revival of prosperity, and these will be mentioned later. It must also be admitted that the local authorities of the town have been very fully alive to to the turn of "the tide which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." No town in the West of England has grown so rapidly, and few have been so radically improved as Bideford. In the year 1871, a thorough system of sewagé was carried out at a cost of £4,000. This has proved entirely satisfactory, and in conjunction with the magnificent water supply, makes Bideford one of the healthiest towns in the country. The waterworks of the town belong to the Corporation. The first reservoir, having a capacity of 14,459,344 gallons, was constructed at Gammaton, East-the-Water, in 1872, and in 1893-4 a second reservoir was made at the head of the first, having a capacity of 10,597,237 gallons. Thus Bideford, a town of 8,000 inhabitants, has a storage of 25,056,581 gallons of water, and can face the longest drought with equanimity. The water mains, by-the-bye, are brought over the bridge. That Bideford is healthy is proved by medical statistics. The rates are low, and will become much lower a few years hence, when the town clears off some of its debt, and feels the benefit of water receipts. There are several good Schools and Colleges in the town and immediate neighbourhood; living is cheap and house-rent reasonable; there are



BIDEFORD AND THE BRIDGE.

lovely walks and drives, and above all, it is within easy reach of the business world. All these material advantages, plus the romantic interest, have drawn a number of people to Bideford, who have taken up their residences outside the borough boundaries, at Orchard Hill, Northam, Buckleigh, and what is now known as Westward Ho ! This influx of population, moneyed population, has tended to make Bideford the best business town in North Devon. The main business streets are High Street and Mill Street. High Street is a broad highway at right angles with the river. In it many of the more important shops are to be found, and it is no flattery to the tradesmen to say that they have the best stocks in any class of goods, this side of Exeter, at any rate. Mill Street is older and narrower, and yet, being part of the road to Northam and Westward Ho ! it is the most frequented for vehicular traffic of any street in the town. In some places it is quite impossible for two carts to pass each other. This is gradually being improved, however, as the Town Council have means and opportunity to buy land for widening purposes. Grenville Street, the Market Place, Buttgarden Street, Meddon—(pronounced Maiden)—Street, and Allhalland Street, are also good business parts. The two former, indeed, have taken foremost positions through the enterprise of tradesmen in rebuilding and enlarging their premises. Thirty years ago several shops stood vacant in the High Street. Now it is difficult to secure one in any of the streets just named. This surely is eloquent testimony to the new prosperity of the town and neighbourhood. Within the last ten years there has been a significant development on the northern side of the borough, where what is known as the Belvoir Estate has been laid out and built upon. Villas of a better class have been erected in the North Down Road, and in the Abbotsham Road, and at Westcroft. These

being in an exceedingly desirable situation, on high ground, naturally command good rents. A Villa Company has been formed to supply the demand for better class houses at moderate rental.

Chief amongst the subsidiary causes for the new lease of life now being enjoyed by Bideford, ranks the Collar and Cuff Making Industry. There are three factories now established in the town. The first to be mentioned is that owned by Messrs. Vincent and Duncan, known as the Westcombe Factory. It was started in the year 1871, and has continually grown since then. At present no fewer than 600 women and men are engaged there. Then there is the Collar Factory situate in New Street, owned by Messrs. Frederick Cooper and Co., a London firm, which was established in 1886, and finds employment for about 350 persons ; and thirdly the Factory just out of the town, on the Northam Road (owned by Messrs. McBride and Orr, London), which, established later, gives work to fewer persons. The wages earned by all these people, and spent by them amongst the traders of the town, are no inconsiderable item in the making of Bideford. Other industries include a tannery, owned by Mr. James Prouse ; and potteries, worked by Messrs. Redcliffe and Backway. The river bank is lined with wharves, at which manures and other agricultural necessaries, and builders' materials, are discharged in considerable quantities. There is also a fair amount of traffic at the Corporation Quay, on the western side of the river. The vessels, however, run small. They are almost without exception engaged in coasting trade. Schemes from which much is hoped are the Bideford, Westword Ho ! and Appledore Railway, which will shortly be a fact, and the less forward Bideford, Torrington and Okehampton Railway scheme.

A little general information as to what is to be seen, and the best way to see it may now be acceptable.

The most striking object visitors arriving by railway see when they round the last bend of the line before running into the station, is

The Long Bridge.

This long bridge has a history quite as long as itself, and as deeply interesting. It has twenty-five arches and a length of 677 feet. The exact year in which it was built is problematical, but tradition fixes it between 1330 and 1350, so that it is at least five hundred years old. There is reason to believe it is even more ancient. The history of the bridge is best told, perhaps, by Price, the writer of "Worthies of Devon." In precise, old-world style, he writes:—

"The famous bridge of Bytheford for length and number of arches equalleth, if not excelleth, any other in England. A very stately piece, and remarkable in many respects; to name a few:

"First,—It standeth out of and far from any public road, in a corner of the county, and so intended chiefly for the conveniency of that town.

"Secondly,—It is very long, consisting of twenty-four piers; and yet one William Alford, of that place (another Milo), carried on his back, for a wager, four bushels, salt water measure, all the length thereof.

"Fourthly,—The foundation is very firmly fixed (although, as tradition saith, laid upon wool); and yet it doth, or at least it seems to, shake at the slightest step of an horse.

"At first the town of Bytheford had no other passage usually over the river there but by boat; the breadth and roughness whereof upon times was such as did often put people in jeopardy of their lives; and some were drowned, to the great grief of the inhabitants. To prevent which great inconveniences some did divers times and in sundry places begin to build a bridge; but no firm foundation, after often proof, being to be found, their attempt in that kind came to no effect. At this time Sir Richard Gornard, or Gurney, was parish priest of the place, who, as the story of that town hath it, was admonished by a vision in his sleep to set on the foundation of a bridge near a rock which he should find rolled from the higher grounds upon the strand. This, at first he esteemed but as a dream, yet, to second the same with some act, in the morning he went to see the place, and found a huge rock there fixed, whose greatness argued its being in that place to be only the work of God, which not only bred admiration, but incited him to set forwards so charitable a work.

"Upon this encouragement he eftsoons, with Sir Theobald Granville, knight, lord of the land, an especial furtherer of, and a great benefactor to that design, began the foundation of the bridge where it stands now. The Bishop greatly furthered the work by sending forth indulgences and licenses to collect the benevolence of all the brethren and sisters within his bishopric, which occasioned multitudes of well disposed people to offer money cheerfully. The greater personages allowed a certain number of workmen and some lands towards it, the common people some a week's and others a month's service, all striving *a vie* according to their utmost abilities for the furtherance of so charitable a design. Whereunto also the succeeding bishops in their distinct times did contribute alms and

divulge benedictions to every man and woman that should be benefactors to the same, causing it to be published in churches in the cathedral church of Exeter, and throughout the diocese of Devon and Cornwall, that they should participate of all spiritual blessings for ever, that would encourage and promote this so good a work. Whereby, says my author, such immense sums of money were gathered thereunto, that the work, which seemed to have its first motion from God's inspiration, was in a short time happily finished, so that it is now a curious and stately object to behold.

"Through this bridge the tide of the Severn Sea shooteth up daily above two miles further into the country, carrying barges with stone, sand, sea coals, and other things along with it, bringing back wood, fuel, corn, and such like commodities, to the great advantage both of town and country. And lest the want of money and care should in protract of time occasion the dilapidation of this bridge, and so the view of it, there are good lands settled upon it for the constant maintenance of it for ever, which are managed by a warden, chosen by the mayor of that town and his brethren unto that purpose, whereby it is constantly kept in very good condition. On the west side of this bridge is a very fine harbour for ships of good burthen, where they lie and unload in the very bosom of the town, and a stately key, well paved and of great length."

The most singular feature of the bridge is the difference in the span of the arches. The current explanation is, that poor folk built the small arches, and richer folk or communities, those of wider span. The surface of the bridge to-day, with its ugly iron sides, is vastly different to the bridge of 1350, which was just wide enough for a pack-horse to pass through. Angles were provided at each

pillar into which any pedestrians might step for shelter from horses or other animals passing over. At the eastern end of the bridge there was a Chapel dedicated to St. Thomas the Martyr, and those who passed over were wont to leave a gift tor the maintenance of the structure. It is this Chapel that appears on the original seal of the town. In course of time the endowments yielded large revenues, and caused many money squabbles between the various local bodies, who each thought they deserved a share of the spoil. The trust at this time was self-elected, a very close Corporation indeed, and as a consequence the bridge funds were grossly mismanaged. In 1608, when the trustees had dwindled down to four old men, who obstinately refused to elect successors, certain of the parishioners exhibited a bill against that selfish four, alleging that "bridge money had being lent to divers persons without good security being taken, that the surviving trustees had appropriated the funds to their own use, and that the bridge money had been used for charges that ought to have been paid by the inhabitants of the whole parish, as well as for the entertainment of strangers, and in banqueting, and often feastings between themselves." Readers of Westward Ho! will remember that Kingsley says the Bridge kept the best stocked cellar of wine in all Devon. It was at one of the bridge dinners, in 1583, that the great argument occurred between Mr. St. Leger, of Annery, and one of the trustees, as to whether a salmon caught below the bridge was better or worse than one caught above. Those who have feasted on Torridge salmon will say that fish caught above, and fish caught below the bridge, are alike delicious. Well, the result of this bill was a Royal Commission, which re-organised the Bridge Trust upon somewhat sounder lines, theoretically. In practice, the feoffees acted as before. In 1638, the bridge was

thoroughly repaired, and in 1810, the use of wheeled vehicles, in place of pack horses, forced the trustees to widen the bridge at a cost of £3,500. A view of the structure about 1780, with its angles and stone parapets, may be seen in the public library, within the Bridge Hall. With the extension of the railway in 1856, traffic over the bridge greatly increased, and in 1867 it was further widened at a cost of £6,000, by having that hideous superstructure of iron placed upon it, which still remains. Probably, scarcely a stone of the original bridge now remains, but the style has been preserved, and therefore, for all artistic purposes, tourists see the bridge erected by pious and public spirited Devonians, five centuries ago.

Under the latest scheme, drawn up by Charity Commissioners, the bridge is vested in twelve elective trustees, and five representative trustees appointed by the Town Council, the Mayor for the time being acting *ex officio* as a member of the Trust, who still have considerable revenues to administer from properties which have appreciated in value with the growth of the town. The maintenance of the bridge is, of course, the first charge upon their income, and they make an allowance to the Grammar School. The Trustees meet in

The New Bridge Hall.

This splendid pile, which stands immediately opposite the end of the bridge, was built in 1882 at a cost of £4,200, to replace the old Bridge Hall. The trustees, though proud of their new possession, have found that the expense has crippled them, financially, for a time. Under the same roof as the old Bridge Hall there used to be a Grammar School and a Commercial or Free School, to which the bridge feoffees had the right of nominating

a certain number of lads. Both were very ancient foundations, but the Free School was considerably the elder and was probably that from which Amyas Leigh was coming on the eventful afternoon when he fell in with Salvation Yeo and John Oxenham upon the Quay. The Free School became extinct through natural decay some years since, but the Grammar School, which is managed by a separate trust, although it receives aid from the Bridge Trust, flourishes with new premises in North Down Lane on the outskirts of the town. The feoffees' room "in the golden days" was hung round with beautiful tapestry, but time and moth did their work so well, that when the old hall was demolished, only a few bits of the precious stitching could be saved. These have been skilfully put together, and now hang, framed, in the trustees' room at the new hall. The entrance to the Bridge Hall is in Bridge Street. The building has three frontages: one on the Quay of 60 feet, that on Bridge Street, and a third on Allhalland Street of 50 feet. It may be mentioned as a curious fact that the parish stocks used to be fixed at the Allhalland Street front of the old Bridge Hall, and offenders used to be placed in durance vile on Sundays so that folks might see them as they passed to and from Church. The front elevation of the present Bridge Hall is 50 feet. It is built of local stone, with facings of Ham Hill stone. The elaborate carvings, by the famous Harry Hems, of Exeter, are worked in this stone. The pediment surmounting the river front is a superb piece of work. Observant eyes will also notice the arms of the Grenvile, Cleveland, and Stucley families, carved above a course of Ham Hill stone a third of the way up the walls. Other coats of arms, taken from the old walls, amongst them the ancient seal, are to be seen built into the stairway within the Hall. Upon the ground floor is

The Free Public Library.

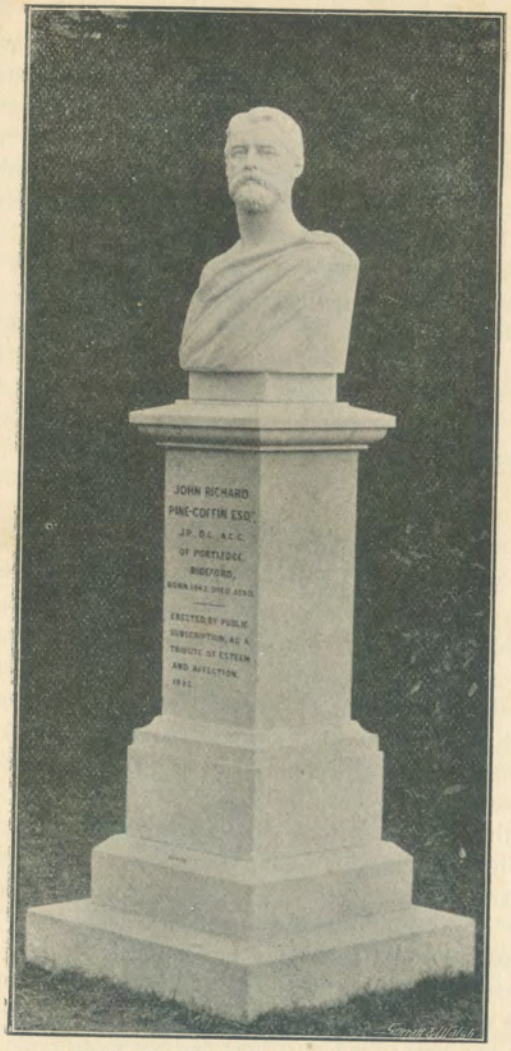
Bideford adopted the Public Libraries' Act, in 1872, being one of the first towns in the West to rate itself for this extra-educational purpose. The reading room, a lofty, well-lighted apartment, overlooks the River Torridge, and there is much enjoyment to be gained by sitting in one of the several windows, reading or idly watching the traffic over the bridge, along the quay side, or on the river. Several prints of local interest are hung on the walls, and, what will interest all lovers of Kingsley, an autograph letter by the novelist himself. Upstairs is the Town Council Chamber.

Pine-Coffin Memorial.

In one of the tiny gardens at the eastern end of the bridge, is a memorial to the late Mr. Richard Pine-Coffin, of Portledge, a county gentleman who took the warmest interest in the welfare of Bideford. He was a stalwart figure, and in every sense a strong man. The bust, raised by public subscription, was from the studio of Mr. Williamson, of Esher, the Queen's sculptor. A photograph of this work of art is amongst our illustrations.

The Town Hall.

The Town Hall, opposite the main entrance of the Bridge Hall, in Bridge Street, looks ancient, with its handsome mullioned Elizabethan windows, but it is quite modern, dating only from 1850. It was built to replace an older, grimier, darker hall. Within this old hall, perhaps, in the year 1682, those three poor trembling dames of Bideford—Temperance Lloyd, Mary Trembles, and Susannah Edwards—who were afterwards executed at Exeter, first



THE PINE-COFFIN MEMORIAL.

heard the abominable charges of witchcraft read out against them. In a copy of Watkins, at the Public Library, all the horrible details of the depositions and examinations are set out at length. The women—old and most miserable—confessed, with gruesome detail, their connection with the Evil One. They were the last in Devonshire to be hanged for this hideous superstition. To return to the 19th century. The whole block of buildings, to the bridge front, is town property, and the Corporation hope shortly to extend the Town Hall and erect Municipal Buildings on the river front. The effect upon new comers, when this is done, cannot fail to be imposing. *Apropos*, the borough has a pair of grand silver maces, which see the light when the Recorder holds Quarter Sessions at the Town Hall.

The Market.

The Market, which stands at the head of Bridge Street, that very steep hill in a line with the Long Bridge,—is part of the Manor of Bideford, which the Town Council bought from the Cleveland family in 1881. The Grenviles, it may be mentioned, ceased to have landed interest in the borough when the last Earl of Bath died, in 1711. The market, at the time the Corporation became Lords of the Manor, was a "miserable, tumble-down structure." The Corporation swept that away, and raised the present commodious and convenient building. Tuesday is the market day, and then the market is thronged. The district is noted for the quality of its dairy produce, and for its poultry. The progressive Town Council are now anxious to provide an adequate cattle market for West Country farmers. At this point it may be interesting to mention that the Council still "holds and keeps the Court Leet and View of Frankpledge, together with the Court Baron of the Mayor, Aldermen,

and Burgesses, acting as the Town Council of the Borough and Manor of Bideford." That is the mystic formula of the lawmen, and conveys no very clear notion to the ordinary mind. "The Complete Court Keeper or Land Steward's Assistant," dated 1752, and bearing on the fly leaf the name of the original owner, "Cha. Carter, jun., 1790," sets out that the Court Leet was an Anglo-Saxon Court of Jurisdiction, having the force of a King's Court, "and it enquireth of all offences under high treason committed against the Crown and dignity of the King, tho' it cannot punish many, but must certify them to the Justices of Assize. And it is called View of Frankpledge for that the King there may be certified by the View of the Steward, how many people are within every Leet, and also have an account of their good manners and government." The Frankpledge, by-the-way, was an institution of later Saxon times, and almost confined to the South of England. It represented the collective bond or surety of the men living in a tything for the good behaviour of each member thereof, was a surety for the appearance of such member to answer for offences, and as in those times all offences could be expiated by a fine, became responsible for such portion of the fine as the criminal himself could not pay. "A Court Baron is incident to and inseparable from a manor. These courts were ordained to determine injuries, trespasses, debts, and other actions that are under 40s." In its palmier days, it would appear that the Court Baron exercised the functions of a latter day County Court, the Court Leet being the counterpart of our present Police Court. The Court Leet had to be held twice a year, one time within a month after Easter, and the other time within a month after Michaelmas, and the Lord of the Manor, or his Steward, sat as judge. The Complete Court Keeper gives elaborate directions for the procedure of the various courts, the

swearing of the jury and other officers, and it is curious to note that the term Waywarden is a corruption of the word 'Hayward,' an officer whose duty it was, according to his oath, to "execute all such process as shall be directed to you from this Court. You shall from time to time signify and present all such Pound-breaches as shall happen to be made during your continuance of your office, and in everything well and truly behalf yourself in the said office." For all practical purposes the Manor Court is obsolete, but its ceremonies are still observed once a year, not twice it may be observed, in order to conserve the privileges of the Manor. In plain English, the Mayor and Councillors and a few chosen burgesses are sworn in every Easter by the Steward of the Manor (who is Town Clerk), as the Grand Jury of the Manor Court. The jury proceeds to elect ancient officers, such as the tything man, and way-wardens. The unique distinction of this Court, however, is that it elects the parish Churchwarden. In the evening, the Mayor, as titular Lord of the Manor, invites the jury and borough officials, and a few prominent burgesses to dine with him. The cost of the dinner used to come out of the Manor Funds, but an enterprising burgess brought the matter before the Law Courts, with the result that this course was held to be illegal. Since then, the Mayor for the time being has had the honour of dining the Grand Jury and officials. By-the-bye, whilst on the subject of dinners—Bideford has always been noted, even in North Devon, for its public feasts—it may be of interest to mention the Andrews Dole dinner. Two hundred years ago, a godly merchant of Bideford, John Andrews by name, devised a field in the Abbotsham Road to eight substantial burgesses, in trust for the poor, directing that the rents thereof should be distributed every New Year's Day, after each trustee had deducted fivepence for a fish

dinner to be eaten in memory of the donor. The doles have been distributed, and the dinners eaten by those eight trustees and their successors to this day, although the fivepence is no longer taken, and the fish dinner has developed into an elaborate annual feast.

