

HUTCHINSON'S BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL

EDITED BY
WALTER HUTCHINSON M.A.F.R.GS.





From the Painting

COTTAGES AT EAST BURTON.

By A. Montague Rivers.

This picturesque group of old Dorset cottages occupies a charming situation in the village of East Burton, on the borders of Winfrith Heath, about 6 miles west of Wareham. Sir Frederick Treves speaks of the neighbourhood as "A veritable part of that Britain the Celt knew, since upon its untameable surface twenty centuries have wrought no change."

HUTCHINSON'S
B **BRITAIN**
B **BEAUTIFUL**

EDITED BY
WALTER HUTCHINSON
M.A., F.R.G.S., BARRISTER-AT-LAW

A POPULAR AND ILLUSTRATED ACCOUNT OF THE
MAGNIFICENT HISTORICAL, ARCHITECTURAL, AND
PICTURESQUE WONDERS OF THE COUNTIES OF
ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND

ABOUT
2,000
BEAUTIFUL
ILLUSTRATIONS
MAINLY
IN 2 COLOURS



NUMEROUS
MAGNIFICENT
COLOURED
PLATES
AND
MAPS

VOL. II

EXQUISITE SCENERY · MAGNIFICENT RUINS · GRAND OLD CASTLES
HISTORIC PLACES · BEAUTIFUL CATHEDRALS · ROMANTIC LANDMARKS
LITERARY HAUNTS · RUGGED COASTS · ANCIENT MONUMENTS, ETC.

LONDON: HUTCHINSON & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
BY HAZELL, WATSON AND VINEY, LD.,
LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II

| | PAGE |
|---------------------------|------|
| DORSETSHIRE | 625 |
| CO. DOWN | 665 |
| CO. DUBLIN | 689 |
| DUMBARTONSHIRE | 701 |
| DUMFRIESSHIRE | 713 |
| DURHAM | 737 |
| EDINBURGHSHIRE | 773 |
| ESSEX | 805 |
| CO. FERMANAGH | 841 |
| FIFESHIRE | 848 |
| FLINTSHIRE | 873 |
| FORFARSHIRE | 883 |
| CO. GALWAY | 909 |
| GLAMORGANSHIRE | 921 |
| GLOUCESTERSHIRE | 929 |
| HADDINGTONSHIRE | 953 |
| HAMPSHIRE | 969 |
| ISLE OF WIGHT | 1002 |
| HEREFORDSHIRE | 1015 |
| HERTFORDSHIRE | 1037 |
| HUNTINGDONSHIRE | 1061 |
| INVERNESS-SHIRE | 1077 |
| ISLE OF MAN | 1095 |
| KENT | 1123 |
| CO. KERRY | 1157 |

ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS

COLOURED PLATES

| | |
|--|----------------------|
| COTTAGES AT EAST BURTON | <i>Facing p.</i> 625 |
| GREY ABBEY | .. 672 |
| DURHAM CATHEDRAL FROM THE RIVER | .. 720 |
| MALDON, FROM HEYBRIDGE | .. 768 |
| LOUGH ERNE, CO. FERMANAGH | .. 816 |
| OYSTERMOUTH CASTLE, NEAR SWANSEA | .. 856 |
| GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL, FROM THE SEVERN | .. 896 |
| HEREFORD CATHEDRAL, FROM THE RIVER WALK | .. 936 |
| THE OUSE AT ST. IVES | .. 976 |
| CASTLE RUSHEN, CASTLETON, ISLE OF MAN | .. 1016 |
| THE WARRIORS' CHAPEL, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL | .. 1056 |
| CANTERBURY FROM STURRY WOODS. | .. 1096 |
| LOUGH ADOON | .. 1136 |

MAPS

| | PAGE |
|---------------------------|--------|
| DORSETSHIRE | 638 |
| Co. DOWN | 670 |
| Co. DUBLIN | 698 |
| DUMBARTONSHIRE | 710 |
| DUMFRIESSHIRE | 718 |
| DURHAM | 754 |
| EDINBURGHSHIRE | 778 |
| ESSEX | 819 |
| Co. FERMANAGH | 841 |
| FIFESHIRE | 854 |
| FLINTSHIRE | 875 |
| FORFARSHIRE | 898 |
| Co. GALWAY | 911 |
| GLAMORGANSHIRE | 927 |
| GLOUCESTERSHIRE | 943 |
| HADDINGTONSHIRE | 962 |
| HAMPSHIRE | 979 |
| HEREFORDSHIRE | 1022 |
| HERTFORDSHIRE | 1054 |
| HUNTINGDONSHIRE | 1066 |
| INVERNESS-SHIRE | 1090-1 |
| ISLE OF MAN | 1098 |
| KENT | 1147 |
| Co. KERRY | 1171 |

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE TEXT

| | PAGE | | PAGE | | PAGE |
|--|------|---|------|--|------|
| Branksen Castle, Poole | 625 | Pennsylvania Castle | 651 | The Old Bridge, Rostrevor | 677 |
| On Constitution Hill, Poole | 625 | Rough Sea, Portland | 652 | Ancient Celtic Cross at Donaghmore | 678 |
| Poole Harbour | 626 | Pulpit Rock, Portland | 652 | A Waterfall at Newry | 679 |
| Wimborne Minster: The Nave, looking West | 627 | Tithe Barn, Abbotsbury | 653 | Lagan Weir and Giants' Grave | 680 |
| Chest at Wimborne Minster | 628 | Loders, near Bridport | 654 | A Cottage at Dromore | 680 |
| "The Man in the Wall," Wimborne Minster | 628 | Mortuary in Chideock Church | 655 | Old Castle, Hillsborough | 681 |
| Astronomical Clock, Wimborne Minster | 629 | Lyme Regis | 656 | Crawfords Burn Waterfall | 682 |
| The Quarter Jack, Wimborne Minster | 629 | Lyme Regis | 657 | Sunset across Bangor Bay | 683 |
| Wimborne Minster | 630 | Beaminster Church | 658 | Serabo Hill, Newtownards | 683 |
| Crypt, Wimborne Minster | 630 | Ford Abbey | 658 | In the Glen, Newtownards | 684 |
| The Old Cottage, Canford Village | 631 | Cerne Abbas: Abbey Gatehouse | 659 | Newtownards Priory | 685 |
| On the Frone, Wareham | 632 | The Choir, Sherborne Abbey | 660 | The Norman Doorway, Grey Abbey | 686 |
| The Old Earth Walls at Wareham | 633 | The Old Gatehouse, Sherborne Castle | 661 | Refectory, Grey Abbey | 687 |
| St. Martin's Church, Wareham | 634 | Sherborne: Abbey Tower | 661 | Sketrick Castle | 687 |
| Interior of St. Martin's Church | 635 | Bradford Abbas, near Sherborne | 662 | Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin | 688 |
| Corfe Castle Ruins | 636 | Sturminster Newton | 662 | The Book of Kells, Trinity College | 689 |
| Corfe Castle | 637 | Gold Hill, Shaftesbury | 663 | Cross of Cong, National Museum, Dublin | 689 |
| Old Harry Point | 639 | Cranborne Manor House | 664 | Calvin's Tree, Botanical Gardens, Dublin | 690 |
| Aggleston, near Studland | 639 | Cistercian Abbey of Inch, Downpatrick | 665 | Killiney Bay | 691 |
| Entrance to Tilly Whim Caves | 640 | St. Patrick's Grave, Downpatrick | 666 | Ornid's Throne, near Dalkey | 691 |
| Old Mill Pond, Swanage | 641 | St. Patrick's, Holywell | 666 | On the Dodder, Dublin | 692 |
| Studland Church | 642 | Loughinisland Lake, Downpatrick | 667 | View from the Dublin Hills | 693 |
| Starhole Cove | 643 | The Pier at Ardglass | 668 | Round Tower at Clondalkin | 694 |
| Wool Manor | 644 | Dundrum Castle | 668 | The River at Lucan | 695 |
| Wool Mull | 644 | Old Bridge, Tullymore | 669 | View in Vesey Demesne | 696 |
| In Bere Regis Church | 645 | Donard Falls, Newcastle | 671 | An Old Bridge near Lucan | 697 |
| Interior of Bere Regis Church | 645 | Shieve Bingeann | 672 | The Round Tower of Swords, from the East | 699 |
| Fordington Church | 646 | Cliffs at Kilkeel | 672 | Balsacadden Bay, Howth | 700 |
| Athelhampton Hall, near Puddletton | 646 | Greencastle, Co. Down | 673 | Dumbarton Castle and Pier | 701 |
| Dorchester from the Air | 647 | Carlingford Lough | 674 | The Stairway, Dumbarton Castle | 701 |
| Thomas Hardy's Birthplace | 648 | The Mountains of Mourne | 675 | Gareloch from above Clynder | 702 |
| Maiden Castle | 648 | Clock and Hen Mountains, Kingdom of Mourne | 675 | Helensburgh | 703 |
| White Horse, Weymouth | 649 | "The Castles of Kivvitar," Mourne Mountains | 676 | The Old Luss Road, Helensburgh | 704 |
| Weymouth | 650 | In the Silent Valley, Mourne Mountains | 676 | At Tarbet, Loch Lomond | 705 |
| | | | | Ardlui, Loch Lomond | 706 |
| | | | | Ben Lomond, from Luss | 707 |

Illustrations in the Text

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|--|------|--|------|
| On Luss Straits, Loch Lomond | 708 | Heriot's Hospital and Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh | 776 |
| Ben Lomond and Luss Straits | 709 | State Prison, Edinburgh Castle | 777 |
| Arden, Loch Lomond | 711 | Old Tolbooth, Edinburgh | 777 |
| Old Mill, Milngavie | 712 | Queen Mary's Stairs, White Horse Close, Edinburgh | 779 |
| The Caul, River Nith, Dumfries | 713 | Dunsapie Loch and Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh | 780 |
| The Nith from Burns Walk, Dumfries | 713 | Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh | 780 |
| Caerlaverock Castle | 714 | The Duchess of Hamilton's Audience Chamber, Holyrood | 781 |
| Dalswinton Loch | 715 | The Scene of Rizzie's Murder, Holyrood | 782 |
| Caitloch Cave, Moniaive | 716 | Queen Mary's Bath House, Holyrood | 783 |
| On the Nith at Thornhill | 717 | Duddingston Loch, Edinburgh | 784 |
| The Thornhill Piper | 719 | Craigmillar Castle, near Edinburgh | 785 |
| On the Nith at Drumlanrig | 720 | Carberry Tower, Musselburgh | 786 |
| Enterkin Pass, near Sanquhar | 721 | The Valley of the Esk, Dalkeith | 787 |
| Black Loch, Sanquhar | 722 | Borthwick Castle and Church, Dalkeith | 788 |
| Waterfall, Enchao Glen, Sanquhar | 722 | Crichton Castle, Dalkeith | 789 |
| The Diel's Big Stane, Orchard Burn, Sanquhar | 723 | Public Park, Dalkeith | 790 |
| The Old Bridge, Beattock | 724 | Drummond Castle, Hawthornden | 791 |
| Moffat | 725 | In Hawthornden | 792 |
| Old Chapel, Moffat | 726 | The great Beech, Newbattle Abbey | 793 |
| Beld Craig Glen, Moffat | 727 | The Crypt, Newbattle Abbey | 794 |
| Raehills Glen | 728 | Maiden Bridge, Newbattle Abbey | 794 |
| "The Plump," Wauchope: Langholm | 729 | The Doorway, Roslyn Castle | 795 |
| Old Mills on the Esk | 730 | Roslyn Castle | 796 |
| Meeting of the Waters Ewes and Esk: Langholm | 730 | Arches over Moat, Roslyn Castle | 797 |
| Fairy Loup, Byreburn: Langholm | 731 | The Kitchen, showing large Fireplace, Roslyn Castle | 797 |
| Old Toll Bar: Greta | 732 | The Nave, Roslyn Chapel | 798 |
| Brydekirk Mill and Caul | 732 | Quarry Garden, Swanston | 799 |
| Powfoot and Lakes | 733 | Swanston | 800 |
| Hoddam Castle, Loekerbie | 734 | The Dell at Colinton | 801 |
| The Castle and Loch, Lochmaben | 735 | Glencorse Reservoir and Kirkton Farm | 802 |
| Interior of Durham Cathedral | 736 | As Avenue on Bavelaw Road, Pentlands | 803 |
| General View of Durham | 737 | Malleny Mills | 804 |
| The Library, Durham Cathedral | 737 | A Typical Essex Coast Scene | 805 |
| Durham Cathedral, from the River | 738 | A View near Terling | 805 |
| The Galilee, Durham Cathedral | 739 | Near Witham | 806 |
| The Choir Vaulting, Durham Cathedral | 740 | The Calfactory, Beeleigh Abbey | 807 |
| The Nave from the Choir | 741 | The Tudor Wing, Beeleigh Abbey | 808 |
| The Font and Nave, Durham Cathedral | 741 | The East Front, Beeleigh Abbey | 809 |
| Entrance to the Dean's Gardens and Cloisters from inside | 742 | Great Waltham: An Old Farm | 810 |
| Exterior Sanctuary Knocker | 743 | The Old Mill House, Maldon | 810 |
| Black Stair, Durham Castle | 744 | Purleigh Church | 811 |
| Norman Arch, Durham Castle | 745 | A Farm-house near Bradwell-on-Sea | 812 |
| The Courtyard, Durham Cathedral | 746 | Hadleigh Castle | 812 |
| An old House on Elvet Bridge, Durham | 747 | Leigh-on-Sea from the Saltings | 813 |
| Finchale Priory | 748 | Romford Parish Church | 815 |
| Munkley Castle from the Glen | 749 | Epping Forest | 815 |
| Monkwearmouth Parish Church | 750 | High Beech, Chingford | 815 |
| South Outlet, Sunderland | 750 | The Old Church, Chingford | 816 |
| Cave in Holy Rook, Roker | 751 | A View in Epping Forest | 817 |
| Old Town, Hartlepool | 752 | Cuckoo Pits, Epping Forest | 818 |
| North Beach, Seaham Harbour | 752 | Waltham Abbey and Old Gateway | 820 |
| Wynard Park, near Stockton | 753 | Interior of Waltham Abbey | 821 |
| Bishop Auckland Castle | 755 | "King Harold's Bridge," Waltham Abbey | 822 |
| Bishop Auckland from High Plain | 756 | Stonden-Massey Church | 823 |
| Wishing Temple in Park, Bishop Auckland | 757 | Greenstead Church: The South Side | 824 |
| Whorlton Bridge, Whorlton, near Barnard Castle | 758 | The Church at Greenstead-juxta-Ongar | 825 |
| Barnard Castle | 759 | Great Easton, Dunmow | 826 |
| Barnard Castle: the Castle | 760 | The Castle Ruins, Saffron Walden | 827 |
| Blagrove House, Barnard Castle | 761 | Bocking Mill | 827 |
| Raby Castle from the South-East | 761 | Lamarsh Church, near Bures | 828 |
| The Rock Walk, Barnard Castle | 762 | Hedingham Castle: the Keep | 829 |
| View from Abbey Bridge, Barnard Castle | 763 | The Round Church, Little Maplestead | 830 |
| High Force, Teesdale | 764 | Paveeokes, Coggeshall | 831 |
| Jack's Sear, Middleton-in-Teesdale | 765 | West Front of St. Botolph's Priory, Colchester | 832 |
| A Teeside Path near Middleton | 766 | St. John's Abbey Gateway, Colchester | 833 |
| The Castle, Stanhope | 767 | Marks Tey: The Church | 834 |
| Widley Fall, Stanhope Dene | 767 | Copford Church: General View | 834 |
| The Saxon Chapel, Jarrow | 768 | Layer Marney Towers, near Colchester | 835 |
| Jarrow Old Church | 768 | Flatford Bridge, Dedham | 836 |
| Taylor's Wood, Cossett | 769 | Old Windmill, Walton-on-the-Naze | 837 |
| Marsden Rock, near South Shields | 770 | The Cliffs, Walton-on-the-Naze | 838 |
| Grotto Ballroom, South Shields | 771 | St. Osyth | 839 |
| Edinburgh Castle, from Princes Gardens | 772 | Enniskillen, from Portora | 840 |
| Arthur's Seat, from Blackford Hill, Edinburgh | 773 | Monca Castle | 842 |
| General View of Edinburgh | 773 | Marble Arch at Florence Court | 843 |
| St. Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh | 774 | Demesne, Enniskillen | 843 |
| St. Giles Cathedral, view from Chancel, looking west | 774 | Upper Lough Erne | 844 |
| The Castle and Ross Fountain, Edinburgh | 775 | Crum Castle, Lough Erne | 845 |
| | | Crum Castle, Lough Erne | 846 |
| | | Lower Lough Erne | 847 |
| | | Tailabout, Cupar | 848 |
| | | The Cathedral, St. Andrews | 849 |
| | | Struthers Castle, Cupar | 849 |
| | | St. Andrews Cathedral | 850 |
| | | The Ponds, St. Andrews Cathedral | 851 |
| | | Lade Braes, St. Andrews | 852 |
| | | St. Andrews Castle | 853 |
| | | The "Rock and Spindle" Rock, St. Andrews | 853 |
| | | St. Andrews, from the Harbour | 855 |
| | | The Caves, Crail | 856 |
| | | The Harbour, Crail | 857 |
| | | St. Fillan's Cave, Pittenweem | 858 |
| | | Boiling Cauldron, St. Monance | 859 |
| | | Newark Castle, St. Monance | 859 |
| | | Kileonquhar, from the Lake | 860 |
| | | Balcarras House and Craig, Colinsburgh | 860 |
| | | Buckhaven Harbour | 861 |
| | | Macduff Castle, from the Shore | 862 |
| | | Ravenraig Castle, Kirkealdy | 862 |
| | | Groupie Craig, Raith, Kirkealdy | 863 |
| | | Old Mill Dam, Kirkealdy | 864 |
| | | The Dovecot, Bow Butts House, Kiaghorn | 865 |
| | | The Palace, Dunfermline | 866 |
| | | The Monastery, Inchcolm Island | 866 |
| | | East Bay, Aberdour | 867 |
| | | Double Arch Bridge, Pitten-rieff | 868 |
| | | Tulliallan Loch, Kineardine | 869 |
| | | Spa Bridge, Kenoway | 870 |
| | | The Gateway, Falkland Palace | 871 |
| | | Leuchars Church | 871 |
| | | The Cloister Garth, Lindores Abbey, Newburgh | 872 |
| | | Tunnel in Maspie Glen, Falkland | 872 |
| | | Flint Castle | 873 |
| | | The Front, Hawarden Castle | 873 |
| | | Castle Ruins, Caergwile | 874 |
| | | Moel Famman Tower, Mold | 874 |
| | | Nant-y-Pfrith, near Bwlchgwyn | 876 |
| | | The Leete, Mold | 877 |
| | | St. Mary's Well, St. Asaph | 878 |
| | | Weaver's Cottage, Dyserth | 879 |
| | | The Old Tombs, Dyserth | 880 |
| | | A Glen near Ysceifiog | 881 |
| | | St. Winifred's Well and Plunge Bath, Holywell | 882 |
| | | Forfar, from Balmashanner Hill | 883 |
| | | Baleavie Loch, near Forfar | 883 |
| | | Montrose, from Rossie Braes | 884 |
| | | Rock of St. Skae, near Montrose | 885 |
| | | The Needle Eye, Arbroath | 886 |
| | | Arbroath Abbey: The Western Gate | 887 |
| | | In the Grounds, Monikie | 888 |
| | | The Tay Bridge, from Balgay Hill | 889 |
| | | Glamis Castle | 890 |
| | | The Sun-dial, Glamis Castle | 891 |
| | | On the Glamis Burn | 892 |
| | | The Den, Newtyle | 893 |
| | | The Entrance Hall, Cortachy Castle | 894 |
| | | The Den of Airlie | 895 |
| | | Airlie Castle | 896 |
| | | Glen Isla, from Tulchan Lodge | 897 |
| | | The Isla, West Mill: Glen Isla | 899 |
| | | Loch Brandy | 900 |
| | | On the North Esk | 901 |
| | | Edzell Castle | 902 |
| | | Landing on Tower Stairs, Edzell Castle | 903 |
| | | The River Esk from Gannochy, Edzell | 904 |
| | | The Rocks of Solitude, Edzell | 905 |
| | | Brechin Castle | 906 |
| | | Doorway in Round Tower, Brechin Castle | 907 |
| | | Brechin Cathedral | 908 |
| | | On the Noran, Brechin | 908 |
| | | Sky Road, Clifden | 909 |
| | | Clifden | 910 |
| | | Monument Hill, Clifden | 912 |
| | | The Cascade, Clifden | 913 |
| | | Ballynahinch | 914 |
| | | Kylemore Lake | 915 |
| | | Lough Muck | 915 |

Illustrations in the Text

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Salrook, Connemara | 916 |
| Killary Harbour, Leenane | 917 |
| Killary Harbour, Leenane | 918 |
| Lough Inagh | 919 |
| Leenane | 919 |
| St. Jarlath's Cathedral, Tuam | 920 |
| Cardiff from the Air | 921 |
| Old Roman Walls near Whitechurch | 922 |
| Old Beaupré Castle | 923 |
| A Fireplace, Beaupré Castle | 924 |
| North Abbey | 925 |
| Oystermouth Castle, Swansea | 926 |
| Cærophilly Castle | 928 |
| Gloucester Cathedral and the Severn | 929 |
| The Cloisters, Gloucester Cathedral | 929 |
| Entrance to Cloisters, the Medieval House | 930 |
| The Crypt, Gloucester Cathedral | 931 |
| The New Inn, Gloucester | 932 |
| The Chantry, Berkeley | 933 |
| Clifton Downs, Bristol | 934 |
| Abbey Gateway, Bristol | 935 |
| Part of an old British Camp, Cinderford | 936 |
| Symonds' Yat | 937 |
| East End, Deerhurst Church | 938 |
| The Saxon Chapel, Deerhurst | 938 |
| Tewkesbury Abbey | 939 |
| Interior, Tewkesbury Abbey | 940 |
| The Black Bear, Tewkesbury | 941 |
| Entrance Gatehouse to Stanway House | 942 |
| The Devil's Chimney, Leekhampton | 944 |
| The Market House, Chipping Campden | 945 |
| Grevil's House, Chipping Campden | 945 |
| Roman Villa, Chedworth | 946 |
| St. Mary's Church, Fairford | 947 |
| Fairford : River Coln | 948 |
| Bibury : River Coln | 948 |
| A Porch in Cirencester Church | 949 |
| A Peep in Cirencester Park | 949 |
| The Thames near its Source | 950 |
| The True Source of the Thames | 951 |
| "Lamp of Lothian," Haddington | 952 |
| Craigleith Island | 953 |
| John Knox's House, Haddington | 953 |
| The Tyne at Haddington | 954 |
| On the Tyne, East Linton | 955 |
| The Linn, East Linton | 955 |
| The Earl of Dunbar's Tomb, Dunbar | 956 |
| The Town Hall, Dunbar | 957 |
| Old Castle, Dunbar | 957 |
| Pressmennan Lake, near Stenton | 958 |
| Road Wall, Stenton | 958 |
| Old Avenue, Whittinghame | 959 |
| Red Scar, Whittinghame | 959 |
| Stoneypath Tower | 960 |
| Entrance to Goblin Ha', Yester Castle | 961 |
| The Cascade, Danskin Glen, Yester | 961 |
| Elphinstone Tower | 963 |
| Preston Tower, Prestonpans | 963 |
| Old Mill, Port Seton | 964 |
| Castle Gardens, Dirlتون | 965 |
| The Coast at North Berwick | 966 |
| The Bass Rock, North Berwick | 967 |
| Tantallon Castle | 967 |
| Interior of Brother's House, St. Cross, Winchester | 968 |
| The Hospital of St. Cross, Winchester | 969 |
| The Deanery, Winchester Cathedral | 969 |
| Winchester Cathedral | 970 |
| Cheynoy Court, Winchester | 971 |
| The Nave, Winchester Cathedral | 972 |
| The Font, Winchester Cathedral | 973 |
| Winchester College Buildings | 974 |
| The Court House, Castle Buildings, Winchester | 974 |
| "King Arthur's Round Table," Winchester | 975 |
| At Southampton | 976 |
| The West Gate, Southampton | 977 |
| Nesley Abbey | 978 |
| A Woodland Glade in the New Forest | 980 |
| Rufus Stone, New Forest | 981 |
| The Knightwood Oak, New Forest | 981 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Cottages in the New Forest | 982 |
| In the New Forest, near Lyndhurst | 983 |
| Colts and Mares in the New Forest | 983 |
| Beaulieu Abbey | 984 |
| A Farm near Milford | 985 |
| Christchurch Castle | 986 |
| The Priory Church, Christchurch | 986 |
| Interior, Christchurch Priory | 987 |
| Evening on the Stour at Christchurch | 988 |
| The Marshes at Christchurch | 989 |
| Middle Chine, Bournemouth | 990 |
| Bournemouth Pines | 991 |
| At Ringwood | 992 |
| The Avon, near Hale | 993 |
| An Old Mill at Fordingbridge | 994 |
| In Romsey Abbey | 995 |
| Romsey Abbey | 996 |
| Ruins of Basing House, near Basingstoke | 997 |
| Gateway, Basing House | 998 |
| Roman Wall at Silchester | 998 |
| King John's Castle, Odiham | 999 |
| Eversley Church and Rectory | 1000 |
| Jane Austen's House, Chawton | 1001 |
| An Old Stile at Froyle | 1001 |
| "The Wakes," Selborne | 1002 |
| Alresford Pond | 1002 |
| An Avenue of Pines, Newton Valence | 1003 |
| A Windmill at Southsea | 1004 |
| Round Tower, Portsmouth Harbour | 1005 |
| A Lane near Lee-on-the-Solent | 1006 |
| Portchester Castle | 1007 |
| Ruins on Fareham Creek | 1008 |
| Moonstoke Church | 1008 |
| Carisbrooke Castle | 1009 |
| Carisbrooke Castle | 1010 |
| The Keep Steps, Carisbrooke Castle | 1010 |
| Cowes from above the Solent | 1011 |
| Quarr Abbey, near Ryde | 1012 |
| Ducie Avenue, Bembridge | 1012 |
| Stone Bridge, Shanklin Chine | 1013 |
| Needle Rocks | 1014 |
| Blackgang Chine, near Ventnor | 1014 |
| Hereford Cathedral from the Wye | 1015 |
| Hereford Cathedral from the South-East | 1015 |
| The Wye at Hereford | 1016 |
| Old Cottages, Hereford | 1017 |
| The Crypt, Hereford Cathedral | 1018 |
| The Choir looking West, Hereford Cathedral | 1019 |
| The Lady's Arbour, Hereford | 1020 |
| Wilton Castle, Ross-on-Wye | 1021 |
| The Wye from Wilton Bridge | 1023 |
| On the Wye at Wilton | 1024 |
| In the Churchyard, Ross-on-Wye | 1025 |
| The Market House, Ross-on-Wye | 1025 |
| Baronial Hall, Goodrich Castle | 1026 |
| The South Door, Kilpeck Church | 1027 |
| In Abbey Dore Church | 1028 |
| Bridge over the Wye at Bredwardine | 1029 |
| The Old Market Hall, Leominster | 1030 |
| The Separate Bellry, Pembridge | 1030 |
| Buttouse Falconry, near Canon Pyon | 1031 |
| An Old House at Leintwardine | 1032 |
| Wigmore Village | 1032 |
| Ledbury Church Lane, Ledbury | 1033 |
| Ledbury Market Hall | 1034 |
| The Great Hall, Eastnor Castle | 1034 |
| Eastnor Castle | 1035 |
| Hertford Castle | 1036 |
| Hartham Walk, Hertford | 1037 |
| An Old Malt-house at Ware | 1038 |
| The Lea at Ware | 1039 |
| The Backs at Ware | 1040 |
| Waltham Cross | 1041 |
| Old Temple Bar, Cheshunt | 1041 |
| Old Palace, Hatfield House | 1042 |
| Hatfield House | 1042 |
| The Grand Staircase, Hatfield House | 1043 |
| Clergy House, Hatfield Churchyard | 1044 |
| The "Fighting Cocks," St. Albans | 1044 |
| St. Albans Abbey | 1045 |
| Abbey Gateway, St. Albans | 1046 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| The Old Walls of Verulamium | 1046 |
| Screen in Abbey, St. Albans | 1047 |
| On the River Coln near Aldenham | 1048 |
| White Bridge in Cassiobury Park, Watford | 1049 |
| In Cassiobury Park, Watford | 1049 |
| The Chess Valley | 1050 |
| The Valley of the Bourne | 1051 |
| The River at Boxmoor | 1051 |
| South-East Front, Berkhamsted Castle | 1052 |
| An Avenue of Limes in Great Berkhamsted Park | 1052 |
| Old Well House, The Rectory, Berkhamsted | 1053 |
| Great Gaddesden | 1055 |
| Ayat St. Lawrence | 1056 |
| Knebworth House, Knebworth | 1057 |
| The Lake and Châlet, Knebworth House | 1058 |
| Under Buntingford Bridge | 1059 |
| The Courtyard, Old George Inn | 1060 |
| The Nuns' Bridge, Huntingdon | 1061 |
| Entrance Gateway, Hinchingsbrooke | 1061 |
| Godmanchester | 1062 |
| Old Houses, Godmanchester | 1062 |
| Old Bridge, Godmanchester | 1063 |
| Old Water-mill, Godmanchester | 1064 |
| Hartford Church | 1065 |
| Brampton Village | 1065 |
| Buckden Cottage, Brampton | 1067 |
| St. Neots | 1068 |
| Ruined Gateway, Ramsey Abbey | 1069 |
| The River Nene at Ramsey | 1069 |
| The Ouse at St. Ives | 1070 |
| Houghton Mill | 1071 |
| Old Windmill at Hemingford Grey | 1072 |
| The Ouse at Hemingford Abbots | 1073 |
| Hemingford Mill | 1074 |
| Binur at Inverness | 1075 |
| River Beauly, near Inverness | 1076 |
| The Affric River and Sgurr Na Lapaich | 1077 |
| The River Spey and Cairngorm | 1078 |
| Frquhart Castle, Loch Ness | 1078 |
| The Falls of Foyers, Loch Ness | 1079 |
| Glen Spean at Inverlair | 1080 |
| Inverlochy Castle, Fort William | 1081 |
| Fort William | 1081 |
| Mouaine Falls, Fort William | 1082 |
| On Ben Nevis | 1083 |
| Corrach and Ben Nevis | 1084 |
| Prince Charles's Monument, Loch Shiel | 1085 |
| Arisaig | 1085 |
| Morar Falls, Morar | 1086 |
| Sunset on the Isle of Eigg | 1087 |
| Near Portree, Isle of Skye | 1088 |
| In the Isle of Skye | 1089 |
| Castle Moil, Skye | 1092 |
| Loch Eport, North Uist | 1092 |
| Kiessimull Castle, Barra | 1092 |
| The Sound of Ransay | 1092 |
| Water-wheel in Groulle Glen, Douglas | 1093 |
| The Monks' Bridge, Ballasalla | 1094 |
| Scarlett Rocks, Castletown | 1095 |
| Castletown Harbour and Rushen Castle | 1095 |
| Rocks at Lungness Point | 1096 |
| Castle Rushen, Castletown | 1097 |
| Natural Arch, Lungness | 1099 |
| Fishing-boats in Port St. Mary | 1100 |
| Colby Glen | 1101 |
| Port St. Mary, from the Sea | 1102 |
| Spanish Head | 1103 |
| Cliffs at Port Erin | 1104 |
| Black Hole Cave, Port Erin | 1104 |
| Rock Scenery near Calf Island | 1105 |
| Sugar Loaf Rock | 1106 |
| Bradda Head at Sunset | 1107 |
| Glenmeay Waterfall | 1108 |
| Peel Castle | 1109 |
| St. German's Cathedral, Peel Castle | 1109 |
| Peel Castle and Bay at Sunset | 1110 |
| Glen Faba Bridge, near Peel | 1111 |
| Spooy Vane Waterfall | 1112 |
| Ballaugh Church | 1113 |
| Tholt-e-will Bridge, Glen Sulby | 1114 |
| Old Gladdagh Bridge, Sulby | 1115 |

Illustrations in the Text

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|--|------|--|------|
| The Pass, Sulby | 1116 | The Barbican Gate, Sandwich | 1136 |
| Old Waterfall, Glen Sulby | 1117 | Richborough Castle | 1136 |
| Point of Ayre and Lighthouse | 1118 | The Council Chamber, Fordwich | 1137 |
| Old Mill in Ballure Glen | 1118 | Deal Castle from the Air | 1137 |
| Glen Auldyn River | 1119 | Barfreston Church | 1138 |
| Claughbane, Ramsey | 1119 | Dover Castle | 1138 |
| Maughold Old Cross, Ramsey | 1120 | Dover Castle from the Air | 1139 |
| The Great Fissure, Garwick | 1121 | Shakespeare Cliff, Dover | 1140 |
| Molly Quirk's Glen, Onchan | 1122 | Windmill at Westenhanger | 1141 |
| Leeds Castle, near Maidstone | 1123 | The Bell-tower, Brookland Church | 1142 |
| All Saints' Church, Maidstone | 1123 | St. Benedict's Priory, Tenterden | 1142 |
| Allington Castle | 1124 | Scott's Tower, Horsmonden | 1143 |
| The Medway at Aylesford | 1125 | The Toad Rock, Tunbridge Wells | 1144 |
| Oyster Boats returning to Whitstable | 1126 | Tonbridge Castle | 1145 |
| Sunset at Seasalter | 1126 | At Tonbridge | 1145 |
| The Refectory, Canterbury Cathedral | 1127 | The Smithy at Penshurst | 1146 |
| South-West Tower, Canterbury Cathedral | 1128 | Lych Gate at Penshurst | 1146 |
| Interior, Canterbury Cathedral | 1129 | Old Houses at Chiddingstone | 1148 |
| Aerial View of Canterbury | 1129 | The Quintain Post at Offham | 1149 |
| Norman Stairway, Canterbury Cathedral | 1130 | Oxford Church | 1149 |
| "The Weavers," Canterbury | 1131 | Ightham Mote House | 1150 |
| Grey Friars, Canterbury | 1132 | At Eynsford | 1151 |
| Cliffs near Margate | 1133 | On Chislehurst Common | 1152 |
| Cliffs at Westgate | 1134 | The Bridge, Eltham Palace | 1153 |
| A Pretty Peep near Kingsgate | 1135 | Rochester Castle | 1154 |
| | | The Crypt, Rochester Cathedral | 1154 |
| | | Interior of Keep, Rochester Castle | 1155 |
| | | Muckross Abbey, Killarney | 1156 |
| | | Blenerville Bridge, Tralee | 1157 |
| | | Interior, Muckross Abbey, Killarney | 1157 |
| | | Colleen Bawn Caves, Killarney | 1158 |
| | | Old Weir Bridge, Killarney | 1158 |
| | | Ross Castle, Killarney | 1159 |
| | | Serpent Lake, Gap of Dunloe, Killarney | 1160 |
| | | On the Middle Lake, Killarney | 1161 |
| | | General View, Killarney | 1162 |
| | | Torc Cascade, Killarney | 1163 |
| | | Eagle's Nest, Killarney | 1164 |
| | | The Reeks, Killarney | 1164 |
| | | Tunnel on the Kenmare Road, Killarney | 1165 |
| | | The Long Range from Old Weir Bridge | 1165 |
| | | Innisfallen Chapel, Killarney | 1165 |
| | | At Innisfallen, Killarney | 1167 |
| | | Cromwell's Bridge, Glengariff | 1168 |
| | | At Parknasilla | 1169 |
| | | Derryquin Castle | 1170 |
| | | The Coast at Valencia | 1172 |
| | | The Lighthouse, Valencia Island | 1172 |
| | | Carham Bridge, Cahirciveen | 1173 |
| | | Carham House, Cahirciveen | 1173 |
| | | Upper Caragh River near Glengar | 1174 |
| | | Virgin Rock, Ballybunion | 1175 |
| | | Beenbane Headland | 1176 |
| | | Coomasharn Lough | 1176 |



Photo by]

[Southern Railway.

BRANKSEA CASTLE, POOLE.

This castle was built for the defence of Poole Harbour during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It stands on Branksea Island, which is situated 2 miles S.S.E. of Poole. The island is about 6 miles in circumference and was once used as a deer park.

DORSETSHIRE

FOR many years now, Mr. Thomas Hardy's moving stories and exquisite English have been making Dorsetshire known to and loved by vast numbers of men and women who would otherwise have remained strangers to it. The maps of "Wessex" which accompany the volumes show us the familiar outline of this county, and its well-known towns, villages, and natural features appear under names which are frequently the thinnest of disguises. So much so that there is hardly a guidebook which does not give its parallel lists of "Real Names" and "Hardy Names."

The upshot of all this is that it is extremely difficult for any writer on Dorsetshire not to see the county through the great writer's eyes, to people its places with his characters and illustrate its beauties with his scenes. It is a great temptation to indicate at every turn that "Here Tess did this," or "Jude saw that," but the present writer thinks the temptation should be resisted. In the first place, if indulged in to any great extent, it would mean that the ground could not possibly be covered in the scale assigned to this summary survey. Secondly, it would represent the county not so much as a living and beautiful reality as a drop-scene to fiction, however delectable. And that is the last thing Mr. Hardy would desire.

Some county towns are admittedly unworthy of their social and administrative dignity, but this cannot be said of Dorchester. In point of population it is of course far behind Poole and



Photo by]

[Judges', Ltd.

ON CONSTITUTION HILL, POOLE.

From this hill a distant view of Poole, with its fine landlocked harbour beyond, may be obtained. The town has a very ancient history. Up to the time of Henry VIII it was a small fishing village, but in the reign of Elizabeth it was walled, and later it rose into prominence during the Civil War.

Weymouth, but from the point of view of antiquity and historic interest it is immeasurably ahead of those two towns, and no other town or village in the county can claim associations which carry so far back into the very beginnings of our island story.

When the Romans were building the walls of their town on the lines now occupied by the beautiful avenues known as the "Walks," they no doubt cast self-congratulatory glances at the huge British stronghold on the south and wondered how their scientific valour had ever been able to overcome its formidable and intricate defences. That stronghold, the name of which has been corrupted from *Mai Dun*, "The Great Hill," to "Maiden Castle," still remains a mighty monument of a race which ignorant posterity has been wont to regard as barbarous and unskilled. It is an engineering feat of no mean order. As no one can know it better than Mr. Hardy, who is Dorchester's most distinguished citizen, his description shall be ours:



Photo by]

POOLE HARBOUR.

[Judges', Ltd.

The fine harbour at Poole is only navigable at high water through narrow and intricate channels. Its greatest length is 6 miles, and its width from north to south $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. On account of its curious position it has four tides daily.

"The profile of the whole stupendous ruin, as seen at a distance of a mile eastward, is clearly cut as that of a marble inlay. It is varied with protuberances, which from hereabouts have the animal aspect of warts, wens, knuckles and hips. It may, indeed, be likened to an enormous many-limbed organism of an ante-diluvian time, partaking of the cephalopod in shape—lying lifeless and covered with a thin green cloth, which hides its substance while revealing its general contour. This dull green mantle of herbage stretches down towards the levels, where the ploughs have essayed for centuries to creep up nearer and yet nearer to the base of the castle, but have always stopped short before reaching it. The furrows of these envioning attempts show themselves distinctly, bending to the incline as they trench upon it; mounting in steeper curves, till the steepness absolutely baffles them, and their parallel threads show themselves like the striæ of waves pausing on the curl."

Whether the Romans continued to use "Maiden Castle" for military purposes or not, it is abundantly clear that they made *Durnovaria* one of their principal settlements in the country. Only a small portion of their wall has survived, but the lay-out and names of the main streets of Dorchester



Photo by]

WIMBORNE MINSTER: THE NAVE, LOOKING WEST.

[E. Bastard.

Wimborne Minster was founded by Edward the Confessor in 1043. The town of Wimborne owes its growth to this fine old Collegiate Church. The beauty of the exterior is enhanced by a Transitional Norman tower and a Perpendicular tower at the west end. The nave, 68 feet long, is very Early English.



Photo by]

CHEST AT WIMBORNE MINSTER.

[Judges', Ltd.

This old Saxon treasure chest is over twelve hundred years old and is one of the most interesting features of Wimborne Minster. It will be noticed that the chest itself is one solid block of wood, with the centre roughly hollowed out.



Photo by]

"THE MAN IN THE WALL," WIMBORNE MINSTER.

[Judges', Ltd.

The coffin and tomb are resplendent with the coats of arms of the Ettricks and their wives, and they are kept in a state of repair by the sum of 20 shillings a year left by Antony Ettricke, great-grandson of William Ettricke, a knight who was present at the Siege of Boulogne in 1544.

clearly demonstrate its origin. If there were any further doubt it would be dispelled by the wealth and variety of Roman relics that have been, and are still being, discovered. Not only have tessellated pavements and hosts of minor memorials come to light, but, as Mr. Hardy has written :

“ It was impossible to dig more than a foot or two deep about the town, fields and gardens, without coming upon some tall soldier or other of the Empire, who had lain there in his silent unobtrusive rest for a space of fifteen hundred years.”

But perhaps the most impressive Roman memorial in Dorchester is the amphitheatre, locally known as Maumbury Rings. There used to be a good deal of heated controversy about the exact meaning of this grass-grown elliptical enclosure ; but a few years ago diligent excavation showed beyond all doubt that it was the local Coliseum in Roman times. At a later date it was used as a place of public execution,



Photo by]

[Judges', Ltd.

ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK, WIMBORNE MINSTER.

The interior of the church is rich in interesting features. Among the most notable are the lunar orrery, the Italian glass in the east window, the chained library, and the lantern formed by the central tower.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

THE QUARTER JACK, WIMBORNE MINSTER.

This curious figure in the belfry provokes the admiring curiosity of visitors to the church. There are few other churches in the country which possess so many objects of interest.

and in 1705 a crowd of at least ten thousand curious and heartless people assembled to see the last agony of an alleged murderess, Mary Channing. She was a Dorchester girl who seems to have been forced into a loveless marriage, the upshot of which was the husband's death, brought about, as the prosecution alleged and proved (!) to the satisfaction of a bewildered jury, by poison administered by the "she-wolf," Mary. Here she came to expiate her crime, the sentence being strangling and burning in the barbarous mode of the time.

The mediæval history of Dorchester having been somewhat uneventful, it might have been expected to have a larger number of ancient houses and buildings than it actually possesses. The explanation is that destructive fires largely transformed its appearance on more than one occasion. Of the great fire of 1613 a most graphic contemporary description has survived :

“ The instrument of God's wrath began first to take hold in a tradesman's workehouse . . . Then



Photo by]

WIMBORNE MINSTER.

[E. Bastard.

Taken from the north-east, this view depicts to the best advantage the two fine towers. The Early English west tower is 95 feet high and the Norman central tower 85 feet.

late they came, and to small purpose they showed their willing minds, for almost every street was filled with flame, every place burning beyond help and recovery . . . Dorchester was a famous towne, now a

began the crye of fier to be spread through the whole towne: man, woman and child ran amazedly up and down the streetes, calling for water, so fearfully, as if death's trumpet had sounded a command of present destruction. . . . In like manner the inhabitantes of the neighbouring townes and villages, at the fearful sight of the red blazing element, ran in multitudes to assist them, proffering the dear venture of their lives to oppress the rigour of the fire, but all too

heap of ashes for travellers that passe by to sigh at. Oh, Dorchester, wel maist thou mourn for those thy great losses, for never had English towne the like unto thee. . . ."

Among the ancient habitations which have survived fires is that reputed to have been occupied by the cruel and brutal Judge Jeffreys during the "Bloody Assize" of 1685. Macaulay's vivid account of the proceedings cannot be improved upon:

"The court was hung, by order of



Photo by]

CRYPT, WIMBORNE MINSTER.

[Judges', L11.

This photograph shows the fine crypt, which still remains in a wonderful state of preservation. The Minster contains a monument to the Duke of Somerset and many interesting tombs.



Photo by

THE OLD COTTAGE, CANFORD VILLAGE.

The village of Canford stands on the River Stour, 2 miles east of Wimborne Minster. The neighbourhood has several fine old houses. The manor once belonged to John of Gannet. Canford Hall is a picturesque Tudor house built in 1826.

[Southern Railway.]



Photo by]

ON THE FROME, WAREHAM.

[Judges' Ltd.

The Frome River rises near the Somerset border by Corscomb and takes a south-easterly course to Poole Harbour, 35 miles away. Wareham stands between the Frome and its chief tributary, the Puddle, both the rivers being spanned by fine arched bridges.

the Chief Justice, with scarlet; and this innovation seemed to the multitude to indicate a bloody purpose. It was also rumoured that, when the clergyman who preached the assize sermon enforced the duty of mercy, the ferocious mouth of the Judge was distorted by an ominous grin. These things made men augur ill of what was to follow. More than 300 prisoners were to be tried. The work seemed heavy, but Jeffreys had a contrivance for making it light. He let it be understood that the only chance of obtaining pardon or respite was to plead guilty. Twenty-nine persons, who put themselves on their country and were convicted, were ordered to be tied up without delay. The remaining prisoners



Photo by]

[H. Felton.

THE OLD EARTH WALLS AT WAREHAM.

Dating from ancient British times, Wareham has a considerable history attached to it. The ancient vallum, of which three sides remain, was 1,600 feet to 1,960 feet long, and about 30 feet high. The town is situated on the River Frome, 7 miles west of Poole, and was a flourishing port in the Middle Ages.

pleaded guilty by scores. Two hundred and ninety-two received sentence of death. The whole number hanged in Dorsetshire amounted to seventy-four."

No wonder the town records contain the following grim entry:

"To a Bill for disbursements for ye gallows. Burning and boiling ye Rebels, executed p. order $\text{£}116: 4: 8d.$ Paid M^r Mayers att ye Beare, for so much hee pd. for setting up of a post with ye quarters of ye Rebells att ye town end as p. his Bill is. $6\frac{1}{2}d.$ "

Of the other ancient buildings the most notable is the parish church of St. Peter, a good example of Perpendicular work, varied by a porch of transitional Norman. It is in spots such as these that eminent personages should wind up their careers. St. Peter's does not disappoint in that respect, for it contains the tomb of Denzil (Lord Hollis), whose person Charles I was particularly anxious to secure in the famous raid on the House of Commons. If Denzil's ghost still walks the earth it must often

laugh at the grotesque effigy of its corporeal predecessor clad in a Roman toga and a Carolingian full-bottomed wig!

One other claim to fame the town possesses—its advantages from the point of view of health. Did not Dr. Arbuthnot say that "In Dorchester a physician can neither live nor die"?

The country in the vicinity of the county town has all the old-world charm for which Dorset is so deservedly famous. Quaint names are fitted to quaint spots, and the rivers have a delightful trick of christening the villages along their course. Thus the Puddle is responsible for a collection which includes Puddletrenthide, Puddlehinton, Puddletown, Tolpuddle, Affpuddle, and Turner's Puddle. All of them are charming villages, quite unspoiled by the passage of time.



Photo by]

ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, WAREHAM.

[H. Felton.

The most outstanding features of the older part of the church are the Norman chancel-arch and a Saxon window. A West Saxon king is said to have been buried here. St. Martin's Church is one of the few buildings that escaped the devastating fire which destroyed the town in 1762.

Close to Puddletown lies Athelhampton Hall, the most picturesque mansion in the county, which combines some true mediæval work with admirable building of the Tudor period. But perhaps the most interesting house in the vicinity of Dorchester is Wolfeton, by reason of its forcible illustration of the fact that "it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good." It was indeed an ill wind, operating on the unruly waters of the Channel, that drove a Spanish ship into Weymouth harbour in January 1506. Its most distinguished passengers were King Philip of Castile and his queen Joanna. At Wolfeton House they were given shelter and entertainment by Sir Thomas Trenchard. But there was a little difficulty: the guests could speak no English, the host no Spanish. The problem was solved by calling in young John Russel to act as interpreter. So fascinating did he make himself to the Spanish royalties that they took him to London and told Henry VIII what a treasure they had found. Henry VIII



Photo by]

INTERIOR OF ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, WAREHAM.

[E. Bastard.

Part of this small but beautiful church dates from Saxon times. It is situated on the ancient walls which partly surround the town. Wareham was known to the Saxons as Varamo, from "Varla," the Roman for Frome.



Photo by]

CORFE CASTLE RUINS.

[E. A. Waymark

Occupying a lofty position on the top of Purbeck heights, Corfe Castle is considered one of the finest Norman ruins in England. The village of Corfe lies in a gap in the heights, and was originally called Corvesgate from the Anglo-Saxon "Ceorfan," to cut or to carve.

soon discovered the treasure for himself, and the interpreter in due course became Lord Russel and the founder of the ducal line of Bedford.

Between Dorchester and Sherborne, on the northern edge of the county, the finest of many beautiful spots at which to linger is Cerne Abbas, famous for the lovely Gate House, which is a relic of its ancient Benedictine Abbey, and also for the figure of a giant cut in the turf of "Giant's Hill." The latter was certainly a fearful brute. He devoured the farmers' sheep wholesale, and nothing could be done with him, as his enormous club was a weapon to which there was no answer. But one day, gorged with sheep, he lay down on the hill for a nap. The farmers waited until they felt quite certain he was not



Photo by]

CORFE CASTLE.

[E. A. Waymark.

The Norman castle was erected on the site of an earlier Saxon building, where Edward the Martyr, one of the Saxon kings, was murdered by his stepmother, Elfrida, in 978. The castle was once one of the strongest fortresses in England, and during the Civil War it withstood a siege of six weeks, being most ably defended by Lady Banks for Charles I.

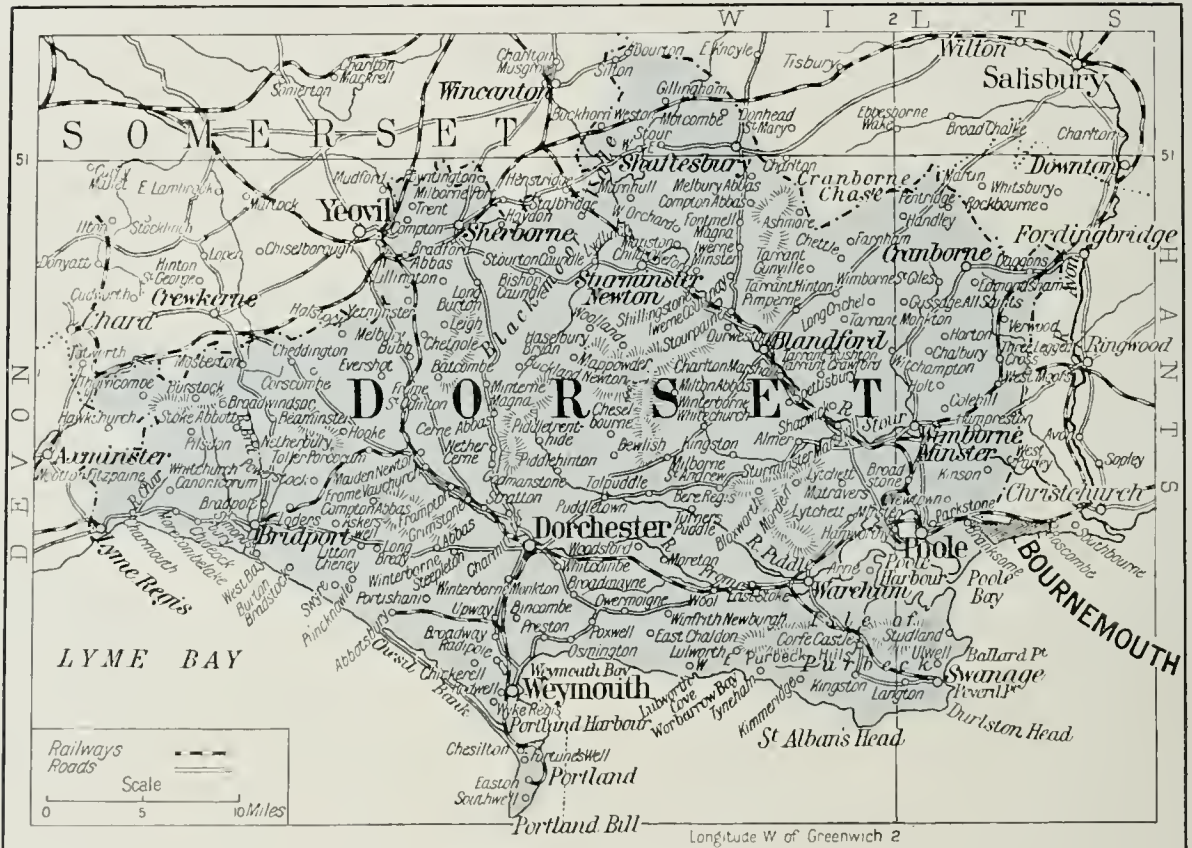
awake, and then pegged him down and killed him; after which they cut his figure, club included, in the turf, as an everlasting memorial of their prowess! Such is the popular explanation of an antiquity which has set many learned men by the ears. The only certain conclusion about the whole matter is that the Cerne giant is much too old for anyone to dogmatise about.

Beyond this interesting little town the road mounts the crest of the Dorset Downs and drops into Sherborne.

Comparisons may be invidious, but the little country town which takes its name from the "Scir Burne" (clear brook) must command the approval and affection of anyone not wholly destitute of imagination and historic sense. Its associations with a great period of pre-Conquest history, its picturesque story, and above all its charming self give it the widest possible appeal. Centuries ago

Leland wrote, "I esteime it to lak litle of two miles in cumpace. For a dry town or other, saving Pole that is a litle thing, I take it to be the best towne at this present tyme in Dorsetshire." Save that "Pole" is no longer a "litle thing," the sentence holds good to-day.

The noble Abbey Church is the successor of the building which was the cathedral of Wessex for three hundred years, and a more worthy successor it is hard to imagine. Like Winchester, it is a Norman structure rebuilt in the Perpendicular period, and the transformation was singularly happy and effective. Perhaps the greatest glory of the church is the magnificent fan-vaulting of the choir, if possible even more beautiful than that of St. George's Chapel at Windsor and King's College Chapel at Cambridge. The traces of fire which are everywhere visible recall the curious and stirring events of 1437, when a long and obstinate feud between the monks and the townsmen reached a climax. At that time the parish church was All Hallows, situated at the west end of the abbey church and



COPYRIGHT

GEOGRAPHIA 9231 L^o 55 FLEET STREET LONDON E.C.4

MAP OF DORSETSHIRE.

connected with it by a narrow door. As the font was in the latter the parishioners, to the great indignation of the monks, erected a rival font in their parish church, and proceeded to annoy the brethren still more by ringing the bells at inconvenient moments. The points in dispute were at length submitted to the Bishop for arbitration, and that dignitary issued an award which followed that *via media* so heartily detested by all blind partisans. The sequel shall be told in Leland's picturesque and terse language. The monks prevailed upon "one Walter Gallor, a stouthe Bocher dwelling yn Sherborne, to enter Alhalowes where he defacid clene the Fontstone. The townsmen, aided by an Erle of Huntindune lying in those quarters, rose in playne sedicion. A prest of Alhalowes shot a shaft with fier into the Toppe of that part of S. Marye Chirch that divided the Est part that the monks usid from the Townes-men usid; and this Partition chauncing at that Tyme to be thakked yn the Rofe was sette a fier and consequently al the hole chirch, the Lede and Belles meltid, was defacid." Fortunately the rebuilding was carried out in masterly fashion, and the present church is a worthy framework to much



Photo by]

OLD HARRY POINT.

[E. E. Beavor.

Occupying the head of the northern arm of a beautiful bay, Old Harry Point is 2 miles north-east of Swanage. The bay is 2 miles wide, and forms an excellent shelter from the westerly winds.



Photo by]

AGGLESTON, NEAR STUDLAND.

[E. A. Waymark.

According to tradition this stone was much venerated by the Saxons, while the popular legend is that the devil threw it across from Portland. It is made of iron-ored sandstone and weighs 400 tons. The name Aggleston or Helligstan means Holy Stone.



H. Felton.

Photo by]

ENTRANCE TO TILLY WHIM CAVES.

Tilly Whim Caves are a little to the south of Durlston Point, near Swanage. The deserted quarries near by are very picturesque, and can be reached by an interesting walk along the cliffs from the great Globe at Swanage.

glorious glass and a fitting resting-place for many worthies, including Alfred the Great's brothers, Kings Ethelbald and Ethelbert.

Other fine and interesting relics of the ancient abbey are to be found incorporated in the buildings of the famous school, which is the lineal successor of that which dated from St. Aldhelm's time. If tradition speaks truly, its roll of scholars includes Alfred himself. The Guest Hall, the Abbot's Hall, the kitchen, and the abbot's residence still exist in some disguise, but perhaps the gem of the collection is the Norman undercroft below the chapel.

The ancient Castle of Sherborne was "rendered harmless"—in other words, destroyed—by the Parliamentarians after the brilliant siege of 1645. A picturesque ruin alone is left to recall the stronghold which Roger, Bishop of Sarum, fashioned in the early years of the twelfth century. As the present



Photo by]

[E. E. Beavor.

OLD MILL POND, SWANAGE.

The little town of Swanage has recently gained a considerable reputation as a resort. Portland stone abounds in the district, and a mass of it has been made into a huge terrestrial globe, which attracts much attention on Durlston Head.

remains show, the ecclesiastic obviously did not put his faith in princes, but preferred to trust to stones and mortar. The quarrel which subsequently ensued over its possession is almost as famous as the unseemly town and cowl squabble to which reference has been made. Roger was an avowed enemy of Stephen, who promptly dispossessed him of his castle. More than two hundred years later the Bishop of Salisbury demanded the return of what was Church property, and when the Earl of Salisbury objected, not unnaturally, the haughty and pugnacious prelate challenged him to battle. The strange duel was averted by Edward III, who ordered the Earl to restore the castle on payment of compensation. The countryside was thus cheated of a highly sensational "show."

Among later owners of eminence was Sir Walter Raleigh, who built the central portion of the existing manor house. It is confidently asserted that one of its rooms was the scene of that distressing *contretemps*

when one of his servants, seeing his master smoking for the first time, emptied a pail of water over him under the impression that he was on fire.

Among many spots in the vicinity of Sherborne at which the writer, no less than the traveller, would like to linger, none conjures up a more attractive picture than Trent, that



Photo by]

STUDLAND CHURCH.

[W. F. Taylor.

Occupying a pretty bay in the north-east corner of Purbeck Isle, Studland is one of the few attractive coast villages that remain unspoiled. The church is a typical example of Norman architecture.

so tinged with azure, that what artists call the middle distance partakes also of that hue, while the horizon beyond is of the deepest ultra-marine. Arable lands are few and limited; with but slight exceptions the prospect is a broad rich mass of grass and trees, mantling minor hills and dales within the major."

Shaftesbury, which refuses locally to answer to any name but Shaston, stands on its high hill and with much dignity—though with no oppressive air of antiquity—represents the mediæval town made famous

flower-strewn hamlet in a landscape of gardens. For it was at Trent Manor House that the future Charles II, fresh from his overthrow at Worcester, found a refuge with loyal Colonel Wyndham. Lady Ann Wyndham's room, which was placed at the royal fugitive's disposal, is still to be seen, along with the cubby-hole, ingeniously disguised, which could be resorted to in extreme need. It was from here that Charles started on the unfortunate adventure to Charmouth and Bridport of which we shall speak in due course. But modernisation has done a good deal to destroy the charm of the house on which the runaway set eyes on September 17, 1651.

Between Sherborne and Shaftesbury lies the full width of the far-famed Vale of Blackmoor, of which Mr. Hardy has written that "Here in the valley the world seems to be constructed upon a smaller and delicate scale; the fields are mere paddocks, so reduced that from this height their hedgerows appear a network of dark green threads overspreading the paler green of the grass. The atmosphere beneath is languorous, and is



Photo by]

LULWORTH COVE.

[E. Bastard.

Lulworth Cove and the neighbouring villages of East and West Lulworth are charmingly situated on the coast midway between Swanage and Weymouth. The cove itself measures about 500 yards across, and is almost completely surrounded by hills.



Photo by]

WOOL MANOR.

[H. Felton.

The manor at Wool used to belong to the Turhervilles. Tess and Angel Clare are said to have spent their wedding-night there. This fine Jacobean residence, now a farm, is the scene of Thomas Hardy's famous novel—"Tess of the D'Urbervilles."



Photo by]

WOOL MULL.

[H. Felton.

Wool is situated on the River Frome 5 miles west of Wareham. Near by is Bindon Abbey, which was founded by the Cistercians in 1172 and has long been in ruins. Wool is the nearest station for Lulworth.

by the nunnery founded by Alfred the Great. Seeing that he appointed his daughter Ethelgeda as first Abbess, it is hardly surprising that the convent became fashionable, but its great days really began when the corpse of King Edward the Martyr was brought from Wareham and reinterred in the superb Abbey Church. The hosts of pilgrims who poured into the place required lodging and bodily and physical sustenance; hence its rapid growth and the fact of the twelve parish churches which seems so incredible to anyone visiting Shaftesbury to-day.

For of all these glories, virtually nothing is left to tell the tale. As Hutchins says: "With all these religious edifices, this town made a very great figure in times of Popery. They were not only an ornament, but a great advantage to it, by the great concourse of pilgrims, and superstitious persons, whose mistaken piety drew them here, especially to the shrine of St. Edward. To these the town owed its reputation and flourishing condition; but at the Dissolution they all sunk into one common ruin."

But if one has to say "Ichabod" of Shaftesbury and the twelve stately fanes have been reduced to a few rather uninteresting churches, the little town remains charming and remote on its lofty perch, one of the few spots where old English life still lingers on and gazes with haunting and worried eyes at the hurryings and scurryings of the twentieth century.

The country south and south-east of Shaftesbury is rich in all those natural beauties which have earned for Dorsetshire the name of the "Garden of England," and had it no other title to fame it would claim respect for what still exists of Cranborne Chase, which Mr. Hardy has described as "a truly venerable tract of forest land, one of the few remaining woodlands in England of undoubted primeval date, wherein druidical mistletoe is still found on aged oaks, and where enormous yew-trees, not planted by the hand of man, grow as they had grown when they were pollarded for bows."

A hundred years ago the Chase was still a true forest, roamed by thousands of deer and the haunt of undesirable characters innumerable; it was then disafforested, with the result that there are now few spots where it can still be seen in its primitive glory.

Many of the villages hereabout are totally unspoiled and exceedingly attractive; most of them have some special feature, or some romantic piece of history which deserves special mention, did space but permit. But it must suffice to say that this corner of the county is a paradise for the roamer with eyes to see and ears to hear.

Among the vast number of "down-and-outs" who have sought asylum in Cranborne Chase there is



Photo by]

IN BERE REGIS CHURCH.

[E. Bastard.

With its projecting figures of the twelve Apostles, the timber roof is the most noteworthy feature of the beautiful church at Bere Regis.



Photo by]

INTERIOR OF BERE REGIS CHURCH.

[E. Bastard.

Said to be one of the finest in the county, Bere Regis church is the burial-place of the Turberville family and contains many canopied tombs and monuments.



Photo by]

[E. Bastard.

FORDINGTON CHURCH.

There is little of interest in this church except the fine carving over the door. Fordington is a suburb on the western side of Dorchester.



Photo by]

[E. Bastard.

ATHELHAMPTON HALL, NEAR PUDDLETOWN.

The village of Puddletown stands on the River Puddle, 5 miles north-east of Dorchester, and contains several quaint and picturesque houses. Athelhampton Hall dates chiefly from the fifteenth century.

no more pathetic figure than the Duke of Monmouth. Hunted and starved, the refugee from Sedgmoor entered Dorsetshire at Woodgates and endeavoured to make for Poole on foot. Monmouth disguised himself as a shepherd, but had got no farther than Hornton Heath before his identity was discovered and the wretched man was found cowering in a ditch. His father's luck in Dorsetshire was not to be his, and a proffered bribe had no chance against the £5,000 reward promised by James II. "Monmouth's Ash" still marks the spot where the first act of the tragedy was played, but it is not the original tree. Otherwise the spot has changed little since that July morning in 1685.

Cranborne itself has two specialties to show, its church and its wonderful manor house. The former is a large Decorated and Perpendicular edifice, rich in ancient monuments, and the latter one of the best Tudor mansions in the country, with charming Stuart additions. Several sovereigns of England have been entertained within its walls, and its hall was long used for the sittings of the Court of Cranborne Chase. Even without these features Cranborne would be entitled to respect as

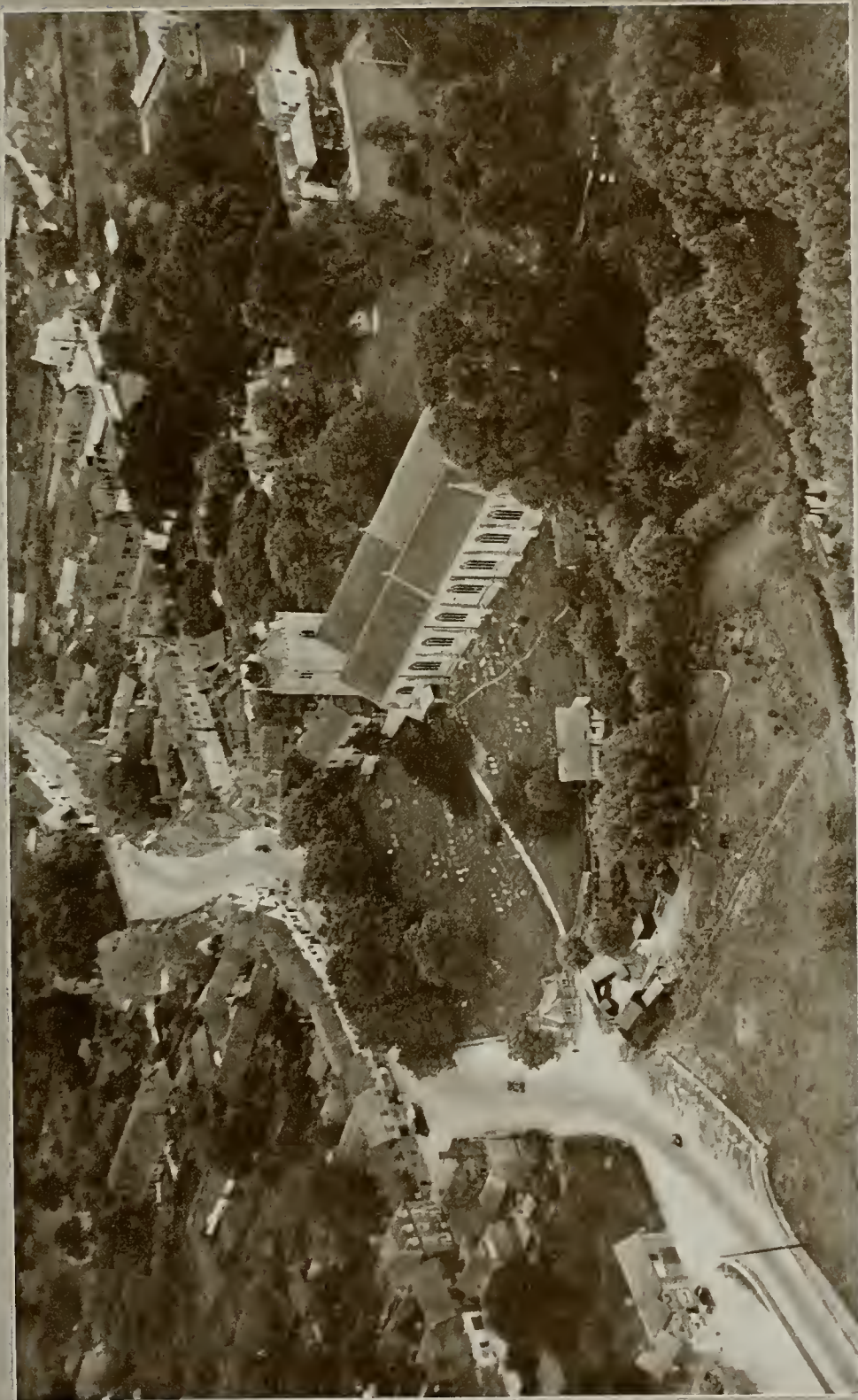


Photo by]

DORCHESTER FROM THE AIR.

Dorchester is one of the oldest towns in England, and is the "Casterbridge" of Thomas Hardy. It has an old and eventful history, and was the "Caer-Dorl" of the ancient Britons, the "Dunlum" of the Romans, and the "Dorneaster" of the Saxons.

[Aero Aerials, Ltd.



Photo by]

THOMAS HARDY'S BIRTHPLACE.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Thomas Hardy, one of the most famous of our living novelists, was born at Upper Bockhampton, near Dorchester, in 1840. He reached the zenith of his fame when his "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" challenged the conventions in 1891, but perhaps his most amazing drama is "The Dynasts," which appeared nearly 20 years later.



Photo by]

MAIDEN CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This prehistoric fort is one of the finest in England. It crowns Fordington Hill, 2 miles south of Dorchester, and is over a mile in circumference. On one side there are eight lines of defence. The neighbouring hills are covered with great numbers of barrows.

the birthplace of that handsome cleric, "Beauty of Holiness" Stillingfleet, who extracted from Charles II the engaging admission that he always read his speeches in the House of Commons because he had asked them for money so often that he was ashamed to look them in the face.

Past the remarkable British camp known as Badbury Rings the Cranborne-Poole road threads smiling country to ancient Wimborne Minster, with a great church that occupies both eye and mind to pleasure and profit. It is certainly one of England's most noble mediæval possessions, and presents an impressive outline, even though its tall spire collapsed in a hurricane three hundred years ago. Choice examples of the work of various styles, from Norman to Perpendicular, are to be found, and there is some beautiful glass in addition to exceptional features, such as the fourteenth-century orrery clock and the seventeenth-century library of chained books, a very necessary precaution in times when books



Photo by]

WHITE HORSE, WEYMOUTH.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Standing on the River Wey at its influx to a beautiful bay, Weymouth consists of two towns situated on either side of the Nothe promontory. The more modern half is known as Melcombe Regis. The White Horse is a gigantic figure of George III on horseback, cut out of the turf at Osmington, 4 miles north-east of Weymouth.

were rare and precious, and the public conscience somewhat elastic on the subject of larceny. Among many interesting monuments and memorials are those of Ethelred, brother of Alfred the Great, the Marchioness of Exeter, one of John of Gaunt's grandsons, and the famous Anthony Ettricke, the magistrate before whom the miserable Monmouth was brought on his capture. The peculiar position of this worthy's monument—in a recess in the church wall—is popularly explained by a story that Ettricke, in one of his many perverse moments, said that he was to be buried neither in the church nor out of it!

South of Wimborne, Poole, at the head of the extraordinary "harbour" of the same name, combines the functions of an ancient and decayed port with those of a populous and growing outlier of Bournemouth. With its latter aspect readers of *BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL* have little concern. The quays on the other hand are still redolent of the Middle Ages, as picturesque and odorous as the most critical could require. Old houses remain that have seen Poole in its palmiest days, and at least one existing building witnessed the departure of the miniature armada which was the port's contribution to

Edward III's fleet against France. One might expatiate *ad infinitum* on the romantic story of Poole, and not a line would be dull. But many other romantic spots await us before the end of this limited survey is reached, and we must not linger, save to pay due homage to that extraordinary brigand-hero whose prosaic name of Harry Page was immortally transformed by his enemies into "Arripay." At the beginning of the fifteenth century "Arripay" was the most skilful, successful, and "robustious" of the freebooters who made life on the French and Spanish coasts barely worth living. The grievances of their faithful subjects having pestered the ears of the Kings of France and Spain, they temporarily sank their differences, and Europe held its breath to see the outcome of their joint expedition against Poole and its pestilential citizen. It must be admitted that the moral effect was considerable, and the town suffered to a certain extent, but "Arripay" successfully escaped the clutches of his wrathful and indignant foes.



Photo by]

WEYMOUTH.

[Southern Railway.

The popularity of Weymouth as a resort dates from 1789, when George III visited it with his queen and the princesses. The bay is 4 miles long and 2½ broad from east to west, and together with Portland Harbour is the chief base for the Home Fleet.

Compared with this excitement, Poole's adventures in the Civil War read as something of an anti-climax.

While Poole has remained active and vigorous, the other port of Poole Harbour, old Wareham, has sunk into a much-loved and picturesque nullity, its sea communications being reduced to a channel which will admit rowing-boats and no more. Dire have been the misfortunes which have brought it down from a position of considerable importance to its present social insignificance.

Of Wareham, Britton & Brayley plaintively remark: "It seems to have been the constant practice of these pillagers [*the Danes*], that when the invasion of the western counties was their purpose, their rendezvous was at the Isle of Wight, whence they crossed to Frome mouth, and proceeded to this devoted town; and if they found themselves worsted in their depredations, it was in their way to their ships; so that Wareham was in a state either of continual apprehension, or of absolute warfare."

One startling result of being a military cockpit is that it is too small for its boots, inasmuch as it completely fails to fill up the space circumscribed by the ancient walls, now so overgrown as to resemble a vast rampart of turf. Areas now occupied by orchards and gardens were once thronged with houses.



By permission of]

RUFUS CASTLE.

[Underwood Press Service.

Otherwise known as the Bow and Arrow Castle, the ruins take the form of a pentagonal tower, and tradition asserts that it was built by William Rufus. The castle is placed on an eminence 300 feet high on the western side of Portland Isle, a little to the south of the famous convict prison.



Photo by]

ROUGH SEA, PORTLAND.

[Victor Tanner.

The Chesil Bank, which connects Portland Isle with the mainland, together with the stupendous breakwater, makes Portland Roads the largest artificial harbour in Great Britain. The breakwater is 6,000 feet in length, and was constructed by convict labour in 1849-72 at a cost of £1,000,000, and is composed of over 5,600,000 tons of oolitic limestone.



Photo by]

PULPIT ROCK, PORTLAND.

[Victor Tanner.

Portland is a rocky peninsula, 4½ miles long and 2 miles wide, consisting of little more than a vast quarry, from which a large portion of stone has been taken as building material. The Pulpit Rock is a pillar rising from the sea near the Shambles, and connected with the mainland by a flat mass of rock that has been tilted against it.

So overgrown are the walls that it is quite impossible to tell their exact age, though it is tolerably clear that they date from before the Conquest and to a large extent have survived the military misfortunes which overtook Wareham at various periods of its lively and troubled history. We know that the Parliamentary forces decided on their destruction in 1646, but for some reason or other the work of demolition was never carried out.

Thanks to a succession of fires which culminated in the monster conflagration of 1762, there are few ancient remains in this attractive old place. The Church of Our Lady St. Mary is happily one of the exceptions—"happily," because it touches our history at a most picturesque, if sombre, point.



Photo by]

[H. Felton.

TITHE BARN, ABBOTSBURY.

Having the appearance of a church, the great Tithe Barn at Abbotsbury is 276 feet in length, and formed part of a Saxon abbey which was founded on the spot. The Chesil Bank joins the mainland here 11 miles from Portland.

For it was here that the corpse of King Edward the Martyr was brought from Corfe, and in this church it rested until transferred to Shaftesbury, as already related. Not that the present King Edward's Chapel is contemporary, or even approximately contemporary, with that melancholy event. But even if this chapel only dates from the time of Henry III, there is the authentic coffin of the murdered sovereign to conjure up a sad but fascinating page of our island story. Among other interesting relics preserved in the church are fragments of Roman altars and two stones recording the names of Danish freebooters who successfully disputed the possession of Wareham with King Alfred.

Second only to the Lady Mary Church in interest is St. Martin's Church, known locally as the "Chapel on the Walls." As it has not been used for purposes of worship since the year of the great

fire, it is a museum rather than a church. But if so, it is a museum of many treasures—fragments of early and curious frescoes, two squints, a chancel arch which may be very Early Norman or Late Saxon, the weird "Devil's Door." With all the haphazard transformation St. Martin's has suffered, it remains a rich reward for any visitor to Wareham.

South of Wareham the "Isle" of Purbeck—which is no island and barely a peninsula—is a strange, wild region traversed by a range of hills in which there is a gap, and in that gap is the precipitous mound crowned by Corfe Castle. Looking at the battered but picturesque fragments which alone remain, it is a little difficult to visualise the impregnable stronghold which defied all assaults for



Photo by]

LODERS, NEAR BRIDPORT.

[E. Bastard.]

The village of Lodgers stands on a tributary of the Brit River 2 miles north-east of Bridport. A priory was founded here in the reign of Henry VIII. Bridport is a rising watering-place, 1½ miles from West Bay and the coast.

centuries and finally yielded only to the basest treachery. The earliest recognisable work is of Norman character, so that it is all but a moral certainty that no part of the existing ruin witnessed the dastardly deed which opens the romantic, but often sinister, story of the fortress. The occurrence which made the name of "Corvesgate" known far and wide was the murder of Edward the Martyr, a description of which shall be left to language far more picturesque than any the twentieth century can command.

Grafton's Chronicle tells us how "King Edward, he came upon a tyme from hunting in the Forest, nere unto the Castell of Corfe, in the West Countrie: where he losyng his companie and servantes, resorted unto the Castle aforesayde, where at that tyme his stepmother with her sonne Egelredus kept her houshold.

"When the Queene was warned of his comming, anone she called unto a servante of hers, whome



Photo by]

CHIDEOCK CHURCH.

[H. Felton.

The picturesque village of Chideock is situated near Charmouth close to the Devon border. Near the village are a few remains of the castle of the De Chideocks, which was destroyed in the Civil War.



Photo by]

LYME REGIS.

[Southern Railway.

Once a quiet fishing village, Lyme Regis has developed into a popular watering-place. The ancient little stone pier, known as the "Cobb," comes in Jane Austen's "Persuasion" as the scene of Louisa Musgrave's accident, and has been rebuilt several times.

she much trusted, and tolde to him all her counsayle, shewing to him further, how he should behave himself in the accomplishing of her will and minde. And that done, she went towards the King, and receyved him with all gladnesse, and desyred him to tarie with her that night: But he in curteous maner excused himselfe, and for speede, desyred to drink upon his horse sytting, the which was shortly brought.

“ And while the Cup was at his mouth, the servant strake him to the heart with a sword, or long dagger sharpe on both sydes.”

Among royal owners the castle could reckon virtually all the sovereigns of England, and its commoner owners include Sir Christopher Hatton and Charles I's Attorney-General, Sir John



Photo by]

[H. Felton.

LYME REGIS.

The town takes its name from the River Lyme and is situated near the Devonshire boundary. One hears of it as early as 774, when a grant of the land was made to Sherborne by Cynewulf.

Banks, whose lady gallantly held the place against a most determined Parliamentary onslaught in 1643. Three years later its surrender was brought about by gross treachery, and it was then effectively wrecked.

The village which still sits in dumb admiration at its feet is its own offspring. It is a charming old-world place, and though its church, consecrated to the Martyr King, was rebuilt in the last century with the exception of the tower, it contains many interesting features and memories of those stirring times when the Roundhead cannon played upon the castle from this vantage-point.

The coast of the "Isle" of Purbeck is an alternation of fine bays and headlands with at least one gem of natural scenery at Studland. It lies under the shadow of Ballard Down, which meets the sea

in two promontories, Ballard Point itself and Handfast Point, the latter a stepping-stone to the two curious pillars known as "Old Harry and his Wife." In one of his stories Mr. Hardy speaks feelingly of the "windy, sousing, thwacking, basting, scourging Jack Ketch of a corner called Old Harry Point, which lay about midway along the track, and stood with its detached posts and stumps of white rock like a skeleton's lower jaw grinning at British navigation!" To these sea terrors peaceful Studland, with its beautiful Norman church and picturesque manor house, is a most effective contrast.

In the same novel from which a quota-

"lion" of a fine and bold coast is unquestionably the delightful inlet of Lulworth Cove. Its hold on the imagination of all is easy to understand, and it need ask no other advertisement than the fact that



Photo by]

BEAMINSTER CHURCH.

[G. H. Lear.

The beautiful pinnacled tower is noteworthy for some fine sculpturing of the Tudor period, and the nave and south aisle are Early English in parts.

tion has already been made Mr. Hardy describes Swanage ("Knollsea") as "a seaside village, lying snugly within two headlands as between a finger and thumb." The description, so far as the "seaside village" is concerned, no longer applies. Much well-directed advertisement has made it a popular watering-place, to the detriment of many ancient features. But the church still has its original tower, the Town Hall the front of that Mercers' Hall in London which was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and Old Swanage a goodly number of houses which have seen history.

Between Swanage and Weymouth the



Photo by]

FORD ABBEY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Part of Ford Abbey was built in 1148, and, before the Dissolution, it was added to by Thomas Chard, the last abbot. The present mansion was built in the Tudor style; it incorporates the remains of the Cistercian monastery and contains the well-known Raphael tapestries.



Photo by]

CERNE ABBAS: ABBEY GATEHOUSE.

[E. Bastard.

The photograph shows the beautiful gatehouse, with its two-storied oriel window, which is the most striking feature of the remains of a Benedictine abbey.



Photo by]

THE CHOIR, SHERBORNE ABBEY.

[E. Bastard

Sherborne Abbey is one of the finest of the ecclesiastical buildings of Dorset, and dates from Saxon times. It was built on the site of Aldhelm's monastery. The choir has some good lan-tracery.

the late Rupert Brooke, having seen the glories of Italy, the eastern Mediterranean, and the Pacific, retained the boundless affection he felt for this little bay in his early Cambridge days.

After Lulworth and its interesting though not exactly beautiful castle, Weymouth comes as something of an anti-climax. It still preserves a little corner to remind the visitor of its antiquity and services to the maritime ascendancy of Britain, but in the main the present town is obviously the outcome of its sudden popularity rather more than a hundred years ago.

No one with any curiosity to see Weymouth in its palmy days—when George III was convalescing in its balmy air—should miss Fanny Burney's thumb-nail sketches of the place and its life in her *Diary*.

"The preparations of festive loyalty were universal. Not a child could we meet that had not a bandeau round its head, cap, or hat, of 'God save the King'; all the bargemen wore it in cockades; and even the bathing-women had it in large coarse girdles round their waists. It is printed in golden letters upon most of the bathing-machines, and in various scrolls and devices it adorns every shop and almost every house in the two towns . . .

"The King bathes, and with great success; a machine follows the Royal one into the sea, filled with fiddlers, who play 'God save the King' as His Majesty takes his plunge!"

The lady, indeed, came to the conclusion that "the loyalty of all this place is excessive." Only an unintentional comedy is needed to make the scene quite perfect:

"One thing, however, was a little unlucky: when the Mayor and burgesses came with the address, they requested leave to kiss hands: this was graciously accorded; but the Mayor advancing, in a common way, *to take the Queen's hand*, as he might that of any lady mayoress, Colonel Gwynn, who stood by, whispered, 'You must kneel, sir!' He found, however, that he took no notice of this hint, but kissed the Queen's hand erect. As he passed him on his way back, the Colonel said, 'You should have knelt, sir!'

"'Sir,' answered the poor mayor, 'I cannot.'

"'Everybody does, sir.'

"'Sir—I have a wooden leg!'"

Since those halcyon days the place has not had much attention from royalty, for all its health-giving properties, but Portland, hard by, certainly



Photo by]

[E. Bastard.

THE OLD GATEHOUSE, SHERBORNE CASTLE.

Of the original castle, only the Norman gatehouse and portions of the keep and chapel remain. It once belonged to Sir Walter Raleigh, and later it went through stirring times during the Civil War.



Photo by]

SHERBORNE: ABBEY TOWER. [E. Bastard.

