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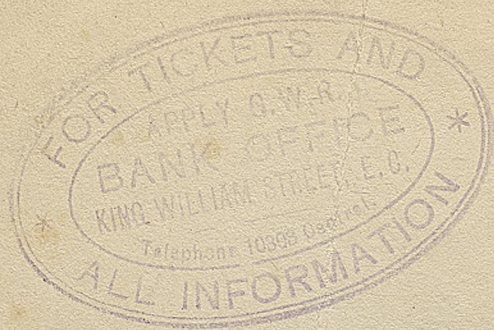
# DEVON

The Lovely Land of the  
"Mayflower."

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ITS NATURAL BEAUTIES,  
WONDERFUL ATTRACTIONS  
— AND —  
HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS



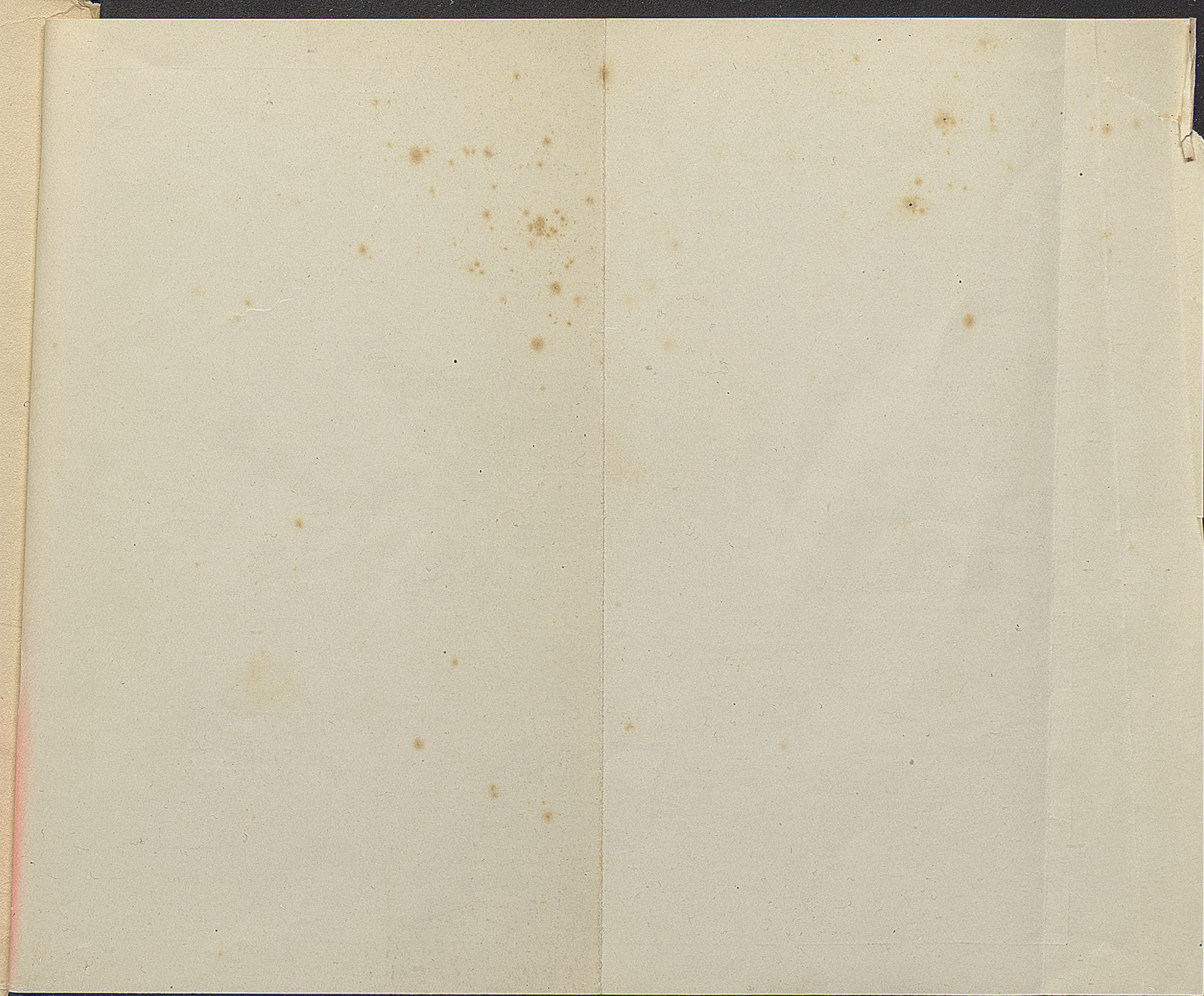


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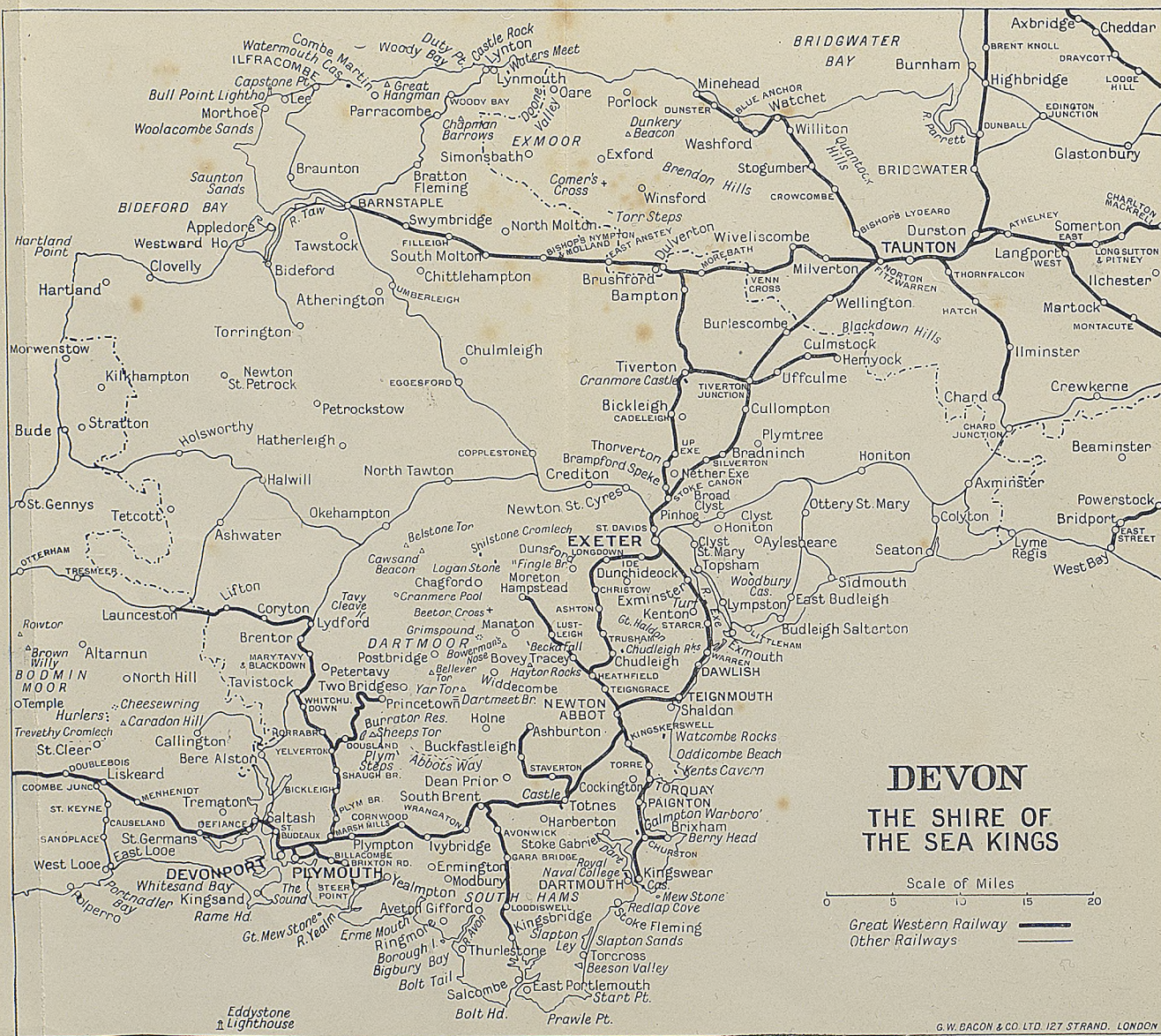
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GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY CO.