The Quay.

Bideford Quay is part of the Manor property, bought by the Corporation in 1881. There has always been a good quay here; old chronicles speak of it as being very commodious, but it is only within the last five or six years that the present magnificent wall has been built. The quay has been widened at least twice, once in 1828 and again in 1892. To realise the quay, and riverside Bideford altogether, of the time of Amyas Leigh, one must imagine the bridge as it has been already described, just wide enough for a pack-horse to pass over, with low walls, and angles over each of its twenty-four pillars. The quay was not one quarter as wide as it is now, but as a set-off, all the houses along the quay, with the exception of the Newfoundland Inn, must be entirely removed. The site of those houses, inns, and private residences, was either waste, or covered with low thatched sheds and warehouses. The Newfoundland Hotel is none other than the Ship Inn, where the lovers of Rose Salterne dined together, one Market Day, and then formed the Brotherhood of the Rose. In those days, however, it had a gabled roof. A century later its title had been changed to "The Blue Anchor," and at the time the trade in Newfoundland fish was opened up, the owners dubbed the house "Newfoundland Inn," to curry favour with the new comers. Between the old Ship Inn and the Bridge Hall, we have heard, was the garden of Sir Richard Grenvile's town house, the front

of which overlooked the river, whilst the back abutted on Allhalland Street. There is reason for supposing that the present Castle Inn stands on the site of that historic house, even if it does not include some of the ancient fabric. Just to the right of the Castle Inn, upon land incorporated with the New Bridge Hall, were the famous Bridge cellars, where the Bridge Feoffees kept their stock of wines, which was the envy of all the county. Probably there were other inns in Allhalland Street. Inns much frequented by sailors were also to be found in Cooper Street. A superior looking old house in Allhalland Street, now occupied by a basket maker and a barber, was formerly the White Hart Inn, whence in very early days coaches started for Exeter, and elsewhere. The first bank established in Bideford was opened in a house almost opposite this old hostelry. It may be objected that Allhalland Street is not the quay, but three centuries ago it certainly was on the quay. When the houses which face the quay were built, this street was, of course, thrown into the background. There may be conflict of authority as to whether the house indicated was the one in which Sir Richard Grenvile lived, yet it must be pleasant for all lovers of Kingsley's Country to fancy that noble seaman strolling through his long garden, and on to the narrow quay, to watch his fleet of ships fitting out for some new venture against the Spaniards. The building of the terrace of houses beyond Allhalland Street probably narrowed the quay so much that the widening of 1828 became necessary. This new quay wall was low, and at high spring tides the houses upon it were flooded. With the revival of the town after 1855, the quay became altogether inadequate, the frequent congestion of traffic amounting to a positive danger. Therefore, the Town Council, when the property came into their hands, proceeded, as soon as they were able, to build another wall, further

into the river. The intervening space between the two walls was filled up, and thus the magnificent breadth, which all visitors must admire, was created. The total cost of this undertaking was not far short of £7,000. The outer portions of the quay are devoted to shipping, and between that and the road a walk has been laid down in asphalt, 1,203 feet long. Trees have been planted on either side, which will presently become one of the most magnificent avenues in this part of the country. From the quay there is a level walk along the river bank of quite a mile.

Science, Art & Technical School.

The Science, Art and Technical School is now a Municipal Institution. It was recently removed to new premises erected at the entrance to the river bank. No town in the west, of a similar size, has so splendid a school as Bideford. Its exterior is not attractive perhaps, but the architect, Mr. Malam Wilson, has thrown all his strength into the interior, which is generally admitted to be perfect. The lower suite of rooms are allotted to the Art Department, whilst upstairs there is a completely equipped laboratory, or Science room, and a lecture theatre. The total cost of building and equipping has not been far short of £3,000. This was raised by grants, public subscription, a bazaar, and mortgage upon the school rate.

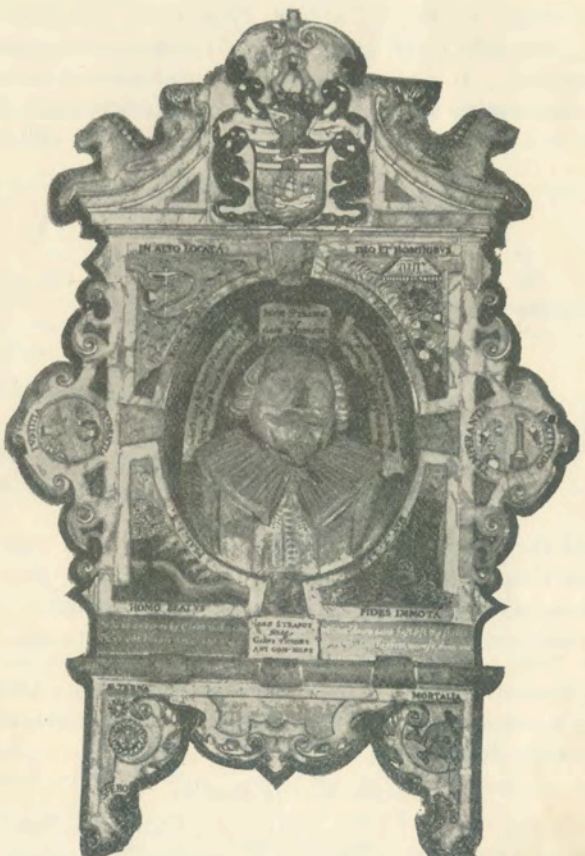
Churches and Chapels.

The Parish Church.

THE main entrance to the Parish Church of St. Mary is hard by the side of the Town Hall. It is a handsome edifice in Perpendicular Gothic style, and consists of nave, chancel, transepts, and north and south aisles. It was built in 1864-5, upon the site of much older foundations. The ecclesiastical record of Bideford, which is set out at length in a "History of Bideford," by the Rev. Roger Granvile, rector of the parish, is extremely interesting. That a Church existed in Saxon times is possible, but the first Church of which definite history speaks was that consecrated by Bishop Bronescombe in 1259. This building probably remained intact down to the time of the Reformation, although doubtless many rich carvings and other embellishments were added as the centuries rolled on. It was to this Church that "My Lady Countess of Bath, whom Sir Richard Grenville is escorting, cap in hand, and Bassets from beautiful Umberleigh, and Carys from more beautiful Clovelly, and Fortescues of Wear, and Fortescues of Buckland, and Fortescues from all quarters, and Coles from Slade, and Stukeleys from Affton, and St. Legers from Annery, and Coffins from Portledge, and even Copplestones from Eggsford, thirty miles away, and last, but not least (for almost all stop to give them place), Sir John Chichester of Raleigh, followed in single file, after the good old patriarchal fashion, by his eight daughters and three of his famous sons," came to join with Mrs. Leigh, of Burrough,

in thanksgiving for the safe return of her son, Amyas Leigh, from the famous voyage with Drake round the world. At that time the monument to Sir Thomas Grenvill, who died 1513, must have been nearly new. From the Reformation days so many alterations and additions were made that inside and out the Church was a perfect botch. Therefore it was entirely rebuilt. The fine old tower and the Norman font, the monument of Sir Thomas Grenvill, and one small patchwork screen at the west end are the only relics of madiæval days. There is a story told that at the time of the great Civil War the font was stolen from the Church, and that many years afterwards it was discovered in a pig-stye, serving the humble use of a trough for the pigs. The face of Sir Thomas Grenvill's effigy is sadly battered, and one foot is missing. For this mutilation we have to thank the fanatical Puritans. Some say Old Noll himself wreaked his spite upon the figure, but although he undoubtedly took part in the engagement at Torrington in 1645, it is doubtful whether he ever entered Bideford. There are several beautiful stained glass windows in the church. One in the south aisle, erected to the memory of the first wife of Sir George Stucley, Bart., of Moreton, is very delicate in its colouring. The design for the lower portion, representing Christ blessing little children, was awarded a prize at the Paris International Exhibition, whilst the upper lights, "Ars," "Fides," "Religio" and "Scientia," are fac-similes of a window in Owen's College, Manchester. The handsome marble pulpit, which replaced an oak one, was a gift from Mr. Backhouse, late organist of the church, in memory of his father. At the eastern end of the South aisle there is a large brass erected by Rev. Roger Granville in memory of the gallant Sir Richard Grenvile, who fought the famous fight with the Spaniards off Flores, in August, 1591. With his little ship, the *Revenge*, Sir Richard kept a

whole Spanish fleet at bay for a day and a night. When his ship was riddled with shot, and a mere floating shambles, and he lay dying, he called on the master gunner to sink the ship. The gunner was willing but the men were not, and so the *Revenge* surrendered to the Spanish Admiral. Sir Richard was carried on board the Admiral's ship, and on her deck he died. But ere he expired he spoke these noble words: "Here die I, Richard Grenvile, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, that hath fought for his country, queen, religion, and honour: whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty as he was bound to do." The tablet records this circumstance, and also the fact that the Lady Mary Grenvile, Sir Richard's wife, was buried in the Grenvile aisle of the old church in 1623. Another striking monument in the church is that erected to the memory of John Strange, the citizen hero of Bideford. He was a Bideford man, born and bred, who after travels far afield, settled down in his native town as an importer of wool. In 1646 a cargo of infected wool was discharged at the quay. First some children caught the disease, and soon the whole town was sore stricken with the Plague. People died off like sheep. The mayor of that year deserted Bideford, but Strange, assuming the duties, stood by the town, saw that the sick were attended to, the dead decently buried, and took measures to prevent the spread of the plague to the adjacent country. At length, in July, 1646, the plague gripped him and he died. The monument in the Parish Church is generally supposed to have been erected by a mariner to whom John Strange had rendered timely assistance at a critical juncture. When he returned to Bideford to seek Strange, and found him dead, he erected this tablet



THE JOHN STRANGE MEMORIAL

In the Parish Church, Bideford.

and bust to his memory. The Strange family is now represented by the Willetts of Petticombe, who restored the monument a few years since. It is well worth careful inspection. It is fully described in a manuscript preserved at Petticombe, the house of the Willetts. Beneath the bust and niche is John Strange's name, with an anagram on it:

Gains . . . . . Thrones
Art gone . . . . . Shine

By the side of this name and anagram, on the right, are these words:

Whoso overcomes by Christ shall gain
To sit with Him on's throne and reign;

On the left are these words:

Art gone, has left thy shrine
Of earth, sure heaven's more fit, there shine.

At the bottom of the monument, on the right side, is death's head and cross-bones, with this inscription (above), 'Mortalia (under) sperno' (I despise mortal things). On the left side, 'Œterna spero' (I hope for eternal things).

These are the chief contents of the monument. Under it is a small tablet with the following inscription engraved in small gold letters:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

Of Mr. John Strange, sometime Merchant of this Towne, who for sweetness of disposition, affability in discourse, courteousness in carriage, uprightness in commerce, fidelitie in magistracy, largeness of heart, and liberality of hand to the needy, bountifulness in hospitality, humility in the flow, equability in the ebb of outward things, and sincere love to God, His gospel and saints, having lived beloved, and deservedly honour'd, after the pilgrimage of fiftie-six years ended, dyed, desir'd and not without cause, much lamented,

August Anno Dom. 1646, in his fourth and fatal Maioraltie, whose better part returning whence it came, he left unto the world the pretious odour of a good name, and the choyce example of a sweet conversation, together with his earthly tabernacle put off and heerby interred, till being refined and raised a glorious body, the more glorious soul returne to take possession of it, and both be rapt up to enjoy that bliss that knows neither tearm nor tœdium.

Another black marble tablet has the following inscription:

Neere the foote of this pillar doth lie
A mother dear, and her four children bye:

Katherine, the wife of John Strange, of this Towne, merchant, was buried the 24th day of June, 1639. Edith, their daughter, was buried the 15th day of August, Anno Dom., 1622.

John their sonn; buried the 14th day of March, Anno Dom., 1628.

John, their sonn; buried 13th day of Aprile, A.D., 1633.

Philip, their sonn; buried the 28th day of Nov. 1635.

If sorrow for the dead could life restore,
Then parents for their children might deplore;
But grief and sorrow can no comfort give;
As they are so all must be that live.

Visitors very naturally expect that the mother Church of a town so ancient, which was in the height of its prosperity when pious folk were most lavish in their expenditure on Church embellishment, will have a good store of quaint carvings. With the exception of the little patchwork screen, there is absolutely none. There used to be many richly carved seat ends, and massive bosses, but by some mischance the old fabric was made over to the builder of the new one, and though it reads like a fable, those beautiful seat ends, and other rare bits of art in solid black oak, were actually sold as firewood. Some were actually chopped up, other magnificent pieces passed into the hands

of a dealer in the town, who has at least this merit, that he takes more pride in them, and care of them, than those who should have cherished the relics. Here and there in the town the curious may notice worked granite pillars set up as gate posts, or put to other uses quite out of keeping with the evident value of the pillars. It is always safe to say they were taken from the old Church too.

The Wesleyan Chapel.

The first Wesleyan Chapel in Bideford was built in 1815, and this was enlarged in 1854. Like many nonconformist places of worship in old towns, it was tucked away at the end of a long passage behind some houses. In 1892 the trustees determined on a grand building scheme. They converted the old Chapel into a Sunday School and Assembly Hall, and built a splendid new Church upon their other property. This handsome new House, which abuts on Bridge Street, is one of the finest the Society possess in Devonshire. Amongst several remarkable incidents in connection with the building of this Chapel, was a public meeting, at which over £1,000 was voluntarily subscribed towards the building fund. The total cost of the Chapel and auxiliary works, was £6,000.

The Bible Christian Chapel.

The Bible Christian Denomination is very strong in North Devon. They have a College at Shebbear, fifteen or sixteen miles from Bideford, and one for girls at Edgehill, in the town. Their Chapel in Silver Street, near the Market, was built in 1844 and enlarged in 1866. It is very unpretentious from an architectural point of view. The congregation is large, and a re-building scheme is spoken of.

The Independent Chapel.

The Independents are, of course, the oldest of the nonconforming denominations in Bideford. They first came into prominence at the time of the Puritan upheaval, and caused the rectors of that time no little heart-burning. Then they split up, but joining again, built in 1696, a Chapel in Bridgeland Street. The congregation of this time undoubtedly included the most influential and wealthy of the burgesses. This old Chapel was superseded in 1859 by the present Chapel, which, with its two slender spires, always attracts attention. It derives its name apparently from a much loved pastor, Rev. Samuel Lavington who conducted the services here in the middle of the eighteenth century.

The Baptist Chapel.

The Baptist Chapel in Lower Gunstone was built in 1838 and enlarged in 1870. It is well arranged, and complete with class-rooms and school.

S. Peter's, East-the-Water.

There is a large population East-the-Water, that is, on on the opposite side of the river, and to supply the religious wants of the people there, an iron Chapel-of-ease was erected several years ago. In 1892, Rev. Roger Granville, then Rector of Bideford, replaced this by a stone Church, which stands a little above the Railway Station. This is one of the places to be visited. It is magnificently furnished. There are few, if any, more beautiful Churches in Devon.

The Roman Catholic Church.

The Church of the Sacred Heart is another lovely interior, quite recently acquired by the Roman Catholic community of the town. It is situate at the end of North Road, a continuation of Mill Street.

Missions.

There is a Meeting House known as the Bethel in Torrington Street, East-the-Water. It was built in 1877 and enlarged in 1888. The Belvoir Mission Hall, built in Lime Grove, in 1893, for evangelistic services, is designed especially for residents on the newly developed Belvoir Estate. There is a Salvation Army Barracks in the Market Place, built in 1884, and a room built by the Plymouth Brethren in North Road in 1858.

Assembly Halls, etc.

Until 1874 Bideford had not an adequate Assembly Room. Then the Public Rooms, or to use the popular designation, the Music Hall, was built in Bridgeland Street by a Company. The main hall is a lofty room 90 feet by 36 feet, and there are ante-rooms, cloak-rooms, a supper room and caretaker's rooms. Upon the quay there is a Church Lads' Brigade Drill Hall, built in 1885, for meetings in connection with the Church, and there is an Assembly Hall in Lower Gunstone, which dates from 1885. The Alexandra Hall, next door to the Brigade Hall, is now the home of the Bideford Amateur Athletic Club, a vigorous organization. Each of the nonconformist bodies of the town has a commodious schoolroom at its disposal. That belonging to the Wesleyans is very large, being the old chapel converted. The headquarters of E and H Companies 4th V. B. Devon Regiment, are in Torridge Hill.

Hotels.

Bideford is well supplied with Hotels and Boarding Houses. THE NEW INN HOTEL is noted far and wide as a comfortable family and commercial house. It has recently been enlarged and modernised, and is now replete with every convenience for travellers. There are extensive views from its windows up and down the river Torridge. Host Ascott has a well-deserved reputation for keeping an excellent table. There are private suites of rooms—lofty dining and drawing rooms, spacious billiard room, and a fine oak room; the specimens of old time-blackened oak furniture are very fine. The Clovelly and Bude coaches start from the New Inn Hotel (*see cover.*) TANTON'S HOTEL is another first-class and favourite house near the west end of Bideford Bridge. The present proprietor has rebuilt the river front of the Hotel, putting in a series of bay windows, which have allowed of a more expansive view. From those windows enchanting peeps of the river are obtained, and from the upper stories there are panoramic glimpses right down to the Taw. The interior is conveniently arranged. There are lavatories and bath rooms at each end of the corridors. The bedrooms number 31. The dining room has been re-furnished and re-decorated, and fitted with little tables. The drawing room is on the river front, and is charmingly upholstered. There is a ladies' room, and a billiard room downstairs. *(See page 16a).* THE KINGSLEY TEMPERANCE HOTEL, in High Street, is centrally situated for business men, or for pleasure parties. There is a restaurant attached. The hotel is excellently managed; has recently been altered, enlarged, and thoroughly renovated. The tariff is moderate. *(See page 32a).* Private boarding and lodging houses will be found quoted in our specially recommended Hotel List.