The tower of this beautiful abbey is Norman as far as the floor of the bell-chamber. The old abbey buildings now form part of Sherborne School, which was founded by Edward VI in 1550, Sir Thomas Wyatt, the poet, was buried in the abbey.

cannot grumble of any lack of attention from guests of the State.

The most remarkable natural feature hereabouts is of course Chesil Bank, that extraordinary strip of shingle which has been the scene of so many devastating wrecks. Such points as "Deadman's Bay" tell their melancholy story plainly enough, and it is pleasant to find that the long recital of lost lives and wasted treasure is occasionally varied and relieved by an event such as occurred on the night of November 23, 1824, when a small ship was swept clean over the bank into the peaceful waters of the Fleet—an intervention of Providence which seems almost miraculous.

Further west the county forgets Hanoverians and convicts and resumes its old-world appearance. Indeed, there is hardly a corner of England on which Time has laid a lighter hand, and it is impossible to proceed for any distance in any direction without coming across some relic of the past, even if it be only the primitive grave of one of our primitive ancestors.

Among the more important memorials are the ruins of St. Peter's Abbey at Abbotsbury, one of the religious houses which suffered most at the Dissolution. The last abbot was one of the few who would not bow the knee to the tyrannous



Photo by]

[E. Bastard.

BRADFORD ABBAS, NEAR SHERBORNE.

The photograph shows the priest's doorway in the south wall of the church. Other interesting features are the fine buttressed and pinnacled tower, 90 feet in height, and the beautiful west front.

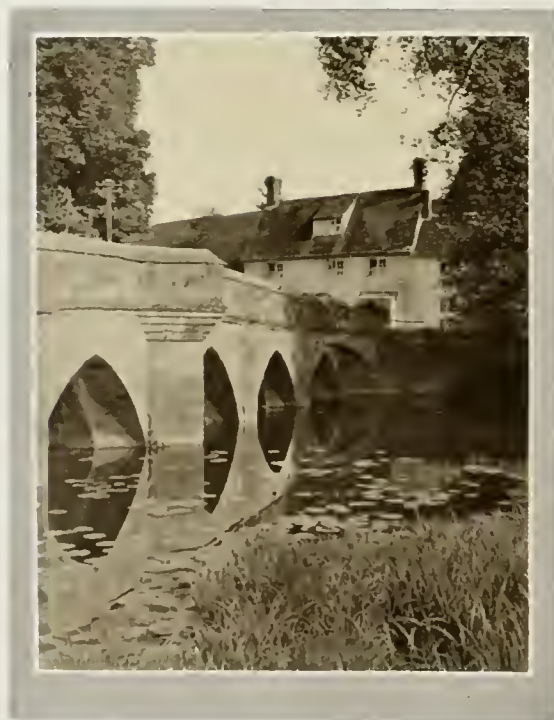


Photo by]

STURMINSTER NEWTON.

[E. Bastard.

Used by Saxon kings as a hunting centre, Sturminster Newton is a small town standing on the Stour 8½ miles north-west of Blandford. William Harnes, the poet and philologist, was educated here.

Henry VIII, and he paid for his fruitless courage with his life. If tradition speaks truly, the existing cell is that in which he was slowly starved to death by royal order.

If there were nothing else to see in West Dorset, it would be saved from mediocrity by that delightful trio of small towns, Bridport, Charmouth, and Lyme Regis. The two former figure brightly on that quaint and entertaining page of our history which records Prince Charles's adventurous wanderings in the county after the disaster at Worcester. All should know the delightful story of the frustration at Charmouth of his design of slipping away in a boat. Its owner, Stephen Limbry, had everything ready when his wife, knowing the penalty of assisting Royalist refugees and suspecting the nature of the enterprise, kindly but firmly locked him in his bedroom, and—to make assurance doubly sure—concealed his trousers, presumably his only pair!

At Lyme Regis, with its rambling streets and houses and an air of picturesque topsy-turvydom, the visitor walks straight into the heart of Old England. No imagination is required to visualise the great event in its career, the landing of Monmouth early in the morning of June 11, 1685



Photo by]

GOLD HILL, SHAFTESBURY.

Crowning a ridge of the chalk downs near the Devonshire border, Shaftesbury is a small country town with a very interesting history. The walls of the abbey, which was founded by King Alfred in 888, can be seen on the right of the photograph. There are various opinions as to when the town was founded. Holinshed places the date as 1,000 years before the Christian era.

[Judges', Ltd.



Photo by]

CRANBORNE MANOR HOUSE.

[E. Bastard.

Belonging to the Marquis of Salisbury, the beautiful manor house at Cranborne is a good example of Tudor architecture. The Jacobean northern porch is shown in the photograph.

COUNTY DOWN

IF it were devoid of all the rest of its points of interest, still could County Down challenge the rest of Ireland with Slieve Donard, the magnificent summit of the Mourne Mountains, which, rising to just on 2,800 feet, has no rival in the country apart from the Donegal Hills. The Mourne range runs roughly from south-west to north-east, from Newry on the western border of the county to Dundrum on the east coast, and it is in many respects the finest and most picturesque of the Irish hill ranges.

Slieve Donard is usually ascended from the Glen River valley, which flanks the northern shoulder of the height. Overhanging the stream for a considerable distance is an escarpment known as the Eagle Rock, and, on approaching the summit, one encounters two cairns, the second and highest-placed of which is on the actual crest of the mountain. From here the view is magnificent; eastward lies the sea, bounded at its farther side by the hills of Man and the summit of Snaefell; down at the foot of



Photo by]

CISTERCIAN ABBEY OF INCH, DOWNPATRICK.

[W. A. Greer.

On the opposite side of the estuary of the Quoil to Downpatrick, stand the ruins of the Abbey of Inch, which was built by John de Courcy in 1180. It occupies the site of an earlier building, which was destroyed by the Danes in 1102.

Slieve Donard nestle Dundrum, Newcastle, and Annalong, while to the north the fertile plains of the county stretch away toward Ballynahinch and Dromore. West and south-west the minor heights of the Mourne Mountains rise in lessening perspective: Slieve Commedagh lifts over 2,500 feet above sea-level; Slieve Bearnagh is just on 2,400 feet; and then come the summits of Slieve Meel, the Chimney Rock, Slieve Bingian, Slieve Lanagan, and Shanlieve, all well over 2,000 feet in height; and away in the west beyond Newry are the heights of Slieve Gullion, and southward the Carlingford Hills. It is a wonderful view that Slieve Donard gives, one of the most varied and picturesque in all Ireland, Killarney notwithstanding.

But County Down has other attractions to offer. Scarcely one of its towns and villages is devoid of some interesting historical association, or of some ruin that bespeaks a part in Irish story. Down under Slieve Donard is Dundrum, of which the ruined castle won from Lord Deputy Grey in 1539 the



Photo by

ST. PATRICK'S GRAVE, DOWNPATRICK.

[W. A. Green.

St. Patrick is reputed to have been buried in the graveyard of Downpatrick Cathedral. His grave is marked by a Celtic cross on a huge granite monolith which was placed over it in 1900. Two other crosses mark the graves of St. Bridget and St. Columb, who were also buried here.



Photo by

ST. PATRICK'S, HOLYWELL.

[W. A. Green.

The wells of Straull are about 1½ miles to the north-east of Down. In olden times crowds of pilgrims used to resort to them at night to wash away their sins.

encomium—
 "It is one of the strongest holds I ever saw." It was built by John de Courcy for the Knights Templars, who held it until their suppression in 1313, and in subsequent wars it formed a valued strategic point; in 1517 the Earl of Kildare, then Lord Deputy, captured it and again, as already noted, Lord Deputy Grey found it desirable—and, by the way, took it—in 1539. Shane O'Neill made a fortress of it in 1566, and Lord Mountjoy captured it in the first year of the next century. Lord Cromwell, forerunner of him whose name Ireland learned to dread, secured and held it in 1605, and stern Oliver dismantled it in 1652. Before that, it had become the property



Photo by]

LOUGHNISLAND LAKE, DOWNPATRICK.

The lough and the village of Loughinisland are situated 5 miles south-west of Downpatrick. The town is said to be the most ancient in Ulster and is the capital of County Down. Its Irish name is "Aras-Ceifair" and it has seen many battles and sieges.

[W. A. Green.



Photo by]

THE PIER AT ARDGLASS.

[W. A. Green.

At Ardglass is the chief herring fishing station on the North Channel, and the fishermen in the photograph can be seen busy curing their catch on the pier. The fine castles, which were built to protect the town when it was an important port, are an interesting feature of the neighbourhood.



Photo by]

DUNDRUM CASTLE.

[W. A. Green.

Said to have been built by John de Courcy for the Knights Templars, Dundrum Castle is now nothing but a cylindrical shell of masonry surrounded by a moat which was quarried out of solid rock. After changing hands many times it is now the property of the Marquis of Downshire.

of Sir Francis Blundell, from whom it descended to the Marquis of Downshire, whose family hold it to this day.

But, before this record begins, an earlier stronghold had occupied the site of the castle. Dun Rudraidhe, or Rury's Fort (from which the derivation of Dundrum is easily defined), figures in the old story of the "Book of the Dun Cow," which tells how there was held in Rury's Fort the feast given by Bricriu of the Venomous Tongue, when he entertained Connor Mac Nessa and the Red Branch Knights of Emania. Below the site of the old fort and present ruined castle lies the "Shore of the Champions," where the youth of old time used to practise feats of wrestling and train for fleetness of foot.

The old castle ranks as a very rare example of the donjon keep in Ireland; there remains of its former glories a solid cylindrical tower of masonry 45 feet in diameter, with walls 8 feet in thickness, rising to a height of over 40 feet. Outside this, the moat was quarried from the solid rock, and at the top was an encircling walk whence the sentinels might keep watch. Cromwell reduced most of the rest to ruin, and levelled the outer bailey, but part of the original outer wall is still to be discerned. Not far off is a ruined mansion of the sixteenth century, concerning which tradition has little to tell.

Southward is Newcastle, a thoroughly modern seaside and bathing resort, and, still farther toward the southern boundary of the county, are Annalong and Bloody Bridge, the latter almost under Chimney Rock, rising to over 2,000 feet. A feature of Annalong is the ruin of an ancient church standing in a "Killeen," or graveyard in which unbaptised children were buried in a less enlightened age. Bloody Bridge is so called in memory of a massacre of the Presbyterians, perpetrated here in 1641, and near by is Armer's Hole, another place of ill-omen, since it won its appellation through Edward Armer's murder of his father. Down at the extremity of the county, on Carlingford Lough, stands Warrenpoint, and the road thence to Rostrevor ranks as one



Photo by]

OLD BRIDGE, TOLLYMORE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd

This bridge spans the River Shimna in the beautiful grounds of Tollymore Park, the seat of the Earl of Roden. The Park is very extensive and richly wooded.

hardly to be equalled for scenery. Beside it stands a granite obelisk, erected to the memory of General Ross, who, as the column tells, was present at the battles of Helder, Alexandria, Maida, Corunna, Vittoria, Orthes, the Pyrenees, Bladensburg, and Baltimore, at the last of which he was killed in the year before Waterloo. He had the curious distinction of capturing Washington, but was unable to make good his hold, a few weeks before his death.

Dominating Rostrevor stands Slieve Ban, nearly 1,600 feet in height, and, separated from it by

a ravine, is Cloughmore, a great boulder mass of granite to which is attached one of the legends in which all Ireland abounds. It is said that Benandonner, a Scottish giant, challenged Finn McCoul, and the two took up position, one on Slieve Ban, and the other on the Carlingford heights on the other side of the lough. Finn, who took up his post on the Carlingford side, lifted the thirty-ton granite mass and heaved it across at his opponent, just to make certain that his muscles were in good working order; the Scotch hero was so frightened that he bolted without waiting for the real fight.

In actual fact, the boulder was brought by glacial action from the north; it travelled across the valley of Restrevor, and was actually pushed up the hill to its present position. The shores of the lough still show the traces of its progress.

East of the county stands Downpatrick, the diminished capital which in early times was known as Dun-da-lath-glas, or the "Dun of Two Broken Fetters," commemorating



COPYRIGHT

GEOGRAPHIA 1923, L^o 55, FLEET STREET LONDON, E.C.4.

MAP OF COUNTY DOWN.

the deliverance of the two sons of King Dichu, who were being held as hostages by Laoghaire, and were in danger of their lives. Downpatrick is a very ancient town, some say the oldest in all Ireland. There is authentic record of its existence before St. Patrick came, and in those days it was the royal city of the kings of Ulster. St. Patrick, arriving in A.D. 432, immediately secured a convert in Dichu, father of the two sons of the broken fetters, and within eight years the Saint had the usual monastery in good order.

Later, when the Danes came down on this coast, Downpatrick suffered as much as any point. From



Photo by]

DONARD FALLS, NEWCASTLE.

[W. A. Green.

Newcastle is a picturesquely situated spa, and is considered to be the best place for beginning the ascent of Slieve Donard. The name Donard is derived from St. Donard or Domhaugh-ard, a disciple of St. Patrick who was born at the end of the fifth century.



Photo by]

SLIEVE BENGAN.

[W. A. Green.

This impressive mountain is 2,449 feet in height and its summit commands an extensive view to the south. Kilkul, some miles to the south-west, is the most important town near.

the beginning of the ninth to early in the twelfth century, it was sacked and pillaged time after time, but the natural advantages of its situation ensured its being rebuilt as often as destroyed. In 1137 the then Bishop of Down, Malachi O'Morghair, rebuilt the church, and a good deal of his work is still visible in the present structure, while he also founded a Canons Regular Priory. There were also a Benedictine Priory, a Franciscan Monastery, a Priory of the Order of St. John, and a hospital for lepers. Downpatrick Abbey ranks first in Ireland as the burial-place of St. Patrick, and in its con-



Photo by]

CLIFFS AT KILKUL.

[W. A. Green.

Kilkul is a seaport town and an important fishing station on the south coast of County Down. The cliffs seen in the photograph are formed of glacial debris.



By E. C. Varley

GREY ABBEY.

Founded for the Cistercians by Godred, daughter of the King of Man, in 1193, Grey Abbey has the reputation of being one of the most interesting relics in the county. The ivy-covered ruins are situated on the east side of Strangford Lough, 7 miles from Newtownards.

Painted specially for this work

finer were also interred the bodies of St. Columba and St. Brigid, the two latter being removed to this place from their original burying-grounds by John de Courcy.

This John de Courcy was one of those who made history in County Down, for he established himself here in 1176, and stuck to his position against all comers. Shaking off allegiance to King John, he proclaimed himself an adherent of the ill-fated Prince Arthur, and held out not only against John's forces but against the native Irish rulers as well, until while at his devotions in Downpatrick cathedral which he had enlarged and beautified, he was seized and made prisoner.

The old cathedral, which owed much of its earlier magnificence to de Courcy, was burnt down by Edward Bruce in 1316, but again rebuilt; the Bishop of Down in 1526 restored it to its pristine glory, but twelve years later Lord Deputy Grey destroyed it altogether, a circumstance which was brought



Photo by]

[W. A. Green.

GREENCASTLE, CO. DOWN.

Greencastle is an old battlemented Norman keep with a square tower at each corner. It stands on an eminence $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Kilkul.

against him at his trial and helped to bring about his execution. For 250 years the ruin was left, and the church of Lisburne did duty in its place, the present building being only commenced in 1790 and finished in 1826. An old doorway under the east window is said to have formed part of the old cathedral, and outside this window are the reconstructed remains of an old Celtic cross, said to have been brought here by John de Courcy. A granite slab marks the spot where St. Patrick is said to have been buried.

Near by the town is the ancient Dun of Downpatrick, previously known as Rath-Celtchair, or the Fort of Celtchair, one of the great fighters of the Red Branch of Ulster who flourished here in the first century of the Christian era. The Dun was almost cut off from the mainland by the tide, and consisted of a circular fortification 2,100 feet in circumference, the central mound rising to a height of 60 feet. Three earthen ramparts, ranging up to 30 feet in thickness, encircle this central mound, and the outer ring totals six furlongs in circumference.

Not far off is the Monastery of Sabhall, where St. Patrick founded a church in 432, and where, in

439, he came to die. A cell in the churchyard is said to have housed Bishop Morgair, who rebuilt the cathedral of Downpatrick after the Danes had worked their evil on it; the church is almost entirely ruinous, and in the churchyard many stone coffins have been found from time to time, proving its extreme antiquity, while among the graves lie crosses of very ancient workmanship.

Some 3 miles south of Downpatrick is the largest and most perfect stone circle in the county, and near by are the Wells of Struell, to which pilgrims used to resort on Midsummer Day, in the hope that the waters of the wells would wash away their sins. The "wells" owed their waters to a small stream, which was turned from its normal course to flow through a series of roofed stone cells, the "well of sins," the "limb well," the "eye well," and the "well of life." Near by is the ruin of a chapel, begun but never completed, and dedicated to St. Patrick. Many stories have been written of the happenings



Photo by]

[W. A. Green.

CARLINGFORD LOUGH.

This beautiful lough forms the boundary between Co. Down and Co. Louth. The photograph was taken from Rostrevor on the northern shore. The lough is navigable to fair-sized ships, and is connected with the port of Newry by a canal.

at these sacred wells, which in modern times have lost their fame and are rarely visited by the devout, and scarcely more often by the merely curious.

To the south of the peninsula on which Downpatrick is situated is Ardglass, now a tiny village, but at one time Ulster's principal port, with no less than five castles set round for its defence at need. The ancient port was set between two hills, known respectively as the Ward of Ardglass and the Ward of Ardtole, which formed landmarks to guide vessels into the shelter of the harbour between. On the Ward of Ardtole stands a very old church, by which one may set a course.

There is a line of ancient buildings overlooking the bay on which Ardglass stands, known as the "New Works," and tradition attributes their erection to a company of traders who won a grant from Henry IV and formed a colony here; Shane O'Neill is alternatively credited with having built the fortifications, which run to a length of nearly 250 feet, with three guarding towers, one in the centre



Photo by]

[W. A. Green.

THE MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE.

The highest altitude in these mountains is 2,796 feet. In the neighbourhood of Follymore Park their sides are strewn with granite boulders. They are perhaps the most picturesque range in northern Ireland with the exception of the Donegal Mountains.



Photo by]

[W. A. Green.

COCK AND HEN MOUNTAINS, KINGDOM OF MOURNE.

The Mourne Mountains stretch right across the corner of Co. Down from Newcastle nearly to Rostrevor on Carlingford Lough. The chief heights are Slieve Donard and Slieve Binigian.



Photo by]

"THE CASTLES OF KIVVITAR," MOURNE MOUNTAINS.

[W. A. Green.

These curiously shaped rocks are perched on the slopes of Slieve Commedagh. They consist of pinnacles of granite beaten out from the rock by the action of the weather along their joint planes. Slieve Commedagh means "The Mountain of Watching."



Photo by.

IN THE SILENT VALLEY, MOURNE MOUNTAINS.

W. A. Green.

The photograph shows lateral moraine which has been deposited by ice on the mountain sides enclosing the valley.

and one at each end. It is generally concluded that the buildings formed a fortified store for the trading company and its successors.

The other fortresses were known as King's Castle, Queen's Castle, Cowd Castle, Beauclerc's Castle, and Jordan's Castle, only the last of which appears to have won any fame in the troublous times of Elizabeth and the Earl of Tyrone's insurrection. Simon Jordan, after whom the castle is named, held it for three years against Tyrone's forces, and was then saved from surrender by the Lord Deputy Mountjoy.

It is generally considered that the five castles were erected at some time in the fifteenth century, but very little is known of their history. King's and Queen's Castles are mere mounds now, and of Cowd's Castle there remains little more than a square tower.

The north of the county is rich in archaeological and historic interest. Bangor, the most northerly



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd

THE OLD BRIDGE, ROSTREVOR.

This picturesque old bridge crosses the Kilbroney River a little east of the main street of Rostrevor. Half-way up this street are the ivy-clad ruins of an old church.

town, is now a seaside resort for Belfast holiday-makers, but its historic interest is greater than its present prominence. As long ago as A.D. 556 St. Comghall or Congall founded an abbey here, which rapidly grew to great importance and was regarded as one of the principal seats of learning in Ulster. In 818 the raiding Danes landed and plundered the place, and at that time there were 3,000 inmates of the abbey, of whom the abbot and nine hundred monks were massacred. In 1120 the abbey was rebuilt as a Franciscan sanctuary, and subsequently it attained to even greater importance and wealth. The parish church of Bangor now occupies the site of the old abbey, of which scarcely any remains exist.

In the reign of James I the abbey property, then held by the O'Neills, was confiscated, and made a grant by the English king to Sir James Hamilton. The ruins of the old Bangor Castle, which also

passed to him at the time, still exist, near by the fine Elizabethan Bangor Castle which took the place of the older structure.

Two miles distant is the Marquis of Dufferin's seat, Clondeboye, famed for the existence of "Helen's Tower," which was built as casket for some verses written by Lady Dufferin to commemorate the coming of age of her son in 1847. Inscriptions by Tennyson and Browning render the tower still more note-

worthy; from the summit of the tower a splendid view of the Mourne Mountains, Belfast and its guarding hills, and the Mull of Galloway and Isle of Man is obtained.

In the park of Clondeboye is a chapel which contains a number of old architectural features, including a restored Celtic cross, a frieze of the time of the Emperor Diocletian, and a cartouche of Tirhakab. The bell of the chapel is Burmese, and in the interior are placed two pilasters from a fourth-century church at Iessus in Asia Minor.

Newtownards (Newtown of the Ards) stands at the head of Strangford Lough, and gains its name from the "Ards" peninsula which forms the eastern side of the lough. When, in the time of James I, the O'Neill estates were confiscated, Sir Hugh Montgomery was granted lordship of this district, and in 1632 he restored the old church of St. Columba, which was built by Walter de Burgo, Earl of Ulster, in 1244. The nave is all that now remains of the original structure, and this contains some fine examples of fifteenth-century architectural craftsmanship. The Londonderry family vault is



Photo by

[W. J. Green.

ANCIENT CELTIC CROSS AT DONAGHMORE.

The Celts were at the height of their power about 400 B.C. The general opinion is that they invaded the British Isles near the end of the Bronze Age.

here, and, where once the high altar was placed, is a magnificent Irish cross, erected to the memory of a Marquis of Londonderry by his widow. The old cross of Newtownards was flung down and broken by rebels in 1653, and in 1666 the fragments were collected and embodied in the present structure, now placed on a fine octagonal pedestal.

A little more than a mile to the north-east of the town are the remains of the old Abbey Church of



Photo by]

A WATERFALL AT NEWRY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Lying in the beautiful valley of the River Newry, Newry is one of the most important towns in the county. The town is connected with the lovely Bay of Carlingford by a canal, which enables it to carry on a considerable sea trade.

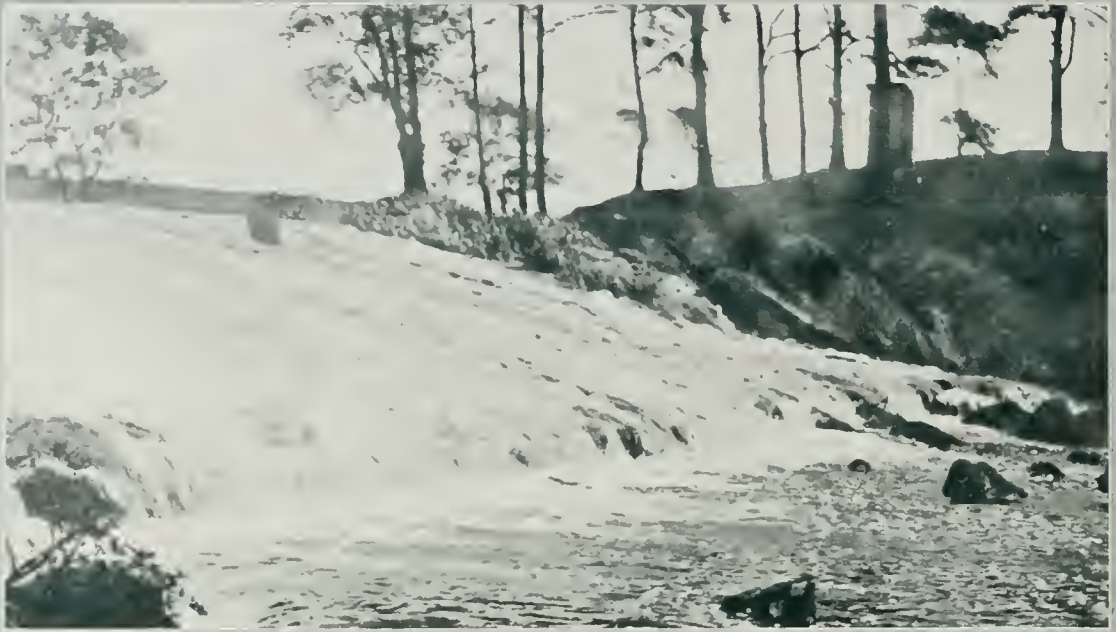


Photo by]

LAGAN WEIR AND GIANTS' GRAVE, DROMORE.

[G. Long.

The fine cathedral at Dromore was built in 1641 by Bishop Jeremy Taylor on the site of a Franciscan monastery. The Bishop was buried in the vault beneath the altar. The River Lagan passes through the town on its winding way from Belfast Lough.



Photo by]

A COTTAGE AT DROMORE.

[G. Long.

The market town of Drogheda is situated 17½ miles south-west of Belfast. It has a very ancient history, and there are some interesting remains to be seen in the neighbourhood.

Moville, founded in the year 550 by St. Finnian. Portions of the side walls and the framing of two windows still stand, but little else is left of this once important building.

One of the most interesting of Irish relics is Grey Abbey, about 7 miles distant from Newtownards. It was founded in 1193 for the Cistercian order by the wife of Sir John de Conrey and daughter of the King of Man. It was destroyed in 1641 by the rebel O'Neills, and was rebuilt by the Montgomery family when the district was granted to them. The ivy-clad ruins are of romantic beauty.

According to St. Patrick's biographers, the Saint put in at Strangford Lough on the occasion of his second visit to Ireland, sometime early in the fifth century. He had been driven out from Wicklow, and, it appears, made his landing here as sufficiently distant from the scene of his expulsion to ensure safety.

Near Newtownards are the freestone quarries of Scrabo Hill, of great geological interest as affording



Photo by]

[W. A. Green.

OLD CASTLE, HILLSBOROUGH.

Hillsborough Fort was built to command the Pass of Kilwarlin by Sir Arthur Hill in the reign of Charles I. The castle stands on an eminence near Lisburn, 12 miles south-west of Belfast. It was occupied by William III in 1690 during his march to the Boyne

material for the study of igneous intrusion; from the stone quarried here was built the Grecian style mansion, Mount Stewart, the seat of the Marquis of Londonderry. The interior of the mansion is floored with bog fir found on the estate, and in the grounds stands a temple of classic design, copied from the Temple of the Winds at Athens. Also in the grounds are the remains of a prehistoric burial-place, in which human remains were discovered during recent excavations.

The most southerly town of the Ards Peninsula is Portaferry, in mediæval times a place of great importance by reason of its strategic position. The Savage family built a strong castle here, and its site can still be traced in the grounds of Portaferry House. The hill to north of the old castle commanded the narrow channel which has Portaferry on its east and Strangford on its west shore. From this channel, about half a mile in width and 5 miles in length, the name "Strangford" is derived—

originally it was Norse "strang fiord," or "strong fiord," so called on account of the strong tide that rushes through the narrow inlet.

Ardquin, or Ardkeen, is another of the sites on the peninsula of Ards which once had considerable importance. William le Savage, one of the band of twenty-two warriors whom John de Courcy brought with him for the conquest of Ulster, built a strong castle here in 1182, and for years afterward he and his descendants held the place against the native forces. There was also a large monastery here in old time, but only the outline of its walls can be traced to-day.

Across the narrow channel from Portaferry, Strangford exists as a small fishing village. John de Courcy set up four great fortresses in this district to aid him in keeping the peace, and the ruined keep



Photo by

CRAWFORDS BURN WATERFALL.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The village of Crawfordsburn is situated 2 miles west of Bangor on the road to Belfast. Near by is Crawfordsburn House, the seat of the Marquis of Dufferin.

of Audley Castle still survives as memento of his strategic genius. De Courcy and his successors, cut off from Dublin, trusted to these strongholds for their safety, and put up a fortress in stone at every point of vantage on the shores of Strangford Lough.

Another of de Courcy's great castles adorned Killyleagh, a pleasant little town some way farther up the western shore of Lough Strangford, renowned as the birthplace of Sir Hans Sloane, whose collection of antiquities formed the nucleus of the British Museum of to-day. De Courcy's castle here was captured by the O'Neills, and was ultimately dismantled and nearly destroyed by General Monk in 1648. When, in 1666, it was rebuilt, two round towers which formed part of the original structure were incorporated in the new building.

To the north-west Saintfield marks the site of a sanguinary engagement fought on June 9, 1798, between Henry Munroe's United Irishmen and a Yeomanry force commanded by Colonel Stapleton.



[W. A. Green.

Photo by]

SUNSET ACROSS BANGOR BAY.

Bangor has attained a considerable reputation as a watering-place, and is within easy reach of Belfast by steamer and train. Irish embroidery is the chief industry of the town.



[W. A. Green.

Photo by]

SCRABO HILL, NEWTOWNARDS.

Two miles north-west of Newtownards is Scrabo Hill. Ripple-marks and mudcracks may be found in the Triassic Sandstone of which it is composed. The tower seen perched on top of the hill is the Londonderry monument, erected to the memory of General Stewart, the third Marquis, in 1858.



Photo by]

IN THE GLEN, NEWTOWNARDS.
The town of Newtownards is charmingly situated at the head of Lough Strangford. Next to Newry it is the largest town in Co. Down on account of its being a centre of the linen trade.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Stapleton retreated after having suffered the loss of sixty of his men, but Munroe's force is credited with fighting up to a loss of 360. Inspired by his success, Munroe marched three days later for the capture of Ballynahinch, having with him an army of 7,000 men. General Nugent was in command of a Royalist force which occupied the town, and he gave battle to Munroe's men, a battle which was contested with desperate stubbornness. It proved to be Munroe's last cast of the dice, for the rebel forces were totally routed after great slaughter, and Munroe himself, taking to flight, was captured and executed later at Lisburn. Nugent's victory here, together with the capture of Munroe, broke the back of the rebellion in the north, and Munroe, a good fighter and sound strategist, who suffered as do most rebel leaders from the possession of undisciplined fighting material, seems to have gone down into obscurity, while such as Wolf Tone are remembered.

Ballynahinch long enjoyed a wide popularity on account of the medicinal qualities of its waters ;



Photo by]

[W. A. Green.

NEWTOWNARDS PRIORY.

The photograph shows the chancel arches, which are one of the most interesting features of what little remains of this fine old priory.

there are two chalybeate and sulphur wells at the Spa, and the waters are considered valuable in cutaneous diseases and general debility. The town lies in a vale at the foot of the Slieve Croob Hills, on the side of which an ancient rath may still be traced, 80 yards in circumference. At Legananny, a little more than 2 miles to the south-west of the town, is a remarkably fine cromlech, with its upper stone, 11 feet long by 5 feet in width, so delicately balanced on its three uprights that it can be easily moved.

The whole of this district, and away down to the southern slopes of the Mourne Mountains, affords scenery of diversified beauty which can challenge comparison with any in Ireland, dominated by the magnificent crest of Slieve Donard, the "crown of Down." In old time, the mountain was known as "Slieve Slanga," in honour of a legendary hero named Slainga or Slainge. According to the *Annals of the Four Masters*, he died in the year 2533 after the creation of the world, and was buried in the cairn of Slieve Slanga, now Slieve Donard. He was a brother of Rudraighe, the renowned fighter who

gave his name to and was drowned in Dundrum Bay, the lay of the Dun of Rudraighe, and he was son, too, of Partholan, a king of Ireland. The supplanting of pagan legend by Christian influence is well shown in the change of name from Slieve Slanga to Slieve Donard. St. Donard was one of St. Patrick's followers, who was born late in the fifth century, and founded the church of Maghera in the shadow of the great mountain. His chapel, at the top of Slieve Donard, is said to have served him as a hermitage, and pilgrimages to it were made annually on July 25, St. Donard's Day. Some authorities consider that certain ruined walls at the summit of Slieve Donard mark the ruins of this chapel, but others contest this, asserting that the ruins are of comparatively modern date.

It is fitting that such a brief account of County Down and its beauties as is this should both begin



Photo by]

THE NORMAN DOORWAY, GREY ABBEY.

(Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Of the original abbey, only the shell of the nave and parts of the choir remain. The Norman doorway is on the north side. The abbey was largely rebuilt by the Montgomeries after it had been destroyed by fire in the rebellion of 1641.

and conclude with Slieve Donard, which divides with the Patron Saint of Ireland the claim to chief notice. And, perhaps, Slieve Donard has the greater claim to first place, for it is distinctive of the county and of no other, while St. Patrick belongs to all Ireland, although County Down claims the honour of having provided his burial-place.

Both Slieve Donard and St. Patrick are real, actual; in common with the rest of Ireland—perhaps more than all the rest—County Down can boast of more legend than actuality. The vivid imagination of the Celt has clothed the county in story, and it may be said that every hill and glen has its tale of giants or little people, or of the "lordly ones" who dwell in the hollow hills. And in that wealth of legend lies St. Patrick's claim to more than common fame, for he had to combat superstitious belief, ingrained in the race for centuries, which warred against the Christian story to a greater extent, perhaps, than in any other country. Ireland as a whole, and more particularly County Down—which gave him burial—does well to honour its patron saint and greatest hero.



Photo by]

[W. A. Green.

REFECTORY, GREY ABBEY.

Grey Abbey was used as a parish church as late as 1778, which probably accounts for the wonderful state of preservation the ruins are in to-day. The three lights of the east window are about 20 feet in height.



Photo by]

[W. A. Green.

SKETRICK CASTLE.

Sketrick Castle stands on one of the numerous islands in Strangford Lough and is connected with the mainland by a causeway. The island is one mile east of Ardmillan.



Photo by

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The present building was erected in 1871 on the site of the Priory of the Holy Trinity, built by the Danish King of Dublin and Bishop Donatus in 1035. The ruins of the chapter house of the old priory may still be seen in the gardens outside the cathedral.

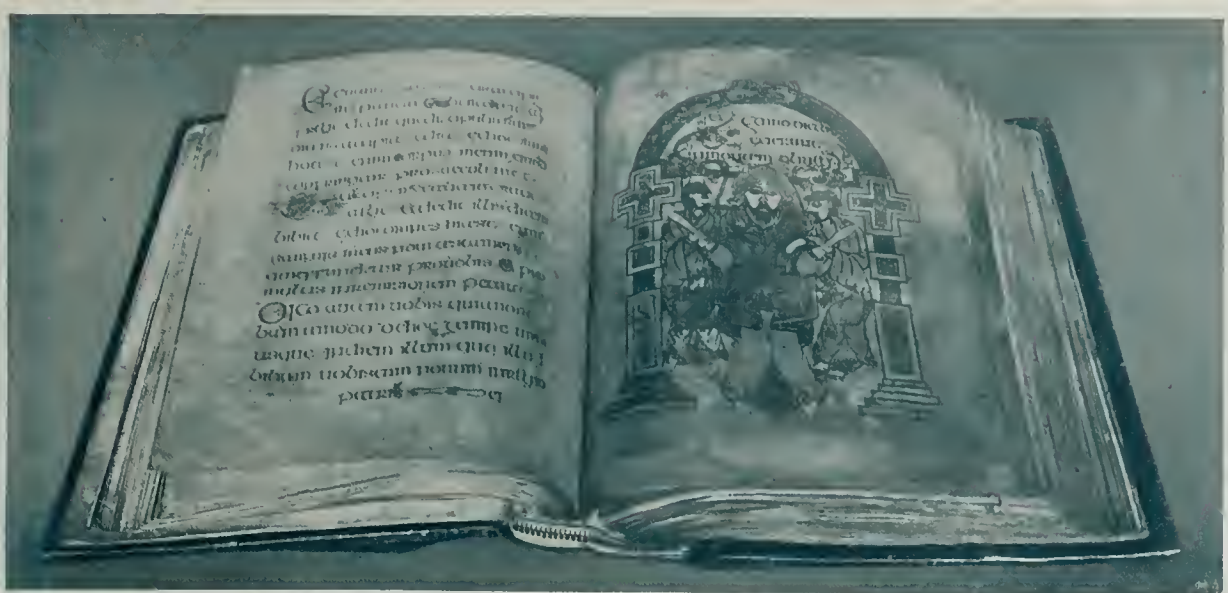


Photo by]

THE BOOK OF KELLS, TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Dating from the eighth century, this book is the finest early Irish illuminated MS. in existence. Its many beautiful illustrations include three scenes from the life of Christ and the portraits of the Evangelists.

COUNTY DUBLIN

BAILE-ATH-CLIATH," or "the town of the hurdle ford," as Dublin was first called, has little early history compared with other Irish centres. The Irish in the days of the early Danish raids made the hurdle ford across the Liffey that caused the name, and very soon in the period of their incursions the Danes themselves occupied the site of the present city, and, in the ninth century, made "Duibhlinn," the place of the "Black Pool," the centre of their kingdom, fortified it, and built a town. Here for nearly two hundred years they maintained themselves, raiding inland and up and down the coast.

In A.D. 1014 came Brian Boru, the Irish leader who gave the Danes their first serious check at Clontarf, where a bloody battle ended in the total overthrow of the Danish army. Dublin held out, however, and it remained for the Norman warriors from England to capture Dublin in the year 1170, when they put Prince Hasculf to flight. He came back the following year with a fleet of sixty ships, only to meet a still more effectual defeat, after which he was captured and executed. A year after this event Henry II paid a visit to Dublin, when the Irish chiefs built a pavilion of wickerwork in his honour on College Green, outside the city walls, and swore fealty to the English king as their overlord. It was in the course of this visit that Henry gave Dublin to the men of Bristol and made it the headquarters of the "English Pale" in Ireland.

The wall, greatly strengthened from its original form in Danish days, enclosed the town, and John is said to have ordered the addition of a strong castle in the year 1205, a necessary precaution. For the native Irish, even then ardent home-rulers, were ever



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

CROSS OF CONG, NATIONAL MUSEUM, DUBLIN.

Situated in the west rooms of the Museum, this fine Celtic processional cross is eight centuries old. It is made of oak covered with copper plates, and stands 50 feet high. The cross is beautifully decorated with animal designs and filigree work.

attacking, and it behoved the garrison to be ever on the alert. Most conspicuous among the inevitable conflicts was the Battle of Cullenswood, which gave the name of "The Bloody Fields" to the district in which it was fought on Easter Monday of the year 1209. On that day the men of Wicklow came eastward to the assault, and died in hordes in the unsuccessful attempt to drive out the English.

In 1316 Edward Bruce laid siege to the town, but failed in his attempt to reduce it. Later, in 1486, came Lambert Simnel, the pretender who sought to oust the first Tudor king from the English throne, and the Irish took a crown from the image of the Virgin in St. Mary's Abbey and crowned him in Christ Church. Not long after, finding him an ineffectual monarch, they deserted his cause and submitted to the rule of Henry VII.

"Silken Thomas" Fitzgerald, son of the Earl of Kildare, denounced the English and proclaimed



Photo by]

CALVIN'S TREE, BOTANICAL GARDENS, DUBLIN.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

These charming gardens were founded by the Royal Dublin Society in 1795. They cover an area of about 40 acres and are watered by the River Tolka. The vicinity of the gardens is rich in memories of Swift, Stella, and Delany, who used to reside near by.

himself a rebel in St. Mary's Abbey in 1534. But Dublin citizens refused to follow his lead, for which they were granted the lands of All Hallows Monastery by Elizabeth in 1591, when Trinity College was founded; the gift was characteristic, for the lands were sea-swept and valueless. They have matured into a very valuable property since, and afford a good revenue to Trinity College in these days. All Hallows itself, founded by Dermot McMurrough in 1166, was swept away by the Dissolution of the reign of Henry VIII.

When the English struggle between King and Parliament broke out, the Marquis of Ormond held Dublin against the attacks of the Irish army, while the country round about was laid waste by Hugh Roe O'Neill, who seemed to make a specialty of burning all property within his reach. It was said that as many as two hundred fires were to be observed at once, in the course of O'Neill's depredations.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

KILLINEY BAY.

At the north end of the strand in Killiney Bay are some rocks known as the Druids' Landing-place. In the background can be seen the Wicklow Mountains.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

DRUID'S THRONE, NEAR DALKEY.

This so-called Druidical chair, surrounded by ancient oaks, is situated on a hill at Killiney near the Dublin coast. A little way down the hill are the remains of a cromlech.



Photo by]

ON THE DODDER, DUBLIN.

The Dodder is a small river of no particular note, rising 12 miles south of the capital and flowing into Dublin Bay. The photograph shows a picturesque view in the neighbourhood of Dublin.

[W. Laurence.

In 1647 the city surrendered to the Parliament forces, and in 1649 Ormond's army was shattered at the battle of Rathmines. Forty years later James II made a triumphal entry into Dublin, held a Parliament, established a mint, and issued "brass money," a sort of token series of purely nominal value. When James's last hopes had vanished at the Battle of the Boyne, William of Orange occupied the city.

The Irish Parliament was abolished in the year 1800, and on New Year's Day of 1801 the Royal Standard was broken out on the flagstaff of Dublin Castle. Two years later came the rebellion in which Robert Emmett achieved his notoriety, when Lord Kilwarden was dragged from his carriage and brutally slaughtered in Thomas Street. Emmett went to his execution in Thomas Street, not far from the site of the murder of Kilwarden, and for over 120 years the Standard flew over the Castle—until once again Ireland owns a Parliament and rejoices in self-government.



Photo by

VIEW FROM THE DUBLIN HILLS.

T. J. Whelan.

One has not to venture far from Dublin to find the varied and striking scenery which is so characteristic of the Emerald Isle.

The Liffey, standing in just such relation to Dublin as the Thames bears to London, divides the city in two parts. No less than nine bridges span the river within the city limits, chief among which ranks the O'Connell Bridge, 154 feet in width, joining the famed Sackville Street with the equally busy Westmoreland Street. Looking west, the view includes the famed "Four Courts" and the towers of Christ Church and the Augustinian church, while eastward are the docks and the shipping of Dublin Port. North Wall, South Wall, and the Bull Wall, all built of great blocks of granite, form the line of quays against which the shipping lies. The bar at the entrance to the harbour has been dredged to a depth of 15 feet, and thus limits the draught of vessels entering.

Dublin Castle was built by Meyer FitzHenry, a natural son—as his name implies—of Henry II, at the beginning of the thirteenth century. It was completed by the then Archbishop of Dublin, Henry de Loundres, in 1223. The defences consisted of a single curtain wall with four flanking towers, with a deep

moat on the outer side. A permanent water supply under siege conditions was assured by the River Poddle, which flowed through the castle itself.

Sir Henry Sidney, Lord Deputy in the days of Elizabeth, first made Dublin Castle the headquarters of government in Ireland, and so it remained up to the consummation of Home Rule in 1923. Little of the building erected by FitzHenry and de Loundres remains to-day, for neglect and decay in

the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries caused a virtual rebuilding; only one of the four original towers remains, the Record Tower, as it is named.

Christ Church Cathedral is of earlier origin than the castle, having been originally built by Sigtrvg, the Danish king, in 1038. The crypt still gives the original plan of the building, and retains parts of the Danish structure, which was rebuilt by the Norman occupiers of the fortress town in 1170, when Strongbow was in command and Archbishop O'Toole the head of the church. The present nave is considered to date from 1230, when a good deal of rebuilding was undertaken. In 1562 a great part of the cathedral collapsed, including the south aisle, and the north wall of the building, still bent from its original shape, displays the results of the catastrophe. Strongbow's tomb is still shown in the nave, and a portion of his building is incorporated in the choir.

The cathedral of St. Patrick was built by the Norman Archbishop

Comyn in 1190. It contains the graves of Dean Swift and his Stella, Mrs. Esther Johnson. Swift was Dean of St. Patrick's for thirty-two years, and, dying seventeen years after the woman he loved, his remains were laid beside hers at midnight.

The historic and architectural interest of the Irish capital somewhat overshadows the beauties of County Dublin, but the surroundings of the city, and outlying resorts along the coast, are not without their charm. Malahide, a few miles along the coast, boasts a picturesque castle built by Lord Talbot de



Photo by

ROUND TOWER AT CLONDALKIN.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The Round Tower at Clondalkin is the nearest one in the vicinity of Dublin, and it has the distinction of being one of the few that can still be ascended. The towers were nearly always built near ecclesiastical buildings, and are known in old Irish records as bell towers.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

THE RIVER AT LUCAN.

The Liffey is very popular with anglers, as it abounds in trout and salmon. The town of Lucan is chiefly known in connection with its sulphur spas, which of late years have attained considerable celebrity.



Photo by

VIEW IN VESEY DEMESNE.

At Lucan the Liffey flows through the beautiful sylvan park of the Vesey Demesne. About a mile up the park is the famous salmon leap, where the river forms a splendid waterfall.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Malahide in 1174, an ivy-clad, battlemented structure with circular towers at its angles. The hall, roofed with Irish oak, has a wainscoting of panels carved with Scriptural subjects, and the drawing-room contains an altar-piece by Dürer, at one time the property of Mary Queen of Scots. The ruins of old Malahide Abbey, near by, contain the tomb of Maud Plunket, who married the son of Baron Galtrim. He was killed a few hours later, so that Maud achieved the melancholy distinction of being "maid, wife, and widow, all in one day."

To the west of Malahide, some 10 miles distant from Dublin city, stands the round tower of Swords,



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

AN OLD BRIDGE NEAR LUCAN.

The remains of this ancient bridge are said to be the oldest in Ireland. The neighbourhood of Lucan is well known for its hunting and fishing.

one of the most perfect specimens of the Irish round towers still surviving. It is 78 feet in height, and dates from the ninth century, thus being one of the earliest of its kind. These towers were all constructed between the ninth and thirteenth centuries, to serve as watch-towers; their windows are placed very high in the walls, usually just under the conical roof, and give views of the four quarters of the compass. Generally the doorway is between six and eighteen feet from the ground-level, and, when the towers were in use, the ladder giving access to the doorway could be withdrawn inside at need, thus leaving attackers with no means of ingress. Swords, Lusk, and Clondalkin are the only places in County Dublin where specimens of the round towers survive.

Howth, situated on a peninsula to the north-east of the capital, is a pleasant resort, with a castle dating from the sixteenth century. It boasts an interesting story of Grace O'Malley, a chieftainess of the west, who paid a visit to Queen Elizabeth and, returning to Ireland, was refused refreshment at Howth Castle. By way of revenge, Grace kidnapped the son of the castle's lord, and held him prisoner until his father gave her a promise that the gates of the castle should always be kept open at the dinner hour. The

promise was kept by the castle's owners up to the end of last century, and a painting in the dining-room commemorates the incident. Among the treasures of the castle is the sword of Sir Almeric Tristram de Valence, its founder; the sword is a twelfth-century weapon, still 5 ft. 7 in. in length, in spite of the damage it has suffered; its hilt alone is nearly 2 feet in length.

The "Giant's Grave," a cromlech to the south of the castle, was in its original state one of the finest of these monuments. Its covering block of granite, now slipped from its original position, is 90 tons in weight and 19 feet in length.

One of the most notable sights of the county is Phoenix Park, just to the west of the city, and considered one of the finest in Europe. Its name is derived from the Erse *fionn uisg*, signifying "clear water"—this on account of a spring near the pillar erected by Lord Chesterfield in the year 1747. The park originally belonged to the Knights of St. John of Kilmainham, but became Crown property at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, and was granted to the Duke of Ormond by Charles II. Among the monuments it contains is the Wellington obelisk, erected in 1817 from a design by Smirke, commemorating the victories of the great commander. The spot where the notorious Phoenix Park murders were committed in 1882 is still shown, opposite to what used to be the Viceregal Lodge on the main roadway.

Donnybrook, for ever famous for the fair which used to be held there, is a bare 2 miles outside Dublin city. The licence for the fair was granted by King John in 1204, but in later ages the character of the festival became so notorious that the rights were commuted for a sum of £3,000 in 1855, and thenceforth the fair was prohibited, to the advantage of Irish skulls and a decrease in the use of shillelaghs.

Another point of interest in the county is Lucan, reached by way of Chapelizod. This latter place takes its name from La Belle Isoud, daughter of Ængus, an Irish king, and wife of King Mark of Cornwall. Beloved of Tristram of Lyonesse, Isoud, or Iseult—as she is better known—is heroine of many romances and of Wagner's opera. It is said that she or her father built the "chapel of Isoud" which gives the place its name to this day.



MAP OF COUNTY DUBLIN.



[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Photo by]

THE ROUND TOWER OF SWORDS, FROM THE EAST.

Scattered over Ireland, generally in the north-west and central districts, there are altogether 118 of these curious towers, said to have been built by the Christians as watch-towers and places of refuge from the Danes. The fine example at Swords is 78 feet high and dates from the ninth century.



Photo by

BALSCADDEN BAY, HOWTH.

The important fishing station of Howth is situated at the foot of the Hill of Howth, a promontory on the north side of Dublin Bay and 9 miles from the capital. The village has some reputation as a bathing resort, and Balcaddan Bay is a favourite place to indulge in this pastime.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.



Photo by]

DUMBARTON CASTLE AND PIER.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Dumbarton Castle stands on a tall rock at the end of the peninsula which divides the Clyde and the Leven. On the western peak are the ruins of a circular building which antiquarians suggest was a Roman lighthouse.

DUMBARTONSHIRE

"FOR beautiful and varied scenery, this county is scarcely surpassed in Scotland," says Fullarton, and few will care to disagree with him, for an area which includes more than a fair share of Loch Lomond and Loch Long, the great mass of Ben Vorlich, and the castle hill of Dumbarton need fear no challenge.

The whole of the western shore of Loch Lomond lies in our county, and it includes in the vicinity of Luss perhaps its most charming reach. So much that is somewhat extravagant has been written about this most beautiful of British lakes, that no attempt shall be made at one of those word-pictures which most writers seem to find irresistible. Perhaps the most attractive effort is to be found in the journal of Dorothy Wordsworth, who at any rate discovered the real secret of Loch Lomond's charm—the islands :

[August 25, 1803] "What I had heard of Loch Lomond, or any other place in Great Britain, had given me no idea of anything like what we beheld : it was an outlandish scene—we might have believed ourselves in North America. The islands were of every possible variety of shape and surface—hilly and level, large and small, bare, rocky, pastoral, or covered with wood. Immediately under my eyes lay one large flat island, bare and green, so flat and low that it scarcely appeared to rise above the water, with straggling peat-stacks and a single hut upon one of its out-shooting promontories. Another, its next neighbour, and still nearer to us, was covered with heath and coppice-wood, the surface undulating, with flat or sloping banks towards the water, and hollow places, cradle-like



Photo by]

THE STAIRWAY, DUMBARTON CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The castle has been described by Buchanan as "arx inexpugnabilis," and was one of the chief fortresses of the Earls of Lennox. A steep stairway ascends from the first gate in a natural fissure of the rock to the point where the rock divides into two heads.

valleys, behind. These two islands, with Inch-ta-Vanach, were intermingled with the water, I might say interbedded and interveined with it, in a manner that was exquisitely pleasing. There were bays innumerable, straits or passages like calm rivers, land-locked lakes, and, to the main water, stormy promontories."

From points innumerable on the Dumbartonshire side, glorious vistas are obtainable of the lake with its rampart of mountains, crowned by the noble Ben Lomond, on the opposite shore. But the mountainous mass between Lomond and Loch Long has further charms of its own as it sweeps down to the edges of the attractive Gareloch, where the villas of wealthy Glasgovians lie thick as flowers in a field.

The beauties of Loch Long have no doubt received full justice in the description of Argyllshire,



Photo by]

GARELOCH FROM ABOVE CLYNDER.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This picturesque branch of the Firth of Clyde commences between Roseneath and Helensburgh and extends 7 miles north-east to Garelochhead. The wooded shores on either side are profusely studded with cottages, those in the foreground belonging to the village of Clynder on the west side of Gareloch.

and it need only be added that the beauties of the great hills that rise precipitously from its eastern fringe are a worthy complement to the scene. This north-south range is intersected by parallel transverse valleys, remote and secluded. Glen Luss and Glen Douglas are of the true Highland order, rich in all those elements of colour and outline which make its scenery so appealing.

Glen Fruin has a melancholy interest as the scene of a terrible incident in 1603 in the internecine feud between the MacGregors and the Colquhouns. As Sir Walter Scott says in his *Introduction to Rob Roy*: "The parties met in the valley of Glenfruin, which signifies the Glen of Sorrow. . . . The clan charged with great fury on the front of the enemy, while John MacGregor, with a strong party, made an unexpected attack on the flank. If the MacGregors lost, as is averred, only two men slain in the action, they had slight provocation for an indiscriminate massacre. It is said that their fury



Photo by

HELENSBURGH.

To the left of the town may be distinguished the entrance to Gareloch. It was at Helensburgh that Henry Bell, the inventor of steam navigation in Europe, spent the last twenty-three years of his life experimenting with his famous "Comet," which was the first steamship to run regularly on the Clyde.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.



Photo by]

THE OLD LUSS ROAD, HELENSBURGH.

Standing on the shore of the Firth of Clyde exactly opposite Greenmuck, Helensburgh is an attractive watering-place easily accessible from Glasgow by train and steamer. It is within easy reach of much fine scenery.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

extended itself to a party of students for clerical orders, who had imprudently come to see the battle. It is constantly averred by the tradition of the country, and a stone where the deed was done is called *Leck-a-Mhinisteir*, the Minister or Clerk's Flag Stone. The MacGregors impute this cruel action to the ferocity of a single man of their tribe, renowned for size and strength, called Dugald, *liar mhor*, or the great mouse-coloured man. He was MacGregor's foster-brother, and the chief committed the youths to his charge, with directions to keep them safely till the affray was over. Whether fearful of their escape, or incensed by some sarcasms which they threw on his tribe, or whether out of mere thirst of blood, this savage, while the other MacGregors were engaged in the pursuit, poniarded his helpless and defenceless prisoners."

But such a deed called for vengeance dire. "This battle of Glenfruin, and the severity which the



Photo by]

[Valentins & Sons, Ltd.

AT TARBET, LOCH LOMOND.

Tarbet is one of the many pretty villages the steamer calls at, as it wends its way up Loch Lomond. A few miles higher up is the island of Eilean Vow, the scene of two of Wordsworth's poems.

victors exercised in the pursuit, was reported to King James VI in a manner the most unfavourable to the clan Gregor. That James might fully understand the extent of the slaughter, the widows of the slain, to the number of eleven score, in deep mourning, riding upon white palfreys, and each bearing her husband's bloody shirt on a spear, appeared at Stirling." And the result was that military and other measures were taken which ended in the virtual extinction of the clan!

Helensburgh, at the mouth of the Gare Loch, has a somewhat curious and interesting history as a "model" town. It came into existence as the result of the exertions of Sir James Colquhoun, the eighth baronet, and was named after his wife. In the regularity of its lay-out it has a strong resemblance to many American communities. For its first provost it had the famous Henry Bell, whose *Comet* represented the first application of steam to navigation.

Old Pennant's description of Dumbarton Castle, which he visited in 1769, deserves quotation both for its picturesqueness and its applicability to its condition to-day :

"The castle is seated a little south of the town on a two-headed rock of a stupendous height, rising in a strange manner out of the sands, and totally detached from everything else ; is bounded on one side by the Clyde, on the other by the Leven. On one of the summits are the remains of an old lighthouse, which some suppose to have been a Roman pharos ; on the other, the powder magazine : in the hollow between is a large well of water fourteen feet deep. The sides of the rocks are immense precipices, and often hang over, except on the side where the governor's house stands, which is defended by walls and a few cannon, and garrisoned by a few invalids. It seems to have been often used as a state prison :



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

ARDLUI, LOCH LOMOND.

Ardlui is a small village lying at the head of Loch Lomond. From its pier, which is the northern terminus for lake steamers, to Balloch the lake has a length of 24 miles.

the Regent Morton was secured there previous to his trial. From its natural strength, it was in former times deemed impregnable ; so that the desperate but successful scalado of it in 1571 may vie with the greatest attempts of that kind. . . .

"The Britons in very early times made this rock a fortress ; for it was usual with them after the departure of the Romans to retreat to the tops of craggy, inaccessible mountains, to forests, and to rocks on the shores of the sea : but Boethius makes the Scots possessed of it some ages prior to that, and pretends that it resisted all the efforts of Agricola, who laid siege to it. It may certainly claim a right to great antiquity, for Bede declares it to have been the best fortified city the Britons had during his days. Its ancient name was Alcluid, or Arcluid, or the place on the Cluid. But in aftertimes it acquired the name of Dun Britton, being the last place in these parts held by the Britons against the usurping Saxons. In 756, reduced by famine, it was surrendered to Edbert, King of Northumberland."



Photo by]

BEN LOMOND, FROM LUSS.

The village of Luss lies in a very picturesque setting at the mouth of Glen Luss. Ben Lomond, on the other side of the lake, is in Stirlingshire. This fine mountain is only 18 feet lower than Scafell Pike, the highest peak in England. The unusual mist effect adds greatly to the beauty of the scene.



Photo by]

ON LUSS STRAITS, LOCH LOMOND.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Only about two-thirds of this beautiful lake belongs to the county of Dumbarforn. The scenery of Loch Lomond, especially near Luss, ranks as among the finest in Scotland.

Apart from its castle, Dumbarton has little to recall its great antiquity and the part it has played in recorded history. Records and tradition alone can show that it was an important naval station, Theodosia, in Roman times, and for a long period the capital of the kingdom of Strathclyde. But the very name, a corruption of "Dun Breton," the Hill of the Britons, is significant of much. At the present time, however, the town is one of the great shipbuilding centres on the Clyde, and its citizens, conscious of its importance, have endeavoured to make it worthy of its rôle in the social and economic life of Scotland.

The last century and a half has, alas, played havoc with the charms of the Leven Valley. If Pennant were with us to-day, he could hardly write that "the Vale between the end of the lake and Dumbarton



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

BEN LOMOND AND LUSS STRAITS.

Loch Lomond is the largest and one of the most beautiful of Scotland's lakes. The lake in the neighbourhood of Luss is dotted with many picturesque islands, which add greatly to the charm of the vicinity. Ben Lomond (3,192 feet) commands a fine view of the surrounding counties.

is unspeakably beautiful, very fertile, and finely watered by the great and rapid river Leven, the discharge of the lake, which, after a short course, drops into the Firth of Clyde below Dumbarton; there is scarcely a spot but what is decorated with bleacheries, plantations, and villas. Nothing can equal the contrast in this day's journey, between the black barren dreary glens of the morning ride, and the soft scenes of the evening, islands worthy of the retreat of Armida, and which Rinaldo himself would have quitted with a sigh."

Another great lover of this district was the novelist, Tobias Smollett, who was born in the "Old House" of Dalquhurn, near Renton. Who has not heard of his famous outburst: "I have seen the Lago di Gardi, Albano di Vici, Bolsena, and Geneva, and I prefer Lochlomond to them all. . . . This country is justly styled the Arcadia of Scotland."

Smollett's is by no means the only great name with which this part of the county is associated. On a little eminence called Castlehill, close to Dumbarton, stood the castle in which King Robert Bruce closed his exciting and victorious career, while Wallace himself is said to have frequently taken refuge on the rock of Dumbarton and to have been brought there in captivity prior to his transfer to London.

The point where the Leven leaves Loch Lomond at Balloch is a beautiful spot with lovely views of the lake. Hard by is Balloch Castle, one of the ancient seats of the great local family of Lennox, though as an antiquity it has been modernised almost out of existence. It lies under the rampart of that curious hill and fine view-point, "Mount Misery." How this came to be so named is somewhat of a mystery. According to one account, which deserves respectful consideration, it was the scene of Argyll's wanderings after his defeat in 1685 at Gartocharn hard by. His rising was timed to synchronise with that of Monmouth in the south. The Earl took the field at the head of his clan, but after crossing the



COPYRIGHT. GEOGRAPHIA 1923 L^o 55 FLEET STREET LONDON E.C.4.

MAP OF DUMBARTONSHIRE.

Leven at Balloch and finding his path barred by the royal forces his heart failed him and his troop melted away. Perhaps it was on the summit of "Mount Misery" that he saw the scaffold as a grim inevitability of the near future. Almost the same day he was captured in an attempt to cross the Clyde.

To the south of this region a stretch of country, intersected by the charming Glen Finnich, leads to the summit of the Kilpatrick Hills, which keep watch and ward over the Clyde and its myriad activities. Here, between wind and water, Past and Present are inextricably intertwined, the former represented by relics of the Roman Wall, and ancient places such as Old Kilpatrick, one of the many spots which claim the honour of being the birthplace of St. Patrick. But in this case there is evidence of the greatest weight to support the claim. For did not the Saint flee to Ireland to escape the temptations of the Evil One? Did not Old Nick in his baffled fury hurl a rock at him and miss him? And did not that fearsome missile fall on the shore of the river and become the rock of Dumbarton?



Photo by

ARDEN, LOCH LOMOND.

The picturesque little hamlet of Arden is placed in a charming situation on the southern shore of Loch Lomond 3 miles north of Balloch. The village is built round Arden House, a family seat.

[C. Reid.]



Photo by

OLD MILL, MILNGAVIE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Before 1891 Milngavie was in the neighbouring county of Stirling. It stands on the Allander Water—a tributary of the Kelvin—7 miles north-west of Glasgow, and has developed into a residential suburb of that city.



Photo by]

THE CAUL, RIVER NITH, DUMFRIES.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Burns once frivolously named Dumfries "Maggie by the banks o' Nith, a dame wi' pride eneuch." The Caul was built diagonally across the river here to supply the grain-mills with water.

DUMFRIESSHIRE

B RITAIN BEAUTIFUL is not a geography book, but a swift glance at the main geographical features of this county is so essential to a true understanding of its beauty and many-sided interest that it cannot be omitted without imperilling the prospect of obtaining a vivid and comprehensive survey.

As any map will plainly show, it is bounded on the south by Solway Firth, on the north by a ring of hills which form part of what geologists call the "Southern Uplands," and between these two boundaries it is intersected by three parallel river valleys, Nithdale, Annandale, and Eskdale, which take their name from the streams which have brought them into existence in the course of ages. As might be expected, these valleys have always formed the highways of communication and civilisation, and the two western and larger channels were promptly taken advantage of in the early days of the railway era. Fortunately, the advent of the "Iron Horse" has done little to spoil their great natural charm, so that some of the most attractive scenery in Scotland is still to be found in the upper reaches of the Nith and Annan, while those of the Esk and its feeders terminate in a charming *cul de sac* on the southern slopes of the watershed.

Pennant (*Second Tour in*



Photo by]

THE NITH FROM BURNS WALK, DUMFRIES.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The path from which this view was taken is named after Robert Burns, Scotland's national poet. It was at Dumfries that Burns died in 1796, and there is a mausoleum and a monument erected to his memory in the town.

Scotland, 1761) was one of the first travellers to call attention to the beauties of Eskdale, in words that have a true eighteenth-century ring about them :

" The scenery is great and enchanting ; on one side is a view of the river Esk, far beneath, running through a rocky channel and bounded by immense precipices ; in various places suddenly deepening to a vast profundity ; while in other parts it glides over a bottom covered with mosses, or coloured stones that reflect through the pure water tints glaucous, green, or sappharine : these various views are in most places fully open to sight ; in others suffer a partial interruption from the trees, that clothe the steep bank, or shoot out from the brinks and fissures of the precipices ; the trees are in general oak, but often intermixed with the waving boughs of the weeping birch."

But this smiling country has a grim and sinister story to tell, written even now in the numerous



The photo by

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

CAERLAVEROCK CASTLE.

The outer walls of this fine old ruin date mainly from the thirteenth century, but since then it has been many times repaired and added to, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It is now the property of the Duchess of Norfolk.

ruins of castles and peel towers with which it is studded. It is a true " border " region, dotted with the strongholds of freebooters who preyed upon their weaker neighbours. The vicinity of Langholm, for instance, was the lair of the famous " Johnny Armstrong, Laird of Gilnockie," the most popular and potent thief of his time, and who laid the whole English borders under contribution, but never injured any of his own countrymen. Unfortunately for the fierce but picturesque Johnny, there was peace between England and Scotland in 1528, when James V came into these parts to extirpate marauders whose activities endangered friendly relations with his southern neighbour. Johnny came out to meet his sovereign " with thirty-six persons in his train, most gorgeously appared, and himself so richly dressed that the King said, ' What wants that knave that a king should have ? ' " Notwithstanding prayers, entreaties, threats, and promises, James V ordered his unruly subject's



Photo by]

DALSWINTON LOCH.

It was on this little lake that Patrick Miller launched the first steambot ever tried in 1788. The village of Dalswinton stands near the Nith 7½ miles north-west of Dumfries. The large house here was built on the site of the old castle built by the Comyns, who originally owned the parish.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.



Photo by

CAITLOCH CAVE, MONIAIVE.

[Valentine & Son, Ltd.

Moniaive is a little village lying among the hills in the upper part of the Cairn Valley. James Renwick, the martyred Covenanter, was born here in 1662.

instant execution, whereupon Johnny threw discretion to the winds and, as an old ballad runs, burst out :

“ To seik hot water beneath cold yce,
Surely it is a great follie ;
I haif asked grace at a graceless face,
But there is nane for my men and me.”

The ruined square tower of Holehouse is claimed to be Johnny Armstrong's lair, though the late Mr. Andrew Lang has laboured with some success to prove that his headquarters were at another stronghold, which was subsequently levelled to the foundations.



Photo by

ON THE NITH AT THORNHILL.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Thornhill, as well as being situated amid beautiful scenery, is a well-known resort of anglers. The river is well stocked with salmon, trout, and grayling. The Thornhill basin or middle Nithdale is an oval 11 miles long and 7 broad, bisected by the River Nith

Langholm itself is a busy little border town which rather leaves one wondering how it could ever have been said that “ Into Langholm is out of the world.” The great annual event in the place was the fair-cum-feasting known as the “ Common Riding,” held on July 17, when barley bannock, red herring, and whisky were consumed in really alarming quantities. The celebrations began with a proclamation delivered by a man standing on horseback among the crowd, and a most important part of the declaration ran as follows :

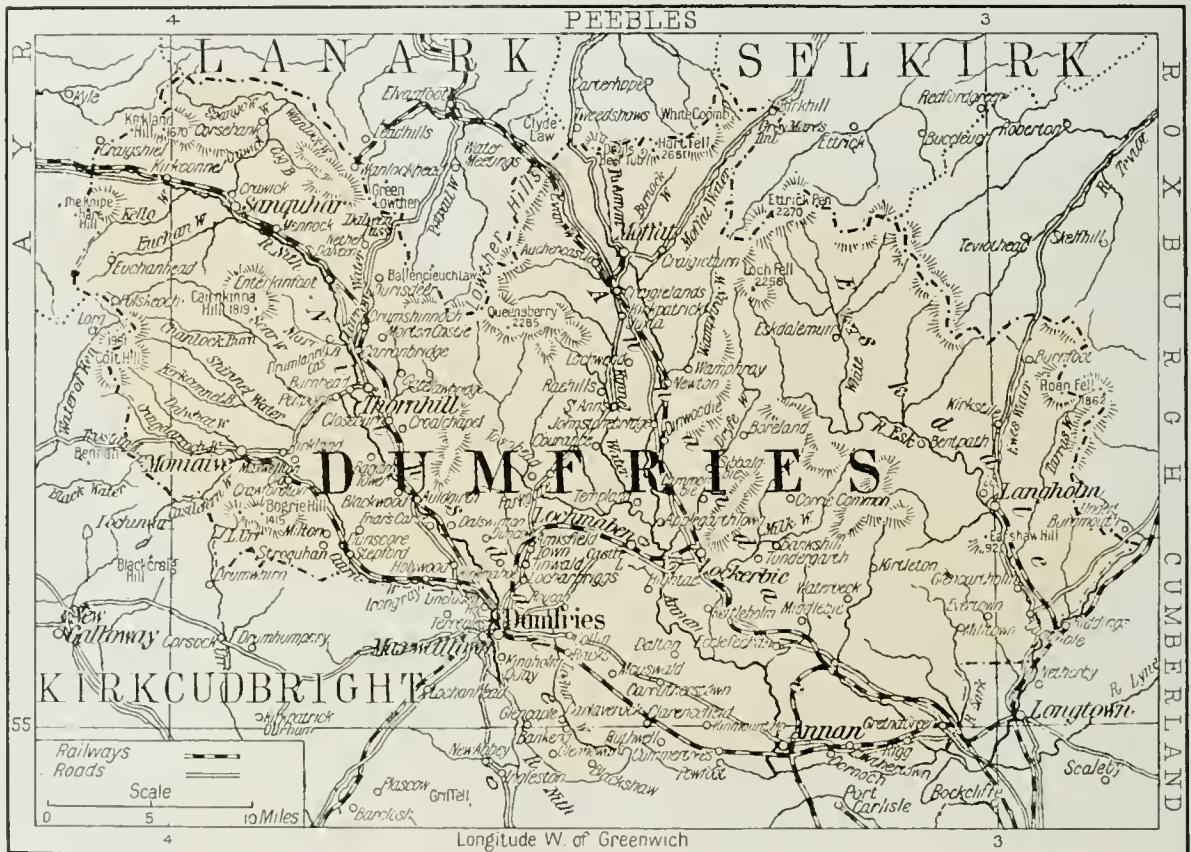
“ THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE

“ That there is a muckle Fair to be hadden in the muckle Toun o’ the Langholm, on the 17th day of July, auld style, upon his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch’s Merk Land, for the space of eight days

and upwards; and a' land-loupers, and dub-scoupers, and gae-by-the gate-swingers, that come here to breed hurdums or durdums, huliments or buliments, haggle-ments or bragglements, or to molest this public Fair, they shall be ta'en by order of the Bailie and Town Council, and their lugs be nailed to the Tron wi' a twalpenny nail; and they shall sit down on their bare knees and pray seven times for the King, and thrice for the Mickle Laird's Ralton, and pay a groat to me, Jemmy Ferguson, Bailie o' the aforesaid Manor, and I'll awa' hame and ha'e a bannock and a saut herrin'.

“HUZZA! HUZZA!! HUZZA!!!”

But to Englishmen at least the most interesting spot in this corner of the county is unquestionably



COPYRIGHT

MAP OF DUMFRIESSHIRE.

GEOGRAPHIA 1923 L^o 55 FLEET STREET LONDON E C 4

Gretna Green, with its memories of runaway marriages, panting and defiant lovers, irate and cursing fathers. During the recent war the erection of vast munition factories has given Gretna another and far less picturesque claim to fame, and we can only hope that they will not now be adapted to some other base material use and so escape that destruction which is so necessary to the revival of its ancient peace and glory.

The common belief that the expeditious ceremony was always performed by a blacksmith is erroneous, for apparently the only gentleman of that trade who acted in the capacity of "priest" was one Joe Paisley, who made a comfortable fortune out of his operations and died in 1811 at the ripe age of 79. But he had many rivals, including soldiers, shoemakers, and even poachers!

Pennant tells us how, as he "had a great desire to see the high priest, I succeeded: he appeared in form of a fisherman, a stout fellow, in a blue coat, rolling round his solemn chops a quid of tobacco of no common size. One of our party was supposed to come to explore the coast: we questioned him about his price; which, after eyeing us attentively, he left to our honour."

Close to Kirtlebridge is the churchyard of Kirkconnell, where a Scotch tragic romance of the



Photo by

THE THORNHILL PIPER.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd

A centre of historic interest, Thornhill is built on a high ridge in middle Nithdale. This figure of a piper set in the wall is an object of great interest to visitors to the village.

Romeo-and-Juliet order came to its close what time Mary Stuart was ascending the throne. Fair Ellen Irvine, heiress of the House of Kirkconnell, was beloved of two gentlemen—or rather one was a gentleman and the other a man whose jealousy inspired him to get his rival out of the way by fair means or foul. As the lady and Adam Fleming, the lover she favoured, were confessing their love on the banks of the Kirtle, the disappointed suitor appeared and pointed a gun at Adam. Without a moment's hesitation lovely Ellen interposed her slender form, and fell with a bullet in her heart. Adam avenged her death there and then, but had to flee the country for several years. On his return he visited his lady's grave, flung his arms over the turf, and expired on the spot. Shades of John Ridd



[Photo by]

ON THE NITH AT DRUMLANRIG.

[Valentine & Sons Ltd.]

The river Nith passes through the woods half a mile east of Drumlanrig Castle, which was begun by the third Earl of Queensberry in 1676. The Nith is the third most important river in Dumfriesshire, and along its tortuous course of 55 miles it passes through many districts rich in beautiful scenery.

and Lorna in Oare church! But the Scottish story is a perfectly true one, and Adam's tombstone, "Hic jacet Adam Fleming," does not lie.

Considering its chequered history, Annan can consider itself fortunate to be so thriving and industrious a little town. Situated right in the track of English marauders ravaging north of the border, and Scottish marauders meeting like with like, its position was not a happy one during the centuries of intermittent, if not ceaseless, border warfare; it was frequently burnt, and its ancient castle, once a military *point d'appui* of high importance, has vanished together with practically all the other evidences of its antiquity. But as the birthplace of Edward Irving, the preacher, it has a hold on the imagination of all true Scots, which surpasses the appeal of dead stones and mortar.

Ecclefechan is another spot over which lies the glamour of association with a great career and a



From the Painting by]

DURHAM CATHEDRAL FROM THE RIVER.

The town of Durham has grown up round the magnificent Cathedral, which has stood in this commanding position and held its own as one of our largest and most imposing cathedrals for many centuries. Durham Castle—now occupied by the University—stands by its side on the hill.

[A. J. Rudd.

name which has become the world's property. For here, in a lowly habitation, which still stands, was born, on December 4, 1795, an ugly baby, who was christened Thomas Carlyle. And eighty-six years later the philosopher was laid to rest in the churchyard at the close of his toilsome and honourable career. It is one of the most curious freaks of fate that links up these humble rooms, with their collection of Carlyle relics, with the stormy scenes of the French Revolution, and the picturesque and enigmatic personality of Frederick the Great.

It was at Annan that the young Carlyle imbibed the rudiments of learning, and readers of his *Reminiscences* will remember his description of the countryside in the vicinity and his pleasure in the glorious views of the Solway Firth with the Cumbrian mountains beyond.

Lockerbie, "neat, stirring, and prosperous," as Fullarton called it, has always been famous for its



Photo by]

ENTERKIN PASS, NEAR SANQUHAR.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The Enterkin stream rises on Lowther Hill and flows through the picturesque Enterkin Pass to the River Nith. Sanquhar is in the adjacent parish of Durlisdeer, through which the burn flows. This district is remarkable for its many varieties of beautiful scenery.

lamb fair, "a fair, or rather a general gathering for frolic and folly in the town, at which the whole country, for 10 or 12 miles round, is generally assembled. The crowd consists of persons of all ranks and ages, from the meanest plebeian to the proudest patrician of the land, of merry-andrews to raise laughter, and of jackanapes and hobnails to make it. Even the sage and aristocratic burghers of Dumfries themselves flock to the rendezvous in hundreds, and seldom fail to meet there as many adventures in a single day as serve them for subjects for rude mirth and small talk during the subsequent twelfth month."

Hoddon Castle—where Pennant, "instead of finding a captive damsel and a fierce warder, met with a courteous laird and his beauteous spouse; and the dungeon not filled with piteous captives, but well stored with generous wines, not condemned to a long imprisonment"—is one of the show places of the county, with a fourteenth-century keep as kernel and various additions of later periods.



Photo by]

BLACK LOCH, SANQUHAR.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

There are several small lakes in Dumfrieshire which give an added charm to the scenery. This one is 1 mile south of Drumlanrig and was formerly supposed to be curative.

the Englishes are seen coming near to, or over the river Annan, and to be kept constantly burning in weir time." Other accounts record (1) that a Lord of Hoddum built the beacon-tower to atone for the crime of massacring prisoners after promising quarter, (2) that the little matter which involved

Close to Hoddum is the tower of Trail-trow, which is distinguished by the word "Repentance," carved over the entrance. A multitude of wits has been at work trying to find an explanation for so salutary an admonition. According to one account it was erected by John, Lord Herries, to celebrate a merciful escape from shipwreck on his return from a filibustering expedition across the Solway. He "ordered," says the chronicler, "a watch to be kept there, and a fire made in the firepan, and the bell to be rung whenever

"repentance" was pilfering stones from the chapel of Trail-trow for erecting a house, and (3) that the builder was one John de Reive for "his having been active in demolishing the churches; and after he had got all was to be had by the Reformation, returned to the Romish principles, and, neglecting Restitution, he built Repentance."

Lochmaben, ancient in spirit at least, stands in the midst of its ring of lakes as an island in the sea. Charming though its situation may be, its main interest lies in



Photo by]

WATERFALL, EUCHAR GLEN, SANQUHAR.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

In this beautiful glen is Euchar Water, which rises on Blackcraig Hill and flows north-east to the Nith, joining it opposite Sanquhar Castle.

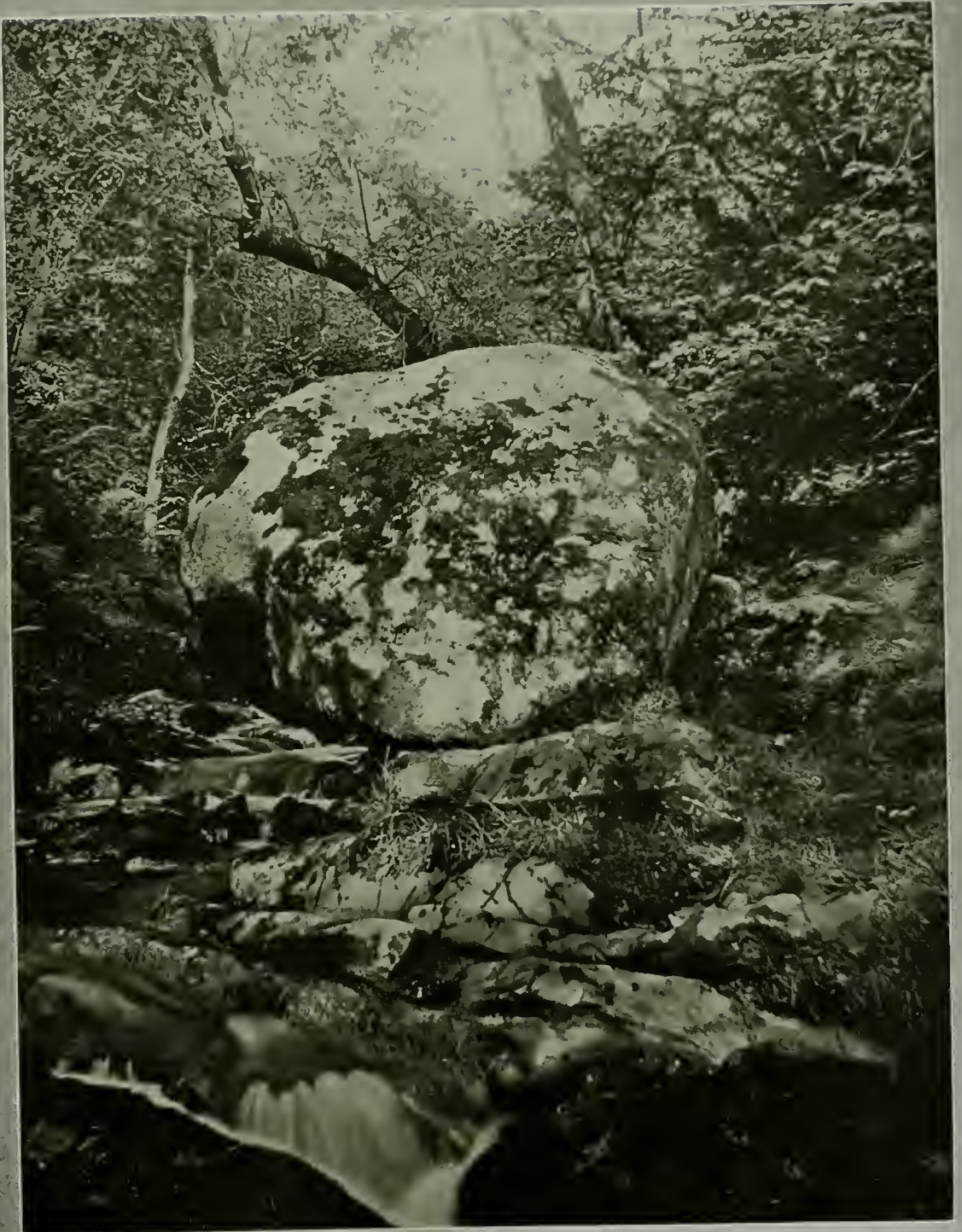


Photo by]

THE DIEL'S BIG STANE, ORCHARD BURN, SANQUHAR.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Many theories have been advanced, but it cannot be said with any certainty what were the objects of these devil stones, but they are undoubtedly of very great antiquity.



Photo by.

THE OLD BRIDGE, BEATTOCK.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The small village of Beattock is charmingly situated in the Vale of the Evan Water, 2 miles south-west of Moffat, on the Edinburgh and Carlisle road. The Evan is a tributary of the Annan, rising 14 miles away, near the Clyde in Lanarkshire.

the fragmentary ruin of a castle which has strong claims to be the birthplace of Robert the Bruce—a distinction which to all good Scots puts this delightful spot in the category in which Wantage or Glastonbury would find themselves if Englishmen were a little more imaginative. The old castle has an even stronger claim on the affections of the North Briton, as the scene of one of Wallace's finest military and moral exploits. After its capture by the hero, there was considerable trepidation among the female prisoners, for the times were rude. But Wallace was the soul of gallantry, if a contemporary songster can be trusted :



Photo by]

C. Reid.

MOFFAT.

Moffat has some reputation as a watering-place on account of the medicinal properties of its water. It stands in a sheltered position on a slope at the head of Annandale. The principal historical event which has disturbed the peace of Moffat was when Sir Archibald Douglas defeated the forces of Edward Balliol here in 1333.

“ Quhen [when] the ladie had them seyne,
 ‘ Grace,’ she cryit, ‘ for hym that deit [died] on tre.’
 Than Wallace said, ‘ Mademe, your noyis lat be ’ [don’t cry].
 ‘ To wemen yet we do but litill ill ;
 ‘ Na yong childir we lik for to spill ’ ” [kill].

From that time onwards, the castle usually figured prominently in all the current excitements and was besieged and relieved with almost monotonous regularity. But when siege warfare became a matter of artillery and other unpleasant inventions, the stronghold became “ useless ” and, as Fullarton bitterly remarks, “ Gothic hands began generations ago to treat the castle of the Bruce as merely a vulgar and convenient quarry. . . . Many portions of the skinned and ghastly, but once noble and aerial pile, have

been precipitated from aloft. . . . One inhabitant of the burgh still warms his toes beside a pair of fine jambs which once rested on the paternal hearth of the Bruce."

Between the mouth of the Annan and that of the Nith lies the district which Scott has made famous by working its scenery into *Redgauntlet*, but apart from this fictional interest it has great claims to consideration on the score of two antiquities of high importance. The first is the famous "Ruthwell Cross," to be found, restored and re-erected, in the church of the same name. For all its immense archaeological interest, this splendid monument of early English Christianity was ruthlessly shattered during the religious commotion of the seventeenth century, and Pennant, who visited Ruthwell about a century later, found its fragments incorporated in the pavement. Happily, the nineteenth



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

OLD CHAPEL, MOFFAT.