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# DEVON :

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## The Lovely Land of The "Mayflower"

Its Natural Beauties,  
Wonderful Attractions  
\_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_  
Historical Associations . /



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Portrait of Raleigh.





Portrait of Drake.  
 (By permission of M. Godefroy Mayer, of Paris.)



# DEVON.

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## FOREWORD.

EVERY American who loves the history of his native land will assuredly regard the fair Western Country of England to which the name of "Shire of the Sea Kings" has been appropriately given, in the light of a place of pilgrimage. It is a portion of the home country which he must explore at all cost ; and if Plymouth is the natural gateway of Devon, the birth-places of Walter Raleigh, Francis Drake, and the Grenvilles, can be easily reached by the Great Western Railway from Liverpool, Bristol and Fishguard, as well as London. It was to the initiative of Walter Raleigh that the Virginian expeditions of 1584 and 1585 were due. In the voyage of discovery which began at Dartmouth in 1578, Raleigh commanded in person the "Falcon" of 100 tons, having assumed as his motto the bold words *nec mortem peto nec finem fugio*. There was a close affinity between the families of Raleigh and Drake. The father of Walter Raleigh, who spelled his name Rawley, lies buried in the church of St. Mary Major in glorious Exeter, one of the most delightful of British Cathedral Cities, from which Hayes Barton, the house in which Walter Raleigh was born in 1552, may be conveniently visited. It was from Plymouth that Walter Raleigh set out on his expedition of 1594-5 and his fatal adventure of

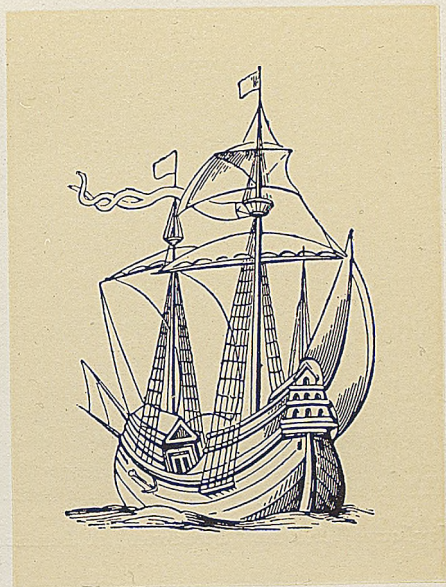


1617. How much of the history of the Anglo-Saxon race on both sides of the Atlantic is summed up in the inscription on the tablet inserted in the sea wall at Plymouth which has been read and appreciated by thousands of Americans since it was erected in 1891 :—

“ On the 6th September, 1620, in the Mayoralty of Thomas Townes, after being ‘ kindly entertained and courteously used by divers Friends there dwelling,’ the Pilgrim Fathers sailed from Plymouth in the ‘ MAYFLOWER,’ in the Providence of God to settle in NEW PLYMOUTH, and to lay the Foundation of the NEW ENGLAND STATES. The ancient Cawsey whence they embarked was destroyed not many years afterwards, but the site of their Embarkation is marked by the Stone bearing the name of the ‘ MAYFLOWER ’ in the pavement of the adjacent pier. This Tablet was erected in the Mayoralty of J. T. Bond, 1891, to commemorate their departure, and the visit to Plymouth in July of that year of a number of their descendants and representatives.







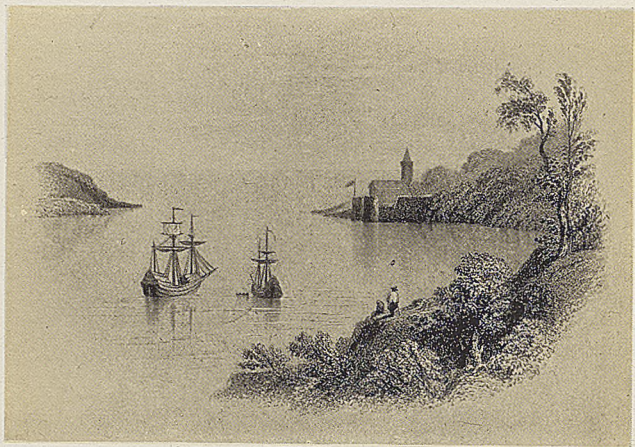
Vignette of "Mayflower."

Every Monday arrive in the Gallies to market of } 00 - 00 - 09  
 12 of November 1578 at 2 parts  
 In the Mayflower to market 2 parts } 00 - 00 - 06  
 In the Robert to market 2 parts } 00 - 00 - 05  
 In the Mayflower from market 12 of Nov 1578 } 00 - 00 - 00  
 In the Robert to market 12 of Nov 1578 } 00 - 00 - 05  
 In the Robert from market 12 of Nov 1578 } 00 - 00 - 04  
 In the Robert to market 12 of Nov 1578 } 00 - 00 - 03  
 In the Robert from market 12 of Nov 1578 } 00 - 00 - 06

12/2/78

Sixteenth Century Document showing port dues incurred by the "Mayflower" at Lyme Regis.





The "Mayflower" and the "Speedwell" at Dartmouth, 1620.



Departure of the Pilgrim Fathers.



## No. 1 "MOTHER" PLYMOUTH.

THE GATEWAY OF THE CORNISH AND DEVONIAN  
RIVIERAS, AND THE SCENE OF THE DEPARTURE  
OF THE "MAYFLOWER" IN 1620.

"O dear Plymouth Town ! and O blue Plymouth Sound,  
O where is your equal on earth to be found !"

THESE lines testify eloquently not only to the hold which Plymouth had on the affections of the British Sailor during the Great War in which Napoleon and Nelson strove incessantly for supremacy of the sea, but to the interest which the very name of the famous Devonian seaport excited in the breast of those descended from the Pilgrim Fathers, who, on September 6th, 1620, set out in the "Mayflower" and the "Speedwell" to lay the foundation of the New England States on the other side of the Atlantic. The momentous event of September 6th, 1620, has made Plymouth a travel-shrine for all time, as far as the United States of America are concerned.