The Hospital.

Bideford and District Dispensary and Infirmary is in Meddon Street. It was first established as a Dispensary in Buttgarden Street as long ago as 1850. In 1873 it was removed to the quay, and developed into an Infirmary. The claims on the Institution becoming more pressing, the Governors at length determined to build a well-appointed Cottage Hospital upon a site in Meddon Street. This was opened in 1887, with accommodation for 14 in-patients; in 1895 a children's ward was added. No charitable object in the town is better supported than this Hospital. It has a fair endowment, publicly raised for the most part.

The Workhouse, etc.

The Workhouse is a little higher up Meddon Street on the same (left-hand) side. The inmates fare much better here than in many Unions, and at Christmas-time there is somewhat of a competition amongst the good-hearted people of the town as to who shall give either the old folks, or the young folks, or all, a treat. Proceeding to the end of Meddon Street and turning sharp to the right into Clovelly Road, the Church and Chapel cemeteries will be passed. The grounds became so full that the Home Office closed both of them a few years ago; old graves, however, may be re-opened if there is room in them for more interments. The observant will not fail to notice that an Infants' School is built between the two burial grounds.

Clubs, etc.

There are in Bideford clubs representing both political parties. The Liberal and Radical Club is in the Bridge

Buildings, and the Working Men's Conservative Club is in Bridgeland Street. Then there is an Amateur Athletic Club, to which reference has been already made; a Cricket Club, having an extensive ground on the Hartland or Clovelly Road; a Bowling and Lawn Tennis Club, on the Northam Road, two minutes' walk from the town; and a Cyclists' Club. By-the-by, it may be convenient for touring cyclists to know that Mr. H. Meredith, High Street, is the local consul for the Cyclists' Touring Club. There is a strong Football Club; and last, but not least, an exceedingly useful Bideford and District Fanciers' Society.

Pleasurings round Bideford.

It is to be feared that tourists coming into North Devon often make Ilfracombe their head quarters under a mistaken impression that there is nothing to do this way of the world, except to visit Clovelly. Therefore they make a day trip to Clovelly, via Bideford, and go away fondly believing that they have "done" this corner of the county. That is all wrong. To those who can appreciate Devonshire lanes and panoramic scenery, or love to linger in old churches, or enjoy river boating, Bideford offers pleasures that cannot be exhausted in a week. Beyond all this, the town itself is lively in summer, and a good Hungarian Band, and frequently the Band of the 4th Volunteer Battalion Devon Regiment, supplies music upon the River Bank. Another thing in favour of Bideford, is that the cost of getting about need not be great.

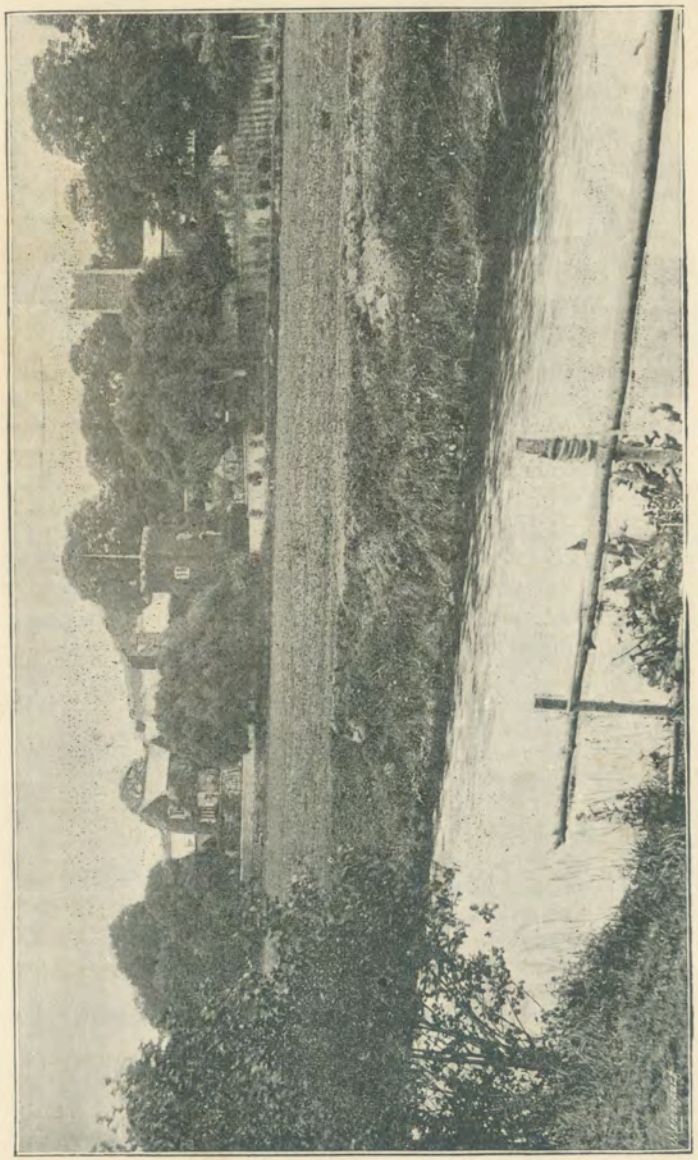
The River.

The Torridge is undoubtedly one of the best rivers for boating in the West. About a mile above the town it is 200 yards wide, and it gradually broadens to 250, and in places 300 yards, below Bideford, so that for several hours each day there is a splendid sheet of water to row upon. Boats may be hired at the river bank for a shilling per hour, or for three shillings per tide. By taking the boat for a tide, visitors may pull up the river on the early flood, and get three or four miles above Bideford, and come down again on the ebb. Of this, more anon. The river winds considerably. From Bideford bridge it looks as if it might be an ellipictical shaped lake, and at high tide especially this view of it is fascinating. To the right, looking down the river, the bank is not high, and in the mid-distance there is a plantation of pines, that makes a dark and suggestive background for a ruin, which might be an old castle, but which is really a disused lime kiln. Then the bank shelves out to a point, over which the masts of the shipping at Appledore may be plainly seen, and the misty blue heights that terminate in the dreaded Morte Point. Where the banks seem to join, there is on the Bideford side, at the edge of a high quarry, a tower, locally known as Chanter's Folly, standing stark against the sky-line. This tower was built years ago, by a merchant named Chanter, to catch first sight of his vessels arriving at the Bar, and signal the news to Bideford. For a while the left bank is dark and craggy, then it melts away into the low sandy beach of Cleavehouses, backed by the wooded slopes of Orchard Hill, and thence the river bank completes the picture. It is seen at its best, of course, when the tide is up, although this part of the river at low water, with its expanse of tawny sands, has charms for the artist eye. The river has its moods.

Sometimes it is ruffled, and briny, and flecked with foam, and dappled with sea weeds. At other times it surges through the old bridge piles a dull yellow, or again, on a calm summer evening, it has not a ripple, and moves silently on, with a sheen like that of shot silk, as it reflects the hues of sunset skies. Then is the time to be on the river. It is more exhilarating on a summer's morning, when the water sparkles in the early sun, and a cool breeze blows down the hollows. The view of this river lake, from the other side of the bridge, is less varied, although the steep western slope, wooded, or under crops or pasture, has considerable beauty. This lake-like expanse is very suitable for boat racing, and interesting regattas are held every year.

Now for the river excursions. If visitors hire a boat, and, using moderate caution, pass under one of the wider arches of the long bridge, and row up to the head of the bend, they will find the river stretches away again clear to the iron railway bridge. They should keep in the centre, or nearer to the steep bank by preference, as the water is not shallow there. That side also is prettier. Reaching the iron bridge, the boating party must decide whether they will go up the Yeo, or continue upon the Torridge. It would be wiser to decide that before starting. But let us suppose the party wishes to ascend the Yeo. They will now turn sharp round the lower side of the Iron Bridge, and enter the tributary. Going up with the flood they will pass by verdant meadows, with cattle grazing only a few feet away. The scenery is entirely pastoral and lovely of its kind. Having penetrated far into the Yeo valley on a high spring tide, the party will return on ebb, to Bideford. This, it may be mentioned, is a favourite early morning trip with the athletic young men of Bideford, a morning bath in the river being included in the programme. The more ambitious trip, up

the Torridge to Wear Gifford, may be taken on the next tide. Above the Iron Bridge the river widens suddenly, and there are openings in the bank through which a "capful of wind" as sailors say, occasionally blows. So it is well to navigate this reach with care. There is very good fishing in the bight. The river winds again round by a steep and wooded left bank. Trees droop to the water's edge, and trail their branches in the stream. The right bank is rich low pasture. Centuries ago those meadows must have been sandbanks, which in course of time have gathered an earthy deposit, and now yield grass. It must have been somewhere here, a mile above Bideford, on "a broad and yellow sheet of ribbed tidal sands, through which the river wanders from one hill foot to the other, whispering round dark knolls of rock, and under low tree-fringed cliffs of golden broom," that Will Cary and the Spaniard, Don Guzman, fought their duel with rapier and dagger, at three o'clock upon a still, pure, bright mid-summer morn. The tide way gradually narrows, and the bends of the river become more tortuous. The water also is more shallow, and care has to be taken, especially if the boat is too early or too late on the tide. Several charming woodland peeps invite the rower to stay his oar at this stage of the journey. At length WEAR GIFFORD bridge is reached, and presently the boat passes by the side of the straggling village itself. There are two objects of interest in this village—the Hall and the Church. The Hall is the old home of the Fortescues, who now live at Castle Hill. They inherited the Manor from the Giffords in the fifteenth century by marriage, and have held it ever since. The first of the Fortescue lords built the Hall. The Fortescues of the 17th century were Royalists, and in 1646 the famous and infamous Lord Wentworth, who was quartered at Wear Gifford, had the approaches to the Hall, and the Hall door itself, barricaded against an expected attack by the Parliamen-



WEAR GIFFORD HALL AND CHURCH.

tarians. In the end, the Roundheads, who became dominant in the district, and had a large force at Torrington, near by, handled the Hall very roughly. In later days it became a farmhouse, but it has now been restored. The roof of the hall is one of the most magnificent specimens of Perpendicular woodwork in this country. The trusses are hammer-beam, and spring from stone corbels. The carvings are elaborate, and comprise animals and foliage, rich mouldings and traceries, all beautiful, and all eloquent of the cunning and patience of mediæval craftsmen. The hall is small and its walls are partly covered with ivy. At present it is tenanted by Judge Beresford. The Church, which is close to the Hall, also dates from the Perpendicular era of architecture. Although on the whole it is plain, it contains two remarkable 14th century effigies and other memorials, principally of course, to the memory of long-dead Fortescues. The figures of two archers, dressed in green, may be noticed, in fresco, over the chancel door. In the churchyard there are several quaint epitaphs. Here is one of them:—

"A pale consumption gave the fatal blow
The stroke was certain, though the effect was slow,
With lingering pain, death saw me sore opprest,
Pitied my sighs and kindly gave me rest."

Another runs:—

"Fifty-nine years I lived on earth
In honesty and peace,
Then from this sad and toilsome world
The Lord did me release,
And as for all the sinful deeds that ever I have done
I hope my God will me forgive, through his belov'd Son."

At Wear Gifford was born that famous lawyer, Sir John Fortescue, who embraced the cause of the Red Rose, and being attainted of high treason in the first

Parliament of Edward IV., escaped to Scotland, and afterwards to France, where he became tutor to young Prince Edward. For the Prince's instruction he wrote his great work, *De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*. In the year 1473 he obtained a reversal of his attainder, by retracting what he had written as to Edward the Fourth's title to the English crown.

In the season a visit to the strawberry gardens of Wear Gifford is very enjoyable. These strawberry gardens, which are laid out on the sloping land, are noted locally, and Bidefordians look forward each year to at least one luxurious feast there. A return at dusk down the river, especially if the moon is up, is much to be commended.

Visitors must not forget that there are jolly trips down the river also. Boating parties may go down to Appledore, or to Instow, or shoot right across the estuary to Braunton Burrows. It is needless to describe the lower reaches of the river; railway passengers can see them on their way to Bideford from Instow. The distance from the boat station at the Bank, to Appledore, is about two miles—an easy pull, with no difficulties in navigation to worry the stranger, except at very low water, when no reasonable body would place himself in the position to be worried. Riverside Appledore is perhaps more attractive than Appledore interior. This little village is like Constantinople in that respect; it gives the best impression when seen in perspective. Then the houses tier on tier, painted and washed in a variety of colours, and the ultimate background of trees, and the quay with its quaint collection of anchors and chains, and boats, and brown sails, and nets, and old salts, and fisher women, and its weather beaten, tide-eaten front, and the shipping in the dock and by the quay side, make a pretty picture. Appledore is not all

picture, however, for as they paddle by, boating parties may hear the sharp ring of the shipbuilder's mallet, and the sound of saw and chisel and plane, and along the beach smoke arises from the fires kindled to heat the pitch pot for the caulking or tarring of a coaster's seams. Hard by Appledore is the Hubbastone, famous in tradition as the carn beneath which the body of Hubba, the Viking defeated at Northam, lies buried.

Immediately opposite Appledore is Instow, and the pleasure party may decide whether to land at Appledore, or at the Braunton Burrows, or cross over to the Instow Sandhills. There is little to be seen in Instow, its attraction, no inconsiderable one, being a magnificent stretch of sands, generally beloved by children. Instow Church and another part—the older part—of the village is some distance away, over a railway arch. There is nothing particularly striking in the Church, although it is somewhat ancient. In summer, the Instow Sandhills are a favourite Sunday afternoon resort for Bidefordians. Instow, of course, is a corruption of John's-place, or town.

If, however, our party is on picnicing bent, they should pull away for Braunton Lighthouse, and land on the sandhills there. For one thing they will be several miles from everywhere when there, and can safely afford to be frivolous, if so inclined. Bideford Bar may be traced almost at any time by the line of foam extending from Braunton Burrows across to the Northam Burrows. From the Braunton sandhills or burrows, an unbroken, though somewhat hazy view can be obtained of the whole of Bideford Bay, from the Pebble Ridge right round to Hartland Point. Lundy Island may also be seen upon the horizon when the weather is clear. Mails for Lundy are conveyed from Instow by a sailing boat. If they have chosen their time wisely, the

picnicers will be able to return to Bideford upon the flood, coming up very probably in company with several barges and a small fleet of fishing smacks that hail from the borough. There are few sights prettier than the progress of half-a-dozen or so of these vessels, with barked sails, going down the river, or coming up on a high tide, especially towards evening. One would like to say much more about the Torridge; to describe the ravishing beauty of its valley above Wear Gifford, and at Torrington, to picture it on a misty day, when water, sky and landscape are a study in silver grey; or to tell of the allurement of the stream as it gurgles through the arches of the Bridge, gleaming and sparkling under the rays of a full moon. But enough has been said, probably, to convince most folk that there is good boating to be had at Bideford.

*** For the convenience of visitors and any who consult "Kingsley's Country," the tide tables from June until October are printed at the end.

To Littleham.

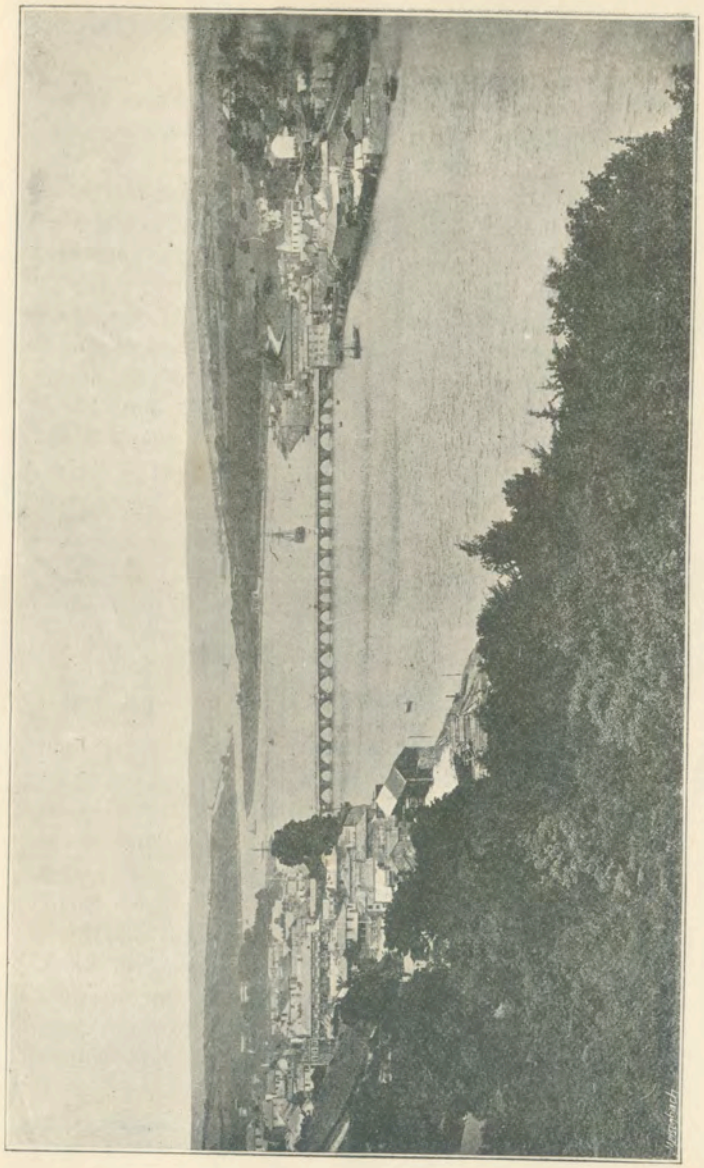
From Bideford: 2 *miles.*

Every visitor to Kingsley's Country should make a point of visiting Littleham Church, which has recently been restored, and has now certainly one of the most interesting interiors of any old Church in the County. The walk to the Church is also much to be commended. The distance from Bideford is about two miles, and the road somewhat hilly. Of the several ways of getting there, strangers would be well advised in choosing that which, turning up from the New Road,—the third turning—