The photograph shows part of a Gothic window with one mullion, which is all that remains of this early church of St. Cuthbert. The exact date of the ruins is uncertain.

century appreciated its beauty and interest, and the cross was restored to show the world, through its Latin and runic inscriptions, to what a high level Christian art attained in the so-called "Dark" ages.

The other important antiquity is the magnificent ruin of Caerlaverock Castle, guarding the estuary of the Nith and once the Gibraltar of south-eastern Scotland. Even in decay this is a most impressive pile.

The existing fortress is not, of course, the stronghold which Edward I besieged and captured in the summer of 1300, an event of which we have a contemporary and very remarkable record in the shape of a poem in Norman-French, the authorship of which is assigned, somewhat problematically, to a friar named Walter of Exeter. It is a most illuminating and fascinating description of siege



Photo by]

BELD CRAIG GLEN, MOFFAT.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Beld Craig is a singularly beautiful and romantic dell, forming the gorge of a small brook. It is situated 3 miles south-east of Moffat.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

RAEHILLS GLEN.

This picturesque glen contains the Kinnel Water, which rises in Lanarkshire and forms a tributary to the Annan. A short distance from this point is Raehills House, one of the most beautiful mansions in the country.

warfare and practice, and includes a list of the men of eminence present on the occasion. The author tells us that :

*Karlaverok casteaus estoit
Si fort ke siege ne doubtoit
Ainz ke li Rois iluce venist
Car rendre ne le convenist.*

("Caerlaverock was so strong a castle that it feared no siege ; thus the King came in person, because it would not surrender.") We are also told that "its shape was like that of a shield, for it had only three sides all round, with a tower on each angle ; but one of them was a double one, so high, so long, and so large, that under it was the gate with a drawbridge, well made and strong, and a sufficiency of other defences. It had good walls, and good ditches filled to the edge with water ; and I believe there never was seen a castle more beautifully situated, for at once could be seen the Irish Sea towards the west, and to the north a fine country, surrounded by an arm of the sea, so that no creature born could approach it on two sides, without putting himself in danger of the sea." [Translation of N. H. Nicholas.]

But considered as a martial exploit, the siege was not of a high order, as Edward's formidable and well-equipped force had a garrison of less than a hundred men to deal with. Small wonder that the affair lasted only two days! During the fourteenth century it changed hands two or three times, and then after various changes and remodellings it played a minor part in Scottish history until the Civil War of the seventeenth century, which witnessed the end of its career, both as fortress and habitation.

North of Lochmaben the valley of the Annan threads a delightful region on which the hilly barrier gradually closes in until the river finds itself at the bottom of the deep ravine through which the railway finds a way to Lanarkshire.

Here the centre of tourist and other activities is the little town of Moffat, famed for its scenery as well as the efficacy of its sulphur waters. So rich is the vicinity in every variety of natural attraction, that it is necessary sternly to bear in mind that this work is not a tourist's handbook. It must suffice to say that no wanderer in Moffat should omit the expeditions up Moffat Water to that fine fall the

"Grey Mare's Tail," or a visit to the "Devil's Beef Tub" (a great hollow where stolen cattle could be concealed), or a scramble on the rolling fells which tower above the river valleys and preserve this part of the country from vulgar inquisitiveness on the part of Peebles and Selkirk.

Much of the history of this attractive and interesting county centres in the story of the town which has given it its name. But Dumfries, "a dame wi' pride eneuch," as Burns called it, does not rest on the oars of its historic reputation, and as a matter of fact it has lost most of the memorials of its lively past. The only substantial relic of mediæval times is the old bridge which Devorguilla, wife of John Balliol, threw over the Nith in the thirteenth century. Of John's monastery, the Greyfriars, nothing remains, to the sorrow of all who know the vivid, if blood-curdling, story of the murder of John Comyn, the "Red" Comyn, by Robert Bruce and his companions in 1306. As all the contemporary chroniclers of the event were English—and therefore bitterly hostile to Bruce—their accounts represent the deed as a brutal and cold-blooded murder. The more likely version is that Bruce did not stab Comyn at the high altar, but quarrelled with him in the cloisters and in his rage struck him over the head with the flat of his sword; the actual killing was done by his companion, Roger Kirkpatrick, who certainly earned his motto of "I mak sicker" (I make sure).

However, the Greyfriars monastery has gone and the Dumfries of to-day cannot manage to look older than the Dumfries of Burns. The poet spent the last five years of his life in the town, three of them in a still existing house, which has been piously preserved more or less in its original condition, as a monument to that fascinating but somewhat self-stultifying genius. Readers of Chambers's *Life and Works of Robert Burns* will be familiar with a course of existence which was sometimes picturesque and sometimes the reverse. The visitor to Dumfries may fill in the gaps of the story with a sight of the Globe Inn (in which the instruments of revelry he once handled can still be seen), and the



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

"THE PLUMP," WAUCHOPE: LANGHOLM.

The Wauchope Water rises on the western border and flows eastward till it joins the Esk at Langholm. The old part of the town stands on the east bank of the river, amidst some of the most beautiful scenery in Scotland.

house in Burns Street in which he died.

A description of his funeral, written by an eye-witness, Dr. Currie, is too characteristic a piece of journalese to be omitted :

"The Gentlemen Volunteers of Dumfries determined to bury their illustrious associate with military honours, and every preparation was made to render this last

service solemn and impressive. The Fencible Infantry of Angusshire, and the regiment of cavalry of the Cinque Ports, at that time quartered in Dumfries, offered their assistance on this occasion; the principal inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood determined to walk in the funeral procession; and a vast concourse of persons as-



Photo by]

[H. Mortimer Batten.

OLD MILLS ON THE ESK.

At the junction of the Black and the White Esk the Esk proper is formed. It flows for two-thirds of its course through Dumfriesshire and then enters Cumberland and becomes an English river. There are four other Esk rivers in Scotland besides the three mentioned. The view was taken looking north towards Langholm.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

MEETING OF THE WATERS EWES AND ESK: LANGHOLM.

The valley of the Ewes is one of the most strikingly beautiful dales in the Southern Highlands. The Ewes rises 11 miles away at Moss孢 and joins the Esk just above Old Langholm.



FAIRY LOUP, BYREBURN : LANGHOLM.

The Byre is a small rivulet and tributary of the Esk, running between Langholm and Canobie. The latter-named town has a considerable coal-mining industry.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

OLD TOLL BAR : GRETNA.

Together with Gretna Hall and the Maxwell Arms, the old Toll House was the scene of many runaway marriages in former days. Gretna Green is situated on the English border close to the Solway Firth.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

BRYDEKIRK MILL AND CAUL.

The village of Brydekirk stands on the right bank of the river, 3 miles north of the town of Annan. The Annan is here spanned by a three-arched stone bridge, which crosses the river close by the mill.

sembled to witness the obsequies of the Scottish bard. On the evening of the 25th of July the remains of Burns were removed from his house to the Town Hall, and the funeral took place on the succeeding day. A party of the Volunteers, selected to perform the military duty in the churchyard, stationed themselves in the front of the procession, with their arms reversed; the main body of the corps surrounded and supported the coffin, on which were placed the hat and sword of their friend and fellow-soldier; the numerous body of attendants ranged themselves in the rear; while the Fencible regiments of infantry and cavalry lined the streets from the Town Hall to the burial-ground in the southern church-yard, a distance of more than half a mile. The whole procession moved forward to that sublime and affecting



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

POWFOOT AND LAKES.

Powfoot or Queensberry is a small watering-place on the Solway Firth, 3 miles south-west of Annan. The village stands at the mouth of the Pow-of-Cumertrees. Pow is the name given to the torpid rivulets which abound in the marshy districts of Scotland.

strain of music, the Dead March in *Saul*; and three volleys fired over his grave marked the return of Burns to his parent earth!"

A few miles upstream from Dumfries is the farm of Ellisland, which was Burns's first place of residence in the county after leaving Ayrshire.

Thanks to the minute researches of his biographers, we know something of the poet's formal entry on his new possession in 1789. Being thoroughly superstitious, he resorted to the ancient ritual appropriate to the occupation of a new house: Elizabeth Smith was instructed to proceed the master and mistress through the doorway, carrying the family Bible and a bowl of salt!

Like the Vale of the Annan, Nithdale pierces far into the heart of the ring of lofty hills which encircles the north-eastern corner of the county, and here again the railway has adopted the only feasible channel of communication. As everywhere else in the shire, the remains of ancient strongholds, from grim and simple peel towers to elaborate castles, testify to the insecurity of life and property

which was a feature of existence on the Anglo-Scottish border. To the same cause must also be assigned the comparatively modern appearance of the few towns. But for what they lack in antiquity they certainly make up in charm. There are few places in southern Scotland more attractive than Thornhill.

Just north of Thornhill is the Castle of Morton, which, as Archbald says : " Of old hath been a very strong hold." But the spot possessed something more remarkable than its castle, for near by " there was a park, built by Sir Thomas Randolph, on the face of a very great and high hill, so artificially, that, by the advantage of the hill, all wild beasts such as deer, harts, roes, and horses [!] did easily leap in, but could not get out again ; and if any other cattle, such as cows, sheep, or goats, did voluntarily leap in, or was forced to it, it was doubted if their owners were permitted to get them out again."



Photo by]

HODDOM CASTLE, LOCKERBIE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This stately old pile was built by Lord Herries in the fifteenth century. It stands on the right bank of the Annan, 3 miles south-west of Ecclefechan. The original Hoddom Castle stood on the other side of the river a little higher up. It is popularly believed to have been a seat of the royal Bruces.

The " show " place in this region is, of course, the castle of Drumlanrig. It is not a mediæval fortress but a seventeenth century mansion, which incorporates some small portion of an earlier structure. Built by the third Earl (first Duke) of Queensberry, its magnificence and stately comfort speak of a time when defence was no longer the first consideration and the great ones of the land could have a habitation outwardly commensurate with their style and dignity. No one appreciated its amenities more than " Bonnie Prince Charlie," whose men did it great damage during the rebellion of 1745.

The outpost of civilisation among the wild and solitary hills of the Border is the ancient little town of Sanquhar. Its present modest appearance belies the importance it possessed in earlier, if not happier, times. Did not citizens of Sanquhar once publicly declare war on Charles II and James II, and proudly exhibit their defiant proclamations on the town cross ?



THE CASTLE AND LOCH, LOCHMABEN.

Photo by]

One of the most interesting relics in the neighbourhood of Lochmaben are the ruins of a large castle, said to be the paternal home of Bruce. Little now remains to convince the eye that it was once the strongest fortress on the Border. The ruins stand on the end of a peninsula, which juts out into the loch about a mile from the town.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.



Photo by]

INTERIOR OF DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

[W. A. Mansell & Co.

Though in the main a Norman building, the Chapel of Nine Altars, from which this photograph was taken is perhaps the finest example of Early English work, and is certainly the largest attached chapel in England. The view is of the north aisle.



Photo by]

[A. H. Robinson.

GENERAL VIEW OF DURHAM.

The capital of the county of Durham is built on a hill nearly surrounded by the River Wear. The city dates from as early as the tenth century, and has an ecclesiastical origin.

DURHAM

READERS of this work will no doubt have realised that the word "beautiful" is used in a wide sense; it comports not only what appeals to the physical eye, but even more what appeals to the mind's eye, that God-given faculty which sees the picturesque and romantic quality in things which may not be outwardly attractive, but are endeared to all lovers of fine things by reason of their history or associations.

Durham is a county which deserves a high place in this book, even though much of its scenery has been sacrificed in the cause of industry. It is not of great area, and a serious proportion of that area is devoted to coal-mining and other activities which play terrible havoc with natural beauties. Even the region which is free from the industrial blight—the high moors of the west—is somewhat bleak and featureless, and cannot compare with the best moorland districts of Yorkshire, for example. But the coast is by no means so insignificant as is generally imagined, the wooded "denes" which mark the course of the little streams which dribble into the North Sea are full of charm, and really attractive scenery is to be found in the valleys of the Wear, Tees, and Derwent. But even without these pleasant features, the county should have a call on the affections of any Briton possessed of the slightest imagination. Its history is of absorbing interest, and existing witnesses of its moving and



Photo by]

[W. A. Mansell & Co.

THE LIBRARY, DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

The library contains many interesting documents. Among the most valuable are a treatise on the Psalter presented by Walter de Calais, a Bible given by Bishop Pusey, and the roll of Bede's history.

picturesque past—from perfect Roman camps to the strongholds of mediæval barons and the ecclesiastical masterpiece of the Norman architect—are numerous and well preserved.

To avoid the drawbacks of incoherence and confusion, our survey will first be concerned with the eastern and industrial half of the county, an area traversed by the great Durham coalfield and one of the most densely populated districts of the British Isles. Here Nature has been so bounteous with her mineral treasures that her greatest treasure—beauty—must be sought for in more or less unlikely places ; but here, too, man has to a certain extent supplemented Nature, by dotting the county with some of the most creditable of his creations, for even if he had only Durham Cathedral to show for his two thousand years of effort it could not be said that he had entirely wasted his time !

The River Derwent forms the northern boundary of the county almost to its junction with the Tyne.



Photo by]

DURHAM CATHEDRAL FROM THE RIVER.

[Sport & General.

The cathedral is built of the red stone of the neighbourhood, and, from Prebend's Bridge, one of the best views of the exterior may be obtained. The heights of the western towers and the central tower are 143 feet and 216 feet respectively.

After emerging from the moors in the west the story of this river is the tale of its struggle with Old King Coal. On the whole, the dusky monarch has had the best of it, though there are some charming "bits" to be discovered in this corner of the county. The inquisitive visitor who survives the passage through sooty and over-busy Consett will find himself in a pleasant spot at Shotley Bridge, with associations of which one might perhaps have spoken more freely prior to 1914. For most of the ancient fame of the place was bestowed upon it in the seventeenth century by a colony of German sword-makers, who made this village their refuge from religious persecution and a deluge of *verboten*s in their own country.

Ebchester, 2 or 3 miles down-stream, is the first of the old Roman stations which we shall touch in our pilgrimage. The camp of Vindomora, whose site it occupies, was the fourth and last fortress



Photo by]

THE GALILEE, DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

[W. A. Mansell & Co.

This beautiful Galilee was first built by Bisbop Pugar in 1154 for the reception of female penitents. It was so called because, at Durham, women were supposed to occupy the same sort of position that the ancient Galileans occupied in relation to the Jews.



Photo by]

THE CHOIR VAULTING, DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

[W. A. Mansell & Co.

The fine choir has five bays with aisles, and its sides have four pillars each—two clustered and two circular—with spiral channels. The altar screen is over 500 years old; it was built in London of Caen stone, and is the best example in the world of canopied screen-work.

in this county on the great military highway, now better known as "Watling Street," which the Romans built to ensure prompt and easy communication between north and south, and facilitate rapid reinforcement of the garrison guarding the mighty wall just across the Tyne. Ebchester Camp has been almost obliterated, however, and the chief evidences of Roman occupation in the village are the inscribed stones of various kinds which can be seen built into the tower of the church and many of the houses.

Ebchester is by no means the only community in this county where existing buildings form a kind of museum of ancient relics. Its story is repeated at the little town of Lanchester, the Roman *Longovicus*, the next southerly point of military importance on Watling Street. As Surtees says, "Great part of the village, as well as the present Christian church, is composed of the Pagan masonry of the neighbouring Roman station." One result of the camp's usefulness as a quarry is that it has ceased to



Photo by]

[Underwood Press Service.

Photo by]

[E. Bastard.

THE NAVE FROM THE CHOIR, DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

The magnificent nave is said to be the most perfect example of Norman architecture in existence. With the exception of the roof, the greater part of it was completed by Bishop Flambard in the beginning of the twelfth century.

THE FONT AND NAVE, DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

The fine font is resplendent with adornments depicting incidents in the life of St. Cuthbert. It takes the place of a sculptured one which first stood there in 1621. The wonderful rose window at the east end of the nave is an object of great interest.

be impressive as an antiquity, for its treasures, in the shape of altars, inscribed stones, and so forth, have been conveyed elsewhere.

But Lanchester has another curiosity in addition to its notable Roman camp. Its church was once collegiate, consisting of a Dean and seven Prebendaries, and Anthony Beke, who brought about this promotion in 1283, was evidently fully determined that the Vicars should behave themselves; hence the following injunctions contained in his statutes and ordinances:

"Let everye of the Vicars going from his house towards the church, and likewise retorning, etc., endeavour hymself to goo with a modest and grave pace. . . ." None of the Vicars shall "brawle or chide in the quier or without; but let them keep silent; not mormoringe, gaynsayinge, or contendinge with one another; neyther yett laughing, fleering, staring, nor casting vagabond eyes towards the people remayning in the came church. . . . Let the Vicars read and also sing alowde, distinctly,

with full voice, and without over skipping or cutting the words. . . . None of the said Vicars shall without some sufficient cause go into any common taverne nor tarye in the same." What counsel of perfection! But what is *sufficient cause* within the meaning of the Act?

Architecturally Lanchester church is interesting, not only for the amount of Roman material that has gone to its construction, but because of the interesting remains of Norman work, which includes a fine chancel arch. There are no purely Norman churches in the county, and examples of this style have to be picked out here and there.

The valley of the Derwent from Ebchester to its junction with the Tyne gives some charming "glimpses" in an otherwise industrial region, and none more unexpected and refreshing than the some-



Photo by]

ENTRANCE TO THE DEAN'S GARDENS AND CLOISTERS FROM INSIDE.

[H. Felton.

The cloisters were completed in 1400 and the Deanery forty-six years later. Underneath the chapel of the latter is an Early English crypt. The original cathedral at Durham was consecrated in 999 by Bishop Aldune, but it was not completed until 1041.

what neglected park of Gibside, in which stands the ancient seat of the Bowes family. In the middle of the eighteenth century George Bowes, a local Louis Quatorze, set out to create a Durham Versailles, and Gibside became an object of awe and admiration to half the country. He it was who built the detached banqueting-house and chapel and elevated a lofty column, crowned by a statue of Liberty, to congratulate his constituents on their wisdom and good sense in electing him their Member! These structures wear a curious, *déraciné* air nowadays, but the woods of Gibside are still a delight and a veritable paradise to the tired and jaded citizens of the grimy towns in the vicinity.

Grim is, alas! the *genius loci* of the lower Tyne valley, for the export of coal, shipbuilding, the manufacture of iron and steel, and so many other necessary industries cannot be carried on without the loss of natural beauties. Consolation for that loss can only be sought in the historic associations of this great ocean highway, and the busy industrial communities on its banks.



Photo by]

EXTERIOR SANCTUARY KNOCKER.

[W. A. Mansell & Co.

Up to the seventeenth century Christian churches, like pagan temples, were allowed to be used as a temporary sanctuary by law-breakers. This knocker is one of the finest of its kind in the country.



Photo by

BLACK STAIR, DURHAM CASTLE.

The castle was built by William the Conqueror in 1072 and is the oldest Norman building in the county of Durham. Only a small portion of the original structure now remains. The castle has a fine hall 180 feet in length, which contains many interesting paintings of prelates and others.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

On æsthetic grounds Gateshead has little claim to inclusion in BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL. To be frank, it is one of the world's industrial horrors. The only substantial antiquity is the parish church, and even that is destitute of great interest. But the history of the town is full of matter which contributes not a little to the gaiety of nations, and the story of the quarrels between Gateshead and Newcastle is an entertainment in itself.

In the Preamble to an Act of Parliament (1552) which annexed the former to the latter, it is solemnly asserted "That the quiet, ordre, regiment, and gouvernance, of the Corporacion and body politike of the Towne of Newcastle uppon Tyne hath been not a lyttel disturbed and hindered, to a moche greater and manifest ympoverishment, ruyne, and decay . . . by reason as well that in the Towne of Gatesyde, next adjoyning unto the said haven towne of Newcastle, on the South syde of the said ryver of Tyne, doo inhabyte and been from tyme to tyme a greate nombre of carpenters, collyers, fishers, maryners, and other handycraftes menne, which by their handy workes gayne and have their cheif and in manner hole lyving in the said towne of Newcastle, wher they daly comit manyfold enormetyes and disorders which escape unponished, to a very evil example in the hinderance of justice."

To realise the changes wrought in England by the industrialisation of the last hundred years, all that is necessary is to take a walk through the dirty, noisy, and crowded streets of modern Jarrow,

and then read the remarks of Surtees in his monumental *History and Antiquities of the County Palatine of Durham* (1820): "The spot has no claim to peculiar beauty, yet it is well calculated to produce a general impression of solemn quiet . . . Jarrow is 'a romancy spot,' where, as Anthony à Wood hath it, a man may admirably 'refresh himself with a melancholy walk.'" A man could certainly do so to-day!

But the great and abiding glory of the town is the parish church, which was dedicated (as a stone



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

NORMAN ARCH, DURHAM CASTLE.

Durham Castle is occupied by the University, and the "Great Hall" is now the dining-room. The building stands on Palace Green, which is situated on the neck of a peninsula formed by the windings of the river.

built into the tower arch still testifies) "on the ninth of the Kalends of May in the fifteenth year of King Ecfred," i.e. A.D. 685; and that glory is due, not to any architectural beauty, but to its associations with the Venerable Bede. The Saxon tower—the sole survivor of the ancient edifice—is, of course extremely interesting from an archaeological point of view, but the attraction for the pilgrims who still throng to Jarrow is that battered curiosity, "Bede's Chair," and the magnetism of his name. The monastery had only just been founded when he came here from Monkwearmouth, and he tells us himself that "he spent his whole life," from childhood to age, within its walls. We know, too, from his own pen in what manner he spent his time: "From the date of my attaining the priesthood until this my fifty-ninth year, I have never ceased to compile annotations and glosses on the holy scripture, for the edifying of myself and my



Photo by

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

THE COURTYARD, DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

One of the largest and most impressive of our English churches, Durham Cathedral was dedicated to St. Cuthbert up to the Reformation, and after that to Christ and the Blessed Virgin. The building contains the tomb of the Venerable Bede, who died in 735.

brethren." Small wonder that Surtees adds: "When Bede died, History reversed her torch, and quenched it in deep night!"

Jarrow inevitably recalls its neighbour, Monkwearmouth, not only because their monasteries were the twin foundations of Benedict Biscop in the seventh century, but because it was from Monkwearmouth that Bede went to the more northerly settlement in which his active career was passed. There can be no doubt that the existing church incorporates in the tower and nave a considerable part of the Bishop's original building, and it therefore takes an important place in the architectural and ecclesiastical history of the country. It also enjoys the distinction of having Bede for its first biographer and, very fortunately, Bede's account of its construction still exists, and can be found in his *Lives of the Holy Abbats*. From him we learn that the Bishop had to go to France to secure his artificers and craftsmen, and that among other innovations was the introduction of glass, "for cancelling the windows," as the great Churchman phrased it. But when this most interesting church is seen set in a wilderness of grimy and poverty-stricken



Photo by]

AN OLD HOUSE ON ELVET BRIDGE, DURHAM.

[H. Felton.

This old bridge was completed in 1228 by Bishop Pudsey and is one of the few remaining bridges with houses thereon. In former days the bridge had two chapels, built either on it or close by.

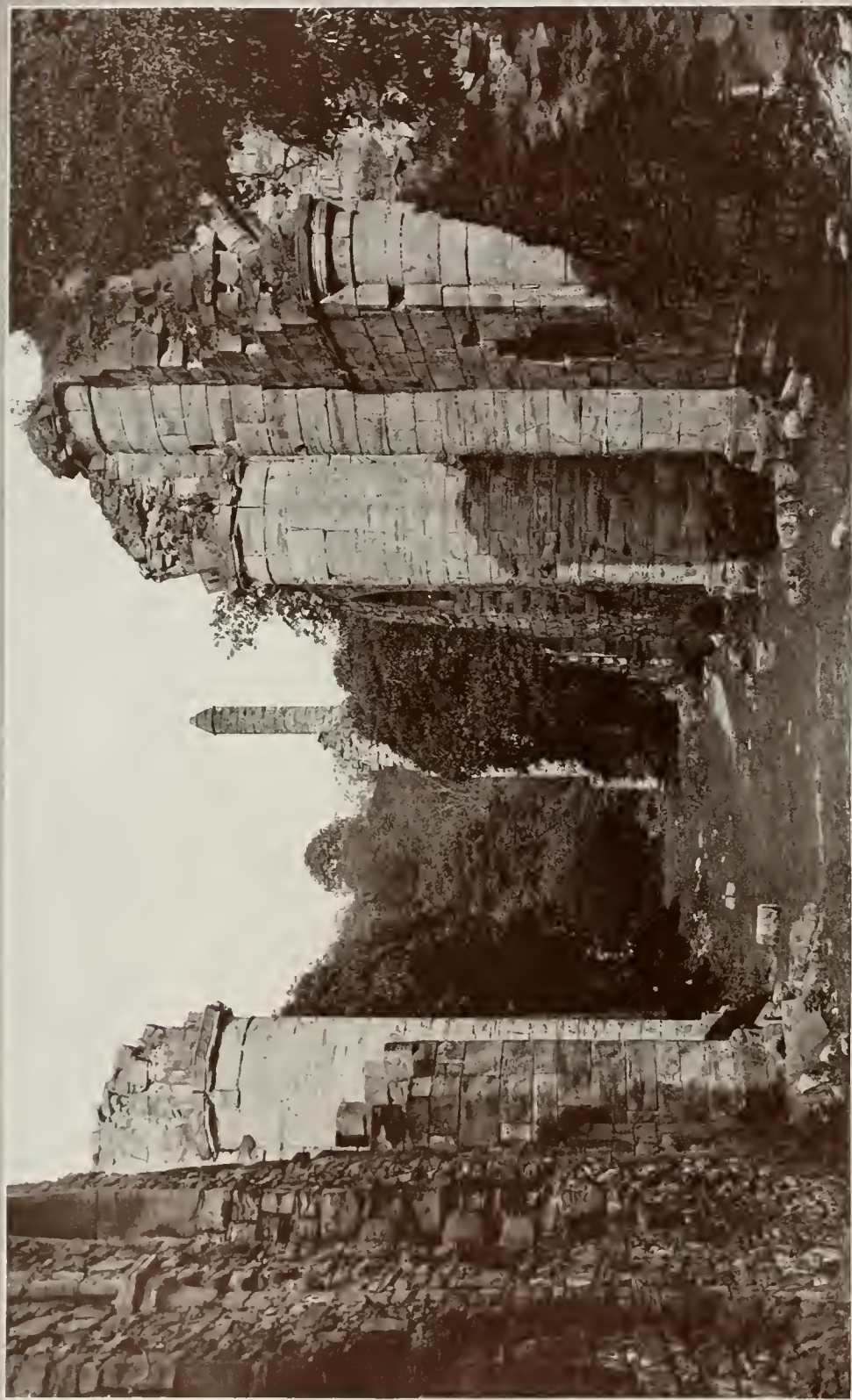


Photo by

FINCHALE PRIORY.

The ruins of this Benedictine Abbey are in a charming situation on the River Wear $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles north-east of Durham. It was founded in 1196 as a cell in Durham Priory, but little now remains of this once great building. The view is of the nave.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

houses, it is difficult to realise that for its embellishment the Bishop made several visits to Rome and ransacked the Eternal City for its treasures!

Neither Sunderland nor South Shields has any claim to much space in this work, whatever their importance (and it is great) to the economic life of Britain. In the latter an industrious seeker after the odds and ends of antiquity will discover the unmistakable remains of a Roman station, and all Britons should remember the names of Henry Greathead and William Wouldhave, thanks to whose efforts South Shields became the pioneer of the lifeboat service. Sunderland, too, is an ancient place, though with nothing ancient about it now, and it must suffice here to say that it stands at the mouth of the Wear,



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

LUMLEY CASTLE FROM THE GLEN.

The castle was founded by the Lumleys in the reign of Edward I. It stands on an elevation above the Wear, one mile east of Chester-le-Street. The building is constructed of yellow freestone, and takes the form of a quadrangle flanked by octagonal towers. It belongs to the Earl of Scarborough, and can more rightly be called a large manor house than a fortress.

a river round whose valley concentrates much of the scenic, historical, and architectural interest of the county.

Not a little of that interest is claimed by the castles situated in or adjoining the valley. Of these the first in topographical order is Hylton Castle, the earliest portion of which probably dates from the first half of the fifteenth century. Billings writes in glowing terms of "the turrets, with their staircases and bold, broad machicolations; even the guard's room (surmounting the projection of its east front) remains perfectly entire, and nothing but a few armed men is wanted to complete the picture of bygone, baronial power."

But great as is the fame of Hylton, its chief celebrity is a ghost of most curious manners and habits known as the "Cauld Lad o' Hylton." ("Cauld" or "Cowed" was the local term for headless.) The ghost seems to be part fiction and part fact. It is tolerably certain that one of the lords of Hylton once lost his temper and accidentally killed a serving-boy, and cast the corpse into a pond. But



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

MONKWEARMOUTH PARISH CHURCH.

Monkwearmouth is within the borough boundary of Sunderland. St. Peter's Church was founded in A.D. 674, but the square tower and part of the west wall are the only remaining parts of the old structure. Bishop Tidrith's stone, now in the British Museum, came from this church.

that was not the end of the matter. The young man's ghost proceeded to make life almost intolerable at the castle. It amused itself by either smashing all the crockery or elaborately rearranging it when the other servants had not placed it to the phantom's taste. To make its presence even more baneful it preserved invisibility but treated its audience to a blood-curdling ditty:

“ Wae's me, wae's me !
The acorn is not yet
Grown upon the tree
That's to grow the wood
That's to make the cradle
That's to rock the bairn
That's to grow a man
That's to lay me ! ”

Fortunately for the peace of Hylton, the Cauld Lad counted without his host, for someone conceived the bright idea of “ laying ” him by leaving a cloak and hood in the kitchen as a gift, and presumably a hint to make himself scarce. This apparently recognised method of dealing with such a ticklish situation was admirably effective, for the ghost disappeared and never returned.

The next castle in the Wear Valley is Lambton, the seat of the Earl of Durham, which was deprived of most of its architectural interest by wholesale “ modernisation ” in the early part of the eighteenth century. But if

somewhat uninteresting as a “ show ” place, the castle commands immense respect for its associations with the legend of the Lambton “ Worm,” a creature far more fearsome in its way than the Cauld Lad o' Hylton. The opening *leitmotiv* of the story appears to be the well-worn themes that (i) the Sabbath was made for observance, (ii) great things grow from small beginnings.

One fine Sunday, when the young hopeful of the Lambtons was fishing in the Wear—instead of attending at church—he hooked a worm. In rage or contempt he cast the creature back into a well. As time went on the despised worm developed into a fearsome dragon which haunted the Wear, devastated the countryside, and made itself



Photo by,

SOUTH OUTLET, SUNDERLAND.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

On account of its extensive shipbuilding and engineering activities and its export trade, Sunderland is the largest town in the county. The two piers jut out into the sea 1,386 feet from the sides of Wearmouth.



Photo by]

CAVE IN HOLEY ROCK, ROKER.

Within easy reach of Sunderland is Roker, a popular watering-place and resort, north of the mouth of the Wear. This cave is an object of great interest to visitors.

{Valentine & Sons, Ltd.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

OLD TOWN, HARTLEPOOL.

The older part of Hartlepool dates from very early times and has an eventful history. In 1171 it was the landing-place of the Earl of Bar's fleet with an army of Flemings, who came to assist William the Lion in invading England.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

NORTH BEACH, SEAHAM HARBOUR.

A hundred years ago the site of the seaport town of Seaham Harbour was nothing but waste ground. It stands close to the mouth of Seaham Dene, 6 miles south of Sunderland.

generally a thing of horror and wonder. In vulgar modern parlance, it was now "up to" the young Lambton to rid the world of the pest with which he had presented it, particularly as he had meanwhile been on a Crusade and realised the folly and wickedness of fishing on Sunday. A series of terrific combats ensued in which the knight's skill and valour were always frustrated by the capacity of the worm's severed portion to reunite at will. Surtees tells us how Lambton ultimately triumphed. On the advice of a witch, "he armed himself in a coat of mail, studded with razor-blades, and thus prepared placed himself on the crag in the river, and awaited the monster's arrival. At the usual time the worm came to the rock and wound himself with great fury round the armed knight, who had



Photo by]

WYNARD PARK, NEAR STOCKTON.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This stately pile was founded by the Marquis of Londonderry in 1822. Nineteen years later it was destroyed by fire with a heavy loss, but it was soon afterwards reconstructed. It is built in the Grecian style, and has a magnificent Corinthian portico and a statue gallery 120 feet long and 80 feet wide.

the satisfaction to see his enemy cut in pieces by his own efforts, while the stream washing away the several parts prevented the possibility of re-union."

But, as Surtees quaintly remarks, "there is still a sequel to the story. The witch had promised Lambton success only on one condition—that he would slay the first living thing that met his sight after victory. To avoid the possibility of human slaughter, Lambton had directed his father that as soon as he heard him sound three blasts on his bugle, in token of the achievement performed, he should release his favourite greyhound, which would immediately fly to the sound of the horn, and was destined to be the sacrifice. On hearing his son's bugle, however, the old chief was so overjoyed that he forgot the injunctions and ran himself with open arms to meet his son. Instead of committing a parricide, the conqueror repaired to his adviser, who pronounced, as the alternative of disobeying

the original instructions, that no chief of the Lambtons should die in his bed for seven, or as some accounts say, for nine generations—a commutation which, to a martial spirit, had nothing probably very terrible, and which was willingly complied with.”

The really remarkable part of the story is that the prophecy was actually fulfilled! And lest any should doubt the matter altogether, there is the curious hump still known as the “Worm Hill.”

Lumley Castle, a bare mile away, was the home of one of the most ancient families of England, and is of far higher architectural importance than the two previously mentioned. Externally, its four corner “keeps” still enable it to preserve a thoroughly mediæval impress, and though restoration and modernisation have been carried out internally on a very extensive scale it requires no great effort of imagination to conjure up visions of the Lords of Lumley in all the glory of an appropriate setting. The massive masonry, the Great Hall, the ballroom, and many other impressive and most interesting



COPYRIGHT.

GEOGRAPHIA (1923) 1st 55 FLEET STREET LONDON, E.C.4

MAP OF DURHAM.

relics of bygone times are eloquent memorials of the splendour associated with the name of an ancient and powerful race. And indeed the Lumleys had some reason to be proud. For if tradition speaks truly it was their ancestor, Lyulph, who protested against the exactions and misdeeds of the agents and servants of Bishop Walcher—and paid for his chivalrous courage with his life. Other Lumleys set an inspiring example of audacity and devotion on many a stricken field, and one—John, Lord Lumley, was bold enough to receive King James I as his guest—a visit memorable for one of the recorded witticisms of that curious monarch. John was a proud man, so proud that he had portraits of his ancestors painted and hung very conspicuously in the Great Hall. The Bishop of Durham, who seems to have been a peculiarly long-winded gentleman, was treating the King to a lengthy disquisition on the merits and history of all of these “ancestors” when James interrupted tartly, “O mon, gang na further, let me digest the knowledge I hae gained, for, by my saul, I didna’ ken Adam’s name was Lumley!”

More evidence of the pride of this Lord of Lumley is to be found in the parish church of Chester-le-

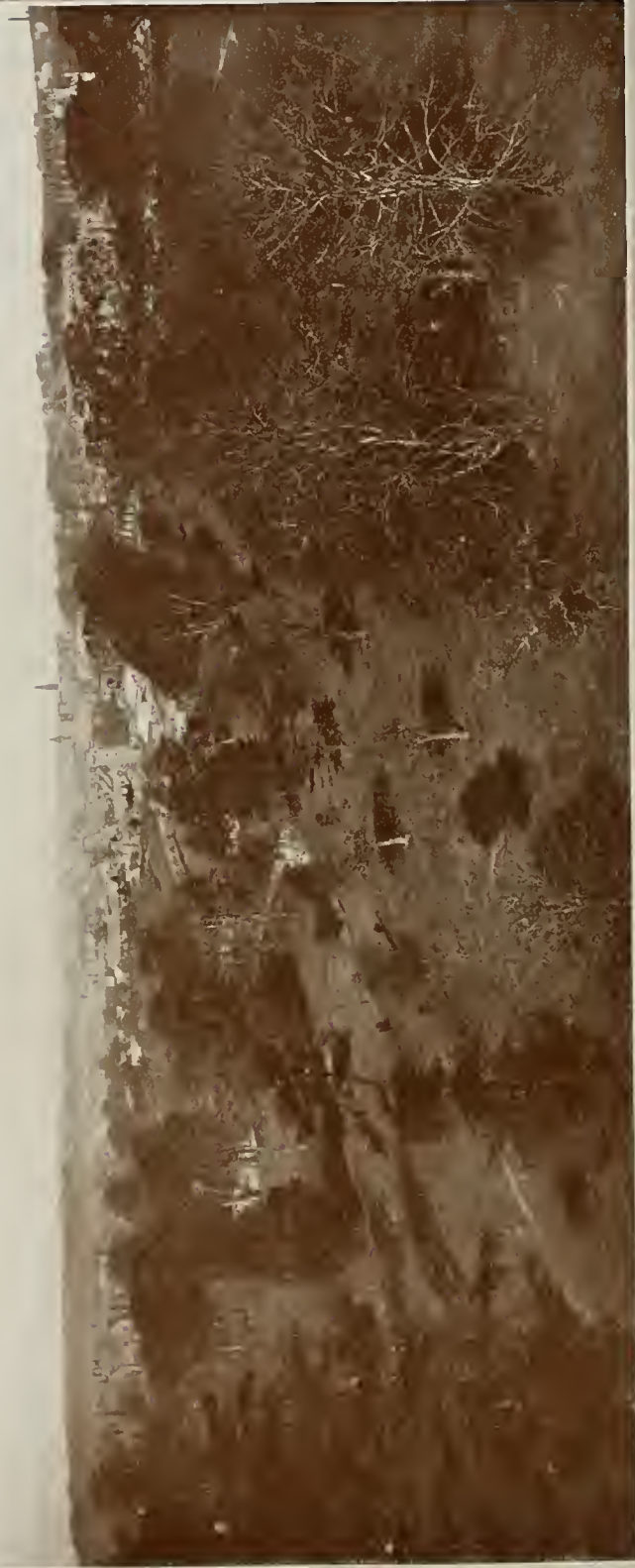


Photo by]

Auckland Castle dates mainly from the sixteenth century, but the chapel was founded by Bishop Pudsey at the end of the twelfth century. It stands in a fine park of many acres on the north side of the town, close to the River Gaunless.

[Photograph Co., Ltd.

It stands in a fine park of many acres on the north side of the town, close to the River Gaunless.



[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

BISHOP AUCKLAND FROM HIGH PLAIN.

The town of Bishop Auckland stands on an elevation between the rivers Wear and Gaunless, 13½ miles north-west of Darlington. It took its name partly from the episcopal palace and partly from the fact that the vicinity abounds in oak-trees.

Photo by

Street, just across the river. Towards the end of the sixteenth century he brought together here fourteen monumental effigies of members of his family, and to give its distinguished history more publicity set out the whole story in Latin on that of Lyulph. Camden throws some light on the haughty gentleman's methods by remarking of these effigies that "they were either picked out of demolished monasteries, or made anew."

This Early English church is perhaps the only feature of interest in Chester-le-Street, a somewhat melancholy reflection in view of its distinguished place in the early history of the county. For here was one of the most important Roman stations in the North of England, and for over a hundred years the town was the seat of the bishopric which had its headquarters at Lindisfarne until the Danish



Photo by]

WISHING TEMPLE IN PARK, BISHOP AUCKLAND.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The fine public park belonging to the castle is 800 acres in extent. The wishing temple is reached by a path through the beautiful woods.

invasion of 883. As the resting-place of St. Cuthbert's body during that period Chester-le-Street was a place of high renown. The removal of the saint's remains to Durham at the close of the tenth century was a great blow to its fame, and even by the seventeenth century the place had gained a reputation for grime, as we know from a jingling rhyme of the time.

Chester-le-Street cannot be left without a reference to its seventeenth-century *cause célèbre*—which ended in the condemnation and execution for murder of Mark Sharp and John Walker.

In 1632 a certain Anne was living as a servant in Walker's household. She was suspected of being pregnant by the neighbours, and was sent away with Sharp "towards the dark of the evening one night." Nothing more was heard of her until the following winter, when a certain miller, of the name of James Grime, had a most unpleasant experience. He was working late one night, all the mill doors being bolted and barred, when "there stood a woman upon the midst of the floor, with her hair about

her head hanging down, and all bloody with five large wounds on her head." The ghost proceeded to explain to the terrified miller that the expectant father was none other than John Walker himself, adding that he had had her lured away to a deserted part of the moor by Mark Sharp, who had murdered her with a pick in a coal-pit which she named. To make poor Grime even more uncomfortable, the apparition promised him that it would give him no peace until he "showed up" the murderers. At length he did so, and, sure enough, Anne's corpse, with the five wounds in the head, was found in the very coal-pit she indicated. The sequel was a trial at Durham and the conviction of the two men!

A glamour of a different kind is shed upon this part of the county (and particularly Houghton-



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

WHORLTON BRIDGE, WHORLTON, NEAR BARNARD CASTLE.

The village of Whorlton is situated 4 miles south-east of Barnard Castle, close to the Yorkshire border. Whorlton Bridge crosses the River Tees, which is at its prettiest along this stretch of its course.

le-Spring) by its associations as the scene of the labours and activities of one of the most remarkable and lovable ecclesiastics the sixteenth century produced—Bernard Gilpin, the "Apostle of the North." The record of his attractive and self-sacrificing life lies outside the limits of this survey, though over no man of this county would the pen more willingly linger. It must suffice to say that as rector of Houghton-le-Spring he was "guide, philosopher, and friend" to all mankind in those troublous times, and that his mental outlook is admirably portrayed in the words of one of his biographers: "In his own house he boarded and kept foure and twenty scollers, sometimes fewer, but seldom; the greater part poore men's sonnes upon whom he bestowed meat, drinke, cloth and education. . . . Hee was careful to avoide not only all evill doing, but even the lightest suspicion thereof; and he was accounted a saint in the judgment of his very enemies. Being full of faith unfained and of good works he was at last put into his grave as a heap of wheat in due time is swept into the garner."

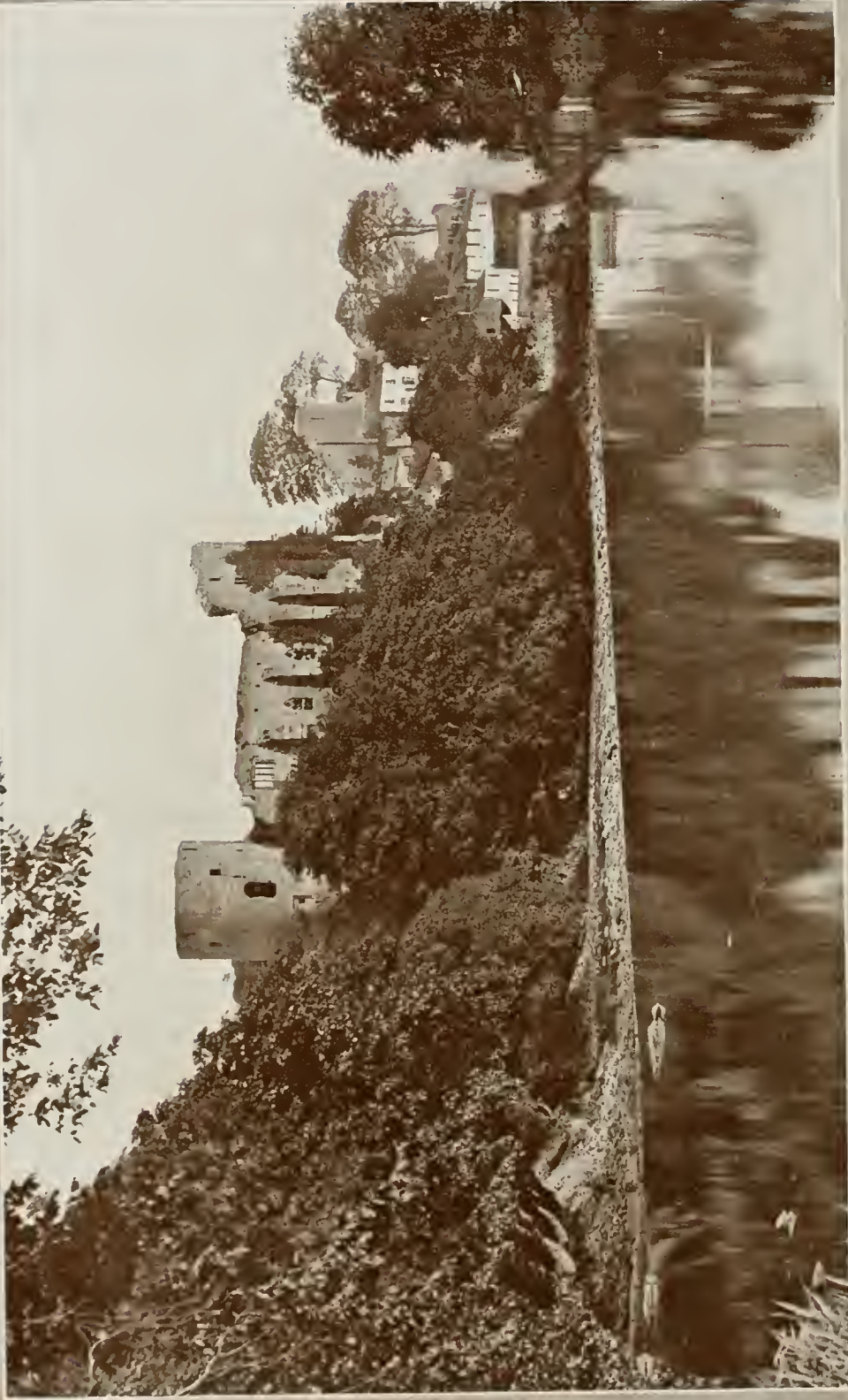


Photo by]

BARNARD CASTLE.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

The photograph was taken from one of the windows of Barnard Castle. The ruins are perched on the edge of a steep rock 80 feet above the Tees, which can be seen framed in the window.



[Photo by]

BARNARD CASTLE: THE CASTLE.

This fine old castle was founded in 1112 by Bernard Balfol. Sir Walter Scott describes the view from the castle in his poem "Rokeby." The castle passed from its founder to the Beauchamps, then to the Crown, and finally to an ancestor of the Duke of Cleveland.

[Photograph Co., Ltd.]

He rests in the Early English church of St. Michael, and the rectory still shows the ancient tree which is even now known as "Bernard Gilpin's Thorn."

From this digression we must return to the Wear Valley where the lights of Durham beckon beyond the charming ruin of Finchale Priory. The prelude to Finchale is a spot a mile away still known as "Godric's Garth."

Our journey up the Wear Valley to the county capital must be interrupted for the last time by a call at Finchale Priory, the only substantial ecclesiastical ruin in Durham, situated in a beautiful and well-wooded bend of the river and deservedly haunted by the curious of all kinds, from the bespectacled archæologist to the mere picnicker. In their advanced stage of decay the monastic buildings give a very inadequate idea of their splendour; there are many architectural details which perhaps experts alone can appreciate at their true value, but anyone with even a nodding acquaintance with the "lay-out" of a mediæval monastery can extract a good deal of interest out of distinguishing the various domestic buildings grouped so ingeniously round the priory church. Those who like the picturesque "touch" will not miss a famous "window-seat" known as the "Wishing Chair," from its supposed power of ensuring a fertile marriage. But a *caveat* must be entered here, for one authority assures



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

BLAGROVE HOUSE, BARNARD CASTLE.

Barnard Castle owes its origin to the fortress from which it takes its name. The old market town stands in a charming situation on the left bank of the River Tees, which is here spanned by an ancient bridge, built in 1596.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

RABY CASTLE FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

This stately old castle is situated a little to the north of the Tees between Plercebridge and Barnard Castle. It was once the seat of the House of Neville, and during the Civil War it went through many stirring sieges. It later passed to the Vane family, and is even now inhabited by their descendants.

us that "since the removal of the monks it has entirely lost its efficacy"!

This priory acquired its early fame as the burial-place of the twelfth-century hermit Godric, who spent sixty years replete with good works at a spot near by which is still known as Godric's Garth. An ancient chronicler tells us of his spiritual struggles and triumphs, and if but half of the record is true his canonisation was thoroughly deserved.

If a good deal of picturesque fiction goes to the making of Finchale's early history, there is no mystery about the beginnings of Durham; it is one of those most attractive and interesting stories which in essentials bear the indelible stamp of truth.

In 995 A.D. Bishop Aldune and his monks were compelled to desert Chester-le-Street owing to the unwelcome attentions of the Danes. Taking with them their precious relic, the coffin and remains of St. Cuthbert, they fled to Ripon. When the tide of invasion had ebbed the return journey was undertaken, but when the convoy had reached "Wredelau" (some height in the vicinity of Durham, perhaps Warden Law, or Maiden Castle) the saint's corpse suddenly became so heavy as to make further progress impossible. Interpreting this phenomenon as divine intervention of some kind, the monks took the spiritual steps necessary to ascertain its meaning. After three days' fasting the monk Eadmer announced that it had been revealed to him in a dream that the destined resting-place of St. Cuthbert's remains was "Dunholme." As no member of the party had ever heard of "Dunholme," this was making confusion worse confounded. The coffin still obstinately refused to be moved, and the monks wandered about inquiring vainly for "Dunholme," when an old woman was heard asking if anyone



Photo by]

THE ROCK WALK, BARNARD CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

That part of the Tees which lies between Middleton and Gainford is noted for its beautiful scenery. This most romantic of Durham's rivers rises on Cross Fell in Cumberland and flows 80 miles through Westmorland and Durham to the sea at Middlesbrough.

had seen her lost cow. A good Samaritan volunteered the information that the errant quadruped had been seen at Dunholme. Magic words! The coffin rose as if by its own powers, and the clue was followed up to the great bend of the Wear where the hill of Durham majestically rises.

If any sceptic dares to scoff at this story let him look carefully at the turret above "Joseph's" window, where a sculptured representation of the historic cow and the old lady (though an eighteenth-century reproduction of the original panel) reinforces the message of tradition.

Whatever doubt may be thrown upon this part of the story, it is cold historic fact that Durham was founded as the permanent resting-place of St. Cuthbert's remains, the enormous military advantages of the site contributing immensely to its growth and importance. Of its later history little shall be said except that after the Norman Conquest the county and its capital became of high significance, the Bishop being endowed with vice-regal powers as the King's representative and guardian of this *march* against the "barbarous," marauding Scot. Incessant fighting with that enterprising and rest-



Photo by]

VIEW FROM ABBEY BRIDGE, BARNARD CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The prettiest stretch of Teesdale is in the vicinity of Barnard Castle. It is very fascinating to watch the swiftly moving stream swirling round the many boulders and stones which abound in the river.

less gentleman is the chronicle of Durham for generation after generation. The fortunes of war varied considerably, and the most famous of all these encounters took place in 1346 at Neville's Cross, within sight of the cathedral towers. The result was the complete discomfiture of the invader.

As the victory was certainly one of the most important contributions of the county to the history of England, it may not be out of place to draw on Froissart, whose description of the action, in Lord Berners' translation, is exceedingly picturesque :

" Than [*then*] the scottes came and lodged agaynst theyme, nere togyder : than every man was sette in order of batayle : than the quene came among her men, and there was ordayned four batayls, one to ayde another : the firste had in governance the bysshoppe of Dyrham, and the lorde Percy : the second the archbysshoppe of Yorke, and the lorde Nevyl : the thyrde the bysshoppe of Lyncolne,



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd

HIGH FORCE, TEESDALE.

At High Force, several miles below Caldron Snout, where it rushes through a narrow gorge, the Tees falls over a precipitous rock 75 feet in height. All along this stretch the Tees is hemmed in by barren cliffs of basalt.

and the lorde Molray : the fourth the lord Edward de Baylleule, captain of Berwyke, the archbysshoppe of Canterbury, and the Lord Rose : the quene went fro batayle to batayle, desyryng them to do their devoyre [*duty*], to defend the honour of her lord the Kyng of Englande, and in the name of god, every man to be of good hert and courage, promysyng them that to her power she wolde remembre theym as well or better, as though her lorde the Kyng were ther personally. Than the quene departed fro them, recomendyng them to god and to saynt George. Than anone after, the battaylles of the scottes began to set forwarde, and in lykewyse so dyd the englysshmen : than the archers began to shote on both parties, but the shot of the scottes endured but a short space, but ye archers of Englande shot so feersly, so that when the batayls aproched, there was a harde batell ; they began at nyne, and endured tyll noone ; the scottes had great axes, sharpe and harde, and gave with them many great strokes : howbeit, finally the englysshmen obtained the place and vycory, but they lost many of their men. . . ."



Photo by]

JACK'S SCAR, MIDDLETON-IN-TEESDALE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

At Middleton the Tees comes out from its hillbound course and flows over a broad stony bed through open country. The river forms the boundary between Yorkshire and Durham from Caldron Snout to the coast.

Durham never again played so conspicuous a part in the history of our country, and its share in various local commotions or the greater upheaval of the Civil War cannot be recorded here.

On the great hill which is surrounded on three sides by the Wear the cathedral and castle remain as splendid memorials of the past. The former is perhaps the most impressive monument of Norman ecclesiastical art still remaining. The colossal piers of the nave have dignity without severity, and excel all other Norman work in the country in their combination of mass with decorative effect. The two Nevill tombs (including that of the victor of Neville's Cross) are unfortunately but a shadow of their former selves. In 1650 the cathedral was used as a place of confinement for some three thousand



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

A TEESIDE PATH NEAR MIDDLETON.

The position of Middleton makes it within easy reach of the romantic scenery of Upper Teesdale, including High Force and Caldron Snout. The photograph gives a good idea of the stony nature of the river's bed.

Scottish prisoners, who amused themselves by destroying the woodwork and desecrating the monuments.

But the appeal of the simplicity and dignity of the main fabric is exceeded by that of two features on whose beauty the fame of this great church securely rests. One is Bishop Pudsey's Galilee Chapel, a glorious example of traditional Norman work, which would be a place of pilgrimage were it only for its historical treasure, the tomb of Bede :

" Hac sunt in fossa
Bædæ Venerabilis ossa,"

runs the legend on the slab, and the story of the removal of that great man's remains from Jarrow to Durham is the tale of a thieving monk and other complications too long to recount in detail here. But why the "Venerable" Bede? The story goes that a poetical mason who was set the task of



Photo by]

THE CASTLE, STANHOPE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This fine old country seat is situated in beautiful grounds close to Stanhope. The Rectory House, the only other old residence, was built by Bishop Philpotts and contains a Roman altar commemorative of a wild hoar.



Photo by]

WIDLEY FALL, STANHOPE DENE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The small town of Stanhope stands on that pretty reach of the Wear known as Weardale, 5½ miles north-west of Wolsingham. The large park in the vicinity of Stanhope was a favourite hunting-ground with Bishops of Durham.

executing a suitable epitaph was hopelessly "stumped" for a word of the right length for purposes of scansion. The angel who watches over small boys doing examination papers then appeared and whispered the magic epitaph in his ear!

This splendid western termination of the cathedral is excelled, if possible, by the far-famed Chapel of the Nine Altars at the east end, the finest piece of Early English work in the country. For thirty years in the middle of the thirteenth century the building of this finishing touch to Durham's glory was in progress. At the end of the eighteenth century it barely escaped destruction during Wyatt's disgraceful "restoration."



Photo by]

[F. Deville Walker.

THE SAXON CHAPEL, JARROW.

The chapel, which is part of St. Paul's Church, dates from the days of the Venerable Bede, whose name is so well known in Jarrow, and the chair, which is supposed to be his, may still be seen in the chancel. The tablet over the arch is the original dedication stone: A.D. 685.

Seekers after the last resting-place of St. Cuthbert will look in vain for the magnificent shrine to which pilgrims flocked in crowds for centuries. It was one of the first victims of the reforming and iconoclastic fury of Henry VIII's time, and the patron saint of Durham must now be content with a plain slab. For a long time there was grave doubt as to whether his remains were really interred at this spot, and Scott wrote in *Marmion*:

"There, deep in
Durham's Gothic shade,
His reliques are in
secret laid:
But none may know
the place,
Save of his holiest
servants three,
Deep sworn to
solemn secrecy . . ."



Photo by

JARROW OLD CHURCH.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The remains of the old monastery are on the south side of the ancient parish church of St. Paul's, which dates largely from the eleventh century. The Venerable Bede entered the monastery in 684 and resided there for fifty-one years till his death. Bede's most famous work was his "Historia Ecclesiastica," the chief authority on English history down to 731.



From the *Pinakothek* by L. Bollenh Brühl (exhibited in K.A. 1913)

MALDON, FROM HEYBRIDGE.

(By Permission of the O. inc. J. F. Henschel, J. & M. V.)

The market town of Maldon is situated at the head of the Blackwater estuary, at the point where it receives the view over the river from Heybridge, a village on the other side. The estuary of the Blackwater, like those of most of the Essex rivers, is extremely popular with yachtsmen.

But in 1827 the favoured three (whoever they were) were joined by many others when the grave was opened, and many indications proved beyond reasonable cavil that the saint's bones had unquestionably been preserved in this tomb.

Our summary survey cannot omit the beautiful altar-screen, a work of love and devotion inspired by John, Lord Nevill, in 1380. Even though despoiled of its statues, gilt, and colouring, it speaks volumes for the high standard of the mason's art at that period.

Every visitor to Durham will readily admit that the fine pile of the castle buildings is a worthy civil counterpart to the cathedral. The Norman stronghold which became the palace-fortress of the Prince-Bishops has suffered many a change: since 1840 it has formed part of Durham University, and



Photo by]

TAYLOR'S WOOD, CONSETT.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

These charming woods form a pleasant retreat from the busy coal-mines and iron works which surround Consett. The town, which is of considerable antiquity, stands on the River Derwent, 8½ miles north of Wolsingham.

its adaptation for that purpose involved substantial changes. But the process of transformation began much earlier, so that the fabric represents work of various periods and character. The principal "features" are the Norman chapel and gallery, Bishop Cosin's Carolingian "Black Staircase," the "Great Hall," which was built by Bishop Bek and more than once curtailed or extended by his successors, Bishop Pudsey's Hall, Bishop Tunstall's gallery, and, above all, the famous Norman doorway which once and for all disposes of the theory that our conquerors were lacking in the decorative sense.

No one realises better than the writer how completely this bald catalogue fails to do justice to the attractions of this fine and historic palace. Nothing short of detailed treatment is adequate. But space is limited and much ground has yet to be covered before even a bird's-eye view of the beauties of Durham has been obtained.

The bird which flies south and south-east from the county capital will want to close that eye at

times, for a landscape pitted with colliery villages and ugly towns is not scenery of a desirable type. The function of the visitor in such a region is to pick out the bright spots, and these are by no means lacking.

One obvious oasis is Brancepeth, with its church, its mighty castle, and memories of the monster boar, the "Brawn," whose "path" lay hereabouts and whose ravages kept the district in terror until his wicked career was cut short by one Hodge, who dug a deep pit for the brute and then despatched it in summary fashion.

Other objects of delight to weary eyes or of interest to dulled minds are the ancient palace of the Bishops at Bishop Auckland, the fascinating little pre-Norman church at Escombe, the fragmentary remains of Roman Vinovia at Binchester, the castle of Witton, and the old hospital at Sherburn.



Photo by]

MARSDEN ROCK, NEAR SOUTH SHIELDS.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

South Shields has a considerable reputation for shipbuilding, which comes foremost among its many industries. The town stands at the mouth of the Tyne, and forms an important seaport, grown up chiefly out of its export trade in coal.

The great glory of Staindrop Church is the series of Neville tombs, one at least of which is so royal, both in design and execution, as to have been confidently claimed to be the work of the artist-craftsmen who gave the world Henry IV's tomb at Canterbury.

The valley of the Tees, which forms the southern boundary of the county, produces perhaps the best and most varied scenery in Durham, the different effects being greatly heightened by the beautiful woods which clothe its banks. A number of charming villages dot the valley, and such human communities as are not in themselves particularly picturesque have interesting features or associations.

Unquestionably first in order of importance is Barnard Castle, for though the town itself calls for no special attention Leland's words still hold good that "the castelle of Barnard stondith statelie apou Teese," a fine ruin in a fine situation.



Photo 09]

GROTTO BALLROOM, SOUTH SHIELDS.

This grotto-like apartment is one of the chief curiosities of South Shields.



Photo by

EDINBURGH CASTLE, FROM PRINCES GARDENS.

[W. Reid.

The castle stands in a conspicuous position on a rock 300 feet above sea-level. Until the introduction of gunpowder it was considered impregnable, as it is only accessible from the eastern side. The buildings have been frequently reconstructed and added to, and few of them date from before the fifteenth century.



Photo by]

[W. Reid.

ARTHUR'S SEAT, FROM BLACKFORD HILL, EDINBURGH.

The curious shape of this hill somewhat resembles a resting lion. Arthur's Seat stands in King's Park on the south-east side of the city, and from its summit magnificent views of the countryside may be obtained.

EDINBURGHSHIRE

A SURVEY of Edinburghshire, or Midlothian, properly begins with the Scottish capital itself, a city which seems to inspire a multitude of varied emotions among scribes, inasmuch as its sub-titles range from the impressive dignity of "The Athens of the North" to the affectionate familiarity of "Auld Reekie." Perhaps the best introduction to the town is to be found in the words of Robert Louis Stevenson in his *Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes*, a series of sketches which form an essential ingredient in the curriculum of historical and topographical study of one of the finest and most interesting cities in Europe:

"The ancient and famous metropolis of the North sits overlooking a windy estuary from the slope and summit of three hills.

No situation could be more commanding for the head city of a kingdom; none better chosen for noble prospects. From her tall precipice and terraced gardens she looks far and wide on the sea and broad campaigns. To the east you may catch at sunset the spark of the May lighthouse, where the Firth expands into the German Ocean; and away to the west, over all the carse of Stirling, you can see the first snows upon Ben Ledi."

As the "tall precipice" — more familiar as the Castle Rock—is the germ from which all this greatness sprang, it forms an appropriate starting-point for our survey.



Photo by]

[A. H. Robinson.

GENERAL VIEW OF EDINBURGH.

This view of the Scottish capital shows the New Town, which was started in 1767. Princes Street, the principal street in Edinburgh, may be seen in the photograph. The city is placed in a very picturesque situation on a ring of hills, and this, with its many handsome buildings, has earned it the name of "The Modern Athens."



Photo by,

ST. GILES CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Named after St. Giles, the confessor, this parish church is the most ancient in the city. It was restored in 1829, and this fact rather belies its age. The church is first mentioned in a charter of David II in 1259.

capital are associated with scenes of violence and death: the atmosphere of the stake and gibbet hangs heavy over the Grass Market; Rizzio's blood still (!) brings the crowds to Holyrood; the Canongate is a Rue St. Honoré, and even St. Giles claims special renown because Jenny Geddes threw her stool at the officiating clergyman !)

Of the mass of buildings which crowns the summit of the rock and forms the "Castle" some have

little claim to regard on any ground save that of utility, but the exceptions are fortunately of the highest interest. On dramatic grounds the palm should perhaps be awarded to the Argyll Tower, the old state prison which so many of the noblest and best have found a threshold to the place of public execution. It takes its name from the two Argylls, father and son, who with Montrose formed its most distinguished occupants in the seventeenth century.



Photo by

ST. GILES CATHEDRAL, VIEW FROM CHANCEL, LOOKING WEST.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The nave was adorned with the colours of various Scottish regiments, presented in 1883. The Albany aisle on the right of the nave is said to have been founded by the Duke of Albany in memory of the Duke of Rothesay, who was murdered at Falkland in 1402.



Photo by]

THE CASTLE AND ROSS FOUNTAIN, EDINBURGH.

[A. H. Robinson.

The castle buildings are now occupied by infantry, and there is also an extensive armoury. The castle has been the scene of many historical events, and during the Scottish wars it frequently fell into the hands of the English.



Photo by,

HERIOT'S HOSPITAL AND ROYAL INFIRMARY, EDINBURGH.

W. Reid.

Heriot's Hospital, the large building in the centre of the photograph, was founded in the seventeenth century by George Heriot, Jeweller to James VI. After its completion, it was used as a military hospital until the end of the Civil War. The Royal Infirmary was planned by David Bryce, and the then Prince of Wales laid the foundation stone in 1870.

Macaulay's vivid description of Argyll's last hours is worthy of a brief quotation :

" He dined with appetite, conversed with gaiety at table, and after his last meal, lay down, as he was wont, to take a short slumber, in order that his body and mind might be in full vigour when he should mount the scaffold. At this time one of the Lords of the Council (supposed to have been Middleton) . . . came to the Castle with a message from his brethren and demanded to see the Earl. It was answered that the Earl was asleep. The Privy Councillor thought that this was a subterfuge and insisted on entering. The door of the cell was softly opened and there lay Argyll on the bed, sleeping in his irons, the placid sleep of infancy."



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

STATE PRISON, EDINBURGH CASTLE.

This prison has been occupied by many Scottish kings. In 1438 James II was held here by Chancellor Crichton, who was also responsible for the execution of William, the sixth Earl of Douglas. James III was imprisoned here for nine months until he was released through the action of the Duke of Albany.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

OLD TOLBOOTH, EDINBURGH.

This famous old court-house was built during the reign of James VI, in the French style of architecture that was then popular in Scotland. An inscription over the archway reads : " PATRIÆ ET POSTERIS, 1591."

Of the buildings forming the Citadel the most ancient is the Early Norman Chapel of St. Margaret, which takes its name from the wise and enlightened wife of Malcolm Canmore. It is not only the oldest but also the smallest religious edifice in the country, and Queen Victoria deserves special mention for rescuing it from base uses in 1853 and restoring it to its ancient form and condition.

Similar intervention was required to give the Castle back its splendid "Great Hall," which had been rendered unrecognisable by its conversion into the barracks hospital. Its misuse for that purpose was an unpardonable scandal, for this sumptuous chamber had once been the meeting-place of the Scots parliament and had witnessed some of the most picturesque and vivid events in the history of the country. Happily it now wears much the same appearance as in its palmy days. Beneath the hall are some interesting dungeons whose inmates have included many French prisoners captured in the Napoleonic wars. Readers of Stevenson's *St. Ives* will remember them well.

What remains of the ancient Royal Palace of the Castle has a special appeal.

"Queen Mary's Room," with its memories of one of the most pathetic and tragic figures in British history, is famous as the birthplace of the future James VI of Scotland and I of England. In view of what the future had in store for her, a melancholy interest attaches to the inscription which records the event:

"Lord Jesu Chryst that crownist was with Thornse, Preserve the Birth quhais Badgie heir is borne, and send hir sonne succession to Reigne stille, Lang in this Realme, if that it be Thy Will; als grant, O Lord, quhat ever of Hir proceed Be to Thy Honer Glorie and Praise; Sobied.

19TH JUNII, 1566."

In the Crown Room the interesting story of the adventures of the Scottish Regalia is vividly brought to mind; their various "disappearances" are one of the romances of all time, and it must have



COPYRIGHT

GEOGRAPHIA 55, 55 FLEET STREET LONDON E C 4

MAP OF EDINBURGHSHIRE.

been (and was, as readers of Lockhart know) one of the greatest moments of Walter Scott's life when in 1817 they were unearched in his presence from the wooden chest in which they had lain concealed for well over a hundred years.

"Mons Meg," greatest and most glorious of popguns, is the affectionate nickname of an antique cannon, put together in somewhat primitive fashion, but effective enough to burst in great style during the Duke of York's visit to Edinburgh in 1682. After a sojourn in the Tower of London between 1684 and 1829 it was reclaimed by the patriotic Scott and restored to its rightful place.

From the summit of the Castle Rock the whole city lies outspread in a beautiful and variegated panorama. Eastward runs the ridge on the slopes of which the "Old Town" was built. The broad highway, Castle Hill--Lawn Market--High Street--Canongate, is its spinal cord, and Holyrood Palace marks its eastern termination. Behind the frowning face of Salisbury Crags "Arthur's Seat" rears its shapely head. On the north lie the trim parallelograms of that eighteenth century outcrop, the "New Town," which seems to wash the foot of Calton Hill, crowned by its observatory and monuments.



Photo by]

QUEEN MARY'S STAIRS, WHITE HORSE CLOSE, EDINBURGH.

[A. G. Willis.

In 1566, five years after her return to Scotland, Queen Mary gave birth to James VI of Scotland who afterwards became the first king of the United Kingdom. The room where he was born is off the Palace Yard in Edinburgh Castle. The Queen's apartments at Holyrood Palace were practically the only part of the building to escape the devastating fire at the end of the Civil War.



Photo by]

DUNSAPPIE LOCH AND ARTHUR'S SEAT, EDINBURGH.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This curious artificial loch is situated on the eastern shoulder of Arthur's Seat, 371 feet above sea-level. In the winter the loch is much in favour for curling and skating.



Photo by]

HOLYROOD PALACE, EDINBURGH.

[W. Reid.

Holyrood was originally an abbey, founded by David I, but it was not until the reign of James IV that it was used as a residence by Scottish sovereigns. Most of the present edifice dates from the end of the seventeenth century.

The last fifty years have admittedly played havoc with the insanitary picturesqueness of the "Old Town." Most of the ancient houses have disappeared and the famous "wynds" and "closes" have had to make room for modern "improvements." Inasmuch as life in a crowded city should be made as tolerable as possible for those who cannot get away from it BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL must bewail these changes with one voice and applaud them with another. And for the rest, the most must be made of what is left.

Hardly any historic spot has suffered so severely in the process of renovation as the "Grass Market"; it still retains a flavour of antiquity, but has become highly respectable, and it is by no



Photo by]

THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON'S AUDIENCE CHAMBER, HOLYROOD.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The Audience Chamber is one of the most interesting rooms in the palace. It contains portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, Cardinal Beaton, and John Knox. A blood-stain outside the door still marks the scene of Rizzio's murder.

means easy to conjure up its associations either with the execution of Covenanters or the activities of Burke and Hare. Yet this space could be peopled with the ghosts of crowds jeering at, or sympathising with, the sufferings of victims dangling from the gibbet. The Place de la Concorde is not haunted by more dreadful memories.

Perhaps the most amazing scene ever witnessed in the Grass Market was the "Porteous Riot" on September 7, 1736. Captain Porteous had made himself exceedingly unpopular by the execution of a smuggler. As the crowd showed sympathy with the culprit he ordered his troops to fire. For this offence he was found guilty of murder and sentenced to death. When the news of his reprieve by the Queen (who was acting as Regent) arrived, the fury of the mob knew no bounds, and the wretched



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

THE SCENE OF RIZZIO'S MURDER, HOLYROOD.

Rizzio was an Italian musician who rose to great favour with Mary Queen of Scots as her secretary. Darnley believed that the two were lovers, so, on March 9, 1556, the favourite was dragged from his queen's presence and brutally murdered.

man was torn from the old Tolbooth, where he lay confined. The rest of the story is best told in the words of Scott in *The Heart of Midlothian* :

“ The procession now moved forward with a slow and determined pace. It was enlightened by many blazing links and torches ; for the actors of this work were so far from affecting any secrecy on the occasion, that they seemed even to court observation. Their principal leaders kept close to the person of the prisoner, whose pallid yet stubborn features were seen distinctly by the torch-light, as his person was raised considerably above the concourse which thronged around him. Those who bore swords, muskets, and battle-axes, marched on each side, as if forming a regular guard to the procession. The windows, as they went along, were filled with the inhabitants, whose slumbers had been broken by this unusual disturbance. Some of the spectators muttered accents of encouragement ; but in general they were so much appalled by a sight so strange and audacious, that they looked on with a sort of stupefied astonishment. . . . The unhappy man was forced to his fate with remorseless rapidity. Butler, separated from him by the press, escaped the last horrors of his struggles. A loud shout proclaimed the stern delight with which the agents of this deed regarded its completion. Butler, then, at the opening into the low street called the Cowgate, cast back a terrified glance, and, by the red and dusky light of the torches, he could discern a figure wavering and struggling as it hung suspended above the heads of the multitude, and could even observe men striking at it with their Lochaber-axes and partisans.”

At the south-eastern corner of the Grass Market a narrow street called “ The Vennel ” strikes off, and here may be seen a fragment of



Photo by]

QUEEN MARY'S BATH HOUSE, HOLYROOD.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

That part of the palace which contains Queen Mary's apartments was built in the reign of James V. Holyrood has been used as a residence by British monarchs visiting Edinburgh since the accession of George IV.



Photo by]

DUDDINGSTON LOCH, EDINBURGH.

The loch is situated close to the base of Arthur's Seat, 2½ miles south-east of Edinburgh. Duddingston House, close to the village of that name, is the seat of the Duke of Abercorn.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

that ancient wall which was a monument to haste and panic. It is the Flodden Wall, words of ill-omen to Scots' ears. For when tidings of that catastrophe over the border reached the capital the universal terror and alarm it raised caused the immediate erection of a new wall in the construction of which nearly every male in the city, young and old, skilled and unskilled, had a share. Fortunately the victorious English showed no desire to follow up their victory by an invasion of Scotland, and so the new wall was never seriously tested. If we may judge by the somewhat crude and unscientific fragments left, it would have proved no serious obstacle.

Hard by is the splendid building of Heriot's Hospital, of which the city may be justly proud as one



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE, NEAR EDINBURGH.

Situated on an eminence and commanding magnificent views, Craigmillar Castle was built in 1427 and later was a much-favoured residence of Queen Mary. The adjacent village became known as Little France on account of the many French Guards who were often quartered there.

of the most splendid edifices the seventeenth century ever produced. This fine piece of architecture, with an excellent school, is the materialisation of the desire of George Heriot ("Jingling Geordie," as he is called in the *Fortunes of Nigel*) to give Edinburgh an institution analogous to that of Christ's Hospital in London. To that end he bequeathed an immense fortune accumulated in the business of a goldsmith, and, thanks to his munificence and the skill of an architect with the very appropriate name of William Wallace, Edinburgh can glory in the possession of a building which does immense credit to its age.

The two "Greyfriars'" Churches, "one long, barn-like structure, divided into two by a partition rendering them both of equal length," as Mr. Oliphant Smeaton describes them, are now thoroughly uninteresting, thanks to reconstruction in the nineteenth century. But the ancient Burying Ground is still a place of memories. The site was given to the town by Mary Queen of Scots, and

among its treasures is the slab (or at least the successor of the slab) on which the Solemn League and Covenant was signed in human blood on March 1, 1638, and the Monument to the Covenanters:

“Halt, passenger! Tak heed what ye do see,
This Tomb doth show for what some men did die,
Here lies interred the dust of those who stood
'Gainst perjury, resisting unto blood”

No street in the city has fallen further from high estate than the Cowgate, which incidentally

derives its name by corruption from South (Sou') Gate and has no connections with the placid quadruped. Though now one of the poorest quarters (and the unkind might call it a slum) it was once the haunt and home of the highest in the land. A few old buildings remain to lend it a certain dreary picturesqueness and a few once-decrepit “wynds” still play the part of ribs to its mouldy spine, but practically all that it contains of ancient beauty and interest is summed up in the Magdalen Chapel, a charming oasis in a desert of comparative architectural ugliness, and entitled to high regard as the owner of the only stained glass in the city which dates from pre-Reformation times. The windows contain the royal arms and those of Mary of Guise and of Michael Macquhean and Janet Rynd (his wife and executrix), who rescued the building from ruin at the beginning of the sixteenth century and left it more or less in its present condition.



Photo by

CARBERRY TOWER, MUSSELBURGH.

[H. N. King.]

This fine old mansion dates from 1579 and belongs to Lord Elphinstone. Nearby is Carberry Hill, where Queen Mary surrendered to the insurgents in 1567.

In some ways the tragedy of the Canongate—the ancient link between the castle and Holyrood—is even more poignant than that of the Cowgate. It once formed, with its extensions, the “Royal Mile”—royal in every sense as the fashionable highway lined with the splendid mansions of the aristocracy and plutocracy. With very few exceptions such of these mansions as have survived are now unattractive tenements, and the



Photo by]

THE VALLEY OF THE ESK, DALKEITH.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

In Dalkeith Park the North and South Esk meet and form the Esk proper, which flows through a beautiful valley, past Inveresk, to the Firth of Forth near Musselburgh golf-links.



Photo by]

BORTHWICK CASTLE AND CHURCH, DALKEITH.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This castle stands a little over a mile to the west of Crichton Castle. It was built in the reign of James VI by Sir William Borthwick. During the Civil War it withstood a determined attack by Cromwell's forces, and the effect of his shots may still be seen on the east walls.



Photo by]

CRICHTON CASTLE, DALKEITH.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

These old ruins are situated close to the village of Crichton, 6 miles south-east of Dalkeith. The castle was once the residence of Sir William Crichton, the Chancellor of Scotland. An interesting description of it appears in Scott's "Marmion."

numerous "closes" and "wynds" in this quarter have also suffered a change which has certainly not been for the better.

The western extension of the Canongate, the High Street, contains some ancient and famous buildings round which gathers much of the history of the country and its capital. Indubitably first in importance comes the Cathedral of St. Giles, though there can hardly be a church of its class in the country which has suffered more, from the fury of man, the passage of time, the vagaries of fashion, and "restoration." The somewhat melancholy story of this interesting edifice is a perfect kaleidoscope of happenings, and would take too long in the telling. The net result is that externally it has been completely transformed since the Middle Ages, of which the only existing relics are the spire with its crown, some of the piers, and chapels, and possibly the choir. When it is remembered



Photo by]

PUBLIC PARK, DALKEITH.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Stoddart gives a fitting description of this beautiful park—"It is a noble piece of ground planted with a number of fine old oaks and other venerable trees. . . ." The park surrounds the Duke of Buccleuch's palace and is over 1,000 acres in extent.

that during a period of a hundred and seventy years the building was once cut up into four churches, the High Church, the Tolbooth Church, the Old Kirk, and the Little Kirk (vulgarly known as "Haddo' Hole"), that various portions were adapted for use as a school, a prison, municipal offices, and so forth, while shops and booths were packed thick as flies against the external walls, it is not difficult to realise that the antiquity of the cathedral is a matter of atmosphere rather than reality.

The event in the history of the church which is exceedingly familiar to every schoolboy is suitably recorded on a tablet:

"Constant oral tradition affirms that near this spot a brave Scottish woman, Janet Geddes, on the 23rd July, 1637, struck the first blow in the great struggle for freedom of conscience which after a conflict of half a century ended in the establishment of civil and religious liberty."

South of St. Giles is Parliament Square and the Parliament House, containing the Law Courts,

and the noble "Parliament Hall," a relic of the edifice that was destroyed by fire early in the nineteenth century. Bewigged lawyers now pace the floors where the legislators of the kingdom once foregathered, but the legal atmosphere is an excellent substitute for the political; and this great chamber, with its timber roof, remains one of the outstanding architectural monuments of the country.

The princely public buildings in this part of the city are in every way worthy of a description which is not possible within the limits of this sketch. It must suffice to say here that the public offices, museums, galleries, university buildings, and so forth, of Edinburgh command the admiration of all save those who cannot bring themselves to admit that anything can be good which came into existence after the seventeenth century.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

THE ESK AT POLTON.

The North Esk passes through the village of Polton 7 miles south of Edinburgh. The river at this point is 240 feet above sea-level.

Just at the junction of the High Street and the Canongate, at the point where the old Netherbow Port once reared its quaint tower and turrets, "John Knox's House" recalls the name of the great Reformer, which in turn recalls the remark of the cabby who was driving an American round the city and was asked by his fare who "John Knox" might be. "What! mon," was the reply, "do you no' read your Bible?" As one of the very few mediæval houses left, the old place is of high interest, even if, as some maintain, it was never actually inhabited by Knox. Perhaps the severest blow to the advocates of the other theory was the discovery that a stone effigy which had been religiously accepted for centuries as a figure of Knox himself was in fact a representation of Moses!

Some fine old houses still remain to give a very faint and inadequate idea of the former glories of the Canongate.



Photo by]

DRUMMOND CASTLE, HAWTHORN DEN.

The original seat of the Perth family was at Drummond Castle. The building is situated 3 miles to the south of Crieff, and is over 400 years old, although most of it has been considerably altered and restored.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.



Photo by,

IN HAWTHORNDEN.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd

One of the beauty spots of the River Esk, the picturesque glen of Hawthornden contains the birth-place of the poet Drummond. Sir Walter Scott resided for several years in the adjacent village of Lasswade.

Fortunately, time and political or social displacements have been kinder to Holyrood Palace, which, with its quaint mixture of styles and its long and fascinating history, is a worthy counterpart of the castle. The old building touches Scottish history at almost every point (and English history at not a few), but the figure whose presence still seems a reality rather than a memory is that of the beautiful and ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots. Many a significant event in her stormy life, notably her marriages to Darnley and Bothwell and the murder of Rizzio, had Holyrood for its setting, but perhaps the most extraordinary scene ever witnessed there was the celebrated second meeting between Mary and John Knox, of which a more or less verbatim report is available. On the previous occasion the Queen had already protested that "My subjects, it would appear, must obey you, and not me; I must be subject to them, and not they to me!" Whereupon Knox retired and denounced his sovereign in no measured terms from the pulpit. The Queen summoned him again to the palace, and the following conversation took place:

The Queen.—"Never was prince handled as I am. I have borne with you in all your vigorous manner of speaking, both against myself and my uncles; yea, I have sought your favour by all possible means—I offered unto your presence and audience whenever it pleased you to admonish me, and yet I cannot be quit of you. I vow to God I shall be once avenged."

Knox.—"True it is, Madam, your Grace and I have been at divers controversies into the which I never perceived your Grace to be offended at me; but when it shall please God to deliver you from that bondage of darkness and error in the which ye have been nourished for the lack of true doctrine, your Majesty will find the liberty of my tongue nothing offensive."

The Queen.—"What have ye to do with my marriage, or what are ye in this commonwealth?"