American and English writers are in perfect accord, both as to the transcendent beauty of Plymouth Sound, and as to the surpassing historical interest which the ancient town standing upon its shores can justly lay claim to. To a very great extent this interest is the common heritage of both England and America. The events of July, 1588, are as important to one as those of September 20th, 1620, are to the other.

In Mr. Bartlett's *Pilgrim Fathers* and Mr. Marcus Huish's *The American Pilgrim's Way in England* equal prominence is given to Plymouth.

It is thus that the Rev. S. Baring Gould writes of Plymouth Sound : "The Bay of Naples has an Italian Sky, but lacks the wealth of verdure of Mount Edgumbe



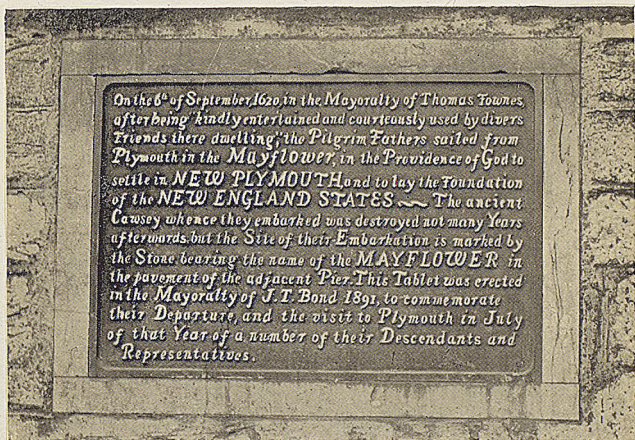
and has none of those wondrous inlets that make of Plymouth Sound a watery hand displayed, and of the Three Towns a problem in topography which it requires long experience to solve."

The American traveller can hardly fail to be interested in the Smeaton Memorial, which consists of the principal part of the old Eddystone lighthouse, now re-erected on the Hoe, the Armada Memorial inaugurated in 1888, or the "Mayflower" Tablet unveiled in 1891. Francis Drake was buried at sea, but the grand old Plymouth church of St. Andrew shelters the bones of his brother adventurer Martin Frobisher, and a portion of the remains of Robert Blake. Queen Victoria thus recorded her impressions of Plymouth and its surroundings in her diary:—"Plymouth is beautiful, and we always shall be delighted to return there." It was of Mount Edgumbe that David Garrick wrote this couplet:—

"This Mount, all the mounts of Great Britain surpasses,  
'Tis the haunt of the Muses, 'Tis the Mount of Parnassus.'"

Horatio Nelson was a Freeman of Plymouth, and on March 9th, 1786, Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence (afterwards King William IV.), who had visited New York as a midshipman in 1782 and has left an account of his impressions of the city, was made a Freeman at Payne's "Prince George's Tavern." The still-existing citadel was built by Charles II., who had no special love for the place which gave so much trouble to his father; Sir Joshua Reynolds (born close by Plymouth), Samuel Johnson, David Garrick, and Benjamin Haydon were all more or less closely associated with Plymouth history. The present building is said to be the third Guildhall which has occupied the same site, in the very heart of the old Plymouth, from which the tenements of Francis Drake and his contemporaries





"Mayflower" Tablet, inserted in Sea Wall at Plymouth.



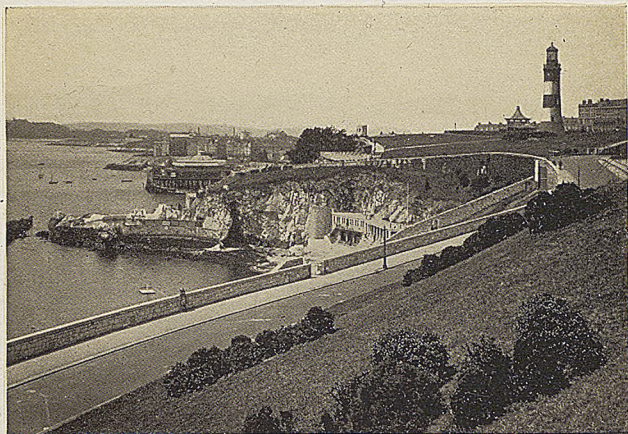
Drake Statue.



Armada Memorial.

Plymouth Hoe.





Plymouth Hoe, from the Citadel.



Plymouth. St. Andrew's Church and Cross.



have not yet altogether disappeared. It is whilst standing on the Hoe, amidst the many memorials of the past, that one realises the full force of Elihu Burritt's admirable epigram :—

“ Plymouth ! Old Plymouth ! ! Mother of full forty Plymouths up and down the wide world that wear her memory in their names, write it in baptismal records of all their children and before the date of every outward letter, *this is the Mother Plymouth, sitting by the Sea.* ”

## NO. 2 SUNNY TORQUAY AND THE SHORES OF —SOUTH DEVON.—

TORQUAY may, from every point of view, be regarded as the capital of the South Devon Riviera, which comprises Dawlish, Teignmouth, Paignton, Brixham, Kingswear, Dartmouth and Salcombe. All these watering-places are within easy reach of Plymouth. Torquay was little more than a primitive village in 1815, when Napoleon, standing on the deck of the *Bellerophon*, exclaimed : “ It is beautiful. It reminds me of Porte Ferrajo. I should love to live there.” There is nothing quite like Torquay to be found in England, and it has long since outdistanced the Elban town to which the fallen despot compared it. Amongst the luxuriant woods covering the slopes, which shelter it almost entirely from every adverse climatic influence, are many miles of drives and walks. To look upon Torquay as a winter health-resort, pure and simple, is entirely erroneous. Like other places on the South Devon Coast, it is as cool in summer as it is warm in winter, and very few British seaside resorts are characterised by a greater equability of temperature than that of which Sir Walter Besant speaks as *the most lovely town in England*. “ Whenever any sunshine visits these islands,” he writes, “ it is found



at Torquay; *the coast is charming and delightful in winter as well as in the summer.* The climate is as pleasant as that of the [French] Riviera, and it is not so weary a journey to get there. *Five hours on the smoothest line in England, in a corridor carriage, will take the Londoner to Torquay.* For my own part I have found the place delightful in winter, whether one walks, or drives, or sits under the cliffs in the sun, every breath brings back health."

The enterprise of the Great Western Railway has now brought Torquay within four hours of London, and it is only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours from Bristol, and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  hours from Plymouth.

The late Duke of Argyll is credited with the epigram that "the sole industry of Torquay is the manufacture of health." Nature has done much for this universally popular health and pleasure-resort, and a far seeing Corporation has endowed it with a perfect system of sanitation, an unlimited supply of purest water, a bathing establishment arranged on the most improved continental lines, and a Pavilion where high-class music can be listened to all the year round. Torquay has adopted the device *Salus et Felicitas* in practice as well as in theory. In his youth the late Lord Tennyson wrote of Torquay as "the loveliest village in England," and quite half a century later that most genial of Frenchmen, "Max O'Rell" (Paul Blouet), placed on record his deliberate opinion that Torquay was "the prettiest spot he had ever seen." "In the winter," he added, "you get a perfect Mediterranean sight with the blue waters and the purple hills, and the effect of the beautiful verdure and the radiance of the lovely southern climate has been to make the Devonian the most cheerful of Britons."

In addition to being one of the best pleasure resorts in Europe, Torquay has rapidly come into the forefront as one of the Premier Spas. The new Medical and Electrical Baths are replete with all the latest British





Torquay.