ascends a steep narrow lane. Every step of this ascent reveals a better view of the Torridge, and of Bideford Bridge. Bye and bye the summit of the hill is reached, and a wider view obtained. To the right are the beautiful trees of Upcott. Turning sharp to the left, in a road at right angles to that they have been traversing, pedestrians will again go higher, until they reach the crest of the highest hill. Then they may lean over a handy gate, and look down upon the vale of the Torridge, from a mile above Bideford to the sea. Some distance further on the road, however, affords the best view, for then the landscape for many miles round is spread out, a magnificent panorama. To the right in the foreground, at the foot of this steep hill, runs the Yeo, its course marked by well-grown trees. At the foot of a hill opposite, the Torridge winds, with the white cottages of Wear Gifford dotted along its low banks. Right away in the distance Torrington is seen, straggling along the crest of another hill, the spire of its Church shooting up against the sky line ; and away on the very horizon, beyond hill and dale, cornfield and meadow, merging into the clouds, are the high Tors of Dartmoor. Continuing the survey, Monkleigh Church will be noticed three miles away, pitting its high square tower as a land-mark against Torrington's spire, which is five miles off. And then the eye is brought round again to the Torridge. Far below, and through the woodland, the whole valley of this river, from Bideford Long Bridge to the estuary, where its waters mingle with the Taw, is spread out like a picture. There is Bideford, and there Westleigh, and just below Instow, and across the water Appledore, and the mouth of the Taw can be seen, and the Braunton Lighthouse, and even Braunton itself, nestling at the base of the high land that forms the right bank of the Taw. This alone is well worth the exertion of climbing the hill, which, after all, has only one stiff bit, and that short. Proceeding, strangers

should look out for the Apps Brewery, a short distance from the road to the left. The Church is just behind, all hidden in the midst of a grove of trees. The turning nearest the Brewery is the best to take. At the end of it —the lane is long and winding—on the opposite side, is the Rectory Gate. Visitors should pass through this gate and follow the path, which will take them direct to the Church. This Church of St. Swithin was consecrated by Walter de Stapledon, Bishop of Exeter, on the 17th October, 1319. It was built on the site of an older edifice, of which the present north transept is a remnant. The tower, which is constructed in the Perpendicular style, was subsequently built to the west of the Early English Nave and Chancel. Still later a south aisle was added, in a very late style of Perpendicular. It was connected with the nave by a pretty, though almost debased, Perpendicular arcade. The Church, as a whole was restored and re-roofed by the present Rector, Rev. H. G. Morse, in 1892-3. During the renovation, a recess was discovered in the ancient transept, which had been filled up with plaster. In this recess the workman noticed some splashes of colour, and drew attention to them. The remainder of the plaster was very carefully removed, and presently a rude frescoe was revealed. It represents a Bishop, presumably St. Swithin, in full canonicals. One hand is raised in blessing, the other grasps an episcopal staff. There are a few cracks, which have been filled in, but there has been no attempt at "restoring" the missing parts. The colouring of the face, and of the vestments, is remarkably well preserved. It is believed that this, and other crude frescoes, which, when discovered, were too much damaged to be preserved, date from the eleventh or the twelfth century. The carved oak screen is entirely new, yet in general outline

it exactly reproduces the ancient rood screen. The outlines of the ancient screen were clearly visible on the walls, and some portions of it even were found and copied in the new screen. The design is most elaborate, and the craftsman has lavished a rich fancy, and a vivid imagination, upon his foliage and figures. The Chancel Pavement is of pure white polished marble, with courses of black polished marble. The Clergy and Choir Stalls are also cunningly adorned. Of course, the ancient carved oak seat ends have been preserved and renovated. A very recent acquisition is the handsome altar tomb, erected by the family of the late Lieut.-General Crealock, C.B., C.M.G., to his memory. It is of alabaster and white marble, about 5 feet high, the panels being elaborately decorated with coats-of-arms and six figures emblematic of Truth, Faith, Hope, &c. A full-length figure of the deceased general in military cloak, and with sword at side, forms the upper slab. The base is of black marble, and plaques of white and black marble form the flooring between the memorial and ornamental railings (about seven feet high) which surround the tomb. Beautiful windows also have just been placed at the south and east. The south windows are splendid examples of modern art by Kempe. Close to the altar tomb is a mural shield, in memory of other members of the Crealock family, who at one time owned land in the parish. The register dates from 1538, and two of the four bells are dated 1692 and 1731. The whole of the Church Restoration, including the design of the screen and tomb, has been under the direction of Mr. Temple Moore, of London. Leaving the Church it might be as well, perhaps, for strangers to retrace their steps as far as tht gate abutting on the high road. Passing through, they should swing a step or two to the left, and then



THE TORRIDGE (FROM UPCOTT, LOOKING NORTH).

down a regular hill-hedged Devonshire lane, which winds quickly to the hill foot. The hedge-rows are lovely here in summer. Crossing the rivulet at the bottom, Sir Geo. Stucley's drive will be reached, and visitors may either pass through the gate and along the drive to the New Road, or turn away up over another hill to the left, and by this means gain Upcott. Every step is one nearer Bideford, and the beauty of the walk compensates for loss of directness. At points on this way there are excellent peeps of the river, and of Bideford, and the Bridge. The Bridge, by-the-bye, like King Charles' head, "cannot be kept out," but this will be accepted with equanimity, as each view in turn is varied and pleasing.

A Longer Walk.

PERHAPS some folks will not find this walk quite long enough. In that case they might go out to Littleham by the "Upcott" route—*i.e.*, the route going over Upcott hill, then down into Sir Geo. Stucley's drive, and across the stream, and up the very steep hill—and having visited the Church, strike for the Torrington Road. They will catch all the beautiful views already described, but in reverse order. Reaching the Torrington Road, pedestrians should turn to the right, and proceed until they come to a small iron bridge. This spans the Yeo. Crossing it, and ascending the hill, they will shortly reach LANDCROSS Village. The Church, which is away up to the left, is well worth visiting, because it is

so tiny and so plain. Yet it has memories. The Baptismal Register contains the name of no less a personage than George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, who was instrumental in bringing Charles Stuart back to England in 1660. POTHERIDGE, Monk's North Devon home, is a fine old country house, some three miles from Torrington. It contains beautiful oak wainscotted rooms and a magnificently carved overmantel. The present tenant, a hospitable farmer, will readily show visitors through the house. That, however, is going a little off the track. Passing through peaceful, placid Landcross, and keeping to the left, the road descends to the level almost of the river. The scenery at this point is charming. A mile beyond Landcross, lying a quarter of a mile to the right, is ANNERY HOUSE, where Kingsley laid one scene of "Westward Ho!" The house with its surroundings has been considerably altered and improved since it came into the possession of its present owner, Mrs. Somes. One notable work has been the construction of a private drive, which, starting from Annery House, follows in a very picturesque and nearly level course the windings of the hill towards Landcross. Near the village it opens by a deep cutting, driven through solid rock, into the high road between Bideford and Torrington. Wear Gifford lies just on the opposite side of the valley, and is reached by a bridge, the owners of which demand a toll from every person crossing. For the last few years an agitation has been afoot either to induce the county to buy out the owners of the Bridge, who are the adjacent landowners, or to build a new one further down the village. WEAR GIFFORD is 3½ miles from Bideford, and it extends for nearly a mile further along the river bank. The CHURCH and the HALL, which were described in the River Trip, should be visited. Visitors should return to Bideford by the east bank of the river. They may either gain the

old Torrington-Bideford road, or find their way through the lane which runs close by the river. By the former route, bolder and more expansive views are to be obtained, but the sylvan beauties waiting to be discovered in the walk by the richly wooded Torridge bank are wonderfully attractive. The above tour involves about eight miles' walking.

To Torrington.

Torrington is six miles from Bideford by the New Road, but by far the more interesting way, although a trifle longer, is that which branches to the right at Landcross, and passes through Annery, Monkleigh and Frithelstock. ANNERY, a divided hamlet, has no remarkable feature. It was the birthplace of Bishop Stapledon, Lord High Treasurer to Edward II., who was murdered in Cheapside by one of the Queen's party. Monkleigh is four miles from Bideford, a small village with an interesting church. The, tower, which is high, is a recognised landmark for miles around. Inside there is a small screen of some beauty. The chancel is paved with ancient tiles, some of which are in an excellent state of preservation. There is a tomb to the memory of Chief Justice Hankford, who is locally held to be the judge who sent roystering Prince Hal to the clink. A more terrible legend attaches to this man. It is said that, being tired of existence, and unwilling to take his own life, he chided his gamekeeper for some imaginary neglect of duty, and bade him keep special watch on the deer park at night, and shoot any man who refused to answer or stand when challenged. That very night he himself passed through the deer park, and refusing to stop at the gamekeeper's behest, was shot dead. He was buried in Monkleigh

Church. FRITHELSTOCK, which is five miles from Bideford, has the remains of an Augustinian Priory adjoining the church. An arch remains, with a date faintly decipherable upon the keystone. From Frithelstock the road descends very rapidly to Rothern Bridge, and then ascends as quickly to Great Torrington. The South Western Railway Company's North Devon Terminus is at the foot of the hill, and in a dip, just to the side of the Station, are the kennels of the noted Stevenstone pack of foxhounds. The terminus of the Light Railway which conveys clay from the Marland Pits is also here. The valley through which the railway runs is of surpassing loveliness. Climbing the hill, a charming picture of the Torridge Valley, crossed by its two bridges, is revealed. The staple industry of the town, which has 3,400 inhabitants, is glove making. There are also tanneries here. The land on either side of the road from the Station is common land. Torrington is favoured in that respect, and many disputes between the parties concerned are the result. At the entrance to the town, on the right, is the workhouse; on the left the public cemetery, which is neatly kept. Torrington Church is in the centre of the town. It is only about 200 years old. The fine 14th century church was destroyed in 1645. A tablet upon the outside wall runs "This church was blowen up with powder Feb. ye 16th, Ano 1645, and rebuilt Ano 1651." Fairfax was trying to wrest Torrington from the Royalists, who fortified the church and stored their ammunition there. When Fairfax finally drove Hopton from his strong position, he placed his prisoners in the church; by some means a spark from a torch fell into a powder cask, and in an instant the church was wrecked. By-the-bye, Cardinal Wolsey once held the living of Torrington, which is in the patronage of Christchurch College. Torrington Castle, built upon the crest of a hill, is now merely a name, but

in early Norman days it was a formidable stronghold. In the Norman and Plantagenet days, indeed, Torrington was of considerable importance as a market town, and even had the privilege of sending two members to the parliaments of the three Edwards. The burgesses, however, soon found the burden of supporting their representatives too grievous to be borne, and were therefore relieved of them. From either of the walls that surround the Castle Bowling Green, there are grand views. A monument in the form of an elongated pyramid stands just below the Castle, to the memory of the heroes of Waterloo. Fishing ranks next to bowling in the estimation of the average Torringtonian. There is good fishing in the river, and people come from a distance to enjoy it. A return journey by the road at the base of the great hill upon which Torrington stands, will afford a satisfactory change. This road occupies the site of Lord Rolle's canal. The hamlet, which seems like an overflow of Torrington down the hill and over a bridge, is called Taddiport, a name in itself suggestive of the martial memories of Toddington.

Round Horwood.

A STROLL into the country by Horwood will give pleasure to the mere pedestrian, and also to those with an antiquarian turn. Horwood is 3½ miles from Bideford. Crossing the long bridge and turning to the left along a narrow street, flanked on one side by warehouses and wharves, visitors should take the road over the railway arch to the right. They will find the way a typical Devonshire high-road, with delicious peeps of well-watered woodland, and placid river reaches, and hedges rich in fern and flower. Presently a picturesque hamlet called EASTLEIGH will be reached, and the first

turning to the right, beyond, leads direct to HORWOOD CHURCH, which has a lovely situation. Within the church, which is extremely ancient, there is a quaint 15th century effigy of a woman, with the figures of three children in the folds of her robe. This symbol implies that the little ones preceded, or quickly followed her to the grave. There are some carved seat ends worthy of notice. A tradition connects Horwood with the insurrection of Cornishmen in 1497. It will be remembered that Henry VII. made an attempt to levy a subsidy on the pretence of a Scottish invasion. The people of Cornwall resisted, and marched in arms to Blackheath, where they dispersed. It is said that Michael Joseph, who headed one section of the rebels, passed by this way. His horse casting a shoe on the road, he picked it up and nailed it to the church door. A horseshoe, rudely made, was actually upon the door until very recent years.

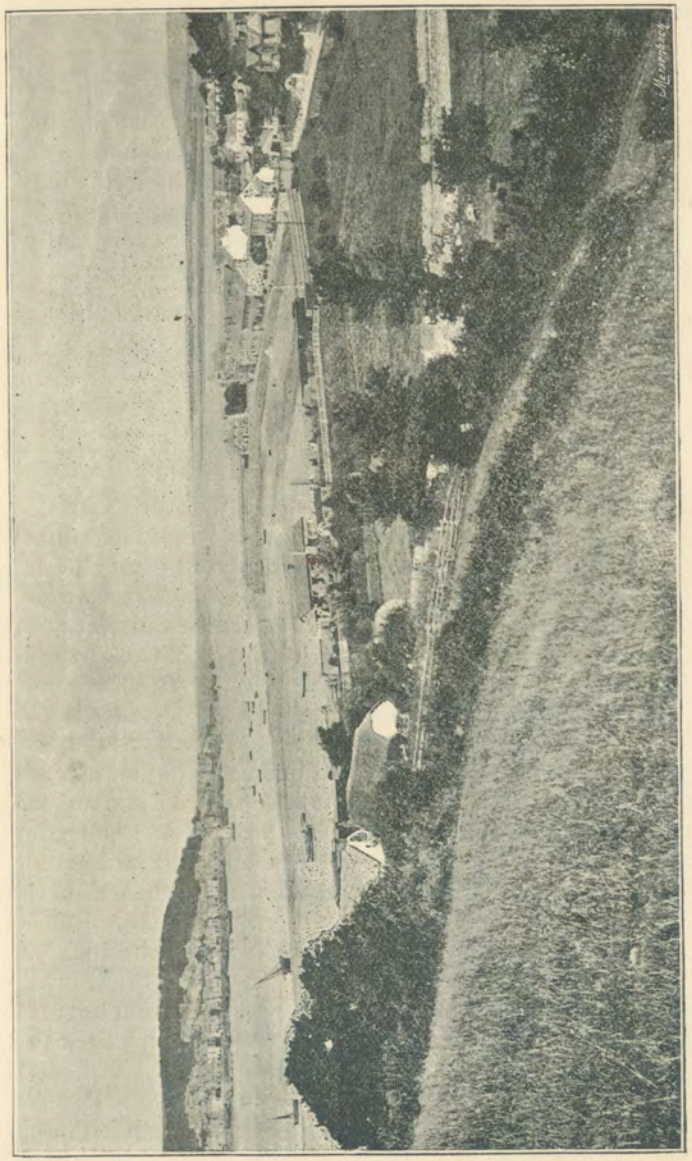
From Horwood visitors may regain the main road, and turning to the left, higher up, work round to WESTLEIGH, or follow the road which runs at right angles south from the church, and walking 1½ miles to the cross roads, take the one of the four to the right, and return direct to Bideford, another 2 miles. By the Westleigh route the way passes at the back to Tapeley Park, the home of the Cleveland family, until recently owners of the manor of Bideford. The obelisk which will be noticed on an eminence, is to the memory of Cornet Cleveland, of the 17th Lancers, who fell at Inkermann. Other memorials to the Clevelands—a martial race—will be found in the parish church of Westleigh. This edifice, like most of the parish churches in the district, contains carvings of value, and monuments. There is a sun dial outside the south door. The western entrance to the church is by a passage, which has rooms of a house on either side and above it. Through the village and down

the hill, leads to the Barnstaple Road, and turning to the left the journey back to Bideford, 1½ miles, will soon be completed. Whilst so far as Westleigh, it might be worth the visitors' while to turn to the right, instead of to the left, at the bottom of the hill, and stroll on half-a-mile into Instow.

Instow.

Reference has already been made to this watering place. It has been sadly neglected by guide books in the past, and yet it is well worth notice. It cannot lay claim to much architectural beauty, certainly; but it is prettily placed on the estuary of the Torridge and the Taw. It has a mild, yet bracing climate, and miles of smooth, firm, sand. Then there are sand hills, where children may roam about in perfect safety. There are lodging houses, and one good hotel—the Marine Hotel. Instow is on the main L. & S.W. North Devon Line, within six miles of Barnstaple, and three miles of Bideford, the two principal towns in this part of the county. There are pretty walks in the vicinity, and excellent boating and bathing. Anyone seeking rest and quiet would gain benefit at Instow. Passing visitors might look through the town, and, after seeking the church, which is beyond the town some distance, and the sand hills, and a general view of the estuary and of Appledore, could catch a train to Bideford, or if they were not tired, could cross by ferry (fare 2d.) to Appledore, and explore that town. There are 'busses from Appledore to Bideford at frequent intervals.

Before leaving the Eastern side of the river, attention should be paid to Chudleigh Fort. There is no footpath



INSTOW AND APPLEDORE.

to it; indeed the public right there at all, is questioned, but the walls of the fort command so extensive a view, that many folk go there. Care should be taken to do no damage to the field crops. The way to the fort winds over the hill commencing with a road—apparently a private carriage drive with a gate at the end—nearly opposite the down side of Bideford railway station.

To Appledore.

The River Bank Route.

There are several ways of getting at Appledore, all of them pleasant enough for the stranger, but it may be as well to set out the most pleasant route, which really runs by the river side almost all the way, through diverse and charming country. Starting from the river bank by the Pill stream—which, one hears, is to be filled in, and beautified out of all knowledge presently—pedestrians will immediately find themselves in Northam Parish. That parish is most tantalising. Step but a few spaces right or left of the town, and folk tell you you are in Northam. It hems Bideford in. For the first half mile the path lies over the river bank, an artificial mound built to keep the river out of the marsh on the left, part of which has now been acquired for a public park. The avenue of trees on either side of the walk is refreshing in summer, and there are seats at frequent intervals all the way down to Cox's Yard. That is the name of the cluster of houses at the end of the bank. Ships used to be built there, and a little boat repairing is still done. The tiny mission church is tributary to Northam Parish Church. Passing straight ahead an open gate will be

found. Enter, and follow the gravelled path. At the end of this path a stile will be seen, leading off to the left. Those who want a short walk of a couple of miles before lunch, or before dinner, might cross the stile and follow the path to Nineteen Steps. These steps, which are just beyond a second stile, are curious. Continuing the path at the head of the steps to the gate, pretty woodland peeps are plentiful. Getting over it, turn to the right, and the path will lead through Orchard Hill into the Northam Road, and back again to Bideford. But to proceed on our way to Appledore. The stile is at the foot of a hill. Ascend this hill, keep straight on through a quarry, until a road at right angles is reached. Turn down this, and it will lead to Cleavehouses, a little hamlet where there is some ship repairing done. Pass in front of the houses, and make straight for a gate beyond the railway lines from a quarry. Through the gate, the path works round inland. To the right, nestling close under the hill, is Lady St. Vincent's residence. Bear round to the right, in order to pass at the back of this house. Get over the gate or rude stile nearest the river. There are three gates; take the third. Having reached thus far, there is little more difficulty in the way. The path follows the course of the river, which can be seen gleaming between the trees many feet below. Kingsley's description of this scene, viewed perhaps from a more distant spot, will give the best idea of its loveliness—"Beneath, the Torridge, like a land-locked lake, sleeps broad and bright, between the old Park of Tapeley, and the charmed rock of Hubbastone, where, seven hundred years ago, the Norse rovers landed to lay siege to Kenwith Castle, a mile away on the left hand; and not three fields away are the old stones of the 'Bloody Corner,' where the retreating Danes, cut off from their ships, made their last fruitless stand against the Saxon Sheriff and the valiant men of Devon. Within that

charmed rock, so Torridge boatmen tell, sleeps now the old Norse Viking in his leaden coffin, with all his fairy treasure and his crown of gold. . . . . And far below, upon the soft south-eastern breeze, the stately ships go sliding out to sea." Having passed over path fields, and negotiated a few more stiles, pedestrians will descend carefully, and cross an uncanny-looking creek, which might have been known to smugglers a generation or so ago. Beyond the creek there are more path fields, leading to a steep hill, that ends at BOAT HYDE. Beyond the house is another stile. Once across this, the way to Appledore is short and easy. Turn up by the creek and a steep hill will lead to Northam.