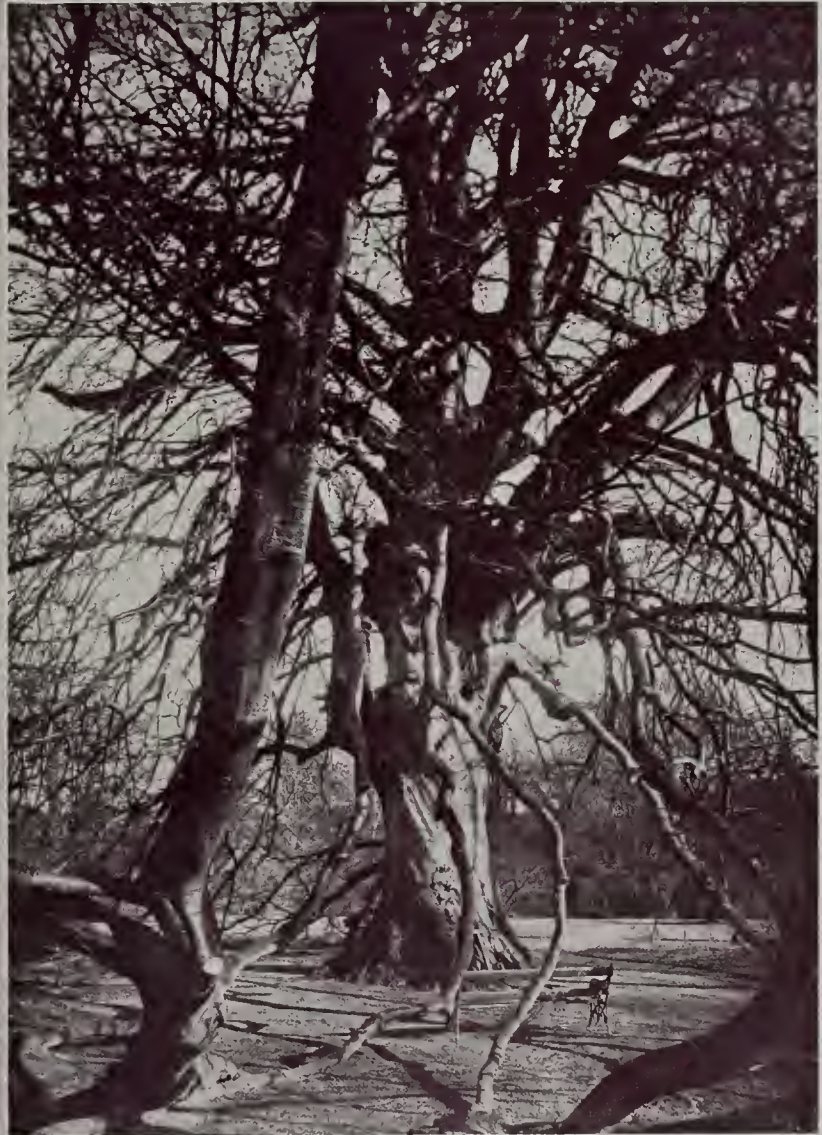


Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

THE GREAT BEECH, NEWBATTLE ABBEY.

The seat of the Marquis of Lothian stands on the site of a monastery founded by David I, and occupies a charming situation on the northern bank of the South Esk. The lawn is covered with a number of very large trees.



Photo by]

THE CRYPT, NEWBATTLE ABBEY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The mansion, which now replaces the ancient monastery, is a large and imposing edifice dating from comparatively modern times. An interesting feature of the interior is the number of fine paintings by Vandyke and others, which adorn the walls.

melancholy interest attaches to these somewhat forlorn relics of a tragedy which is ever new to the romantic mind.

The story of the murder has been often told. Mary was supping with Rizzio and a few others in the small chamber in the turret, when Darnley and his fellow-conspirators

Knox.—"A subject born within the same, Madam, and albeit I be neither Earl, Lord, nor Baron within it, yet has God made me, how abject soever I may be in your eyes, a profitable member within the same."

The meeting took place in Queen Mary's Audience Chamber, which, with her bedroom and two rooms in the turrets and the apartments of Lord Darnley, constitutes the only part of the original palace which survived the troubles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The stain of Rizzio's blood on the floor is perhaps a Scottish joke, but an immense and

which is ever new to the unfortunate Italian before her eyes, Darnley holding his wife to prevent her intervention and Ker pointing a pistol at her! There are few more ghastly scenes in history.

The rest of the northern range of the quadrangle which constitutes the palace is taken up by the great chamber known as the Picture Gallery, and dates, with the three other sides, from the Restoration during the reign of Charles II. If the older portion is pre-eminently associated with Mary Stewart the Picture Gallery conjures up the somewhat pathetic figure of Charles Edward, the Young Pretender. As



Photo by]

MAIDEN BRIDGE, NEWBATTLE ABBEY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The exact date of this ancient bridge is unknown, but it is undoubtedly of great antiquity. It spans the Esk at the east end of the Abbey grounds.

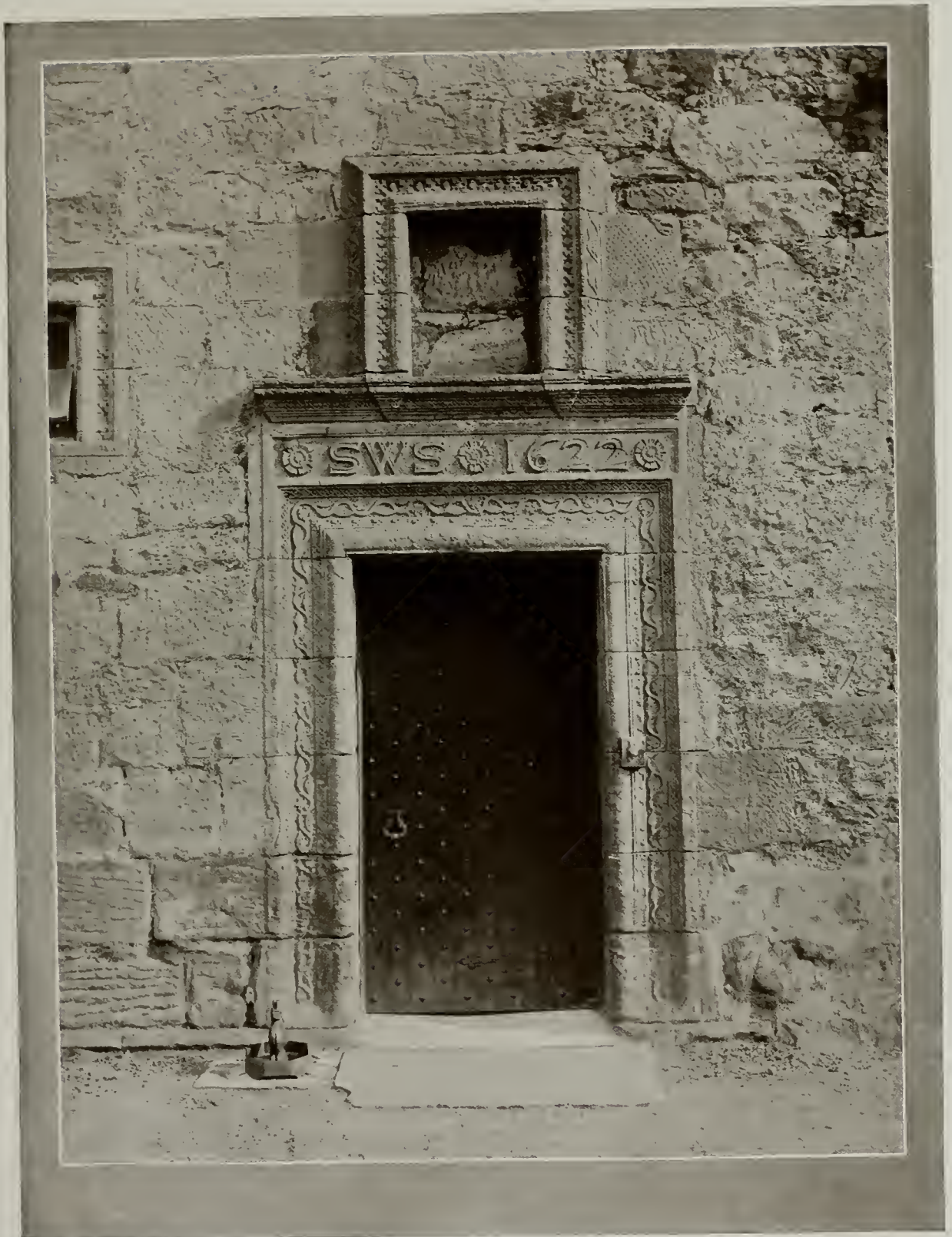


Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

THE DOORWAY, ROSLYN CASTLE.

For a long time Roslyn Castle was the seat of the St. Clair family, and both are mentioned in one of Sir Walter Scott's ballads. The ruins are perched on a narrow rock overlooking a particularly pretty reach of the Esk.



Photo by

ROSLYN CASTLE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Roslyn Castle was founded as far back as 1302, but the more recent building on the left-hand side of the entrance to the rock dates from 1622. The ruins consist mainly of arches, buttresses, and a few pieces of wall.

every reader of *Waverley* knows, it was here that he held his court during the short period of his "sovereignty" in 1745. So though the room may be all that Scott said of it, "long, low, and ill-proportioned, hung with pictures affirmed to be the portraits of kings who, if they ever flourished at all, lived several hundred years before the invention of painting in oil colours," it has an everlasting appeal as the scene of that picturesque episode.

Of the Royal Apartments and State Apartments which complete the other ranges of the quadrangle, all that can be said here is that they contain some of the finest architectural and decorative work the Carolingian era produced.

From the point of view of beauty the palm at Holyrood certainly goes to the charming ruin of the Royal Chapel, once the nave of the abbey church. Roofless and shattered as it is, the remains include exquisite architectural features worthy of Gothic art at its best. Of the original church built by David I (as a thank-offering for an escape from death while hunting near Arthur's Seat) early in the twelfth century, but one doorway remains; the rest of the edifice dates from the end of that century.

At Holyrood Old Edinburgh ends. New Edinburgh, the spacious and stately region



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

ARCHES OVER MOAT, ROSLYN CASTLE.

The only access to the castle is by a high bridge across a deep furrow in the rock. The approach is by a path which winds down from the village.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

THE KITCHEN, SHOWING LARGE FIREPLACE, ROSLYN CASTLE

The kitchen is reached by descending a long flight of stone steps from the existing structure. A door from this large room opens out into what was once a famous garden.

on the northern side of what was once the Nor' Loch, must not detain us long. For though it is an outstanding example of eighteenth-century town-planning at its best, and in Princes Street possesses probably the most imposing thoroughfare in Europe, it is somewhat destitute of those features on which such a work as this must necessarily concentrate. Its chief natural feature is the Calton Hill, a dominating viewpoint crowned with two observatories, the monuments of Lord Nelson and Dugald Stewart, and the classical fragment (the "National Monument") which commemorates all the Scottish soldiers who shared in the glories and hardships of the Peninsular War. Originally intended to be a replica of the Parthenon at

Athens, it was never completed, as enthusiasm waned and funds ran out. On the whole, we must be thankful. A Parthenon under the blazing Mediterranean sun is one thing; under the "grey and weeping skies" of the North it might easily have been grotesque!

Edinburgh's pride in Princes Street is thoroughly justified, though it may well be that the city now regrets that its noble thoroughfare was not named—as originally proposed—St. Giles's Street. The story goes that when the plan of the new town was laid before George III he was intensely indignant at the idea of calling the main street "St. Giles's Street," and "Princes Street" was accordingly chosen in honour of his unworthy sons.

In this great street the most conspicuous object is of course the Scott Monument, remarkable chiefly as the realisation of the design of a young man, George Kemp, who sprang out of complete obscurity into fame by his success in the competition, and was accidentally drowned before the work was completed.

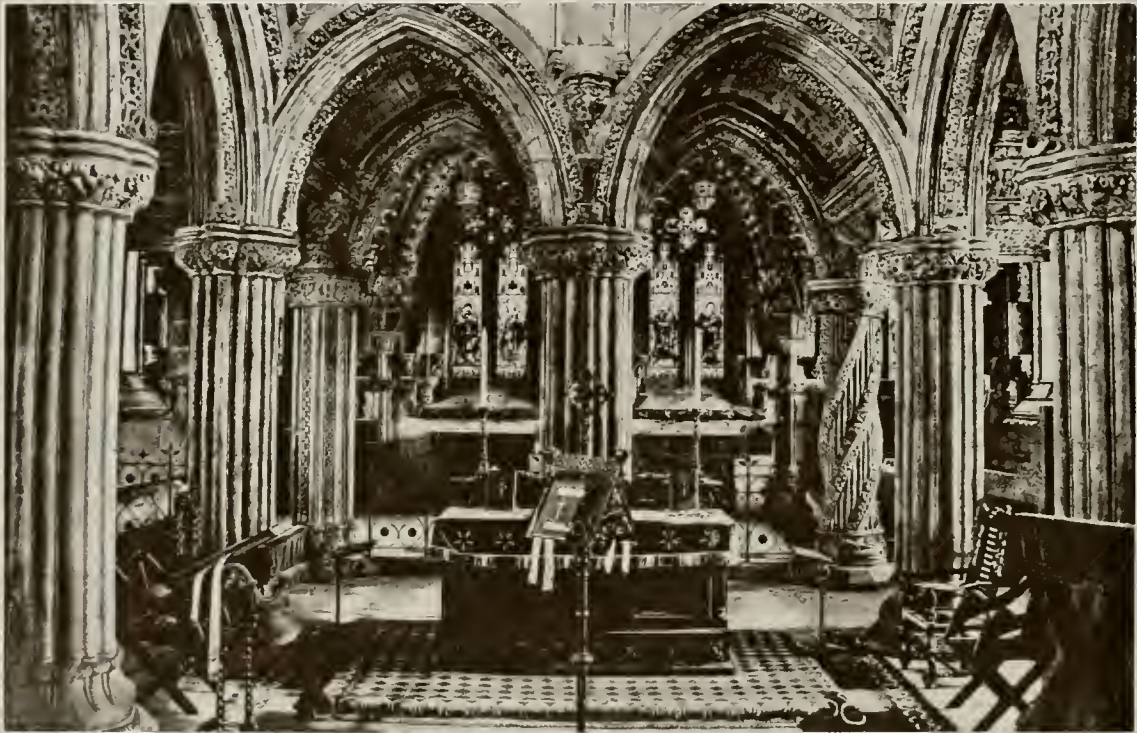


Photo by]

THE NAVE, ROSLYN CHAPEL.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The Decorated examples of Gothic architecture in Roslyn Chapel are almost unrivalled in the whole of Scotland. The building was erected in 1446 by William St. Clair, Earl of Orkney, as a foundation for a Collegiate Church.

The monument is so familiar that description seems superfluous, and it need hardly be said that a valiant effort was made to group the outstanding Scott "characters" round the great wizard who gave them being. On the plate attached to the foundation stone is the following inscription devised by Scott's friend, Lord Jeffrey:

"This Graven Plate deposited in the base of a votive building, on the 15th day of August, in the year of Christ, 1840, and never likely to see the light again until all the surrounding structures are crumbled to dust by the decay of time, or by human or elemental violence, may then testify to a distant posterity that his countrymen began on that day to raise an effigy and architectural monument to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. . . ."

The environs of Edinburgh are in every way worthy of the city; and how could it be otherwise, seeing that substantial portions of the Pentland Hills and the Moorfoot Hills fall within the county boundary,



Photo by

QUARRY GARDEN, SWANSTON.

The little village of Swanston occupies a charming situation at the foot of the Pentlands, 4 miles south of Edinburgh. It was here that R. L. Stevenson spent much of his childhood.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd



Photo by]

SWANSTON.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Colinton Parish, in which this village is situated, gathers much of its charm from the close proximity of the northern range of the Pentland Hills, which rise in places up to 1,700 feet above sea-level.

while the mass of Arthur's Seat lies on Edinburgh's very outskirts? On the lower slopes of these hills, and in the valleys of the Almond, the Water of Leith, and the Esk, much charming scenery is to be found, diversified by attractive villages and some of the best and most interesting antiquities in Scotland.

In the very forefront of the latter class comes the extremely elaborate and beautiful Roslyn Chapel in the Esk Valley, a very rare and exotic example of the Florid Gothic of the fifteenth century, though it is only the choir of the church founded by Earl William St. Clair. "Exotic" is certainly the most appropriate word to apply to the edifice, for there seems little doubt that it was designed by a foreign architect and built by foreign masons, a fact which would appear to fortify a certain scepticism as to the truth of the well-known story of the "Prentice Pillar." The legend runs that this elaborately carved pier was the work of a young apprentice, who carried it out while his master was away in Italy seeking a design for a pillar that should be far more beautiful than all the others. On beholding his apprentice's creation a wave of blind jealousy swept over him, and he killed him on the spot.

A little farther down the Esk is Dalkeith Palace, the eighteenth-century successor of a stronghold of the Douglasses. The existing edifice was built by Anne, the widow of melancholy Monmouth, who became the first Duchess of Buccleuch. For all the charming situation and royal associations of the palace, its solid Dutch style is without much architectural merit.

Far more picturesque is the ancient Castle of Craigmillar, which shows the somewhat familiar combination of a mediæval keep with annexed buildings of more recent date. Grim scenes have these old walls witnessed. Towards the close of the fifteenth century they were the prison of James III's brother, the Earl of Mar, and unless tradition lies the captive was slowly bled to death by his foes. But perhaps the most sinister happening which had Craigmillar for its setting was the compact made between Mary Queen of Scots, Bothwell, and others which resulted in the murder of Darnley on the night of February 10, 1567.

Another scene of royal caprice is to be found at Cramond Bridge on the Almond. It was on the "Auld Brig" of Cramond (or at any rate on its predecessor) that James V nearly paid a heavy penalty for indiscriminate philandering. Posing as the "gudeman of Ballangeich," he was busily making love to a local beauty on the bridge, when the lady's relatives and lover put in an untimely appearance, and

the King would have fared ill had not a young man, Jock Howieson, come to his rescue, urged to such heroism by the reflection that six to one was not fair sport! The grateful James immediately gave the Galahad the estate of Braehead as his reward.

The Edinburghshire shore of the Firth of Forth has an attractive stretch just east of Cramond, and there are picturesque touches to be found around Portobello and Musselburgh, but Leith has become far too busy to be beautiful, and occasional fragments alone attest its great antiquity.

By strict right Leith has now no claim to be treated apart from Edinburgh, for since 1920 it has been incorporated in the capital under the designation of the "Port of Leith." From the point of view of political and administrative convenience, no doubt the change (which was more or less a return to the *status quo* of 1832) has much to recommend it, but the story of Leith is so individual and it has associations and memories so peculiarly its own that it is preferable to regard it as a separate entity for the purposes of this article.

In the bustle and confusion of a great modern port the relics of a picturesque antiquity have to be sought with some diligence, but the older parts of the town have not entirely succumbed to the advance of the commercial spirit in the nineteenth century.

Perhaps the most important ancient relic is St. Mary's Church, its nave having survived the troubles of the sixteenth century and in particular the English invasions of 1544 and 1547. Incidentally the invasion of 1544 had John Knox for one of its chroniclers, and his record is quite illuminating, both as to English wickedness and Scotch appetite:

"The Earl of Hertford and his men marched into Leith between twelve and one o'clock on Sunday 4 May of that year, and found the tables covered, the dinnaris prepared, sitch abundance of wyne and victuallis, besides the other substances, that the lyk ritches were not to be found either in Scotland nor in England."

Among their other enormities, the southern invaders destroyed the choir and transepts of St. Mary's either on this occasion or during the subsequent visitation after their triumph at Pinkie. But though so much of the old work has disappeared, the church is interesting for its memories and associations. David Lindsay, the eminent divine who married James VI and christened his sons, was its first



Photo by]

THE DELL AT COLINTON.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Two and a half miles from Edinburgh is a deep dell containing the villages of Colinton and Slateford. The Leith Water passes through here from Midcalder, on its way to the Firth of Forth.

Protestant minister, and during the Dunbar campaign its walls resounded to the preaching not only of Cromwell's chaplains but of the great Protector himself.

In the older streets of the town there are various fragmentary reminders of Mary of Guise, on whose behalf a French force converted Leith into a bristling fortress—in fact, something approaching a French Gibraltar. Such a menace stirred even the tardy and parsimonious Elizabeth into action, and she sent English troops to help the Lords of the Congregation to clear out this nest of foreigners and "Papists." Leith Links can still show two mounds, "Giant's Brae" and "Lady Fife's Brae," where the English guns were mounted.

Leith Links is also the scene of another picturesque piece of history, which associates the national pastime of Scotland with the name of an unfortunate sovereign. The game had no more fervent adept



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

GLENCORSE RESERVOIR AND KIRKTON FARM.

This fine reservoir was built to augment the water supply of Edinburgh, from which it is about 9 miles distant. The name "Kirkton" has been given to numerous villages in Scotland where there is or has been a parish church.

than Charles I, and it was on Leith Links that he was plying his clubs in 1641 when the unpleasant news of the shocking rebellion in Ireland was broken to him with such *ménagement* as the situation would allow.

West of Leith lies the curious old fishing village of Newhaven, not to be missed by those who desire to see an *imperium in imperio*. For its inhabitants carry their exclusiveness—traceable to their Danish origin—to the point of wearing a highly individual and characteristic costume and refusing to marry with "foreigners," by which term is meant all who have the ill fortune to be born outside Newhaven.

On the eastern side, past the antique and interesting church at Restalrig, lie the oddly named seaside resorts of Portobello and Joppa. How "Edinburgh-on-Sea" came to be called Portobello is a quaint story. A stout old seaman who had fought in South America with Admiral Vernon in



Photo by

AN AVENUE ON BAVELAW ROAD, PENTLANDS.

The Pentland Hills stretch from a point 3 miles south of Edinburgh to near Carnwath in Lanarkshire, 16 miles away. Bavelaw Burn is a tributary of the Water of Leith.

Troutfaine & Sons, Ltd.

1739 came to this deserted piece of coast and resolved to build him a house in which he could end his days fighting his battles o'er again. A suitable name was the problem. At length the pigeonholes of memory yielded up the name of Portobello, the town in Spanish South America which Vernon had so brilliantly captured. And so "Portobello Hut" became the ancestor of the lodging-houses, bathing-machines, and pier which contribute so greatly to the physical fitness and recreation of Scotland's capital.



Photo by]

MALLEY MILLS.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.,

Malley Mills is a small hamlet, situated a little to the south of Currie. An old authority describes the parish as having three paper-mills, a snuff-mill, and several flour-mills.

Musselburgh enjoys the distinction of taking its name from one of the lowliest of creatures, but that does not prevent its inhabitants from making the proud boast that

" Musselburgh was a broch
 When Edinbroch was nane,
 And Musselburgh shall be a broch
 When Edinbroch is gane."

The place has further reason for its pride in the undoubted fact that it occupies the site of an important Roman station. The spade has turned up all kinds of relics of the Roman occupation, and Fisherrow, another fishing village on the opposite bank of the Esk, goes one better by possessing a footbridge of hoary antiquity which some experts proclaim to be actual Roman work, or at the very least constructed of Roman materials. And so our survey ends at the beginning, which is as it should be!



Photo by]

A TYPICAL ESSEX COAST SCENE.

[C. G. Gosnell.

This photograph was taken near East Mersea, within a short distance of Pyefleet Creek of oyster fame. The coastline of Essex cannot be called monotonous, as it is very irregular and indented, besides being the outlet for many rivers and creeks.

ESSEX

AS far back as 1594 Essex won the description "fatte, fruteful, and full of profitable things," and still the description holds good. The nearness of the county to London makes for intensive culture of the soil, while the undulating character of the scenery—except for the flat surrounding the Thames estuary—makes for great natural beauty; the county boasts a diversity of scenery that few others—with the exception of the really mountainous midlands—can surpass.

In Saxon times Essex ranked as a kingdom for awhile, and after the Norman Conquest it attained the dignity of "county" as distinct from the older "shire," being the land of *comes*, or count. The name, of course, derives from the East Saex, or Saxons, who settled here in the fifth century; the estuary of the Thames, and the flats of the Blackwater and Crouch, afforded convenient landing-places to these invaders, and, once established along the coast, they soon penetrated inland at the expense of the original inhabitants. In the English Chronicle, Essex is termed "Easte Seaxe," while in Domesday Book it is changed to Exsessa, the latter subsequently contracted to the present name.

Prior to the East Saxon invasion, the Trinobantes occupied Essex, and ranged westward to include the present South London; until modern times Essex was included in the see of the Bishop of London, when it was separated owing to London's growth, and included in the see of Rochester, subsequently being transferred to that of St. Albans. There is now a Bishop of Chelmsford, with Suffragans at Colchester and Barking.

The London end of the county, including East and West Ham, Walthamstow, Ilford,



Photo by]

[Dr. C. Hose, Hon. D.Sc. (Cantab.), F.R.G.S.

A VIEW NEAR TERLING.

Terling is a small village $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of Witham. The land in this part of Essex is much used for the cultivation of various seeds. The photograph shows a charming stretch of river scenery.

Woodford, and Barking, absorbs quite half the total population; within living memory this great suburban area was wholly agricultural and horticultural, but with the growth of transport facilities London has overrun the farms and gardens, and to-day Southend-on-Sea is no inconsiderable suburb of the capital. Southend itself is in reality the "south end" of the village of Prittlewell, of which the old-time importance has practically vanished under the growth of the seaside resort.

Chelmsford, the county town, is about thirty miles from London, and stands on the old Roman road connecting the capital with the east. Its name is derived from the ford of the Chelmer River, on which the town stands; the ford has long since been supplanted by a bridge. From before the Conquest up to the time of Henry VIII, Chelmsford was the property of the bishops of London, and in the time of



Photo by'

NEAR WITHAM.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

A market town of considerable antiquity, Witham was founded and strongly fortified by Edward the Elder. It stands on the Roman road from London to Colchester, 8 miles from Chelmsford.

Edward III it sent four representatives to the grand council held at Westminster. The bridge, replacing the ford that names the town, was first built at the beginning of the twelfth century, owing to the steadily increasing traffic between London and the Eastern Counties—and also to the growth of Harwich as a port of departure for the Netherlands and Low Countries.

St. Mary's Church, now the cathedral, was first constructed in 1424, and from all accounts it was a magnificent edifice; the body of the church, however, collapsed in the year 1800, and little of the old structure remains to-day. There is a beautiful flint-work porch on the south side, and the massive tower, dating from 1749, survives. A double arch in the north wall of the chancel is probably the only bit of the fifteenth-century building that survives.

The parish of Danbury, less than 5 miles to the south-east, is reputed to contain the highest ground in Essex, and has many points of interest for the antiquarian. Its name, contracted from the



By permission of the Owner

[Mr. R. E. Thomas.]

THE CALEFACTORY, BEELEIGH ABBEY.

Since 1920 Beeleigh Abbey has been used as a residence by Mr. R. E. Thomas. It was founded by Robert de Mantell in 1180, and lies on the Chelmer River, nearly 1 mile west of Chelmsford. The word "Calefactory" comes from the Latin "calefactorius," meaning a warming-place.



By permission of the Owner

THE TUDOR WING, BEELEIGH ABBEY.

Mr. R. E. Thomas.

All that remains of the original building is the south-east corner of the cloister garth, which contains the chapter and warming houses with the dorter on the first floor.

original "Danesbury," signifies a castle of the Danes, proving that the East Saxons did not have it all their own way when they came to annex the country east of London. At the top of Danbury Hill are remains of an ancient camp, attributed to Roman workmen, nearly 700 yards in circumference, and the view from the summit of the hill is one of the best in the county, giving sight of the Kentish weald to southward, and the panorama of Essex fields and villages to north and east.

The antiquarian in Essex, however, turns first to Colchester, which contains more historic remains than all the rest of the county. Colchester's history begins with the Trinobantes, who made this their capital, and was the seat of their king Cunobelinus, better known as Shakespeare's Cymbeline. In



By permission of the Owner

[Mr. R. E. Thomas.]

THE EAST FRONT, BEELEIGH ABBEY.

The cruciform church has entirely disappeared. Beeleigh is the second Premonstratensian house to be founded in England. Since it was given at the Dissolution to Sir John Gate, it has changed hands three times.

A.D. 44 the stronghold of the town was taken by Claudius Cæsar, and a little later it was recaptured by the tribe of the Iceni, led by Queen Boadicea. The Romans retook it when they broke her power and overthrew the Iceni, and in the third century Colchester was given to Constantinus Chlorus to govern. The Britons knew it as *Caer-colun*; Rome gave it the name of *Camulodunum*, and the Saxons first called it *Colne-ceaster*. Those great road-builders, the Romans, made it a centre from which roads branched south-westward to London, westward to Verulam, north-westward to Cambridge, and northward to Caister, near where Norwich now stands. There was in it a temple to Claudius, and Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, is associated with the history of the town, while unsupported rumour has it that Constantine himself was born there.

At the waning of the East Saxon power, in the ninth century, Colchester came under the Danish sway, but in 921 it was recaptured for the Saxons by Edward the Elder. Eudo, steward to William the Conqueror, was given the town and its lands, and in Domesday Book it is recorded as his property; he built a Norman castle on the site of the Saxon fort, and also founded an abbey. In 1216 Colchester was occupied by Louis the Dauphin of France; and later, at the bidding of Edward III, sent five ships to the siege of Calais. In the Civil War it was captured for Charles I by Lord Goring, but after a siege of three months Fairfax retook it for the Roundheads, and shot Sir



By permission of]

[Underwood Press Service.

GREAT WALTHAM: AN OLD FARM.

Waltham village stands on the River Chelmer, 4 miles north of Chelmsford. The name is derived from the Saxon "Wealdham," signifying "a town formed in a wood."

George Lisle and Sir Charles Lucas to mark his conquest. He, too, dismantled the castle and fortifications of the place.

Always a citadel of importance, commanding the main line of approach from the east to London, Colchester was a small and strong-walled town in ancient times. Its enclosed area was about 110 acres, and access was by four main gates and three small posterns, with several strengthening bastions on the walls. On the west and north were deep ditches, and on the west, too, there was a small fort, long since vanished. Parts of the wall still remain in various private enclosures, kept in their original state by the



Photo by]

[Dr. C. Hosc, Hon. D.Sc. (Cantab.), F.R.G.S.

THE OLD MILL HOUSE, MALDON.

Maldon's chief claim to distinction is the fact that it is one of the oldest towns in Essex as well as one of the most picturesque. The town stands on the slope of a hill by the Blackwater, and has a considerable fishing industry.



Photo by]

PURLEIGH CHURCH.

[W. F. Taylor.

From 1632 to 1643 Laurence Washington, great-grandfather of George Washington, was rector of Purleigh. The village is situated $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of Maldon.



Photo by]

[Dr. C. Hose, Hon. D.Sc. (Cantab.), F.R.G.S.

A FARM-HOUSE NEAR BRADWELL-ON-SEA.

The village of Bradwell stands on a peninsula between the mouth of the Blackwater and the sea. It is popularly supposed to occupy the site of the ancient Roman station of Othoqa.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

HADLEIGH CASTLE.

Nothing remains of Hadleigh Castle but the picturesque ruins of two circular towers and part of a gateway tower. The stronghold was originally built by Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent; but it was greatly enlarged by Edward III. Hadleigh overlooks the Thames, 2 miles north-east of Benfleet.

owners; they range from 7 to 8 feet in thickness, and consist as much of Roman brick as of Norman stone.

The castle, to the north of the High Street (near the centre of the old town), stands on an eminence commanding a view of the Colne Valley. Although Fairfax dismantled it when he captured the town, he found it beyond his power to damage the walls overmuch, and they are still nearly perfect. The thickness at foundation level is fully 12 feet, and at the top 11 feet for the most part. East and west the walls run 140 feet, and north and south the length is just over 100 feet, with projecting square towers at the north-east and north-west corners. Within the castle there remains an ancient carved



Photo by

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

LEIGH-ON-SEA FROM THE SALTINGS.

This ancient town is a fishing station on a Thames creek, 3 miles from Southend. Leigh is the last Essex town on the Thames, and here there is a boundary stone marking the end of the Thames Conservancy Board's authority. The position of the town makes it popular as a resort.

mantelpiece, a fine specimen of an ancient chapel, and extensive vaults which are shown to the visitor in association with the stories of many prisoners of the time of the Marian and later persecutions.

Of Eudo's Abbey, on the south side of the town, only the precinct gate and porter's lodge now survive. There was an Augustinian priory, the first erected by the Order in England, a little to the north-east of the abbey, and the ruins of the church, surviving still, are characterised by fine specimens of the Norman arch. Many of the existing churches date back to early days: All Saints', a flint edifice, was built in the fourteenth century, and restored early in the nineteenth; St. James's, built in the time of Edward II, has brasses to the Maynard family; St. Martin's, built mainly of Roman brick in 1327, was ruined by Fairfax's siege, and rebuilt in the nineteenth century; Holy Trinity, built in 1349, contains a monument to Queen Elizabeth's physician, Doctor Gilbert.

The Colchester oysters have been famed since Roman times, and the oyster industry is still carried

on, with an "oyster-feast" to celebrate the opening of the season every year. Another industry is that of rose-growing; the soil of the district is peculiarly suited to the cultivation of roses, and the gardens of the Colchester nurseries challenge comparison with any in the kingdom. In mediæval times, Flemish and Dutch refugees built up a flourishing woollen industry, which lapsed to give place to boot-making in the nineteenth century.

The castle at the present day has been made to house a museum of Celtic and Roman antiquities, epitomising the history of the town and county; an obelisk on the north side commemorates the

shooting of Lisle and Lucas, the Royalist defenders of the place, by Fairfax in 1648.

Lexden, a suburb of Colchester on the west, is supposed to have been the site of Cymbeline's capital; a small stream here is still known as "Roman river," and at the western edge of Lexden is "King Cole's kitchen," which has been conjectured a Roman amphitheatre, though the conjecture has no definite foundation.

The Colchester and other museums contain traces of the Stone Age found in Essex; Ilford, Walthamstow, and Walton-on-the-Naze have yielded up celts with the bones of the mammoth, arrow-heads, scrapers, and polished celts, examples of which have also been found at Colchester. There are good specimens of the work of the Bronze Age in Colchester Museum, including weapons, ornaments, and pottery. With the Celtic Britons came the Iron Age, and specimens of their work in the form of iron vessels have been found at Colchester and Shoebury. In 1903, in digging over a Celtic burial-place at Braintree, several good specimens of urns were discovered, and British coins of the reigns of Cymbeline and Tasciovanus have often been found at Colchester and on the Hertfordshire border.

In connection with the early British period—the pre-Roman age—the gravel beds at Walthamstow yielded up a very fine specimen of a



Photo by

ROMFORD PARISH CHURCH.

(Photochrom Co., Ltd.)

The fine tower of St. Edward's Church is 162 feet high. The edifice was rebuilt in 1850 in the Decorated English style. The market town of Romford stands on a tributary of the River Thames, 12 miles from London.

"dug-out" canoe in 1901, the find being made at about 6 feet beneath the surface. The boat was hollowed out from a single log of oak, and is about 15 feet in length, and about 28 inches in beam. With it were found an iron spear-head, and several specimens of the Celtic pottery of the period.

Other traces of the British occupation are to be found in Epping Forest, one of the few great stretches of woodland still remaining in England. Loughton Camp, within the confines of the forest, covers about 12 acres of ground, being oval in form, and surrounded by a ditch and rampart. A similar camp, the construction of which is attributed to the Iceni under Boadicea, exists at Ambresbury,



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

EPPING FOREST.

5,560 acres in extent, Epping Forest is the property of the Corporation of London, and is only 10 miles away from the Metropolis. A century or so ago it belonged to the Forest of Waltham, which extended almost to London.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

HIGH BEECH, CHINGFORD.

High Beech is a small village in Epping Forest, 3 miles from Waltham. The church forms a welcome landmark to those exploring the forest.

also within the bounds of Epping Forest. Flint tools and fragments of pottery have been found from time to time in both enclosures.

Near Grays, back in the chalk hills bounding the Thames estuary, a number of catacomb-like chambers known as "dene-holes" have been discovered. Each consists of a narrow shaft about 60 feet in depth, giving access to groups of chambers—usually six to a group, supposed to have been constructed as places of refuge, or for the storage of grain, in the prehistoric era. Another theory is that they were merely quarries for the extraction of flint chips from the chalk, but the regular and special form of construction would seem to invalidate this theory. Other remains are the "kitchen middens," or "red hills," found along the east coast, consisting of fragments of pottery mixed with burnt earth or clay. These are supposed by antiquaries to be the refuse heaps of ancient potteries, certainly pre-Roman in origin.



Photo by]

THE OLD CHURCH, CHINGFORD.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Chingford Old Church looks very picturesque with its low ivy-covered walls. The position of Chingford makes it a convenient spot for exploring the beauties of Epping Forest.

At Ashdon what are known as the Bartlow Hills form almost the only example of burial tumuli in the county. They are conical in form, and the largest is nearly 150 feet in diameter, with a height of 45 feet. Another trace of prehistoric man is the lake dwelling of which remains have been discovered near Braintree. British pottery found near the site seems to fix this as the first settlement of the place.

Roman remains are without end; Colchester was equal to London in importance in the Roman era, and the town had its own mint; Roman coins originating there are known by the mint-mark C. or CL.

But the principal relics of Rome in Britain that Essex boasts—perhaps as important in its way as the remains at Bath or Hadrian's Wall in the north—is the wall encircling Colchester. Enough remains to show that there was an original circuit of 3,100 yards, and within this were baths, temples, the forum, and theatres, while it is only in recent times that the splendid mosaic pavements which



Specially painted for "Britain Beautiful"

LOUGH ERNE, CO. FERMANAGH.

Perhaps the chief charm of this beautiful lough is the number of tiny wooded islets with which it is studded. With its extensive and varied shores overlooked by a fine range of mountains, Lough Erne has almost unrivalled scenery. Crum Castle—in the background—is the seat of the Earl of Erne.

By J. C. Yorley.

characterised the occupation have been uncovered again. There is an altar, too, which was unearthed in the latter part of the last century in Colchester, inscribed to the mother-goddesses of the Roman mythology, which has only one counterpart in Britain. On either side of the old Roman way, too, the cemeteries have yielded up an immense and varied collection of relics, most of which are now housed in the Castle Museum of Colchester.

Nearer toward the Suffolk border lies the Constable country, the valley of the Stour, made famous by John Constable, the painter, who was born at East Bergholt, 3 miles from Manningtree. Dedham church tower, Flatford Mill, and Stratford St. Mary water-mills were among his favourite subjects, and even to-day the country is still reminiscent of his genius, for the scenery has changed but little



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

A VIEW IN EPPING FOREST.

Epping Forest ranks high as one of the most picturesque features of the county. In former days it was much favoured by Londoners as a resort for archery.

since he composed his famous landscapes. The wooded hills of the Suffolk border, looking down on the Stour and Stratford, retain their beauty unspoiled, and the lazy little river has all the charm that Constable has given to the world.

Essex has its fair share of the great castles dotted about England under feudal rule. Colchester Castle is usually attributed to William the Conqueror, who designed it for the subjugation of Essex and set his steward Eudo to supervise the construction and reap the resulting rewards. It is the largest Norman keep still remaining intact, Norwich, London, and Canterbury being next in size. Its materials are the remains of the old Roman forum and baths, the masonry and tiles being indisputably Roman in origin. The upper half of the keep, no longer in existence, contained a great hall, of which traces of one window still exist; and the stairway, 16 feet in width, at the south-west angle of the keep, is

the widest in the kingdom. The total area enclosed in the ground-plan of the castle is greater than that of the Tower of London, which was designed by the same architect.

Another fine specimen of the Norman holds is Hedingham Castle, dating from the twelfth century. Its keep is the most perfect remaining in England, not even excepting Norwich ; the present tower is only a part of the original building, which was constructed by Alberic de Vere, with walls 12 feet in thickness. With the exception of two of the corner turrets, and the parapet, the structure is as left by the hands of the builder. Queen Maud, wife of King Stephen, died at Hedingham, and the castle was conspicuous in the wars of King John, while the de Vere of his time entertained King Henry VII most sumptuously within its walls. All but the keep was reduced to ruins in the first Dutch war in 1666.



Photo by

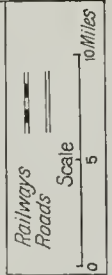
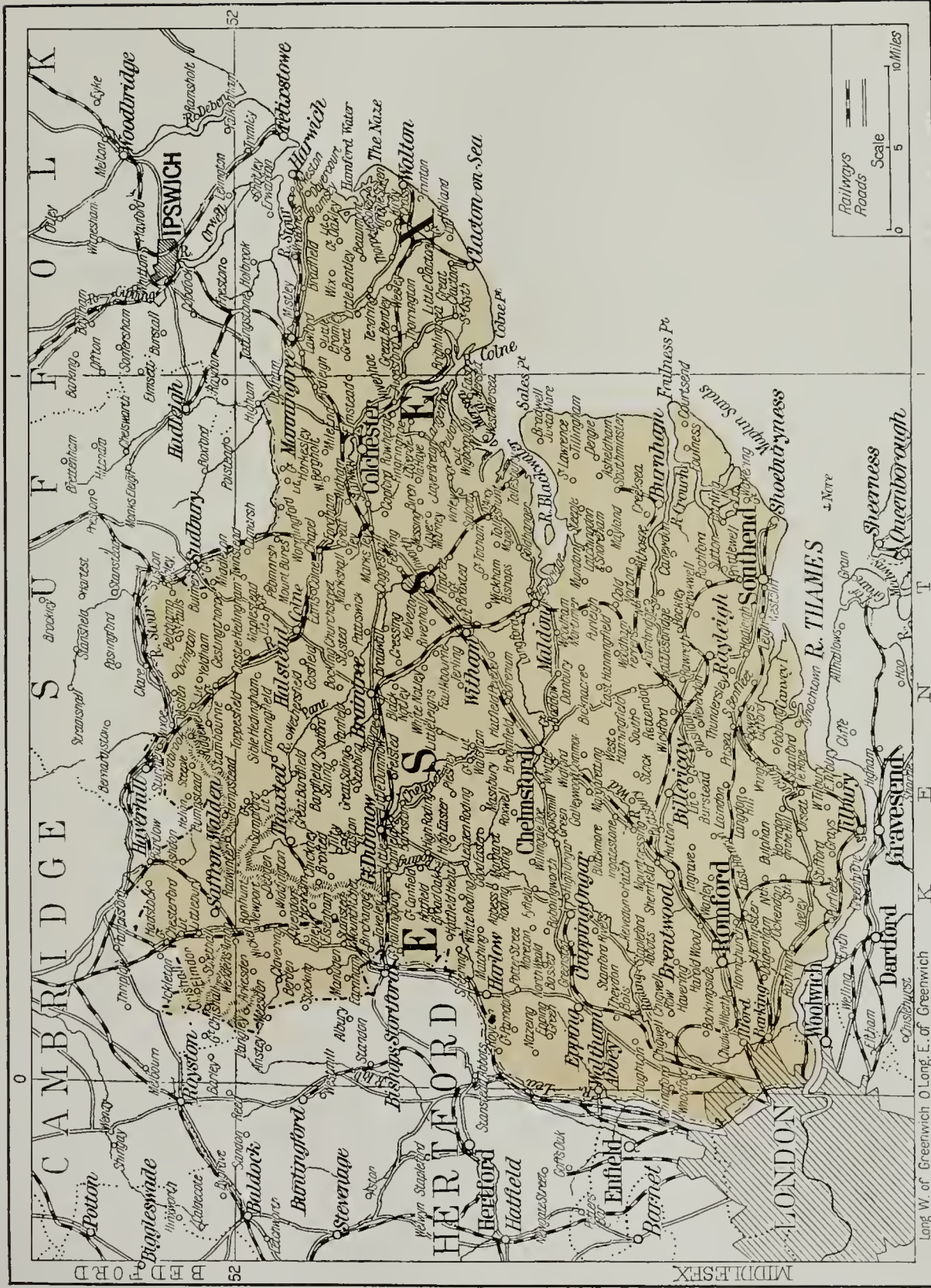
CUCKOO PITS, EPPING FOREST.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

As a hunting ground, the forest was very popular with Edward IV, and Queen Elizabeth found it a great attraction. Tennyson wrote several of his most popular poems at a house near Epping.

The original structure consisted of two large "baileys" separated by a great ditch, the inner being formed of the material excavated in constructing the ditch. It was for centuries the seat of the Earls of Oxford, who founded a Benedictine nunnery near by in 1198, and a hospital in 1250. Part of the nunnery survives as a farm-house.

Other castles are those of Rayleigh and Hadleigh, Ongar and Saffron Walden. Hadleigh Castle was built by Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, in the time of Henry III, to whom the manor belonged ; it overlooked the mouth of the Thames and Canvey Island, and occupied an oval, 330 feet by 120 ; it was a magnificent structure, buttressed and fortified by two great towers, of enormous strength. The Parliamentary forces fought an action under its walls, which are now mere ruins, though imposing in appearance from the Thames shore.



GEOGRAPHICAL MAP OF ESSEX. LONDON E.C.4

MAP OF ESSEX.

Long W. of Greenwich 0 Long. E. of Greenwich

COPYRIGHT.

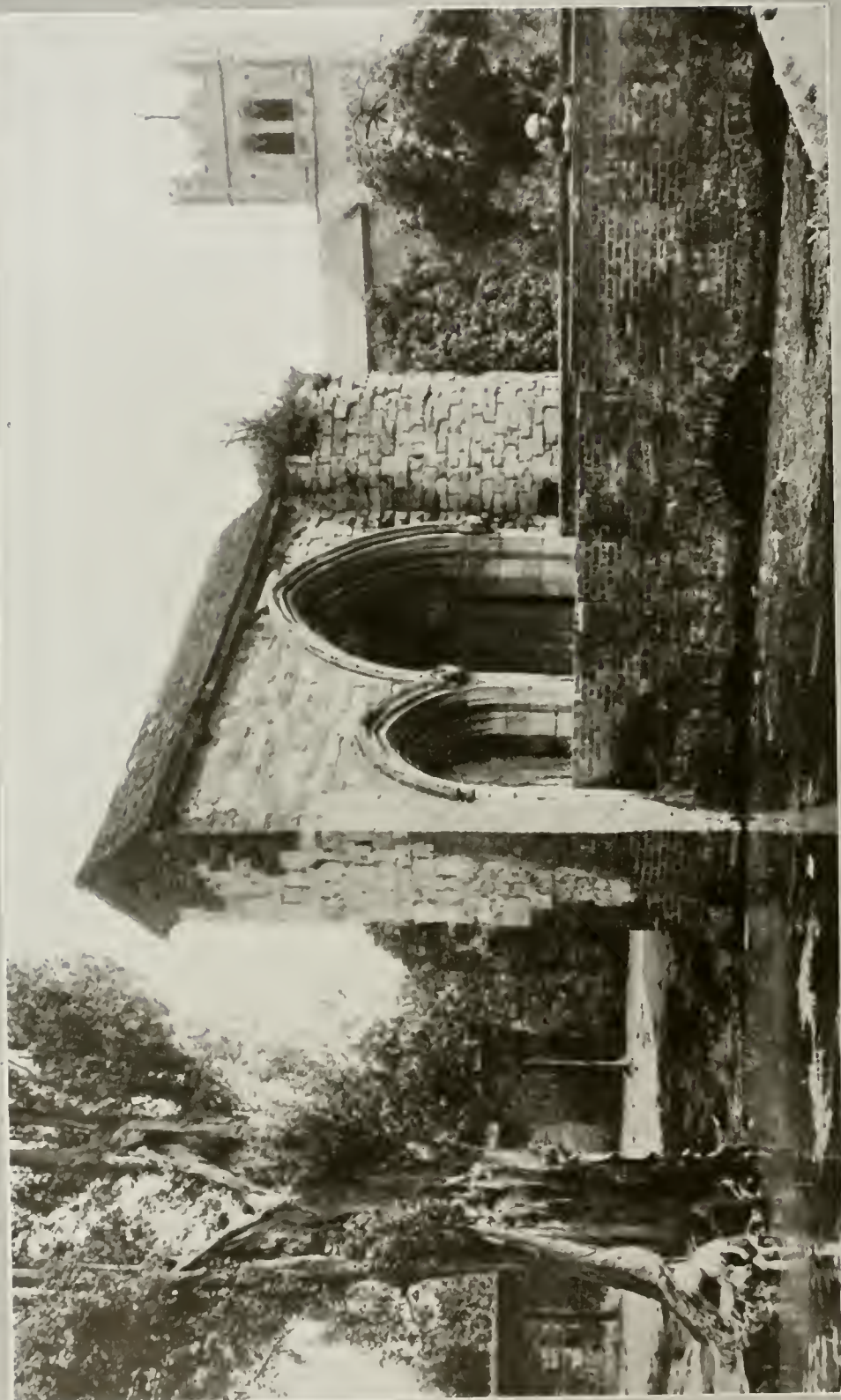


Photo by]

WALTHAM ABBEY AND OLD GATEWAY.

This building can rightly be said to have originated in a church founded by one of Canute's standard-bearers, but it was not until 1177 that it was converted into an Augustinian abbey by Henry II.

[Photostrom Co., Ltd.

Rayleigh Castle was built by Sween, or Sueno, who is registered as the Lord of Rayleigh in Domesday Book. All that remains now is a great mound, 100 feet in height, surrounded by the traces of a moat, at the upper end of the village. Rayleigh was one of the scenes of burnings during the Marian persecution, and the spot where the stake was erected is still pointed out in the wide village street.

Saffron Walden takes its name in part from the cultivation of the herb saffron in the vicinity, and in part from the combined words "weald" and "dun," signifying respectively a forest and a hill. The town dates from the ninth century or earlier, and had a castle built in Saxon times and strengthened in the twelfth century by Geoffrey de Mandeville, who held the lordship of the place and endowed a Bene-



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

INTERIOR OF WALTHAM ABBEY.

All that remains of the old abbey is the nave and the Lady Chapel. The former is now used as the parish church, and is one of the earliest specimens of Norman architecture in England.

dictine Priory near by. The keep and the walls of the castle still remain, though fallen from their former state in great measure.

Saffron Walden church, built in the time of Henry VII, forms a conspicuous landmark for the surrounding country. It consists of a nave, clerestory, chancel, and three aisles, and has a very fine oak roof. In it are three fine old memorial brasses, an old monument to Lord Chancellor Audley, and a five-light east window of unusually good design.

Essex is rich in a smaller and less-important type of fortification known as the homestead moat, usually a ditch constructed as protection for hall or manor house, but in some cases large enough to contain a whole hamlet. Usually the defensive work consisted of a moat, from 12 to 60 feet in width, and very deep and filled with water. It is generally supposed that these moat defences date from the time

of the Danish incursions, though certainly the idea was copied in later ages. Nearly four hundred of these moated enclosures exist in the county.

Of later architecture in the county, Audley End House, near Saffron Walden, must be counted the finest example remaining intact. Built in the reign of James I, the house originally consisted of two large quadrangles, and the diarist Evelyn described it as "one of the stateliest palaces" of the kingdom. In the eighteenth century the western quadrangle was pulled down, to obviate the expense of keeping it up, but the remainder of the building, carefully restored and well-preserved, ranks as one of the finest specimens of Jacobean architecture in England.

The mansion was erected by Howard, Earl of Suffolk, afterwards High Treasurer of England, on



Photo by

"KING HAROLD'S BRIDGE," WALTHAM ABBEY.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

The early history of the abbey is largely connected with King Harold, who is said to have been buried here after his death at the Battle of Hastings.

the site of a Benedictine priory, and was named after his uncle, Audley. James I, offered it by the earl, declined it on the ground of expense of upkeep; a later earl sold it to Charles II, but that monarch, thoroughly in keeping with his character, failed to pay the purchase money, so Audley End reverted to the Earls of Suffolk. There is a fine museum and a number of valuable paintings within its walls.

Sir Henry Marney, captain of the guard to Henry VIII, set about the building of a mansion for himself at Layer Marney about the year 1520; he intended his structure to be of the courtyard type, and built the gatehouse, with towers at the four corners, a range of outbuildings, and the west wing. The construction is of fine bricks, with diagonal lines of glazed brick for exterior ornament, and chimney-stacks of the twisted pattern common to Tudor architecture. The tower, 70 feet in height, commands a fine view of the surrounding country, and inside the tower is what is considered the first example of the use of terra-cotta for decorative purposes in England.



By permission of]

STONDON-MASSEY CHURCH.

The parish of Stondon-Massey, which contains this fine church, is situated 2 miles south-east of Chipping Ongar.

Londonwood Press Service.



Photo by

GREENSTEAD CHURCH: THE SOUTH SIDE.

[E. H. Binney,

The Saxon nave of this church is probably unique, as it is built almost entirely of the split trunks of oak-trees. Greenstead is 1 mile north-west of Ongar.

Another fine specimen of fifteenth-century brickwork is Faulkbourne Hall, near Witham, built in 1440 by Sir R. Montgomery. It was built round three sides of a courtyard, which was subsequently occupied by a staircase, and retains a Norman tower with polygonal turrets, having pyramidal canopies and bastions. It was noteworthy for a fine collection of the paintings of Vandyck, Beechy, and others. The mansion is said to be built on the site of a Roman villa.

Gosfield Hall, a splendid mansion to the south-west of Halstead, was once the seat of the Duke of Buckingham. It dates from the time of Henry VIII, and, although considerably altered from its original form, is still one of the most stately homes of Essex, a fine specimen of the castellated mansion of its



Photo by]

THE CHURCH AT GREENSTEAD-JUXTA-ONGAR.

[H. J. Smith.

The nave of this interesting church was erected in 1013 as a shrine to receive the body of St. Edmund on its return to Bury St. Edmunds from London.

period. It stands in well-wooded grounds, with a splendid lake before it, and was originally built round a quadrangle into which all the windows opened, leaving a dead face for the exterior, as a form of defence. In the west wing is a splendid gallery, over 100 feet in length and 12 feet in width.

New Hall, near Boreham, although a fine building of the red-brick Tudor type, is more of interest for the great names connected with it than for its architectural pretensions. The Earl of Ormond, grandfather of Anne Boleyn, was first owner; it passed through the hands of the Duke of Buckingham, George Villiers, and of Oliver Cromwell, while Henry VIII possibly set a train of ideas working in the mind of his daughter Elizabeth—he slept there.

Rochford Hall, Anne Boleyn's birthplace, is no longer of the extent or magnificence that it knew in

her day. There are fine tall chimneys of ornamental brickwork remaining, but the plaster-covered, brick walls are inconspicuous, in spite of their fine gables. Rochford itself gave the title of earl to Anne Boleyn's father.

Chigwell, on the border of Epping Forest, has other glories than the purely architectural, for there is still pointed out the prototype of Dickens's Maypole Inn of *Barnaby Rudge*, where John Willett and his cronies gathered round the great fire and sought inspiration from the big pot until the Gordon Riots came to reduce old John to a state approaching witlessness. The tentacles of London have stretched out and made the quiet village into a 'bus-infested suburb, and little now remains but the inn that fathered the Maypole and the memories of old John.



[Photo by]

GREAT EASTON, DUNMOW.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

This typical old Essex village stands in a charming situation on the River Chelmer, 3 miles north of Dunmow. The agricultural district north of Dunmow is known as the "Roothings," named after the River Roding, which rises in the vicinity. Dunmow is celebrated for the quaint old annual custom of presenting a fitch of bacon to the happiest married couples.

For rustic beauty and simplicity one must go farther afield, but Essex, especially on its south-eastern side, can furnish as bucolic a picture as any English county. Round about Maldon and Witham are parishes to which modern influences have scarcely penetrated as yet, and such quiet towns as Southminster drowse in the atmosphere of the mid-Victorian age, rather than exhibit the bustle of the twentieth century. From Southminster, too, one may venture up to the hinterland formed by the Blackwater estuary, a great, irregular inlet with Osey or Osea Island set in its centre—if a gulf of such a shape can be said to have a centre. Here are old barns which have curious histories of monastic use, traces of Danish raids in names and legends and superstitions, and long flats that echo the calls of sea-fowl and carry the sense of uninhabited places, in spite of the smoke rising from cottage chimneys.

Southward of the Blackwater estuary is Foulness, an island parish named from being a haunt of myriads of sea-fowl. The circuit of the island is about 20 miles, and it is protected by an embanking



Photo by]

THE CASTLE RUINS, SAFFRON WALDEN.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

This old castle dates from the twelfth century, but it was largely rebuilt by De Mandeville. Of the original structure, only the keep and walls remain. The history of the town of Saffron Walden extends back before the time of Edward the Confessor.



Photo by]

BOCKING MILL.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

From Elizabethan days to the end of the seventeenth century, Bocking was one of the chief clothing towns in Essex. The woollen drugget made by the town was known as "Bockings." Important corn-mills are also situated here. Bocking is on the Blackwater, 1 mile north-west of Braintree.



Ph to by

LAMARSH CHURCH, NEAR BURES.

[C. G. Gosnell.]

The distinctive feature of this church is the Norman round tower. This type of church tower is peculiar to East Anglia, and only six similar towers exist in Essex.

wall, being but little above sea-level in any part ; some good oyster beds adjoin its shores, but in recent years a " scare " depreciated the value of these for a time, though this has since been remedied.

Similar, but of greater importance, is Canvey Island, lying above Southend in the Thames estuary, the reclamation of which is attributed to a Dutch colony. It is surrounded by an embankment, and connected with Essex proper by a causeway, though at low tide the channel is so shallow as to render it possible to wade across. Canvey has in recent years become a highly popular summer resort for many people, though it offers little in the way of amusement, and can boast no scenery with the possible exception of the Thames shipping.

Of the coast towns, Harwich has most history and importance of any on the Essex coast. It appears to have been of Roman origin, but its present name, " Hare-wich," or " Here-wich " in the original form, signifies the " castle of an army," in either Saxon or Danish—the term is interchangeable into both languages, as modified by English usage. A road which led into the town had vestiges of an ancient pavement, and passed by the remains of a Roman camp, which had a rampart varying between 10 and 15

feet in height, and a fosse 45 feet in width and nearly 5 in depth, extending from Beacon Hill Field to the south side of the town. Roman relics have also been found near Dovercourt, and a rampart ran from that of the old camp to the top of Beacon Hill.

In the year 885 a battle was fought at the mouth of the Stour, near to Harwich, between sixteen Danish ships and King Alfred's fleet ; the Danes were defeated, and all their ships captured. At that time the town of Orwell stood on ground which the erosion of the waves has since replaced by the shoal known



Photo by]

HEDINGHAM CASTLE : THE KEEP.

[C. G. Gosnell.

The castle was founded by the second Aubrey de Vere in 1100. It was here that Maud, Stephen's queen, died in 1151. The keep has a Norman archway measuring 32 feet across, making it the largest in the British Isles.

as the West Rocks, and after the Norman invasion, with the doom of the ancient town, Harwich rose gradually to importance. In 1326 Queen Isabella and Prince Edward landed here from the province of Hainault with 2,750 troops, and marched inland to make war against the king.

In 1338 Edward III embarked his troops at Harwich on board 500 ships, and set out to make war against France. A

year later the French appeared off the town with eleven galleys, and made an unsuccessful attempt to dispose of Harwich by burning it. In 1340, when a French fleet of 400 ships had assembled at Shuys to intercept an English expedition, the redoubtable Edward III set out from Harwich, and fought a great sea battle in which he gained a complete victory. In 1543 Henry VIII visited Harwich, as one of the principal ports of his realm, and Elizabeth imitated his example in 1561. In 1625 a Spanish fleet showed outside the harbour, to the great alarm of the townspeople, and in the Dutch wars of Charles II some of the engagements took place so near to the coast as to be visible to the people of Harwich, who lined the low cliffs to watch. In 1666 the town was fortified against the Dutch, and at



Photo by

THE ROUND CHURCH, LITTLE MAPLESTEAD.

[C. G. Gosnell.

The church underwent a complete restoration in 1855. It was built in 1190 by the Knights Hospitallers and partially reconstructed in 1340. Of the four remaining round churches in England, this is the smallest and the latest.

low tide the remains of the fortifications could still be seen, up to a few years ago.

Erosion has altered the coastline considerably since Norman times; Beacon Hill has changed its shape, and an old-time signal house, together with a great part of the seaward side of the hill, has been washed away by the waves. Between 1756 and 1804, 80 feet of the hill disappeared, and another 350 feet was annihilated between 1804 and 1841. Part of a



Photo by,

PAYCOCKES, COGGESHALL.

[C. G. Gosnell.

Built about the year 1500, this picturesque old house is a perfect example of a merchant's richly ornamental house of that time. It consists of two storeys, timber-framed and partially plastered. Until recently the house was private property, but it now belongs to the nation.



Photo by

WEST FRONT OF ST. BOTOLPH'S PRIORY, COLCHESTER.

Founded in 1095, the Augustinian Priory of St. Botolph's was built wholly of Roman brick. The ruins consist of the fine Decorated western front and part of the nave arcade.

Photodchrom Co., Ltd.

battery, built at the beginning of the nineteenth century at some distance from the sea, was swept away in 1829.

From Harwich the Continental service for Holland starts, and, inland, the trip up the River Orwell affords one of the most romantic stretches of scenery among east-coast estuaries. The scenery round Harwich itself is not imposing, though Dovercourt, adjoining, ranks as a pretty little seaside resort. As headquarters of a torpedo flotilla, Harwich harbour was of considerable importance during the Great War.

A town of considerable antiquity is Manningtree, today the junction of the Harwich branch of railway with the main London-Ipswich line. In Domesday Book the name of the place is given as Sciddinchon, and it was noted in mediæval times for a brewing industry, a good deal of which still survives. Shakespeare speaks of "a roasted Manningtree ox with pudding in its pouch"; and Butler of *Hudibras* fame tells of a witch-finder, M. Hopkins by name, who lived at Manningtree. The manor was the property of Adeliza, the half-sister of William the Conqueror, who had a special eye to Essex as the key to the east of his kingdom.

Brentwood, now approaching to the suburbs of London, derives its name from "burnt wood," which commemorates the destruction and burning of a forest which once surrounded the town. It was at one time an assize town, and is noteworthy for the martyring of Protestants in the time of Queen Mary. There is a plate on an oak-tree in the town which records the destruction of a Zeppelin in 1916, better known as the Billericay Zeppelin.

Bradwell, in the Maldon district, near the point of the peninsula between the Blackwater estuary and the sea, has been named as the site of the Roman settlement of Othona and the Saxon Ithancestre. On the coast, some 2 miles to the north-east of the village, is the church of St. Peter-in-the-wall, which is

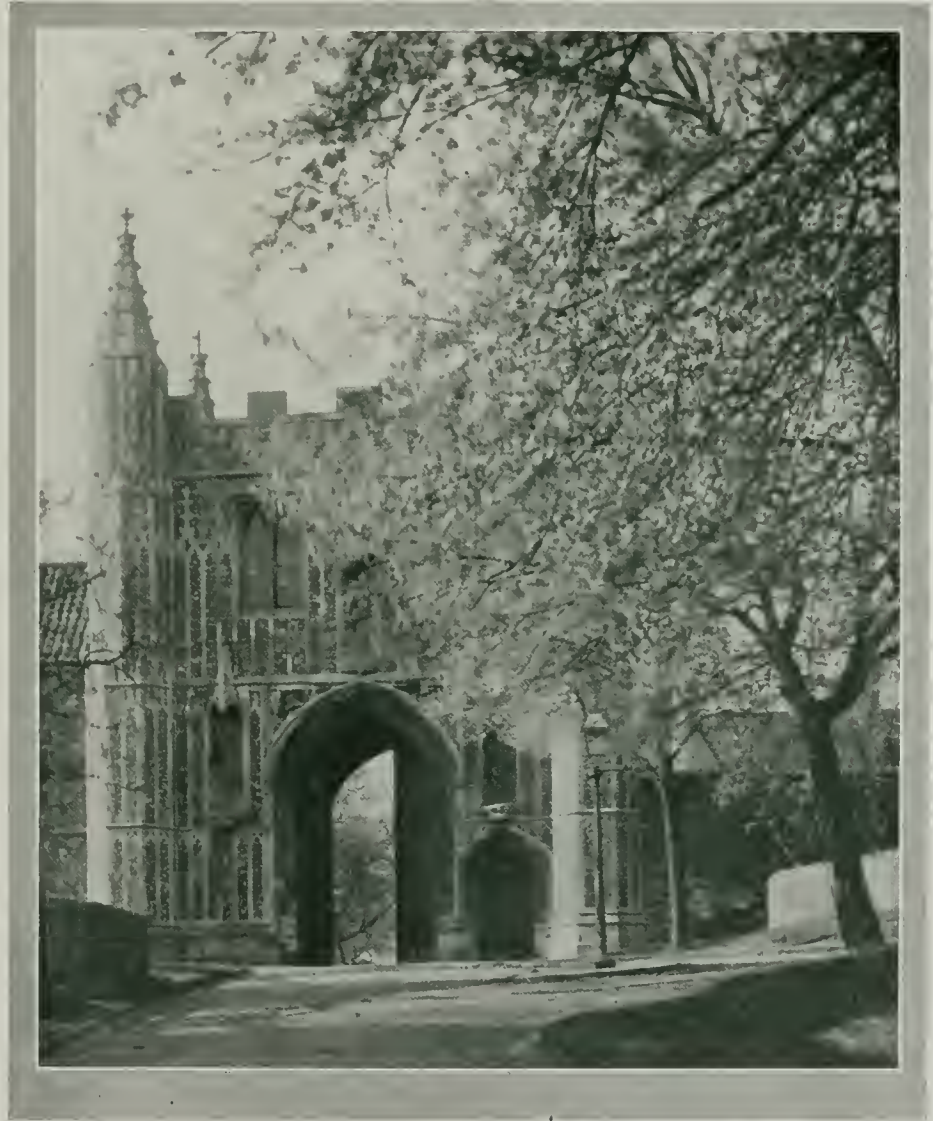


Photo by]

[C. G. Gosnell.

ST. JOHN'S ABBEY GATEWAY, COLCHESTER.

This fine gateway is all that remains of the great Benedictine Abbey of St. John the Baptist, that was founded by Eudo Dapifer in 1066. John Beche, the last abbot, refused to surrender the abbey to the king, so in December 1539 he was arrested and hanged, and the fine buildings were completely destroyed.

generally considered to be the actual building erected by St. Cedd, who came on a mission to these parts in the seventh century.

Epping Forest, one of the great unspoiled woodland stretches of England, occupies about 6,000 acres, and is rich in the variety of its flora, owing to the contrast of dry ridges with damp hollows. Lily of the valley grows wild in the shade of the forest, and other rare plants are the grass of Parnassus, the bog bean, and the sundew. The hornbeam is conspicuous among the trees, and predominates, though it is not a common tree in other English districts; it is said to have been originally planted here for the sake of the deer, which have a liking for its leaves. Oak, birch, hawthorn, and beech are among the other trees of the forest, and the fallow deer is still to be found, though under less favourable circumstances than when the laws of venery were among the chief observances of the kingdom. The roe deer, most beautiful of English deer, became extinct in the forest, but was reintroduced in 1883.

Along the Thames shore lies the great region of the Essex marshes, at one time famed as the haunt of smugglers and notorious for the ague-producing qualities. Alternating with the marshes proper are the "saltings," consisting of land which lies below high-water mark and is enclosed by embankments, and also "salt" marshes, which average about 10 feet above the high-water line. These "saltings" are covered by the spring tides,



By permission of]

[Underwood Press Service.

MARKS TEY: THE CHURCH.

The fact that many of the old Essex churches are built partly of wood is due to the expense of importing stone into the county previous to the fifteenth century, when the brick-building industry was revived. Marks Tey is 5 miles west of Colchester.

and gradually a sediment is deposited which tends continually to raise them, until in the end the embankments are no longer necessary; the process is continuous, and as the saltings rise fresh areas are embanked, thus in some measure compensating for erosion on other parts of the coast.

The rivers of the county are numerous: the Thames bounds it on the south, and the Stour on the north. Between them are the Colne, the Blackwater, the Chelmer, the Crouch, the Roding, the Cam, and the Ingerburn. The Stour is probably most important of the rivers belonging peculiarly to Essex—since the Thames cannot be said to belong; at the mouth of the Stour stands Harwich, and on its



Photo by]

COPFORD CHURCH: GENERAL VIEW.

[C. G. Gosnell.

St. Michael's Church, Copford, is particularly rich in good Norman work. The whole of the Norman walling of the splendid chancel is covered with paintings executed about 1150. Besides being very early Norman, the nave has much Roman tile in the walling. Copford is within 5 miles of Colchester.



Photo by]

SAYER MARNEY TOWERS, NEAR COLCHESTER.

[C. G. Gosnell.

The house was begun early in the sixteenth century by Henry, the 1st Lord Marney. With the exception of the gatehouse, which is a valuable example of early Renaissance architecture, the building is Gothic in style.

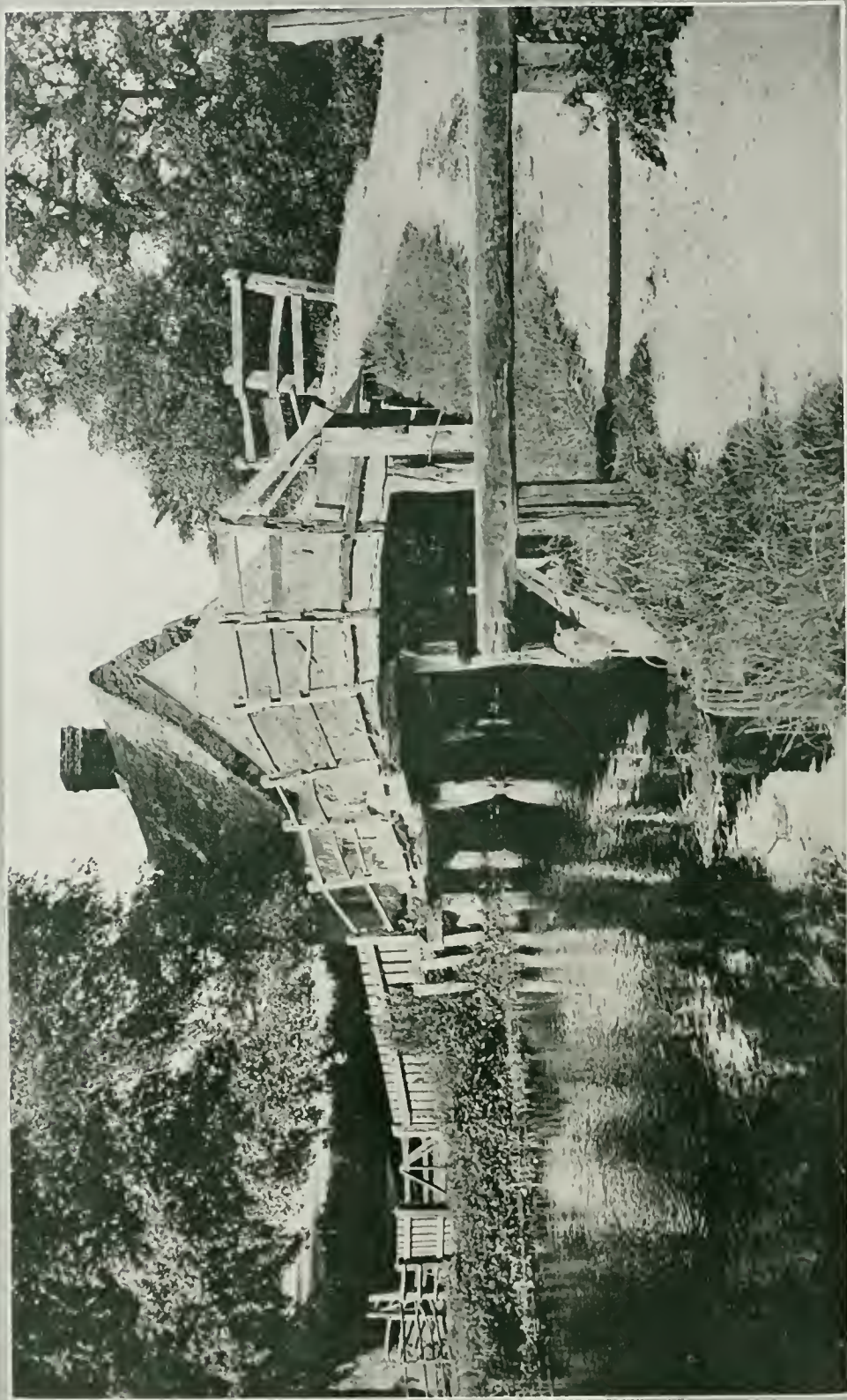


Photo by]

FLATFORD BRIDGE, DEDHAM.

Dedham is a quaint old village on the River Stour, not far from Manningtree. It was here that Constable, the landscape painter, spent many years of his life.

W. F. Taylor.

banks stands Manningtree, which is a fairly important town. Along the Stour, too, lies some of the prettiest of Essex scenery, including the Constable country already alluded to.

The Roding, rising in Easton Park, near Dunnow, gives its name to no fewer than eight "Rodings," separate parishes all. From its source to where it joins the Thames the length is over 30 miles, and in the lower reaches floods often occur, when the banks are inclined to collapse under the combined pressure of the tides and the flooded river.

The River Crouch, in the south of the county, claims to flow by the scenes of three battles fought in the days of King Canute—the battles of Ashingdon, Hockley, and Canewdon. The estuary of the river has Burnham on its coast, and is a famous yachting centre. Ashingdon disputes with Ashdon the honour of being the scene of the battle of Assandune in 1016, when Canute gained his great victory



Photo by]

OLD WINDMILL, WALTON-ON-THE-NAZE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Chiefly on account of its sandy beach, Walton has developed into a fine watering-place. Within the last decade the town has decreased in size owing to the encroachments of the sea. It stands on a peninsula formed by the Hamford Water Creek.

over Edmund Ironside. At Canewdon traces of an ancient camp exist, and in the neighbouring parish of Woodham-Mortimer is a great congregation of barrows or burial mounds, supposed to mark the last resting-places of the Danes who fell in the great battle. A church, built by Canute to commemorate his victory, is said to have stood in the parish of Hockley, near Southend-on-Sea. The present church is Norman, with a massive octagonal tower, and legend is the chief ground for the claim of Canute, though it is more than likely that he was the founder of the building.

No record of Essex would be complete without mention of Halstead, which in early days belonged to Earl Godwin, the thorn in the side of Edward the Confessor and father of King Harold. It is the headquarters of the great crape industry, and thus ranks as the only place of importance in Essex in connection with the textile trades.

In old time, the Suffolk flint-working industry, which died out at Brandon shortly after the war, had its branches in Essex. There was reputed to be a flint-working establishment near Braintree many years ago, but it is difficult to trace any authentic record of this. An old industry that died harder was that of smocking; in spite of its nearness to London, the smocked frock of the shepherd and of other agricultural workers survived up to a very late date within the boundaries of Essex, which, in addition to its cultivation of cereals, is largely a pastoral county still. But the dairy farm and sheep farm of to-day are run on lines which do not favour ancient customs to any great extent; it is to be said for the modern methods, however, that, though they may not be quite so picturesque, they are certainly more sanitary.

The district adjoining the Suffolk border, including the famed Constable country, is very largely pastoral in its uses, and herds of cattle grazing in the low-lying meadows suggest the scenes that



Photo by]

[Judges', Ltd.

THE CLIFFS, WALTON-ON-THE-NAZE.

The cliffs have now been adequately protected from demulition by the sea. The promontory of the Naze, on which the town is situated, is an interesting ground for fossil-hunters. This resort is also known as Walton-le-Soken.

Constable has immortalised; for, though the towns change their character, the country scenery changes very little from age to age in a district devoid of manufacturing interest.

One of the largest of the "home counties," Essex is rich in historic interest from the earliest times. From its coast, near Grays, Queen Elizabeth reviewed her fleet before the sailors of that day set forth to the destruction of the Armada; Rome set one of her principal colonies here, aware of the value of the eastern counties and the horse-breeding proclivities of the Iceni; Henry VIII found his one real love story within the bounds of the county; and William the Conqueror, keen at strategic estimates as were his Roman predecessors, kept a special eye on Essex and its strongholds, knowing that so long as he held this county safe he had the east in subjection. In every period of English history it plays an important part, and every period is represented in its monuments, while its pastoral beauties, immortalised by one of the greatest of English landscape artists, form a fitting fringe for the metropolis of the British Empire.



Photo by]

ST. OSYTH.

Perhaps St. Osyth is best known in connection with its fine oyster-beds, but the abbey and church in the vicinity of the village are also features of interest.

[Judges', Ltd.



Photo by

ENNISKILLEN, FROM PORTORA.

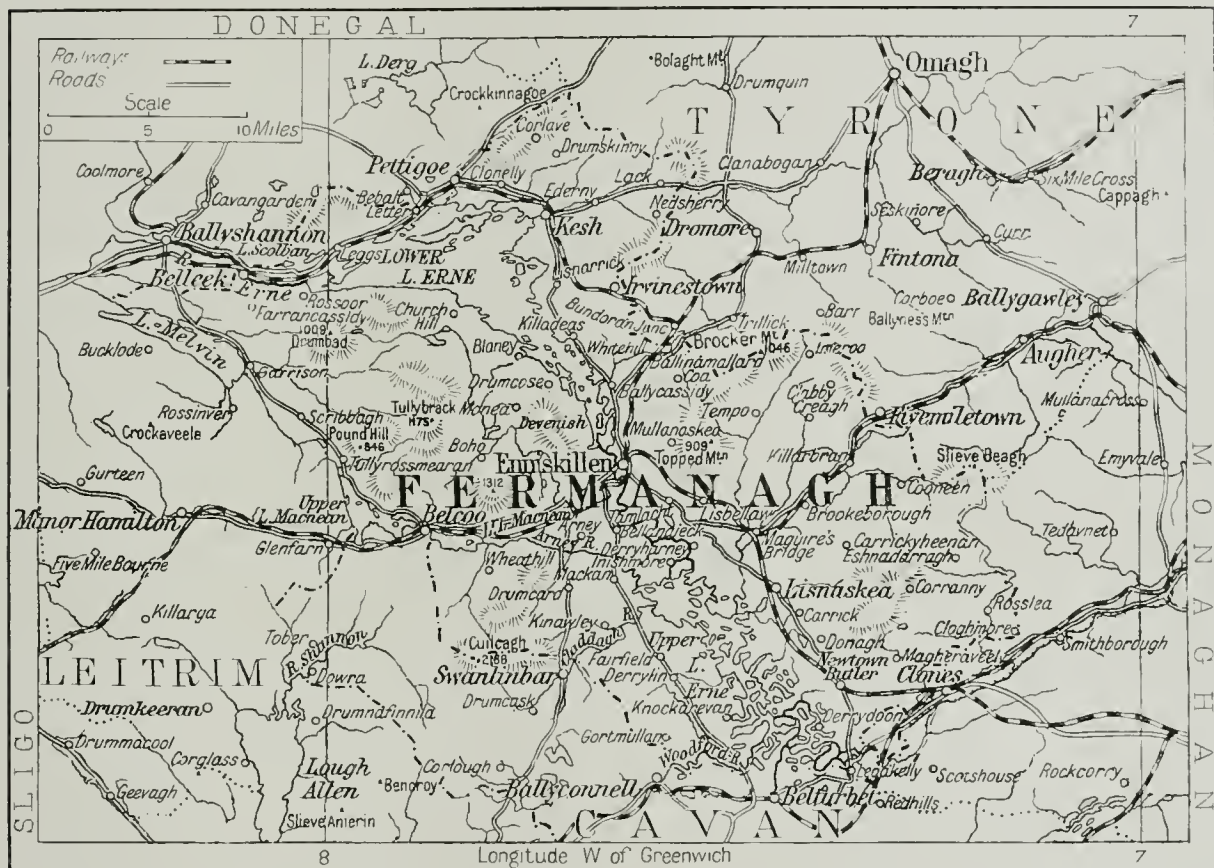
Taken from the High School at Portora, this photograph shows the island town of Enniskillen, which is the capital of Co. Fermanagh. It is built partly upon an island and partly on the mainland, to which it is connected by two bridges. Enniskillen is situated at the extreme southern end of Lower Lough Erne.

W. J. Green,

COUNTY FERMANAGH

NO Irish county contains a greater variety of charming scenery than Fermanagh. Its landscapes may not have the magnificence and impressiveness of other parts of the island, and each individual feature may have successful rivals elsewhere, but for a combination of hill, wood, and water this county is singularly fortunate, and its numerous and picturesque relics of a stirring past add that touch of romance which makes all the difference between a photograph and a picture.

Unlike many county capitals, Enniskillen is a jewel worthy of its setting. It has a neat and prosperous appearance by no means habitual with Irish towns. Its very name, derived from *Inis-*



COPYRIGHT

GEOGRAPHIA 1922 L^{TO} 55 FLEET STREET LONDON E C 4

MAP OF CO. FERMANAGH.

Cethlenn ("Cethlenn's Island"—Cethlenn having been the wife of an ancient chief), recalls the fact that it lies between the two lakes on an island in the winding river which connects them. With real antiquity it has little association beyond memories. The tower of its parish church is all that remains of the first edifice, and even that cannot claim a greater age than the first half of the seventeenth century. Good modern architecture has a representative in the Roman Catholic Church.

But Enniskillen is not merely an attractive little town in a charming situation. In 1689 it figured prominently in history, as all readers of Macaulay know. The great Whig historian's vivid picture is not to be omitted:

"Enniskillen, though the capital of the county of Fermanagh, was then merely a village. It was built on an island surrounded by the river which joins the two beautiful sheets of water known by the common name of Lough Erne. The stream and both the lakes were overhung on every side by natural forests. Enniskillen consisted of about eighty dwellings clustering round an ancient castle. The inhabitants were, with scarcely an exception, Protestants, and boasted that their town had been true to the Protestant cause through the terrible rebellion which broke out in 1641. Early in December they received from Dublin an intimation that two companies of Popish infantry were to be

immediately quartered on them. The alarm of the little community was great, and the greater because it was known that a preaching friar had been exerting himself to inflame the Irish population of the neighbourhood against the heretics. A daring resolution was taken. Come what might, the troops should not be admitted. Yet the means of defence were slender. Not ten pounds of powder, not twenty firelocks fit for use, could be collected within the walls. Messengers were sent with pressing letters to summon the Protestant gentry of the vicinage to the rescue: and the summons was gallantly obeyed. In a few hours two hundred foot and a hundred and fifty horse had assembled. Tyrconnel's soldiers were already at hand. They brought with them a considerable supply of arms



Photo 36]

MONEA CASTLE.

[W. A. Green.

Built about 1612, Monea Castle is a typical example of a "Plantation Castle," held by English settlers. During the Revolution of 1688 it was the home of the well-known Gustavus Hamilton, who was then Governor of Enniskillen. The ruins are situated about 5 miles from the county capital.

to be distributed among the peasantry. The peasantry greeted the royal standard with delight, and accompanied the march in great numbers. The townsmen and their allies, instead of waiting to be attacked, came boldly forth to encounter the intruders. The officers of James had expected no resistance. They were confounded when they saw confronting them a column of foot, flanked by a large body of mounted gentlemen and yeomen. The crowd of camp followers ran away in terror. The soldiers made a retreat so precipitate that it might be called a flight, and scarcely halted till they were thirty miles off at Cavan."