Torquay. Oddicombe Beach.





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



Brixham Trawlers.



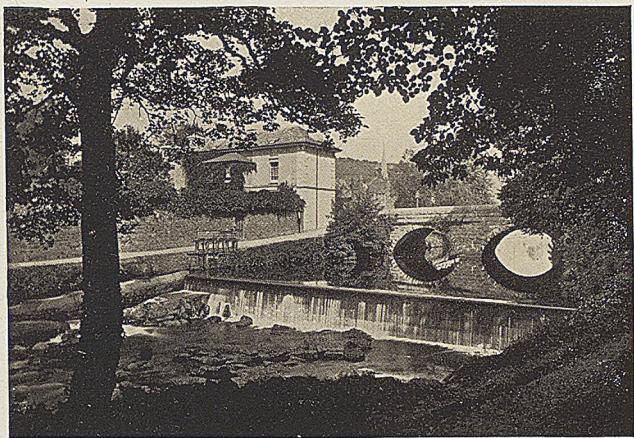
and Continental methods of Spa Treatments, for the cure of Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Heart Diseases, etc., and particularly to those precluded from travelling abroad Torquay Spa is undoubtedly an excellent alternative, and proved to be much more economical than the highly boomed Continental Resorts. The Baths Staff of Masseurs and Masseuses are highly trained, and fully certificated, and patients prescribed any form of Spa Treatment can rely on having all their requirements fully met. Special treatments that can only be had in Torquay are the Seaweed Baths and Dartmoor Peat Packs and Baths, found of remarkable curative value in muscular and articular Rheumatism and Arthritis. As a centre for the robust, Torquay cannot be excelled. Facilities for all sports are available, and recently, at the expense of thousands of pounds, magnificent hard and grass tennis courts have been laid out. The winter resident need never have a dull moment. All the first class entertainment houses are open, Badminton and Social Clubs are numerous, and the Hotel Proprietors are never weary to cater for the absolute comfort and enjoyment of their guests. As a shopping centre the Town is excellent.

Torquay may be made the centre of an almost endless variety of pleasant excursions, by motor, coach and railway. It is, in a certain sense, the Gateway to Dartmoor, to which a chapter will be devoted. Suffice it to say here that many of the circular drives to the heart of the breezy Devonian uplands are run in connection with the train service from Torquay. The celebrated Haytor Rocks, four miles from Bovey, form a notable feature in the landscape. In the extensive pleasure grounds of Torquay one meets with many of the features which strike one so forcibly at Penzance. In the Royal Terrace Gardens sub-tropical plants flourish quite as luxuriantly as they do in the Cornish Riviera. In mid-winter one can see thriving side by side New Zealand flax and the Chinese



palm, as well as the magnolia, red camellia, the eucalyptus, the yucca and the clove. American travellers will remember that Dartmouth is connected with the voyage of the "Mayflower," and the adventures of the Pilgrim Fathers, as well as Plymouth. Both vessels found timely shelter in this land-locked harbour before they succeeded in reaching Plymouth. Teignmouth, Paignton (now almost a part of Torquay), and Dawlish are all worth visiting, and many travellers will discover an old-world charm in Brixham which has afforded subject matter for countless pictures since that eventful day, November 5, 1688, when William of Orange and his thirty thousand men landed there for the purpose of maintaining the Protestant Religion and the liberties of England. Brixham has been from time immemorial the headquarters of the fishing fleet of Torbay. Here, we are treading on historical ground, for the ancient chronicles tell us that the Roman Legions, like the troops of Dutch William, effected a landing on the sands of Torbay, and traces of their encampments are still pointed out. In any case, we know that it was from Torbay that the squadron of the East India Company, on the 2nd of May, 1601, set forth on its first expedition to India, and it was just eighty-nine years later, namely, on the 20th of July, 1690, that the united forces of Devon prevented the landing of the French troops, by the help of which, Louis XIV., called by his flatterers either "the Magnificent" or "the Sun King," hoped to effect the restoration of the elder Pretender.





Tavistock. Abbey Bridge.

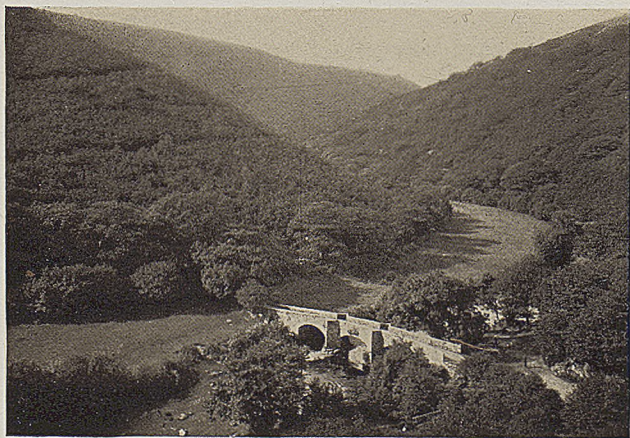


Dartmoor. Post Bridge.





Dartmoor. Widecombe in the Moor.



Dartmoor. Fingle Bridge.



DARTMOOR, those enchanting uplands within easy reach of both Plymouth and Torquay, are equally interesting to the lovers of literature, history, archæology, nature, and sport. Just as Wessex has come to be described as Thomas Hardy's country, and as Exmoor will for all time be identified with the memory of R. D. Blackmore, so Dartmoor is intimately associated with the verses of William Brown and Robert Herrick, and the prose of Charles Kingsley, S. Baring-Gould, and Eden Philpotts. Three chapters of the popular Great Western Railway travel-book entitled "The Shire of the Sea Kings," are devoted to a full description of Dartmoor, including many interesting particulars concerning its poetry, legends, folk-songs, and landmarks. One writer goes so far as to speak of "Devonia's Alps," but the best description of this fascinating tableland, which covers no less than 225 square miles, with its varied beauties are more justly summed up by the late Chief Justice Lord Coleridge, who shortly before his death paid a prolonged visit to the United States, in the lines :—

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

As Mr. Baring Gould points out—"A great deal of Dartmoor remains to-day just as it was thousands of years ago, boulder-strewn ravines, through which rush impetuous streams, rocky high ground, with huge blocks of granite, so weather-worn and piled up as to suggest to the stranger that some Titans



had so placed them to serve as castles, or to add a romantic touch to already wild scenery." It must not be forgotten that Dartmoor is also the mother of all the great South Devonshire rivers, for it is in the vast tracts of bog on both sides of the equator of the moor that are nursed the mountain streams which in due course become the Avon, the Dart, the Erme, the Yealm, and the Plym.

Within the compass of this little volume it is only possible to indicate the most striking features of Dartmoor, from both a topographical and historical point of view.