APPLEDORE.

From BIDEFORD 3½ *miles.*

APPLEDORE is divided into an eastern and a western portion. In East Appledore are the shipbuilding and repairing docks. The size of the ships undergoing repair in and by the side of the docks, and the number of vessels often lying in the Pool awaiting repairs, speak of the importance of the trade. This eastern part of Appledore is comparatively new; indeed it may be said to have been created by the Newfoundland trade, which was formerly a great support to Bideford. After the voyage across the Atlantic, vessels require a refit before beginning the return passage, and Appledore enjoys a large portion of this work. The parts of Appledore built on the hill, are also of recent date. To get at the genuine Appledore one must journey over into West Appledore, with its narrow cobbled streets, low-walled houses, interminable alleys, tiny courts, and its general odour of brine; its women standing, arms akimbo, or with aprons

up round their heads, on their doorsteps chatting; its men in blue jerseys, pilot coats, peaked caps, all blue, walking with that peculiar gait which always betrays a seafaring man, or propping up the wall whilst listening to the "missus" gossiping; its children, brown as a berry, and ofttimes guiltless of "Pears'," playing in the gutters; these make up the Appledore beloved by artists. This Appledore may have existed since the far-off day when Hubba was buried under the Hubbastone, or Hubbastowe, as some people term it. At the end of West Appledore visitors will find the life-boat station, with the life-boat within. There is no difficulty in obtaining entrance to inspect the boat. The church, dedicated to St. Mary, was built in 1836, in the Early English style. There is nothing of pressing interest about this church, except that it occupies the site of an old chapel.

NORTHAM BURROWS.

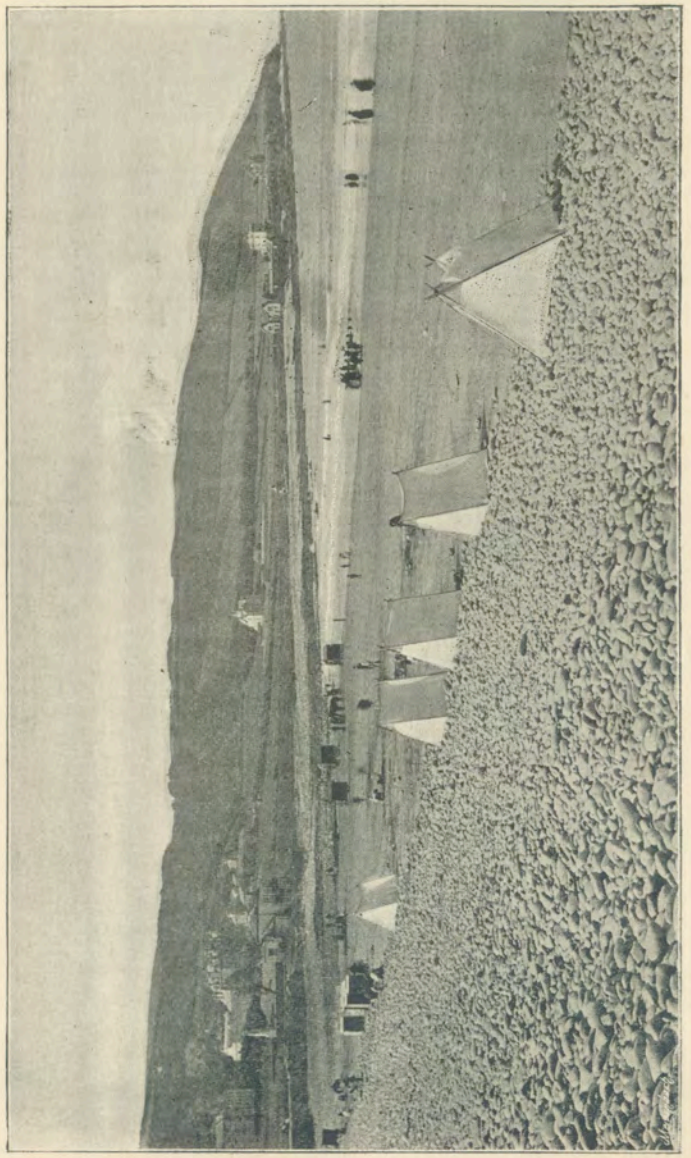
IMMEDIATELY beyond West Appledore are the NORTHAM BURROWS, alluvial in origin, and nearly 1,000 acres in extent, but gradually becoming smaller, covered with spongy turf, and furze, and intersected by reedy streams. By crossing the beach, visitors may pass direct on to the burrows, and reach Westward Ho! On the way they will pass the links of the Royal North Devon Golf Club, where the game flourishes as in Bonnie Scotland, and skirt the shores of Goosey Pool. Taylor, the great professional golfer, hails from Northam, and was trained on these links. The cattle that may be grazing on the Burrows, and the flocks of geese, belong to the "Pot-wallopers," or villagers of Northam, who exercise right of pasturage there. The glory of Northam Burrows is the PEBBLE RIDGE, upon the north-west front, which protects the land from the fury of the sea. This

ridge of smooth grey boulders is two miles long, and twenty feet high. It used to be higher, but from various causes the stones do not fit so compactly as in days gone by. It used to be the custom for the "Potwallopers" to meet once yearly, and throw the scattered stones up, but this is no longer done. The Ridge has been roughly handled by Neptune during the last twenty years. On at least two occasions great gales have thrown the mass bodily many yards inland; the ruins of houses nearest the Ridge are evidence of the latest assault, and where the sands now run out flat for a considerable distance, under the sea, people, not yet old, can remember houses, and a Club and pasture. Beyond this belt there is a SUBMERGED FOREST, which has yielded the remains of petrified trees, various land shells, flakes of flint, and weapons of the stone age, and the bones of deer and other animals. A collection of the relics is preserved in the Athenæum at Barnstaple. The stones which go to form the Ridge are supposed to be pieces torn off by the sea from Hartland, and rolled round the coves, getting rounded and smoothed on their way, until at last they find a resting place on the Ridge. In support of this contention, the story is told, that a Clovelly boatman missed an iron spiked pebble to which he was in the habit of mooring his boat, and afterwards found it on the Pebble Ridge. Upon the principle of "going all round the parish to find the church," we have not yet told visitors that when they are on the Pebble Ridge they are at

WESTWARD HO!

From BIDEFORD 2½ *miles.*

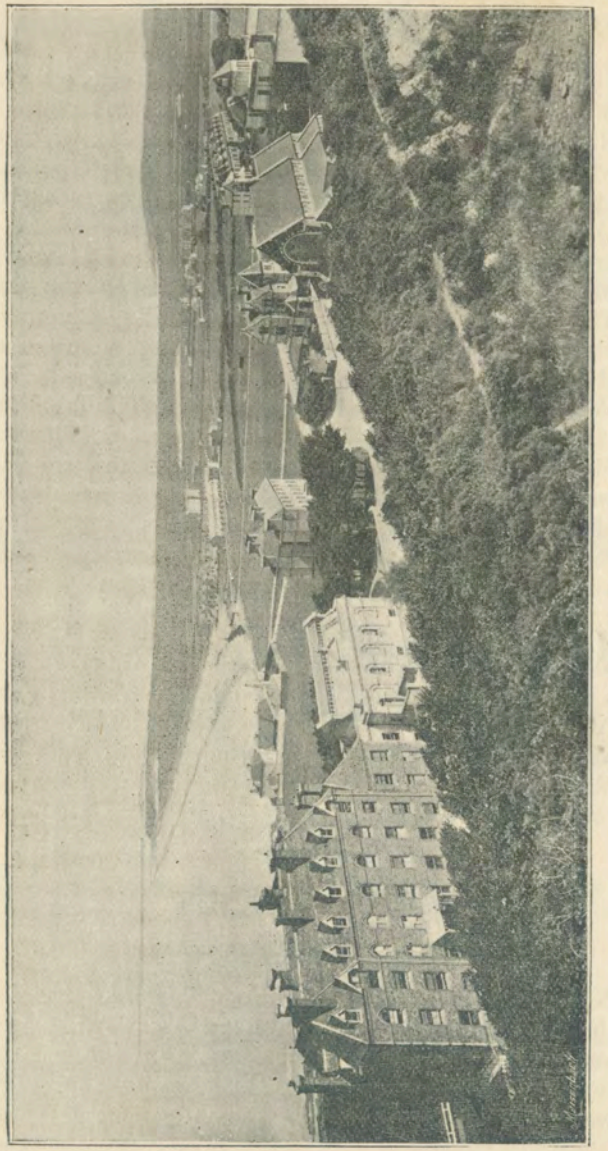
WESTWARD HO! is a seaside resort, which owes its popularity and its name to Kingsley's great romance. Late in the fifties, a Northam Burrows Hotel and Villas



PEBBLE RIDGE AND SANDS, WESTWARD HO!

Company, Limited, was formed to develop the district as a holiday resort. Then "Westward Ho!" was published, and a happy idea struck Dr. Ackland, one of the Directorate, to christen the new settlement Westward Ho! This suggestion was accepted, and in 1863 the Earl of Portsmouth, chairman of the company, laid the foundation stone of the Westward Ho! Hotel, now known as the Royal Hotel. Commenting upon this "Hotel and Villas" scheme, Kingsley wrote Dr. Ackland, in 1864, as follows: "How goes on the Northam Burrows scheme for spoiling that beautiful place with hotels and villas? I suppose it must be—if there is a demand let it be supplied—but you will frighten away all the seapies and defile the Pebble Ridge with chicken bones and sandwich scraps. The universe is growing Cockney, and men like me must look out for a new planet to live in, without fear of railway and villa projections." The demand for accommodation by tourists visiting the famous district was supplied by hotels and boarding-houses, and presently two colleges were established, one the Kingsley Memorial College, which is now closed, and the United Services College, of more recent date, and still at work. The Church, which is an offshoot from Northam Parish Church, is dedicated to the Holy Trinity. It was erected in 1870, the design being Early English. Attempts to build a promenade pier failed, owing to the fury of winter storms, which washed the framework away. The mild but bracing climate, the safe bathing, the cheap living, the golfing and the colleges, have all helped to draw together a colony of villa residents, who have been of immense value to Bideford. A very complete service of 'busses affords easy and hourly access to Bideford *via* Northam.

*** For hotel and other information, see Business Directory.



WESTWARD HO! (FROM BUCKLEIGH.)

The prettiest walk from Bideford to Westward Ho! is through the fields. Visitors should proceed along the Northam High Road for about a quarter of a mile, when they will meet a direction post on the left, pointing up a hill. Half way up on the right, there is a stile. Get over this and follow the path fields—crossing a gravelled path to reach a second series—and a lane will be reached. Turn down this lane and follow its bend. The road to Westward Ho! then, is direct. The way is pleasant, although there is no striking picture until BUCKLEIGH is reached. This is a second edition of Westward Ho! perched on the crest of the hill. From this crest there are magnificent panoramic views of Hartland and Lundy, dim on the horizon, and the wide waters, and placid Appledore Pool, the brown and greys of Northam Burrows; the yellow sands of Braunton, the frowning cliffs beyond, the misty Torridge Valley, and all the broad and fertile acres to the south-west.

From Buckleigh, a steep road descends directly into Westward Ho! The turning to the left will take one by a charming way round Cornborough, and eventually into Abbotsham. The road to the right leads into NORTHAM VILLAGE. For those who only want a short walk, and plenty of landscape and seascape, the latter may be recommended.

NORTHAM.

Population (including Westward Ho! and Appledore), 5,031.

NORTHAM VILLAGE is 1½ miles from Bideford. It lies on the main road between Bideford and Westward Ho! and also on the main road to Appledore, its houses, some of them very quaint and old, being built on either side of the way. The church is described as an ancient decorated

structure. It has a "tall grey wind-swept tower, which watches for a beacon far and wide o'er land and sea." It was at the foot of this tower, readers will remember, that the grave for Salvation Yeo was dug. "Perhaps the old man might like to look at the sea, and see the ships come in and out across the harbour bar, and hear the wind on winter nights roar through the belfry above his head. Why not? It was but a fancy; and yet Amyas felt that he too should like to be buried in such a place; so Yeo might like it also." There is a Congregational chapel and a Wesleyan chapel in Northam. Any of the roads at the end of the village will lead to Westward Ho! Visitors may notice Bone Hill, the grass mound which forms a sort of buttress, and where the children play. Uncertain tradition has it that this was the burial carn for the dead, in some great fight between Saxon and Dane. The main road to Appledore ($3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Bideford) branches off to the right, almost opposite the King's Head Hotel. The Post Office, to which a telegraphic department has recently been added, is a few steps down Fore Street, as that part of Northam is called. Burrough, the home of Amyas Leigh, lies in the angle formed by this and the Bideford main road. It may be approached from either side. If stern realists insist that Amyas was merely a creature of Kingsley's brain, Burrough has still a very real charm, as being the home of two celebrated sailors, Stephen Burrough and William Burrough. Stephen, born in 1525, was master of the largest ship, the *Edward Bonaventure*, in Sir Hugh Willoughby's expedition to the Arctic Seas, planned by Cabot. It would have failed but for the determination of Burrough, and Chancellor, the pilot major of the fleet, who pressed on, naming the North Cape as they went, and sailed into the White Sea. Theirs was the first ship that floated in those waters, and it was claimed for them that they discovered Russia. In 1556 Burrough obtained a pinnace, drawing only four feet of water, and boldly

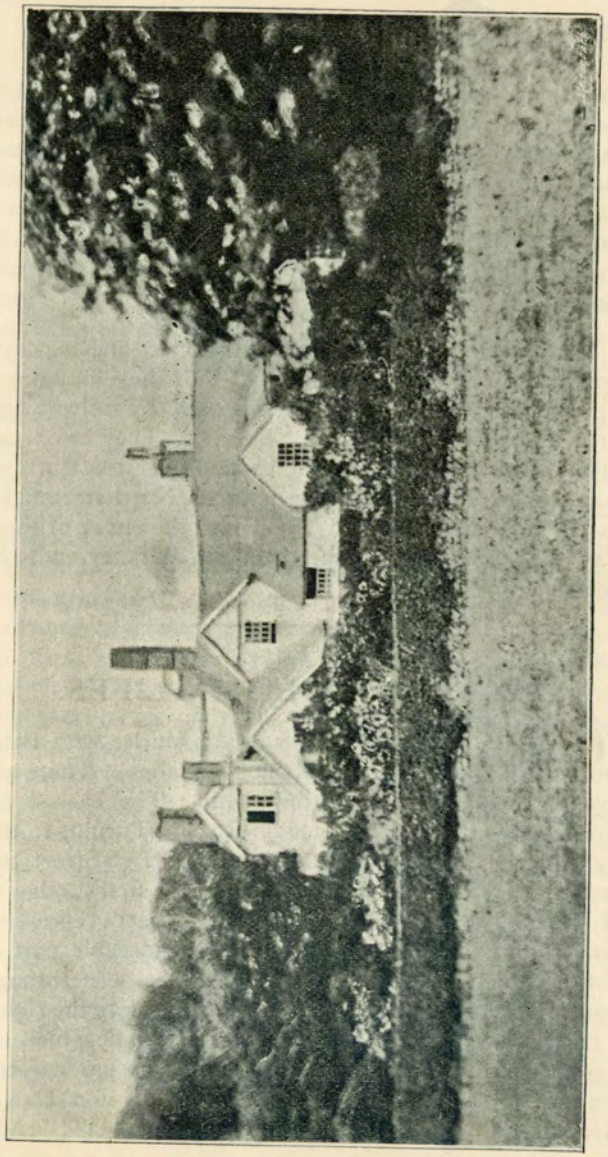
ventured again to the Northern Seas. This voyage was one of the most daring in the annals of exploration. His object was to find the north-east passage to Cathay, and he actually penetrated to Kara Sea, and established a high latitude record, which was not beaten until quite recently. Stephen Burrough became Chief Pilot of England, and one of the four Masters of the Navy. He was buried at Chatham. His brother William wrote a treatise on the Magnet, and became Comptroller of the Navy. The ancient Burrough House, as a whole, no longer exists, although certain portions were retained when the house was re-built in 1868. Fortunately, however, a view of the former house was preserved, and still more fortunately we are permitted to reproduce it in "Kingsley's Country." If, instead of turning to Burrough, visitors keep the Appledore Road, they will presently light on Bloody Corner, where Hubba's Danes made their last stand. A pillar raised on this spot by Mr. Chappell, reads thus:

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,
CHAPPELL'S RECORD.

The Hubbastone, or Hubba Stowe—Hubba's Place—to which reference has already been made, is in a direct



OLD BURROUGH.

line with Bloody Corner. Kenwith Castle, the object of Hubba's attack, was situate at the upper end of a small valley, on the north-west side of Bideford, little more than a mile from the town. In Risdon's time the Castle was a ruin, and now it has been entirely razed, and a new Kenwith built of its stones, on the old site. If visitors follow the North Down Road, they will pass Kenwith.

Nothing more need be said of this part of Kingsley's Country. Visitors have been told that they may reach Appledore by water, by a riverside path, by railway and ferry, and by a main road via Northam. They have read that Westward Ho! may be reached over the Burrows from Appledore, and the main road via Northam, and by path fields via Buckleigh. They may take either of these ways separately, or combine them, to suit fancy and convenience.

To Abbotsham Cliffs.