But the triumph of the men of Enniskillen at Newtown Butler was even more striking and overwhelming. Military history contains nothing more freakish than so annihilating a victory over adversaries as brave and spirited. "The Irish," says Macaulay, "were drawn up on a lull, at the

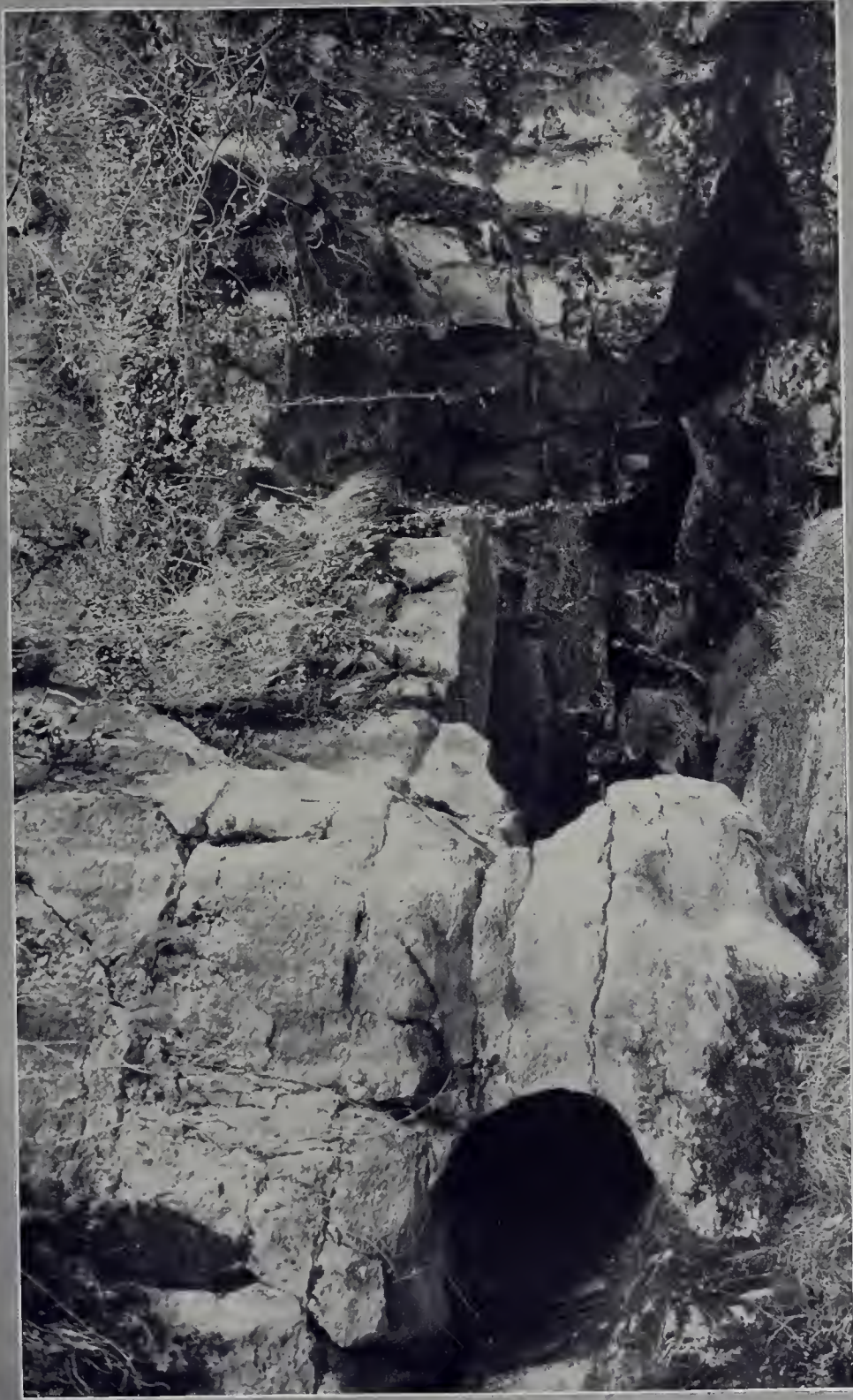


Photo by

MARBLE ARCH AT FLORENCE COURT DEMESNE, ENNISKILLEN.

This curious arch has been formed by the Florencecourt River, which comes down through the heart of the mountain between cracks in the limestone that have been gradually widened by the solution of carbonate of lime. At the "Marble Arch" it bubbles up through coming in contact with the harder rock. The circular pipe on the left has been formed by the solution of the lime by the water.

[W. A. Greah.]



Photo by

UPPER LOUGH ERNE.

Photachrom Co., Ltd.

The upper part of the beautiful Lough Erne is about 10 miles in length and, at its north-west end, the breadth is just under 4 miles. The numerous islands which stud the lake add greatly to its scenic charm.

foot of which lay a deep bog. A narrow paved causeway which ran across the bog was the only road by which the cavalry of the Enniskilleners could advance. Macarthy placed his cannon in such a manner as to sweep this causeway. Wolseley ordered his infantry to the attack. They struggled through the bog, made their way to firm ground, and rushed on the guns. The Irish cannoneers stood gallantly to their pieces till they were cut down to a man."

BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL—very fortunately—has no concern in the political problems of the hour, but it may be recorded that the memory of those victories and the part played by Enniskillen at this crisis in the history of Ireland have contributed not a little to the difficulties that have arisen over the determination of the boundary between the Free State and Ulster.



Photo by]

CRUM CASTLE, LOUGH ERNE.

[W. Lawrence.

This old castle withstood two sieges at the time of the Siege of Derry. The ruins are placed in extensive grounds on the shores of Lough Erne, 3 miles from Newtown Butler. One of the features of the demesne is a yew-tree said to be a thousand years old, with branches covering a diameter of 80 feet.

From such vexed questions it is a relief to turn to the natural beauties of the county, which know no distinction of race or creed.

Of the two lakes which are comprehensively known as Lough Erne much nonsense has been written. One writer who shall be nameless—a lady with more patriotic enthusiasm than good sense—solemnly assures us that the Upper Lough is the most beautiful sheet of water in Europe! Lest any be deluded into looking for a second Killarney or Loch Lomond in County Fermanagh, it may be as well to say that the absence of mountainous shores deprives Upper and Lower Lough Erne of the finest and most characteristic features of "great" lake scenery, and that their appealing charm lies in their multitude of islands and the wealth of woodland on their banks. There are views to be obtained not unworthy to rank with some of the glimpses of Windermere; and what greater compliment can the most fervent of Irishmen desire?

The real fact is that a hot and lazy afternoon, a boat, a pipe, and a voyage of discovery among the islands are the ingredients of the right method of approach to the charms of the Erne, and where those charms lie thickest is probably the narrow, southern end of the upper lake. Here is the poetic Daimh-Inis, the "Isle of Oxen," which the uncouth Anglo-Saxon tongue has corrupted into the somewhat prosaic "Devenish." It is a place of hoary ruin and ghostly antiquity, associated primarily with that great ecclesiastic St. Molaise, who was one of the many glories of Ireland in the sixth century.

The saint would be hard put to it to recognise his abode in its present state. Perhaps he could bring peace to warring archæologist experts by telling us whether a certain ruined fragment was



Photo by

CROM CASTLE, LOUGH ERNE.

(W. Lawrence

This photograph shows the beautiful surroundings in which the castle is situated. The fine castellated building in the grounds of Old Crom Castle is the residence of the Earl of Erne. The older edifice was accidentally destroyed by fire in 1764.

really his "house" or only his "kitchen." If the latter, times in the sixth century were certainly not as hard and barbarous as is popularly supposed.

The Round Tower of Devenish is one of the finest and best preserved in the country. It soars elegantly to its full height of nearly 90 feet, and the fancy of its architect has found expression in the shape of its windows, which varies on each floor, and in an elaborate cornice with carved heads. Then other remains comprise the ruin of the great church and the abbey, the latter with a tower containing a room which can be reached by a staircase and a curious tablet which fixes the date 1449.

The portion of the county north of the twin lakes has some fine houses, but is not particularly noteworthy from a scenic or any other point of view. On the south, however, the curious and interesting limestone formations give the landscape a character all its own, a character too which can be appreciated by the layman as well as the geologist. The hills rise to a height of over 2,000 feet, and are diversified with underground streams, caverns, natural arches, and the other concomitants of limestone regions.



Photo by]

LOWER LOUGH ERNE.

The lower lake is about 18 miles long by 5½ wide. Both the lakes are a great attraction to anglers, as they abound in fish. Of the two, perhaps the lower lake has the most varied and attractive scenery.

[Pictochrom Co., Ltd



Photo by

TAILABOUT, CUPAR.

Besides being the capital of Fifeshire, Cupar is of considerable industrial importance. It does a large trade in corn, and has also flax-spinning, dyeing, and tanning industries.

J. Denton & Sons, Ltd.



Photo by]

THE CATHEDRAL, ST. ANDREWS.

[A. H. Robinson.

The ancient and royal burgh of St. Andrews has for centuries been known as the ecclesiastical metropolis of Scotland. Historians have placed the date of the earliest religious settlement here as far back as A.D. 347.

FIFESHIRE

UP to the present day the term "kingdom" is still used occasionally with regard to the County of Fife, a memento of the days when Fifeshire stretched from Forth to Tay, and the still earlier days when the Pictish kings had their residence within its borders; it was then the southern and more important part of the kingdom of Pictavia.

There is scarcely a phase of Scottish history that does not show some trace in Fifeshire. Macduff and Robert the Bruce, Malcolm Canmore and Mary Queen of Scots, all furnish story and legend, and castles and ruined palaces testify to the importance of this eastward-stretching peninsula between the two great firths of the south, Forth and Tay.

The Pictish history of the county is obscure; it is certain that St. Serf and his fellow-Culdees laboured among the natives of the district, and they still point to a cave at Dysart as the saint's cell, and to a well at Alva as a spot that he visited. In St. Andrews the site of a Culdee monastery is still traced and pointed out, though the city itself was founded by St. Rule—the square, Byzantine-style tower dedicated to him is one of the principal monuments of the city. It is alleged that St. Rule brought holy relics of St. Andrew with him, and hence the name of the city, though there is only tradition to-day—if the relics were actually brought, they no longer exist.

About the time of the Norman conquest of England the historic centre of Fife changes from St. Andrews in the east to Dunfermline in the south-west of the county. In the year 1068 Margaret, Malcolm Canmore's queen, landed at Queensferry, on her way to Malcolm's capital, Dunfermline.



Photo by]

STRUTHERS CASTLE, CUPAR.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This interesting old ruin is situated nearly 3 miles to the south of the town. The county town is of considerable antiquity; its charter dates from 1363.

She was the granddaughter of Edmund Ironside, and her tomb and Malcolm's is still to be seen within the ruined walls of the Lady Chapel of Dunfermline. It is a massive structure, formed of great blocks of fossil-marked limestone, and about it are fine specimens of the decorative stonework of the early thirteenth century. The tomb was repaired and enclosed by Queen Victoria's command, and about it are the graves of other sovereigns, last of whom was Robert the Bruce, who died at Cardross in 1329.

His tomb is under the lantern-tower of the present church, holding all but his heart. The legend of the trust he laid on Sir James Douglas, his friend, to bear his heart to the Holy Sepulchre and deposit it there, is one that will never grow old. Douglas, stopping to fight the Moors in Spain on his way, never achieved his object, for his body, together with the embalmed heart of the king, was



Photo by

ST. ANDREWS CATHEDRAL.

[W. F. Taylor.]

The cathedral was founded in 1159, but was destroyed by a mob exactly 400 years later. The east-end wall can be seen in the background, framed in the arch of the west door.

brought back to Scotland by Sir William Keith, and the heart of the Bruce found a resting-place in famed Melrose Abbey.

Dunfermline Priory was raised to the rank of an abbey by King David I, and at that time the buildings were of a magnificence hardly exceeded by any in Scotland. Early in the fourteenth century they were virtually destroyed by the English invaders. The church was restored, and stood until 1560, when iconoclastic Reformers swept away all but the nave, which they transformed into a Presbyterian sanctuary.

The south, and part of the west, wall of the fraterly of the ancient monastery remain extant, and the latter possesses a window which is considered one of the finest examples of the workmanship of its period. The ancient church is Norman in style, severely plain, but impressive by reason of its great height. Its western doorway is considered exceptionally fine, and on the walls are old monuments of great interest to the antiquary, including one erected in 1702 to the memory of William Schaw, the

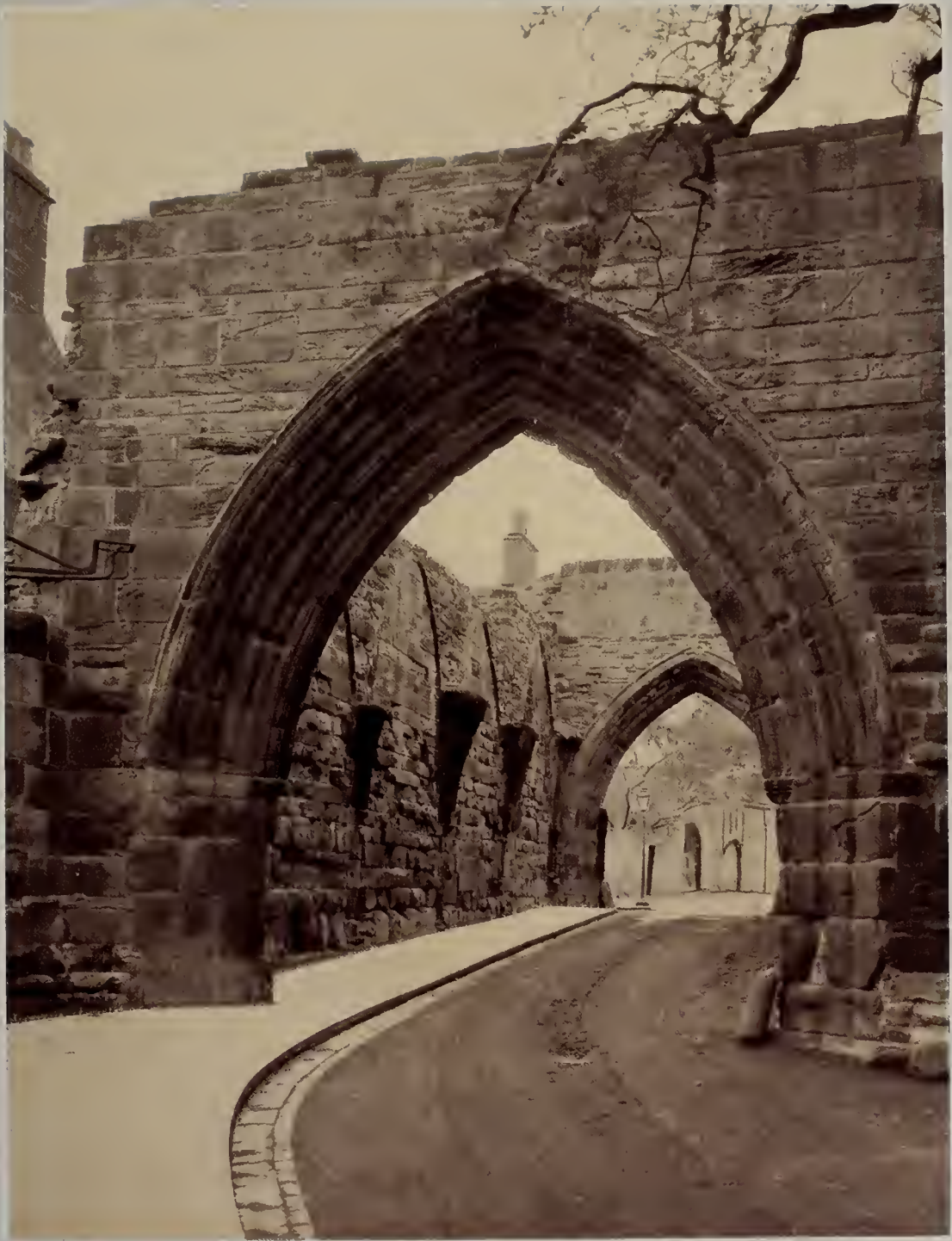


Photo by]

THE PENDS, ST. ANDREWS CATHEDRAL.

[W. F. Taylor.

Before its demolltion, St. Andrews was without exception the finest ecclesiastical building in the whole of Scotland. These stately Gothic Pends form the priory gateway.



Photo. by]

LADE BRAES, ST. ANDREWS.
As well as for its ancient history, St. Andrews is famed for its University and known as one of the finest and most fashionable of Scottish seaside resorts. It was here that the "Royal and Ancient Golf Club" was founded in 1754.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

king's architect. The tower gives a fine view of Edinburgh across the Firth of Forth, and of the intervening valley.

The reign of Malcolm Canmore and Margaret his wife—as St. Margaret, she is the last of the saints of the Scottish Church—coincides with the virtual end of Gaelic influence in Fife and the coming of Norman rule and custom. Roman Christianity superseded the ruder worship instigated by the Culdees, and feudalism began with the immigration of Norman-French families to the county. St. Andrews, Cupar, Dunfermline, and Kinghorn were among the towns to which charters were granted by successive kings, and

each of them was responsible for the foundation of extensive ecclesiastical establishments.

Wallace drove the English out of Fife with his victory at Black Earnside; Edward I held court at Dunfermline for the purpose of receiving the homage of the nobles of the county; in 1318 Robert the Bruce attended the consecration of the Cathedral of St. Andrews, and just five hundred years later his skeleton was unearthed at Dunfermline, and reinterred with national honour.

St. Andrews holds many memories of John Knox, the great Scottish Reformer. In the parish church of the place, according to a contemporary, his fulminations made fabric and congregation alike tremble. "He was like to ding the pulpit to blads and fly out of it," was the exact wording of the description. Civil war came of the Reforming movement, and St. Andrews Cathedral was destroyed in good Protestant zeal, while the Queen-Mother and her French supporters were driven out of Fife, and the Protestant religion was established by the Scottish Parliament in 1560.



Photo by]

ST. ANDREWS CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

St. Andrews Castle has been a total ruin since 1685. It was built in 1200 and was mainly used as an episcopal palace. Its commanding situation and its thick walls made it a place of great strength. After the murder of Cardinal Beaton it was repeatedly subjected to attacks.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

THE "ROCK AND SPINDLE" ROCK, ST. ANDREWS.

The long shelving rocks in the neighbourhood of the town have been the scene of many a shipwreck. The small harbour is used chiefly by trawlers, which carry on a considerable herring fishery.

Fifeshire was very closely associated with the Covenanted movement in the seventeenth century. Alexander Henderson, minister of Leuchars, was author of the National Covenant, and headed the movement that insisted on the establishment of Presbyterian Church government in place of the old-time bishops. Cromwell fought the last battle the county has known, at Inverkeathing; Archbishop Sharp comes next among the historical figures associated with the county. He was murdered on Magus Muir, near St. Andrews, by Balfour of Kinloch, Hackston of Rathillet, and their followers, and Sharp, who had been a bitter persecutor of his opponents and had acquired a reputation for mean self-seeking even among his own friends, thus unjustly attained the halo of a martyr in the cause of the episcopal faith.

Up to the time of full religious liberty, Fifeshire ranked as the scene of the most virulent controversy



COPYRIGHT

MAP OF FIFESHIRE.

GEOGRAPHIA 9231 L^{TD} 55 FLEET STREET LONDON E. C.4

and religious zeal in all Scotland. There is, in fact, little beyond the religious wars of words to mark the history of the county in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries; with the canny wisdom for which Scots—and Fifeshire Scots in especial—are famed, the men of the county left the rebellions of '15 and '45 to settle themselves, and profited thereby.

Archaeologically the county is supremely interesting. In the early days, when the lowlands of the county were marsh and quag, the inhabitants dwelt in the hills and threw up earthworks, of which traces survive in many places. Norman's Law Fort is an especially fine example of these early strongholds, which consists of circular earthworks, sufficient in extent to protect the pasture lands for the cattle as well as the homes of human beings. A still more extensive and carefully constructed earthwork is to be seen in Abdie parish, on the Craig of Clachard.

Another interesting survival is the underground earth-house, of which two specimens have been discovered in the county. The structure is entirely subterranean, and has an entrance, strengthened by stone lintels, which admits of crawling in on hands and knees. The dwelling widens beyond the



Photo by]

ST. ANDREWS, FROM THE HARBOUR.

[W. F. Taylor.

On account of the rocks, this harbour is difficult and often very dangerous to enter. The town was founded in the time of the Culdees and, up to the time of the Civil Wars, it was of considerable importance. It was not until two centuries ago that it was revived as a watering-place.



Photo by]

THE CAVES, CRAIL.

These fine natural caves are an interesting feature of the cliffs at Crail. This part of the coastline also abounds in gullies and shore stacks. The town of Crail was anciently known as "Caryle" or "Carralle."

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd



Painted specially for this work by

OYSTERMOUTH CASTLE, NEAR SWANSEA.

The ruined Castle of Oystermouth, which crowns a hill on the west side of Swansea Bay, is of great antiquity. It is reputed to have been founded by Henry de Bellemonte in the eleventh century, and afterwards underwent a partial restoration by the Duke of Beaufort. The building has now long since fallen into decay.

F. C. Farley.

entrance, and increases in height to admit of a man standing upright in the chamber formed below ground level.

Such of the people as lived down in the marshes in the prehistoric days of Fifeshire built their dwellings on piles, usually driven in on islets artificially constructed in lakes, and connected with the mainland by a causeway which could be interrupted or entirely destroyed in case of attack. Remains of these marsh-dwellings—crannogs, they are called—have been found at Collessie and Stravithy, mainly constructed of stone in place of logs.

Near Collessie, too, was found a tumulus which, when opened, displayed a cist or urn that contained a human skeleton and a gold-mounted bronze sword; the tumulus was constructed of a multitude of stones, and was 14 feet in height and 40 yards in diameter. Others, found at Tayfield and examined, yielded necklets of beads and jet, and weapons and ornaments of bronze.



Photo by]

THE HARBOUR, CRAIL.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The port of Crail carried on a considerable trade as early as the ninth century, but it is now chiefly known in connection with its fishing industry, large numbers of lobsters being found off the coast. The great antiquity of this picturesque town contributes largely to its fame as a watering-place.

The "standing stones" of Lundin, among the noteworthy monuments of Fife, are reputed burial marks of Danish chiefs, and there are also sculptured stones, attributed to the Culdee period, at Scoonie, Largo, and Crail. The stone of Crail has the Virgin and Child rudely carved upon its surface.

Macduff Cross, near Newburgh, is said to have been erected by Macduff to commemorate his escape from Macbeth's vengeance. The cross itself was destroyed by the Reformers—who seemed determined to reform all monuments out of existence—in 1559, but the pedestal remains to this day, and, according to legend, the cross formed a sanctuary place for all relatives, even the most distant, of Macduff. Any relative who had committed manslaughter could claim sanctuary at the cross, but a fine of nine cows had to be paid, and certain rites performed. Failing the production of the cows, the performance of the rites, and the proof of relationship with Macduff, the sanctuary was one no longer, and the manslaughterer was executed and buried on the spot.

There are legends of Roman occupation, and Lochore boasts an encampment which may have been that of Agricola, whose fleet sailed up the Tay. The finding of Roman coins is sometimes claimed as proof of Roman occupation, but it is quite possible that the inhabitants of Fifeshire had a natural affinity with coins, even of Roman origin, in the days of Agricola. Roman sword blades and spear-heads, although they point to the presence of Romans in the county, are no proof of permanent occupation, but more probably denote conflict between the invaders and the natives of the county, possibly at the time when Agricola cruised round and marched across the peninsula.

One fact, of more importance than many legends, is associated with the parish of Largo in Fifeshire. There, in 1676, was born Alexander Selkirk, who went to sea in his youth, and in the year 1703 had attained to the position of sailing master on the ship *Cinque Ports*. In that year, as punishment for



[Photo by]

ST. FILLANS CAVE, PITTENWEEM.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

This little East Neuk fishing town probably owes its origin to the priory that was founded here in the twelfth century, and was then connected with a large cave on the beach by a subterranean passage. Pittenweem has been interpreted to mean "the town of the cave."

mutiny, he was marooned on the island of Juan Fernandez, where he remained alone for four years. He was then rescued from his solitary imprisonment and brought back to England. A certain John Selkirk, a weaver in Largo, used to show the chest which Alexander had with him on his island, and John claimed to be grand-nephew of the man whom Defoe took as prototype for his immortal romance of Robinson Crusoe. Alexander's musket, too, came back to Largo with him, and used to be shown as his at a house in the neighbourhood. Defoe's genius made a hero of one who in himself had little claim to fame.

Historically and archaeologically, St. Andrews ranks as one of the most—if not actually the most—interesting of Fifeshire towns. The original name of the city was Mucross, meaning "the promontory of boars," from *muc*, a boar or sow, and *ross*, a point or promontory. Then came St. Rule, or Regulus, a monk of Patras in Achaia, who was instructed in a vision to take some of the holy relics of St. Andrew, and carry them with him to a distant region of the west. Having obeyed the mystic



Photo by]

BOILING CAULDRON, ST. MONANCE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The east end of Fifeshire round Fife Ness, where this little fishing town is situated, is known as East Neuk. St. Monance, or Abercrombie as it is sometimes called, is situated on a long strip of rocky coast, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of Pittenweem.



Photo by]

NEWARK CASTLE, ST. MONANCE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Near St. Monance are the remains of Newark Castle, now fallen into a complete state of ruin. At the height of its glory this old building was the seat of the Leslies.



Photo by

KILCONQUHAR, FROM THE LAKE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Kilconquhar is well known for the numerous swans which abound on the loch that lend such an air of charm to this picturesque village. Locally known as Kioneuchar, the village is situated on the north side of the loch, 4 miles from Largo.



Photo by

BALCARRES HOUSE AND CRAIG, COLINSBURGH.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Three-quarters of a mile north-west of Colinsburgh is Balcarres House, a fine Scots-Flemish-Gothic building, memorable as the residence of Lady Lindsay, author of "Auld Robin Gray." Balcarres Craig has an altitude of 200 feet.

command, he landed in the year 365 in the neighbourhood of Mucross and succeeded in inducing Hengustus, the king of the country, to embrace Christianity. He changed the name Mucross into Kilyrmont, "the chapel of the king on the mount" (the original Latin from which this name was corrupted was "cella regis in monte"). Hengustus gave Rule and his companions a piece of ground near the harbour, and also erected a chapel and tower in honour of the monk, giving them his name. Kilyrmont became Kilrule (the designation is still retained in the Gaelic) in view of the high sanctity of St. Rule, and the Picts of the surrounding district flocked in for conversion. It is interesting to note that the original name of St. Andrews is still retained in the village of Boarhills, as translated into the dialect of later inhabitants.

With regard to Hengustus' grant of land to St. Rule, Dr. Jamieson, historian of the district, states



Photo by]

BUCKHAVEN HARBOUR.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Buckhaven fishing tow is part of the police burgh of Buckhaven, which includes the towns of Methil and Innerleven. An extensive colliery trade is carried on at Methil, and there are engineering works and network factories.

that "he founded a church at Kilyrmont, which henceforth received the name of the saint to whom it was dedicated." Later this tract was taken from the Culdees and given first to the bishop, and then to the prior and canons regular of St. Andrews. In the tenth century, such was the sanctity of the place, King Constantine took up his residence in the sacred institution, and died a member of the society in 953.

The walls and a tower of St. Rule's Chapel were still standing in the middle of the nineteenth century, though it is generally considered that these differ from the original building on the site. The tower is square, about 108 feet in height, and extending about 20 feet on each side, with no spire. Toward the end of the eighteenth century it was covered, for protection against weather, with a flat roof and parapet, and a stair was put up in the interior to the top.

The name of the place, Kilrule, endured in use till the ninth century, when the Scots finally con-



Photo by

MACDUFF CASTLE, FROM THE SHORE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The ruins of this old castle stand on a commanding eminence near the village of East Wemyss. The castle is said to have been built by Macduff, the Thane of Fife. Of the original fortress, the chief remains are two square towers and part of a wall.

quered and subjugated the Picts. The new-comers gave the name of St. Andrews to the ecclesiastical settlement, round which a considerable secular city had already grown.

The Cathedral of St. Andrews, founded in 1159, was finished in 1318, and was one of the most magnificent of Scottish ecclesiastical edifices. In June 1559 John Knox preached a sermon in which he "did intreet the ejectione of the buyers and sellers furthe of the temple of Jerusalem, as is written in the evangelists Matthew and John; and so applied the corruptione that was then to the corruptione in the papistrie; and Christ's fact to the devote of thois to quhome God giveth the

power and zeill thereto, that as weill the magistrates, the proveist and baillies, as the commonalty, did agtee to remove all monuments of idolatry: quhilk also they did with expeditioun."



Photo by

RAVENS CRAIG CASTLE, KIRKCALDY.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Ravenscraig Castle overlooks the Firth of Forth between Dysart and Kirkcaldy. It was founded by James II, but he did not live to see its completion. It comes in Scott's "Rosabelle" as "Castle Ravensceuch."

With respect to the cathedral, the "expeditioun" of the spoilers was such that one day sufficed for that which had taken 160 years to construct. Grierson's description shows that it must have been a noble pile. It "had five pinnacles or towers, and a great steeple. Of the towers, two stood on the west gable, two on the east, and one on the south end of the transept or cross-church. Two of these towers, with the great steeple over the centre of the church, have long since disappeared. Three of the towers yet remain, the two on the east gable which is still entire, and one of those on the west. The towers are each 100 feet high from the ground to



Photo by]

GROUPIE CRAIG, RAITH, KIRKCALDY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Two miles west of Kirkcaldy is Raith House. Its pleasure-grounds contain a very picturesque artificial loch. This pretty waterfall is one of the heauty spots in the vicinity.

the summit, and they rose considerably above the roof of the church. The two eastern ones are joined by an arch or pend, forming the great east light of the church, till they rise above the height of the roof, and it is evident that the western ones must have been in the same state when entire. From each of these towers, into the church, opened three several doors into so many galleries along the walls; which galleries were supported by pillars, 16 in number on each side, and at the distance of 16 feet from the wall. All that now remains of this magnificent pile is the eastern gable entire, as has been said, half of the western, the south side-wall from the western gable till it join the transept, a length of 200 feet, and the west wall of the transept itself on the south side of the church."

Near the cathedral stood the priory, or Augustine monastery, founded in 1144 by Bishop Robert.



Photo by,

OLD MILL DAM, KIRKCALDY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Kirkcaldy is certainly the largest and perhaps the busiest town in Fife, and is the centre of the linoleum industry in the kingdom. The seaport was created a royal burgh as early as 1644 by Charles I, but its history extends back to St. Columba's time.

John Hepburn, prior of St. Andrews, in 1516 built a magnificent wall round three sides of the monastery grounds; the wall was 22 feet in height and 4 feet thick; portions of it still remain, but very little is left of the buildings it once enclosed.

The castle of St. Andrews was built toward the end of the twelfth century by Roger, bishop of the diocese. It stood to the north of the town, on a point projecting toward the sea—north-west of the cathedral. It was enlarged and strengthened at the beginning of the fourteenth century, and in 1336 Edward III of England placed a garrison there to overawe the town and surrounding country. After Edward had returned to England, Sir Andrew Moray of Bothwell, the regent of Scotland, besieged the stronghold, carried it after three weeks, and entirely demolished it. Bishop Trail rebuilt it toward the end of the fourteenth century, and died in it in 1401. James III was born in the castle, and, until Beaton was murdered in 1545, it continued as the episcopal palace. Ruins only remain to-day; Knox

and his successors left little use in Scotland for episcopal palaces. The site of the old castle has suffered greatly from the encroachment of the sea, which is gradually washing away the whole promontory on which the fortress once stood.

Associated with Wallace, with the convening of Robert the Bruce's first parliament, and with many burnings of heretics in the early days of the Reformation, St. Andrews can lay claim to having witnessed many of the most stirring scenes in Scottish history, but the incidents surrounding the deaths of Wishart and Cardinal Beaton stand out as of particular interest. In March 1545 Wishart was burned before the castle, then the archiepiscopal residence of Cardinal Beaton; cushions of velvet were laid in the castle windows for the cardinal and his friends to enjoy the spectacle in comfort, and Beaton's arrogance and cruelty, culminating in this event—in which he did not even invoke the aid of the civil power—led to the formation of a plot to murder him. Norman Lesley, John Lesley, Kirkaldy of Rothes, and fourteen others, assembled in the churchyard at three of a May morning in that year of 1545, and, having gained admission to the castle, they turned out the servants by small parties, and forcing their way into the cardinal's room, stabbed him with their daggers. One among them, Melville, finally killed Beaton with his sword, at the same time exhorting him to "Remember that the mortal stroke I am now about to deal is not the mercenary blow of a hired assassin, but the just vengeance which hath fallen on an obstinate enemy of Christ and the Holy Gospel." It was nine months later before the body of the cardinal was interred, and, concerning this, John Knox himself wrote: "as his funeral could not be suddenly prepared, it was thought best to keep him from spoiling, to give him great salt enough, a cope of lead, and a corner of the sea tower (a place where many of God's children had been



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons.

THE DOVECOT, BOW BUTTS HOUSE, KINGHORN.

Bow Butts House, to which this pretty dovecot belongs, is situated close to Kinghorn—an ancient royal burgh, standing on the coast of the Firth of Forth opposite Leith.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons.

THE PALACE, DUNFERMLINE.

Dunfermline, or "The town of the crooked linn" as it has been quaintly nicknamed, is the one-time capital and the second largest town in the county. Towering above the Pittencrieff Glen, the magnificent ruins of the palace are a striking reminder of the former importance of the town. The building is said to date from the reign of Alexander III.

was joined by his supporters and asserted his independence. He came to convene an assembly of the clergy at St. Andrews in 1617, visiting Scotland from what he termed "a salmon-like instinct to

see the place of his breeding." He was the last monarch to pay a state visit to the city.

Wemyss, on the south coast of Fifeshire, is of interest by reason of its castle, in which is preserved a large silver basin, given by the King of Norway in 1290 to Sir Michael Wemyss, who came to the Norwegian court to bring home to Scotland the Princess Margaret. The family descends from the family of Macduff, who flourished in the reign of Malcolm Canmore, and the lands of the parish are said to have been part of his estate. Legend, well supported, has it that Gillimichael, third in descent from Macduff, had a second son named Hugo, to whom the lands Wemyss were granted, but according to a



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons.

THE MONASTERY, INCHCOLM ISLAND.

This small island lies nearly 2 miles south of Aberdeen in the Firth of Forth. The ruin of this one-time important abbey lends an air of romance to what would otherwise be an uninteresting island. The monastic building was founded in 1123 by Alexander I.



Photo by]

EAST BAY, ABERDOUR.

The little fishing village of Aberdour occupies a charming position on the wooded heights which surround this bay. Its fine views and the sandy shores of its bay make it a pleasant resort in the summer.

[Valentine & Sons,



Photo by

DOUBLE ARCH BRIDGE, PITTENCRIEFF.

Valentine & Sons,

The beautiful park of Pittencrieff was given to the town by Dr. Andrew Carnegie. This curious bridge attracts much comment on account of its unusual appearance.

manuscript account of the family, the first of the line is said to have been Michael, second son of Duncan, Earl of Fife, who died in 1159.

Somewhat to the east of the village of East Wemyss are the ruins of an old castle known as Macduff's Castle, and said to have been built by Macduff. Set up on an eminence near the shore, the castle commanded a wide view, and, from the character of the two square towers and part of a wall that remain, the place was one of immense strength.

Falkland Palace, a building commenced by either James III or James IV, and now used as a dwelling-house, was enlarged by James V, and was a favourite resort of the ill-fated Queen Mary. It was in a dungeon of the old Falkland Castle, a stronghold of the Earls of Fife that was forfeited to the



Photo by]

TULLIALLAN LOCH, KINCARDINE.

[Valentine & Sons.

The town of Kincardine is the most important in the parish of Tulliallan. This loch lies 2 miles to the north of the town. The parish is situated in the detached portion of Fifeshire. Up to the introduction of railways, Kincardine owed its importance to the fine ferry which crossed the Forth here.

Crown in 1424, that David, Duke of Rothesay and eldest son of Robert III, was starved to death by the Duke of Albany, the king's brother, and by the Earl of Douglas, in 1402. In 1745 Rob Roy garrisoned the palace, and exacted contributions from the village and surrounding country.

Cupar, the county town of Fife, is a place of considerable antiquity. The Macduffs, thanes of Fife, had a castle here in the early days. It has little to recommend it to the attention of the historical student, except for various visits from Scottish and English monarchs, among the former being included Mary, who had a great liking for the place. Charles II of England also paid it a visit, of which it is recorded that "He came to Couper, where he gat some desert to his foure houres; the place where he satte doune to eate was the Tolbooth. The towne had appointed Mr. Andro Andersone, scholemaster ther for the tyme, to give him a musicke songe or two, while he was at table. Mr. David

Douglysse had a speech with him at his entrie to the towne. After this he went to Falkland all night. All this tyme the most part of the gentelmen of the shyre did go along with him.' From all of which it is evident that Falkland Palace was capable of accommodating a good number at need.

Fifeshire as a whole presents characteristics more English than Scotch, topographically speaking. Its gently undulating plains contrast strongly with the bolder and more striking scenery generally associated with Scottish counties. Two ranges of hills, the Ochills, which skirt the northern border, and the Lomonds, which run nearly parallel to the southward of the Ochills, divide the county into three districts. The fertile and well-wooded valley of Stratheden lies between the two ranges, giving Cupar a beautiful situation, and to south of the Lomonds an irregular plain stretches southward to



Photo by

SPA BRIDGE, KENNOWAY.

Valentine & Sons.

Most of the streams in the parish of Kennoway are tributaries of the Leven. This scene was taken near the village of Kennoway, where one of these little burns passes through a very picturesque ravine.

the Forth. To the east the "moors of Fife form a table land, and to the north the Ochills exhibit peaks rising to over 2,000 feet, but so sloped and grassy as to be elevations from the plain rather than definite heights, for the most part.

The Maormors, or chiefs of Fife in old time, enjoyed premier privileges in the Scottish kingdom. It fell to them to place the king on the inaugural stone, to lead the van of the king's army into battle, and to have the privilege of a sanctuary for all the members of the Clan Macduff.

The family of Macduff, and the fierce fanaticism of John Knox may be said to share greatest prominence in the annals of the county. Mary and Darnley first met at Wemyss; and just over the border, in Kinross, is Loch Leven with its castle—another landmark in the life of the beauty of Scotland. Though the county cannot boast the crags and glens that characterise the Highlands, its dales and heights have their own beauty, tinged ever with the glamour of romance.



Photo by

THE GATEWAY, FALKLAND PALACE.

[Valentine & Sons,

In olden times Falkland was the capital of the stewardry of Fife; the palace was then a much favoured residence with the Scottish kings. Though mainly a Renaissance edifice, parts of the building exhibit the Gothic and Baronial styles.

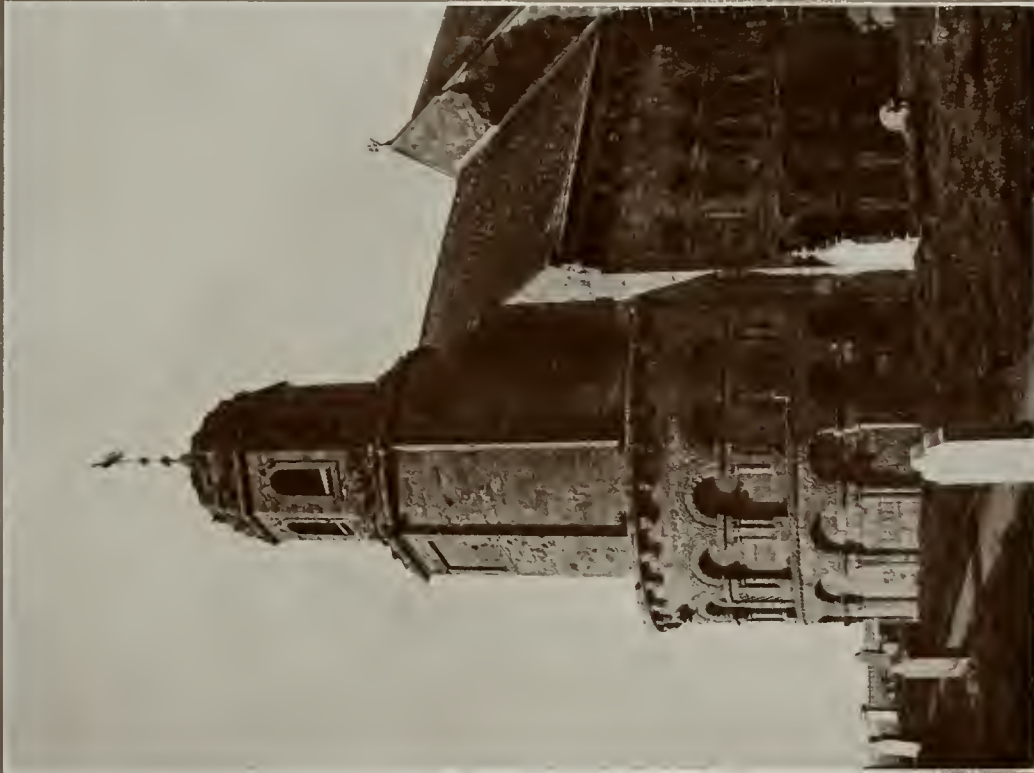


Photo by

LEUCHARS CHURCH.

[Valentine & Sons,

The quaint apse in this church has been described as the most beautiful and purest specimen of Norman architecture in the whole of Scotland. The fragment dates from the thirteenth century, and is not used as a part of the present church.



Photo by]

THE CLOISTER GARTH, LINDORES ABBEY, NEWBURGH.

[Valentine & Sons.

The monastery was founded by the Earl of Huntingdon, brother of William the Lion, in 1178, and, at the height of its glory, it was evidently a magnificent building of great architectural beauty. The vestibule of the church, in the centre of the ruin, is the best preserved part of the remains.



Photo by]

TUNNEL IN MASPIE GLEN, FALKLAND.

[Valentine & Sons.

Though many parts of the parish are still beautifully wooded, the fine forest which existed here and was used as a hunting-ground by Scottish kings was utterly destroyed by Cromwell. The incident is described by Lamont: "the English beganne to cutt downe Facklaod wood; the moist pairt of the tries were oakes."



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons.

FLINT CASTLE.

Built in 1277 by Edward I, Flint Castle was originally a square building with four circular towers, one of which is among the most curious structures in Wales, having two concentric walls 6 feet thick divided by a space of 21 feet.

FLINTSHIRE

THIS, the smallest of Welsh counties, presents a familiar but by no means truly characteristic aspect to the casual traveller from Chester to the coast resorts of Denbigh or Carnarvon. The Dee—with the somewhat dull Cheshire shore on the farther bank—and the more or less uninteresting strip of plain immediately south of the railway give little promise of the charming regions to be found farther afield, the beauties of the Vale of Clwyd, the glorious reaches of the Dee in the oddly detached portion of the county which borders on Shropshire, the innumerable views and vistas to be obtained from the hills, and the wayward delights of many a secluded dell and dingle. To those who really know it, this county stands high on the varied list of beautiful districts in the British Isles, and its historical associations, its memories of ancient feuds between Celt and Saxon, and the still existing remains of its former power and dignity give it that aura of romance which makes all the difference between an old country and a "new" one.

In *A History of the Deposition of Richard II*, in French verse, in the Harleian MS., there is a quaint illumination of the meeting of the King and Bolingbroke at Flint Castle in 1399. Within a towered and turreted *enceinte* the unfortunate monarch, disguised as a priest, is being received by Bolingbroke, all the gentlemen present being several sizes too large for the edifice. It must be presumed that the artist was not copying from nature, as the existing fragmentary ruins of Flint Castle imply that the stronghold must have been exceedingly formidable. Apparently it had seen its best



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons.

THE FRONT, HAWARDEN CASTLE.

The present Hawarden Castle is a comparatively modern building, dating from the middle of the eighteenth century. The town of Hawarden is well known as the home of William Gladstone, who was four times Premier of England.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons.

CASTLE RUINS, CAERGWRLLE.

This picturesque old ruin was once an important castle guarding a passage to Tegeingl. During its occupation in 1242 by Queen Eleanor, a fire partly destroyed the interior. The ruin stands on a hill close to the right bank of the River Alun.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons.

MOEL FAMIAU TOWER, MOLD.

Moel Famiau or "Hill of Mothers" is the highest point in the Clydian range on the mutual border between Flintshire and Denbighshire. The tower was erected in 1810 in honour of George III's Jubilee, but was blown down by a gale in 1862.

days even at the time of the tragic incident referred to, as Shakespeare, in *King Richard II*, makes Bolingbroke say :

“ Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle,”

and

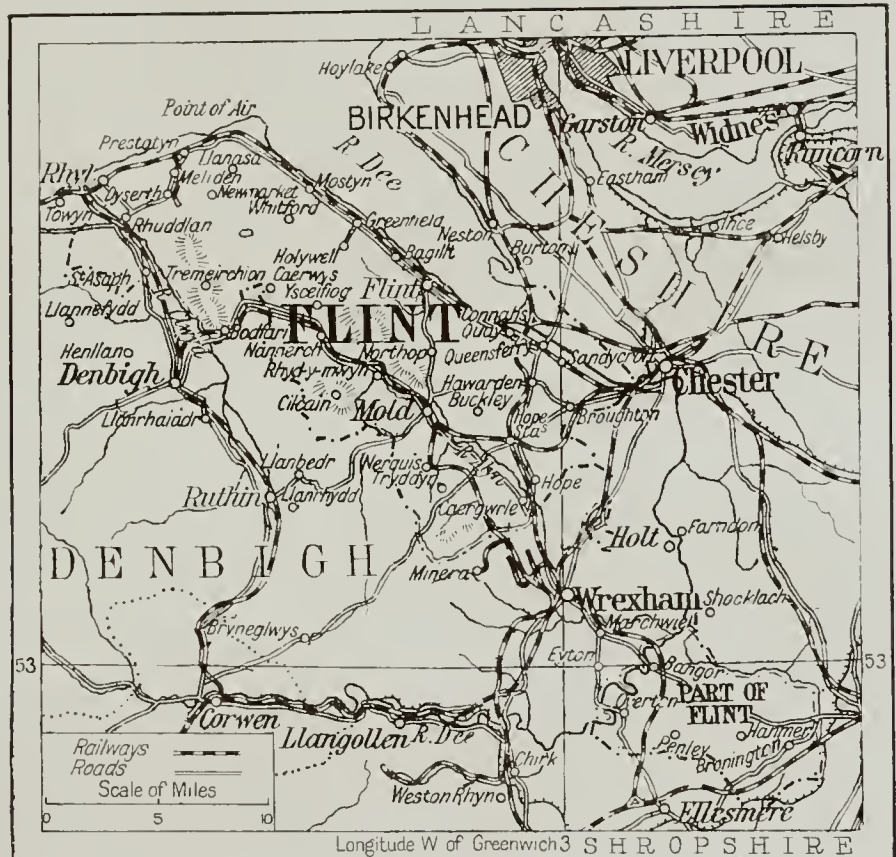
“ Let’s march without the noise of threatening drum,
That from the castle’s tatter’d battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus’d.”

Poor Richard was on his way to a forced abdication and a violent and shameful death. No wonder the still more tattered battlements of the ruin wear a forlorn and sinister look !

Flint’s crowning glory as the “ county ” town vanished to some extent when the assizes were removed to Mold. Even that badge of dignity, the gaol, has lapsed into the unexciting respectability of a private house. But though industry has its foot on the neck of the old place, the sea has to some extent abandoned its association, and it has little to show commensurate with its ancient dignity. Flint still has a niche of its own in a work of this kind.

Holywell, too, is an ancient place, and the “ well ” to which it owes its name is credited with miracles as miraculous as befell St. Winifred, through whom it came into existence. This seventh-century lady had the misfortune to be ardently loved by a fierce and unruly Prince of Wales, whose rough wooing, apart from other considerations, made him exceedingly distasteful to her. When pleading failed the Prince resorted to violence, and when violence failed he incontinently smote off her head. The head rolled down the hill and came to rest by the church. Wonder of wonders ! A vast spring welled forth from the blood-stained ground ! Recognising the portent, St. Beuno came forth from the church, reattached the head to the trunk, and as the result of much prayer and supplication the lady returned to life.

Such is the legend. The fact is that the spring, which became known as “ St. Winifred’s Well,” has for ages been visited by afflicted pilgrims on account of the miraculous powers with which it is credited, and Holywell has become a British Lourdes to thousands of sincere and deeply religious men and women. Those who do not accept the spiritual significance of the place can thoroughly appreciate the beauties of St. Winifred’s Chapel, built by the Countess of Richmond, Henry VII’s mother, at a time when the Perpendicular style had reached its apogee.



COPYRIGHT GEOGRAPHIA 1923 LTD 55 FLEET STREET LONDON E C 4
MAP OF FLINTSHIRE.



Photo by]

NANT-Y-FFRITH NEAR BWLCHGWYN.

[Valentine & Sons.

The beautiful glen of Nant-y-Ffrith, seen in the photograph, is traversed by a small tributary of the River Alyn. The large building at the top of the picture is a family seat.

Faith in the healing powers of the well has also found expression in the numerous Roman Catholic institutions and establishments which have come into being in the little village of Pantasaph, hard by. The Earl of Denbigh who was mainly instrumental in the "adoption" of the place for these sacred and charitable purposes, sleeps his last sleep in a fine tomb in the church.

What remains of Rhuddlan Castle is far more picturesque and impressive than the fragmentary ruin of Edward I's fastness at Flint. The angle towers, mantled with ivy, rear their battered but majestic heads and still witness proudly to a time when Rhuddlan was a name to conjure with on the "border." It was on Rhuddlan Marsh that the first of the epic contests between Celt and Saxon took place in A.D. 795. Fierce Offa captained the Saxon host, while mighty Caradoc performed prodigies of



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons.

THE LEETE, MOLD.

Known as the Leete, this beautiful piece of scenery is the picturesque glen of the upper Alyn. The best part of the Leete lies between Rhyd-y-Mwyn and Cilcain.

valour as leader of the Welsh. Discipline and such military science as the age could boast prevailed over untutored courage, and good Welshmen still think mournfully of Rhuddlan Marsh.

The first castle on the site (though "castle" is perhaps a complimentary term) fell before the fierce onslaught of King Harold in 1063, and its successor changed hands more than once before Edward I erected the existing structure in 1277. That great ruler and soldier made the new stronghold his headquarters during part of his Welsh campaigns, and it played no small part in his official and domestic life. It was here that he persuaded the Welsh leaders to accept his Carnarvon-born son as "Prince of Wales," with the guileful promise that they should have a prince of blameless character who had been born in Wales and could speak no English! Of more practical importance to Wales in general and Flintshire in particular was his "Statute of Rhuddlan," which gave the former a constitution and the latter a name.

As one wanders among these splendid ruins memories of that epic period, so glorious for Edward, so tragic for Wales, crowd thick and fast. Time has healed those ancient quarrels, and Rhuddlan remains a splendid monument to the genius of the greatest of English sovereigns and that patriotic heroism of an ancient race which animates and inspires the natives of the Principality even to-day.

For all practical purposes Dyserth Castle, Rhuddlan's neighbour (and daughter of its predecessor) is little else but a memory. For all its strength and the natural advantages of the site, it was besieged and destroyed by a Welsh Prince worthy to rank with Edward I on the scroll of fame, Llewelyn-ap-Gryffydd. It is not on this barely recognisable relic that Dyserth bases its claim to distinction. What



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons.

ST. MARY'S WELL, ST. ASAPH.

St. Asaph, or Llanelwy as it is sometimes called, has the distinction of being the smallest "city" in Britain. It occupies one of the most charming situations in North Wales in the middle of the Vale of Clwyd. The cathedral at St. Asaph is the smallest cathedral of old foundation in the country.

raises it above nonentity is its church, largely a Victorian restoration, but the proud possessor of a glorious east window with a remarkable "Tree of Jesse," which is said to have come from the much-despoiled Basingwerk Abbey.

St. Asaph enjoys the distinction of being the smallest "city" in Britain and possessing the smallest cathedral. But it can also claim to occupy a delightful situation in the beautiful Vale of Clwyd, where visitors feel a wholesome contempt of that spread of industrial civilisation which has done so much to make large areas of British countryside an eyesore. The cathedral itself arouses mixed feelings, due mainly to its very mixed history. No edifice, however beautiful in its original state, could be expected to survive the ravages of English and Welsh armies and a "drastic" restoration by Gilbert Scott (necessary though that may have been) without paying toll to such vicissitudes. Frankly, the existing structure, for its plainness, has lost most of its fine features, though in all



Photo by]

WEAVER'S COTTAGE, DYSERTH.

This beautiful little village nestles at the foot of Ochr-y-Foel. The stream from Ffynnon Asa—the second largest well in Wales—passes through the village. Dyserth means “the deserted place.”

[Valentine & Sons.

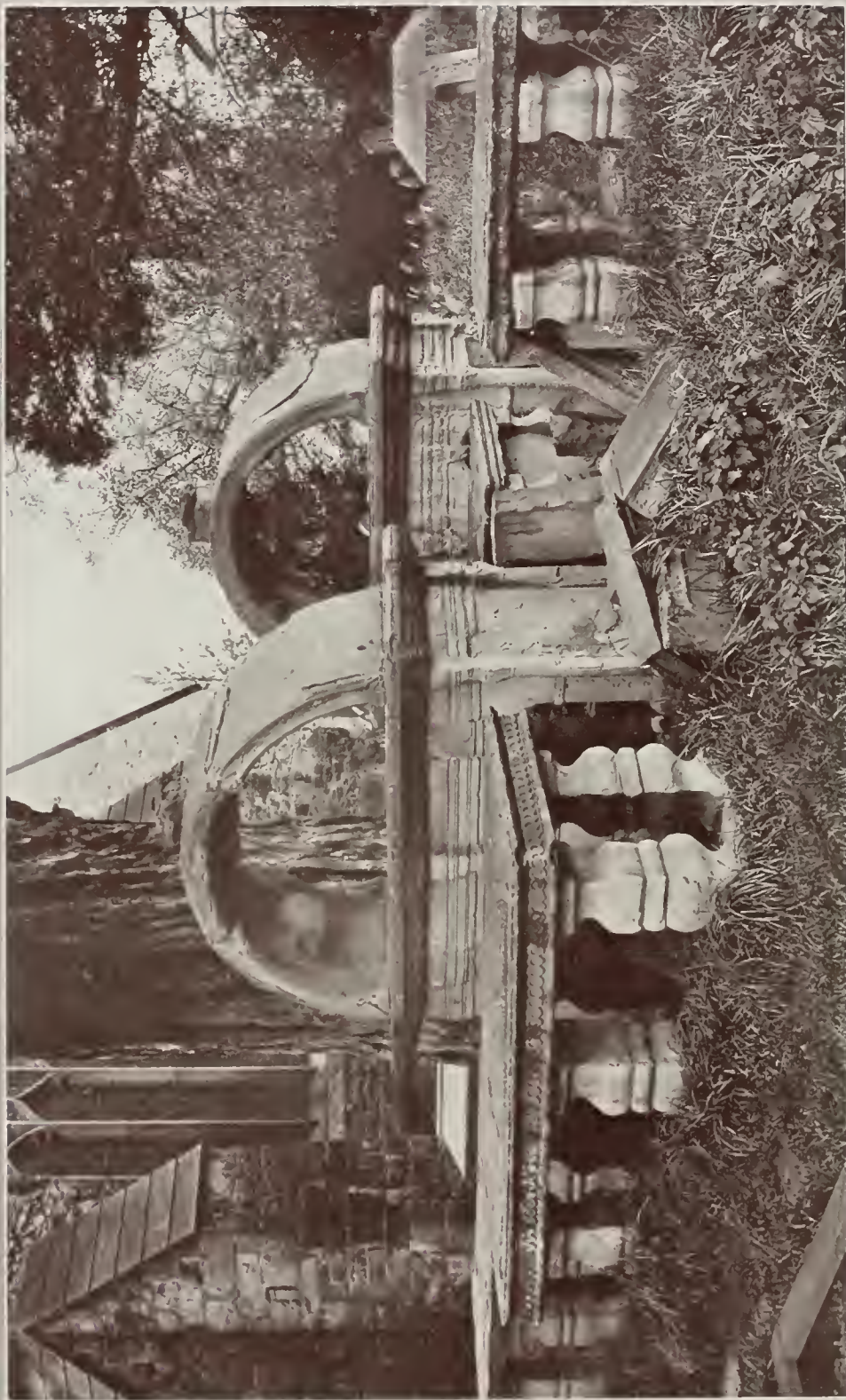


Photo by

THE OLD TOMBS, DYSSERT.

Besides these remarkable ancient tombs, there is a mutilated sculptured cross in the churchyard. The church contains a part of a Jesse window and several memorials to the Conways of the seventeenth century.

[Valentine & Sons.

fairness it must be added that Scott added a few which redeem him from any charge of being an official Philistine.

Nevertheless, St. Asaph is a place of appealing memories. Its story carries us back to the dim but splendid days when Christianity was taming the savage character of the primitive Saxon. For the place and its church were founded by Kentigern, whom all good Scots know better as St. Mungo of Glasgow, and who flourished mightily in the sixth century. Curiously enough the new religious settlement took its name, not from the great missionary himself, but from one of his followers and aides-de-camp, Asa; before that good man passed to his eternal rest the new church was the cathedral of a new diocese.

From an architectural point of view the palm in Flintshire must certainly be awarded to the parish church of Mold. Here is a striking example of the high standard attained by the Perpendicular



Photo by

[Valentine & Sons.

A GLEN NEAR YSCEIFIOG.

Mentioned in the *Domesday Book*, Ysceifiog is situated on a tableland 4 miles south-west of Holywell. The stream which runs through this picturesque glen is a tributary of the Wheeler.

style, even in what are comparatively minor buildings. Many other churches in the county deserve mention for beautiful or interesting features, but to do them justice requires more space than the limits of this survey will allow, and a mere catalogue would frustrate the underlying purpose of this work.

Nothing has hitherto been said about the domestic architecture of the county, which does not, however, rank high compared with that of other counties in England and Wales. No doubt the stormy centuries through which the county—a border region—passed, made building for defence rather than appearance a necessity. The result is that with one or two exceptions the ancient mansions of Flintshire are not renowned for any special architectural or decorative features.

From the historical point of view perhaps the most interesting is Mostyn Hall, mainly a Tudor edifice, though the earliest work can probably be assigned to the middle of the fifteenth century.

It was the scene of an occurrence which undoubtedly had an enormous effect on the course of British history. For it was through what is known as the "King's Window" that Henry Tudor leaped to safety when a party of Richard III's supporters made their way into his retreat and all but caught him. No man of lesser calibre would have been any

match for crook-backed Richard, and yet there was no one else of Henry's calibre in the political field at the time. The moral is obvious.

As a spectacle, Emral Hall is perhaps the best in the county, but few will refuse a measure of affectionate interest in Downing Hall, if only because it was the home of old Pennant, whose books of travels in Great Britain are packed with learning and wisdom, and still of unflinching pleasure to all who are interested in our country. He died in 1798 and was buried at Whitford.

Flintshire also shines by virtue of its association with the "G.O.M.," Gladstone, who made Hawarden Castle his country home. The day has perhaps gone by when a picture of Gladstone felling trees in his park formed part of the decorative scheme of half the cottages and humble dwelling-houses in the Principality, but the name and fame of the great statesman are undoubtedly something of which the county is still justly proud. It may also be proud of the remains of the fine Edwardian stronghold at Hawarden, not to be confounded with the



Photo by

Valentine & Sons.

ST. WINIFRED'S WELL AND PLUNGE BATH, HOLYWELL.

St. Winifred's Well has often been called the "Lourdes of Wales" and is one of the "Seven Wonders of Wales." The popular tradition is that the spring gushed forth from the spot to which St. Winifred's head rolled after it had been struck off by Caradoc, the Welsh Prince, in the seventh century.

eighteenth-century mansion which is the courtesy "castle" in these days.

The detached portion of the county can show some beautiful landscapes in and around the Dee Valley. Historically, its most interesting spot is Bangor-is-y-Coed, once famed for one of the largest and most flourishing monasteries in the four kingdoms. But even as early as the sixteenth century its epitaph was "Ichabod."



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons.

FORFAR, FROM BALMASHANNER HILL.

A place of great antiquity, Forfar is the county town and a royal burgh. The town had a considerable ancient standing and was a favourite residence of Canmore and Queen Margaret. Three Scottish kings are said to have held parliaments within its walls.

FORFARSHIRE

A COUNTY which includes within its borders the best of the second-best of the Grampians, the grandest of the all but grandest of the Highland glens, a picturesque strip of the Sidlaw Hills, the beautiful vale of Strathmore, and a whole series of notable antiquities, from primitive defences down to the noble relics of castles and abbeys, has a right to expect justice in a work of this kind. Within somewhat restricted, and necessarily restricted, limits, an attempt will be made to convey some idea of the beauty and interest of a county which can offer an *all-round* selection of attractions difficult to match in any part of the British Isles.

The plan followed here will be to make a start with the county town, strike south over the Sidlaw Hills to Dundee, then continue up the coast (on which nearly all the towns are situated), and so end our journey in that mighty tangle of Highland mountain and valley which comprises the northern half of the county, and forms a very distinct and highly characteristic geographical and historical region.

The ancient castle of Forfar has to be imagined rather than seen, for not a vestige remains—which is hardly surprising, seeing that it was destroyed early in the fourteenth century and within a few years of the visit of Edward I on



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons.

BALCAVIE LOCH, NEAR FORFAR.

There are several picturesque lochs in the neighbourhood of Forfar. Balcavie Loch is situated 5 miles to the eastward of the town and is one of the smallest.



Photo by,

MONTROSE, FROM ROSSIE BRAES.

[Valentine & Sons.

The royal burgh of Montrose stands on a peninsula at the point where the South Esk forms an estuary known as the Montrose Basin. Fishing, shipping, and shipbuilding are now the chief industries, but the town was a seaport in the later Middle Ages.

his conquering tour through the county. An old poem gives a quaint description of its capture by "Philip the forestar of Platane":

"The castell of Forfar was then
 Stuffed all with Inglismen,
 But Philip the forestar of Platane
 Had of his frendis with him tane,
 And with ledderis all prevely
 Till the castell he can him hy,
 And clam out our the wall of stane,
 And sagat has the castell tane
 Throu falt of wach with litill pane . . ."

and after various doughty deeds by the amazing eleven:

"And all the towris tumlit war
 Down till the erd."

"Queen Margaret's Inch," the island in Forfar Loch, recalls the name of the saintly and learned wife of King Malcolm Canmore. The palace or castle that was once her residence has gone the way of its companion in the town, and the city, as it stands to-day, has nothing to recall its past greatness or its association with many of the leading spirits in Scottish history. Nor does it particularly suggest that it was for long a stronghold of Royalist principles and the bootmaking industry. Yet when the rest of Scotland was hard on the heels of Montrose, Forfar produced a provost, Alexander Strang,

who represented the town in the Parliament of 1647, and made a vigorous protest to a hostile assembly against the surrender of Charles I to his enemies :

" being asked his vote,
Did with a tongue most resolutely denote
In loyal heart, in pithie words, tho' few—
' I disagree, as honest men should doo.' "

As to Forfar's prowess in the shoemaking line, it need only be said that the familiar "brogue" was for long a special product of the place. So much so that a scoffing chronicler records that : " By Handycrafts the Vulgar-sort do live : they pull off Bullocks-hydes and make them meet, when tanned, to cover handsome Virgins feet."

Another sphere in which the town earned fame (or notoriety) was in the gentle art of witch-burning. James VI of Scotland and I of England put an immense amount of his rather silly and pettifogging erudition into a work on Demonology and Sorcery. Fired by this august example, the legislators of Scotland issued a famous statute for the prevention and punishment of witchcraft, and the towns vied with each other in diligence in carrying out the law. Jervise (whose *Memorials of Angus and Mearns* is of high interest) remarks that " there is scarcely a presbytery or session book of contemporary date that does not bear record of these deplorable proceedings . . . or in the significant intimation of the ministers of rural parishes being present in the chief town of their neighbourhood ' at the tryal of witches and charmers ' instead of attending to their parochial duties."

A relic of those grim days remains in the shape of a fearsome contraption of iron, known as the "witches' bridle," by which the wretched victims were not only hauled to the stake but actually prevented from making speeches or uttering any kind of sound while the horrid business was in progress.



Photo by]

ROCK OF ST. SKAE, NEAR MONTROSE.

[Valentine & Sons.

This curious rock on the shore near Montrose is typical of the variety of feature that the coastal scenery of Forfarshire presents.

The playfulness of the good citizens of Forfar also found vent in quarrels with their neighbours. It is recorded that as late as the middle of the nineteenth century the "sutors" (bootmakers) of Forfar and the weavers of Kirriemuir were at daggers drawn; and "though now prompting only hard words and contemptuous nicknames, expressed itself, during a less civilised period, in acts of violence and deeds of clanship." The historian Drummond of Hawthornden quotes an absurd instance of the length to which feeling was carried. In 1648 he was turned out of Forfar for the double crime of defending King Charles and writing poetry. He made his way to Kirriemuir, whose views on these sins were just as harsh as Forfar's. But out of pure spite towards the common enemy they gave



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons.

THE NEEDLE EYE, ARBROATH.

This quaintly perforated rock is situated a few miles to the east of Arbroath. That part of the Forfarshire coast which lies to the north of Arbroath is the most interesting, on account of the many curious caves which pierce the cliffs.

Drummond a royal reception, a courtesy he reciprocated by writing an ode in which the sutors of Forfar were damned as heartily as the weavers of Kirriemuir were praised!

It is recorded in Fullarton (1840) that Dundee "makes up by a dash of the picturesque, by its displays of opulence, and by the romance of its crowded quays, full apparently of plots which issue in the startling but delightful *dénouement*, what it wants in the neat forms and elegant attractions of simple beauty. Its exterior, also, and its general grouping, and its richness of situation in the core of a brilliant landscape, eminently render it, as seen from the Fife side of the Tay, or from Broughty ferry-road, the justly lauded 'Bonny Dundee' of song, and *Ail-lee*, 'the pleasant' or 'the beautiful' of Highland predilection."

The Fifeshire view of the city is still a good sight, and there are some minds that can see romance in anything, but the least imaginative would admit that the last eighty years have played



Photo by]

ARBROATH ABBEY: THE WESTERN GATE.

Perhaps the chief attraction of Arbroath is its great antiquity. The abbey was founded by William the Lion in 1178, and it was destroyed by fire in 1559. The extensive ruins now preserved attest to the great size and architectural beauty of the old building.

[Photochrom Co. Ltd.



Photo by]

IN THE GROUNDS, MONIKIE.

This photograph was taken near Craigton, one of the villages in the parish of Monikie. The tall tower in the distance is the "live and let live testimonial" erected in 1839 in memory of Lord Panmure. It rises to a height of 105 feet, and forms a conspicuous landmark over a great expanse of estuary.

Valentine & Sons.

havoc with Dundee's claim to the title of "bonny" in an æsthetic sense. It is busy and prosperous, with public buildings worthy of one of Scotland's greatest cities; but "beautiful," as Edinburgh is beautiful, it is not, *pace* the patriotic men of Forfar.

Nor has it retained much of antiquarian or historical interest. To expect anything else would be to forget that it was stormed and sacked twice within a few years by those ruthless warriors the Marquis of Montrose and General Monk. Curiously enough, such ancient buildings as have survived seem associated mainly with memories of horror or violence. It was at the Old Port, the last relic of the city gates, that stout George Wishart, the Reformer, preached to the sound and the stricken alike, when the plague was wreaking havoc in the city. Very shortly afterwards he suffered death by the stake at St. Andrews. The great Gothic tower which soars above the conglomeration of three



Photo by]

THE TAY BRIDGE, FROM BALGAY HILL.

[Valentine & Sons.

The present Tay viaduct replaces an older bridge that was destroyed during a terrific gale in 1879. The new bridge carries a double line of rails and is one of the longest in the world, having a length of nearly 2 miles.

churches under one roof (Town Churches), pleasantly known as "Old Steeple," was the scene of the last stand of the Royalist garrison against Monk's infuriated troopers in 1651. The old Castle of Dudhope in Dudhope Park enjoys a gloomy celebrity among the faithful in Scotland as the residence of the "bloody monster," Graham of Claverhouse.

To turn from these grim memories of warring factions and mad passions to a triumph of modern engineering. Dundee is the northern terminus of the great Tay Bridge, successor to the ill-fated structure of which the centre portion collapsed during a terrible gale on the night of December 28, 1879, involving the destruction of a train and a heavy loss of life.

The extraordinary expansion of Dundee during the last hundred years has a parallel (and, indeed, it is a case of cause and effect) in the growth of Broughty Ferry, now its best residential suburb. A century ago a few fishermen's huts clustered round what remained of the old castle, which was captured by an English force after Pinkie in 1547, and suffered the indignity of recapture by a motley host of

Scots, Germans, and French three years later. The writer of a certain guidebook published but a few years before the Great War records that the castle had recently been "repaired and fortified to guard the entrance of the Tay." One wonders whether the thought of the guns of Broughty Ferry struck terror into the hearts of the German naval authorities!

In the variegated story of its history Arbroath has an incident picturesque enough to be worth relating. At the height of the American War of Independence (1781) a French privateer, commanded by a bold sailor of the name of Fall, appeared off the town, fired off a few rounds at it, and then sent a messenger ashore with a flag of truce and a letter which does credit to his linguistic ability:

"Gentlemen, I send these two words to inform you, that I will have you to bring to the French



Photo by,

GLAMIS CASTLE.

Valentine & Sons.

This stately old pile is the finest example of the Scottish baronial style in existence. For many generations it has been the chief seat of the Earls of Strathmore. According to tradition, Malcolm II met his death *c.* 1033 in one of the rooms here. If true, this fact alone bears testimony to the great antiquity of the castle.

colour, in less than a quarter of an hour, or I set the town on fire directly; such is the order of my master the King of France I am sent by. Send directly the mair and chiefs of the town to make some agreement with me, or I'll make my duty. It is the will of yours.

"To Monsieur Mair of the town called Arbrought, or in his absence, to the chief man after him in Scotland."

The wily magistrates, playing for time while they scoured the county for troops, replied that the important little matter of the figure of ransom had not been mentioned. The gifted Frenchman then sent a second letter:

"Here are my terms; I will have £30 000 sterling at least, and 6 of the chiefs men of the town for otage. Be speedy, or I shoot your town away directly, and I set fire to it. I am, gentlemen, your



Photo by]

THE SUN-DIAL, GLAMIS CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons.

John, Earl of Strathmore, completed the older part of the present building in 1621. The quaint sun-dial near the entrance and the fantastic figures on the north and south gateways belong to this period.



Photo by]

ON THE GLAMIS BURN. This picturesque little stream flows 6½ miles north-east through Glen Ogilvie to the Dean Water at Glamis. The village is situated 5½ miles south-west of Forfar and contains several interesting sculptured stones.

Valentine & Sons.

servant. I sent some of my crew to you ; but if some harm happens to them, you'll be sure will hang up the main-yard all the preseners we have abroad.

“ To Monsieurs the chiefs men of Arbrought in Scotland.”

By the time this document arrived the magistrates were in a position to defy him and ordered him to do his worst. The “ worst ” turned out to be a heavy bombardment of so innocuous a character that we are told his cannon-balls merely played skittles with the chimney-pots and injured a few rash individuals who were foolish enough to pick them up while still hot !

But Arbroath has even greater claims to fame than this exciting (but too little-known) occurrence and the possession of the striking ruins of its ancient and magnificent abbey. As “ Aberbrothock ” it



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons.

THE DEN, NEWTYLE.

Newtyle is a comparatively modern village that owes its origin to the opening of a railway to Dundee from this locality in 1832. The parish of Newtyle is situated on the south-west border of Forfarshire.

appears in Southey's stirring ballad of “ The Inchcape Rock,” which every schoolboy has tried to recite at some time or other. It was the Abbot of Aberbrothock who “ placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ” which the wicked Sir Ralph the Rover removed out of sheer devilry. As we all know, the heartless criminal paid for his inhuman folly by subsequently losing his ship and his life on the selfsame reef. In the old legend on which Southey's ballad is merely an improvisation the evildoer was a pirate ; it is poet's fancy which has turned him into a gentleman thief with an Anglo-Saxon name.

The placing of the bell was by no means the only inspiration or service of the Abbots of Arbroath. For centuries they were father and mother, guide, philosopher, and friend to the ancient town, and the abbey buildings were in every way worthy of their importance and dignity. For good or ill the

Reformation put an end to a rule which was on the whole beneficent, and the abbey was burnt in 1559 and then suffered to go to decay.

It is only in the proper order of things that the surviving portions include the famous rose-window, the "O of Arbroath," which still serves the purpose of a guide to ships at sea, and it is only bare justice that time has preserved the grave of William the Lion, the eminent ruler who founded the abbey in 1178. On the whole, though the remains are fragmentary, there are many who can exclaim with Dr. Johnson that "I should scarcely have regretted my journey had it afforded nothing more than the sight of Aberbrothock." Not long after Johnson's encomium Walter Scott introduced Arbroath into *The Antiquary* as "Fairport," so that its cup of fame may be regarded as full.



Photo by

THE ENTRANCE HALL, CORTACHY CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons.

The village of Cortachy is 5 miles north of Kirriemuir. Cortachy Castle in the vicinity was not completed until the middle of the last century, and is a seat of the Earl of Arllie. The King's Room in the castle was occupied by Charles II in 1650.

Those who tire of the intrusion of history into the field of nature will find the coast in the neighbourhood of Arbroath all that the heart could desire. The great promontory of Red Head, beetling cliffs and romantic caves—the haunt of long-forgotten smugglers—give this part of the county a flavour of maritime wildness and grandeur which forms an effective contrast to the varied scenery inland.

The old traveller Ochterlony sized up the merits of Brechin in his time very compendiously :

"Lying very pleasantlie upon the north syde of the water of Southesk, which runneth by the walls. The towne is tollerablie well built, and hath a considerable trade, by reason of their vicinity to Montross, being fyve myles distant from it ; but that which most enriches the place is their frequent faires and mercats, which occasion a great concourse of people from all places of the countrey . . . they having a weekly mercat every Tuesday throughout the yeare, where there is a great resort of Highland men



Photo by]

THE DEN OF AIRLIE.

[Valentine & Sons.

This exquisite piece of Scottish scenery is situated in the parish of Airlie, on the western border of the county. The Den of Airlie is one of the grandest ravines in this part of Scotland, and the waterfall is one of the most picturesque places on the course of the Isla.

with timber, peats, and heather, and abundance of muirfoull, and extraordinarie good wool in its season."

The merits of Brechin as a feature of the landscape has also been summarised in an ancient rhyme with a quaint ring about it :

" The finest view of Brechin may be got
From a soft rising ground beyond the bridge,
Where you may see the county every spot,
And the town rising up a sudden ridge ;
The castle, old cathedral, and what not,
And the spire's griffin 'minished to a midge."



Photo by

AIRLIE CASTLE.

Valentine & Sons.

In the days gone by, Airlie Castle ranked as one of the strongest fortresses in Central Scotland. A seat of the Earls of Airlie, it was the " Bonnie House o' Airlie " of Scottish song. Traces of the old building are to be found in the modern mansion erected on the site.

The famous Round Tower of Brechin, unless roped in with the " cathedral," appears to fall into the category of the " what not." With some justice, too, for these exotic structures (there are only three in Scotland) wear a curious, foreign look in the land of the Gael, and one's first instinct is to scan the horizon for flapping coat-tails and shillelagh. But though obviously related to the round towers of Ireland Brechin's specimen is by no means unworthy of its nationality or its common ancestry in early Christianity. It remains a striking example of the grace and beauty to which a perfectly simple architectural form can attain in the hands of a master of design.

The cathedral, no part of which is as old as the tower, has to thank the twentieth century for a rescue from the indifference and philistinism of the eighteenth.

In the strip of lowland, or indeed in the whole county, between the Grampians and the Sidlaws, none of the many country mansions can vie in splendour and interest with the noble pile of Glamis,



From the Painting by

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL, FROM THE SEVERN.

One of the most historic of our English cities, Gloucester is well known for its fine cathedral, which owes its origin to an abbey founded there in 681. The church, afterwards built on the site, was established as a cathedral in 1541. The present magnificent edifice contains some good Norman architecture; it underwent an extensive restoration in the last century.

the architectural features of which have become somewhat familiar since a notable recent event. The true secret of the attraction of Glamis has been put so well by Scott (in his *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*) that a quotation may be forgiven :

“ I have been myself, at two periods of my life, distant from each other, engaged in scenes favourable to that degree of superstitious awe which my countrymen expressively call being *erie*.

“ On the first of these occasions, I was only nineteen or twenty years old, when I happened to pass a night in the magnificent old baronial castle of Glamis, the hereditary seat of the Earls of Strathmore. The hoary pile contains much in its appearance, and in the traditions connected with it, impressive to the imagination. It was the scene of the murder of a Scottish king of great antiquity ; not indeed



Photo by]

GLEN ISLA, FROM TULCHAN LODGE.

[Valentine & Sons.

The River Isla rises near the borders of three counties and flows south-east through Glen Isla, 9 miles west of Milton of Clova, to the Tay near Cargill. Trout abound in the upper reaches of the river. Tulchan Lodge is a seat of the Earl of Airlie.

the gracious Duncan, with whom the name naturally associates itself, but Malcolm the Second. It contains also a curious monument of the peril of feudal times, being a secret chamber, the entrance of which, by the law or custom of the family, must only be known to three persons at once, viz. the Earl of Strathmore, his heir apparent, and any third person whom they may take into their confidence. The extreme antiquity of the building is vouched by the immense thickness of the walls, and the wild and straggling arrangement of the accommodation within doors. As the late Earl of Strathmore seldom resided in that ancient mansion, it was, when I was there, but half furnished, and that with movables of great antiquity, which, with the pieces of chivalric armour hanging upon the walls, greatly contributed to the general effect of the whole. After a very hospitable reception from the late Peter Proctor, Esq., then seneschal of the castle, in Lord Strathmore's absence, I was conducted to my apartment in a dis-

tant corner of the building. I must own, that as I heard door after door shut, after my conductor had retired, I began to consider myself too far from the living, and somewhat too near the dead. We had passed through what is called 'the King's room,' a vaulted apartment, garnished with stag's antlers, and similar trophies of the chase, and said by tradition to be the spot of Malcolm's murder, and I had an idea of the vicinity of the castle chapel.

"In spite of the truth of history, the whole night scene in Macbeth's castle rushed at once upon my mind, and struck my imagination more forcibly than even when I have seen its terrors represented by the late John Kemble and his inimitable sister."

It would certainly not be feasible—even if possible without a breach of good manners—to give any idea of the magnificence of Glamis or the innumerable historic scenes and stories with which it is associated. If an Englishman's home is his castle a Scotchman's castle is his home and should be safe from prying eyes, or pens. The true secret of its attraction is that it is, and looks, a baronial fortress of the approved picture-book pattern so extended and adapted as to form a comfortable modern mansion. The ancient keep, core of the whole edifice, still "frowns," as all well-brought-up keeps should, but the alterations and additions of the seventeenth and later centuries give promise of that luxury



COPYRIGHT

GEOGRAPHIA 9231 L⁷ 55 FLEET STREET LONDON: E.C.4

MAP OF FORFARSHIRE.

and magnificence properly credited to one of the noblest and most ancient families of the land.

It has had its tragedies too—and the most simple-minded knows that a tragedy or two is essential to give these ancient places the proper *aura*. Malcolm II, as has been said, was supposedly murdered here, though the veracity of the authorities on that particular piece of scandal has been bitterly attacked, while the legend that makes Glamis the scene of Duncan's assassination by Macbeth is a piece of pure invention on the part of someone. But there is nothing doubtful about the cruel fate of Lady Glamis

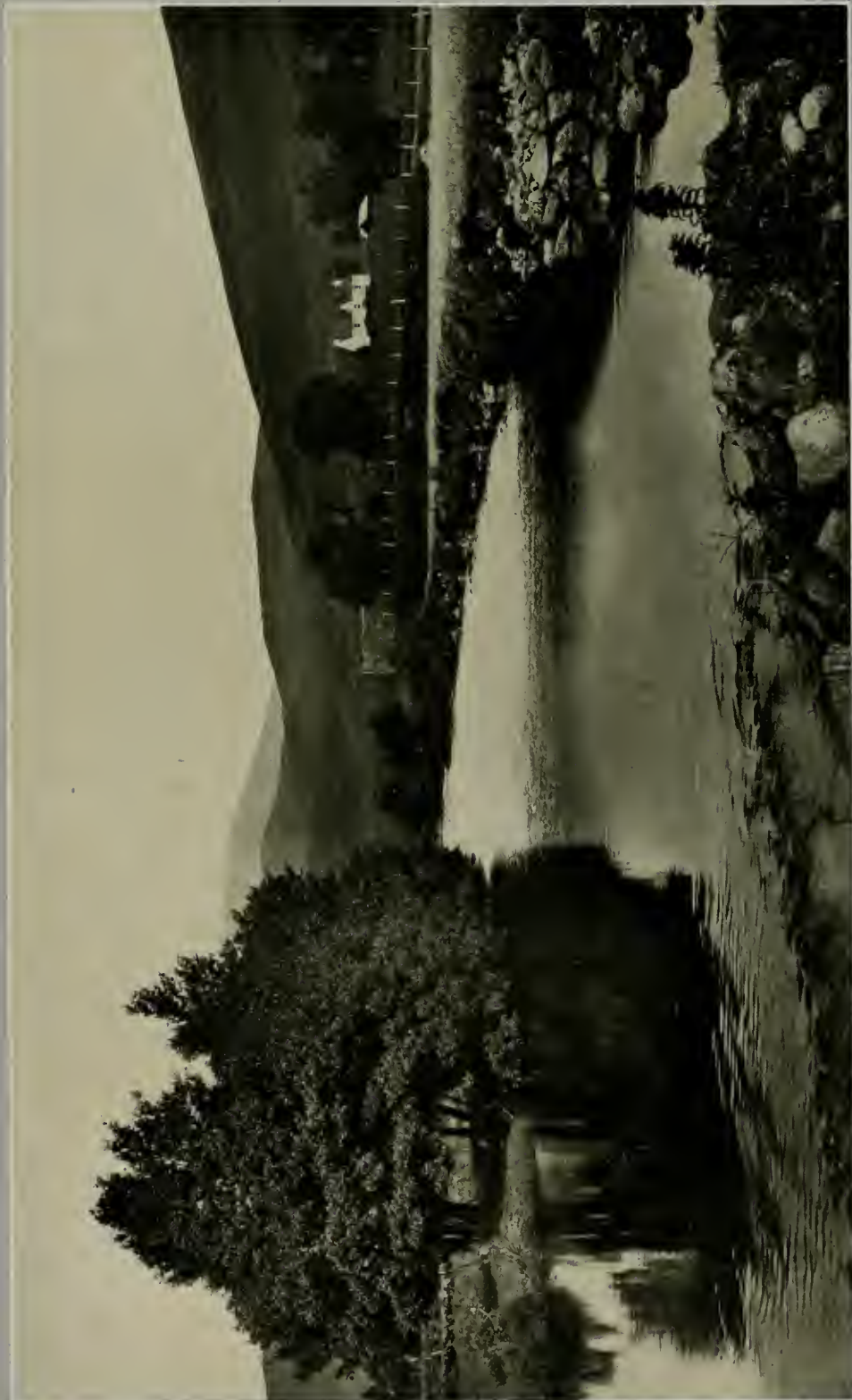


Photo by]

THE ISLA, WEST MILL: GLEN ISLA.

The Isla has been highly praised by Dr. Macculloch, who says: "Three yards of the Isla and its tributaries are worth all the Tweed put together." The river is about 41 miles long and at least two-thirds of it is in Forfarshire.

Valentine & Sons.



Photo by]

LOCH BRANDY.

Loch Brandy is 16 miles north-west of Kirtlemuir. It is 2,000 feet above sea-level and under a mile in length. The county has a considerable number of lochs, and nearly every glen has its tarn.

[Valentine & Sons.

in 1537. That unhappy lady was executed by burning on a charge of using witchcraft and sorcerous devices to compass the death of her sovereign, James V. On the *post-mortem* establishment of her guiltlessness Majesty was good enough to decree that the forfeited estates should be restored to the family!

Notwithstanding the romantic predominance of Glamis, Kinnaird Castle has still a good claim to be what Ochterlony called its predecessor: "without competition the fynest place, taking altogether, in the shyre; a great house, excellent gardens, parks with fallow-deer, orchards, hay meadows, wherein are extraordinare quantities of hay, very much planting, ane excellent breed of horse, cattle and sheep, extraordinare good land." Its mediæval features more or less vanished in the holocaust kindled by Earl Beardie in the middle of the fifteenth century, and the nineteenth century saw the replacement



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons.

ON THE NORTH ESK.