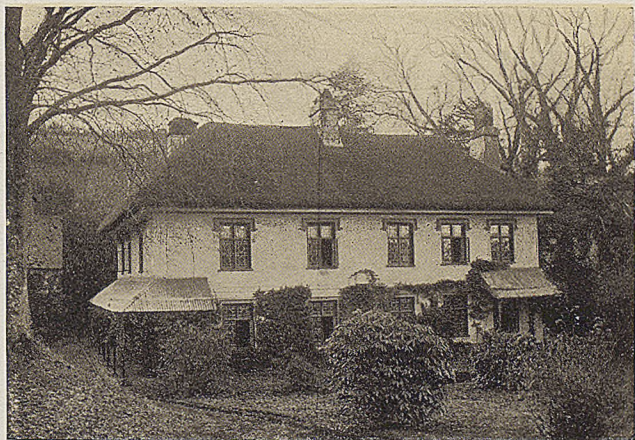
Tavistock, Ashburton, Yelverton, Newton Abbot Manaton, Bovey Tracey, Moretonhampstead, and Chagford are all well known centres for the exploration of the land of the Tors, the mighty rocks which always excite the interest and wonderment of travellers. Tavistock is itself a place of considerable interest, its local history going back to the far-off days when the Danes sailed up the Tamar.

Ashburton and Newton Abbot are both rich in natural beauty and old-world association, and should, if possible, both be visited. Of the latter Lord Rosebery said: "There are few places in the world where one could find so fascinating a transition as can be enjoyed in a drive from the greenery and woodland of Newton Abbot to the silence and loneliness of Dartmoor."

The romantic village of Widecombe is, like the junction of the two streams at Dartmeet, a Dartmoor place of pilgrimage. Its praises were sung nearly 300 years ago by one of its seventeenth century vicars, but its chief claim to present fame lies in the well-known song, "Widecombe Fair." It is now contended that the oft-quoted ditty is really derived from the inexhaustible mine of Somerset folk-lore.

It is difficult to point out a more instructive excursion, as far as a general impression of Dartmoor scenery





The Birthplace of Charles Kingsley—Holne.



Buckfast Abbey





Dittisham-on-the-Dart.



Dartmouth.



is concerned, than that to Two Bridges, in the vicinity of some of the best fishing on the Coswick and the West Dart.

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

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

still form a feature in the landscape.

It is in that portion of the moorlands known as the country of the Upper Dart that the traveller treads in the footsteps of such famous writers as Robert Herrick, Charles Kingsley, and James Anthony Froude. Ashburton, the birthplace of John Dunning and William Gifford, has already been alluded to, and it was at Bagtor that John Ford, the Elizabethan dramatist, spent his childhood. It was at Holne that Kingsley first saw the light, and the home of Robert Herrick may still be seen at Dean Prior.

Dean Prior is certainly well worth a visit, although possibly the “ Hesperides ” are not so widely known as “ Westward Ho ! ” for the ancient home of Herrick participates very largely in the undeniable loneliness of the Dartmoor borderland. “ Westward,” writes Mr. Salmon in his “ Literary Rambles in the West of England,” “ rise the heights of Ugborough, Three Barrows and Brent Moor ; northward is the noble-placed Buckfast Abbey, reminding one by its position (and now by its resurrection !) of the glorious monastic houses in Yorkshire ; and the beautiful Dart winds



past Holne Bridge, Buckfast and Staverton to Totnes, Dittisham, Dartmouth . . . The air that blows from the moors has usually a bracing and tonic vigour, and even in summer, reminds us that it comes from a land of heather, desolate firs, dark morasses ; but here all is luxuriance and fertility."

From this point excursions may be made to Buckfast Abbey, where twentieth century Benedictines are reviving the ecclesiastical glories of mediæval times ; to Dartington, the birthplace of James Anthony Froude ; to old-world Totnes, with its fine church and ancient castle, and if time permits, by steamer down the lovely Dart to Dartmouth, rich in its associations with the "*Mayflower*" and the "*Speedwell*," and first perils by sea of the Pilgrim Fathers.





## No. 4 GLORIOUS EXETER.

DEVON'S DELIGHTFUL CATHEDRAL CITY,  
AND THE BEST CENTRE FOR VISITING  
THE RALEGH TRAVEL-SHRINES.

WITHIN easy reach of the border-lands of Dartmoor, lies that beautiful city, the old-world memories of which are dear to every man, woman and child who speaks the English tongue. The rare old map, now reproduced, shows the reader what "Ever Faithful Exeter" was like when Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher and their brother-adventurers trod its streets and worshipped in the splendid cathedral, distinguished for its wonderful originality, complete harmony and striking unity. Exeter is celebrated all over the world both for the number and the beauty of its ancient churches, in one of which, that of St. Mary Major, the father of Walter Raleigh was buried about the middle of the sixteenth century. A very full account of Exeter, its associations, antiquities and attractions, is given in the opening chapters of the Great Western Railway travel book, "The Shire of the Sea-Kings," and, if time permits, the traveller from beyond the seas will do well to spend two or three days in the capital of the west, which forms an excellent centre for the exploration of eastern Devonshire, and a visit to the birthplace of Raleigh, near Budleigh Salterton and the Coleridge Shrines at Ottery St. Mary.

This is what Mr. Freeman in his "Historic Towns" says of Exeter :—

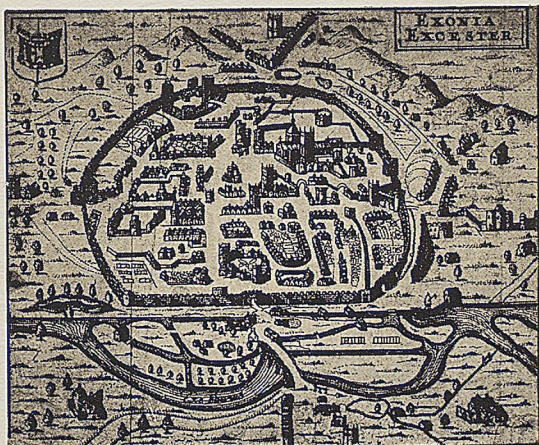
"The city which has sat on its hill as a dwelling place of men, with an unbroken life of more than eighteen hundred years—the city by the side of which most of the capitals of Europe are things of yesterday—can hardly sink, like some of its fellows, to be a forsaken ruin or a common market town. . . .



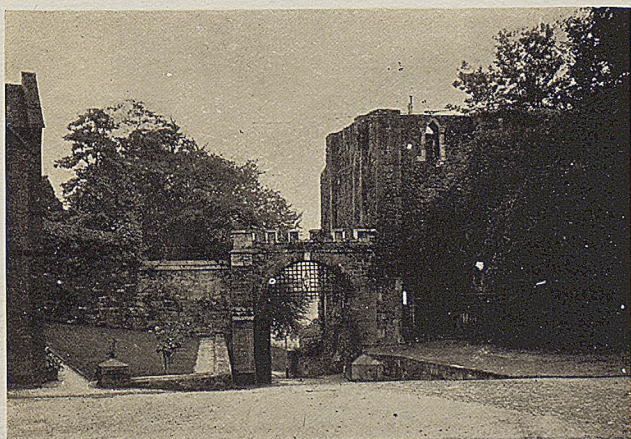
The city in which Briton and Englishman have had an equal share, the city which has stood so many sieges at the hands of so many enemies—the city which received one William at its eastern gate and the other at its western—the city which still keeps at least the successors of the wall of Athelstan, the minister of Leofric, the castle of Baldwin, and the Guildhall of Shillingford—such a city as this can never lose its historic charm. A typical English city, alike in its greatness and its practical fall from greatness, but more than an English city in its direct connection with two states of things more ancient than the English name in Britain—the city alike of British, Roman, and Englishman, the one great prize of the Christian Saxon, the city where Jupiter gave way to Christ, but where Christ never gave way to Woden—British *Caerwisc*, Roman *Isca*, West Saxon *Exeter*, *may well stand first on our roll-call of English cities*. Others can boast of a fuller share of modern greatness; no other can trace up a life so unbroken to so remote a past.”