The walk to Abbotsham Cliffs is a favourite with Bidefordians. The distance is about four miles. There are two or three ways of getting there. The easiest for strangers, is that via Abbotsham Road. Turning to the right by the Rectory Gate, at the top of High Street, the pedestrian will presently come upon the first Lodge of Moreton, the seat of Sir Geo. Stucley, Bart., representative of a family that has played a considerable part in national history. Moreton itself may be seen through the trees. In front of a house on the hillock to the right, a curious sort of wall, or screen, is very noticeable. It was erected by the late tenant, Moreton, to prevent the occupier of that house overlooking the Moreton Lawn. Keeping right on for a mile and a half, ABBOTSHAM

will be reached. Several lanes branch away from an old oak, standing in the centre of the way. A sapling was planted a short time since, to replace the oak, which is much decayed. The Church is in the Early English style, and dedicated to St. Helen. It was carefully restored in 1870. The seat ends are notably carved, and there is an old monument dated 1639 to the memory of Anthony Honey. The Chancel has been chastely decorated. In the Churchyard there is an Ionic Cross, modern, but characteristic. After inspecting the Church, the pedestrian should follow the lane which runs about in a line with the Abbotsham Road. This will lead him through the village. Immediately past the Post Office, a lane branches off to the right. That is the way to Abbotsham Cliffs. A considerable distance ahead, the lane takes a decisive bend round to a farmhouse. By the farmyard there is a gate, and on the other side of the gate a wild looking path. This path leads to a limekiln, and thence to the cliffs. Picnics are often held there, and no pleasanter spot could be chosen. Just opposite, Portledge can be seen nestling amongst its rare old trees, and Bideford Bay curves by many a pretty combe and pebbly beach to Clovelly; beyond is Hartland, the old point of Hercules; seaward, the huge mass of Lundy; below, the waves are foaming round hideous black rock fangs, and thundering upon the shore. The turf is springy, and there is no lack of room. In addition, there are romantic nooks to be explored. There is a tradition that a subterranean passage once ran from Abbotsham Cliffs to Ford House, that old grey house on the Torrington Road, just outside Bideford. Whether there ever was such a passage, and whether it was used by smugglers, or by religious or political fugitives, must be matter for conjecture. This Ford House, by-the-bye, is supposed to be the oldest Bideford habitation. It stands approximately where the

old fording place used to be, and where it was at first intended to build Bideford Bridge. To give variety to the "Cliffs" outing, the return journey may be made by the coast line, 1½ miles to Westward Ho!

The West Country.

The heroes of "Westward Ho!" knew the West Country well. Sir Richard Grenvile might have been seen "riding along the moorland roads, between his houses of Stow, near Kilkhampton, and Bideford." The "two gentlemen of Wales," Evans and Morgan, Jesuits in disguise, rode with Eustace Leigh, as fast as rough by-lanes would let them, along the fresh coast of the Bay, intent on reaching Chapel without being observed, but destined to fall in with Will Cary, and his friends, fox-hunting in the Hartland Country. Lucy Passmore, the white witch of Welcombe, might have been consulted in Marsland Mouth, and pretty Rose Salterne knew the far West Country too, for was she not delivered over to the tender mercies of her aunt at Stow Mill, for daring to raise her eyes to a gentleman, and to be the cause of a duel between Don Guzman, and Will Cary?

The whole journey west from Bideford is full of interest. Coaches run twice daily during the summer months in connection with the London and South Western Railway, to Clovelly, 11 miles, and there is a connecting Coach Service between Clovelly and Bude. Daily Coaches are also run from the Bideford Hotels.

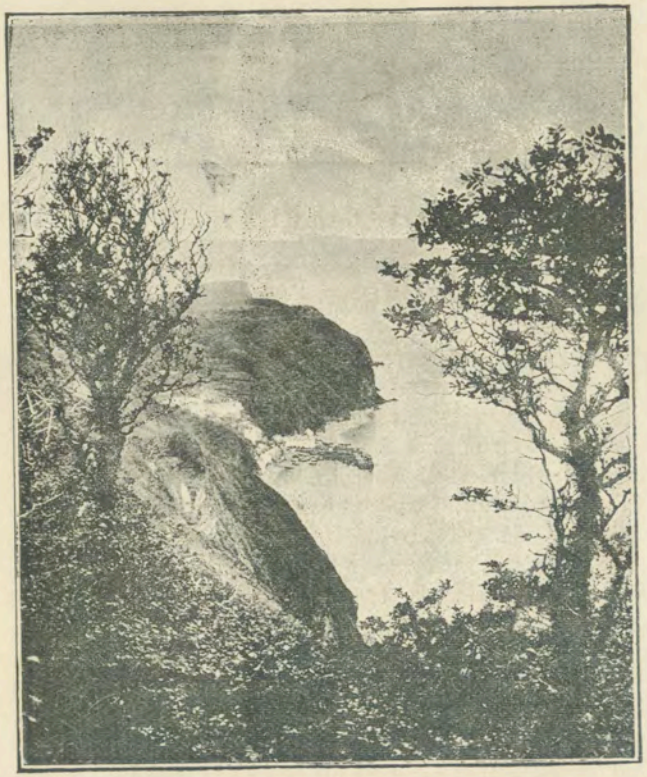
Striking at once on the Old Turnpike Road, at the head of Bideford town, the way lies due west. To the left, at Handy Cross, a lane leads down to the New Town Cemetery. Visitors will have noticed the New Church Cemetery, East-the-Water. Presently the road lies through a splendid avenue of trees, part of the domain of Moreton, the seat of Sir Geo. Stucley, which lies behind trees, across the park to the right. The trim cottages, at intervals, are Lodges at the various entrances to the Park. Pretty peeps of the Taw Estuary, and Northam Burrows, and the Braunton shore, and of Lundy, may be seen between the trees, and bye-and-bye the road opens, and Abbotsham Church may be distinguished in the valley, not far distant. Three miles out of Bideford, Ford hamlet will be found by the roadside, and half-a-mile further Fairy Cross, in the parish of Alwington. Just here is the entrance to the drive of Portledge House, the home of the Coffins for seven, if not eight, centuries. The house which is built in a delightful valley or combe, overlooking the bay, about half-a-mile from the water, is Elizabethan externally, but there are Gothic, and even Norman, remains in the interior, which are parts of the older Portledge, mentioned in a deed of 1371. There is much beautiful carved oak work in the house, and in the striking octagon Entrance Hall several Family portraits are hung, from the brushes of Wytens, Gascar, and Wissing. The Long Gallery is of considerable interest, and there used to be an oak panelled minstrels' gallery, but that has been removed to Alwington Church, and converted into a family pew. An object of modern interest is the portrait, and a few collections, of Captain Speke, the famous African explorer, who was born at Orleigh Court, an ancient mansion, near Bideford. A family connection with Mrs. Pine-Coffin brings these memorials of an intrepid Devonian to Portledge. The Coffins of Portledge have

made their mark in history. One, Sir William Coffin, was Master of the Horse at the coronation of Ann Boleyn, and participated in the glories of the Field of the Cloth of Gold in 1519. He it was who procured a revision of Burial Fees, and it came about in this manner. Passing by Bideford Churchyard one day, he saw a crowd of people, evidently confused. He enquired the reason, and was told that the corpse of a man awaited burial, but the priest refused to perform the last rites unless his mortuary fees were paid. He claimed the dead man's cow for his fee. Sir William sent for the priest, and ordered him to proceed with the burial, but the cleric stood upon his dignity and absolutely refused to obey. Thereupon Sir William commanded the by-standers to put the priest into the grave, and bury him alive. This had nearly been done when the priest cried for mercy, and duly read the burial service. This insult to the clergy—a hanging matter in those days—was reported, and the peremptory knight was summoned before Parliament. He managed, however, to make his case good, and even secured an act which limited the burial fees that could be extracted from the poor. ALWINGTON CHURCH, half-a-mile off the high road, to the left, dates from about the 14th century. The Register dates from 1550. Its distinguishing feature is the tower, 75 feet high. It holds a peal of six bells. The oak carving in the nave, pulpit, and behind the altar, is worthy of notice, and the Portledge family pew should not be forgotten by any who turn in to visit the fane. There are a number of ancient tiles in the north aisle, probably from a North Devon Pottery, and over the vestry is a Priest's Chamber. The reason for this chamber is uncertain, but it is supposed that it was for the use of the Abbot, in the service of the Church. The several stained glass windows which adorn the Church are to the memory of members of the Pine-Coffin and Morrison-

Kirkwood families. Yeo Vale, the home of the Morrison-Kirkwoods, is another very old Devon mansion. A chapel not far from it was once attached to the house, but was removed some years since, to its present picturesque position. Let us regain the high road to Clovelly. It now runs upon the crest of the highland which terminates in Hartland Point. To the right there is a bold seascape, to the left a beautiful landscape. The Church of BUCKLAND BREWER, 2½ miles away (5 miles from Bideford), with its high tower, and Norman doorway, and PARKHAM Church, with village nestling round, are included in the picture. HORN'S CROSS hamlet and BUCK'S Church, hidden amongst trees, next engage attention, and then the coach draws up sharp at HOOPS INN. This roadside hostel is midway between Bideford and Clovelly. It has accommodation for travellers, simple, but clean and homely. Visitors should not fail to sample the buns, real home made buns, to be bought at this house. Very soon after leaving the Hoops the turning, at the right, to BUCK'S MILL will be reached. This hamlet is the home of a family named Braund, said to be the descendants of shipwrecked survivors of the Spanish Armada. That Spanish galleons of that ill-fated expedition came to grief in the bay is an historical fact, and the swarthy complexions and cast of face of these Braunds certainly betoken Spanish blood. For two centuries they lived in this glen, fishing and farming, aloof from their neighbours. The head man of the settlement, locally known as the "King of Bucks" is accessible, and there is a saga of his tribe which he will recite to strangers for the asking. Those who want to explore all the beauties of Bideford Bay should turn down the lane just beyond the "Hoops," and enter the field which overlooks the hamlet. The scene revealed from this vantage ground, is of ravishing beauty. Lundy Island, gaunt and frowning, rises in

the foreground, and far away to the north-east, if the day be clear, the Welsh Coast will loom up faintly on the horizon. To reach the Combe visitors must turn into a wood on the left, and strike a path which will lead into the cart road. This cart road, it may be as well to mention, connects with the main Clovelly road, at a point nearer Clovelly than that we first described. Following the cart road, seawards, and by the bank of the rivulet which drains the "mouth" or "combe," the open country is quickly regained. The view again is superb, indeed from hardly any point is so fine a picture of the Bideford Bay to be obtained. In the foreground is a disused limekiln, which like other similar ruins in various coves along the coast, is reminiscent of the time when the farmers of the west country still practised the good old rule of putting lime upon their land. If the visitor is fortunate enough to have reached Bucks when the tide is ebbing, he may walk the remaining portion of the way to Clovelly along the shingle. The beach is rough, but those who have strong thick boots will be rewarded by the sight of several pretty waterfalls, which spurt out of the tall, richly wooded cliff. The largest of them FRESHWATER, is quite 2¼ miles from Bucks, and ¼ mile from Clovelly. It was here at the "point where two glens meet, and pour their streamlets over a cascade some hundreds of feet in height, into the sea below," that Amyas Leigh, and his brother Frank, had the encounter with their cousin Eustace, and forced him to yield up papers which betrayed a Popish plot to invade England. The coach, of course, keeps the highroad, and half-a-mile beyond the Hoops Inn passes the turning to the left, leading to Woolfardisworthy or Woolsery, and cross country to Bradworthy, and Kilkhampton. Eight miles from Bideford the coach stops, at the entrance to the HOBBY DRIVE, and sets down any passengers who wish to walk

through to Clovelly. The entrance fee for pedestrians is 4d.; whilst a fee of 1/- is demanded for carriages. Words fail in an attempt to describe the soft beauties



VIEW FROM HOBBY DRIVE.

of the winding drive of three miles. There are romantic dells, and banks where huge ferns riot luxuriantly, and groves of oak, and fairy-like glens and moss-grown bridges spanning bubbling streams, and outlooks over a

dense bank of trees towards Lundy, and peeps of Clovelly, with its tiny pier, hundreds of feet down, and of Gallantry Bower,—and all above is an Italian sky, and all below a glittering sea, and brown sailed fishing boats at work. Leaving the Hobby Drive, and descending a steep narrow winding lane, visitors will find themselves at the head of Clovelly Town. The Coach would have brought them to the same spot, through Winklebury village.

CLOVELLY.

OUR picture of Clovelly main street will do more than pages of word painting to give strangers a characteristic impression of Clovelly. There is the wide, shallow, pebbled stair, much steeper than any photographer can represent, with cottages built on either side, one below the other, so that the bedroom of one is on a level with the front door of that above it, and there are the donkeys, without which no picture of Clovelly would be complete. The great influx of visitors has not spoilt Clovelly; the two rows of houses, built literally in a cleft of the rock, are as quaint as they were forty years ago, the walls are white, the interiors snowy in their cleanliness, and creepers, and fuchsias, and geraniums, climb up the side, or cling to the neat trellis of verandah and balcony. On either sides, by-lanes lead off to the crookedest old nooks an artist could wish to transfer to his canvas, or a photographer to his plate. That the old world odour still clings to this fishing village grown famous, is due in a large measure to the action of the Squires of Clovelly Court. In the summer there is difficulty in finding accommodation for all visitors, and those who intend putting up in the village should secure rooms beforehand. The New Inn Hotel, half-way down the

CLOVELLY (MAIN STREET).

main street, is very popular, and it is worth a visit, if only to see the valuable china distributed about the rooms. At points down the street there are bends, where one may sit or stand, and look over house-tops, into the sea, and down upon the harbour, and the tiny jetty, and the glorious woods of the Hobby Drive on one hand, and the stern grandeur of Gallantry Bower on the other. Of course the whole village is simply embowered in trees, and from the sea looks like a broad white streak, drawn uncertainly across the woodland. The way to the Pier cannot well be mistaken. This structure, which is very ancient, puts as it were a protecting arm round the pool in which fishing boats and pleasure craft lie snug on the wildest night. The pier is in two tiers ; either may be walked upon, but strangers should be careful how they descend the funny old steps leading from the higher to the lower tier. On the seaward side there is a breakwater to relieve the pressure of the sea upon the pier generally. At the end of the pier is a light, fixed upon a standard. It is a memorial light, and the inscription upon it reads : " This light is erected by Nevill Hamlyn Fane, to the memory of Richard Harris and James Jewell, who were drowned during the great gale of December 6th, 1882." From the pier, perhaps, visitors get the best idea of the primitive and unsullied simplicity of Clovelly. Amongst the houses on the lowest " rung of the ladder " is one known as " Crazy Kate's Cottage." Nobody can tell exactly how it obtained its name, but an old sailor once hazarded the suggestion that an ancient dame called Kate, who went out of her mind or " crazed " as the west-country people say, lived in the cottage. This woman died at Downland Farm, Clovelly. Any of the sailors sunning themselves on the pier, will give local information to strangers. They are a very civil race. Clovelly has been a fishing village for centuries, and it would be difficult to find more tempting fare for

breakfast than a Clovelly herring, cooked as only Clovelly folk can cook it. Of late years Clovelly has been included amongst the regular excursions of the Bristol and Ilfracombe steamers. Passengers are landed in shore boats, and here it may be said, that better boatmen than those who ply for hire at Clovelly cannot be found. Visitors may feel perfectly safe in venturing afloat with one of them on board. There are several interesting water trips westward, by Gallantry Bower, and Mouth Mill, and even to Hartland Point, the coast line being extremely wild and fascinating. From the pier there is a way, curving round on the west side of the village, which leads to the head of the hill, and the Yellery Gate. The ascent is steep, but those who stay at Clovelly can generally afford to take their time, and indulge in any number of halts. There is something beautiful for the eye to rest upon at every step.

The YELLERY GATE is open to the public on the payment of 6d. every day of the week except Tuesday and Saturday. It is the portal of Gallantry Bower. All fees, by the way, go to benefit local charities. The park-like expanse within the gate has many charms ; early in the season it is flaming with rhododendron blossoms. To the left of the path, a large house, Clovelly Court, will be seen. It has no feature of interest in itself, being a rather ugly example of that ugly eighteenth century age of architecture. Clovelly Court of the olden time, where Will Cary reigned, and that Amyas Leigh knew, was burnt down in the year 1796. The present Court occupies its site. The Giffords were ancient Lords of Clovelly manor, Sir Roger Gifford holding one Knight's Fee there in the reign of Henry III. The Giffords were followed by the Carys, and the manor in their time possessed the rare privilege of hanging criminals. Clovelly continued in the name of a Cary until 1724,

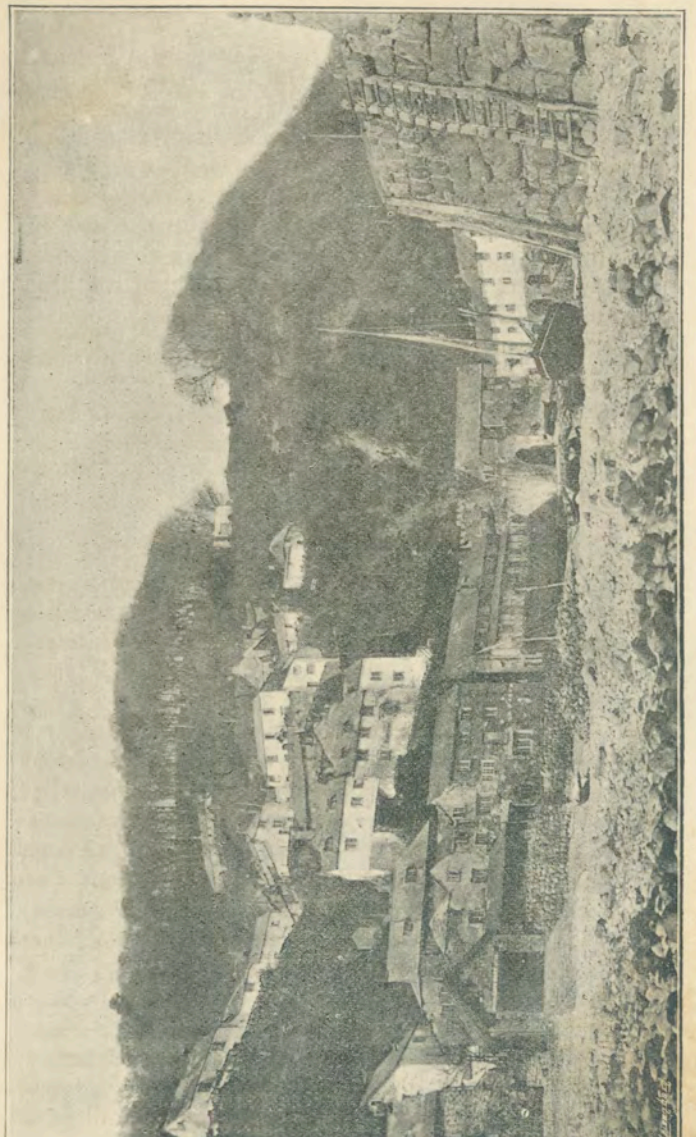
when the last male heir died. The Carys were followed by the Hamlyns. The heiress of the Hamlyns married a Colonel Williams, who took the name Hamlyn-Williams. The heiress of this union married a Fane, and the property then rested with the Hamlyn-Fanes. Finally, Miss Fane, the last heiress, married a gentleman who took the name of Hamlyn, and he still holds the property. The Lord of Clovelly has the right to take a certain quantity of fish from the fishermen living within his manor. Keeping as close to the sea as the paths will allow, and proceeding 1½ miles, GALLANTRY BOWER will be at hand. There is an old story, that somebody in hopeless love with somebody else, jumped over the edge of the cliff into eternity here, hence the name. As a matter of fact, however, it is far more likely that the title, so striking and suggestive, is merely a corruption of the old Kornu-Keltic *Col-an-veor*, *i.e.*, "the Great Ridge." And Gallantry Bower is a Great Ridge. It rises 387 feet sheer above the sea, straight as if its face had been planed. Leaning over, one sees the sea foaming as it throws itself upon the black jagged rocks at the foot, but the sound of the surf is heard very faintly, if at all. Magnificent views present themselves from the Bower. Proceeding by the coast path another half-mile, the visitor will light upon pretty MOUTH MILL. This is a delicious spot. The rocks are contorted and "ploughed" in most extraordinary fashion, and the constant beating of the surf has cut and sharpened some of the ridges into rows of black horrid teeth "one rasp of which would grind abroad the timbers of the stoutest ship." The arches of "BLACK CHURCH ROCK," weather-worn and stained by sea and sun, the TOAD ROCK, which remotely resembles that reptile, and the RUINED CAPITAL ROCK, which shows above water with the ebb tide, will attract attention. The rocks, too, abound with pools, which are a never failing delight and

treasure trove to naturalists hunting specimens. Maybe Kingsley had the limpid pools of Mouth Mill in his mind when writing portions of "Two Years Ago." The stream which comes down the combe and falls into the sea here, adds not a little to the charm of the romantic Mouth. Return to Clovelly by the upper of the two tracks on the east of the Mouth. This leads through the grounds of Clovelly Court, and finally by a road to the Church. Of course, if they are anxious for exertion, pedestrians may continue their walk from Mouth Hill to Hartland, or if they do not want any more exertion, they may, provided the weather is suitable, arrange that a boat shall meet them at the Mouth and take them home by water. The boatman will charge about 2/6 for the trip.