That part of the North Esk which lies to the south of Battock Mount is known as Glen Esk. For about half its course the Esk forms the boundary of Kincardineshire; it enters the sea 3 miles north of Montrose.

of what was left by the present Gallo-Scottish edifice. Though a somewhat exotic plant in the stern North it has a beauty and dignity all its own.

This Earl Beardie, *alias* Alexander Lindsay, 4th Earl of Crawford (and likewise "Tiger"), was a true example of the type of picturesque but fierce and despotic titled ruffian with which the mediæval history of Forfarshire abounds. The scene of one of those little incidents which illustrated the least pleasing side of his character was Finhaven Castle, now a ruined fragment, but in his day a baronial lair of the approved pattern. An ancient ballad tells how a minstrel, who had strayed into the grounds of Finhaven, was guilty of the indiscretions of his kind by chanting a gloomy prophecy of the defeat of Earl Beardie in an approaching encounter. Beardie's lady happened to hear this pessimist, and thinking she was doing both a good turn, introduced him to her lord. The bard repeated in plain

prose what he had put into verse, but his only reward was a horribly vindictive outburst on the part of the Earl:

“No more of thy tale I will hear;
 But high on Finhaven thy grey head and lyre
 Shall bleach on the point of the spear!’
 The Ladie craved pity; but nane wad he gie—
 The poor aged minstrel must die;
 An’ Crawford’s ain hand placed the grey head and lyre
 On the spikes o’ the turret sae high.”



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons.

EDZELL CASTLE.

The ruins of Edzell Castle stand near the entrance to Glen Esk, and form one of the most impressive relics of a mediæval fortress in the county. Once a seat of the Lindsays, it is now the property of the Earl of Dalhousie.

Small wonder that the gods took an avenging hand in the matter and produced, so tradition says, a frightful landslide which crumbled Finhaven into ruin!

Montrose gave its name to one of the greatest and most picturesque personalities the seventeenth century produced—the “great” Marquis—and it can still show the house where he entered a very stormy world. But otherwise it has little to recall its ancient and honourable history—a history honoured by august figures such as John Baliol, Edward I, and the Old Pretender, in addition to the Royalist hero—and its fine public buildings and streets are mainly the product of the last century. It is to be feared that the horde of visitors who throng the town for the sake of its excellent golf links are mainly unaware that it was the scene of the Old Pretender’s departure from Scotland on February 4, 1716 when the curtain fell on the tragi-comedy of the first Jacobite Rebellion.



Photo by]

LANDING ON TOWER STAIRS, EDZELL CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons.

The ruins consist mainly of two tall towers, in different styles of architecture, connected by an extensive wall. The "Stirling Tower," the more intact of the two, has a height of 60 feet and is the most imposing part of the ruins.

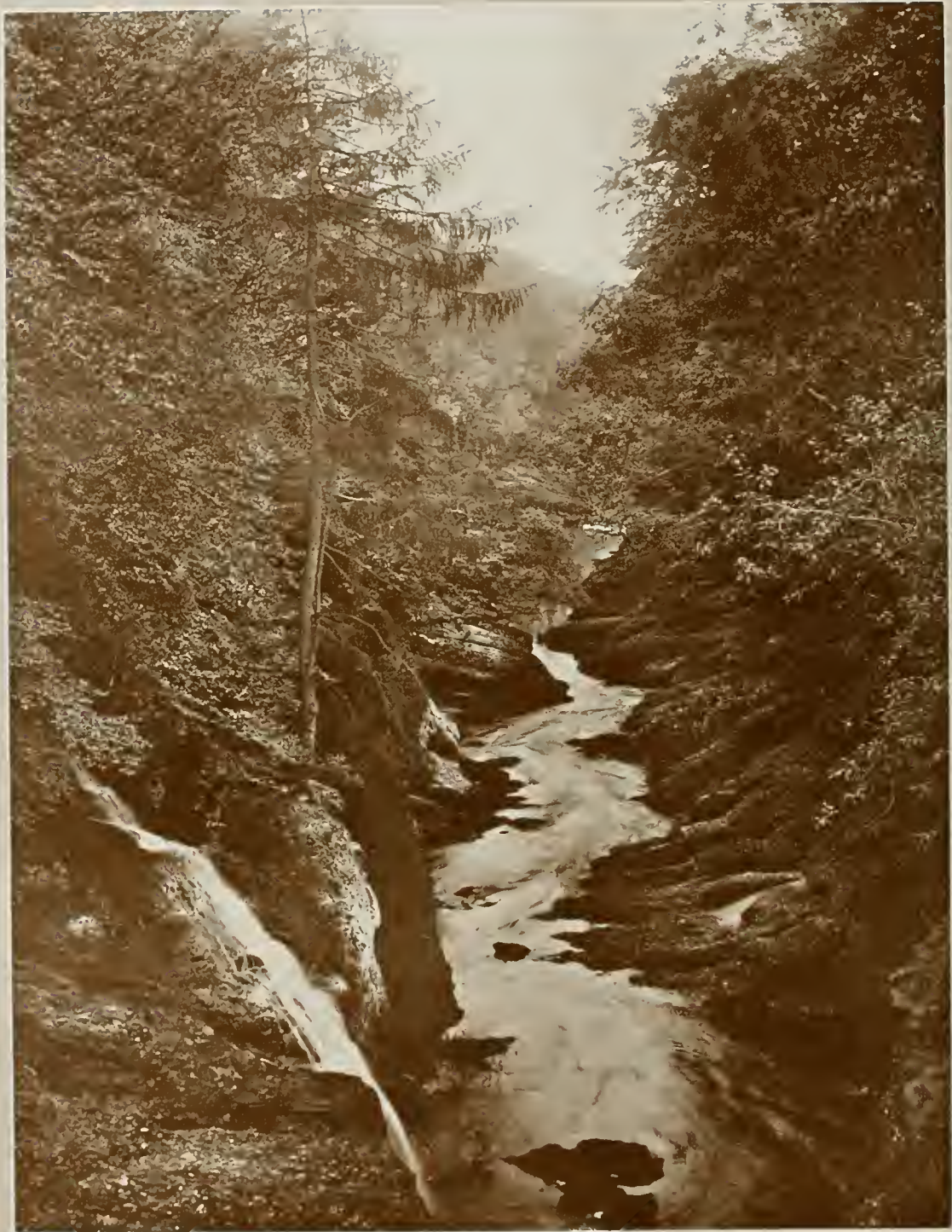


Photo by

THE RIVER ESK FROM GANNOCHY, EDZELL.

[Valentine & Sons.

The bridge, which spans the Esk at this romantic spot, dates from 1732. Gannochy is situated on the borders between Forfarshire and Kincardineshire, 1 mile north of Edzell.

Among the Grampian glens which are such a feature of the northern portion of the county Glen Esk takes a high place, if only because the North Esk has had the charming fancy to derive its being from tributary torrents which rush down from the higher slopes in picturesque and romantic ravines. In olden times it may be asserted with some confidence that Glen Esk's inhabitants had too much to do to spend time in admiring the view, for the valley was one of the main highways from the Highlands into the county, and down it poured raiders intent on "cattle-lifting," and diversions even more disturbing to the law-abiding. The ruins of at least two ancient strongholds—Edzell Castle and the Tower of Invermark—remain as a witness to the effort to preserve Forfarshire for the cause of civilisation.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons.

THE ROCKS OF SOLITUDE, EDZELL.

This is one of the pretty scenes which relieve the somewhat unsheltered aspect of the parish of Edzell. The parish is situated half in Forfarshire and half in Kincardineshire on the other side of the Esk.

Edzell, battered and a fragment as it is, is still a splendid relic. Its great keep, the "Stirling Tower," commands a glorious view, and among those who have enjoyed that view was Mary Queen of Scots, during her memorable visit to the castle on August 25 and 26, 1562. The destruction of Edzell by rifling farmers and greedy speculators makes painful reading, but a grain of comfort can be snatched from the well-known story of the fate of a covetous individual who climbed to the top of the tower and began to lay about him with a crowbar in the hope of discovering buried treasure. The stairway gave way and left him insecurely perched on the wall, where he remained throughout a particularly wet night!

What Edzell is to Glen Esk, Inverquhar is to Glen Prosen and Glen Clova. Like Invermark, this ruined tower retains its iron gate or "yett," a form of defence which was not permitted without a special licence from the King. In *The Land of the Lindsays*, Jervis reproduces the document

in which " James be the grace of God Kinge of Scottis . . . haue gevin ande grauntit full fredome facultez and spēle licence to our loued familiare sqwier Alex of Ogilby of Innerquharady for to fortifie his house and to strenth it with ane Irne yhet Quharfor [*Wherefore*] we straitly bid and commaunds that na man take on hande to make him impediment stoppinge na distroublace in the makinge raising hynginge and upsettinge of the saide yhet in his said house . . . "

It will no doubt be gathered that its ancient strongholds are a special feature of this county. The list is by no means exhausted, for much might be said about Clova and Cortachy, Vayns and Hatton, and the interesting group in the south, Affleck, Mains, and Claypotts. But a mere catalogue of special features is dreary reading, and the writer must hope that his short survey will inspire some interest in a county which is of many-sided appeal and far too little known.



Photo by

BRECHIN CASTLE.

Valentine & Sons.

The present handsome edifice that has been erected on the site of the ancient castle is the chief seat of the Earl of Dalhousie. Before coming into the possession of its present owner the castle was the seat of Lord Panmure.

One aspect of the county which is probably lost on the ordinary traveller—and even the native—but of high interest to all who find pleasure in the rise of civilisation out of the mire of barbarism, is its wealth of antiquities of pre-Christian times. Quite an illuminating picture of the manner of life of our primitive forefathers can be pieced together from the remains to be found in the county. Cairns, barrows, and mounds show what they did with their dead. Clearly they had not yet coined the saying " Out of sight, out of mind." Relics of their dwellings, whether " crannogs " (lake huts) or " weems " (houses dug in the earth with concealed entrances), show that insecurity of life was ever present to their minds. But perhaps the most interesting remains of their activities are the hill forts, of which two striking examples are to be found in the Brown Caterthun and the White Caterthun. Perhaps it is only to be expected that the ordinary traveller should care for none of these things. All we can say is that a little knowledge and curiosity in such matters open the door to a true world of romance.



Photo by]

DOORWAY IN ROUND TOWER, BRECHIN CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons.

Some idea of the age of the original Brechin Castle may be gathered from the fact that Edward I occupied it for some time in 1296
The castle was built in a strong position on a rock overhanging the Esk.



Photo by]

BRECHIN CATHEDRAL.

[Valentine & Sons.

Said to have been founded by David I, the Cathedral-church of St. Ninian is the oldest ecclesiastical building in Scotland that is still used as a place of worship. With the exception of the one at Abernethy, the round tower on the left of the cathedral is the only building of its kind on the mainland of Scotland. The interior contains seven stories connected by a series of ladders.



Photo by]

ON THE NORAN, BRECHIN.

[Valentine & Sons.

The Noran Water joins the Esk 4 miles south-west of Brechin. One of the oldest cities in Scotland, Brechin was "dedicated to the Lord" in the tenth century. It is situated on the South Esk, nearly 9 miles west of Montrose.

COUNTY GALWAY

GALWAY is very definitely one of the "parson's egg" counties of Ireland. But although the dullness of some of its scenery is beyond redemption the goodness of the "good" parts is beyond praise, and as even the drearier regions contain no lack of interesting antiquities, and the whole county is steeped in that atmosphere of wistful tradition and legend so dear to every Irish heart (and every romantic heart, for that matter), Galway deserves a high place in the affections of every Briton.

Entering the county from the centre of the Island the traveller soon finds the village of Aughrim



Photo by]

SKY ROAD, CLIFDEN.

[W. Lawrence.

Clifden is a seaport town of modern origin. In 1815 Mr. John D'Arcy bought a large property here and built Clifden Castle; since then the place has rapidly grown into a market town and carries on a considerable trade in fish.

and its famous battlefield in his track. Macaulay's spirited account of the action in his *History* is worth reading, not only as a good battle story, but for a vivid record of the condition and appearance of southern Galway at the close of the seventeenth century. His description of the scene at the close of the encounter is worth quoting:

"The English slept that night on the ground which had been so desperately contested. On the following day they buried their companions in arms, and then marched westward. The vanquished were left unburied, a strange and ghastly spectacle. Four thousand Irish corpses were counted on the field of battle. A hundred and fifty lay in one small enclosure, a hundred and twenty in another. But the slaughter had not been confined to the field of battle. One who was there tells us that,

from the top of the hill on which the Celtic camp had been pitched, he saw the country, to the distance of near four miles, white with the naked bodies of the slain. The plain looked, he said, like an immense pasture covered by flocks of sheep. As usual, different estimates were formed even by eye-witnesses. But it seems probable that the number of the Irish who fell was not less than seven thousand. Soon a multitude of dogs came to feast on the carnage. These beasts became so fierce, and acquired such a taste for human flesh, that it was long dangerous for men to travel that road otherwise than in companies."



Photo by

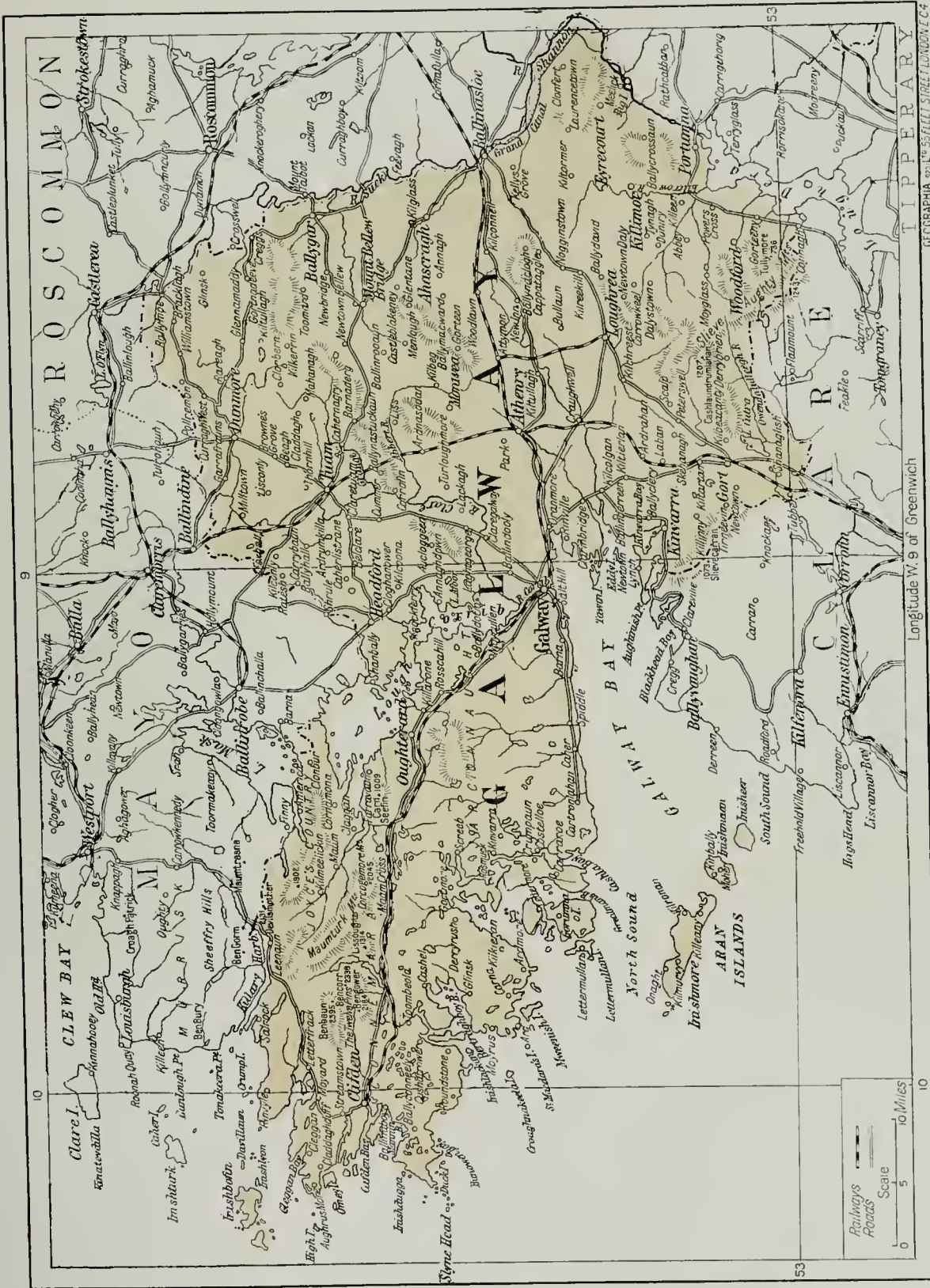
[W. Lawrence.

CLIFDEN.

It was at Clifden that Capt. Sir John Alcock and Lieut. Sir A. W. Brown landed on completing their historic flight across the Atlantic. The place is perhaps most widely known in connection with the important wireless telegraphic station that is situated at Mannlo Bay, 2 miles to the south of the town.

The next point of interest in the county is the ruined Abbey of Kilconnell. St. Connall, from whom the place is named, first built a church on the site, but it had long vanished when, in 1100, William O'Kelly founded and endowed his abbey. Much might be said, if space permitted, of the architectural and decorative details of the ruined church, which is also famous for its fine cloisters, a somewhat exotic feature in this country. But the county is so rich in ancient remains of various kinds that it is impossible to give more than a brief description of the most striking among them, especially as much lingering among the dry bones is not to the taste of the multitude unversed in the niceties of archaeology.

On our westward journey to Galway city the next stopping-place is Athenry, which some might call a dejected relic were it not that Ath-na-Riogh, the "Ford of the Kings," is the poor descendant of a town which was a centre of light, learning, and military activity in the Middle Ages. When the fame of Athenry was at its height, between the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries, the town could boast of



MAP OF COUNTY GALWAY.

Longitude W. of Greenwich

Longitude W. of Greenwich

Longitude W. of Greenwich

COPYRIGHT

53

53

10

9

53

stately walls, a formidable castle, and two monasteries which occupied a high and well-merited place in the affections of Christian men. How has its glory departed! Such part of the walls as has escaped destruction lies in lamentable decay, and of the monasteries the domestic buildings have wholly disappeared, while the churches are pathetic wrecks, save that a portion of the Franciscan monastery has become the parish church. On one of the tombs it is recorded that "here is the antient Sepulchre of the Sept of Walls of Droughty late demolished by Cromellians." It is to be feared that the "Cromellians" are largely responsible for the sad decay of Athenry, though they had undoubtedly been set a very bad example by warring factions in Elizabeth's time. Religious feuds respect nothing!

Between Athenry and Tuam on the north lie the remains of Abbey Knockmoy, the somewhat



Photo by

MONUMENT HILL, CLIFDEN.

[W. Lawrence.

The town stands on a considerable height overlooking the picturesque Ardbear Bay, close to the mouth of the Owenglen River. Monument Hill commands a fine view of the scenery round Clifden, including the towering Twelve Pins at the back.

uncuphonious "Knockmoy" being a corruption of the sinister *Cnoc-Muaidhe*, or "Hill of Slaughter," the scene of an Irish triumph over the Anglo-Normans somewhere about the time King Richard I was concentrating on the preparations for his first crusade. In this county of multifarious ecclesiastical ruins Knockmoy would deserve no special mention but for its frescoes, storm-beaten, decayed, and none too distinguishable, but, for all that, frescoes. The poet Otway has left a description of them in his day, and though they have suffered severely in the last two centuries, they still remain an important "document" in the study of Irish mediæval history.

Tuam is one of the most ancient towns in the country, and, like so many other Irish towns, of ecclesiastical origin. During the last century its cathedral was virtually rebuilt, and all that remains of the early church is the chancel, the arch of which is perhaps the finest specimen of Norman work to be found in our Islands. Petrie describes it as "erroneously supposed to have been a

doorway, composed externally of six semicircular, concentric, and recessed arches. The shafts of the columns, which, with the exception of the outermost at each side, are semicircular, are unornamented, but their capitals, which are rectangular, on a semicircular torus, are very richly sculptured, chiefly with a variety of interlaced traceries, and in two instances, those of the jambs, with grotesque human heads."

Close to Gort in the south are the important ruins of Kilmacduagh, comprising cathedral, churches, Round Tower, and other features. Of these the most notable is the Round Tower, which is noticeably out of the perpendicular.

Through all the stress of the centuries and the process of modernisation, which is frequently more



Photo by]

THE CASCADE, CLIFDEN.

[W. Lawrence

The lack of antiquities in the town of Clifden is compensated for by the lovely scenery which obtains in this part of Connemara. This pretty cascade is formed by the Owenglin River, descending from the mountains on its way into Ardbear.

devastating than the work of Time, the old town of Galway has preserved a good deal of picturesqueness which has not attracted the attention it deserves. Long before the Normans penetrated into Western Ireland, Galway was a place of note. How it came by its name is a matter for much disputation among the learned. The honour is variously assigned to the Gaels, the Gallaeci, and a certain lady of the name of Galva, who was foolish enough to get drowned in the river. Whatever the truth as to that may be, the twelfth century found Galway a flourishing Anglo-Norman *piéd à terre* in a hostile country.

During the next few centuries its association with Spain (as the principal port for communication with that country) led to its assuming Spanish names and wearing a decidedly Spanish aspect, and even to-day many of the ancient houses that have survived remind one forcibly of the dwellings of the Peninsula. The interior court, with a gateway leading into the street, is an exotic feature in a

country where the sun never exhibits the fierceness it displays farther south. The unkind have said that the resemblance extends even to the prevalence of insanitary odours! But since the comparative modernisation of the town in recent times, that remark has been robbed of the force it may once have possessed.

Of the ancient houses none is more striking than the elaborately ornamented "Lynch's Mansion," now degraded to base uses. Among the carvings on its face is that of a monkey and child, which is supposed to commemorate an occasion in the history of the family when the stripling heir was saved in a fire by a pet monkey.

The "Lynch Stone," which no visitor to Galway misses, tells a grim story on its face:

"This memorial of the stern and unbending justice of the chief magistrate of this city, James



Photo by

BALLYNAHINCH.

[W. Lawrence.

For many centuries the castle on the shores of this beautiful lake was the residence of the powerful Martin family, who reigned over 200,000 acres of the country in feudal times, insomuch as it was the boast of Connaught that "the king's writ could not run in it."

Lynch Fitzstephen, elected mayor, A.D. 1493, who condemned and executed his own guilty son, Walter, on this spot, has been restored to its ancient site, A.D. 1854, with the approval of the Town Commissioners, by their Chairman, Very Rev. Peter Daly, P.P., and Vicar of St. Nicholas."

Beneath which is the wholesome reminder:

"REMEMBER DEATH THE VANITY OF VANITY AND ALL IS BUT VANITY."

The wicked Walter certainly seems to have deserved his fate if the old story truly records what happened. For in his father's house was an honoured guest, a young Spaniard whose father was a close friend of Mayor Lynch. Young Walter was head over heels in love with a certain lady who was once indiscreet enough to make sheep's eyes at the handsome Spaniard—probably with a view to a prompt declaration of intention by Walter. The only effect was that Lynch junior regarded



Photo by]

[W. Lawrence.

KYLEMORE LAKE.

Kylemore is situated 10 miles north-east of Clifden. In the vicinity of the lake is Kylemore Castle, a seat of the Duke of Manchester. The demesne contains some charming bits of scenery, which stands almost unrivalled in the whole of Connemara.



Photo by]

[W. Lawrence

LOUGH MUCK.

Lough Muck is in the north-west corner of Co. Galway, 1 mile south of Salrock, which is a picturesquely wooded spot on the coast reached by a steep descent from the lake.



Photo by

SALROCK, CONNEMARA.

The most interesting spot at Salrock is the graveyard of the little church. Here can be seen some curious graves, which, owing to the scarcity of earth, have been covered with stones. The tops of the graves have been adorned with clay pipes, an ancient custom, which is very rarely seen in Ireland.

[W. Lacroix.]

his guest as his rival, and removed the obstacle from his path by the summary method of stabbing him in his father's doorway. And so the stern parent was compelled to condemn his own offspring to death and carry out the sentence in person, as no one could be found willing to perform the office of executioner!

There are remains of several other ancient and interesting mansions in the town, though many have suffered degradation into mere hovels and require looking for.

Virtually nothing is left of the walls and towers which made Galway one of the strongest Irish fortresses as late as the second half of the seventeenth century. A quaint bridge of 1342 still spans the Galway River, and the eye of faith can pick out battered remnants of the fortifications here and there,



Photo by]

KILLARY HARBOUR, LEENANE.

[W. Lawrence.

This fine fiord-like harbour has been likened in appearance to a piece of Norwegian coast scenery. The harbour has often been used as an anchorage by the Channel Fleet, and the then King and Queen entered and landed here in 1903. Killary Bay runs right into the heart of the mountains—a distance of 9 miles.

but with the exception of old houses the only substantial relics of Galway that was, are St. Nicholas' Church and the Franciscan Friary, and the interest of these lies mainly in their tombs and monuments.

The town is the natural starting-point for the far-famed Isles of Aran, lying off the mouth of Galway Bay, and a very holy place in Irish eyes, on account of their historical and religious associations. Though much of their astounding story is legendary, it is undoubted fact that they became a popular place of assembly for saints and holy men, and it was only fitting that the Castle of Arkyn on Inishmore should be the last fort to bow the knee to Cromwell's iconoclastic but highly efficient soldiery.

That the Aran Islands were highly remarkable, seems to have been realised as early as the time of Giraldus Cambrensis, Gerald of Wales, a very intelligent fellow who nevertheless wrote that "There is in the west of Connaught an island placed in the sea, called Aren, to which Saint Brendon had often

recourse. The dead bodies neede not be graveled, for the ayre is so pure that the contagion of any carrion may not infect it : there may the son see his father, his grandfather and his great-grandfather, etc. etc. This island is enemy to mice ; for none is brought thither ; for either it leapeth into the sea, or else beying stayed it dyeth presently."

But though these remarkable spectacles are no longer on view, the islands are full of interest both for their quaint and primitive inhabitants and the amazing quantity and variety of their antiquarian relics.

The scenery of Lough Corrib itself is not particularly interesting, though its surface is dotted with islands, the number of which is popularly (and wrongly) computed at the magic figure of 365. The whole region was once the domain of the proud and powerful family of O'Flaherty, who were more or less independent princes until Queen Elizabeth, after great efforts, forcibly persuaded them to



Photo by]

[W. Lawrence.

KILLARY HARBOUR, LEENANE.

The name Killary means "red valley," and has probably a connection with the large number of red-coloured rocks in the neighbourhood. The harbour, which divides Mayo from Galway, has an important salmon fishery.

acknowledge her authority. In days of yore one of the gates of Galway exhibited a remarkable inscription :

" From the fury of the O'Flaherties,
Good Lord, deliver us " ;

and many and singular are the stories that have gathered round their name.

Between Lough Corrib and the Atlantic, stretches the far-famed district of Connemara, one of the grandest and most rugged parts of the country. The mountains fall into two well-defined groups, the Maamturk Range and the celebrated " Twelve Pins," which present such a magnificent silhouette to the skyline when seen from any quarter.

The much indented coastline here is fully worthy of the grand and wild scenery inland.



Photo by]

[W. Lawrence.

LOUGH INAGH.

Lough Inagh is famous for its scenery and takes a high place among the beauty spots of Ireland. The lake is 3 miles long and occupies a beautiful valley a little above Lough Derryclare, 11 miles east of Clifden.



Photo by]

[W. Lawrence.

LEENANE.

Lying at the head of Killary Harbour, Leenane is a small fishing hamlet, chiefly known as a tourist centre for those intent on exploring the beauties of Connemara.



Photo by

ST. JARLATH'S CATHEDRAL, TUAM.

[W. Lawrence.]

This fine edifice is built in the Perpendicular style. Both the exterior and interior are richly and expensively decorated. Outside the cathedral are statues of Archbishop Mellale and William Burke. Tuam was founded as a religious establishment in the sixth century by St. Jarlath.

GLAMORGANSHIRE

READERS of *Wild Wales* will remember how a burst of sunshine after rain roused old Borrow to rhapsody a mile or two on the right side of the Glamorgan border. "As I looked on the bright luminary I thought of Ab Gwilym's ode to the sun and Glamorgan, and with breast heaving and with eyes full of tears, I began to repeat parts of it, or rather of a translation made in my happy boyish years." The "part" that Glamorgan men must like best runs:

"A land I oft from hill that's high
Have gazed upon with raptur'd eye ;
Where maids are trained in virtue's school,
Where duteous wives spin dainty wool."



Photo by]

CARDIFF FROM THE AIR.

Aerofilms, Ltd.

The largest coal port in the world, Cardiff is the principal town in Glamorgan. A town of considerable antiquity, it was known as "Tibia Amnis" in Roman days, and was a military station of importance.

No doubt the eulogy is as well deserved now as seventy years ago, and though King Coal has grievously disfigured the fair countenance of Glamorganshire it remains full of charm and interest to those prepared to seek out its beauties.

Busy Cardiff has little to detain us. The stronghold which Giraldus Cambrensis called the "noble castle of Caerdyf" has given place to an elaborate modern mansion, and only the skeleton of the ancient keep remains as a war memorial of the martial past. That sixteenth-century Baedeker, Leland, records that "the towne of Cairtaphe is the principale of all Glamorganshire, is well wauillid, and is by estimacion a mile in cumpace. In the waulle be 5 gates. . . . The castelle is in the north-west side

of the town waulle, and is a great thing and a strong, but now in sum ruine." But, with the exception mentioned, all these things have gone, and the only other substantial record of Cardiff's mediæval career is the Church of St. John's, with a beautiful Perpendicular tower.

The neighbourhood, however, abounds in places of interest. A few miles north stands the splendid ruin of Caerphilly Castle, a glorious relic of one of the largest fortresses in the country. The picturesque and varied story of the great pile contains a full quota of battles, sieges, celebrations, and what not; to linger over it is a temptation sternly to be resisted. But there is one incident in its career that deserves to be recorded for the light it throws on human nature, and not merely the character of our rude forefathers.

When the castle was captured by Queen Isabella and Mortimer early in the fourteenth century, we are told that "the quantity of live stock, provisions, etc., found within the walls is scarcely to be



Photo by,

[J. J. Manning.]

OLD ROMAN WALLS NEAR WHITCHURCH.

The parish of Whitchurch stands on the River Taff, a little to the north of Llandaff. Besides these old Roman walls there are traces of a barrow and a Roman camp, which are of interest to the antiquarian.

credited. There are said to have been taken here two thousand fat oxen, twelve thousand cows, twenty-five thousand calves, thirty thousand fat sheep, six hundred draught horses, two thousand fat hogs, besides two hundred beeves, six hundred sheep and one thousand hogs, salted; two hundred tons of French wine, forty tons of cyder and home made wines." Small wonder that the garrison became slightly lethargic towards the close of the siege!

The old city of Llandaff has now become absorbed as a suburb of Cardiff, and its cathedral, which can trace its ancestry to a church founded in the seventh century, is now a medley of work of various styles with a strong flavour of nineteenth-century renovation and restoration. As might be expected in the circumstances, symmetry is not its strong point, but there are attractive features in the Norman, Early English, and Decorated styles; and considering that the building was a ruin in the sixteenth century and merely a kind of outhouse to a scandalous Italian temple in the eighteenth,

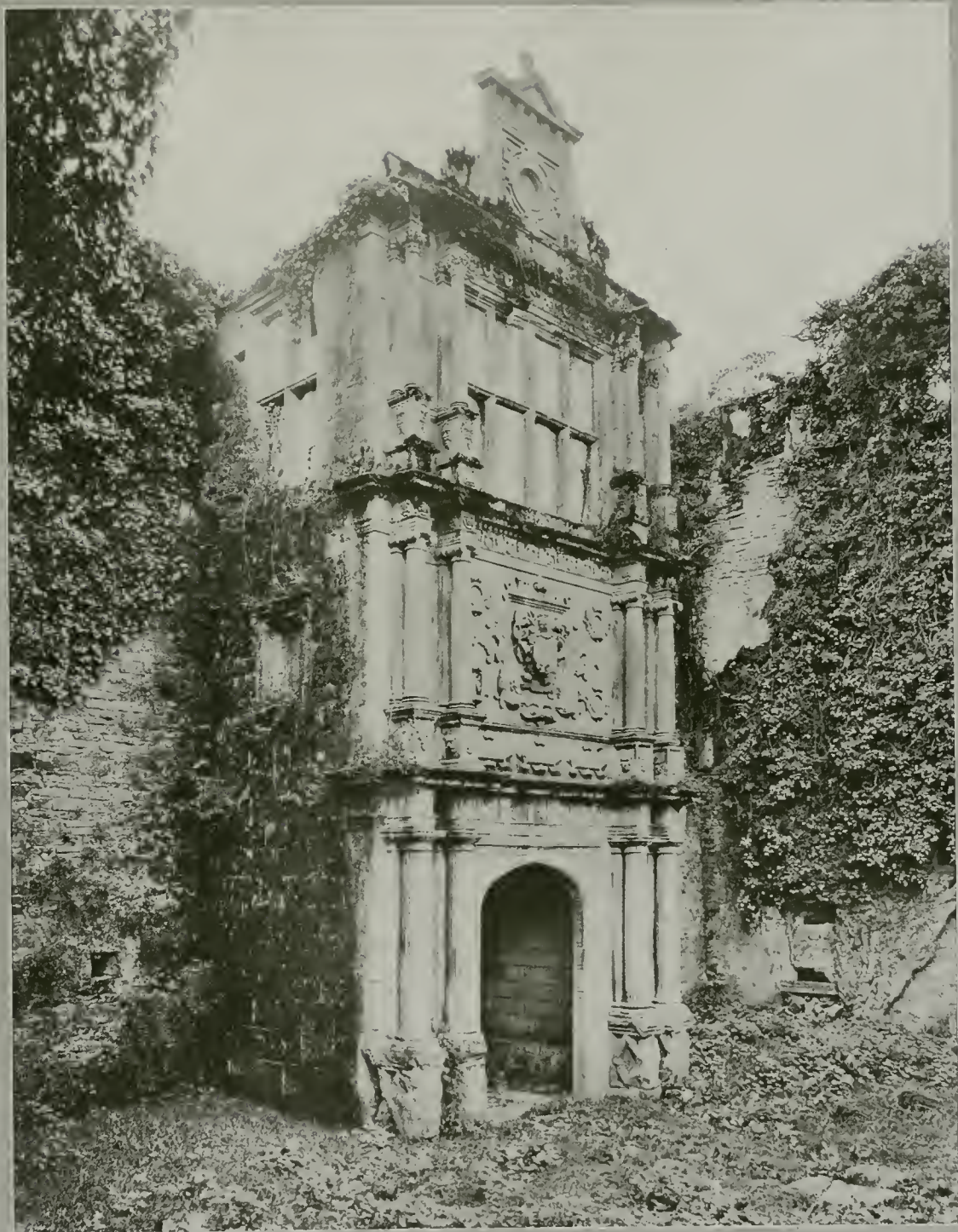


Photo by]

OLD BEAUPRÉ CASTLE.

[H. J. Smith.

This fine old Elizabethan ruin is situated a few miles from Cowbridge. The photograph shows the Palladian porch. The castle is the ancient seat of the Basset family.



Photo by

H. J. Smith.

A FIREPLACE, BEAUPRÉ CASTLE.

The popular belief is that the castle occupies the site of an early Welsh fortress, which was enlarged by the Normans. The building was designed by a Welsh artist called Twrch, and is a quaint mixture of Gothic and Greek architecture.

the wonder is that the nineteenth-century restoration was so successful in recovering and restoring the ancient beauties of the edifice.

The old castle of St. Fagan's has been absorbed into the modern mansion of the same name.

St. Fagan's is also famous locally for a stiff action in the Civil War (May 8, 1648) described by the Parliamentary commander, Colonel Horton, in the following terms:

"This day about nine of the clocke it pleased God that wee engaged with them [a 'generall conjunction of most able bodied inhabitants of the counties of Pembrook, Carmarthen, and Cardigan, and many of Glamorgan'] at a place called Saint Fagons . . . and for two hours had a very hot dispute, but at length by God's mercy they were put to a totall rout, many slaine upon the place, and about three thousand prisoners, great store of armes, and ammunition, and many colours."

The coast between Cardiff and Swansea, though comparatively tame compared with the finest cliff scenery of the country, has much to show of beauty or interest. The visitor to Barry Docks will



Photo by]

NEATH ABBEY.

[G. W. Rly.

Neath Abbey was founded in 1111 by Richard de Granville for the Cistercians. Little remains of the church but the outer walls of the nave and part of the west front. The building has been described by Leland as the "fairest abbey in Wales."

be surprised to learn that Leland was quite accurate when he said that "the passage into Barrey Isle at full se is a flite shot over, as much as the Tamise is above the bridge. At low water, there is a broken causey to go over, or else over the shalow streamelet of Barrey Brook on the sands. The isle is about a mile in cumpace, and hath very good corne, grasse and sum wood. *There ys no dwelling in the island*, but there is in the middle of it a fair little chapel of St. Barrok where much pilgrimage is usid."

St. Donat's Castle, west of Barry, has had the luck to remain in occupation throughout its career, with the result that a portion of the original Norman fortress and its extensions remains, and has been skilfully combined with sixteenth-century additions to form a very interesting example of the baronial mansion of old. Several features of the internal decoration are unusual and remarkable, particularly the Grinling Gibbons carving.

The ancient castle of Dunraven has completely vanished, to the regret of all familiar with its picturesque history. To the usual crop of tales of secret dungeons, mysterious murders, and kidnapped

maidens it adds a pleasant variant in an odd story of one of the owners of Dunraven which is related in Grose's *Antiquities*.

This gentleman, it is to be feared, was greatly addicted to the pastime of wrecking, devices such as displays of lights along the shore being his method of attracting ships to shore. But one day retribution overtook him. Two of his sons rowed out to the Swiscar Rock, forgot to secure their boat properly, and were duly drowned in sight of the house. Unfortunately the spectators included the nurse of the youngest son, who was just able to walk. In her agitation she left her charge unattended for a few moments, during which the young hopeful fell into a tub of whey and was also drowned.

This particular portion of the county is studded with ancient remains, ecclesiastical and otherwise, and there are few such happy hunting-grounds for the archæologist. Of the churches, *facile princeps* is the church of Ewenny Priory, notable as perhaps the best specimen of pure Norman work in Wales. "So far as it exists at all," says Freeman, "it exists very nearly as it was originally built, and it con-



Photo by

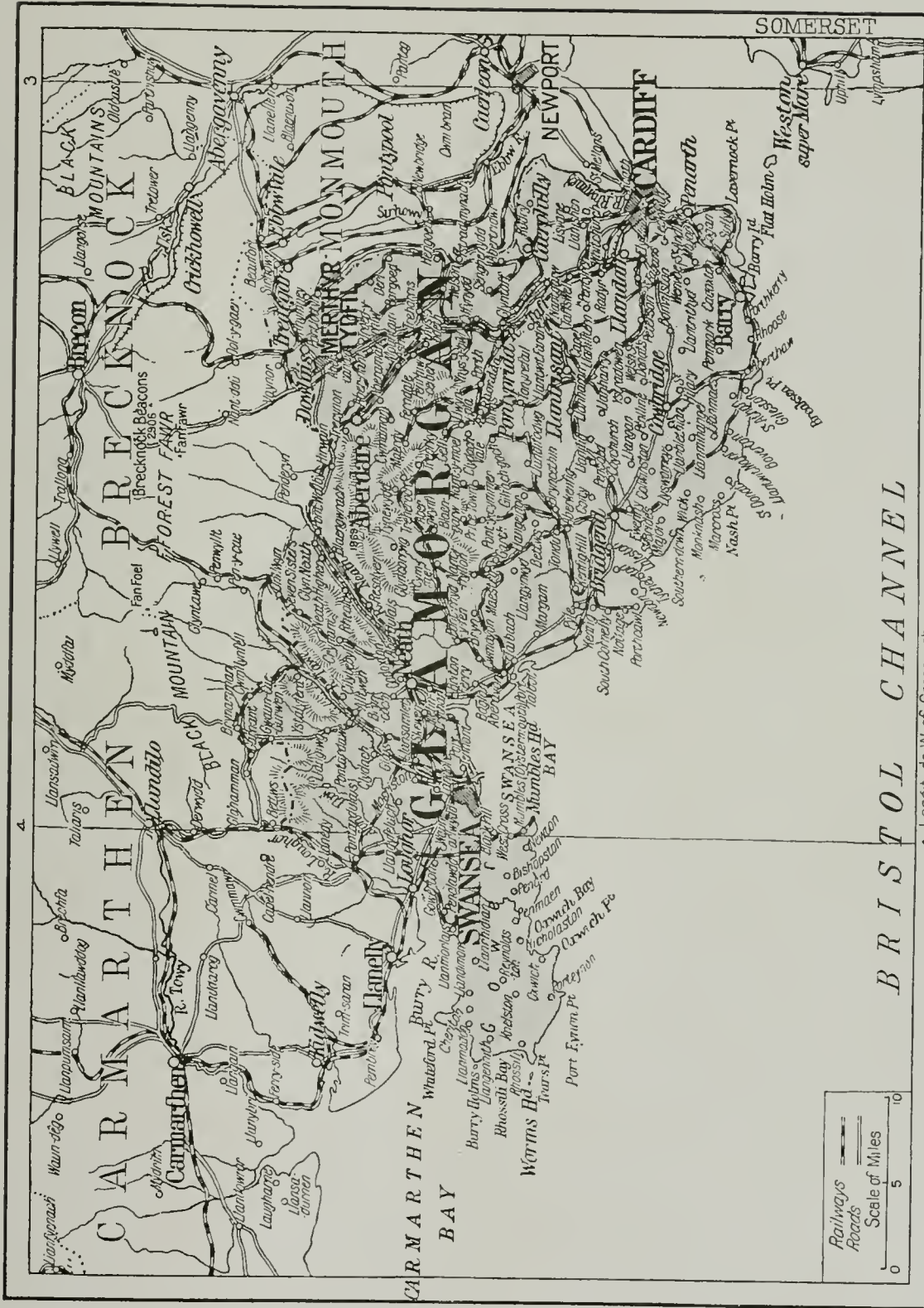
OYSTERMOUTH CASTLE, SWANSEA.

[G. W. Ry.]

The present structure is supposed to have been completed by the De Braose family in 1287, but it was partly restored in the nineteenth century by the Duke of Beaufort. The building was used more as a residence than as a fortress, and the remains form an interesting specimen of the Edwardian castles.

sequently shows us what a religious edifice raised by invaders in the midst of a half-conquered country was required to be. . . . The western limb formed the parish church; the choir, the presbytery, and the appendages formed the church of the priory. . . . The parish church could not be concealed within the monastic enclosure: the parishioners must have free access without passing through the gateway of the monastery, consequently the whole north side was exposed, while the monastic buildings were attached to the south. The result is that the church itself becomes part of the line of defence, and hence the extent to which it assumes a castellated character."

But by far the most picturesque ecclesiastical ruin in the county is Neath Abbey, a refreshing oasis of decayed loveliness in a wilderness of modern industrial ugliness. "Somewhat to the south," wrote Borrow—and he might be writing to-day—"rose immense stacks of chimneys surrounded by grimy diabolical buildings, in the neighbourhood of which were huge heaps of cinders and black rubbish. From this pandemonium, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile to the south-west, upon a grey meadow, stood, looking darkly grey, a ruin of vast size with window holes, towers, and arches."



B R I S T O L C H A N N E L

4 Longitude W of Greenwich

MAP OF GLAMORGANSHIRE

COPYRIGHT

GEOGRAPHIA 1932 LTD 55 FLEET STREET LONDON E.C.4

This great abbey was founded at the beginning of the twelfth century, and it played no inconsiderable part in history. Here the hapless Edward II sought asylum after his escape from Caerphilly Castle, and the Abbot of Neath was perhaps the first of the great ecclesiastics to bestow his patronage on the enterprise of Henry of Richmond. Little did he think that he was assisting him whom Borrow calls "the future father of the terrible man doomed by Providence to plant the abomination of desolation in Neath Abbey and in all the other nests of monkery throughout the land."

For all its "castle" the town of Neath does not invite close inspection, at any rate by readers of this work, nor can Swansea be described as exactly a beauty spot, though considering its activity in the coal business and its general commercial importance it can rightfully claim many good points. But Nature has certainly been exceedingly kind in the surrounding country. The Vale of Neath is



Photo by

CAERPHILLY CASTLE.

[C. Reid.

This famous castle is the largest in Wales, and in fact is second only in size to Windsor among the castles of Great Britain. It was built in 1272 by Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, and came a great deal into prominence during the Civil War. It is now the property of the Earl of Bute.

renowned far and wide for its picturesque combination of the beauties of wood and water, and the curious Gower Peninsula has much fine coast and abounds in interest.

What makes Gower of such fascination (certainly to a chauvinistic Englishman, or perhaps we should say Belgian) is that it is in Wales and yet not of it. In the far-away days of the first Henry, a colony of Flemings made this remote region their home, and their descendants have ever displayed a most mulish obstinacy in keeping themselves apart and preserving their national characteristics. The modern virtue of "being matey" has never appealed to them, with the result that Welsh names in this peninsula are quite a rarity, and the visitor experiences quite a shock at finding himself in a spot such as that which is called—in the homeliest Anglo-Saxon—Blackhole Gut.



GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL AND THE SEVERN.

The cathedral is almost as well known as the city to which it belongs, and it forms a fine feature of the surrounding country. The building stands on the site of a nunnery founded in the eighth century, and has been a cathedral since 1540. During the last century it underwent a thorough restoration by Gilbert Scott.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE

THE noble city of Gloucester traces its descent through the Saxon *Gleawanceastre* and the Roman *Glevum* to the British *Caer Glou*, and it need hardly be said that its ancient lineage is worthily matched by its long and interesting story and the by no means unimportant part it has played in our history. When the Roman invasion penetrated to the line of the lower Severn the great imperialists found a hardy and warlike people, the Silures, settled in what is now known as the Forest of Dean on the western bank. Against their inroads they erected a strong fortress. A man who stands at the crossing of Southgate Street, Westgate Street, Northgate Street, and Eastgate Street is sharing the road with the ghosts of Roman legionaries who built and manned the camp of Glevum.

The military importance of the site ensured Gloucester a place in history until war became an extinct pastime in England. Right up to the seventeenth century its name is continually cropping up in our annals, and generally, be it said, to its credit. Perhaps the only stains on its scutcheon—for which it cannot be held responsible—are King John's predilection for the place, and the fact that it unwittingly accepted a charter from wicked crook-backed Richard at the very moment that monster was issuing a secret order from Gloucester Castle for the murder of his young nephews in the Tower.

The "great" event in the history of the city is undoubtedly the famous siege of 1643, for it was the failure of Charles to capture the Parliamentary stronghold at this critical juncture that marked a turning-point in the Civil War. A very picturesque account of the event may



Photo by]

[E. Bastard

THE CLOISTERS, GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

The cloisters date from 1351-1412. A feature of interest are the sculptured recesses constructed for the writing of manuscripts. The north side is adorned with a large amount of tracery.

be found in William Sanderson's *Compleat History of the Life and Raigne of King Charles from His Cradle to his Grave*. His description of the town at that time shows "the Works large, and not perfected from the South Gate eastward to the North Port, defended with an old Wall lined with earth, with a slender Work at the end thereof, with a Stone Barn that commanded several ways; upon the lower part of the City from the North to the West Gate, there was a Work newly raised, and the advantage of Marshgrounds without, and a Line drawn within from the inner North Gate under the College Wall to the *Priorie of St. Oswalds*, the West side defended by the River, the meadows beyond level with the Town, from the Castle to the South Port with a firm and lofty Work which commanded the ground in the Suburbs; the Ditches narrow, but full of Water round about."

That the citizens were of high mettle is shown by their reply to the royal summons to surrender, in which His Majesty was "graciously pleased to let all the Inhabitants, Souldiers, and others to know, that if they yield, all shall have pardon. . . ."

We the Inhabitants, Magistrates, Officers and Souldiers within this Garison of Gloucester, unto his Majesties gracious message return this humble Answer, That we do keep this Citie According to our Oath and Allegiance, to and for the use of his Majestic and his Royal Posteritie, and do accordingly conceive our selves wholly bound to obey the Commands of His Majestic, signified by both Houses of Parliament, and are resolved by God's help to keep the Citie accordingly.

Gloucester has always moved with the times and refused to rest on its historic oars. The atmosphere of sleepy tranquillity which is so characteristic of an ancient "cathedral" city is wholly alien to its tastes and purposes, and where antiquity and progress have irremediably clashed antiquity has had to give way. The result is that, with a few exceptions, the evidences of its great age must be sought for either below ground or (like the remains of the Roman walls) in cellars. Fortunately its finest mediæval monument, the cathedral, has escaped not only destruction but drastic restoration, a blessing for which we must thank the Parliamentary sympathies of the citizens in the Civil War. For in view of their eminent services in the struggle, Cromwell had no option but to grant their request that their beautiful church should be spared.



Photo by

Herbert Felton.

ENTRANCE TO CLOISTERS, THE MEDIEVAL HOUSE.

As far as is known, the fan-tracery in the cloisters is an original idea of the Gloucester masons. The beautiful "Little Cloister" is reached by a vaulted passage at the end of the east walk.



Photo by]

THE CRYPT, GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

[Underwood Press Service.

The crypt dates from the same time as the nave, and extends beneath the choir transept and Lady Chapel. The canopied tomb of Edward II gives an added importance to the cathedral.



Photo by,

[Bell's Photo Co.

THE NEW INN, GLOUCESTER.

This inn was built in the fifteenth century, and has been almost entirely preserved in its original form. In Elizabethan days, plays were often performed at these inns by strolling players, on a temporary stage erected in the courtyard. It is from this design that the Elizabethan theatre has been modelled.

As it stands, the edifice exhibits remarkable work in the Norman and Perpendicular styles, one very interesting feature being the manner in which the Perpendicular architects and masons used the existing Norman choir as a kind of framework for a complete recasing in the style of their day. Thus, while the greater part of the nave is characteristically Norman with its huge and lofty cylindrical piers, the choir appears to be pure Perpendicular, unrivalled perhaps in the beauty and delicacy of its wealth of ornamentation. The tower may claim to be the finest in the country, and the cloisters certainly have no rival in the British Isles. The fan-tracery of the roof loses the effect of distance which makes that of King's College, Cambridge, such a wonder, but in purity of design Gloucester triumphs over its famous rival on the Cam.



Photo by]

THE CHANTRY, BERKELEY.

[H. N. King.

This curious structure is known as Dr. Jenner's Summerhouse. Dr. Jenner was a native of the town, and his ashes have been buried in the fine Early English church. The town of Berkeley has an interesting history, and figured in Domesday as a royal domain.

Even the most summary and selective recital of the beauties of this fine church must include the great east window, the largest in the country. Its stained glass is a miracle of fourteenth-century craftsmanship.

Of the many monuments the most notable is the elaborate tomb of Edward II. When that wretched monarch came to his ghastly end at Berkeley Castle the Abbot of Gloucester gave his corpse a burial-place after his brethren of Bristol, Malmesbury, and Kingswood had refused to receive it on any terms. For once, human feeling met with its reward, for the murdered monarch's shrine became a great place of pilgrimage, and much of the glory of Gloucester was made possible by the accumulation of their offerings.

A somewhat curious feature of the church is the passage behind the east window known as the

"Whispering Gallery." The name calls for no explanation, especially as an inscription in the wall enforces a useful little moral lesson :

"Doubt not but God, who sits on high,
Thy secret prayers can hear,
When a dead wall thus cunningly
Conveys soft whispers to the ear."

The ancient castle of Gloucester was already in ruins in the eighteenth century, when its last fragments were removed to make room for a new County Gaol, which was "commenced," we are



Photo by

[Bell's Photo Co.]

CLIFTON DOWNS, BRISTOL.

Clifton is the high-lying residential suburb situated at the west end of Bristol. It is perhaps best known in connection with the famous public school founded there in 1862.

told, "from the designs, and under the direction, of Sir George Onesiphorus Paul, Bart., whose indefatigable attention to the interests of society, as manifested in the plan of this structure, and a code of laws drawn up for its government, merits the most unlimited approbation" (*Brayley and Britton*).

Of the other mediæval relics of the city the most important are the picturesque New Inn (a characteristic timber house of the middle of the fifteenth century), the churches of St. Mary-de-Lode, which covers the site of a Roman temple, St. Mary-de-Crypt, and St. Nicholas, fragments of the Grey Friars and Black Friars and of Llanthony Priory.

From Gloucester one's thoughts stray naturally to that other outstanding triumph of church architecture, Tewkesbury Abbey. Norman ecclesiastical art has never touched a higher point than



Photo by)

ABBEY GATEWAY, BRISTOL.

[Underwood Press Service.

This fine sculptured gateway was built as an entrance to Fitz-Harding's Abbey of St. Augustine, founded in 1142, and remains to this day practically in its original state.



Photo by

PART OF AN OLD BRITISH CAMP, CINDERFORD.

These interesting relics of the past are situated in Cinderford, a village in the Forest of Dean, 3½ miles west of Newnham.

[Photograph Co., Ltd.



From the Painting by

HEREFORD CATHEDRAL, FROM THE RIVER WALK.

[L. Burleigh Bruhl.

The county town of Hereford stands on the River Wye, close to the Welsh border. The cathedral, which is a notable feature of the town, was completed in 1150 ; but, owing to the many different periods at which it has been added to and restored, the building exhibits various styles of architecture.

in the noble nave and tower of this beautiful edifice, and the Decorated choir, with its windows and the elaborate groining of the roof, is a dream in stone and blends admirably with the plain but stately work of the eleventh century.

The fame of its monuments is equal to that of the building itself. Here lie Sir Guy de Brian, the standard-bearer at Crecy, Hugh Despencer II, unhappy Edward II's unhappy favourite, and a multitude of other worthies. Whether Prince Edward, son of Henry VI, was buried in the abbey church after being foully done to death at the close of "Tewkesbury Field," is a vexed question. Tradition assigns him a grave beneath the tower, but "authority" inclines to the view that his mangled corpse was cast into the common pit which closed on the other victims of that horrid carnage.



Photo by]

SYMOND'S YAT.

[Herbert Felton.

The station of Symond's Yat is in Gloucestershire, and so may be said to come within the scope of this county; but the famous beauty spot, of which a part is shown in the photograph, overlaps into the adjoining county of Herefordshire.

Peaceful Tewkesbury! No English town wears a more placid and old-world air, and the grass grows green and kindly on "Bloody Meadow," where the frightful passions roused by the Wars of the Roses were translated into slaughter and murder most foul. In the course of the action Prince Edward, last hope of the House of Lancaster, was taken prisoner by Sir Richard Crofts, good soldier and honest man. The sequel shall be left to the quaint but vivid words of Grafton's Chronicle:

"After the field ended, King Edward made a Proclamation, that who so ever could bring Prince Edward to him alive or dead, should have an annuities of an hundred pound during his life, and the *Princes lyfe to be saved* [the italics are mine]. Sir Richard Croftes, a wise and a valiant knight, nothing mistrustynge the Kings former promise, brought forth his prisoner Prince Edward, beyng a goodly feminine, and a well featured yong gentleman, whom when King Edward had well advised, he demanded of him, howe he durst so presumptuously enter into his realme with banner displayed.



Photo by]

EAST END, DEERHURST CHURCH.

[Herbert Felton.

A portion of this church represents the remains of an eighth-century Saxon monastery founded in 715 by Duke Dodo. Canute and Edmund Ironside met here and made their plans for dividing the kingdom.

simple corses, in the Church of the Monastery of blacke Monkes in Tewkesbury. This was the last civile battaile that was fought in King Edwardes dayes, which was

The prince being bold of stomach, and of a good courage. answered say- ing, to recover my father's Kingdome and enheritage, from his father and grandfather to him, and from him, after him, to me lineally discended. At these wordes King Edward sayde nothing, but with his hand thrust him from him, (or as some say, stroke him with his gauntlet) whom incontinent they that stooode about, which were George Duke of Clarence, Richard Duke of Gloucester, Thomas Marques Dorset, and William Lord Hastyns, sodainly stroke & cruelly murthered him. . . . His bodey was homely enterred with the other foughten the thirde day of May, then beyng Saturday. And on the Monday next ensuying was Edmond Duke of Sommerset, John Longstrother Prior of saint Johns, syr Garvays Clifton, syr Thomas Tressham and xij. other Knightes, and gentlemen belleded in the market place of Tewkesbury."

Fortunately or unfortunately, Tewkesbury bears hardly any trace of this melancholy incident in its career. Its ancient sixteenth- and seventeenth-century houses (hardly any English town possesses so many) have an air of ancient peace totally irreconcilable with war's alarms.

The third great



Photo by]

THE SAXON CHAPEL, DEERHURST.

[Herbert Felton.

Anciently known as Deortyrst, the village of Deerhurst stands on the River Severn, 2 miles south-west of Tewkesbury and close to the Worcester border. The church has the distinction of being said to be the earliest in England.



Photo by]

TEWKESBURY ABBEY.

[W. F. Taylor.

Tewkesbury is well known for its fine Norman parish church, which is all that remains of the celebrated monastery that was founded there in 715. The Abbey Church was begun about 1102 and the nave was completed in 1150.



Photo by

TEWKESBURY ABBEY.

(W. F. Taylor.

As well as for its ecclesiastical associations, Tewkesbury is well known as the scene of a battle in 1471, in the "Bloody Meadow." The town is the "Nortonbury" of Mrs. Crulk's "John Halifax, Gentleman," and Mr. Pickwick once patronised the Hop Hole in company with Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen.

church of the county is the cathedral of Bristol, in which a modern nave is united to Norman transepts and a Decorated choir, the whole being crowned by a Perpendicular tower. Though quite in the second rank of British cathedral churches, Bristol indubitably has its points: the Norman chapter-house is a gem of its kind, much of the ancient glass is as good as any to be found in the country, and several of the monuments are of great interest and beauty.

There are several ancient churches—or churches incorporating ancient work—in Bristol, a description of which cannot be condensed into the compass assigned to the county, but an exception must certainly be made in favour of the "Mayor's Chapel," which can trace its origin back to the early thirteenth century and possesses a vestry of late Perpendicular work which can hold its own with any examples of the style to be found in the country.



Photo by]

THE BLACK BEAR, TEWKESBURY.

[Herbert Felton.

This quaint old building is a coaching inn, dating from 1650. Tewkesbury streets are full of ancient half-timbered houses, a number of which have been preserved by the citizens and restored to their original form, exposing many fine bits of old architecture, that had long been concealed under ugly plaster fronts.

Evidences of Bristol's military and maritime importance in the Middle Ages have tended to vanish with those of its religious importance. Its castle has long since disappeared, but the arts of peace yet flourish and the city can still claim to lead the van of progress in the West Country. Its citizens have a reputation for their high degree of civic spirit, and have no doubt long lived down the stain on their scutcheon earned by unholy activity in the slave trade. An ancient writer speaks feelingly of the energy Bishop Wulfstan threw into combating that ignoble business at the beginning of the eleventh century:

"There is a seaport town called Bristol, opposite to Ireland, into which its inhabitants make frequent voyages on account of trade. Wulfstan cured the people of this town of a most odious and inveterate custom, which they derived from their ancestors, of buying men and women in all parts of England and exporting them to Ireland for the sake of gain. The young women they seduced, and carried them

to market in their pregnancy, that they might bring a better price. You might have seen with sorrow long ranks of young persons of great beauty, tied together with ropes, and daily exposed to sale ; nor were these men ashamed, O horrid wickedness ! to give up their nearest relations, nay their own children, to slavery."

Every visitor to Bristol soon has it brought home to him that in early days the Lord of Berkeley was more or less the local " King." Berkeley Castle, their stronghold, lies up the Severn just before the great bend of that river opposite Newnham is reached. Every schoolboy knows that the Castle was the scene of the murder of Edward II in 1327, but it is fortunate that history can show practically no parallel to the manner in which the atrocious crime was carried out. In order that the



Photo by,

ENTRANCE GATEHOUSE TO STANWAY HOUSE.

Herbert Felton

Stanway House belongs to the Earl of Wemyss. The village is situated in the Winchcomb district, 8½ miles south-west of Campden.

corpse could be exhibited as displaying no sign of death by violence, those arch-fiends, Maltravers and Gourney, thrust a hollow tube into the King's body and through the tube a red-hot iron was then forced ! But no one was deceived. The horrid deed has often been commemorated both in prose and verse :

" Mark the year and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright ;
The shrieks of death through Berkeley's roofs that ring—
Shrieks of an agonising King ! "

But Holinshed's prose, ghastly in its very simplicity, has a far more effective ring than Gray's somewhat pompous verse :

" His erie did move many within the castell and town of Berkelei to compassion, plainelie hearing him utter a wailleful noyse, as the tormentors were about to murder him ; so that dyvers being awakened



COPYRIGHT

GEOGRAPHIA 1923, 1st 55 FLEET STREET LONDON, E.C.4.

MAP OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.



Photo by

Herbert Felton.

THE DEVIL'S CHIMNEY, LECKHAMPTON.

The hill on which this curiously shaped rock is situated commands an exquisite view of the surrounding country. In the photograph, the outline of Cheltenham can be seen in the distance. Leckhampton village stands under the Cotswolds, 2½ miles south of Cheltenham.

therebye (as they themselves confessed) prayed heartilie to God to receyve his soule, when they understode by his crie how the matter went."

It is but common justice to add that the Lord of Berkeley of the time, though nominally Edward's keeper, was entirely innocent of all complicity in the crime. The tower, and perhaps the very room, in which the ghastly deed was done, yet remain, and as there has been little substantial alteration to the structure in the course of the centuries, Berkeley Castle is perhaps the most illuminating example of a feudal stronghold still left to us.

Thornbury Castle could hardly hope to rival Berkeley, as it never had more than a start. But that start was certainly a "fair" one, for the Tudor edifice, the completion of which was prevented by the tyrannous execution of its builder, Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, in 1523, is even now one of the finest things of its kind. Its splendid bay windows and elaborate chimneys are remarkably characteristic and beautiful work in that style. The unfortunate victim of Wolsey's ruthless jealousy has claimed the authorship of this work of art by an inscription on the gateway which runs: "Thys gate was begon in the yere of our Lord Gode MCCCCXI. The ii yere of the Reyne of Kyng Henri the VIII. By me Edw. Duc of Bukkinghā, Erlle of Harforde, Stafford, and Northamptō." And twelve years later the headless corpse of this gentleman of many titles was tumbled into a nameless grave in the Tower of London!



Photo by]

THE MARKET HOUSE, CHIPPING CAMPDEN.

[Herbert Felton.

Situated 9 miles south of Evesham, Chipping Campden is a market town of considerable antiquity. It was once the centre of the Cotswold wool trade. The market hall is situated on an "island" in the wide main street.



Photo by]

GREVIL'S HOUSE, CHIPPING CAMPDEN.

[Herbert Felton.

William Grevil is one of the distinguished men especially associated with this town. A brass to his memory in the chancel of the local church bears the inscription "flos mercatorum totius Anglie."

Vying with Gloucester itself in antiquity is the picturesque country town of Cirencester, the Roman *Corinium* and a place of considerable importance until the end of the mediæval era. Considering its fame and fortunes, it is a little odd that so little in the way of tangible evidence of its greatness remains. But its castle was destroyed in the eleventh century and its splendid mitred abbey demolished, stone by stone, at the time of the Dissolution of the Monasteries, so that of its ancient splendour there is little to show but the parish church. But what a church it is, of the dimensions of a minor cathedral and the possessor of a magnificent tower and a south porch which is one of the architectural treasures of the country!

Between Cirencester and Gloucester lies the full width of the Cotswolds, a name which almost reduces the plain biographer of the county's beauties to a numb silence. For there is hardly a hill region in Great Britain which has inspired such a torrent of rhapsodical prose, verse, and song. And even the most unemotional of Anglo-Saxons must admit that, to say the least, these fair green slopes certainly



Photo by,

ROMAN VILLA, CHEDWORTH.

[W. Dennis Moss.

The remarkable remains of a Roman villa at Chedworth are one of the most important in England. They were discovered and excavated in 1864, and are of great interest to archaeologists. They stand on the property of Lord Eldon, who has given them for preservation to the National Trust.

simulate any inborn tendency to lyricism. It is not merely that they produce an endless succession of highly characteristic and charming landscapes; their atmosphere of peace and colour seems to have infected the villages, the farms and cottages, and even the very roads, which become avenues of enchantment instead of merely utilitarian channels of communication.

To convey even a suggestion of the charm and interest of the Cotswold villages is a hopeless task where space is limited. Even a bald summary—unadorned by comment or rhetoric—of their best features, here a church and there a market-hall or a manor house or a collection of cottages, would be beyond the scope of this article. Round the Cotswold churches alone, quite a formidable body of literature has grown up, and all that can be done here is to single out a few of the finest "sights" for special mention.

No one with a love of great artistic achievement will deny the church of Fairford the highest place on such a list. It has acquired a world renown for the stained glass of its windows, a marvel of fifteenth-century workmanship which is said to have won from Van Dyck the encomium that "many of the figures were so exquisitely well done that they could not be exceeded by the best pencil." The subjects



Photo by]

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, FAIRFORD.

[W. F. Taylor.

The photograph shows one of the famous sixteenth-century stained-glass windows, which are by far the most interesting feature in the church. There are twenty-one of these windows altogether, and they are said to be of English design and workmanship.



Photo by]

W. Dennis Moss.

FAIRFORD: RIVER COLN.

This town was the birthplace of John Kehle, the clergyman and poet. On account of its favourable position on the River Coln, Fairford is well known to anglers.



Photo by

W. Dennis Moss.

BIBURY: RIVER COLN.

Bibury stands on the River Coln, 7½ miles north-east of Cirencester. The village is close to Icknield Street, and some Roman pavement and other relics have been found here.

are mainly scenes from the Old and New Testaments, and it may confidently be asserted that these windows have no rival, not even the glass of King's College, Cambridge. Two names deserve eternal commemoration in this connection: that of John Tame, who procured the windows, and that of William Oldysworth, who had them removed and concealed during the Civil War and thus saved them from certain destruction.

Memorable, too, is the little town of Painswick, and memorable not only for the beauty of its situation, the distinction of its old-world houses and cottages, its fine Perpendicular church, and the fact that Charles I once slept in its interesting Court House. In its churchyard is a famous assembly of yew-trees, which, incidentally, no one seems able to count properly, for the number varies in every account. The only thing certain is the falsity of an ancient tradition that there are ninety-nine, and that every attempt to complete the number up to the round hundred has always been frustrated.

For a gem of village scenery the traveller need penetrate the county no farther than Bibury, where every ingredient of rural charm is to be had for the seeing.

Northleach, Bibury's northern neighbour, has probably forgotten that it was once one of the centres of the county's woollen industry, but it is not allowed to forget the dignity conferred



Photo by]

[G. Long.

A PORCH IN CIRENCESTER CHURCH.

This fine parish church, mainly a Perpendicular structure, is 180 feet long, making it one of the longest in England. The south porch has three stories and dates from 1500.



Photo by]

[W. Dennis Moss,

A PEEP IN CIRENCESTER PARK.

This beautiful public park belongs to Cirencester House, a seat of the Earl of Bathurst. The grounds have been frequently visited by Pope and Swift, and were formerly known as Oakley Park.

upon it by its beautiful church of SS. Peter and Paul. It is the local Westminster Abbey in more senses than one, for here generous and prosperous "woolmen" lie in fitting state in the edifice they did so much to raise and adorn. It is wholly refreshing to find a church which worthily commemorates the arts of peace in this way, and where the merchant is found worthy to occupy the space usually devoted to the armoured knight or the feudal "bigwig" of the locality. If we must be a nation of shopkeepers, at least we need not be ashamed of the fact. Northleach is not.

At Chedworth, not far distant, are the remains of one of the best Roman villas to be found in the country.

Few stronger contrasts can be imagined than the agreeable but somewhat urbane modernity of Cheltenham, a veritable hive of learning, and the old-worldly, unworldly air of ancient Winchcombe. Yet the latter was flourishing mightily and of high renown at a time when the famous spa did not exist. Of the celebrated mitred abbey of Winchcombe, nothing, alas, remains. "The more's the pity," for it contained the celebrated shrine of St. Kenelm, round whose name one of the best of the mediæval stories centres. The saint was the young son of Kenulf, King of Mercia, and his very youth should have secured him against the murderous designs of his sister, Quendreda. However, the devil was mighty powerful in those times, and the lady thought nothing of having her brother



Photo by]

THE THAMES NEAR ITS SOURCE.

W. Dennis Moss.

In the background of this photograph may be seen the first bridge which spans the Thames on its way down from its source. The Thames is the longest and the most important river in the British Isles.

secretly despatched and buried out of sight in Clent Wood. "Murder will out," they say, and on this occasion the manner of its "outing" was passing strange. A dove flying over Rome dropped a note on the altar of St. Peter's, and in the note the place of the young prince's interment was given in remarkably concise and lucid Latin verse!

Sudeley Castle, which has been restored and made habitable, is not too far away to be the real Winchcombe "lion." It paid the penalty for resistance to the Parliamentary forces in the Civil Wars by suffering "sighting," a process varying from dismantlement to total demolition. Fortunately, enough remains to make it not too difficult to conjure up the figures

of Thomas Boteler, Lord Sudeley, Queen Elizabeth, Baron Chandos ("King of the Cotswolds"), and other notables whose names figure prominently on its historical record.

In describing the little town of Chipping Campden as the pearl of the Cotswolds, the author appreciates that he may give offence to several close rivals. But if all but one of the Cotswold towns and villages were to be suddenly doomed to engulfment his candidate for survivorship would unquestionably be this delightful old place, with its delicious assemblage of ancient houses of all sorts, shapes, and sizes, its fine Perpendicular church, and its memories of fat and prosperous wool-merchants.

Nor must the corner across the Severn be forgotten. The coal-stricken region is soon left behind and much delightful country can be found on the left bank of the Wye.



Photo by]

[W. Dennis Moss.

THE TRUE SOURCE OF THE THAMES.

The River Thames has its source in four headstreams on the east side of the Cotswold Hills, the Isis, Churn, Coin, and Leach. These four streams unite and form the Thames, in the vicinity of Lechlade.

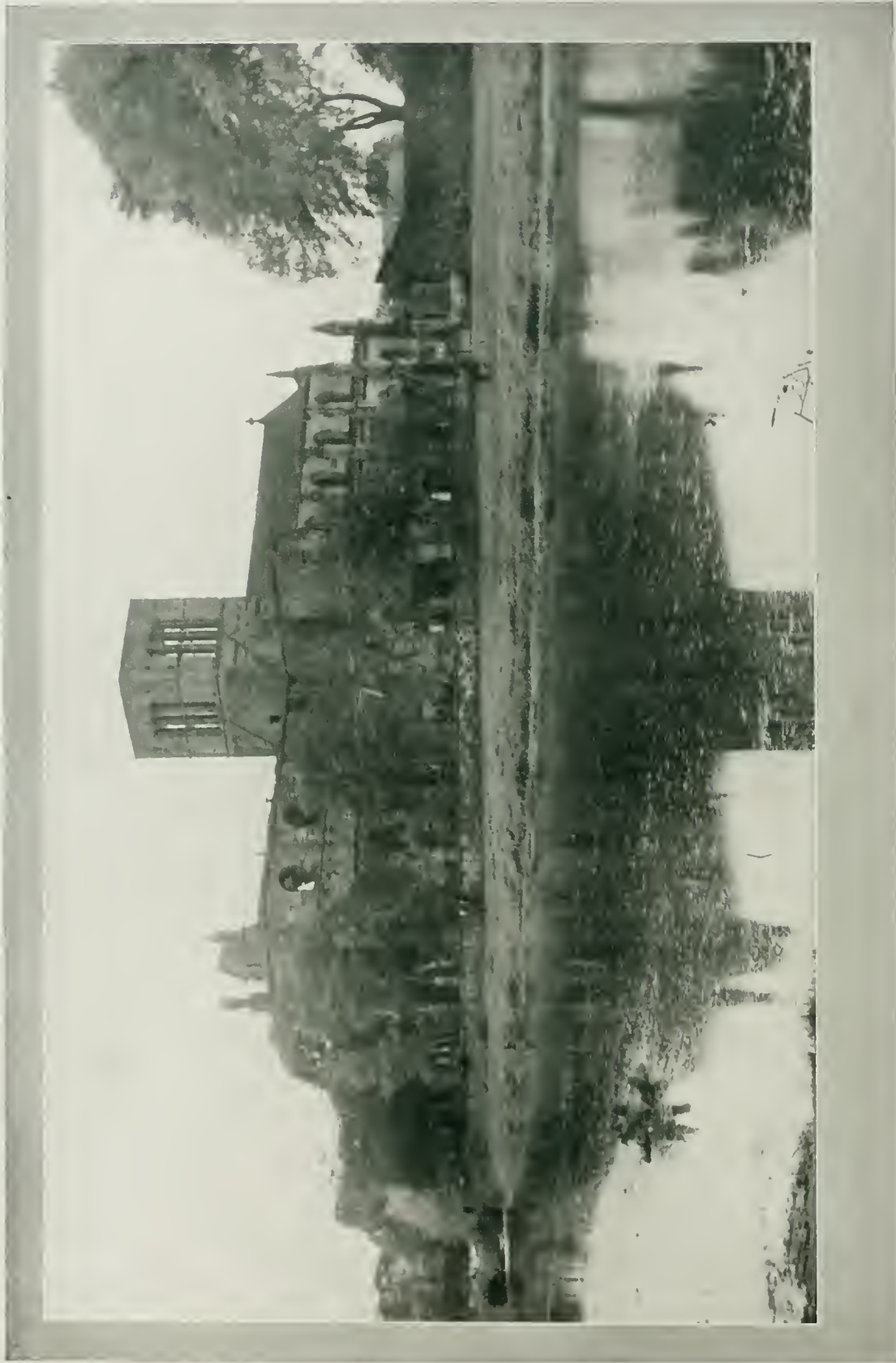


Photo by

"LAMP OF LOTHIAN," HADDINGTON.

This fine old Gothic church was anciently called "Lucerna Laudoniae," or the lamp of the Lothian, because of its great architectural beauty, and also on account of the fact that the lights shown nightly from its high windows could be seen from a great distance. The older part of the church dates from the thirteenth century.

Fred M. Duthrie.



Photo by]

C. Reid.

CRAIGLEITH ISLAND.

Craigleith is a small and rocky island in the Firth of Forth, situated 1 mile off the coast at North Berwick. Like many of the place-names in Haddingtonshire, Craigleith is Gaelic.

HADDINGTONSHIRE

IF this short account of the main features of beauty and interest in Haddingtonshire (or East Lothian) begins with the ancient burgh of Dunbar, it is not out of any disrespect to places in the county which to any normal human being are more attractive. It is simply because the ancient castle, now a fragmentary ruin, played as large and important a part in the history of Scotland as any in the country. The town and its surroundings has never been put in a rosier light than that in which Carlyle (*Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*) saw it: "The small town of Dunbar stands, high and windy, looking down over its herring-boats, over its grim old Castle now much honeycombed,—one of those projecting rock-promontories with which that shore of the Frith of Forth is niched and vandycked, as far as the eye can reach. A beautiful sea: good land too, now that the plougher understands his trade; a grim niched barrier of whin stone sheltering it from the chafings and tumblings of the big blue German Ocean. Seaward St. Abb's Head, of whinstone, bounds your horizon to the east, not very far off; west, close by, is the deep bay and fishy little village of Belhaven: the gloomy Bass and other rock-islets, and farther the Hills of Fife, and foreshadows of the Highlands, are visible as you look seaward. . . . Landward as you look from the Town of Dunbar there rises, some short mile off, a dusky continent of barren heath Hills; the Lammermoor, where only mountain-sheep can be at home."



Photo by]

[Ingram Gordon & Co.

JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE, HADDINGTON.

Both Haddington and Mnam claim to have been the birthplace of John Knox, the famous Scottish Reformer. The former town, however, has this house to support its claim. Knox was born c. 1514, and died in 1572. His most well-known work was "The Historie of the Reformation in Scotland."

Which is the geography of half the county in a nutshell !

Beyond the great monument of the Earl of Dunbar in the comparatively modern parish church the only real "sight" in the town is what remains of its Castle. It would be easy to write a volume on the extraordinarily romantic and vivid story of this stronghold, its many sieges and its close association with the dramatic moments in the lives of many a Scottish sovereign, notably Mary Stuart. But pride of place must be given to the momentous action fought between Cromwell and David Leslie on September 3rd, 1650, for it had no small bearing on the course of British history.

Cromwell's rhapsodies on the subject of the battle of Dunbar appertain to literature rather than history, and perhaps the best summary account of the action is to be found in Ludlow's *Memoirs* :

"Our army, through hard duty, scarcity of provisions, and the rigour of the season, grew very



Photo by]

[Ingram Gordon & Co.

THE TYNE AT HADDINGTON.

Haddington was overwhelmed by a disastrous flood from the Tyne in 1775. The town stands within a bend of the river on the left bank. The Tyne is 23 miles in length, and rises in Midlothian.

sickly, and diminished daily, so that they were necessitated to draw off, to receive supplies from our shipping, which could not come nearer to them than Dunbar, distant from Edinburgh about twenty miles. . . . But the enemy, upon confidence of success, had possessed themselves of all the passes, having in their army about thirty thousand horse and foot, and ours being reduced to ten thousand at the most. There was now no way left but to yield themselves prisoners, or to fight upon these unequal terms. In this extremity a council of war was called, and after some dispute it was agreed to fall upon the enemy the next morning, about an hour before day, and accordingly the several regiments were ordered to their respective posts. Upon the first shock our forlorn of horse was somewhat disordered by their lancers : but two of our regiments of foot that were in the van behaved themselves so well, that they not only sustained the charge of the enemy's horse, but beat them back upon their own foot, and following them close, forced both horse and foot to retreat up the hill from whence they



Photo by]

ON THE TYNE, EAST LINTON.

[Valentine & Sons.

At East Linton the Tyne is spanned by a great viaduct, which carries the North British Railway. Linton is situated in the heart of a rich cornfield country, and a corn market has been established in the village.



Photo by]

THE LINN, EAST LINTON.

[Ingram Gordon & Co.

At East Linton the Tyne forms a pretty cascade over a sill of volcanic rock into a deep linn, from which the name of Linton arose. The village stands on the London-Edinburgh road 5 miles east of Haddington.

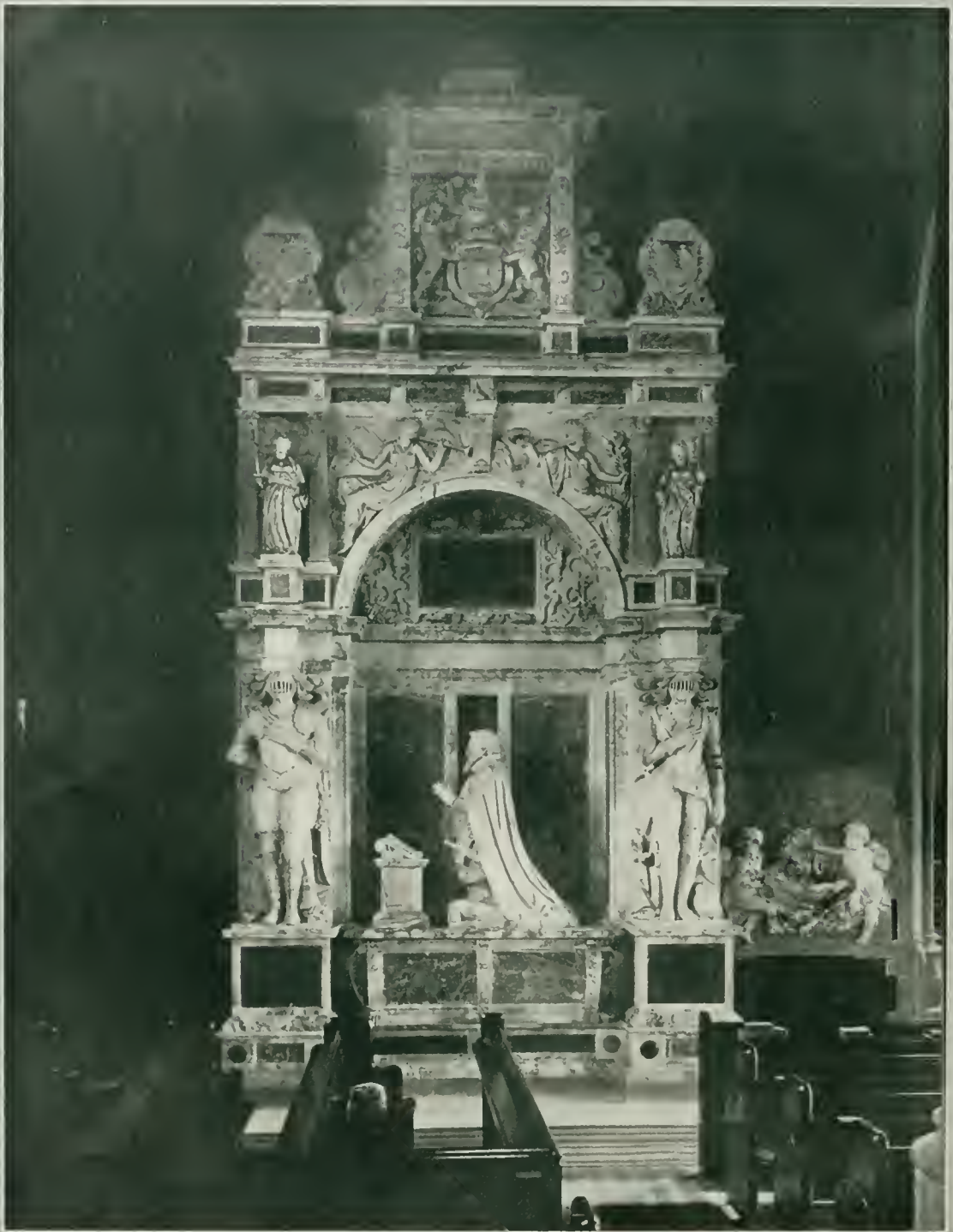


Photo by

THE EARL OF DUNBAR'S TOMB, DUNBAR.

[Valentine & Sons.

Situated in the parish church, this fine marble monument is the tomb of George Home, Earl of Dunbar, who was for some time the Lord High Treasurer of James VI.

had attacked us. The body of the enemy's army finding their vanguard, which consisted of their choicest men, thus driven back upon them, began to shift for themselves, which they did with such precipitation and disorder, that few of them ventured to look behind them till they arrived at Edinburgh. . . . Many were killed upon the place, and many more in the pursuit: all their baggage, arms, artillery and ammunition fell into the hands of our army. . . ."

There is very little about the Bass Rock to-day to suggest martial activities, though some traces remain of the fortifications which prompted a sixteenth-century chronicler to the following outburst:

"Now, the island in this posture are mounted up by strength of hands. There is no getting into this wonderful fortress by any other means. Formerly, it had a postern gate which facilitated the entry, but it is now thrown



Photo by]

[Ingram Gordon & Co.

THE TOWN HALL, DUNBAR.