As you pass through the streets of modern Exeter, there is something which meets the eye at every turn which enables you to conjure up visions of the age in which the Pilgrim Fathers set out on the voyage from Plymouth to lay the foundations of the New England States. In those days the Cathedral could already boast of respectable antiquity, while the Guildhall must have looked very much as it does at present. The moss-grown ruins of Rougemont Castle take the spectator back to the time when Norman and Saxon struggled for supremacy on the banks of the Exe. It was already quite four centuries old when Richard III. arrived in Exeter during the month of November, 1483, but his coming was not bloodless, although the Mayor welcomed him with all “solemnity and outward joy.” Mr. Freeman tells us in a few words the oft-repeated story of “Crook Back” and





An Old Map of Exeter.  
*(From a rare print.)*



Exeter. Rougemont Castle.





The Nave. Exeter Cathedral.



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

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

The soothsaying came true. Richard did not live very long after he saw Rougemont Castle, and he lived a short time indeed after he saw Richmond in the person of its "Earl."

Good hotel accommodation can be obtained at Exeter, and both at the Great Western Railway Station and the Publicity Office, established at 97, Queen Street, the traveller will find abundant information, both as regards sight-seeing in Exeter itself, and the numerous instructive and enjoyable excursions which may be made while sojourning there. It is safe to assert that a week's touring (with Exeter as a centre) will enable the modern holiday maker to see more of Devonshire than Woodward, Southey and Dibdin contrived to do during their much more prolonged wanderings.

## No. 5 BREEZY EXMOOR.

### THE LORNA DOONE COUNTRY.

THERE is no more delightful district in the whole of Devonshire than the fertile Valley of the Exe, which runs almost in a direct line from Exeter to Dulverton, the southern gate of Exmoor, just over the Somersetshire frontier, and in a measure the half-way house between South



Devon and the Severn Sea. The American traveller must not forget the close association between the part of Devonshire he is now about to visit with R. D. Blackmore, and the romances of "*Lorna Doone*," "*Perlycross*," and the "*Maid of Sker*." As one journeys in a northerly direction creeper-clad cottages, smiling villages, stately church towers, and pasture lands of surprising richness are passed in rapid succession, but in the Exe Valley the most striking feature of the landscape is unquestionably the orchards, generally laden in late summer or early autumn with red or golden fruit. Tiverton, Cullompton and Bampton are places full of interest, both as regards the present and the past. Fortunate, indeed, is the traveller who happens to be at the last-named town on the last Thursday in October when Bampton awakens to find itself the Nijni Novgorod of the West. On that day Exmoor ponies, wild as hawks, and active and lissom as goats, "throng the streets and overflow the passes."

At Dulverton (over the Somerset border) you are on the threshold of Devonshire's "northern heights," for Dulverton is to Exmoor what Ashburton is to eastern and Tavistock to Western Dartmoor. It is, as it were, the head of the interesting roads which take you through the beautiful valleys of the Exe and the Barle, and then across a portion of Exmoor to the still more lovely and striking Switzerland of the Lyns. Dulverton, moreover, is not only the haunt, but the home of hunters of the wild red-deer from every part of the United Kingdom. It was celebrated before the exploits of "*Parson Jack*," and the appearance of *Lorna Doone*.

Those who are curious on the subject of sport on Exmoor can read all about it in the interesting pages of Mr. Philip Evered's "*Stag-hunting with the Devon and Somerset, 1887-1901*." Quite apart from the attractions it offers to a sportman (and it



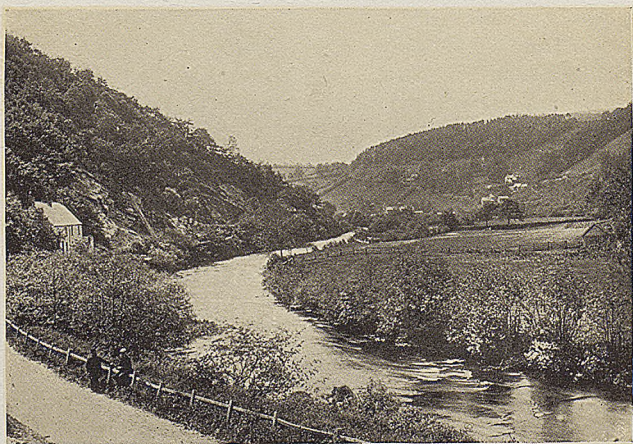


Fair Day, Bampton.

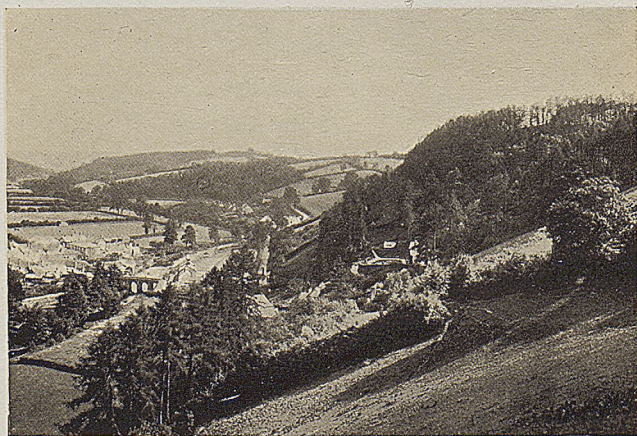


The Exe at Tiverton.





The Barle at Dulverton.



Dulverton and Battleton Valley.



may be noted that excellent fishing may also be obtained here) Dulverton and its immediate neighbourhood may be visited and revisited with pleasure. The late Lord Tennyson came there late in life and christened it the "land of bubbling streams." The Earl of Carnarvon had assured the Poet Laureate that the "Dulverton waters were the most delicious he knew of," and the Poet Laureate realised the force of the recommendation when he sat on the wooded bridge over the Exe and saw the "arrowy river" running towards its confluence too vehemently to break on the jagged rocks. There is a romance connected with the history of the Aclands and the "frozen music of Pixton House," now the property of the Dowager Countess of Carnarvon, whose children are descended from the intrepid Lady Harriet Acland, in 1777, the heroine of one of the most romantic incidents of the American war. At Dulverton, the exploration of the Exmoor country can be most conveniently arranged.

It is at South Hill that you come face to face with what one may call "the picturesque desolation of breezy Exmoor," and your guide is soon busily employed in pointing out such notable landmarks as Torr Steps, the Devil's Punch Bowl, and the "Lorna Doone" country, stretching for some distance to the west and east, as far as the eye can reach. By this time a very considerable elevation has been attained, and from Wambarrows, Dartmoor, the Welsh coast, the Wellington Monument, Dunkery Beacon and Sidmouth Gap are all visible. Mountsey Gate and Coomber's Gate are both favourite meets of the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds. Brendon Two Gates, somewhat further on, is supposed to mark the western end of the Doone Valley, and a prospect of rocky wilderness is bounded only by Hangman's Hill above Combe Martin far away to the west. Scob Hill Gate and Barton Steep are soon left behind, and you



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

Lynton and Lynmouth will be described in another chapter, but the traveller who visits Exmoor for the first time and intends returning to the point from which he started, should remember that Dulverton may advantageously be reached by way of Exford, where the famous river which gives its name to Devonshire's historic capital, is little more than a rivulet. Winsford (with its old-world hostelry bearing the sign of the "Royal Oak") has been spoken of as an English Vallombrosa, and those not pressed for time should certainly visit the old church, and the ruins of Garlynch Priory, once inhabited by a community of Austin Friars. "Shaded," as Mr. J. Snell points out, "by what the old charter calls 'the mountain of the high wood of Berlic,' its situation was in the highest degree romantic, and if the Prior had a lust for venery his taste might easily be gratified, for in the adjacent woods the deer would have found abundant shelter and thither they doubtless resorted to pass the long summer day in the dense foliage."