There was probaby a CLOVELLY CHURCH in Saxon times. The font, rough, but handsome in shape, is supposed to be Saxon, at any rate. The present fane, dedicated to All Saints', is several centuries old. The roof, dating from the days of Richard II, is supported by five handsome granite pillars (monoliths), quarried at Lundy. There is Norman work in the porch, and the pulpit bears date, 1634. A stone in the Lych gate is dated 1636, and the sun-dial on the front of the Church porch was engraved a few years later, in 1678. The Church plate is venerable also. The silver chalice, for instance, is dated 1577, and bears the name TONS, that of an eminent silver-smith of Exeter, in the days of Good Queen Bess. The same flagon dates from 1682, and the silver paton from 1761. The registers since 1686 have been preserved. There are eight handsome Cary monuments in the Church—the first being to the memory of Robert Cary, who died in 1586, and a second to William Cary (the rollicking Will Cary, of "Westward Ho!"), which states that he "served his king and his country,

in ye office of justice of the peace, under three princes, Queen Elizabeth, King James, and King Charles I." He died in 1652. A third monument is to the memory of Sir Robert Cary, "who served faithfully that glorious Prince Charles I, in the long civil war against his rebellious subjects." He died in 1675, having been spared long enough to see his beloved Stuarts again upon the throne of England. There are three Cary brasses in the chancel, and a memorial brass to "Charles Kingsley, Rector of Eversley, Canon of Westminster, Poet, Preacher, Novelist, son of Charles Kingsley, sometime Rector of this Parish, and Mary Lucas, his wife." Kingsley's father was Rector of Clovelly from 1830 to 1836. His daughter, Mrs. Harrison, is wife of the present Rector.

Everyone desires to see CLOVELLY DIKES, or the Ditchen Hills, two miles from Clovelly. The easiest way to them is to follow the hill, or coach road, from Clovelly to the Bideford-Hartland main road. The dikes are situate in the angle formed by this main road, and the Clovelly road. They consist of three distinct and most concentric entrenchments, each having its embankment 15 to 25 feet high, and ditch 20 to 30 paces wide. The inner of these entrenchments, oblong shaped, is 130 spaces long, and 75 to 100 wide. The outer circumvallation encloses more than 20 acres of land. These encampments are clearly of British origin. The Romans might have occupied them in later days, for there is abundant evidence of their presence in the neighbourhood, and some reason for surmising that Clovelly was a favourite landing place with them. By people qualified to judge, these grand earth works are compared with those of Maiden Castle, near Dorchester. From the dikes there are most extensive views, even the Dartmoor Tors being visible, away to the south, in clear



CLOVELLY.

weather. There is reason to fear that some folk come away from the dikes disappointed. They expect to find sharply defined ramparts, and trim walls. Instead they see merely a mass of uneven, confused furze brakes. The circumvallations are fairly complete to the eye of the scientist; the man in the street has to exercise his imagination to some extent. Visitors may now proceed 1½ miles along the road, in Bideford direction, and then turn into the Hobby Drive, for Clovelly.

*** For Postal, and other information, see Business Directory, at the end of the guide.

To Hartland.

From Bideford, 13½ *miles; from* Clovelly, 5½ *miles.*

Hartland, or Harton parish, extends over 16,700 acres. It is perhaps the largest and wildest parish in the whole West Country, and in many respects the most interesting. From Bideford, visitors are advised to book places in the mail break, which leaves the Post Office every morning at 7.20, and, calling in at Clovelly to drop mails, reaches Hartland Town at 9.45 a.m. The break returns from Hartland at four o'clock. The fare is 3/- single; 5/- return. There are traces of Roman occupation in the Parish,and it was certainly of great importance in Saxon times, when held by Gytha, wife of Earl Godwin and mother of Harold II. In the Domesday Book, Hertitone (Hartland) exceeds any other North Devon town, for it is credited with 30 serfs, 60 villiens, and 45 bordars. Moreover, it was worth £48 a year. In Norman days the manor passed to the Dinants, who afterwards modified their name to Dinham. Richard I. gave it a characteristic privilege—the right of a gallows. A market was granted to "Harton Burrough" in 1280.

Hartland Town, the centre of this scattered parish, lies on either side of the main road. There is nothing to see in it, and visitors should pass along 1½ miles to Hartland Abbey, which is embowered amongst trees, and stands in the midst of its deer park. The original abbey was founded by Gytha, for canons secular, in gratitude for the preservation of Godwin from shipwreck. Her foundation was dedicated to St. Nectan, who is reputed to have been buried at Stoke St. Nectan. The abbey decayed,but was refounded for Augustinian Canons by Geoffery de Dynham, in the reign of Henry II. Frithelstock Priory was tributary to it. The abbey flourished with the patronage of the Dinhams, until the dissolution of the monastries in 1539 when it was surrendered by Thomas Pope, the 16th abbot. At that time its revenues were returned as £1,306. The abbey passed through several families in the course of centuries, and at last came to the Buck family, of which Sir George Stucley is the present representative. The abbey, of course, became a ruin when it ceased to be a religious habitation, but as the 18th century closed, a castellated mansion was built upon its foundations. Even so lately, the hall, 75 feet in length, and the cloisters were in fair preservation, and a portion of the Early English cloisters was retained in the new house. Upon one arch there is an inscription, in Lombard characters, which records the fact that the cloisters were rebuilt by Abbot John, of Exeter, 1308-29. Whilst the ruins were being cleared the labourers came upon the monument of a Knight Hospitaller and other memorials of people who died centuries ago. The abbey is now the residence of Col. Stucley, heir to Sir George Stucley, Bart. It has a very imposing front and is superbly decorated within.

A little beyond the abbey, on a hill, is the Church of Stoke St. Nectan. It is very ancient, and has a strik-

ing tower, 128 feet high, built in Perpendicular style. From the top there is a magnificent view of the parish and of the iron-bound coast. In the west face of the tower there is a large figure of St. Nectan. The whole tower, being exposed to the full fury of westerly gales, is much weather worn. The principal attraction of this remote Church is its rood screen, which remains absolutely unmutilated. Nothing better illustrates the comparative isolation of Hartland in the 16th century than the fact that it was evidently overlooked by the commissioners of Edward VI. and Elizabeth when they made their "visitations" to the county in the interests of religion. If they had thought of Hartland, this superb screen, with its ornate carving, would not have remained to delight 19th century tourists. The pulpit has upon it the figure of a goat carved and the line "God Save King James." The stone altar and grotesquely carved font are older than the church, dating probably from Saxon times. There are no monuments of note, but visitors should see the epitaph of one Docton, a member of the now extinct family that lived at Docton, a mile or two south of Hartland Town. It reads:—

"Here I lie, outside the chancel door;
Here I lie, because I'm poor,
The farther in, the more they pay;
But here I lie, as warm as they."

The Churchwardens' accounts of Stoke St. Nectan, from the 16th to the early part of the 18th century, are religiously preserved. They contain many quaint entries. Here are a few examples:—

"Paid to George Husbande, for three bullett baggs, for the three church musquettes, xiid."

"Given to the souldiers at Torrington, imprest for Ireland, for their dyneur, xiid."

"Paid to John Friar, for keeping the dogges out of the Church this year, xiiis."

"Paid for a booke containynge the Queen's injunctions, vid."

"Given towards the re-edifynge of a town consumed by fire, iiis. iiiid."

"Given to Mr. Howill, the preacher, for preachynge in our Church, two times, vd."

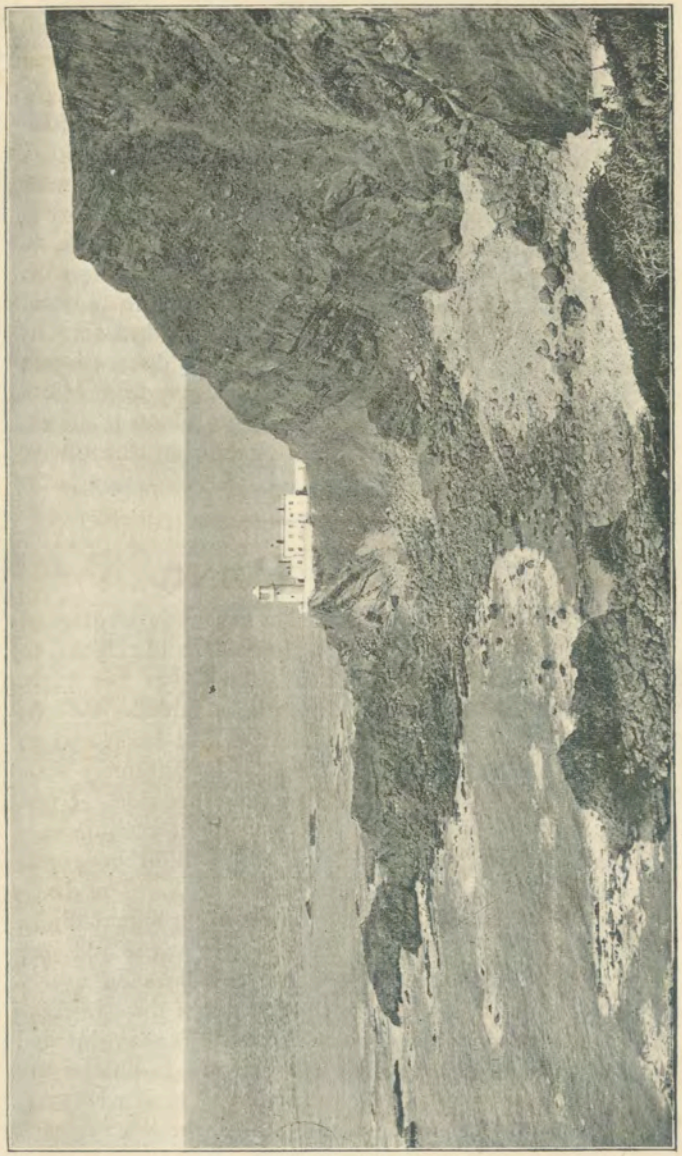
It may be mentioned here, as an interesting fact especially for Cornish folk, that Dr. Moreman, the vicar of Menheniot, who is reputed to have been the first to use the English language for public worship in Cornwall, was born at Hartland in 1529.

Leaving the Church and proceeding west another mile, visitors will reach HARTLAND QUAY, the "port" for Hartland Parish, with a little pier, behind which small crafts shelter whilst discharging their cargoes, and now we are amongst "the combes of the Far West," as Kingsley calls them—"those delightful glens, which cut the high table-land of the confines of Devon and Cornwall, and opens each through its gorge of down and rock, towards the boundless Western Ocean. Each has its upright walls, inlaid of rich oak-wood, nearer the sea of dark green furze, than of smooth turf, than of weird black cliffs, which range out right and left into the deep sea, in castles, spires, and wings of jagged ironstone. Each has its narrow slip of fertile meadow, its crystal trout stream, winding across from one hill foot to the other; its gray stone mill, with the water sparkling and humming round the dripping wheel; its dark rock pools above the tide mark, where salmon-trout gather in from their Atlantic wanderings, after each autumn flood; its ridge of blown sand, bright with golden trefoil and crimson lady's fingers; its grey bank of polished pebbles, down which the stream rattles toward the sea below. Each has its black field of jagged shark's-tooth rock, which paves the cove from side to side, streaked with here and there a pink line of shell

sand, and laced with white foam from the eternal surge, stretching in parallel lines out to the westward in strata set upright on edge or tilted towards each other at strange angles by primeval earthquakes:—such is the 'Mouth'—as those coves are called. To landward, all richness, softness, and peace; to seaward, a waste and howling wilderness of rock and roller, barren to the fisherman, and hopeless to the shipwrecked mariner." A rough walk of 5 or 6 miles along the coast from Hartland Quay will take the visitor by Spokesmouth and Milford, Henbury Beacon and Knap Head, to Welcombe Mouth, and Marsland Mouth, the home of the white witch, Lucy Passmore, and the cove where Rose Salterne entered the sea, and "hastily dipping her head three times, hurried out to the sea-marge, and looking through her dripping locks at the magic mirror, pronounced the incantation," which was to decide her embarrassing love affairs. All readers of "Westward Ho!" will remember the end of that adventure.

Marsland Mouth and the stream form part of the boundary between Devon and Cornwall, and for the present we will not go over the border to visit Morwenstow, with a fine old Church, or Kilkhampton, where Grenviles lie buried, or Bude.

If instead of going south to Marsland, visitors wish to visit Hartland Point, they will be well advised to retrace their steps to Stoke Churchyard, and take a path, which, striking off from the north-west corner, leads along the top of a field, and a track bearing down and across a second field. Then a bridge will be seen. Leaving that bridge on the right hand, and proceeding a very short distance, visitors will come upon a view which, for wild grandeur, cannot be rivalled even in Cornwall. Huge precipices, awful black chasms, terrible jagged peaks, fantastic shapes, distorted strata, extend



HARTLAND POINT AND LIGHTHOUSE.

with a long white line of surf, right away to Sharp's Nose. Closer home is Hartland Quay, with its little jetty. After seeing these inhospitable shores, visitors will be able to understand the dangers which the men of the parish bravely face when they go down over the face of the cliffs, by means of a rope ladder, or rope, to the succour of distressed seamen who are perishing with their ship upon the cruel fangs that fringe the bottom.

Returning to the bridge on the right, and crossing it, the path to the headland about two miles distant is not difficult to follow. The road across country from Hartland Town, or even from the Abbey, is about 4 miles, and tiresome walking. It is also somewhat difficult for a stranger to find.

Hartland Point.

Hartland Point, which tradition says was christened by Ptolemy the promontory of Hercules, and referred to by Camden as Herty Point, is a bluff, 350 feet high, very precipitous, and magnificently moulded. At the summit there is a plateau, some 250 feet long, and 30 feet wide. The view from this point is extremely fine. There is a sheer drop of 300 feet on either side. Upon the ledge or nose which juts out for a considerable distance below the mass of the cliff, a lighthouse was established by the Trinity Brethren in 1874. The dwellings of the lightkeepers and a powerful fog signal adjoin the lighthouse. The three flashes, two white and one red, which distinguish this light, can be seen nearly twenty miles at sea. From the summit of the cliff there is a steep rock-cut track, by which visitors may descend to inspect the lighthouse. The officers in charge are always pleased to welcome strangers. Those who want to return to Bideford should make their way back

through the churchyard, to Hartland Town, and meet their carriage or break. Those who are stopping at Clovelly, if they did not come out that way, may return by a rough path along the coast line, or journey through Titchberry, Fatacot, Exmansworthy, and by Beckland to Brownsham. From Brownsham they might descend to Mouth Mill, and thence by Gallantry Bower reach Clovelly. That is a walk of six miles. It is possible, of course, to follow the coast line from Hartland Point to Clovelly, and thence by Bucks Mill, Abbotsham Cliffs, and Westward Ho! to Bideford. The beauties by the way compensate for the exertion, but only those should attempt it who can negotiate 20 miles of Devonshire hill and dale without exhaustion.

Lundy.

Length, 3½ miles; breadth (average), ½ mile; circumference, 9 miles.
Population, 60.
From Hartland Point *11¾ miles; from* Clovelly *15 miles.*
From Instow *23 miles.*
For information re communications, &c., see Business Directory.