Dunbar Town Hall is believed to date from the sixteenth century. The fine spire and crow-step gables add greatly to its architectural beauty.

which the castle stands is itself an impregnable rock, of a small extent and oval figure, cut out by the hands of nature; it has only one avenue that leads to it, and that is towards the castle, but so very difficult and uneasy, that by reason of the hidden sands that surround the rock, nothing can approach it but one little boat at a time. The island is so exorbitantly uneven, that till one reach the wall of the castle, he cannot have sure footing in any one place; so that—as I have often observed—those that enter it must climb up by the help of a strong cable thrown down for the purpose; and when they have got with much ado to the foot of the wall, they sit down in a wide basket, and in



Photo by]

OLD CASTLE, DUNBAR.

[Ingram Gordon & Co.

Dunbar Castle has been going to ruin since it was dismantled after Bothwell's flight from it in 1567. The remains were badly damaged during blasting operations in 1842. The castle is of great antiquity, dating from the eleventh century. The most outstanding incident in its chequered career was the six weeks' defence by the Countess of March against the English army.

down, and fortified in such a manner as is incredible."

This "incredible" stronghold may no longer be visible, but the ordinary visitor (who is spared the acrobatics described above) will be quite satisfied with the amazing marvel of the myriads of sea-birds which swarm on everything that can possibly be called a foothold.

On the mainland opposite the Bass Rock is the picturesque ruin of Tan-

tallon Castle, most famous of the county's military remains. For its present condition it has to thank Cromwell's lieutenant in Scotland, General Monk.

Even the most untutored eye can see what a formidable place it must have been, with the sea for its defences on three sides. As Scott wrote :

" And round three sides the ocean flows,
The fourth did battled walls enclose,
And double mound and fosse."

Marmion.

West of Tantallon, the coast stretches away past North Berwick ("Edinburgh-on-Sea" and Mecca of golfers), Dirleton, with its fine ruined castle, Gullane, and Aberlady to Prestonpans, a name which sends an uncomfortable thrill up the English spine by recalling the disastrous defeat of George II's regulars at the hands of Bonnie Prince Charlie's wild Highlanders on September 21, 1745. Few military engagements have enjoyed a larger measure of the glamour of adventure, and not the least of its romantic features was that the Highland chieftains were shown the way through Tranent Marsh by a Scottish gentleman, "unversed in military affairs." But as Prestonpans is now the centre of a mining district it takes no small effort to conjure up the scene on that September morning.

Even this mining district boasts its treasures, to be had for the seeking. Seton House is a very degenerate modern representative of the famous residence of Mary Queen of Scots, James I, and Charles I, but the church has many



Photo by]

PRESSMENNAN LAKE, NEAR STENTON.

[Ingram Gordon & Co.

Lying in a deep ravine, this lake owes its origin to the formation of a strong breastwork between the hill-screens bounding it. One of the most picturesque resorts in the country, Pressmennan Lake was formed in 1822, and is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and 300 yards broad.



Photo by

[Ingram Gordon & Co.

ROOD WELL, STENTON.

This fine old rood well is in a state of excellent preservation. Stenton village is situated on Sauchet Water, 4 miles south-east of East Linton.



Photo by]

[Ingram Gordon & Co.

OLD AVENUE, WHITTINGHAME.

Whittinghame House is well known as the seat of Earl Balfour, the Viscount Traprain of Whittinghame. The park contains a yew-tree reputed to be the oldest and finest in Scotland.



Photo by]

[Ingram Gordon & Co

RED SCAR, WHITTINGHAME.

Whittinghame village stands on the left bank of Whittinghame Water, 6 miles south of Haddington.



Photo by

STONEYPATH TOWER.

[Ingram Gordon & Co.]

Situated near Garvald, Stoneypath Tower is in a somewhat dilapidated condition. A curious feature of the hall is the double fireplace which was intended to serve both the hall and the kitchen behind it.

interesting and beautiful features, and the whole place is alive with memories of one of the greatest and most ancient families in the country. Winton House, on the other hand, is an excellent example of Renaissance work, grand in its plan and scale, and beautiful and harmonious in its decorative detail.

Haddington, the county town, stands in the centre of a delightful, if not exactly exciting district. It is an ancient place, though few memorials of its adventurous past remain, as it more than once paid the penalty of lying on the great eastern highway between Scotland and England. Indeed, it might almost be said that the English, when foiled in their attempts to bring the Scots to action or otherwise discomfited, took their revenge by trying to reduce Haddington to ashes. Sometimes, however, the carelessness of the citizens was responsible for their misfortunes, as clearly appears from an ordinance of about 1598, which decreed that a crier should patrol the streets on winter nights and issue instructions to the inhabitants. A specimen of the quaint rhyming injunctions is given in Fullarton :

“ A’ guid men’s servants where’er ye be,
Keep coal an’ can’le for charitie !
Baith in your kitchen and your ha’
Keep weel your fires whate’er befa’.
For often times a little spark
Brings mony hands to mickle wark ! ”



Photo by]

[Ingram Gordon & Co.

ENTRANCE TO GOBLIN HA', YESTER CASTLE.

Yester Castle was built by Sir Hugh de Gifford in 1268. The Goblin or Bo' Hall is a massively constructed underground chamber connected with the castle by a sloping passage partly cut out of the rock. The photograph shows the entrance from the stream outside.



Photo by]

[Ingram Gordon & Co.

THE CASCADE, DANSKIN GLEN, YESTER.

This pretty scene was taken near Danskine Inn in the parish of Yester, 5½ miles south-east of Haddington.

Haddington church is the best in the county, an outstanding example of the fifteenth-century Scots style that corresponds to the English "Decorated." The nave, in use as the parish church, was thoroughly and judiciously restored towards the end of last century, but the choir, transepts, and tower are but a skeleton, though a charming skeleton. In the tower are the series of long and narrow windows which earned it the name of the "Lamp of Lothian."

Such a spot seems no fit resting-place for Lauderdale (Macaulay's "savage old tyrant Lauderdale"), but there he lies in the family mausoleum in a tomb far too good for his wicked bones. It is the cemetery out-

side which, as Fullarton tells us, "embosoms the remains of much departed worth ; and in particular, those of the devout and illustrious John Knox, whose excellencies long shed a lustre over the town, and whose pious and useful writings have embalmed him in the affections of the truly Christian of every denomination."

The existence of a " Knox Institute " in the town, built in 1879, would appear to have settled the vexed question of John Knox's birthplace in Haddington's favour. How there could have been any doubt about the matter in the case of so famous a stormy petrel passes understanding. Yet even though the citizens point out the traditional site of the house in which he was born, there are those who still maintain that the honour rightfully belongs to Morham or Gifford.

Lennoxlove, a mile or so south, is one of the most ancient and honourable houses of the county. Its core is a great and elaborate tower dating from the fifteenth century. An excellent story centres round its change of name two hundred years later from Lethington to Lennoxlove. In one of those outbursts of feigned magnanimity to which human nature is so prone the lord of Lethington offered to sell his house to Lord Blantyre. Now Blantyre had no money, as all men knew ; but he had a daughter, as all men still know who take the trouble to look at some of our coins. For she was Frances Duchess of Lennox, the original of Britannia there portrayed, and a lady of mark at Charles II's court. The dutiful daughter promptly supplied her father with the necessary cash, and when the offer was renewed Blantyre at once accepted it, to the mortification and disgust of the mocking vendor !



COPYRIGHT GEOGRAPHIA 1921 LTD 55 FLEET STREET LONDON E.C.4
 MAP OF HADDINGTONSHIRE.

Gifford, in the foothills of the Lammermuirs, is a wholly delightful village, even if John Knox was not born there. Its " lion " is the antique Yester Castle, and the " lion " of the castle is the creepily named " Bo' Hall," i.e. Bogey Hall. This subterranean chamber is reached through a passage in the solid rock, and is certainly eerie enough to justify the nickname of its builder, Sir Hugh Gifford the Wizard. For centuries no good Scot would allow that it could have come into existence through any agency other than the black art, and Sir Walter Scott himself makes full use of the story in " Marmion." But a hidden entrance leading to the stream hard by lets the cat out of the bag, as it seems reasonably clear that the chamber was built to enable the garrison to obtain water in an emergency.

The Wizard of Gifford also figures in the curious story of the " Coalstoun Pear," Coalstoun being just south of Lennoxlove. A daughter of this celebrated gentleman was being married to the heir of the Coalstoun family. On their way to the church, Hugh de Yester stopped the little cavalcade, plucked a pear from a pear-tree, and gave it to his daughter, remarking that he was too poor to give her a dowry, but the pear would bring her and her descendants good fortune as long as it was retained in their possession. The pear was accordingly jealously preserved by successive generations of Coalstouns in a silver box, and we are told by a chronicler of 1845 that " about two centuries ago, a maiden lady of the family chose to try her teeth upon it, and very soon after two of the best farms of the estate were

know who take the trouble to look at some of our coins. For she was Frances Duchess of Lennox, the original of Britannia there portrayed, and a lady of mark at Charles II's court. The dutiful daughter promptly supplied her father with the necessary cash, and when the offer was renewed Blantyre at once accepted it, to the mortification and disgust of the mocking vendor !



Photo by

Ingram Gordon & Co.

ELPHINSTONE TOWER.

This massive tower is in a well-preserved condition considering the fact that it is said to have been built at the end of the fourteenth century. Elphinstone is a village in the parish of Tranent, on the Haddington Road.



Photo by

Valentine & Sons.

PRESTON TOWER, PRESTONPANS.

Preston tower is part of a castle which was burnt by accident in 1663 and has since been abandoned. The ruins are situated to the north of the village and are believed to have originally been a fortress of the Earls of Home.



Photo by

OLD MILL, PORT SETON.

Port Seton, together with Cockenzie, forms a small seaport and fishing village on the shores of the Firth of Forth, 10 miles east of Edinburgh. Its name is derived from the noble Seaton family who used to reside in the neighbourhood.

Valentine & Sons.

lost in some litigation: the only misfortune that has befallen the inheritance of the Coalstouns in six centuries."

Athelstaneford, a village on the slope of the Garleton Hills, has a name that rings curiously among Scottish place-names, though, as might be expected, the historians have not been slow to find a reason for it. It is, they say, the scene of a great battle between a Danish freebooter, Athelstane, and Hungus, King of the Picts. The conditions of the conflict were by no means equal, for Hungus had not only been secretly promised the victory by St. Andrew, who appeared to him in a vision on the previous night, but was also assisted in more practical fashion by Achaius, King of the Scots. As the result of this pooling of resources and the miraculous appearance of a St. Andrew's cross in the sky at the critical



Photo by

[Valentine & Sons.

CASTLE GARDENS, DIRLETON.

Parts of this magnificent ruin are over seven centuries old. The castle has been restored several times, but has been in ruins since 1650, when it was badly damaged by General Lambert. Dirleton is one of the most beautiful villages in the whole of Scotland.

moment, Athelstane was worsted and slain. Unfortunately, those who delight in destroying pretty legends are emphatic that this picturesque story, even if true, has nothing to do with the name of the village. *Athail* means a "stone ford" in Gaelic, and "Athelstaneford," they say, is merely the Gaelic form with the Saxon equivalent superadded. Which is quite unromantic!

The ancient castle of Dunglass, just inside the county border, has completely vanished, and its vivacious history is a matter of memories, traditions, and rummaging among moth-eaten papers. It was one of the many lairs of the Earls of Home, and then seems to have passed into the hands of the Douglasses, for it was certainly a Douglas who sustained a siege during Somerset's irruption into Scotland in 1548. An ancient scribe tells us how "my lord's grace, willing to lose no time, and that the

enemies as well by deed as by brute [*rumour*] should know he was come, sent an herald to summon a castle of George Douglas, called Dunglass, that stood at the end of the same valley nearer the sea, and a mile from the place of our passage. . . ." When Douglas's Captain, Matthew Hume, attempted to parley with "my lord's grace," the latter was very curt: "And therefore be ye at this choice—for we will take none advantage of your being here now—whether ye and your company will render your holde and stande, body and goods, at the order of our will, or else to be set in it again as ye were, and we will assay to win it as we can." Hume, "being about this riddle brought in great doubt what answer well to make," decided to surrender, and the chronicler of this event tells us that "this captain came and brought with him his band to my lord's grace, which was of xxi sober soldiers, all so apparelled and appointed, that,



Photo by]

[A. R. Edwards.

THE COAST AT NORTH BERWICK.

North Berwick is well known as a golfing centre. The town, although not boasting much in itself, is surrounded by picturesque scenery. On the south towers North Berwick Law, surrounded by a thick belt of wood, while to seaward the firth is dotted with rocky islands.

so God help me—I will say it for no praise—I never saw such a bunch of beggars come out of one house together in my life!"

A pilgrimage to Dirleton, away by the northern coast, means traversing some of the ground already covered in this survey, but the writer offers no apology, both because Dirleton is perhaps the most attractive village in the county, and because the ruin of its castle is a sight second only to Tantallon. "I care not," wrote Logan of Restalrig in his letters, "for all the other land I have in the kingdom, if I may grip of Dirleton, for I esteem it the pleasantest dwelling in Scotland." And as it was held out to him as a bribe for his assistance in the Gowrie Conspiracy, we may be certain he meant what he said. It was written in Fullarton nearly a hundred years ago that "we know not a lovelier scene than is presented by this village—with its fine green, its noble pile of ivy-clad ruins, and the distant rock-gemmed frith—especially in a summer eve, or when the light is resting upon the fading landscape." And with the exception of trifling and immaterial details, that description holds good to-day.



Photo by]

THE BASS ROCK, NORTH BERWICK.

[A. R. Edwards.

This large rock is a mile in circumference and stands 420 feet above sea-level. The Bass has had a very eventful history, and has been a strong fortress and a state prison in its time. To-day it is in the possession of thousands of birds, who make their nests along the shelves in the precipitous cliffs.



Photo by]

TANTALLON CASTLE.

[C. Reid.

The ruins of Tantallon Castle occupy the top of a high precipice on the coast opposite Bass Rock. It begun as a royal castle and was built about 1400. Sir Walter Scott describes its former condition in his "Marmion." So impregnable was it considered, that to "ding doon Tantallon" was considered as impossible a feat as to "mak a brig to the Bass."



By permission of

INTERIOR OF BROTHER'S HOUSE, ST. CROSS, WINCHESTER.

Underwood Press Service.

The Brethren's Houses were founded about 1445, and are situated in the inner court of the building, together with the kitchen, Master's House, Infirmary, and Church.



Photo by]

THE HOSPITAL OF ST. CROSS, WINCHESTER.

[E. Bastard.

The photograph shows the quadrangle with the entrance to the Great Hall in the centre and the Beaufort Tower on the right. The hospital was founded in 1136 by Bishop Henry de Blois for thirteen poor brethren. Over three hundred years later Cardinal Beaufort added a second foundation (of "Noble Poverty").

HAMPSHIRE

NO one can seriously object if this review of the scenes and sights of Hampshire begins with the remains of its Roman city, *Calleva Atrebatum*, more familiarly known as Silchester. It is true that there is remarkably little to see (for in these ungenial climes it appears to be the practice of excavators promptly to cover up everything they find, and small blame to them in the circumstances!), and the mutilated walls, pavements, and sketchy foundations which represent the ancient Romano-British city are not particularly inspiring to those not endowed with the antiquary's gift for reconstructing vanished cities and repopling the solitudes. Still, Silchester is anything but a miscellaneous assemblage of remnants, and unimaginative indeed is he who can gaze on this memorial of the majesty of Rome and remain unmoved.

The excavations that have taken place, spasmodically at first and scientifically during the last thirty years or so, have revealed the ground-plan of a city which did not differ, except in the matter of shape, from the Roman cities of Italy. The familiar features appear: rectangular blocks of houses divided by intersecting streets; baths, forum, basilica, temples, and amphitheatre; gates at the four cardinal points. The variations from the standard pattern of Roman city appear to be due to the fact that the walls coincided with the contour of ancient British earthworks. "Every-



Photo by]

THE DEANERY, WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

[E. Bastard.

The entrance to the Deanery is by three arches, seen in the photograph, and along a vaulted passage, dating from the time of Henry III. The Deanery includes the Prior's Hall, erected in the fifteenth century.

thing for use " and "Waste not, want not " were maxims deeply implanted in the minds of history's greatest imperialists. But, as has been said, the turf hides almost the whole of the site, and the ordinary visitor has to visualise *Calleva Atrebatum* from its circuit of walls, a fragment of pavement, and the extremely interesting collection of miscellaneous " finds"—domestic objects, pottery and the like—now deposited in Reading Museum and elsewhere.

In the half-dozen miles or so which separate Silchester from the ruins of Basing House, we bridge the gulf between the days of the Roman occupation and the stirring times of the First Civil War. Here again a few walls and foundations are all that remain—with the important exception of one of the gatehouses—as tangible memorials of the great house the siege of which is one of the most romantic, exciting, and prolonged episodes of the Homeric conflict. In this stronghold John Paulet, 5th Marquis of Winchester, defied all the efforts of the Parliamentary forces for over three years, "ruining poor Colonel This," writes Carlyle "and then poor Colonel That, till the jubilant royalists had given it the name of *Basting House*." But when Cromwell and his Ironsides descended upon it from Bristol

in September 1645, its days were numbered. On October 14 it was stormed in an incredibly short time, and the scene that ensued lives for ever in the words of an eyewitness, Hugh Peters, who officially reported its capture in the House of Commons:

"The Old House had stood (as it is reported) two or three hundred years, a nest of Idolatry; the New House surpassing that in beauty and stateliness; and either of them fit to make an emperor's court.

"The rooms before the storm, in both Houses, were all completely furnished; provisions for some years rather than months; 400 quarters of wheat; bacon divers rooms-full, containing hundreds of flitches; cheese proportionable; with oat-



Photo by]

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

The present cathedral was begun by Bishop Walkelyn, the first Bishop of Winchester, in 1079, practically on the site of the then existing Saxon cathedral. Owing to a fault of the original builders, the structure had to be underpinned in 1905 at a cost of £113,000.

meal, beef, pork; beer divers cellars-full, and that very good." (Carlyle adds maliciously, "Mr. Peters having taken a draught of the same.")

"A bed in one room furnished, which cost 1,300*l*. Popish books many, with copes and such utensils. In truth, the House stood in its full pride; and the enemy was persuaded that it would be the last piece of ground that would be taken by the Parliament, because they had so often foiled our forces which had formerly appeared before it. In the several rooms and about the House, there were slain seventy-four, and only one woman, the daughter of Dr. Griffith, who by her railing provoked our soldiers (then in heat) into a further passion. . . . Eight or nine gentlewomen of rank, running forth together, were entertained by the common soldiers somewhat coarsely—yet not uncivilly, considering the action in hand.

"The plunder of the soldiers continued till Tuesday night: one soldier had a Hundred-and-twenty Pieces in gold for his share; others plate, others jewels; among the rest, one got three bags of silver, which (he being not able to keep his own counsel) grew to be common pillage among the rest, and the fellow had but one half-crown left for himself at last. The soldiers sold the wheat to country-people; which they held up at good rates awhile; but afterwards, the market fell, and there were some abate-



Photo by]

CHEYNEY COURT, WINCHESTER.

[H. Felton.

This fine timbered house stands in the close on the south side of the cathedral. The close is partly surrounded by the walls of an ancient monastery.



Photo by

THE NAVE, WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

[Judges, Ltd.]

The nave is 250 feet long and is composed of eleven bays. The magnificent reredos beyond the lectern was begun in the fourteenth century, and is said to be the finest specimen of tabernacle-work in the world.

ments for haste. After that, they sold the household stuff; whereof there was good store, and the country loaded away many carts; and they continued a great while, fetching out all manner of household stuff, till they had fetched out all the stools, chairs and other lumber, all which they sold to the country-people by piecemeal."

Seeing that all this was followed by a devastating fire and that Cromwell himself insisted upon a thorough "sighting" of the house, it is hardly surprising that so little remains to recall the famous incident.

And let no man leave the site of the Royalist fortress without a visit to Old Basing Church, which suffered severely in the siege, but unlike its neighbour had the luck to be restored. The signs of successive restorations and rebuildings and the monuments of Winchesters and Boltons give one plenty to think about, but the most surprising feature is a figure of the Virgin and Child over the west door. It was there when the stern and iconoclastic Roundheads were bombarding the mansion from the church tower!

It is to be feared that the motorist "doing evens" on the Salisbury road misses practically all that is worth seeing in this part of the county. It is true that the conversion of the Aldershot region into a "Soldier's Corner"—notwithstanding the glamour of military activity—has deprived it of very much of its natural charm, and that villadom is spreading its ugly tentacles wide upon this side. Equally true is it that it requires an effort of the imagination to find country towns such as Basingstoke or Andover, picturesque in the ordinary sense, though each has memorable features, of which more anon. It may further be said that the interest of many of the churches hereabouts is confined mainly to the trained archaeologist. But the fact remains that the stretch of Hampshire all along the Berkshire border is replete with interest and natural beauty of a small-scale, but fascin-

ating kind. The undulating character of the district, its wealth of timber, the charm of its secluded villages, and its many associations make it well worth investigation from end to end.

It is little short of a crime to neglect such a gem as Bramshill Park with its delightful Jacobean house, perhaps the best specimen of its kind in the country and almost entirely in its original condition. To describe it as a mansion fit for kings is literally true in this case, as there seems little doubt that its first occupant was intended to be James I's son, Henry, Prince of Wales, who died before he could take up residence. It was building between 1607 and 1612, at a time when domestic architecture in England was flourishing mightily, and there is hardly a feature of the Jacobean style which is not displayed to perfection in this delightful house. If the place has no ghost, it certainly ought to have, for within a few years of its completion the park was the scene of a dire tragedy. The Primate of All England accidentally shot a keeper!

Another old house of great fame in these parts is the "Vyne," near the village of Sherborne St. John. No less a person than Inigo Jones was called in to make considerable alterations in the original mansion built by Lord Sandys in the time of Henry VIII, and the present edifice is much as the great man left it. Its beautiful chapel, "the most heavenly chapel in the world," as Horace Walpole called it, is



Photo by]

[E. Bastard.

THE FONT, WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

The fine Norman font is situated in the middle bay on the north side. It is built of Tournai limestone, carved with the story of St. Nicholas, and dates from the twelfth century.



Photo by

WINCHESTER COLLEGE BUILDINGS.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Winchester College, or St. Mary's College, was founded in 1382 by William of Wykeham, and is the oldest of our great public schools. Extensive modern buildings have been erected to the west of the old.

some recognition for his triumphs in the Peninsula. In this peaceful corner the old warrior took much delight. "He had the propensity of cheerful minds to be satisfied with his own possessions and acquisitions," says Lord Ellesmere in *Personal Reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington*. "He thought Strathfieldsaye perfect as a residence. His horse and his gun were in his opinion better than anybody's. His guns were Moore's manufacture, and when he made a long shot, which, firing at everything, he sometimes did, he would laud and extol the maker." So with this spirit brooding over it, its Wellington treasures within and the grave of "Copenhagen" (the Duke's charger—but need one say so?) without, the house will ever have an abiding interest.



Photo by

THE COURT HOUSE, CASTLE BUILDINGS, WINCHESTER.

S. M. Lewis.

Part of the castle buildings are now used as a court house. For some time after the reign of William the Conqueror, Winchester rivalled London as the capital of England.

memorable for its stained glass (stolen, it must be confessed, from Boulogne after the siege of 1544) and the Italian tiles in the floor, but equally attractive and interesting is the picture-gallery, decorated with the arms of many eminent families.

Nor must Strathfieldsaye be forgotten in this selection of great houses. It is an eighteenth-century production and cannot boast of either style or beauty, but as a habitation of famous ghosts it takes high rank. Shadowy Dabridgecourts, the Earl of Chatham, and William Pitt are among the spirits of the place; but greatest of all is the "Iron Duke," to whom a grateful nation presented the estate as the old warrior took much delight. "He had the propensity of cheerful minds to be satisfied with his own possessions and acquisitions," says Lord Ellesmere in *Personal Reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington*. "He thought Strathfieldsaye perfect as a residence. His horse and his gun were in his opinion better than anybody's. His guns were Moore's manufacture, and when he made a long shot, which, firing at everything, he sometimes did, he would laud and extol the maker." So with this spirit brooding over it, its Wellington treasures within and the grave of "Copenhagen" (the Duke's charger—but need one say so?) without, the house will ever have an abiding interest.

Odiham is somewhat of an exception to the Hampshire rule that in



Photo by]

"KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE," WINCHESTER.

This interesting relic is known to be over 700 years old at least. It was repainted in the reign of Henry VIII, and has a diameter of about 17 feet. The table hangs in the Great Hall, which was once part of a castle begun by William the Conqueror. The statue is of Queen Victoria.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

its smaller towns the "good" bits must be looked for. There is an agreeable air of purposeful purposelessness about the curve of its main street and a pleasant lack of sameness about its ancient houses, distributed equally and impartially over the centuries. Long ago it was the abode of kings,

or, to be more accurate, its castle (a mile away, and now a picturesque ruin) stands on the site of a residence of the royal masters of Wessex.

It has been said that the best features of the larger towns of the county are apt to be overshadowed by masses of unattractive modern buildings, and lost in a mist of drab sameness. Certainly Basingstoke's greatest friend would hardly boast of her comeliness of countenance, and there can hardly be a doubt that the place was far more picturesque in the old coaching days. But there are one or two specialities not to be missed, apart from the remarkably fine Perpendicular church with its good glass taken from the Holy Ghost Chapel. The latter, now a ruin, alas! is a living memoir of a sixteenth-century brotherhood, which was dissolved and revived repeatedly during that momentous period. Adjoining the chapel is one of the most ancient cemeteries in the country, and said to date from the time of the interdict in the reign of John. Many Hampshire worthies sleep peacefully in this deserted spot. The name of Sandys, Blunden, and Cuffaud strike a familiar note. Was it not a Cuffaud who conducted himself so valiantly at the



Photo by

Judges, Ltd.

AT SOUTHAMPTON.

This photograph, taken from under a ship's stern, shows a great liner alongside a quay of one of the largest and best-equipped docks in the world. They occupy the lower end of a peninsula in Southampton Water and were opened in 1843.

siege of Basing House and was "slain by the hands of Major Harrison, that godly and gallant gentleman."

The fate that has overtaken Basingstoke has also been the lot of Alton. It is a pleasant enough place in its way, but modernised to the point of dullness. Not that any town can be really dull which



From the Painting by

THE OUSE AT ST. IVES.

The town of St. Ives is said to have been founded by St. Ivo, a Persian missionary bishop of the sixth century. The fine six-arched bridge, which spans the river at this point, is ascribed to the Abbots of Ramsey. The fifteenth-century building on one of its piers was once a chapel, but is now used as a dwelling-house.

[J. W. Parsons.

can boast of such an incident in its career as the epic fight which raged in the parish church of St. Laurence on December 13, 1643. The essentials of the story are given in the tablet to the Royalist Colonel Boles, which is to be found in Winchester Cathedral (Alton church only possesses a copy):

“ A MEMORIALL

“ For this Renowned Martialist Richard Boles of y^e his last Action, to omitt all others was at Alton in this County of Soughthampton, was sirprised by five or six Thousand of the Rebells which Caused him there Quartered to fly to the Church with near Fourscore of his men who there Fought them six or seven Houres, and then the Rebell Breaking in upon him he slew with his sword six or seven of them and



Photo by]

THE WEST GATE, SOUTHAMPTON.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

In ancient times Southampton was surrounded by walls, pierced by six principal gates. The West Gate is one of the three still remaining, and dates from the thirteenth century. It originally formed the access to the town from the old quay, from which the "Mayflower" sailed in 1620.

then was slayne himselfe, with sixty of his men aboute him. His gracious Sovereigne hearing of his death gave him his high comendation in y^e pationate expression Bringe me a moorning Scarffe, i have Lost one of the best Comanders in this kingdome."

The bullet-marks in the south door of the ancient church show that the great fight is indeed no fiction. The actual building has been much transformed and restored, but a certain amount of interesting Norman work has survived, so that Alton church is emphatically not to be missed.

Notwithstanding the encroachments of villadom and the distant tentacles of Aldershot, the country between Alton and Petersfield is full of the charm of hill, dale, and woodland which makes Hampshire so dear to all who know it. In its very heart lies that delectable village of Selborne, made immortal by the life and writings of Gilbert White, whose white soul was a very mirror of the county's tranquil

beauties. *His Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne* is a delightful picture of the world about him, a picture drawn by a man who was not only a great naturalist but saw deep into the human heart. Its pages furnish many an attractive glimpse of a countryside which has not altogether faded away. "The soils of this district are almost as various and diversified as the views and aspects. The high part to the south-west consists of a vast hill of chalk, rising 300 feet above the village; and is divided into a sheep down, the high wood, and a long langing wood called the Hanger. The covert of this eminence is altogether beech, the most lovely of all forest trees, whether we consider its smooth rind or bark, its glossy foliage, or graceful pendulous boughs. The down, or sheep-walk, is a pleasing park-like spot, of about one mile by half that space, jutting out on the verge of the hill-country,



Photo by]

NETLEY ABBEY.

Netley Abbey was built in the time of Henry III at the beginning of the thirteenth century as a Cistercian foundation, and was occupied by monks from Beaulieu.

[Lindner.

By permission of]

NETLEY ABBEY.

Keats, Bowles, and other poets have written verses about the abbey ruins. The great gate on the south opens into the fountain court, which is still in a tolerable state of preservation.

[Underwood Press Service.

where it begins to break down into the plains, and commanding a very engaging view, being an assemblage of hill, dale, wood-lands, heath, and water. The prospect is bounded to the south-east and east by the vast range of mountains" [a little local pride comes in here!] "called the Sussex Downs, by Guild-down near Guildford, and by the Downs round Dorking, and Ryegate in Surrey, to the north-east, which altogether, with the country beyond Alton and Farnham, form a noble and extensive outline."

The writer is tempted to let White describe all this beautiful corner of the county for him in words so singularly simple and yet free from that journalistic taint which attempts so much and achieves so little. But Selborne is small and Hampshire large!

Of the existing memorials of this most attractive of human beings the chief are his house, "The Wakes" (which a later proprietor thought fit to "embellish" with a modern wing), and a simple grave in the churchyard.



COPYRIGHT:

GEOGRAPHIA 1923 LTD 55 FLEET STREET LONDON E.C.4.

MAP OF HAMPSHIRE.



Photo by

A WOODLAND GLADE IN THE NEW FOREST.

[Arthur B. Snell

The large tract of land known as the New Forest lies in the south-west corner of Hampshire, and covers about 93,000 acres, 65,000 of which belong to the Crown; the remainder being privately owned.

Petersfield must be classed with Basingstoke and Alton as somewhat anxious to conceal its antiquity under a veneer of modernism. The "old" bits can be found, good Norman fragments in the church and picturesque houses here and there, but on the whole it is no small feat of imagination to visualise the town even as a centre of stirring activities in the coaching days.

To do anything like justice to the immense and many-sided interest of Winchester is quite impossible within a reasonable compass, as quite a formidable body of literature has grown up around its history and antiquities, and a mere condensation of that mass of information would make highly indigestible reading. An attempt will, however, be made to deal faithfully with the features and story of its "lions," though the writer



[Photo by]

RUFUS STONE, NEW FOREST.

[E. Bastard.]

This famous stone is situated about a mile east of Stony Cross village. It marks the site of the tree from which the arrow fired by Sir Walter Tyrell is said to have glanced and slain William Rufus in 1100. Another account, however, states that he was murdered by a disloyal Saxon.

has little hope of escaping the wrath and contempt of the rabid archæologist, the datemonger, and the statistician.

All right-minded Englishmen must deeply regret that though the city's antiquities cover almost every phase of its story, from Roman and even pre-Roman times onward, there is a glaring exception in the shape of anything save a modern statue to associate her with that greatest of men and rulers, King Alfred. Nay, worse than that. For when the tomb of the noble Saxon warrior and lawgiver came to light during building operations in the eighteenth century the City fathers scattered his remains and mended a wall with portions of the stone coffin! It is only fair to add that Winchester's "Alfred Millenary" of 1901 did something to efface the memory of that iniquitous and ungrateful act of vandalism.

The first and incomparably greatest of the city's antiquities is the famous cathedral. Let others dole out statistics of dimensions and revel in dates of this feature or that, till the poor reader's vision is bounded by a haze of swimming figures. The glory of Winchester is not to be measured by the fact that it has the longest Gothic nave in Europe, or matter of that kind. It is certainly not contributed to by that admixture of styles which interests and excites the student of architecture pure and simple. The writer, for one, regards the exterior view of the great church as very disappointing, the poor effect being no doubt due to the low,



[Photo by]

[H. J. Smith.]

THE KNIGHTWOOD OAK, NEW FOREST.

The Knightwood Oak is the largest tree in the forest, having a girth of 20 feet. Knightwood is on the Christchurch to Lyndhurst road. The chief trees in the forest are oaks, beeches, yews, and hollies.

squat tower. The Norman transepts are a feeble achievement for a race that produced the naves of Durham, Ely, or Tewkesbury Abbey. Yet the edifice is rightly regarded as one of the masterpieces of Christian art, mainly as the result of the wonderful transformation of the original Norman nave into a triumph of the Perpendicular style by William of Wykeham and his successors, Bishops Beaufort and Waynflete.

The great ecclesiastic rests, as he should, in the midst of his handiwork, in a chantry which is itself an excellent piece of Perpendicular decorative work.

The next really memorable feature of the church is the choir-stalls, elaborate and finished examples of design and carving, and surmounted by canopies worthy to rank with anything of their kind any-



Photo by]

COTTAGES IN THE NEW FOREST.

[Herbert Felton.

This part of Hampshire has been known as the New Forest since about 1079, when William the Conqueror turned it into a hunting-ground and made a lot of strict laws to preserve the game. The king is said to have swept away towns, villages, and churches in order to "convert it to the use of wild beasts and the sport of dogs."

where in Europe. But for one who has eyes to take in all these beauties, there are twenty who give no thought in the choir, save to the splendid reredos or the bare sarcophagus which contains, so tradition relates, the bones of the wicked Red King. Strange is the glamour of evil-doings in high places! When Rufus died, public execration followed him into his grave. A few years after his gory corpse was interred "under the tower," the tower collapsed. A judgment of Heaven, said *vox populi*, for receiving his unhallowed bones in a sacred edifice! And then, centuries later, there arose a mighty controversy as to whether Rufus really did rest in this tomb, and on August 27, 1868, the tomb was opened, as a result of which it was reported that there had been "conclusive proof of the truth of our constant and cherished tradition, that the remains of the Red King are in their ancient resting-place." But the wise are still firmly convinced that the bones are those of a bishop!



Photo by]

IN THE NEW FOREST, NEAR LYNDHURST.

[E. H. Binney.

The position of Lyndhurst has earned it the name of the "capital of the New Forest." The forest will be well remembered in connection with Marryat's "Children of the New Forest" and Blackmore's "Cradock Nowell."



Photo by]

COLTS AND MARES IN THE NEW FOREST.

[Herbert Felton.

Of the many animals to be found in the forest, the hardy ponies are by far the most numerous. The number of forest ponies has been estimated at between three and four thousand. Other animals that may still be seen are the commoners' pigs and several species of deer. The abundance of insect life in the forest makes it a rich field for naturalists.



Photo by

BEAULIEU ABBEY.

Herbert Felton.

Beaulieu Abbey was founded in 1204 by King John, and was a wealthy Cistercian House. The ruins stand on the east side of the River Beaulieu, a creek of the Solent. The refectory, now the parish church, is the most interesting relic of the abbey buildings.

Fortunately there are many eminently respectable folk buried at Winchester whose remains counteract the baneful influence of wicked William. A goodly company of bishops, lovable Izaak Walton, sprightly Jane Austen, and several West Saxon kings are here to form the nucleus of a national mausoleum. The remains of the Saxon kings lie in curious mortuary chests, and were placed there by Bishop Fox in 1524. Their known history suggests grotesque and horrid doubts. For, as Evelyn writes in his *Diary*: "There are still the coffins of the six Saxon kings, whose bones *had been scattered* by the sacrilegious rebels of 1641, in expectation, I suppose, of finding some valuable relics, and afterwards gathered up again and put into new chests, which stand above the stalls of the choir." May it not be that the chest purporting to contain the skeleton of Queen Emma in reality conceals the skull of Canute or the tibia of Kynegils?



Photo by]

A FARM NEAR MILFORD.

[Herbert Felton.

A small but rising resort, Milford is charmingly situated on Christchurch Bay. The fact that the New Forest land is often poor and thin encourages a type of agriculture that is different from that which obtains in other parts of the county.

The other chantry chapels of this great edifice are in the main little inferior in interest or beauty to that of William of Wykeham, for the high ecclesiastics of olden times knew well how to bring the magic and majesty of the mediæval church (not to mention their own merits) home to the public in a way none could misunderstand. They are said to have designed their tombs in their lifetime, much as old ladies are sometimes alleged to keep their coffins under their beds!

The rest of the church comprises good work in the Gothic styles, and one of its most unusual and interesting features is the survival of wall-paintings, particularly those in the Lady Chapel, which depict legends of the Virgin.

Just south of the Cathedral Close stands a greater monument to William of Wykeham in the shape of Winchester College, his educational foundation and the oldest public school in England. The Old



Photo by]

CHRISTCHURCH CASTLE.

[Judges', Ltd.

There is some doubt as to the founder of the castle, but the popular belief is that it was erected by either Richard or Baldwin de Redvers. The shell of the castle stands on a mound close to the church and has little historical importance attached to it.

Wykeham's death. The two great quadrangles are so much more than a nursery of future citizens: they are the very mirror of mediæval life. The hall, the cellar, the audit room, and the kitchen tell of all those domestic activities which were the necessary adjunct of education to a community which aimed at being self-sufficing.

Next comes the somewhat forlorn but picturesque ruin of what was once the palace of the Bishops of Winchester, Wolvesey Castle. Its highly military character shows pretty clearly that even as late as the last year of Henry I's reign the "cloth" had not the sanctity it ought to have

had, and his lordship's safety could not be secured with anything less than a fortress. Kindly archæologists suggest that the castle was so strong because it originally formed part of the city's defences. But even so, there is such a thing as a fortress within a fortress. After five centuries of existence, the castle was "slighted" by the Parliamentary forces, following on the capture of Winchester by Cromwell in 1645.

When the Merry Monarch came into his own again, Bishop Morley built a palace—a genuine palace this time—adjoining the ruins, but one of



Photo by]

THE PRIORY CHURCH, CHRISTCHURCH.

[Judges', Ltd.

This magnificent edifice has the distinction of being the longest parish church in England. It stands on the site of a monastery built by King Athelstan, and was converted into an Augustinian priory in 1150. This view was taken from Wick Ferry.



Photo by]

CHRISTCHURCH PRIORY.

[Judges', Ltd.

Parts of the church, including the nave, were built by Bishop Flambard, the architect of Durham Cathedral. The visitors' book belonging to the priory contains the signatures of the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm II and Mr. Louis Raemackers on the same page. The photograph shows a Norman arch.



Photo 153

EVENING ON THE STOUR, AT CHRISTCHURCH.

[Judges', Ltd.]

The Stour rises in Somerset and flows right across Dorset to Hampshire, where it joins the Avon at Christchurch and flows into the sea. At the point where the two rivers join there is a beautiful inland lake.

his successors had so little respect for his work that he pulled down all but one wing of the edifice in 1800. Now considering that the architect was Christopher Wren himself, this was vandalism of the most heathenish type.

To make matters worse, another monument of Wren's genius suffered much the same fate, through a chapter of accidents. He was the designer of the "new palace the late King had begun, and brought almost to the covering," which Evelyn "went out to see" on September 16, 1685. "It is placed," he adds, "on the side of the hill, where formerly stood the old Castle. It is a stately fabric, of three sides and a corridor, all built of brick, and cornished, windows and columns at the break and entrance of free stone. It was intended for a hunting-house when his Majesty should



Photo by

THE MARSHES AT CHRISTCHURCH.

[Herbert Felton.]

Christchurch is nearly surrounded by broad marshes or water-meadows, which are used chiefly for cattle-grazing. The building in the distance on the other side of the estuary is Christchurch Priory.

come to these parts, and has an incomparable prospect. I believe there had already been £20,000 and more expended; but his now Majesty did not seem to encourage the finishing it at least for a while."

As a matter of fact "his now Majesty" and his successors mostly lost interest in it, and it degenerated into a prison and a barracks before coming to an untimely end.

There is, however, one relic of Winchester Castle, the Great Hall, which furnishes as noble and striking an example of the domestic architecture of the thirteenth century as one could wish to see. On one wall hangs the famous "King Arthur's Round Table," which Henry VIII had repainted to show to his guest, the Emperor Charles V. History has been made in this great chamber, and many a scene replete with dramatic interest has been enacted here. One's mind turns involuntarily

to the scandalous baiting of Sir Walter Raleigh, and readers of Macaulay's *History* will remember that the trial and execution of Dame Alice Lisle inspired two or three of his most telling pages.

With no more than a reference to the remains of the city walls and the two surviving gates we must pass to the Hospital of St. Cross, memorable not only for its mediæval buildings, but for the fact that it is one of the few charitable institutions in the country which have been carrying on their work uninterruptedly for centuries.

If ever a work of charity started on right lines it was this Hospital, founded somewhere about 1136 by Bishop Henry de Blois as what would now be styled a home for "thirteen poor impotent men, so reduced in strength as rarely or never to be able to raise themselves without the assistance of another."



Photo by]

MIDDLE CHINE, BOURNEMOUTH.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

These picturesque chines, which break the uniformity of the cliffs, are a characteristic feature of Bournemouth, and add greatly to its scenic charm.

The charitable intent also extended to the provision of a daily meal to one hundred other poor men. The story of the vicissitudes through which the institution has passed makes interesting, and sometimes painful, reading. All that concerns us here is the hospital buildings which comprise two quadrangles and the great church, the latter one of the "lions" of the county, with its interesting specimens of Transitional Norman, the style of the bulk of the fabric, and Early English and Decorated work. The rest of the buildings is strongly reminiscent of an ancient college at Oxford or Cambridge, but by no means the least remarkable feature of St. Cross is the attractive costume of the brethren, an old-world touch which completes the picture of old-world peace.

It will surprise many people to learn that Southampton, though not exactly picturesque—and it is hardly fair to ask for picturesqueness from a busy seaport in the twentieth century—is in its own way not inferior in interest to the county capital. To a maritime nation, of course, these doorways



Photo by]

BOURNEMOUTH PINES.

[Herbert Felton.

Bournemouth is famous for its pine-trees, which are mostly of recent introduction, and are said to number about three million. This type of tree is very quick-spreading, and the whole district of Bournemouth has been covered with them within the last hundred years.



Photo by,

AT RINGWOOD.

[Judges', Ltd.]

Long famed for its woollen gloves, Ringwood is an ancient market town standing on the banks of the River Avon at the western end of the New Forest. In Demesday it was known as Rin-wade, after the "wade" or deep ford which crossed the Avon at this spot.

to the great world beyond must ever have a mystic appeal, even though the ocean greyhounds may end their romantic journeys in grimy docks set in acres of smoke-blackened squalor. The traveller arriving at Southampton has no such devastating vision awaiting him, but still the "scenery" of the town and its docks is not such as to invite comment, much less praise. (The glories of Southampton Water are another matter.) But the great port still has so much to remind us of the earliest days of our existence as a nation that few towns in England will repay the investigator more thoroughly.

As might be expected, it is mainly as the scene of famous comings and goings that the town figures in history, though for the first four centuries after the Conquest the town also derived its importance from the fact that it was the port of Winchester and perhaps the most important connecting link between



Photo by]

THE AVON, NEAR HALE.

[Herbert Felton

The Avon is really a Wiltshire stream, rising as it does near Devizes. Hale village is situated about 3 miles north-east of Fordingbridge, not far from the point where the Avon enters Hampshire.

England and France, whether for friendly intercourse or military operations. One episode of its pre-Conquest career deserves mention if only because it is still commemorated in "Canute Street." Constant tradition affirms that Southampton was the scene of that monarch's famous rebuke to his courtiers, who tried to persuade him that "divine right" included a right to control the forces of nature!

Perhaps the most impressive relic of Southampton in all its mediæval glory is the very substantial remnants of its ancient circle of walls. They appear to date from Norman times, though one well-known section, popularly known as the "Arcades," are an interesting reminder of the modernisation of the fortifications after the terrible raid of 1338, when the French and their allies burnt and sacked the town, and many of its citizens fell in a bloody massacre.

Linked with the walls are the three gates which have survived---Bar Gate, South Gate and West

Gate. The first, one of the most picturesque mediæval relics in the country, is apparently about to fall a victim to the traffic problem. Anyone seeing High Street on a busy day must admit that it is a formidable "obstruction" in these days of hurry, but it is devoutly to be hoped that some solution can be found which does not involve the disappearance of this ancient feature.

In the southern part of the town are some very old houses—including one which is claimed to be the earliest Norman house in the country, and rejoices in the title of "King John's Palace"—and several modern houses have Gothic cellars beneath them, relics of the days when prosperous Southampton merchants kept goodly stores of heady liquors—for trading purposes, we will say.

The castle of this famous city has vanished, and in a manner not a little shameful, for stingy



Photo by

AN OLD MILL AT FORDINGBRIDGE.

[Herbert Felton.

The ancient village of Fordingbridge stands on the River Avon near the outskirts of the New Forest. Although it has lost much of its former importance, it still has several industries. At this point the Avon is joined by a small tributary known as the Allen.

James I was not above making a very good thing out of selling the site. Its "glorie," according to Leland, was the "Dungeons, that is both long, fair, and very stronge, both by Worke and the Site of it." So the nineteenth century, which has rightly been held responsible for so much destructive vandalism, may escape with an unblemished reputation on this occasion.

Another famous and familiar antiquity in the town is the so-called "God's House," officially the Hospital of St. Julian. Not much in the way of fabric has survived the chances and changes of the centuries, and restoration has played havoc with what is left. But the chapel, even in its present form, is of considerable interest. In the first place it recalls an event that made no little stir in its time, the discovery of the plot of Cambridge, Scrope, and Grey against Henry V on the very eve of the Agincourt campaign, and their execution at the Bar Gate and interment in this edifice. Subsequently it has acquired fame as the church of Flemish settlers and a French Protestant temple.



Photo by]

[Judges', Ltd.

IN ROMSEY ABBEY.

The abbey stands on the site of a Benedictine nunnery, of which traces remain; the present abbey church, however, dates mainly from the twelfth century. The two great east windows belong to the fourteenth century.



Photo by

ROMSEY ABBEY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd

This photograph shows the South or Abbess's door. The crucifix on the right is attributed to the twelfth century. Traces of the Saxon church belonging to the nunnery have been found under the flooring of the church.

Southampton Water needs no introduction as one of the noblest ocean highways in the world. From the decks of an incoming steamer the prospect on all sides is one that interests or pleases, a goodly stretch of the New Forest on the left and on the right, *inter alia*, the mouth of the Hamble River and Netley Hospital and Abbey.

The story of the famous monastery of Netley would take too long in the telling, and it must suffice here to say that it was founded by King Henry III in or about 1239, and started life as a kind of overflow from Beaulieu Abbey on the other side of Southampton Water. During the three centuries of its existence it appears to have been well conducted on the whole and a centre of light and learning to the country round. But its good record did not save it from the fate of the other abbeys of the kingdom when the reins of power were in the bad hands of Thomas Cromwell. It was given to the first Marquis of Winchester, and the larger part of the buildings ultimately became little better than a quarry. But even in decay the ruins inspired Horace Walpole to one of the most famous passages in his *Letters* :

"The ruins are vast, and retain fragments of beautiful fretted roof pendant in the air, with all variety of Gothic patterns of windows wrapped round and round with ivy. Many trees are sprouted up among the walls, and only want to be increased with cypresses. A hill rises above the abbey,

encircled with wood. The fort, in which we would build a tower for habitation, remains, with two small platforms. This little castle is buried from the abbey in a wood, in the very centre, on the edge of a hill. On each side breaks in the view of the Southampton sea, deep blue, glistening with silver and vessels ; on one side terminated by Southampton, on the other by Calshot Castle ; and the Isle of Wight rising above the opposite hills. In short, they are not the ruins of Netley, but of Paradise.



Photo by]

RUINS OF BASING HOUSE, NEAR BASINGSTOKE.

[C. Uchter Knox.

Basing House was built by the 1st Marquis of Winchester in the reign of Edward VI. It was made famous by the 4½ years' siege it withstood during the Civil War, only giving in to Cromwell himself. The photograph shows a sentry-box in the ruins.

Oh! the purple abbots! what a spot had they chosen to slumber in! The scene is so beautifully tranquil, yet so lively, that they seem only to have retired *into* the world."

The actual ruins comprise a substantial remnant of the abbey church—a beautiful illustration of the fine work of the Early English and Decorated styles—and certain easily recognisable portions of the monastic buildings.

The south-eastern corner of the county is less famous for scenery than for places of social, historical, or antiquarian interest, or, at any rate, places with some feature well worth notice if more space were available. If it is impossible here to do more than



Photo by]

[George Long.

GATEWAY, BASING HOUSE.

This photograph shows the original garrison gateway, which, with a few walls and mounds, is all that remains of the castle. Many interesting relics of the siege, including cannon-balls and skeletons, have been found in the vicinity.



Photo by]

George Long.

ROMAN WALL AT SILCHESTER.

The ancient village of Silchester is the site of the Roman city of *Calleva Atrebatum*, the walls of which—2 or 3 miles in circuit are still standing. Built of flint and hewn stones, they are in places nearly 20 feet high, and more than 25 in thickness. This bit of wall is near the South Gate.

name such spots as Titchfield (with its fine church and remains of a famous abbey and a Tudor mansion which rose on its site), or Bishop's Waltham (with its memories of William of Wykeham and attractive fragments of the great palace of the Bishops of Winchester in which he died), or Hambleton (where the noble game of cricket was born: Broadhalfpenny Down should be the Mecca of all lovers of this king of sports), or the quaint little townlet of Wickham from which the famous ecclesiastic took his name, or many a village where a glimpse of old England can be obtained, it is solely because concentration on the most striking and famous *notabilia* of the county is essential. It does not mean that any visitor may omit them from his itinerary.

Portchester Castle cannot, however, be dismissed in so summary a fashion, for its memories go back, not to the twelfth or thirteenth centuries, but to a period even antecedent to the Dark Ages. The casual passer-by sees a mediæval keep of not unfamiliar Norman features, but a large part of the adjoining walls was at least seven centuries old when the Normans set foot in this country. They are the handiwork of the Romans, who built a stronghold on what was then the seashore to keep the marauding Saxons in check.

Of Portsmouth, the premier naval arsenal



Photo by]

KING JOHN'S CASTLE, ODIHAM.

[George Long.

In Saxon times Odiham had a royal villa for Wessex kings. The ruins of the Norman castle are about 1 mile north-west of the town. King David of Scotland is said to have been confined here.

of the Empire volumes could be written, though its interest is rather modern and practical than æsthetic or antiquarian. The town and its outliers sprawl in unlovely fashion on both sides of the harbour, and even those who succumb to the seaside "attractions" of Southsea or Hayling Island could hardly screw themselves up to belauding the "scenery" of the district.

In the extraordinary process of evolution which has made Portsmouth what it is almost every sign of its antiquity has vanished, the most prominent of the exceptions being the Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury and the Garrison Chapel. The former was built in 1180 in memory of the luckless archbishop, and the chancel and transepts still survive from that period. The nave and tower date from the end of the seventeenth century and are as bad as anything that era produced. To the



Photo by]

EVERSLEY CHURCH AND RECTORY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Eversley is situated on the north-east border, 5½ miles north of Winchester. Charles Kingsley was curate and rector of the parish from 1842 to his death in 1875.

average schoolboy the only feature of interest will be the monument of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Even the most unimaginative of our school histories manage to get a mild thrill into their description of the Duke's murder by John Felton in High Street on August 23, 1628.

The Garrison Church has seen some extraordinary vicissitudes and occurrences, perhaps the most notable of the latter being the marriage of Charles II to Catherine of Braganza in 1662. The church was originally the thirteenth-century hall and chapel of the Hospital of St. Nicholas. At the time of the Reformation it was adapted to lay uses, and it is only in comparatively modern times that restoration has given us back some remarkably attractive Early English work and made the building worthy of its long and interesting history.

The south-western corner of the county contains scenery which is not merely the finest in Hampshire,

but some of the most beautiful in the British Isles, thanks to the boundless and varied attractions of the "New Forest" and the charms of the Lymington and Beaulieu Rivers. Really extensive areas of woodland are hard to find in our country, and it is harder still to convey any idea of their peculiar fascination in a description which does not and cannot go over the ground step by step. Mr. Charles Cox has attempted, with brilliant success, a short survey of the New Forest in his account of Hampshire in the *Little Guides* series, a book which every visitor to the country should carry in his pocket, and there is, of course, the *magnum opus* on this subject, Gilpin's *Forest Scenery*.

Over all this region, too, hangs the somewhat charmingly sinister

atmosphere which is the legacy of the extraordinarily severe penalties imposed by the Norman despots on all who transgressed their iniquitous "Forest Laws." That schoolboy who recalls the assassination of Buckingham in a Portsmouth inn will also remember the fascinating phrase seldom omitted from our history books. William the Conqueror "loved the tall deer as if he were their father," and his love, as we know, led him to decree penalties of death or blinding for all who killed the game. Out of this ferocious legislation sprang a whole literature of blood and horror, and early chronicles are full of hair-raising stories of judicial murders and the devastation of whole regions to provide more cover. No doubt much of it is grossly exaggerated, but the fact remains that when Red William came to his evil end at Stony Cross (the "Rufus Stone" records the occurrence) the Anglo-Saxon world certainly regarded his end as a judgment of God.

Brockenhurst and Lyndhurst are the popular centres for visiting the Forest, but its true beauties are only realised by the happy vagrant who spurns the roads and cares nought for any fixed destination.

Apart from the Forest, this portion of the county is pre-eminent for two magnificent churches, the Abbey Church of Romsey and Christchurch Priory.

Romsey contains as beautiful and impressive Norman work as any to be found in the country, and its nave is particularly interesting



By permission of

[The Underwood Press Service.

JANE AUSTEN'S HOUSE, CHAWTON.

A tablet on this house commemorates the fact that Jane Austen, the novelist, lived here from 1809 to 1817. It was during this period, the last eight years of her life, that she wrote her most famous works.



Photo by]

AN OLD STILE AT FROYLE.

[C. Uchter Knox.

These quaint old Hampshire stiles are very rarely to be seen. Froyle village is 3 miles north-east of Alton.

as illustrating the gradual evolution of the Early English style through the so-called "Transitional." The church is in every way worthy of the great annunery which was founded some considerable time before the Conquest and became of such fame and eminence that the highest ladies of the land were only too glad to find spiritual peace within its walls. Curiously enough, the rapacity of Henry VIII is responsible for the fact that this beautiful church is still left to us, for when he determined upon the dissolution of the establishment—in direct violation of a solemn compact with the nuns—he sold the church to the townfolk of Romsey. The building teems with interesting and unusual features worthy of the most careful study, though their description demands more space than can be given here.

Christchurch Priory shares with the New Forest the first attentions of visitors to busy and prosperous Bournemouth. Both externally and internally it presents a blending of styles which, on the whole, makes an attractive composition, though the tower is quite inadequate for so vast an edifice. The Norman work of the nave is good, though not of the same superlative standard as that at Romsey, but the famous porch is a wonderful relic of the Early English period, and the Perpendicular choir, Lady chapel, and tower (the latter subject to the observation about its size) are worthy of the great days of English architecture. The rood-screen, the fine reredos, the Countess of Salisbury's and other chapels, and many of the monuments are also features which would make Christchurch Priory a memorable church, even in a county of memorable churches.

Christchurch also possesses the fragmentary remains of its ancient castle and an extremely interesting

Norman house which must be one of the earliest domestic buildings in the country.

Sad is it to record that the great church of the Cistercian Abbey of Beaulieu could not be saved, as Christchurch was, from the insatiable avarice of Henry VIII. At the Dissolution it was pulled down stone by stone, so that only its site remains. The beautiful ruins which are still such a "draw" to visitors in these parts are the remains of other portions of the abbey buildings.

There can be few areas of equivalent size which provide



Photo by]

[S. Mortimer Lewis.

"THE WAKES," SELBORNE.

Selborne is famous as the birthplace and home of Gilbert White, the naturalist, and author of "The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne." He was born at "The Wakes" in 1720, and died here in 1793, being buried in the churchyard.



Photo by

ALRESFORD POND.

A. G. Wilks.

This great dam was made by Bishop Godfrey de Lucy between Old Alresford and New Alresford in the twelfth century. The pond so formed occupies about 23 acres and was constructed to improve the navigation of the Itchen.



Photo (v)]

AN AVENUE OF PINES, NEWTON VALENCE.

Newton Valence, a village lying 5 miles south of Alton, and its surroundings, form one of the prettiest districts in Hampshire. The whole of this part is rich in historical associations, for Alton is a town dating from Saxon times, and was the scene of a meeting of Danes in 1001. During the operations in this part of the country in 1643, Alton was captured by Sir William Waller, the Parliamentary general, from the Royalists under Colonel Boles.

[S. M. Lewis.



Photo by]

A WINDMILL AT SOUTHSEA.

Herbert Felton.

The old windmill looks rather out of place right in the centre of the town. Southsea is situated on the south side of Portsmouth, and is a fashionable resort of comparatively modern growth overlooking the Isle of Wight and Spithead.

such an excellent blend of coast and inland scenery as the Isle of Wight. Add an interesting history, a wealth of literary associations, an abundance of memorials of a picturesque past, and above all a climate which blows away the cobwebs from the brains of jaded townsmen or staves off the advances of fell diseases, and the great popularity of the island as a playground and health resort is easily understood.

Cowes, the centre of the English world, and indeed almost the hub of the universe, in the first week of August, is a curious mixture of the old and new, and presents the singular spectacle of catering simultaneously for modest local needs and the West End. The controversy which has raged round its odd name has given birth to a good deal of humour, unconscious and otherwise. At one



Photo by]

LUMPS FORT, PORTSMOUTH.

[Herbert Felton.

Lumps Fort stands at the entrance to Portsmouth Harbour, which at its narrowest point is only 300 yards wide. Fortifications were first built on this site in the reign of Edward IV. On the other side of the harbour the town of Gosport may be seen.

time there was apparently only one "Cowe," but in the sixteenth century two forts were built to protect the island against the French, and gradually the name "Cowes" began to be applied to the whole community.

Of those two forts one alone survives, and now forms the headquarters of the world-famous yacht squadron. The only other building in the town which can claim to be of any note is Westbourne House, which proudly announces that it was the birthplace of Dr. Arnold of Rugby. His father was a revenue officer at Cowes, and the great educationist certainly spent much of his early youth here and at East Cowes, across the Medina.

Close to East Cowes stands Osborne House, of high interest to all whom neo-Georgian pride has not blinded as the residence of Queen Victoria, and the place where her long and honoured reign came to an end on January 22, 1901. One can admit that the house dates from an evil and tasteless

era in the story of British architecture, but its association with one of the most remarkable and best-loved rulers and women of all time will undoubtedly direct the feet of pilgrims to this spot when many of the finest existing monuments of artistic achievement have vanished in the dust.

The moving spirit in the design of the house was the Prince Consort, whose taste may be judged, for good or ill, by his work here and the neighbouring church of Whippingham.

After the Queen's death the late King Edward "signified his gracious pleasure that the Osborne estate should be handed over so as to become part of the public property of the Sovereign, and that provision should be made for the use of Osborne House and grounds as a memorial of her late Majesty Queen Victoria."



Photo by]

A LANE NEAR LEE-ON-THE-SOLENT

(Herbert Felton.

This photograph shows the sandy lane which runs along by the shore and connects Hillhead with Lee-on-the-Solent. Four miles away, across the Solent, the Isle of Wight is just indistinguishable in the haze.

Those who look for imperial magnificence in the State Apartments at Osborne will be grievously disappointed, for whatever the artistic shortcomings of the rooms and their contents mere ostentation is not one of their vices. It is as a museum of Victorian art and the country retreat of a ruler burdened with the cares of the State that Osborne will always keep its place in the affections of the nation.

Newport, though the site of the Roman "Meda," has little beyond a few seventeenth-century houses to proclaim its great antiquity, and even its church is a nineteenth-century successor of a building which dated from the seventeenth century. In the chancel of the earlier building was buried the hapless daughter of Charles I, and the fact that this fifteen-year-old victim of the storms and stresses of her time has been rescued from undeserved obscurity is one of the many merits of Queen Victoria. Witness the inscription on the monument:



Photo by]

PORTCHESTER CASTLE.

[E. Bastard.

Portchester was built on the site of a Roman fort by Henry I, and exhibits specimens of Roman, Saxon, and Norman architecture. Anciently known as "Portus Magnus," the village is believed to have been once the principal station of the Roman navy in Britain.



Photo by]

Herbert Felton.

RUINS ON FAREHAM CREEK.

Fareham is a busy market town and a small port at the extreme end of Portsmouth Harbour. The ruins in the foreground are of an old tide-mill.



Photo by]

[C. Uchter Knox.

CORHAMPTON CHURCH.

Parts of the picturesque church at Corhampton are said to date from early Saxon times. The building has been described as one of the oldest well-preserved churches in the world. An interesting feature of the interior is the ancient sanctuary or "frithstool." The village is 4 miles north-east of Bishop's Waltham.

“ To the memory of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of King Charles I, who died at Carisbrooke Castle, on Sunday, September 8th, 1650, and is interred beneath the chancel of this church, this monument is erected, as a token of respect for her virtues and of sympathy for her misfortunes, by Victoria R. 1856.”

Carisbrooke Castle, or the splendid ruin which once fully deserved that description, is of course the real “ lion ” of the island. It cannot exhibit any long and picturesque record of sieges and battles, for the simple reason that prior to the confinement of Charles I within its formidable walls it had had little or no history.

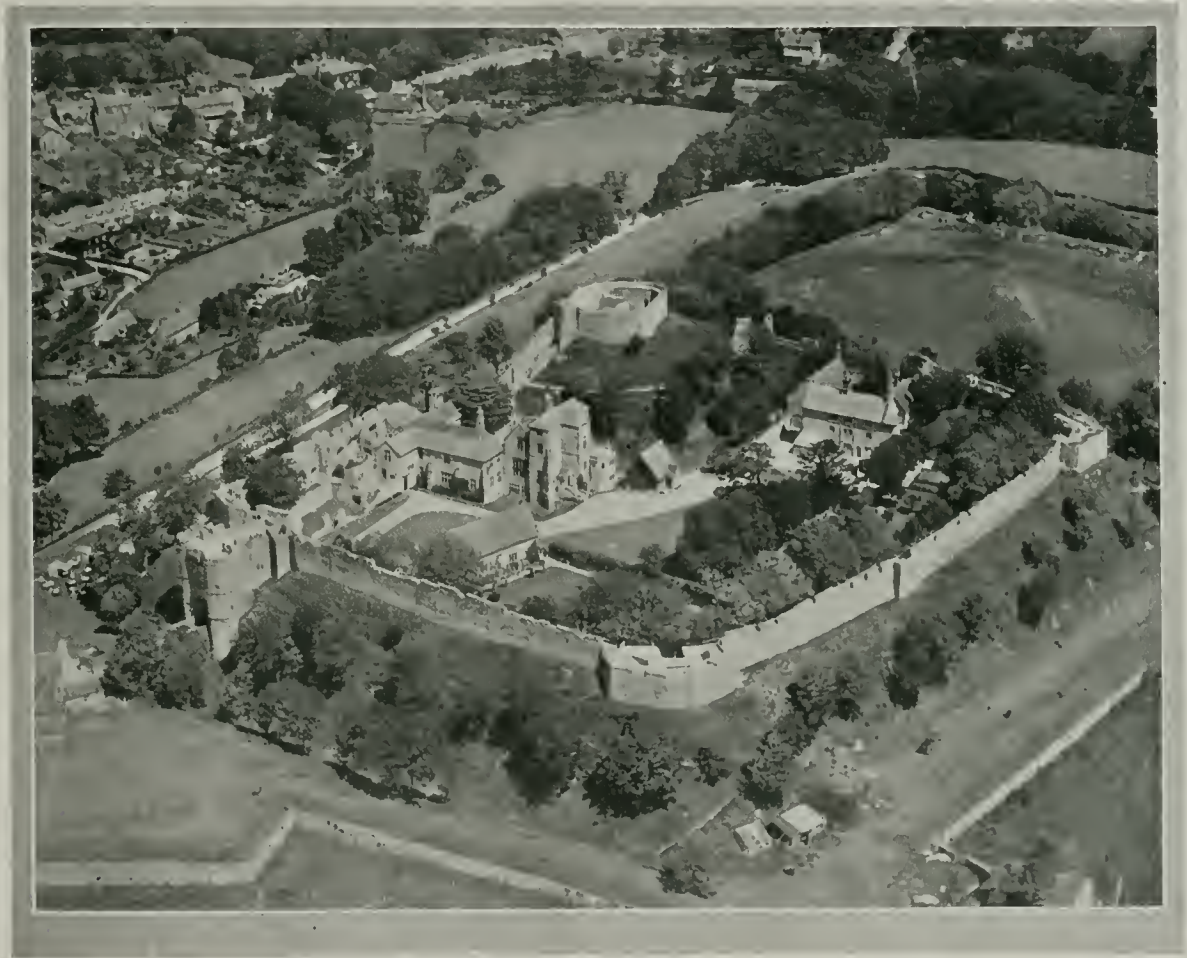


Photo by]

[Aero Aerials.

CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

The castle covers the top of a hill, 1 mile south-west of Newport. It dates from Norman times, and was built as a fortress for the defence of the island by William Fitz-Osborne, but it has since been at various times rebuilt, enlarged, and restored.

Readers of Carlyle's *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches* will remember how the curious story of the King's coming to the island is dramatically unfolded :

“ Monday, 15th November 1647. Letter from Colonel Robert Hammond, Governor of the Isle of Wight, *Cowes, 13^o Novembris*, signifying that the King is come into the Isle of Wight. The King, after a night and day of riding, saw not well whither else to go. He delivered himself to Robert Hammond ; came into the Isle of Wight. Robert Hammond is ordered to keep him strictly within Carisbrook Castle and the adjoining grounds, in a vigilant though altogether respectful manner.”

But the keeping was not always strict enough, as we learn from a letter from Oliver to Hammond, dated April 6, 1648 :

“ Intelligence came to the hands of a very considerable Person, That the King attempted to get out of his window ; and that he had a cord of silk with him whereby to slip down, but his breast

was so big the bar would not give him passage. A gentleman with you led him the way, and slipped down. The Guard, that night, had some quantity of wine with them. . . ."

The rooms occupied by the unfortunate monarch and the collection of Stuart relics naturally come in for the lion's share of attention from the visitor, but the architectural features of the castle are also of the highest interest. The Norman keep is one of the finest examples in the country. Nor must it be forgotten that within the walls are the ancient British earthworks, which conclusively prove that Carisbrooke was a fortified site even long before the Roman Conquest.

Ryde, too, has memories of a fallen sovereign. One night in September 1870 a very beautiful but sadly harassed lady arrived by sea



Photo by]

CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I, died here in 1650. Carisbrooke was once a Roman station, and was formerly the capital of the island. In 1850 the remains of a Roman villa were found in the vicarage garden.



Photo by

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

THE KEEP STEPS, CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

By far the most interesting part of the castle is the tall Norman keep in the north-east corner of the inner court. The popular belief is that it was built by Richard de Redvers, in the time of Edward I. Charles I was imprisoned in the castle in 1647 for fourteen months.

and knocked up the bewildered landlord of the York Hotel. After she had left the next day, he learned that his humble hostelry had sheltered Eugénie, Empress of the French. But apart from the lustre shed by this incident, and perhaps the wonderful view over the Solent, Ryde has no further features with any serious claim to an honourable mention in a work of this kind.

The eastern side of the island has become one long string of summer resorts, a veritable paradise of golfers and nursemaids, and in the process nature has undoubtedly had to suffer somewhat in the cause of civilisation. Far be it from any right-minded patriot to regret that the earth's beauties should be shared and enjoyed by the largest possible number of persons. A perfect world will no doubt be littered with happy and healthful Sandowns, Shanklins, and Ventnors, and fashionable Seaviews will be as the sands of the sea. Still, it is not a matter for grief that some remnants of the ancient world still remain. The old tower of the church of St. Helens still stands forlorn and eloquent on the seashore. The Roman villa at Yarbridge still reminds the British visitor that an empire all but as great as his own crumbled in the grip of strange new forces. And, best of all, a spot such as Brading still preserves something of the traditions of ages that have vanished at



Photo by)

COWES FROM ABOVE THE SOLENT.

This photograph was taken during the season, when the Roads are crowded with yachts in preparation for Cowes Week. West Cowes Castle, in the centre, is the headquarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Besides being the chief seaport of the island and a seaside resort, Cowes has important shipbuilding yards.

Airco Aerials.



Photo by

QUARR ABBEY, NEAR RYDE.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

Quarr Abbey is a Cistercian foundation built by Baldwin de Redvers in 1131. Some of the ruins are below the surface, but the remains of the cellarium, kitchen, and refectory may still be seen. The estate is owned by the Benedictines of Solesmes, who were expelled from France by a law passed in 1901.



Photo by

DUCIE AVENUE, BEMBRIDGE.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

This picturesque little watering-place has little to call attention to it but its attractive scenery. It lies at the mouth of Brading Harbour, overlooking Spithead, and is within 2 miles of the Foreland—the east point of the island.

the approach of science and speed. Memories of Tudor ruffianism come to mind at the sight of the "Bull Ring." Here, if anywhere, is the proper setting for that most wicked—and exciting—of sports. In the ancient church the good folks no doubt salved their consciences. It is in many ways the most interesting of the island's churches, both for its blend of styles, Norman and Early English, and its many monuments, notably those of the Oglander family, which could trace its descent back to a knight who came over with William the Conqueror.

But all this is perhaps losing sight of the fact that the unchanging features of the scenery, the downs and the coast, are all that the heart could desire. The smooth rounded hills may lack the



Photo by]

STONE BRIDGE, SHANKLIN CHINE.

[H. N. King.

Shanklin is situated in the south-eastern part of the island, and is one of its largest and best-known resorts. Known as Shanklin Chine, this beautiful ravine has been formed in the sandstone by a tiny stream.

advantages of striking outline and real altitude (though eight hundred feet is respectable), and the cliffs may not have the rugged grandeur of Cornwall, but their combination on the south and south-eastern coast of the island produces scenery which cannot easily be matched.

The western extremity of the island is marked by the three famous rocks, collectively known as the "Needles" (though the original Needle was ignominiously washed away in the middle of the eighteenth century), which are such a familiar sight to ships entering the Solent. The downs tower nobly above them, sweeping down to Totland Bay on one side and Freshwater Bay on the other. And just round the corner is ancient Yarmouth, full of quaint and picturesque spots and the proud possessor of a history going back at least to Domesday Book.

In that massive compilation it appears under the somewhat Biblical-sounding name of "Ermud," and the process by which "Ermud" has become Yarmouth is a lingual curiosity. Some idea of its importance at an early date may be gleaned from the fact that it sent members to one of Edward I's

last parliaments, and Froissart has left a record of the descent of the French upon it in 1377. The marauders did their work thoroughly, and it was only in the reign of Henry VIII that a castle was built to prevent a repetition of these continuous French attacks.

The "Great Man" of Yarmouth is undoubtedly Sir Robert Holmes, whose statue is the "lion" of the church. He was a budding Sir John Hawkwood when he turned his attention to the sea after the Restoration, and won great renown fighting the Dutch. The

statue itself is his best epitaph, for the story goes that he found it in a French vessel which he had made prize. It was then unfinished (being minus the head) and was intended for a

figure of *Le Grand Monarque*. Holmes compelled the sculptor to crown the stately frame of Louis XIV with his (Holmes's) head!

Fortunately a more intimate memorial of Holmes remains in that part of his house which has taken the shape of a hotel, but still preserves many of its original features and cultivates the right atmosphere.



Photo by

NEEDLE ROCKS.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

These chalk rocks lie off the westernmost extremity of the island, and were a constant danger to ships until the powerful lighthouse was built here in 1859. They take their name from a conical pinnacle about 120 feet high, known as *Lot's Wife*, which fell in 1764. The rocks are five in number, but only three rise from the sea.



Photo by

BLACKGANG CHINE, NEAR VENTNOR.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

This remarkable chasm is 400 feet in depth and exhibits some striking scenery. It commences in two separate ravines, and is nearly a mile in extent. Its formation is probably due to a landslip of the chalk and limestone rocks.



[Photo by]

[H. N. King.]

HEREFORD CATHEDRAL FROM THE WYE.

The Wye is the most important river in the county, and is considered by many to be one of the most beautiful of English rivers. Hereford is mainly situated on the left bank of the Wye, and the cathedral, though small, has many features of great interest.

HEREFORDSHIRE

“FOR three W. W. W.—wheat, wool, water—it yieldeth to no shire in England,” wrote Camden of Herefordshire, and he might well have added a fourth, the Wye. For if ever a river epitomised the character of the county through which it flows, it is the famous and noble stream which traverses the county, obligingly taking a course which is about double the length of the direct line from its point of entrance to its point of departure. A good river, the Wye, winding *ad libitum* as all good rivers should, and keeping its choicest bits of scenery for the county of the apple and red cattle.

The valleys of the Dore and the Wye and its tributaries, the mighty shoulder of the Black Mountains, the Malvern Hills away on the eastern boundaries, the group of wooded heights in the north-west, a wealth of timber, and an air of colourful serenity are the ingredients of the scenery for which Herefordshire is so noted. Add that few English counties are so rich in memorials of a past which yields to none in incident and interest, and the reader will understand why the task of the visitor who would see the county and all that is in it is even harder than that of the writer who is asked to convey an adequate impression of it within necessarily restricted limits.



[Photo by]

[E. Bastard.]

HEREFORD CATHEDRAL FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

The present building was begun in 1079, on the plan of that at Aix-la-Chapelle, by Bishop de Braose, who also built the western tower, which fell down in 1786, destroying four bays of the nave. The total length of the cathedral is 325 feet.

The centre and focus of so much excellence is the ancient city on the Wye which gave its name to the county. To the casual observer seeing Hereford on a "quiet" day, the town might seem worthy of the attention of those irrepressible novelists who view the current of life in a cathedral city as a stream outwardly placid but tortured below the surface by the whirls and eddies of ecclesiastical jealousy and feminine intrigue. It certainly wears an old-world air; modern PROGRESS, Heaven be thanked, is not writ large on every shop front; the twentieth-century villa and the Victorian domestic prison which masquerades as a home have not yet ousted all the charming dwellings of our forefathers, though the process has long been at work. Still, Hereford is a busy agricultural centre, and a market day there is an excellent tonic for a bricks-and-mortar townsman.

Of the walls of which ancient chroniclers have spoken with much respect, and some awe, little remains. The gates have vanished, and so too has most of the castle. More's the pity, for if



Photo by.

THE WYE AT HEREFORD.

[Judges', Ltd.]

At Hereford the Wye is spanned by an ancient six-arched bridge, which communicates with a suburb. The river crosses the border near Hay, and pursues a winding course of about 60 miles through Herefordshire. In describing the river Gray says, "Its banks are a succession of nameless beauties."

tradition be right the castle was reared by King Harold the Saxon at the outset of his remarkably skilful invasion of Wales. In later times it figured prominently in the eventful and tumultuous occurrences which were the lot of a border county in mediæval times. From the slopes of the Black Mountains the wild and needy Welshman could cast a hungry eye at the prosperous and promising city on the Wye. Moreover, the men of Hereford were ever good haters and lovers, and therefore ardent partisans, and most of the factions and quarrels that have torn our Islands since Norman William's advent have had a lively repercussion in this unquiet corner. So the castle was seldom idle, often besieged, and not infrequently captured, and its career ended after all sorts of adventures in the Civil War. In view of all which, it seems hardly fair that the most conspicuous object on its site should be a column which commemorates a sailor, even if that sailor be Lord Nelson!

The cathedral hard by is what is known in guidebooks as "minor," which means that its dimensions are given as pieces of arithmetic, and not with a view to producing an impression of size. Mere



From the Painting by]

CASTLE RUSHEN, CASTLETON, ISLE OF MAN.

Catherine Channoy.

Tradition has it that Rushen Castle was founded by Guthred the Dane in about 945. The castle occupies a commanding position near Castleton Harbour. The most stirring event in its history was its defence by the Countess of Derby against the Parliament, after the execution of her husband.

size, however, is a vulgar criterion when dealing with works of art, and as a work of art much of Hereford Cathedral, with its interesting blend of styles, is of very high quality. It would have been of even higher quality had not that highly-paid professional vandal, Wyatt, been let loose upon the church to perform a horrible operation of "restoration" at the end of the eighteenth century. Fortunately, some of the worst results of the operation were effaced by a recent restoration which has been carried out with due regard for style and unity.

The bulk of the fabric is Norman, of a plain and massive but dignified character. The nave, choir, south transept, and supports of the tower are in that style. In the next century the building was extended eastwards to take in the retrochoir and charming Early English Lady Chapel, and the



By permission of

OLD COTTAGES, HEREFORD.

[G. W. Rly.]

Hereford is a town of considerable antiquity, owing its origin to the cathedral founded here in 676. This site was chosen on account of it being adjacent to an important passage over the river. These picturesque old cottages are probably of great age.

Norman north transept was replaced by Decorated work, which is one of the best achievements of the style. Decorated, too, is the tower, which forms a not inconspicuous feature of the landscape in the vicinity of the county town. In the Perpendicular period the efforts of builders were in the main confined to the embellishment of the edifice by chantry chapels, though the fine porch of Bishop Booth also dates from the close of that era.

The monuments of the church commemorate ecclesiastics and others who were in the main minor notables. Unfortunately the splendour of their tombs was gravely marred at the close of military operations in Herefordshire in the First Civil War. The Puritan soldiers appear to have acted on the principle which Cromwell put into words when speaking of images: "they that make them are like unto them."

Among the interesting monuments in the church, perhaps the most notable is the shrine of Bishop

Cantelupe, who was canonised at St. Thomas of Hereford in 1310. If it be really true that he was the last Englishman to be canonised prior to the Reformation, it is a sad comment on the British mediæval Church. The possession of the relics of the saint was, of course, a vast advantage to the cathedral. It made the church a place of pilgrimage. In fact, it is recorded that a large number of miracles took place at the tomb within a very short time of its erection.

Most of the cathedral buildings and town churches of Hereford suffered very severely in the Civil

Wars, either through the actual operations or the malevolent activities of iconoclasts. The Church of All Saints, however, has some fine details, good stalls and roofs, and an interesting library of ancient chained books. Another ancient relic is the stone pulpit of the Monastery of Black Friars. Its present remarkably trim and neat appearance shows that a considerable work of restoration has been carried out, for in topographical works of a century ago it is shown as picturesquely weather-worn and crumbling, with a large alder-tree sprouting manfully through the steps!

Hard by is the Hospital founded by Sir Thomas Coningsby in 1614 as a retreat "for two of the most valuable characters in society, (although generally the most neglected) the worn-out-soldier, and the superannuated, faithful servant." The hospital was decreed to be known as "Coningsby's Company of Old Servitors, in the Suburbs of the City of Hereford." The



Photo by]

THE CRYPT, HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

[E. Bastard.

The access to the crypt is by stairs on the north side of the Lady Chapel. Known as Golgotha and consisting of two aisles, the lofty Early English crypt is the only one founded later than the eleventh century.

statutes of the body regulated even the dress of the inmates; for the founder directed that "each Servitor should have on his admittance, a fustian suit of ginger colour, of a soldier-like fashion, and seemly laced: a soldier-like jerkin, with half sleeves; and a square shirt down half the thigh, with a *moncado*, or Spanish cap. . . ." The rations were to be on a generous scale: "two loaves of good wheaten bread, weighing four pounds each, weekly; two full ale-quarts of beer every day; also two cheeses of the best Shropshire sort, of forty pounds weight; and three gallons of good and wholesome butter, to be delivered yearly," and so forth.



Photo by]

[Judges', Ltd.

THE CHOIR LOOKING WEST, HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

The choir was mainly built between 1275 and 1282 by Bishop Cantelupe. The stalls and the Bishop's throne date from the fourteenth century. The fine enamelled choir-screen was designed by Sir Gilbert Scott.



Photo by

THE LADY'S ARBOUR, HEREFORD.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The College of Vicars-Choral encloses a quadrangle 100 feet square and is reached through the Lady Arbour. The square tower at the south-east corner has always been known as the "Ladye Arbour."

At least two natives of Hereford have attained world fame. Eleanor Gwynne captured the heart of a king (no difficult matter in the case of the gentleman in question), and David Garrick the hearts of the playgoers of his own age and the homage of posterity. Another Hereford name deserves mention, if only for a somewhat curious coincidence that will readily occur to every reader. Of James Cornwall, the captain of the *Marlborough* in the naval action off Toulon, it is recorded that "both his legs were struck off by a chain-shot, as he was gallantly receiving the fire of the whole Spanish line. . . ."

One of the most interesting spots in the vicinity of the county town is the seventeenth-century mansion of Holm Lacy, famous for its associations with the ancient family of Scudamore. Not only did the first Scudamore come over with the Conqueror, but it was Sir James Scudamore, whose son



Photo by]

WILTON CASTLE, ROSS.

[Judges', Ltd.

Wilton Castle was the residence of the Grey family from the time of Edward I to the Civil War, when it was destroyed. The bridge which crosses the Wye at Wilton dates from the days of Queen Elizabeth.

was made the first Viscount, who is the original of "Sir Scudamore" in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, and whose restless, sleep-bereft night is amusingly described in canto v:

" And if by fortune any litle nap
Upon his heavie eye-lids chaunst to fall,
Eftsoones one of those villeins him did rap
Upon his head-piece with his yron mall,
That he was soone awaked therewithall. . . ."

The house is also memorable for the fact that Pope was a guest of the last Viscount Scudamore while writing his third *Moral Epistle*. The pictures include important examples of the work of Holbein and Vandyck, and the carved woodwork of Grinling Gibbons shows that great artist at his best.

The "Man of Ross" is, of course, the celebrity and hero of the town of that name farther down the Wye. Readers of Pope's strange poem will remember how "each lisping babe" answers "The MAN

OF ROSS" when questioned as to "Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?" "Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?" "Whose seats the weary traveller repose?" "Who taught that Heav'n directed spire to rise?" and so forth.

This "Man of Ross," John Kyrle, memories of whom are thus one of the "sights" (if one may use that term) of the town, was actually a native of Gloucestershire, but he made Ross his home, and spent his life as a philanthropist to his adopted fellow-citizens. The fact that he was "Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear," no doubt made the financial side of his activities easier. He died in 1724, and was buried in the church, which is also notable for its remarkably fine monuments of the Rudhall family, its six piscinas, and the grand spire which soars to a height of two hundred feet or more.

Kyrle's house still exists—transformed—and the most interesting ancient domestic building



COPYRIGHT GEOGRAPHIA (1923) LTD 55 FLEET STREET LONDON E.C.4.

MAP OF HEREFORDSHIRE.

in the town is the market house, a production of the period following the Restoration, and comprising a hall supported on stone pillars. This useful public institution does not seem to have been treated with the respect it deserved, for at the end of the eighteenth century it is described as "in a very decayed state." The nineteenth century was seldom kind to anything its predecessors neglected, but fortunately this attractive old building was one of the exceptions.