## NO. 6 LYNMOUTH, LYNTON AND THE LYN COUNTRY.

### A DEVONIAN SWITZERLAND.

NEITHER Lynmouth in the "Cleave," Lynton on the "Cliff," nor even the beautiful tracts of country bordering the Lyn Rivers, East and West, owe their present popularity and prosperity, as many people imagine, entirely to "Lorna Doone," and



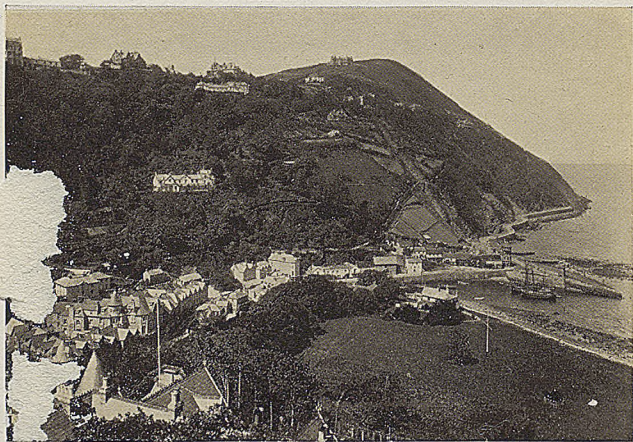


A Meet of the Staghounds.



Lynmouth.





Lynton and Lynmouth.



Lynton. Castle Rock.



the magic touch of R. D. Blackmore. Long before that wonderful romance made its appearance, the praises of the "little haven of Lynmouth" had been sung right lustily by Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth, while no less an authority than the great Gainsborough had proclaimed it to be a veritable "paradise for painters." More than a century ago, the twin-villages were patronized by Thomas Coutts, the banker, and the fashionable Marchioness of Bute. Blackmore had still to be breeched and become a "Blundellite" (as he always called it), when Coleridge declared the "land imagery of the north of Devon" to be "most delightful," while his brother-in-law, the Laureate, not less emphatically, pronounced Lynmouth to be "the finest spot, except Cintra and Arrabida," he had ever seen.

The story of Lynmouth and Lynton is very fully told in the Great Western Railway travel-book, "The Shire of the Sea-Kings," and although recent developments have made the Devonian Switzerland more accessible than heretofore, the coach journey from Minehead to Lynton, along the rugged but picturesque littoral of North Devon, still retains its popularity. The drive across Exmoor, from Dulverton to Lynmouth, through the valley of the Barle, or that of the Exe, has already been described.

In no part of the "Lovely Land of the Mayflower" are excursions by rail and road more completely organised than those of the Lyn country. It must also be remembered a line of light railway, passing through very pretty scenery, and affording those who patronize it a delightful series of panoramic views on either side of it, unites the outskirts of Lynton with Barnstaple in the North Devon hinterland, and has intermediary stations at Chelfham, Bratton Fleming, Blackmoor, Parracombe and Woody Bay. The climate conditions of both Lynmouth and Lynton are excellent, and the possibilities of enjoyment there have been



materially added to by the presence of the cliff-railway which now unites both places and obviates the necessity of the once dreaded "scramble skywards" by the coach road, or the somewhat less steep ascent through the wooded slopes by the zig-zag path. The bathing at Lynton is fairly good, excellent fresh water and deep-sea fishing is obtainable at an almost nominal price, but the paramount advantages of the "twin-villages" as a travel-centre, lie unquestionably in their marvellous environment, the absolute purity of the air and water, the strange and striking diversity of the landscapes and seascapes, the old-world features which have survived the up-to-dateness of the twentieth century, and the proximity of Exmoor, with its combs, "cleaves" and rivers.

The "Valley of Rocks" at Lynton has been, and that with good reason, regarded as one of the wonders of Devon ever since the Bishop of Ossory came there with the Dean of Exeter towards the end of the eighteenth century. It was known long before that as "Danes Combe," the "Danes" or "Denes" meaning dens or hollows. Southey speaks with enthusiasm of its grandeur, saying that it made him feel for the first time the "sublimity of solitude." In his excellent book, the "High-ways and By-ways of Devon and Cornwall" Mr. A. H. Norway says: "The scene is one of a wild and desolate waste of shattered and riven stone, out of which one peak, the Castle Rock, drops sheer into the sea from a vast and dizzy height, and is finely broken with jutting cairns of granite over all its grassy slopes. The valley is full of savage dignity and grandeur; and on this coast where magnificence of rock forms is comparatively rare, and the headlands sweep down for the most part rounded and grassy to the sea, it forms a welcome interlude among the long succession of what are rather spurs of moorland thrust out into the sea than the promontories of a true coast line."





East Lyn and Lynton.



Lynmouth. Harbour and Foreland.





Barnstable. Queen Anne's Statue.



Bideford. Kingsley's Statue.



## No. 7. THE HINTERLAND — OF EXMOOR. —

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S COUNTRY.

**S**OUTH MOLTON, the centre, if not the capital of the Canons Hinterland, possesses a station on the Great Western Line from Taunton to Barnstaple. An old-time proverb awards this ancient town the palm for strength, while Chittlehampton is entitled to that for beauty. The church is famous for its grotesque gargoyles, and from South Molton one can easily visit Whitechapel Barton, the historic residence of the Bassetts. In "Lorna Doone," South Molton is spoken of as "a busy place for talking," and it is presumably for this reason that Mr. Snell dubs it "Gossip Town."

Barnstaple on the Taw, with its wealth of public parks, fine markets, and wood-paved streets, may fairly be described as a model English county town. Barnstaple, moreover, is rich in the matter of historical associations, claiming to be the old city of "Artavia" (a town on or by the water) with its Roman walls; to hold its charters for its Fairs and Markets from King Athelstan, whom tradition affirms to have repaired its walls and restored its castles (at a time when Devonshire was recovered from the Danes and Britons).

During the seventeenth century it afforded a place of refuge to a great number of French emigrants, amongst them the Le Gays, ancestors of the poet. Many distinguished scholars received their early education in Barnstaple, viz.: Bishop Jewell, Dr. Harding, Sir John Dodderidge, John Gay, the poet, and others. Gay was born in Barnstaple in 1685, in a house at the corner of Joy Street, the very year William III. landed at Brixham. John Gay was the contemporary and friend of Pope, Swift, Addison,



Parnell and Bolingbroke. The very valuable Gay's chair with its secret drawers has recently been restored to the town.