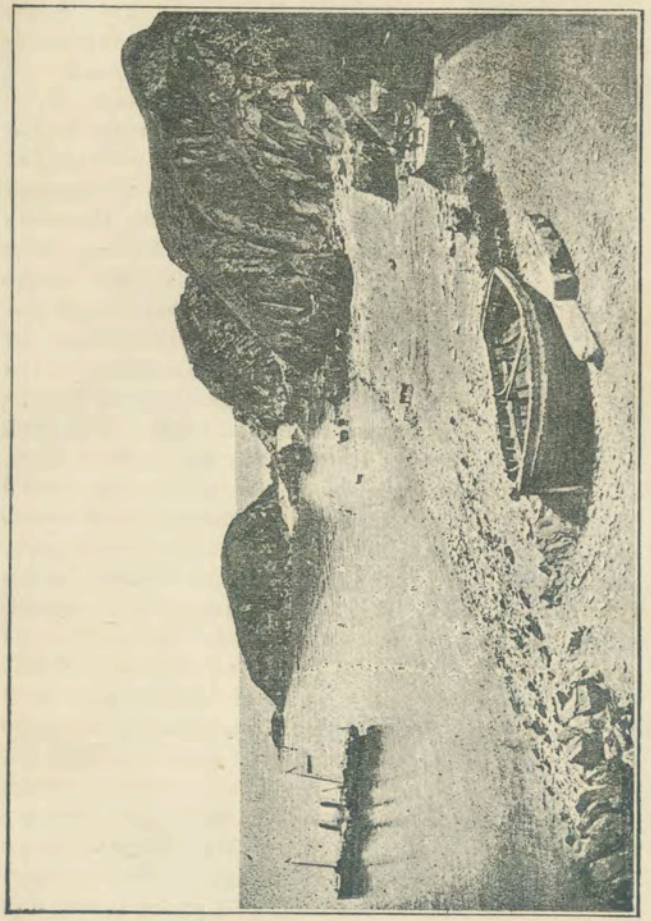
The best account of Lundy is contained in a monograph by Mr. J. R. Chanter, of Barnstaple, published several years ago, but now out of print. Two copies are preserved in the Bideford Public Library, and may be consulted there. Seen from any part of Kingsley's Country the island, standing about midway across the Bristol Channel, appears to rise a solid massive pile out of the sea. Even in the clearest weather a blue or purple haze hangs over it, and from the nearest point only the bald, forbidding outline, unrelieved by curves or by satellite islets, can be discerned with the naked eye. Lundy looks mysterious, and has a history which entirely bears out its appearance. There is warrant for the assumption that the island was occupied in pre-historic times. In

1850 two huge cists were found, one of which contained a human skelton eight feet two inches long, and the other a skeleton not quite so gigantic. From the 12th century, at any rate, records of its history are fairly complete. At that time it was the stronghold of Jordan de Marisco, whose spouse Agnes, was daughter of Hamelin Plantagenet, natural brother of Henry II. He was turbulent and so were his successors. As a consequence the land was declared forfeited and was granted to the Knights Templars. Possession being nine points of the law, the Marisco family made the other point by successfully resisting all attempts to eject them. The Knight Templars never entered into possession. Lundy finally became the nest of a band of free-booters, who harried the whole North Devon coast. A special hidage rate was levied in Devon and Cornwall to besiege the island, but this nest of pirates was not broken up until about 1242, when William de Marisco, the chief, being surprised, was taken to Westminster, and after trial was hanged, drawn, and quartered for plotting against the life of King Henry III. at Woodstock. Then Lundy reverted in fact as well as in theory to the Crown. In 1390 it was held by Guy, Lord Bryan, and from his family it passed through the Butlers to the St. Legers, of Annery, and became part of the dowry of the Lady Mary St. Leger, who married Sir Richard Grenvile. The most remarkable period in the history of Lundy began in the 17th century. In the early years of the reign of James I. it was practically an independent land owning the sovereignty of one Captain Salkeld, a pirate. In 1625 it was captured by a Turkish Squadron, who made it the base for their warlike demonstrations against ports in the Channel. In 1632 Lundy had become the head-quarters of one "Admiral" Nutt, who could not be warned off until a fleet of twelve ships was sent against him. The next news from Lundy was that it had been plundered

by a Spanish Privateer. When King Charles I. met his people in arms, Mr. Thomas Bushell, who worked the silver mines at Combmartin, near Ilfracombe, garrisoned the island for the King, but afterwards honourably surrendered to Col. Fiennes. Lord Saye and Sele lived here, and local tradition insists that he was buried beneath the west window of the island Chapel dedicated to St. Helena. In 1663 Lundy was captured by French pirates, who played havoc with the shipping bound for Bideford and Bristol. The Frenchmen were driven out, after a time, and in 1745 or 1746, one Thomas Benson, son of a Bideford merchant, and for a time member of Parliament for Barnstaple, obtained lease of the island from Lord Gower, and immediately commenced smuggling operations on a large scale. In 1747 he contracted with the Government to transport convicts to Virginia. He landed the unfortunate wretches at Lundy, and made them work for him there. By-and-bye, Benson, who appears to have been a thorough-paced rascal, was convicted of frauds on the underwriters, by scuttling heavily insured ships; of piracy and other serious crimes, and to escape consequences he fled to Portugal, and died there. Here ends the romance of Lundy. Since Benson's time the property has frequently changed hands. It is now held by a representative of the Heaven family, who lives like a benign King amongst his people. Indeed, there is a venerable pun upon the worthy proprietor's name and station. The boatman piloting the party across is almost sure to say "Ladies and gentlemen, we are nearing the Kingdom of Heaven," which makes nervous folks quake, and think of the dangers of the deep. But their fears are soon allayed as the boatman concludes "yet I hope we shall return this evening!" Then the party begin to cudgel their brains to solve the riddle. The hoary joke is mentioned here so that the visitor may be prepared for the worst, and save his or her

intellect from severe mental strain. Seen from mid-distance, Lundy stands out "lofty, clear and distinct, bright with varied hues of rock fern and heather its granite cliffs glittering as they reflect the rays of the morning sun, the graceful lighthouse tower and buildings plainly defined." Seen nearer, the island shows itself a lofty table-headed granite rock, rising to the average height of 500 feet surrounded by steep and occasionally perpendicular cliffs, storm-beaten, riven, and scarred over with grisly seams and clefts, and hollowed out here and there along the shore into fantastic coves and grottos, with huge piles of granite thrown in wild confusion. The cliffs and adjacent sea are alive with sea birds, every ledge and jutting rock being dotted with them, or they are whirling round in clouds, filling the air with their discordant screams. The island as a whole consists of a huge boss of granite, of varying quality, but at the south eastern extremity there is a curving tail of slate (similar to the rock at Ilfracombe), which terminates in Rat Island. The line of junction of granite and slate is very clearly defined. The shores are very precipitous, and the only easy or safe landing place is at the little shaly beach in the bay formed by this tail. From the landing place there is a carriage drive through the ravine, on to the summit of the island. The best view of the undulating and somewhat monotonous table land, with a dip towards the centre and a perceptible elevation at either end, is obtained from the lighthouse upon Beacon Hill, which stands 567 feet above the sea level. The island has a gentle slopes toward the west, and yet that side, though not higher, is wilder and more savage than the eastern side. The shape of Lundy is extremely irregular, and Mr. Gosse compared it to an oak-leaf, the shaley peninsula at the south eastern end being the stalk. The eastern side of the island has a softer look, because of the heavy growth of ferns and the number of reedy creeks to be found there. Tourists should perambulate

the coast line. Commencing near Mr. Heaven's house, in sheltered Millcombe, and passing north, the bold Sugar



LUNDY LANDING BEACH.

Loaf rock of granite will be left on the right hand. A quarter of a mile further on is the "Quarter Wall," built by Benson's convicts. This, like the Half-way

Wall, runs right across the island, and with it divides the surface into three clearly defined parts:—the North Farm, the Middle Farm, and the South Farm. The South Farm is the most favourable for cultivation. Just beyond the quarter wall, are the disused quarries of the Lundy Granite Company, formed 30 years ago to work the granite on the island. The enterprise, which looked very promising at one time, came to grief through difficulties of carriage and other causes. The cottages built by the Company for its workpeople, are at the disposal of visitors, with the sanction of Mr. Heaven, of course. The works extend nearly to the Half-way Wall. There is a Logan Stone immediately on the other side of the wall, at its eastern extremity, but it cannot now be moved. A few paces further on is the Templar Rock, which has an extraordinary resemblance to a man's face. The rock mass ahead is Tibbet's Hill, 510 feet high. Pass by it, noting on the way the ruins of one of the old Round Towers, which are planted here and there over the Island. Why the towers were built is pure matter of conjecture, but it may be suggested that one of the Marisco barons saw similar towers during a marauding visit to Ireland, and built these as a refuge for the Islanders. Off Tibbett's Hill are the Gull Rock and Tibbett's Point. The whole of this eastern part of Lundy, from Gull Rock, but more especially from the Quarter Wall, to Rat Island, is a favourite shelter for wind bound vessels, and ships flying before a westerly gale. The anchorage is good. Proceeding a quarter of a mile from Tibbett's Hill, the tourist will reach Brazen Ward, a promontory below the site of some ruined cottages. The fort upon this point was built in the reign of Charles I. and was mounted with brass cannon. When the French privateers captured Lundy they threw the guns into deep water and there the pieces were visible until thirty or forty

years ago, when they were recovered and sold. The next objects of interest in the way are the Mousehole and Mousetrap, two strange rock masses, appropriately named. From the Mousetrap onward to the Gannet Stone there is a boggy valley with three or four streams draining into it. The stone or rock just off the shore was in former times a resort for gannets. The northern extremity of Lundy is close at hand. It is a desolate region, the haunt of numberless sea-birds. Great deposits of guano exist here, and confused heaps of granite fragments. The rocks extend some distance seaward. A very bold pyramidical crag is called "The Constable," the old conceit being that it kept watch and ward over this part of the island. Further out is the Seal Rock. A splendid view of the coast is obtained from the ruins of an old habitation, locally known as John o' Groat's House. The north-west corner of Lundy is very much broken, and a group of the islets is termed the Hen and Chickens. The sea is always disturbed here even in the calmest weather. In this neighbourhood there is a tunnel through the rock, into which a boat may enter and find a jet of fresh water always bubbling up through the salt sea. This jet goes by the name of The Virgin's Well. The western coast is superb and terrible. From the northern point, down to the half-way wall, the cliffs are comparatively unbroken, and the only point that calls for notice is St. James's Stone. By the midway wall the rocks are rounded pinnacles, which from the peculiarities in their formation are called The Cheeses. Near them is the Devil's Chimney. The association of His Satanic Majesty's name with the spot indicates the impression it leaves on the spectator's mind. Just here, too, commence the series of chasms known to the Islanders as the Earthquakes, which run in a line with the coast, at a distance of from 10 to 20 feet, for nearly two miles. The depth of the chasms varies. Some have been sounded 80 feet deep.

Others cannot be sounded, although is it certain they descend much lower. The sides of the chasms are perpendicular and frightful to look into. Island tradition says that they appeared at the time of the disastrous Lisbon earthquake in 1755. Scientists, however, prefer to think that the chasms are the result of a gigantic upheaval in primeval days, although the Lisbon earthquake may have perhaps opened the chasms somewhat. The grandest examples are a trifle north of the Quarter Wall, and those who care to venture may crawl down the sides and inspect the interior. Between the Half Way and Quarter Walls visitors will pass through Punch Bowl Valley, which contains a scooped-out boulder called the Punch Bowl. Authorities differ as to whether the bowl is Man's work or Nature's. A pew paces on the south side of the Quarter Wall is the Signal Battery, where the lighthousemen fire guns to warn mariners during fogs, which are common around Lundy. There is a path from this battery to the lighthouse on Beacon Hill, 525 feet high. The very name of the hill would show that, as the highest point in the island, it has always been used for signalling. The tower shows two lights, a lower fixed light which is hidden by the cliffs when a ship approaches too near for safety, and the higher flash light which may be seen from the horizon and is thus a splendid guide for mariners "making" the Bristol Channel by night. A short distance to the east of the lighthouse are the ruins of a Chapel dedicated to St. Helena, once a dependency of Hartland Abbey, then attached to Cleeve Abbey, and finally left to its own resources. The Chapel was built upon the very highest pinnacle on the island. Only the site now remains, surrounded by an extensive churchyard. Lord Saye and Sele is said to have been buried under the eastern window of the church, and a grave containing bones was found there many years ago. Since the dissolution

of the monasteries there has been no official spiritual ministration to the Islanders. The successive proprietors, however, have undertaken that task, and services are now held regularly twice every Sunday. Striking south-west from the lighthouse for the coast again, the site of the Friar's Garden will be passed. The walls used to enclose a space shaped like a coffin. The south-west extremity of Lundy—the Devil's Limekiln and the Shutter Rock—is the region made famous in "Westward Ho!" Readers will remember that Amyas Leigh hunted Don Guzman's ship north about and into the Bristol Channel; that the Spanish ship was impaled upon the Shutter Rock; that Amyas was struck blind, and that when he came to himself he bade Will Cary and Jack Brimblecombe to take him to the crag over the Devil's Limekiln. They will remember that Will and Jack found a difficulty in finding a safe place, "for from the foot of the crag the heathery turf slopes down all but upright, on one side to a cliff which overhangs a shoreless cove of deep dark sea, and on the other to an abyss even more hideous, where the solid rock has sunk away and opened inland in the hillside a smoothed wall pit, some sixty feet square, and some hundred and fifty in depth, aptly known then, as now, as the Devil's Limekiln; 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 a pest to mariners. A narrow and untrodden cavern at the bottom connects it with the outer sea they could even then hear the mysterious thunder and gurgle of the surge in the subterranean adit as it rolled huge boulders to and fro in darkness and forced before it gusts of pent-up air. It was a spot to curdle weak blood and to make weak heads reel." In connection with the passionate and highly dramatic scene which ends Amyas Leigh's vengeful quest it may be of interest to mention that a few months before

the publication of "Westward Ho!" Dr. Ackland, a Bideford physician, was driving Kingsley for a day's fishing at Woolsery, when the Canon told him he had run over on the previous Thursday to Lundy and strolled to the western side of the island. "I sat down opposite the Shutter Rock," continued Kingsley, "and took it all in, and yesterday I wrote it all out. When I got home I said to my wife, 'My trip, my dear, has cost me half-a-guinea, but I have put five-and-twenty pounds in my pocket, for I have got a whole chapter for Westward Ho!'" The Shutter Rock, bye-the-bye, is the black fang nearest the shore. The huge mass lying outside is Black Rock. We have nearly made the circuit of Lundy. Proceeding eastward, the path lies over the roof of the Seal's Cave, where large numbers of the common variety of seal make their home. The cave, which is in Rattles Bay, is approached by boat. There is also a way over the face of the cliff, but only those contemplating suicide should attempt it. We have now arrived again at the shale end of the island. Upon it are the ruins of Marisco Castle, which must have been of considerable extent and great strength, but of which only the Keep, adapted as cottages, now remains. Benson's Cave, an illicit storehouse of the reckless adventurer of that name, is below the castle by the sea. Beyond is the Lamator Peninsula, and Rat Island which fairly swarms with the vermin. Years ago the black rat, long extinct in England, was the only variety on Lundy, but by some means the brown rat was introduced, and he has almost exterminated his black brother. The only other animal indigenous to the island is the rabbit. Sea birds of every variety known to these islands are to be found at Lundy. It is even claimed that the Great Auk bred here as late as 1830. There is a great traffic in the birds' eggs, although the proprietor does all in his power to discourage indiscriminate "egging," and any person found wantonly

killing the birds will get short shrift. Although they still fly about the cliffs literally in clouds, the birds have become perceptibly less, owing to the depredations of Bristol Channel pilots and tug-boat men. The waters around Lundy yield a plentiful harvest of crabs and lobsters. An attempt to cultivate the oyster has not met with remarkable success. In reference to the botany of Lundy, it has been noted that many old fashioned flowers and herbs, now rarely met with in England, grow abundantly round certain mounds scattered over the face of the island, which are supposed to be the sites of very ancient dwellings. The insects of Lundy are more related to those found in Wales than to those of North Devon.

Lundy, although much troubled with fogs, and so wind-swept that trees will not grow except in the most sheltered valleys, enjoys a climate cooler in summer and warmer in winter than the adjacent coast of Devon. Ice is scarcely known there, and snow seldom or never lies on the ground. Certainly some parts are barren, hardly an inch of earth covering the hard rock. Other portions are extremely fertile, producing heavy crops of grain and making rich pasture. Sheep and cattle thrive well there, and the little community, so isolated, is at peace with the world and itself.

To Bude.

The district over the Devonshire border is not, strictly speaking, in Kingsley's Country. But so many visitors pass from Bideford and Clovelly to Bude, and come from Bude to Clovelly and Bideford, that we may at least just chat about part of the way with them. From Marsland Mouth (p. 88) walk less than a mile up the valley and take the road over the Cornish border, to the South, which leads through Cory, on to Morwenstow,

a secluded parish, the most northerly in Cornwall, altogether unknown to the tourist public until its claims were made patent by a former vicar, Rev. R. S. Hawker, who died in 1875. The first Church of Morwenstow is held to have been founded in 450 A.D., by St. Morwenna, a Welsh Princess, hence Morwenstow, *i.e.* Morwenna's Place. The present Church,on the same site, is in itself very ancient, some parts being Norman and others Early English. The Norman arches, with zig-zag traceries, deserve attention, also the font, which is older than any part of the Church now standing. For the pedestrian the way on to Bude lies by the cliff route, skirting Sharp's Nose Point and Stanbury Mouth. Almost in a line with the headland, and only a short distance inland, is Tonacombe, a very fine specimen of an Elizabethan Manor House. CHAPEL, the home of Eustace Leigh, and the house round which several stirring incidents of "Westward Ho!" are weaved, stands in its own grounds, about two miles east from Morwenstow Church. Beyond Stanbury Mouth is a lesser headland known as Lower Sharp's Nose. Immediately on the other side,in the valley, is Duck Pool. The pedestrian is now only four miles from Bude, and along the whole way, over turfy heights, there is an extensive view of the cliffs away to Trevose Head.

Coach passengers from Clovelly to Bude would not enjoy the cliff scenery, because, leaving Hartland Road at the Dikes, the coach makes its way across a somewhat monotonous country to the WEST COUNTRY INN (4 miles), and thence to KILKHAMPTON (10 miles). The drive in itself is not of absorbing interest, but crossing Wooley Down the driver is sure to point out the sources of the Tamar and Torridge, which,rising so close together, reach the sea at diametrically opposite points of the County. Kilkhampton Church is noted for its

monuments and should on no account be missed. In parts it is Norman, but the major portion is in the Perpendicular style. It has some striking tracery in stone, superb carved oak seat ends, and a monument to Sir Bevil Grenvile, the victor of Stamford Hill. He was soon afterwards killed in the affair at Lansdowne in 1643. There are several memorials to others of the Grenviles in the Church. It has been suggested that Hervey, one time curate of Bideford, was inspired to write his "Meditations amongst the Tombs" in this Churchyard. Of STOW, the home of the Grenviles, three miles from Kilkhampton, upon the cliff, nothing now remains but the site. The mansion itself was demolished in 1720. From Kilkhampton there is nothing worth special mention, until BUDE is reached, in 15 miles. From BUDE visitors may continue their coaching tour to Tintagel. But we really cannot bear them company any further and will bid them *au revoir*, hoping that we have been of some assistance to them in their travels through Kingsley's Country.

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