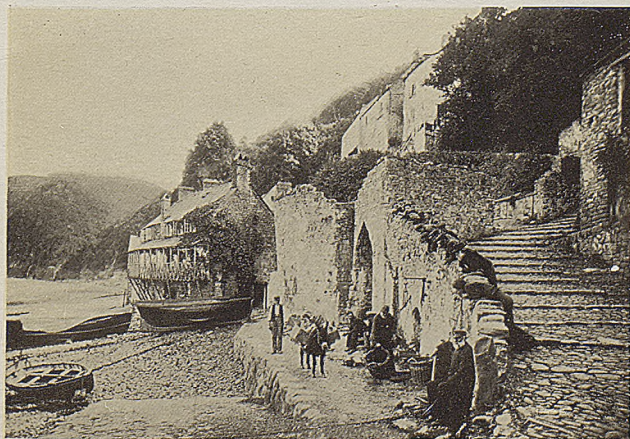
Barnstaple is very often made a centre from which a more or less prolonged excursion to Bideford, Westward Ho! famous for its Golf Courses, Clovelly, and the other parts of what is now commonly known as Charles Kingsley's Country can be made. It was at Bideford that "Westward Ho!" was written. There a statue has been erected in his honour. Every American traveller should try and see something of Bideford, the old-world town on the estuary of the Taw and the Torridge, where Kingsley thought out his great romance, and which reckons Sir Richard Grenville, the companion of Sir Walter Raleigh, who played so prominent a part in the exploration of Virginia and Carolina, as one of its chief worthies. The intrepid Grenville perished at the fight of Flores in August, 1591; his last words, uttered in Spanish, are worth remembering. They are:— "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, that hath fought for his country, Queen, Religion, and honour: whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body and shall always leave behind it the everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty as he is bound to do."

From Bideford there are two excursions which may be made with advantage. One is to Weir Gifford, a mediæval mansion which possesses one of the finest oak-roofed halls in England, and the other to Clovelly and the Hobby Drive. The motorist may, if he wills it, easily push on as far as Bude and thence to Tintagel, so closely associated with the Arthurian legend. From Barnstaple a light railway, as has been before noted, conveys travellers direct to Lynmouth, while another line goes straight to Ilfracombe.





Westward Ho ! The Pebble Ridge.



Clovelly.





Clovelly.



No. 8      ILFRACOMBE AND  
THE NORTH-WEST  
DEVON LITTORAL.

BIDEFORD BAY, broken in the centre by the estuary of the Taw and the Torridge, has, like Plymouth, Torbay and Topsham, played an important part in the naval annals of the "Shire of the Sea Kings." Sir Richard Grenville, of Bideford, has already been spoken of, but it must also be remembered that Barnstaple was one of the subsidiary Cinque Ports, and, as such assisted in repelling the Spanish Armada. At one end of this fine stretch of sea we have Morte-hoe, at the other, Clovelly: in the centre, the estuary of the twin rivers, with Appledore, Bideford and Barnstaple on its shores. Ilfracombe lies to the east of Morte Point, on the road to Combe Martin, Parracombe and Lynton.

Morte Point and Woolacombe Sands are both popular with holiday makers and merit the attention of overseas travellers. The fame of Ilfracombe as one of Devonshire's foremost health and pleasure resorts dates from the early days of the eighteenth century, and has been fully maintained ever since. It is not easy nowadays to imagine what the difficulties of locomotion must have been in 1817, when Fanny d'Arblay came there with her son, who was then reading hard for his examinations at Cambridge. The facile pen which described Weymouth and Plymouth nearly thirty years before, now writes of "a long narrow town, consisting of only one regular street . . . but offering prospects of fine hills and noble openings to the sea." Ilfracombe is protected from the wind by several heights or "tors" of which the Capstone is one. Below Lantern Hill stretches a pier which affords further shelter to the harbour. Close at hand is the popular winter garden, always



crowded during the season. There is frequent communication by sea between Ilfracombe and Clovelly, as well as with Bristol, the Welsh Coast, and occasionally Lundy Island. Lantern Hill is crowned by the picturesque chapel of St. Nicholas, subsequently utilized as a lighthouse and later still as a local museum.

Ilfracombe is strongly recommended as an excellent centre for sea-fishing, good sport being obtainable both from the pier and rocks. During the autumn months the angler may, with the aid of stout hand-lines, hope to capture congers, skate and cod of considerable weight. The rod should be used for codling, rock whiting, bass and mullet. Pollack is best fished for with float tackle. "Bass and mullet," writes an acknowledged expert, "the latter 2-lbs. and 3-lbs. in weight, are very frequently taken from the pier and from Perriman's Steps, under the Capstone, . . . and the sport is not to be despised."

Combe Martin of the Silver Mines is well worth visiting, and this can be easily accomplished either from Lynton or Ilfracombe. As a matter of fact it lies on the road traversed by the Ilfracombe and Lynton coach. Combe Martin and Martinhoe (*i.e.*, "Martin's Valley and Martin's Hill") both owe their names to Martin of Tours, one of the Norman Conqueror's most zealous supporters. It is at the latter that Mr. Blackmore locates the crime giving rise to the couplet:—

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

Parracombe (often spelt with one r) is nearly equidistant between Combe Martin and Lynton, and roughly speaking five miles from each. In all probability it has already been made the object of a pilgrimage from Lynton. Parracombe was the aboriginal home of the Blackmores, and the clan is by no means extinct there. Apart from its being





Ilfracombe. Lantern Hill and Hillsboro'.

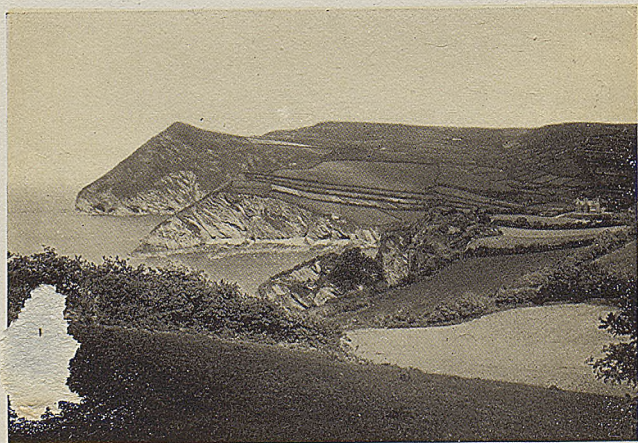


Ilfracombe Harbour from Hillsboro'.





Ilfracombe. Torrs Walks.



Combe Martin Bay.



*par excellence* a Blackmore shrine, there is sufficient to interest the traveller in the old residence of the Blackmores, the circular British encampment at Hallwell Farm, and the abandoned twelfth century church at Parracombe itself, to say nothing of the perfumed breezes of Parracombe Common, the charming valley of Trentishoe and the purple peak of Chapman Barrow, the highest point in North Devon.

By the time the traveller reaches Combe Martin he will certainly be convinced that, although other English shrines may excel in one or other particular, no single county presents so numerous or so varied attractions to the holiday-maker, rich or poor, old or young, strong or weak, as Devonshire. At every season of the year, in spring, summer, autumn and winter alike, the seeker after change, pleasure, health or sport may come to the "Shire of the Sea Kings" with the absolute certainty that his sojourn there will be both profitable and agreeable.

It is, moreover, a travel-shrine, possessing associations and traditions, and much cherished by the inhabitants of the New World as by those of the Old.

FINIS.



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