The stretch of the Wye between Hereford and Ross has always suffered by comparison with the world-famed beauties of the reaches between Ross and Monmouth, but it has a great charm of its own and many of the most interesting and attractive spots in the county lie close to the first-named sector. Holm Lacy we have dealt with; but there is also Mordiford, pleasantest of villages, at the junction of the Lugg with the Wye. Mordiford has its place in History—or should it be Fiction? For was it not the scene of a most ferocious combat between the Mordiford Dragon and a criminal who had been promised a full pardon if he freed the countryside from this dire pest. The beast was duly slain, but his dying breath was even more potently poisonous than his living breath, and the slayer succumbed in the moment of victory! In proof of all which, a vast green dragon was painted on the end of the church, and remained there as late as 1881, when the present west tower was built.

The beauties of the "Wye Valley" (by which is meant the sector below Ross, so far as this county is concerned) have been so rapturously and vociferously sung by all manner of men, from poets down to the hired scribes of railway companies, that the writer feels there is little to add to what is common knowledge. The ingredients of its beautiful scenery are of course the deep wooded



THE WYE FROM WILTON BRIDGE.

This pretty view was taken through one of the six arches of old Wilton Bridge, and shows the Wye, which, at this part of its course, exhibits little of the diversity of scenery which is to be found lower down the river past Goodrich Castle.

Photo by]

[Judges', Ltd.



Photo by]

ON THE WYE AT WILTON.

The little hamlet of Wilton occupies a charming situation on the banks of the Wye, 1 mile below Ross. The river is not navigable to vessels of any size above Chepstow, but many parts of the upper reaches in Herefordshire are ideal for boating.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

gorges, the immense loop of the river in the neighbourhood of Symond's Yat, and above all the great cliffs which here and there peer through the foliage.

In the midst of a most charming bend of the river stands the ruin of one of the county's finest border fortresses, Goodrich Castle, which brings home more clearly than any other military building in Herefordshire the simple fact that in the incessant regular or guerilla warfare so beloved of the wild men of Wales this county was indeed a front-line trench.

Goodrich has some unusual features in addition to the normal ones of a fortress comprising work of several periods. The chapel was in three stages: a cellar at the bottom, above it the chapel proper, and above that a chamber for the priest with a hooded fireplace. The keep is of such early date that it was long and strenuously maintained that this, the oldest part of the castle, dated from Saxon times. "The original windows are the most truly Saxon that can be," runs *Munimenta Antiqua*. But the truth is that the keep is unquestionably Norman.

Of the history of this fine ruin much might be said, but its epitaph, as recorded in Whitelocke's *Memorials*, must suffice here: "On the third of August [1646] Colonel Birch entered some of the works of Gotherich Castle, whereupon the garrison hung out a white flag for parley, which Birch refused, and went on storming, and they all submitted to mercy. In the Castle, besides the Governor, Sir Henry Lingen, were fifty gentlemen, and 120 soldiers, with arms, ammunition, and provisions." After which the stronghold was "slighted" in the approved style.



Photo by]

[H. J. Smith.

IN THE CHURCHYARD, ROSS-ON-WYE.

The church at Ross is famed as the burial-place of John Kyrle, the "Man of Ross," mentioned by Pope in his poem the "Third Moral Essay." The fine cross in the foreground dates from the fourteenth century.



Photo by]

THE MARKET HOUSE, ROSS-ON-WYE.

[E. Bastard.

The Market House, which was erected in 1862, was built of stone in the Jacobean style. The apartments include reading-rooms and a mechanics' institute library.

Close to the great rampart of the Malvern Hills stands that Herefordshire treasure, the little town of Ledbury, famous for the number of its picturesque half-timbered buildings. Of these the chief is the Market Hall, a delightful "black and white" chamber, perched proudly on pillars of what ancient photographers call oak, and modern authorities chestnut! An even more attractive example is the mansion of Ledbury Park, as delightful a late Elizabethan building as the eye could wish to behold. The old almshouse known as *St. Katherine's Hospital* is also one of Ledbury's celebrities. In an ancient record we find that "Katherine Audley, or, as she is commonly called, St. Katherine, was a religious woman in the reign of Edward the Second, and had a maid called Mabel, and not being fixed in any settled place, she had a revelation that she should not set up her rest till she came to a town where the bells

should ring of themselves. She and her maid coming near Ledbury, heard the bells ring, though the church doors were shut, and no ringers there. Here then she determined to spend the remainder of her days, and built an Hermitage, living on herbs, and sometimes on milk. The King, in consideration of her birth or piety, or both, granted her an annuity of £30."

To her memory Bishop ffolliott dedicated the hospital he founded in 1232 for "six single men, two men and their wives, and two widows." The present living quarters of the inmates date only from the last century, but the chapel goes back to the time of the original foundation.

The church, a building of all the styles, is particularly notable for its detached belfry tower (crowned with a spire) and its splendid Decorated baptistery.



Photo by]

BARONIAL HALL, GOODRICH CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons.

This fine old castle is now one of the most interesting ruins in Herefordshire and dates from very early times. It was long the residence of the Talbots, Earls of Shrewsbury, and the De Greys. During the Civil War it was the last castle in the county that held for the King. This photograph was taken before the recent restoration by the Office of Works.

Leominster is probably more ancient than Ledbury, but far less picturesque. Its one excursion into the limelight of history was just before the accession of Queen Mary, when the citizens earned the undying affection of that dour and disappointed lady by scattering the supporters of Lady Jane Grey.

A little more than a century later, however, there must have been further mild excitement in the town, to judge by a curious work published in 1679:

"*Strange News from Lemster, in Herefordshire*; being a true Narrative, given under several Person's Hands there, of a most strange and prodigious Opening of the Earth in divers Places thereabouts. Also a true Relation of several wonderful Sight, viz. a Hand, an Arm, and Shoulder of the Bigness of a Man's; and Saddles of Blood-colour, which were seen to rise out of the Earth,



Photo by]

THE SOUTH DOOR, KILPECK CHURCH.

[E. Bastard,

Kilpeck Church is one of the most perfect examples of the Norman style of architecture remaining in England. It was completely rebuilt in about 1853, every stone being carefully put back in its original position without a single one being left out or refaced. The south door is a particularly fine specimen of Norman work and moulding.



Photo by

IN ABBEY DORE CHURCH.

[E. Bastard.

The present church is almost completely Early English in style, with the exception of the tower, and originally belonged to a Clisterian abbey founded here in the time of King Stephen. This view is of the south choir aisle looking west towards the painting of a figure of Father Time, above the font.

and ascend up to the Skyes. Likewise, a strange and terrible noise of Fighting, which was heard during this miraculous Accident. All attested by several Persons of Worth and Reputation; and exhibited for public Information."

Leland records that "the toune of Leonminster is metely large, and hath good buildinges of tymbre"—a description that is not altogether inaccurate even to-day. Unquestionably the best of the surviving "buildinges of tymbre" is the beautiful Grange Court House, the work of one of the most renowned Elizabethan architects, John Abel. It has had a curious history. Prior to the middle of the last century it stood on a different site, performed the functions of a town hall, and was popularly known as "Butter Close." It is now a private house.



Photo by]

BRIDGE OVER THE WYE AT BREDWARDINE.

[E. Bastard.

The little village of Bredwardine is very picturesquely situated close to this fine stone bridge, $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles east of Hay. The castle, now in ruins, in the vicinity of the village was the seat of the Archbishop of Canterbury, a member of the Bredwardine family, in 1349.

But here, as elsewhere in nine cases out of ten, the chief monument of antiquity is the church. It is one of the largest in the county and not unimpressive, but externally at least the mixture of styles produces an effect which is not altogether happy. Its origin is to be found in a curious legend to the effect that on the same night on which a local holy man dreamed that a lion came and ate out of his hand, Merewald "the Lion," King of Mercia, dreamed that he received a visit from a monk. The next morning the two met and exchanged experiences, with the result that the King became another man, founded a nunnery, and built a church. At the Conquest the nunnery gave place to a monastery, and the nave of the church then built is now one of the aisles of the present edifice. (It may be remarked that Leland barely suppresses a scoff at another version of the legend :

"it is supposed of Clerkes, that the old name of the towne take beginning of the Nunnes, and was called in Welch Llan-llheny, that is, *locus vel fanum monialium*, and not of a lion that is written to have appeared to King Merwald, upon which vision he began, as it is said, to build this Nunnery").

The western doorway of this Norman portion is a particularly fine example of the work of the period, the carving of the capitals being elaborate, and yet not over-decorative. In the three centuries that followed the church underwent great extension and modification, and in 1700 there was a catastrophe which played havoc with its splendours and left it a dismal relic for a century and a half. "The old church," we are told, was "partly destroyed by an accidental fire, occasioned by the carelessness of some plumbers, who had been employed in repairing the leads. The particular cause of the fire was the leaving of a pot of ignited charcoal during breakfast: the wind being strong, blew the flame upon some peas-halme, which had been laid under the roof."

Not far from Leominster is the attractive little village of Kingsland, and close to the village is the scene of the famous battle of Mortimer's Cross, one of the fiercest engagements that took place in the Wars of the Roses. Curiously enough, it was not until 1799



Photo by

[E. Bastard.

THE OLD MARKET HALL, LEOMINSTER.

Now known as Grange Court House, this fine old Tudor edifice was originally the butter-cross, and stood on the site of the new market hall. It was built by John Abel. In 1855 it was taken down and re-erected on its present site, and is now used as a residence.



Photo by

THE SEPARATE BELFREY, PEMBROKE.

Herbert Felton.

There are altogether about six of these "detached" belfries in the county, but this one is probably the most unique. It is built partly of wood and partly of stone. The interior is constructed entirely of massive timbers. The church to which it belongs dates from the fourteenth century.

that anyone thought of commemorating the event by some sort of monument. In that year an obelisk was erected, bearing the following inscription:

"This Pedestal is erected to perpetuate the memory of an obstinate, bloody, and decisive Battle fought near this spot, in the Civil Wars between the ambitious Houses of York and Lancaster, on the 2nd Day of February, 1460."

Among the smaller towns of the county (and beyond its borders it might be deemed a village!) is Weobley, "black-and-white" Weobley as it deserves to be styled, in view of its wealth of half-timbered houses and cottages. Nowhere does an old-world air linger



Photo by]

BUTTHOUSE FALCONRY, NEAR CANON PYON.

Herbert Felton.

This interesting falconry is of great antiquity, and is the most beautiful of all the numerous specimens that abound in this part of Herefordshire. It was built by a man whose initials G. F. appear in the plaque over the door. The unique barge-boards over the door are probably the most ornate in existence.



Photo by]

AN OLD HOUSE AT LEINTWARDINE.

[H. J. Smith.

Leintwardine occupies the site of the ancient Roman station of Bravinium, some remains of which are still visible. Close by the village the River Clun joins the Teme, a river that abounds in fish, and is well known to anglers.



Photo by,

WIGMORE VILLAGE.

[Herbert Felton.

Wigmore village is prettily situated 7 miles south-west of Ludlow. Just distinguishable on the right are the ruins of the twelfth-century Wigmore Castle, for a long time a stronghold of the Mortimers.

so pleasantly, unless it be in some of the other delightful villages hereabouts, such as Eardisland or Pembridge.

Weobley's castle has vanished, but there is still something to see of the mediæval fortresses at Snodhill, Clifford, Wigmore, and Brampton Bryan, which were the terror of evildoers and well-doers alike in their vicinity. All of them are in an extremely dilapidated state, but enough remains of Wigmore at least to give some idea of the functions these strongholds performed in times, when lawlessness was the internal, and the pugnacious Welshman the external, foe. Clifford, though less than the shadow of its former self, is interesting as the birthplace of "Fair Rosamund," Henry II's mistress, and the heroine of a tragedy which excited a good deal more sympathy than the lady really deserved. Brampton Bryan possesses a heroine whose memory has a better claim to be kept green. At the outbreak of the Civil War the castle was in the possession of Sir Robert Harley, whose sympathies were on the Parliamentary side; but when the tide of war swept up to this far corner of the county the knight happened to be away, and the defence was organised and directed by his wife. After some months of victorious resistance under very difficult circumstances this courageous lady succumbed to the strain, and early in 1644 the castle surrendered to the Royalist forces.



Photo by]

LEDBURY CHURCH LANE, LEDBURY.

[E. Bastard.

This narrow lane looks very picturesque with its old half-timbered houses. Ledbury church has one of the few "detached" towers in the county. This one has been surmounted by a tall modern spire.

Most of the churches on the western border are of considerable interest to the antiquarian but as this work is not primarily intended for the archæologist it is not possible to do more than touch on one or two which could not conceivably be omitted from any list of Herefordshire's *notabilia*.

The first is the church of Abbey Dore, a little village in the poetically named "Golden Valley," through which the River Dore flows to join the Monnow. This church is the choir, transepts, and two bays of the nave of the abbey church of a noted and important Cistercian monastery, which was founded in the middle of the twelfth century. Its special charm and interest lie in the fact

that the building is wholly in the Early English style.

The other ecclesiastical "specialty" in this part of the county is the church of Kilpeck, where the Norman carving exhibits an elaboration which can only be ascribed to some alien influence—whether Irish or not we must leave the experts to decide.

Some of the villages in the Golden Valley and the valley of the Monnow are also well worth visiting, whether for the beauty of their situation, their quaint, unworldly air, or some feature of antiquarian interest. Dorstone, for example, is famous for its cromlech, familiarly known as "Arthur's Stone," and the only example of the species to be found in the county.

Ewyas Harold also derives something of its attraction from an alleged association with the great and tragic figure of the "Last of the Saxons." Nothing but the mound remains of a castle which had some note in its day. It was first built by one of the Confessor's Norman favourites, and no small portion of Harold's popularity was gained by his casting down this nest of foreign vipers in 1052. Then came 1066, and soon after the evil thing was rebuilt, to the immense sorrow of the countryside around.



Photo by

LEDBURY MARKET HALL.

(E. Bastard.)

The interesting half-timbered Market Hall at Ledbury is one of the finest in the county. Although it has been much restored, it still rests on the sixteen chestnut pillars on which it was built in 1633.



Photo by

THE GREAT HALL, EASTNOR CASTLE.

(Valentine & Sons.)

The castle is a comparatively modern mansion, built on the plan of ancient baronial castles. Besides this fine collection of armour, the interior contains some good paintings and wood-carvings.

Nor must the county be left without a peep at Welsh Newton, away in the south. It has some claim to renown for its church, but a greater as the inventor of the phrase a "Kemble Cup," to signify a friendly drink before a separation. The expression came into existence on this wise. In August, 1679, an aged Jesuit, John Kemble, paid the penalty at Hereford for adhering stoutly to an unpopular faith. Just before his execution he waxed highly jovial, called for a pipe and invited the sheriff to drink his health on the steps of the scaffold. He was buried at Welsh Newton, and the village keeps his memory green in this appropriate fashion.



Photo by]

EASTNOR CASTLE.

Eastnor Castle is the seat of the Somers family. The village stands close to the Worcestershire border, 1 mile east of Ledbury.

Talented & Sons.



Photo by

HERTFORD CASTLE.

Owing to constant restorations much of Hertford Castle is comparatively modern. It was first built about 905 by Edward the Elder, and Peter de Valoignes was appointed Governor after the Conquest by William I.

Herbert Felton.

HERTFORDSHIRE

HERTFORDSHIRE, like other counties on London's doorstep, must pay the penalty for such august company, a penalty which consists of providing house-room and a playground for the thousands whom modern transport has enabled to live at quite considerable distances from their work. No humane individual can deplore this fact, though inevitably the scenery of the southern edge of the county (particularly along the line of the railways) has suffered considerably from the relentless advance of suburbia over the Middlesex border.

Fortunately the advance has not yet progressed very far, and the larger part of the county is



Photo by]

HARTHAM WALK, HERTFORD.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

The county town of Hertford stands on the River Lea, 21 miles by road north of London. The construction of locks and other improvements have made the Lea navigable to the Thames at Blackwall. It is connected with its chief tributary, the Stort, by a canal.

still real "country," full of the charm which makes the English landscape deservedly famous, and having certain special attractions of its own, notably an alternation of hill and dale which is beautifully diversified with a wealth of woodland that any of our shires might envy. So that though there is nothing grand or spectacular about the scenery of the county, it is almost everywhere interesting and attractive, while the ancient villages, churches, and fine country houses harmonise with the landscape in a peculiarly fascinating manner.

Hertford, the county town, is frankly somewhat disappointing. Though one of the oldest towns in the country, and possessing a history by no means lacking in romance and picturesqueness, the existing evidences of its antiquity are with few exceptions mere remnants.

There was once a great castle at Hertford associated with much local, and some national,

history. A King of France and a King of Scotland both passed some time in captivity within its formidable walls, and down to the seventeenth century at least there were few sovereigns of England who did not honour Hertford with a visit at some time or other. Some portions of walling and a gateway are now all that remain of this historic building. Equally unfortunate was the ancient church of All Saints, which fell a victim to a disastrous fire thirty-three years ago.

Very different has been the fate of St. Albans, unquestionably one of the most interesting towns (or should it be cities?) in the country, as a link not only with Roman Britain but the beginnings of Christianity in our Islands. For anyone who gazes at the splendid Norman tower of its cathedral is looking at the very material of which Roman *Verulamium*, whose pathetic remains still stand



Photo by

AN OLD MALT-HOUSE AT WARE.

Herbert Felton.

This picturesque old building is situated on one of the backs of the River Lea. The ancient town of Ware is the centre of the malting industry in Hertfordshire. The number of drying-kiln cowls is indicative of its great extent, and they form conspicuous objects in the district.

forlornly in the meadows below the hill, was built. And *that* is a spectacle seldom vouchsafed to us nowadays and worthy of high respect!

Most of what is left of the Romano-British city lies underground, for all that is visible is highly characteristic patches of walling, telling a tale eloquent enough to those familiar with the appearance of Roman masonry. Among the treasures under the turf is the theatre, said to be the only Roman theatre that has been discovered in the country.

Beyond the fact that Verulam was the headquarters of the Roman occupation of southern Britain and the scene of Boadicea's frightful vengeance in A. D. 61, little is known of its story during its career of four centuries and more. How, then, did the modern town on the hill come by its very ecclesiastical name?



Photo by]

THE LEA AT WARE.

[Herbert Felton.

The Lea is the longest and most important river in the county, and at Ware there is a considerable amount of barge traffic due to the malting industry. The town will be well remembered owing to its association with John Gilpin, the hero of William Cowper's famous poem.



Photo by:

THE BACKS AT WARE.

An interesting incident in the history of Ware was when King Alfred diverted the water from the river bed and so stranded the Danish vessels which had been brought up the Lea to attack the town.

Herbert Felton.

Somewhere about the close of the third century Christianity claimed its first victim in this country, a converted Briton of the name of Alban. According to tradition the scene of the martyrdom was the spot on which the cathedral now stands, and there seems little doubt that a church was built in the saint's honour very shortly afterwards. Towards the end of the eighth century this church gave place to the important Benedictine monastery founded by Offa, King of Mercia, but the earliest part of the existing fabric dates from shortly after the Norman Conquest, when Abbot Paul of Caen rebuilt the monastic church on a scale which was princely even for those spacious times.

With the ruins of Verulam close at hand the question of building material was hardly a problem, and the finest feature of Abbot Paul's work is the great tower finished with Roman tiles from the ancient city. Part of the nave is also of this period. The great "draw" of the church was of course the shrine of St. Albans,

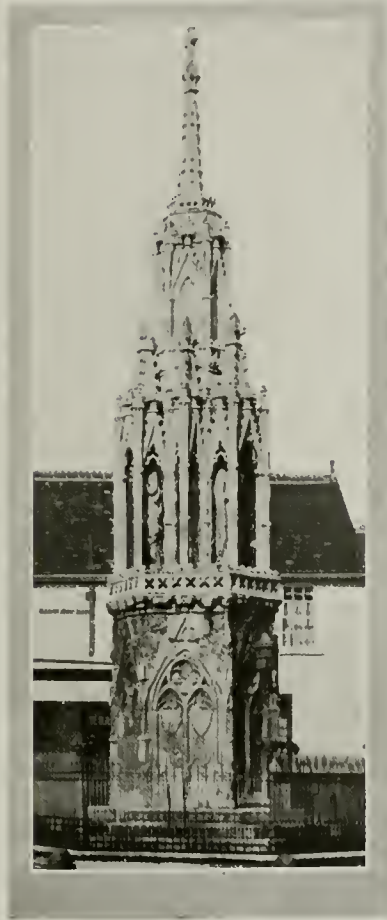


Photo by]

[Herbert Felton.

WALTHAM CROSS.

This is one of the three remaining crosses that were erected to commemorate the spots where the body of Queen Eleanor rested on her journey to London for burial. The cross was built by Edward I and has been much restored.

which was progressively enlarged and enriched by successive abbots, and in the next century this place of pilgrimage became even more renowned when the remains of St. Amphibalus were transferred from Redbourn after their strange discovery there.

The increasing fame of the abbey church seems to have inspired the abbots with a fierce determination to make it truly worthy of its place in the affections of Christian men, for right down to the close of the fifteenth century there was building and rebuilding, restoring, decorating, and beautifying, until the fabric became one of the most notable in Christendom. Then came the Dissolution and a period of darkness descended upon the church, from which it emerged, after a none too happy restoration, in quite recent times.

Within, the whole building has "restoration" writ large all over it, and most of what has not been restored is in a state of mutilation. The shrine of St. Amphibalus is a fragmentary affair, but that of



Photo by]

[A. H. Robinson.

OLD TEMPLE BAR, CHESHUNT.

This interesting structure was taken from the Strand, London, and erected at the entrance to Theobald's Park, a one-time royal residence situated about 1½ miles west of Waltham Cross station.

St. Alban is still a thing of beauty. Both were knocked to pieces at the Reformation, but the pieces were discovered and put together again in the last century. The great altar-screen of Abbot Wallingford is one of the finest in the country, notwithstanding the fact that its original statues were



Photo by

OLD PALACE, HATFIELD HOUSE.

Valentine & Sons.

Old Hatfield Palace was built in 1496 by the Bishop of Ely. It afterwards became a royal residence, and is now used as a stable and riding-school. Princess Elizabeth was an inmate here for some time before her succession.

destroyed in the sixteenth century.

Of the domestic buildings of the monastery the only substantial surviving relic is the Gate House. For a long period after the Dissolution it was put to base uses as a gaol, but fifty years or more ago the Grammar School was transferred

here from the Lady Chapel of the Abbey Church. The school itself claims to be the first in point of date in the country; it is, at any rate, certain that it was established before the close of the eleventh century.

The interest of St. Albans is by no means confined to its cathedral. Of equal antiquity is the Church of St. Michael, and, unlike its great neighbour, its earliest visible work dates from Saxon times. Many of its features command great respect—and not from antiquarians only—and its *chef d'œuvre*, which even the plainest of plain men can appreciate, is the remarkable monument of Francis Bacon, who selected the church as his final resting-place on the ground of its propinquity to his much-loved home at Gorhambury. The old philosopher and statesman is represented reclining in a chair with an air of detachment he can seldom have adopted in his busy life.

Gorhambury House itself is a ruin, and somewhat too poignantly reminiscent of the fate which overtook its famous owner. But even in decay its porch remains an interesting and characteristic



Photo by

HATFIELD HOUSE.

A. H. Robinson.

This fine Jacobean mansion was built in 1610 and has been the seat of the Cecils, Marquises of Salisbury, since its erection by Sir Robert Cecil the first Earl. It stands in an extensive and beautiful park a little to the east of the town.



Photo by]

THE GRAND STAIRCASE, HATFIELD HOUSE.

[Valentine & Sons.

The interior of Hatfield House is full of interesting features. Among the chief are the grand staircase hung with portraits, the marble hall with its oak-paneled walls covered with tapestry, the long gallery, the magnificent King James's drawing-room, and the beautiful chapel.



Photo by,

CLERGY HOUSE, HATFIELD CHURCHYARD.

[Herbert Felton.]

The ancient church of St. Etheldreda contains, besides the chapel of the Earls and Marquises of Salisbury, an elaborate tomb of Sir Robert Cecil, and monuments of the Botelers, Brockets, and Reads. Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, died in 1612 and was the son of the famous Lord Burghley.



Photo by

THE "FIGHTING COCKS," ST. ALBANS.

[Herbert Felton.]

Originally called the Old Round Horse Inn, this ancient building stands on the site of a boat-house built for the ancient monastery founded by King Offa about the year 795.

architectural monument of its time, both the actual details of the work and the medallions of Roman emperors showing how far the spirit of the Renaissance had penetrated English art by the end of the sixteenth century.

Another famous ruin near St. Albans is Sopwell Nunnery, a relic with a freak name not easily explained. Perhaps the most plausible story is that put forward by Matthew Paris, to the effect that prior to the foundation of the nunnery two pious ladies lived in seclusion on this spot and were in the habit of dipping their bread in a neighbouring spring. It seems an odd custom, and so the Abbot of St. Albans regarded it, if he really did (as the chronicler tells us) found the nunnery with a view to providing these holy women with better accommodation.



Photo by]

ST. ALBANS ABBEY.

[Herbert Felton.

St. Albans Abbey was begun at the end of the eleventh century and became a cathedral in 1877. It stands on the site of a monastery founded by King Offa II in 793, and is the highest situated cathedral in England, standing as it does 320 feet above sea-level. This photograph was taken from the walls of Verulamium, an important Romano-British town on the site of which St. Albans now stands.

St. Stephen's Church has some Norman work surviving, but a Scott restoration in the sixties of the last century robbed it of a familiar air of antiquity. St. Peter's Church was even more thoroughly restored by Lord Grimthorpe, but is still of interest, *inter alia* as the burial-place of many who fell in the two battles of St. Albans. Anyone visiting the city in these days of peace will find it hard to visualise the place as a scene of horror and carnage. Yet the two actions of which it was the theatre in the Wars of the Roses were among the most ferocious and bloody engagements in that long era of civil strife. The first was fought in May 1455, and after severe street fighting the Lancastrians were routed with frightful slaughter. King Henry VI was wounded and taken prisoner, and the Yorkists, maddened with blood-lust, vented their fury on the houses and their unoffending occupants. Five years later the tables were turned, and the victorious Lancastrians treated the citizens and their town in the same barbarous fashion.



Photo by

ABBEY GATEWAY, ST. ALBANS.

[Herbert Felton.

Dating from 1380, the Abbey Gate-house stands a few yards beyond the west end of the cathedral, and is the only relic, with the exception of the church, of the monastic buildings. It was used for many years as a gaol, but is now occupied by the Grammar School.

leap from Hertford to St. Albans we have passed the ancient and not unpicturesque little town of Hatfield. Perhaps its chief service to British economics at the moment is as a railway junction, for

times have changed since English monarchs made Hatfield Palace one of their principal residences, and the country mansions of even the greatest in the land now have far less political importance than in days gone by.

Having dealt with the principal antiquarian relics in and near St. Albans, it remains to add that there are all kinds of delightful nooks and corners where a picture of Old England can be had for the asking—ancient houses in the market-place and elsewhere, the yards of old inns, and above all that charming relic "The Fighting Cocks." Many will rise up to deny its claim to be "the oldest inhabitant house in England," but it is quite old enough to give one a pleasant feeling of taking one's refreshment with shadows that saw the cathedral in its proud and sturdy middle age.

In our precipitate

For all the overshadowing pre-eminence of Hatfield House the true starting-point for a survey of the little town is the church, for it is certain that some portion at least of the fabric was old when even the Bishop's Palace across the way had barely left the hands of the builder. We will leave the architectural features (such as have survived a drastic restoration) to the archaeologists; to the plain



Photo by

THE OLD WALLS OF VERULAMIUM.

[Herbert Felton.

Verulamium was founded soon after the Roman Conquest of 43 A.D., and still shows some interesting remains in the city of St. Albans. Among the chief are fragments of the Roman walls, a theatre excavated in 1847, and part of a town hall brought to light over thirty years later. The present city owes its name to St. Alban, a soldier and martyr who was beheaded here in 303 A.D.

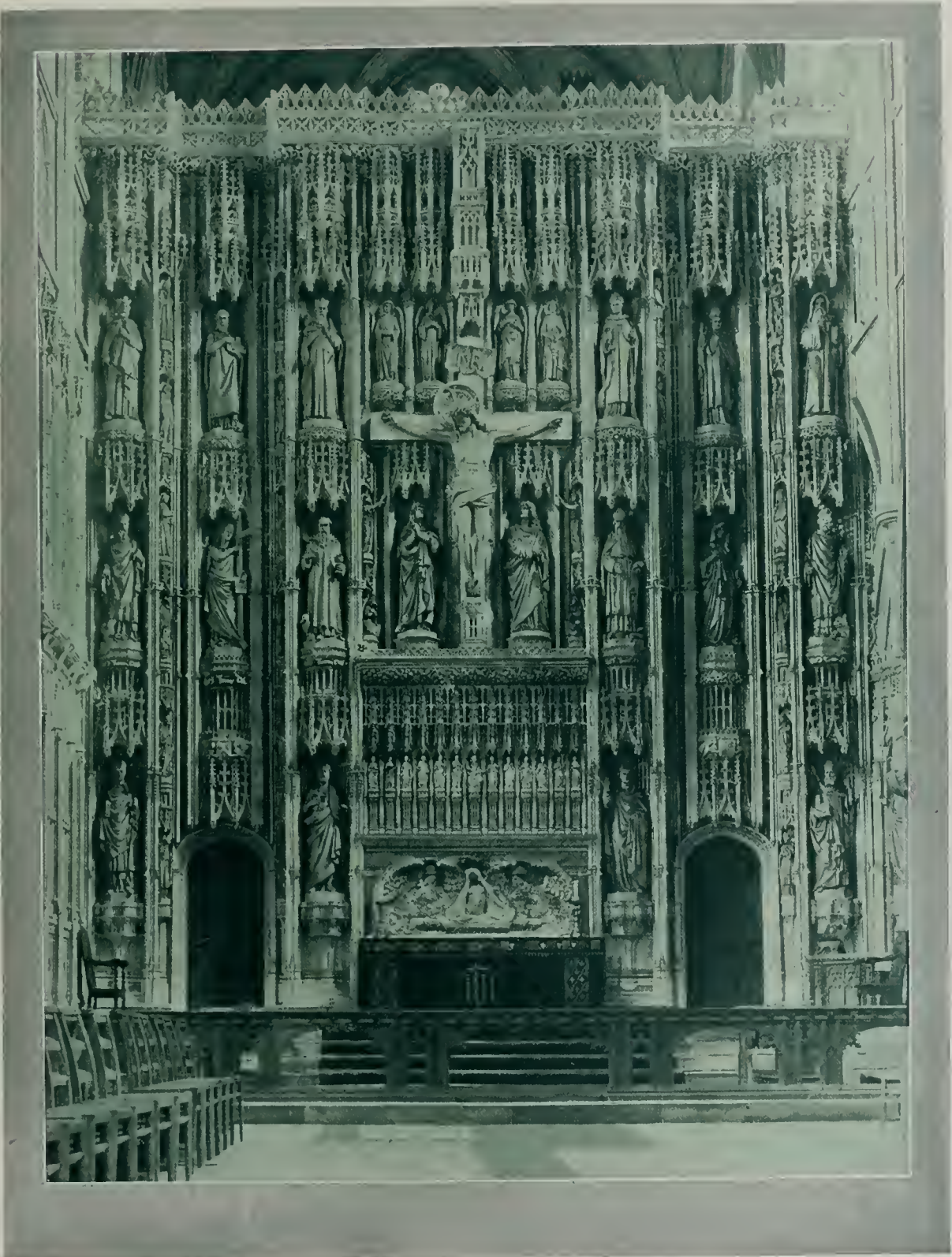


Photo by]

[Sheffield Photo Co.

SCREEN IN ABBEY, ST. ALBANS.

This magnificent altar-screen was built by Abbot William de Wallingford at the end of the fifteenth century. It recently underwent a thorough restoration.



Photo by

Herbert Feltor.

ON THE RIVER COLN NEAR ALDENHAM.

The River Coln rises near Hatfield and flows past Aldenham, Watford, and Uxbridge to the Thames at Staines. Aldenham village is situated to the north-east of Watford.

man the interest of the fabric is in the Salisbury and Brockett Chapels. The former contains the tomb of Sir Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, great son of an even greater father. He was the first English statesman to make the nearer acquaintance of James I after the latter's succession to the throne of England. How the canny Scotchman was royally entertained by Cecil at Theobalds, and took such a fancy to his host's house that he induced him to exchange it for Hatfield, is an old and well-known piece of history. The result is that Burghley's famous son gives the lustre of his departed presence (if one may use the phrase) to the church which adjoins the palatial mansion of his successors. The Brockett Chapel, too, is a link with another illustrious local family whose name still survives in Brockett Hall, 3 miles away.

The remains of the old episcopal palace is a reminder that Hatfield has suffered the indignity of losing its prefix. The palace was one of the many residences of the Bishops of Ely, and in those prosperous times the town was "Bishop's Hatfield." In Henry VIII's time the amenities of the place attracted the attention of the sovereign himself, and all his children who succeeded him resided here at some time or other. As has been



By permission of]

[The Underwood Press Service.

WHITE BRIDGE IN CASSIOBURY PARK, WATFORD.

Half a mile to the north of Watford, the largest town in the county, lies Cassiobury Park, which has been the seat of the Earls of Essex for many generations. Previous to this the estate belonged to the Morrisons and Capels.

that Burghley's famous son gives the lustre of his departed presence (if one may use the phrase) to the church which adjoins the palatial mansion of his successors. The Brockett Chapel, too, is a link with another illustrious local family whose name still survives in Brockett Hall, 3 miles away.



By permission of]

[The Underwood Press Service.

IN CASSIOBURY PARK, WATFORD.

The Earl of Essex's mansion is a handsome Tudor building containing many fine family portraits. The park was laid out by Le Nôtre and is of a considerable size. Cassio hamlet, to the south of the park, stands on the site of the ancient town of Cassil, given by King Offa to St. Alhans Abbey.

said, James I did a "deal" with Robert Cecil, one term of the bargain being that the King would erect a fitting mansion for his accommodating subject.

He certainly carried out his part of the contract, for Hatfield House stands out as one of the supreme examples of European domestic architecture in the seventeenth century. It was completed in its original form within five or six years from the King's accession, and we may consider that the seal was set upon its fame by the impression it made upon Samuel Pepys fifty years later. "So by degrees, till I come to Hatfield before twelve o'clock," he writes on July 22, 1661, "and walked all alone to the Vineyard, which is now a very beautiful place again; and coming back I met with Mr. Looker, my Lord's gardener (a friend of Mr. Eglin's) who showed me the house, the chapel with brave pictures, and above all, the gardens, such as I never saw in all my life; nor



Photo by

THE CHESS VALLEY.

Rev. G. I. C. Ryley.

This photograph was taken looking into Buckinghamshire, and shows the position of Chenies behind the wooded mount on the left. In the distance near the horizon is the spire of Latimer Church.

so good flowers, nor so great gooseburys, as big as nutmegs." A fortnight later its glories actually inspired him to crime. "At Hatfield, we bayted and walked into the great house through all the courts; and I would fain have stolen a pretty dog that followed me, but I could not, which troubled me."

Of course the mansion has grown since Pepys's day, and acquired such a collection of treasures, artistic, literary, and historical, that it is celebrated on that score alone. The research student's eye gleams when he thinks of the historical portraits and all the Cecil papers which are the very material of history; the art critic freely concedes Hatfield's masterpieces of Van Dyck, Reynolds and other painters a high place in the golden book of artistic achievement, and the vast rooms are themselves a whole library on domestic decoration in England.

Speaking of Pepys and Hatfield carries the mind inevitably to the observations of his fellow-



Photo by]

THE VALLEY OF THE BOURNE.

[J. T. Newman.

This small stream rises on the southern slopes of the Chiltern Hills and joins the Bulbourne at Bourne End, a village 1 mile to the west of Boxmoor in the district of Bovingdon.



By permission of]

THE RIVER AT BOXMOOR.

The Underwood Press Service.

Boxmoor is a small town on the Grand Junction Canal about 2 miles south-west of Hemel Hempstead. Close by the Bulbourne stream joins the River Gade.



Photo by

SOUTH-EAST FRONT, BERKHAMSTED CASTLE.

[J. T. Newman.]

Dating from Norman times, and one of the oldest buildings of its kind in the county, Berkhamsted Castle was a Royal residence in the time of the Black Prince. It was here that William the Conqueror was offered the English Crown. The photograph shows the double moats.



Photo by

AN AVENUE OF LIMES IN GREAT BERKHAMSTED PARK.

J. T. Newman.

Berkhamsted Park is well known as containing some of the most beautiful lime-trees in Hertfordshire. One of the oldest towns in the county, Berkhamsted has an interesting history and was once the residence of the Kings of Mercia.

diarist. John Evelyn, on another of the great aristocratic residences of Hertfordshire, Cassiobury, near Watford. As the present mansion is one of Wyatt's efforts (well above his usual standard), and dates only from the beginning of the last century, it is not of course that "house at Cassiobury" which Evelyn visited on April 18, 1680, and found "new, a plain fabric, built by my friend, Mr. Hugh May." He noted "divers fair and good rooms, and excellent carving by Gibbons, especially the chimney-piece of the library. . . . One room pargetted with yew, which I liked well. Some of the chimney mantels are of Irish marble, brought by my Lord from Ireland, when he was Lord Lieutenant, and not much inferior to Italian. . . . I do not approve of the middle doors being round: but, when the hall is finished as designed, it being an oval with a cupola, together with the other wing, it will be a very noble place."

Cassiobury should be haunted by a messy ghost, for the Earl of Essex, who built the house (a "sober, wise, judicious, and pondering person," as Evelyn describes his host), came to a tragic end. He was thrown into the Tower for alleged complicity in the Rye House Plot, that piece of Hertfordshire history to which we are coming. On July 13, 1683, Evelyn records "the astonishing news of the Earl of Essex having cut his throat. . . . It is certain the King and Duke were at the Tower, and passed by his window about the

same time this morning, when my Lord asking for a razor, shut himself into a closet, and perpetrated the horrid act. Yet it was wondered by some how it was possible he should do it in the manner he was found. . . . There were odd reflections upon it."

Perhaps this baneful spectre vanished when the old house was taken down and Wyatt's palace rose upon its site.

Rickmansworth close by is already part of "Metroland," and its picturesqueness, if not its antiquity, is fast vanishing at the tramp of suburbia's legions. Even Moor Park (that house of



Photo by

OLD WELL HOUSE, THE RECTORY, BERKHAMSTED.

[J. T. Newman.

William Cowper, the famous poet and son of the Rev. John Cowper, was born in the rectory in 1731, and there is a memorial window to him in the church. "The Task," his best-known work, was published in 1785.

memories, though most of them are borrowed from predecessors on the same site) is destined—if it has not already succumbed—to a commercial fate, and it may confidently be anticipated that a future chronicler of Hertford's beauties will find little over which to linger in this corner of the county.

Barnet too has become a "residential" district, with all it implies. The industrious antiquary will of course seek out the Church of St. Mary at East Barnet, and there are picturesque bits here and there, but in the main all that can really be said for this rapidly developing quarter is summed up in Mr. Herbert Tompkins' remark (*Hertfordshire: Little Guides Series*) that "the whole district is excellent ground for the student of modern domestic architecture, the examples of diverse schools and styles being endless." It is certainly an effort to cast one's mind back to that Easter Sunday of 1471 when Yorkist and Lancastrian hammered each other relentlessly for several hours, the

"King-maker" was slain, and among the wounded was Sir John Easton, whose letter to his mother is one of the original authorities on the action.

The object of the ordinary visitor to the Rye House (not far from Ware) is not so much to cogitate on the famous plot to which it, or rather its predecessor, gave its name, as to inspect the equally famous "Great Bed of Ware," a monster affair in which a round dozen full-grown humans could take their



COPYRIGHT

GEOGRAPHIA 9231 LTD 55 FLEET STREET LONDON E C 4

MAP OF HERTFORDSHIRE.

rest. This historic piece of furniture has had the honour of notice from both Shakespeare and Byron, a notable achievement!

The story of the Plot is more reputable than that of the bed. In the year of Grace the then Rye House was occupied by a certain Colonel Rumbold, whose republican opinions the Restoration had not changed. Into the morose and muddled heads of this man and his fellow-conspirators there entered the design of assassinating King Charles II and the Duke of York on their return from Newmarket to London. The plan was on a real Wild West scale, and to be carried out in true Wild West fashion by putting an obstacle in the road by which the royal party approached; in the ensuing confusion it was hoped that the monarch and his brother could be easily dispatched without much risk to the malefactors. As is well known, the intended victims escaped this pretty trap by unintentionally leaving Newmarket before the scheduled time.

Quite a number of places hereabouts have secured notice from poets or men of letters, and that charming old gentleman, Izaak Walton, high-priest of the rod, who has endeared seventeenth-century Hertfordshire to thousands who have never tried to catch a fish in their lives. Hoddesdon,



Photo by]

GREAT GADDESSEN.

[Airco Aerials.

Great Gaddesden village stands on the River Gade, 5 miles north-west of Great Berkhamsted. This pleasant locality contains several country seats, of which Gaddesden Place is the most notable. The seat of the Halsey family, it was burnt down in 1905, but has since been rebuilt.

which was one of his haunts, has also been preserved from obscurity in Matthew Prior's "Down Hall":

" Into an old inn did this equipage roll,
At a town they call Hod'sdon the sign of the Bull,
Near a nymph with an urn that divides the highway,
And into a puddle throws mother of tea."

Great Amwell is well known to all readers of Charles Lamb; and Ware, if all other claims to distinction failed it, would still secure immortality for its part in that immortal ballad of John



Photo by

P. W. Farnborough.

WYOT ST. LAWRENCE.

This is one of the prettiest villages to be found in the county famed for its "green fields and pleasant plains." Here lived Sir William Parr, brother of Catherine Parr, the last and most fortunate consort of Henry VIII.

Gilpin, whose adventures can still be visualised from the vantage-point of the "Johnny Gilpin" Inn.

As a matter of fact, Ware has few other claims to distinction. Though as "old as the hills," or at any rate Domesday Book, it has kept sufficiently abreast of the times to display an elderly spinster's sensitiveness on the point, for the really patent relics of antiquity in the shape of houses and so forth must, generally speaking, be searched for. Even the church has been pretty drastically restored.

In the extreme corner of the county, which is hedged in by Essex and Middlesex, there remains a monument of a man's devotion, which gains interest from the fact that the man was a king—and perhaps the greatest of English kings—and the memorial he raised to his dead Queen is among the outstanding artistic achievements of the thirteenth century. Most people are aware that only



From the Painting by

THE WARRIORS' CHAPEL, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

E. C. BOYD.

Commenced in 1070 by Archbishop Lanfranc, Canterbury Cathedral has been the principal edifice of the Church in England for nearly a thousand years. The beautiful St. Michael's or Warriors' Chapel contains many interesting monuments, including one to Margaret Holland and the coffin of Archbishop Langton.

three Eleanor Crosses have survived, but the fact that this is incomparably the best of them is not as well known as it should be.

Close to Waltham Cross is Theobalds Park, where old Temple Bar, that famous object which was so picturesque and yet so inconvenient, has been doing duty as a gate since its removal from Fleet Street more than thirty years ago. The present house is not the famous Cecil mansion which, as has been mentioned before, attracted the covetous eye of James I, and inspired that canny Scotchman to secure it by offering the first Earl of Salisbury Hatfield in exchange.

As we go farther north from the southern border, suburbia loses its stranglehold altogether, and the county unfolds all those charms for which it has been rightly celebrated since Time began. To get the true atmosphere of this region, even from an armchair in a smoky city, one need do no more than dip into Charles Lamb's *Essays*, for Lamb was one of the county's most ardent and constant lovers, and he never tired of singing its praises. Who can forget his essay on Mackery End. "The oldest thing I remember is Mackery End; or Mackarel End, as it is spelt, perhaps more properly, in some old maps of Hertfordshire; a farmhouse—delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheathampstead. . . . The sight of the old farmhouse, though every trace of it was effaced from my recollection, affected me with a pleasure which I had not experienced for many a year." That ability



Photo by]

KNEBWORTH HOUSE, KNEBWORTH.

[A. H. Robinson.

This fine sixteenth-century mansion has been for many years the seat of the Earls of Lytton. The house has been much altered and restored, and the present building occupies the site of one of the four wings of the original mansion.

to affect one with a pleasure not experienced for many a year is the secret of Hertfordshire's subtle appeal, or at any rate of that part of it which still escapes the visible and invisible embrace of London.

What Lamb is to Mackery End, Bulwer Lytton is to Knebworth, with the difference that the great house was truly Lytton's "home," and it is impossible to doubt that its long and honoured story, and the associations brought home to him so vividly by such a relic of Old England as its splendid banqueting-hall, inspired that love of antiquity which has given us his lengthy series of historical novels. Literary fashions have changed in the last forty years. No one reads Lytton to-day, they say, and no doubt his work has a false and artificial ring about it which jars on the iconoclastic spirit of the twentieth century. But we can still appreciate this splendid example of the English country home and agree with his well-known description: "The place has something of the character of Penshurst, and its venerable avenues, which slope from the house down to the declivity of the park, giving wide views of the opposite hills, crowded with cottages and spires, impart to the scene that peculiarly English, half stately and wholly cultivated, character which the poets of Elizabeth's day so much loved to linger upon."

Stevenage, a much-welcomed spot in the old coaching days, has had its complexion spoilt by more than one disastrous fire. Its first experience of the kind is responsible for the fact that it has removed from the immediate vicinity of the ancient church to its present position directly on the Great North Road. To the later fires we owe the destruction of very many of its ancient

houses, though such as have survived are good. As might be expected, one of the great features of the town is its old inns, or houses that were once inns.

From Stevenage it is but a short way to Hitchin, where the lingerer may profitably spend many a happy hour, for its age is something between "very respectable" and "hoary," and the mantle of antiquity, though freely patched with modernity, is still worn. Very becoming it is, too. One may search further and fare worse than the courtyard of the Biggin Almshouse for a sight of what old England looked like, and a very slight stretch of imagination will turn the venerable dames whose retreat it is into the nuns who had their spiritual and temporal fastness in the Gilbertine convent of which it is a relic.

Our ancient towns can afford to be unafraid of admitting their less respectable associations, and so at the end of a list of notables with which Hitchin has been connected (a list which includes Bunyan), Eugene Aram must have his place. This accomplished man and even more accomplished murderer lived in a house in Golden Square, and carried on the profession of schoolmastering. Local society no doubt regarded him with a certain awe—for one engaged in compiling an English-Latin-Greek-Hebrew-Welsh-Irish dictionary is not as other men—totally unsuspecting that their learned usher had the crime of homicide upon his conscience.



Photo by]

THE LAKE AND CHÂLET, KNEBWORTH HOUSE.

[A. H. Robinson.

The mansion stands on a slight hill and is surrounded by a large thickly wooded park. Before passing to the Lyttons it originally belonged to the Hoos and the Hoofsts. It was here that Bulwer Lytton wrote many of his novels.

Away in the extreme north-eastern corner, and all but scooped into Cambridgeshire, is Royston, possessing a goodly quota of ancient houses, the somewhat piteous relic of James I's hunting-lodge, and a remarkable curiosity known as the "Royston Cave."

Before we conclude our survey with the Buckinghamshire side of the county we must call at Bishop's Stortford, if only to see some ancient inns of which even Hertfordshire—so rich in this feature—may well be proud. Their very names, e.g. the "Boar's Head," the "Black Lion," the "White Horse," are as music to the ear of the thirsty or tired traveller with an eye for picturesque antiquity. But one most famous hostelry has gone, Pepys's "Rayne-deere, where Mrs. Aynsworth, who lived heretofore at Cambridge, and whom I knew better than they think for, do live." It has been said above that our old English towns can afford to admit their undesirable associations. Mrs. Aynsworth was Bishop Stortford's blackest sheep. She was expelled from Cambridge—and very properly—as a most disreputable character, a she-wolf among the undergraduate lambs.

The abiding interest of the eastern and north-eastern regions of the county has left us with no space in which to do justice to the Buckinghamshire border. Nor must the traveller on what was formerly the L. & N. W. Railway imagine that he has "seen" it merely because the train traverses this side. Tring, Berkhamsted, and the two Langleys have much that the mere man will appreciate, while for the mere archæologist there is enough and to spare.



Photo by]

UNDER BUNTINGFORD BRIDGE.

[C. Hose, D.Sc., F.R.G.S.]

Buntingford is a market town of considerable antiquity, standing on the Rib 13 miles north of Hertford. It was given a market by Edward III.

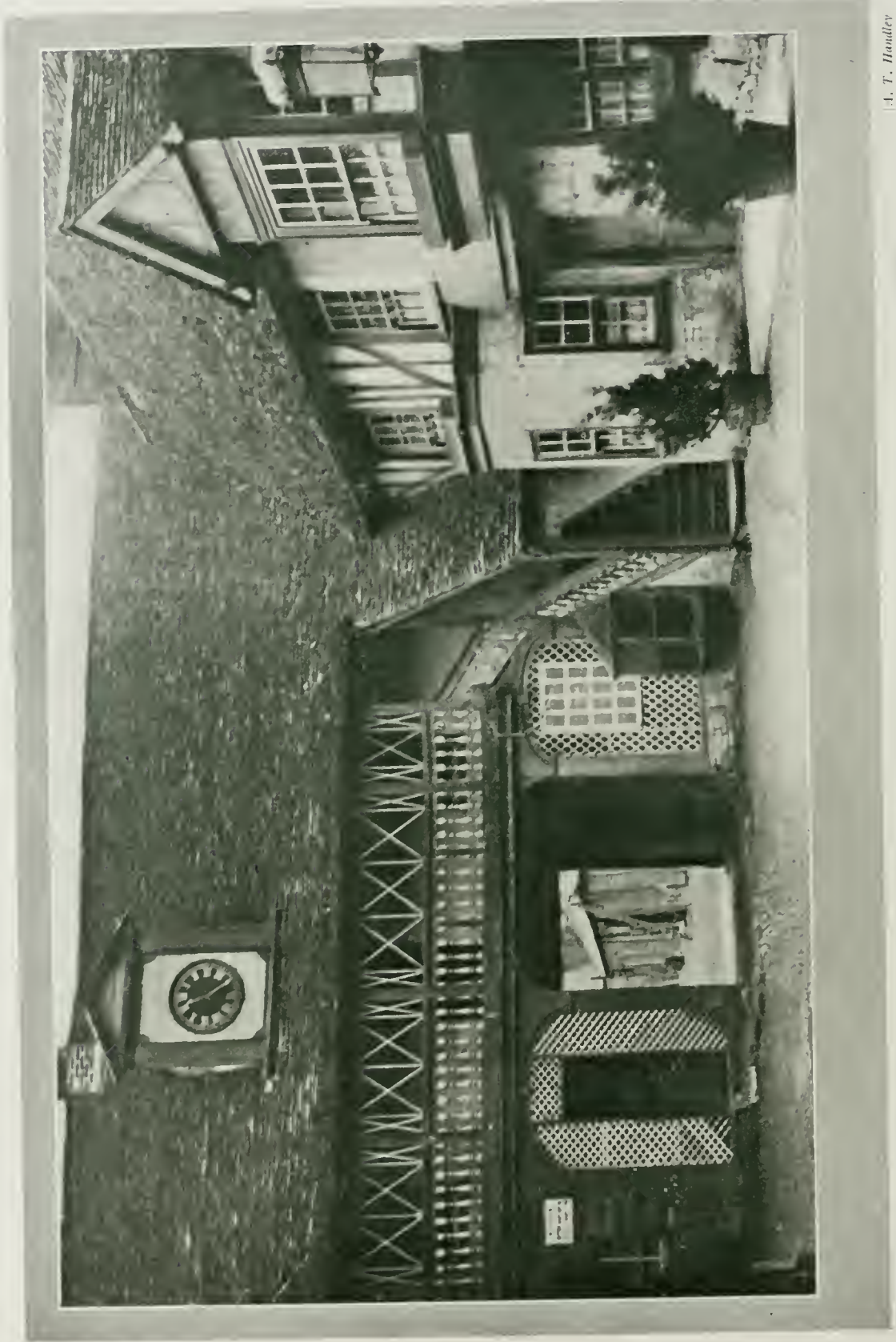


Photo by]

THE COURTYARD, OLD GEORGE INN.

Although this interesting old inn has been largely rebuilt, it still retains its fine galleried courtyard and also some pieces of stone walling which are reputed to be the remains of a church dedicated to St. George.

A. T. Handley



Photo by]

THE NUNS' BRIDGE, HUNTINGDON.

[H. N. King.

This ancient bridge spans the Ouse at Hinchlingbrooke about one mile to the west of Huntingdon. It probably owes its name to the fact that a Benedictine nunnery was founded near here by William the Conqueror.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE

MODERN Huntingdonshire, the *Huntedunescyre* of Saxon times, has been raised out of wood and water. The reclamation of the fens is a matter of a couple of centuries or so, but the disappearance of the forests takes us back at least to the days of Edward I. Leland, the official geographer to Henry VIII, writes that "in old time" the county "was much more woody than it is now, and the dere resortid to the fennes: it is full long sins it was deforestid." It was no doubt when the "dere resortid" that the county gained its name from the sport of hunting. There are still patches of wood in Huntingdonshire, but on the whole it is not well timbered, and its general aspect is that of a quiet agricultural district where towns of any size are conspicuous by their absence. Its scenery is anything but devoid of charm, the charm of a peaceful, colourful English landscape, but without striking features or marked contrasts.

Huntingdon itself will pass as the county town of one of the smallest shires in the country, but judging by standards of population it is only a large village. History seems to have been steadily applying a reducing-glass to the place. It once had a large number of churches, of which only two have survived. It also had a fine castle, of which the only relic is a mound.



Photo by]

ENTRANCE GATEWAY, HINCHLINGBROOKE.

[H. N. King.

Hinchlingbrooke has been largely altered and rebuilt, and is now the seat of the Earl of Sandwich. Given at the Dissolution to the Cromwells, it was the only nunnery in Huntingdonshire.



Photo by]

Herbert Felton.

GODMANCHESTER.

Godmanchester is a town of great antiquity situated about half a mile to the south of Huntingdon. It is supposed by many to be the site of the Roman station of *Duroilipons*.

Its four renowned religious houses have all but vanished without trace. Even Cromwell's birthplace has been rebuilt.

If one asks the why and wherefore of these things, the answer must be pestilence, warfare, and—Henry VIII, for Huntingdon was unaffected by the Industrial Revolution which changed the face of so many of our towns during last century. As Cromwell's soldiers have generally been held responsible for all depredations in the Civil Wars of the seventeenth century, it is only fair to add that Huntingdon furnishes proof that the boot was not always on one leg. Readers of Whitelocke's *Memorials* will remember how he records that "on Sunday last, in the afternoon, the King's forces entered Huntingdon, after some resistance made at the bridge by Captain Bennet, with his foot, till he, his lieutenant, and many of his men, were slain; the King's souldiers miserably plundered



Photo by,

[A. H. Robinson.

OLD HOUSES, GODMANCHESTER.

The town consists mainly of cottages, although it contains several quaint old half-timbered houses. The borough had its first charter during the reign of King John.

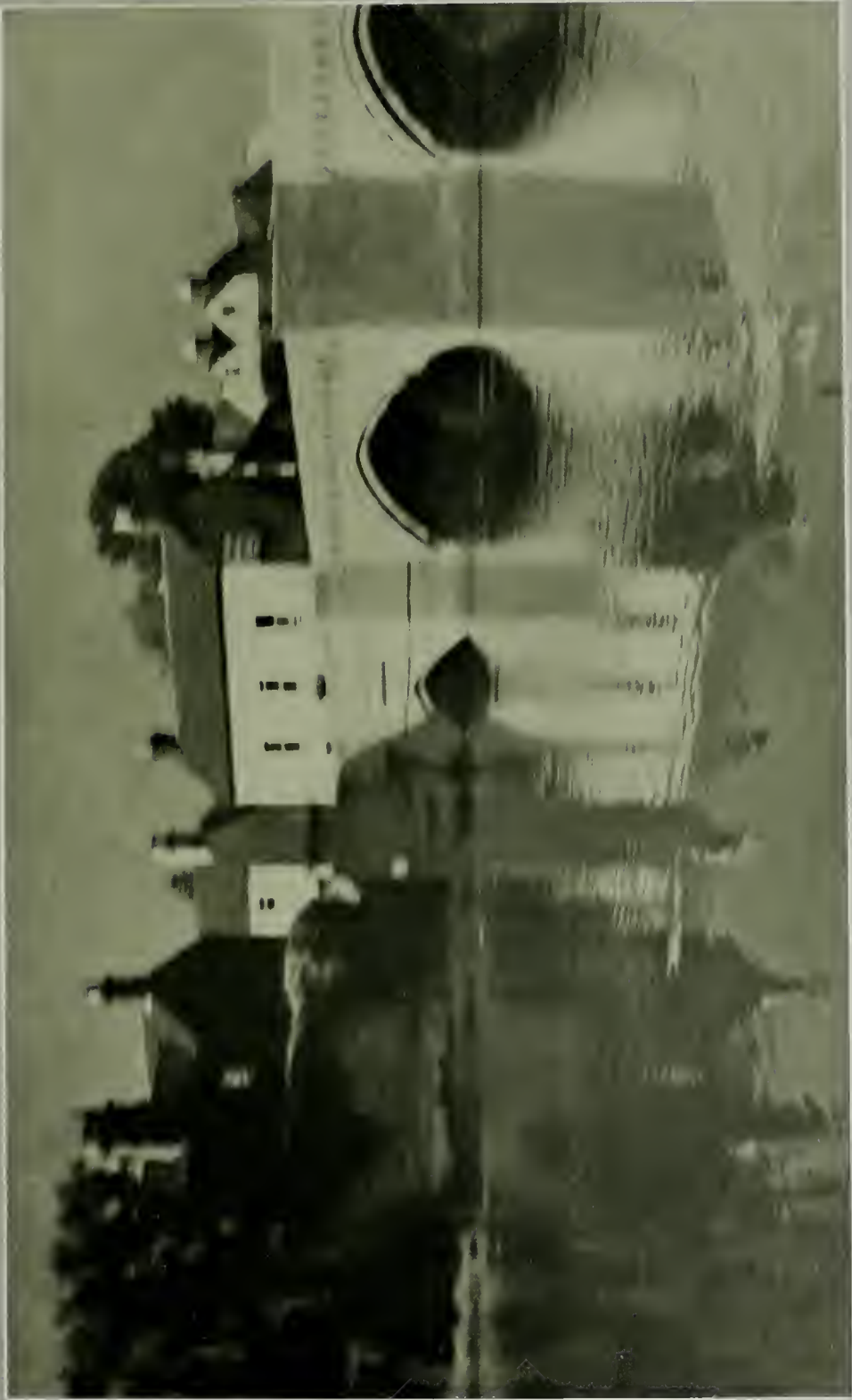


Photo by]

OLD BRIDGE, GODMANCHESTER.

The Great Ouse is spanned at Godmanchester by a fine arched bridge. The most important river in the county, the Ouse rises in Northamptonshire, and flows through three counties before reaching Huntingdon.

[D. M. Robbins.



Photo by]

OLD WATER-MILL, GODMANCHESTER.

[Herbert Felton.

This curious old building is one of the three famous water-mills in the county. Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, Godmanchester had a considerable tanning industry.

the town, and the counties of Bedford and Cambridge, and took away their horses and goods."

The visitor who now seeks for antiquity in the town must be content with its thirteenth-century bridge, the churches of St. Mary's and All Saints, some slight remains of the Hospital of St. John the Baptist, and a few old and not unattractive inns and houses. Of course there is a plentiful crop of picturesque traditions: the story of the infant Oliver Cromwell being carried away over the roofs by an ape being a fair sample. As has been said, the house in which he was born has disappeared and a modern one reigns in its stead, but his uncle's house, "Hinchingbrooke," remains, and though greatly modified and enlarged is still the "show place" of the town. The Hinchingbrooke Cromwells were ardent Royalists. Did not that same uncle, Sir Oliver Cromwell, entertain James I in princely (and literally ruinous) fashion on his progress from Scotland to London in 1603? He even carried his fervour in the cause of Charles I to such a point that he was eventually compelled to sell the house, which thus came into the possession of the family of its present owner. Few old mansions in this country embody a goodlier slice of recorded history.

Just across the Ouse from Huntingdon is Godmanchester, whose claim to be the site of Roman Duroloponis is even more vociferous than that of Huntingdon. A ripe flavour of respectable antiquity have the streets and houses of this pleasant place, a proper setting for an ancient custom which is said to have astonished James I, an incident described thus in an ancient work:



Photo by

HARTFORD CHURCH.

[H. N. King.]

This interesting church is partly Norman and formerly belonged to the Augustinian priory of Huntingdon. It was thoroughly restored in 1861, and it was during this operation that some interesting Norman relics were found, including several stone coffins.

As has been said, the house in which he was born has disappeared and a modern one reigns in its stead, but his uncle's house, "Hinchingbrooke," remains, and though greatly modified and enlarged is still the "show place" of the town. The Hinchingbrooke Cromwells were ardent Royalists. Did not that same uncle, Sir Oliver Cromwell, entertain James I in princely (and literally ruinous) fashion on his progress from Scotland to London in 1603? He even carried his fervour in the cause of Charles I to such a point that he was eventually compelled to sell the house, which thus came into the possession of the family of its present owner.

Few old mansions in this country embody a goodlier slice of recorded history.

Just across the Ouse from Huntingdon is Godmanchester, whose claim to be the site of Roman Duroloponis is even more vociferous than that of Huntingdon. A ripe flavour of respectable antiquity have the streets and houses of this pleasant place, a proper setting for an ancient custom which is said to have astonished James I, an incident described thus in an ancient work:



Photo by

BRAMPTON VILLAGE.

[H. N. King.]

The pretty little village of Brampton lies in a charming situation on the River Ouse, 2 miles south-west of Huntingdon. It was here that Samuel Pepys the famous Diarist resided, and his house may be still seen in the village.

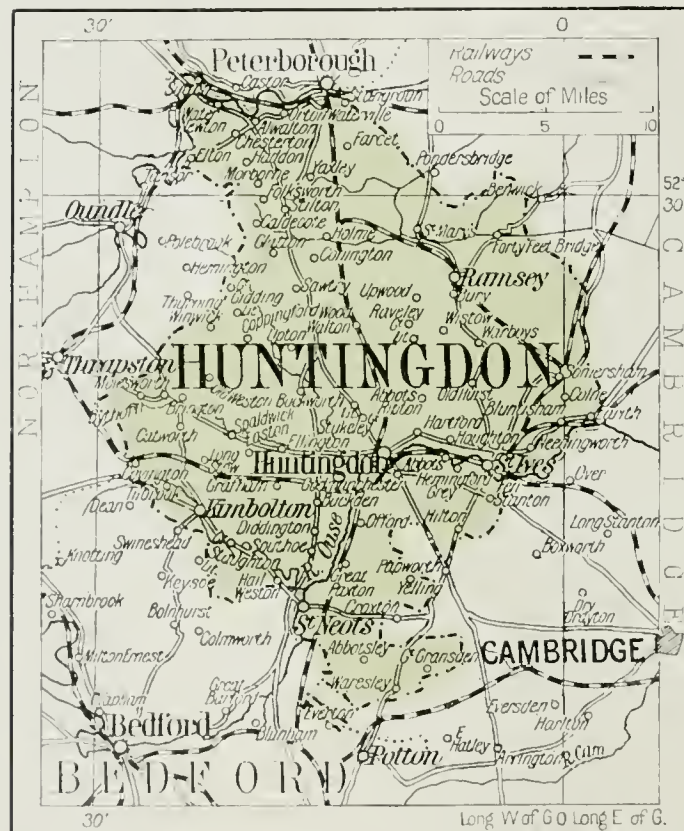
"They met him with seventy new ploughs, drawn by as many teams of horses; and when he inquired the reason he was answered, that they held their lands immediately from the Kings of England, by the tenure of so meeting them on passing through their towne." Godmanchester's passion for originality took other forms, as may be judged from a passage in the Cotton MS. to the effect that "men children shall be of full age, so that they may gyve, sell, or assigne their land and rents, when they come to the age of xx yeares, and women at the age of xvi yeares."

At the neighbouring village of Brampton, in a house which still exists, was perhaps born Samuel Pepys in 1633. A very delightful and interesting picture of this corner of the county can be gleaned from the innumerable references to it in the famous *Diary*, but there is one scene at Brampton which cannot be passed over with a mere generalisation.

It will be remembered that in 1667 there was much talk of a Dutch naval attack on London. Pepys, ever ready to take Time by the forelock, sent his father and wife to Brampton with a large

sum of money to be buried in the garden. When the scare was over the Diarist himself went down to retrieve his worldly treasure. "My father and I with a dark lantern, it being now night, into the garden with my wife, and there went about our great work to dig up my gold. But Lord! what a tosse I was for some time in, that they could not justly tell me where it was; but by and by poking with a spit, we found it and then began with a spudd to lift up the ground. But, good God! to see how sillily they hid it, not half a foot under ground, and in the sight of the world from a hundred places, if any body by accident were near at hand, and within sight of a neighbours' window: only my father says that he saw them all gone to church before he began the work, when he laid the money."

Buckden village is memorable for its substantial remains of Buckden Palace, one of the most frequented residences of the Bishops of Lincoln. The splendid brick tower which is the most striking portion of what is left appears to be the work of Bishop Rotherham, who also, according to Leland, "clene translated the Hall, and did much coste there



COPYRIGHT: GEOGRAPHIA INZALIT^o 55 FLEET STREET LONDON E.C.4
MAP OF HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

beside." His successor, Bishop Russel, built the gate-house. Like Kimbolton, Buckden is associated with the hapless Queen Catherine of Aragon, who was lodged in one of the corner turrets of the tower before her removal to the castle of the Wingfields. There is now a modern house in the grounds, but the most captious critic must admit that, as an *ensemble*, Buckden Palace is still eminently satisfactory.

The ancient castle of Kimbolton has given place to a splendid mansion, in the fashioning of which Sir John Vanbrugh had a great part. In Leland's time it was "double diked, and the building of it metely strong: it longed to the Mandevilles, Erles of Essex. . . . Sir Richard Wingfield built new fair lodgyns and galleries upon the old foundation of the Castle." It was here that poor Catherine, infamously divorced by her brutal husband, came to end her sad days. A century later the house was again in the public eye as the seat of the Parliamentary General, Edward Montagu, Earl of Manchester. He fought with considerable success and distinguished himself particularly at Marston Moor, but then lost influence owing to the greater energy and capacity of Cromwell.



Photo by]

BUCKDEN COTTAGE, BRAMPTON.

For many years Samuel Pepys lived at this picturesque old farmhouse ; some accounts say he was born here, but he was more probably born in London. He lived from 1633 to 1703, and by far his most celebrated work was his famous "Diary," written in cipher and covering ten years of his life.

[A. T. Handley.



Photo by

ST. NEOTS.

This old market town is about 9 miles from the county town, and stands on the Ouse. The river is crossed here by a fine bridge, built about 1589 to replace an ancient timber structure.

[A. H. Robinson.]

He was at length removed from all trust, for no other reason but because he was not wicked enough . . . It was some evidence that God Almighty saw his heart was not so malicious as the rest, that he preserved him to the end of the confusion" (*Clarendon*).

The church of Leighton Bromswold is certainly not to be missed by any explorer of Huntingdonshire: it is interesting both in itself and for its associations. In the early part of the seventeenth century the church was in ruins, and like to have remained in that scandalous condition when the famous George Herbert took its restoration in hand. The work was actually carried out by Herbert and a band of loyal friends which included Nicholas Fer-

rar, of Little Gidding, a man of well-merited renown. The church bears the stamp not only of the seventeenth century, but a particular and most interesting phase of that century, the bitter and prolonged controversy which raged over church ceremonial and forms, and is more particularly associated with the name of Archbishop Laud. The edifice presents the curiosity of a reading-desk

and pulpit of similar shape and size, this being the restorers' solution of the difficulty of avoiding offence to parishioners who put prayer above preaching, and vice versa.

St. Ives is another piece of Cromwell country which has nothing to show for its association with him, for the house, Slepe Hall, to which he removed from Huntingdon, has long since disappeared. Writing of Slepe reminds one that that was the original name of the town, and the manner of the change to its present appellation is curious and worthy of record.

Somewhere about the



Photo by]

[H. Walker.

RUINED GATEWAY, RAMSEY ABBEY.

What little remains of Ramsey Abbey, founded in 969, has been embodied in the modern mansion, which is now the seat of Lord de Ramsey. An important agricultural centre, the market town of Ramsey, is situated about 10 miles to the north of Huntingdon,



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons.

THE RIVER NENE AT RAMSEY.

One of the most important rivers in Huntingdonshire, the Nene rises in Northamptonshire and enters the county at Elton. Previous to the middle of the nineteenth century it passed through several meres, but these—including the one at Ramsey—have all been drained and are now used for agricultural purposes.

year A.D. 600, a Persian archbishop (an exotic phenomenon !), *nomine* Ivo, was engaged in what we should now call a revival mission in this benighted land. His labour of love ended at St. Ives, where death overtook him. Obscurity also, if we may judge from the fact that apparently the very whereabouts of his grave was not certainly known. The centuries rolled on and the manor of Slepe passed to the monks of Ramsey. And then something happened, the telling of which had best be left to an awe-struck mediæval chronicler :

" These things being thus atchieved, it happened that St. Ivo, whom the Ancient of Days, rising from above, and foreknowing, had decreed, before the beginning of the birth of the first day, to visit the Church of Ramsey, to be happily found at the same time. The blessed relics of that holy Archbishop, which venerable antiquity of many ages had entombed in the land of the estate of Slepe, near the



Photo by]

THE OUSE AT ST. IVES.

[H. N. King.

St. Ives owes its name to St. Ivo, a Persian missionary bishop who died here at the end of the sixth century. For a long period the town was under the authority of the Abbots of Ramsey, who founded the old chapel in the centre of this bridge.

channel of the river Ouse, were found, whilst the plougher turned up the bowels of the earth deeper with the plough, compelled by the will of God, with oxen. Cleaving fast to the possession of so great a treasure, which, while all were ignorant whose remains they were, the Saint appearing in a visit by night to a certain honest man of the ville, affirmed to be his own, and directed the discovery to be made known at Ramsey, where three of his companions were also to be found. The Lord Abbot, Aednoth, convinced of the truth of this vision by supernatural testimony, sent for his associate in good works, the Abbot Germanus ; and these two having the precious relics of exalted piety placed upon their shoulders, conveyed them, attended by a great multitude of people, to the church of Ramsey, where, at this day, they shine with renowned miracles."

The site of the miraculous discovery was immediately adorned with a stately church and eventually with a priory, but of these virtually nothing remains.

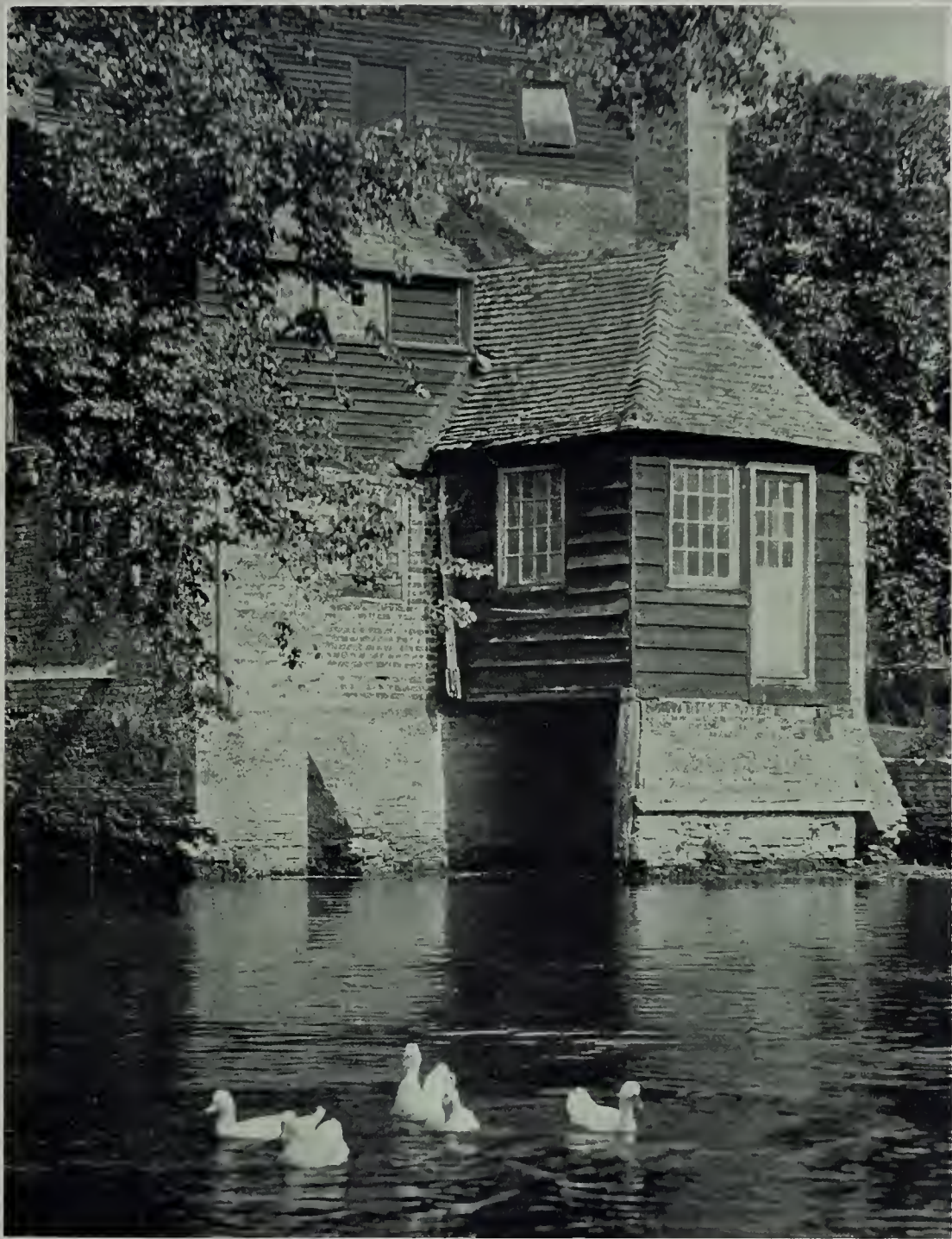


Photo by]

HOUGHTON MILL.

[Herbert Felton.

Houghton village is situated about 3 miles east of Huntingdon. This picturesque mill on the Ouse is one of the most ancient in the county. Huntingdonshire is particularly rich in old mills, which for centuries have been used by farmers for grinding corn for the cattle and other purposes.



Photo by

OLD WINDMILL AT HEMINGFORD GREY.

Herbert Felton.

One of the most charming villages on the Ouse, Hemingford Grey is a great favourite with artists, and this stately old mill is one of their favourite subjects. At Hemingford Grey lived, in the reign of George III, the two beautiful Miss Gunnings, one of whom married in the first place the Duke of Hamilton, and secondly the Duke of Argyll.

The parish church is of some archæological interest, but its greatest curiosity vanished long ago when a tombstone with the following inscription to a "celebrated gamester" was removed or destroyed:

"Here lies the boy of *All Fours*,
Who spent his money, and pawn'd his clothes.
If any one should ask his name,
'Tis highest, lowest, Jack and Game."

Perhaps the most attractive feature of present-day St. Ives is its ancient bridge, with what was once a chapel perched on the middle pier.



Photo by]

THE OUSE AT HEMINGFORD ABBOTS.

[Herbert Fellou.

Situated close to Hemingford Grey, this pretty little village has been named the Mecca of East Anglian Artists, and though the description may sound exaggerated, the beautiful river situation gives it considerable justification.

The Benedictine Abbey of Ramsey was once one of the most renowned religious houses in the country. What remains of it forms an infinitesimal part of a modern residence on the site, and the beautiful gateway still exists in a ruinous but picturesque condition. The story of the founding of Ramsey and its great career, though one of the most interesting pages in the history of the mediæval Church, is too long for inclusion here. Apart from many another claim to fame, it gained eminence as the possessor of an excellent library of Hebrew books—a great rarity. The account of their acquisition is curious: "The synagogues of Huntingdon and Stamford being profaned, all their furniture came under the hammer for sale, together with their treasures of books: but when Gregory" [a Ramsey monk who was learned in the Hebrew tongue] "understood of this auction, he hastily repaired to it from his adjoining monastery, with a good sum of money, and readily at the fixed price purchased their gold for his brass, and returned home in high spirits."

The church of Ramsey has fine Norman work, somewhat of a rarity in the county, and somewhere within its precincts lie the remains of Sir Oliver Cromwell—that uncle of the Lord Protector who removed here after ruining himself in the Royalist cause—and his fourth son, Major William Cromwell, who is said to have schemed to assassinate his great cousin. After the Restoration he “died of the plague at Ramsey, in the morning of February the twenty-third [1666]. . . . He caught the infection by wearing a coat, the cloth of which came from London; and the taylor that made the coat, with all his family, died of the same terrible disorder, as did no less than 400 people in Ramsey, as appears by the Register, and all owing to this fatal coat.”

Warboys village possesses a church with a splendid Early English spire, but its fame rests on its *cause célèbre*, the trial of the Samwells. Those interested in one of the most hideous perversions of



Photo by]

[H. N. King.

HEMINGFORD MILL.

The names of many of the Huntingdonshire villages have an appropriate meaning. Hemingford, for instance, is the ford near which the Hemings lived. The water-mill here dates from the time of Richard I.

justice recorded in legal annals should read the account in a pamphlet published in 1693 and entitled: *The most strange and admirable Discoverie of the three Witches of Warboys, arraigned, convicted, and executed, at Huntingdon, in this County, for the bewitching the five Daughters of Robert Throckmorton, Esquire, and divers other Persons, with sundrie devilish and grievous Torments; and also for bewitching unto Death, the Lady Cromwell: the like hath not been heard of in this Age.*

Whittlesey Mere, north of Ramsey, has ceased to have any title to that description since the middle of the nineteenth century, when this last of the fen region lakes was drained. And no ordinary lake was Whittlesea Mere, if we may trust old Holland's statement that “it doth sometimes, in calms and faire weather, sodainly rise tempestuously, as it were into violent water-quakes, to the danger of the poore fishermen”; and still more if Camden is right in his account of the mighty storm which all but drowned the “sons and servants of Canute.”



Photo by]

SUNSET AT INVERNESS.

[Judges', Ltd.

The capital of the county, Inverness is situated at the mouth of the River Ness at the junction of the Moray and Beaulie Firths. Judging by its modern and airy appearance it is hard to believe that the town dates back to the twelfth century, when it was made a royal burgh by William the Lion.



Photo by

RIVER BEAULY, NEAR INVERNESS.

Judges', Ltd.

The Beauly River is formed by the union of the Farrer and Glass Rivers near Erchless Castle, and has a total length of about 10 miles. It flows into the Beauly Firth at Beauly, and at its mouth some fine salmon fishing may be obtained.

INVERNESS-SHIRE

AN attempt to compress an account of the manifold beauties and interests of this magnificent highland county into the space necessitated by the scale of this work is a most difficult task, lightened perhaps by the reflection that BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL is not a geography, much less a guide-book. If the writer can stir his readers with a wild desire to see how Nature, in her untamed and imposing loveliness, can look in this famous region, and prime them with a store of literary and political associations and other incidental lore such as brings dead things to life, he will have courage to think that his main purpose has been achieved.

Inverness, the capital of the county and, as many say, the capital of the Highlands, enjoys a situation which has been the theme of many a rhapsody. Even Ruskin, who ever sighed, consciously or unconsciously, for the colour of the south, was pleased to remark that it was "by the shore of one of the loveliest estuaries in the world ; placed between the crests of the Grampians and the flowing of



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons.

THE AFFRIC RIVER AND SGURR NA LAPAICH.

That part of the River Glass which flows out of Loch Affric is known as the River Affric. The loch is 7 miles long and averages about a mile wide. Its deep waters abound in many different kinds of fish, and the surrounding strath is noted for its beautiful scenery. The Sgurr na Lapaich Mountain (3,773 feet) is 3 miles south of Loch Monar.

the Moray Firth, as if it were a jewel clasping the folds of the mountains to the blue zone of the sea." With the approval of the Victorian prophet the county capital may well consider that the seal has been set on its fame.

The town itself is pleasant enough, though the course of a not unexciting history has obliterated most of the memorials of the past. Of those that are left perhaps the most eloquent are the scanty remnants of the strong fort which Cromwell built in 1652, partly to overawe the malcontents but also as a centre of light, leading, and godly life. Readers of Carlyle will remember a memorable passage in *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches* : "' Scotland,' thus testifies a competent eye-witness, ' was kept in great order. Some Castles in the Highlands had garrisons put into them, which were so careful of their discipline, and so exact to their rules,' the wild Highlanders were wonderfully tamed thereby. Cromwell built three Citadels, Leith, Ayr, and Inverness, besides many little Forts, over Scotland. Seven or eight thousand men, well paid, and paying well ; of the strictest habits, military, spiritual and moral : these it was everywhere a kind of Practical Sermon to take note of ! "

The Cromwellian garrison must have been something more than a "Practical Sermon," if we may follow the authorities, who maintain that the excellent English now spoken by the citizens was originally taught to their Gaelic-speaking ancestors by the foreign soldiers in their midst.

The ancient castle, which played no mean part in the history of the county, was blown up by Prince Charles Edward in 1746. Military reasons he could no doubt urge for his action, though it showed a lack of historic sense. One would fain see some relic of the stronghold which succeeded the castle in which Duncan perished at the hands of Macbeth, the stronghold which once defied Mary Queen of

Scots, and paid for its temerity with the life of its governor. But it has gone and the existing "castle," which looks so agreeably mediæval, is only an impostor dating from the first half of the last century.

"Queen Mary's House" still remains as a link with the boisterous year 1652, when that beautiful and imperious lady was refused admittance to the Castle. Another ancient relic is a curious stone,

incorporated in the Town Cross, which is known as the "Clach-na-Cuddin," or "Stone of the Tubs." And thereby hangs a tale. For in ancient days, when water-mains and such like were in the lap of the gods, the water-supply of the town had to be drawn from the river, and involved the coming and going of many tub-laden youths and maidens. What more natural than that they should lighten their labours by a rest at the stone which lay in their track?

One of the greatest celebrities of the town is the hill of Tomnahurich, the "Hill of the Fairies," where one of the world's best cemeteries is to be seen. But he who imagines that Tomnahurich is merely a place of melancholy



Photo by]

THE RIVER SPEY AND CAIRNGORM.

[Valentine & Sons.

Rising 8 miles from Loch Lochy and flowing 107 miles to the Moray Firth at Kingston, the Spey is the most rapid river in Scotland, and ranks second only to the Tay in length and volume. On its course along the Banffshire border it passes the Cairngorm Mountain (4,084 feet), seen in the photograph.



Photo by

URQUHART CASTLE, LOCH NESS.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

The ruins of Urquhart Castle stand on a peninsula overlooking Loch Ness, 15 miles from Inverness. The building dates from the fourteenth century, and tradition attributes its erection to the Comyns. Its purpose was undoubtedly the protection of the Highlands against invasion by the natives of Ross and Moray, and in its time it was evidently an extensive fortress of great strength.



Photo by]

THE FALLS OF FOYERS, LOCH NESS.

[Valentine & Sons.

Much has been written about the Foyers River and these beautiful falls, which are situated amid some of the most romantic scenery in Scotland. In 1895 they were acquired by a factory for water-power, and the bulk of the water is now diverted through leaden pipes. In describing the spot in its natural state Professor Wilson says, "The Fall of Foyers is the most magnificent cataract out of all sight and hearing, in Britain."

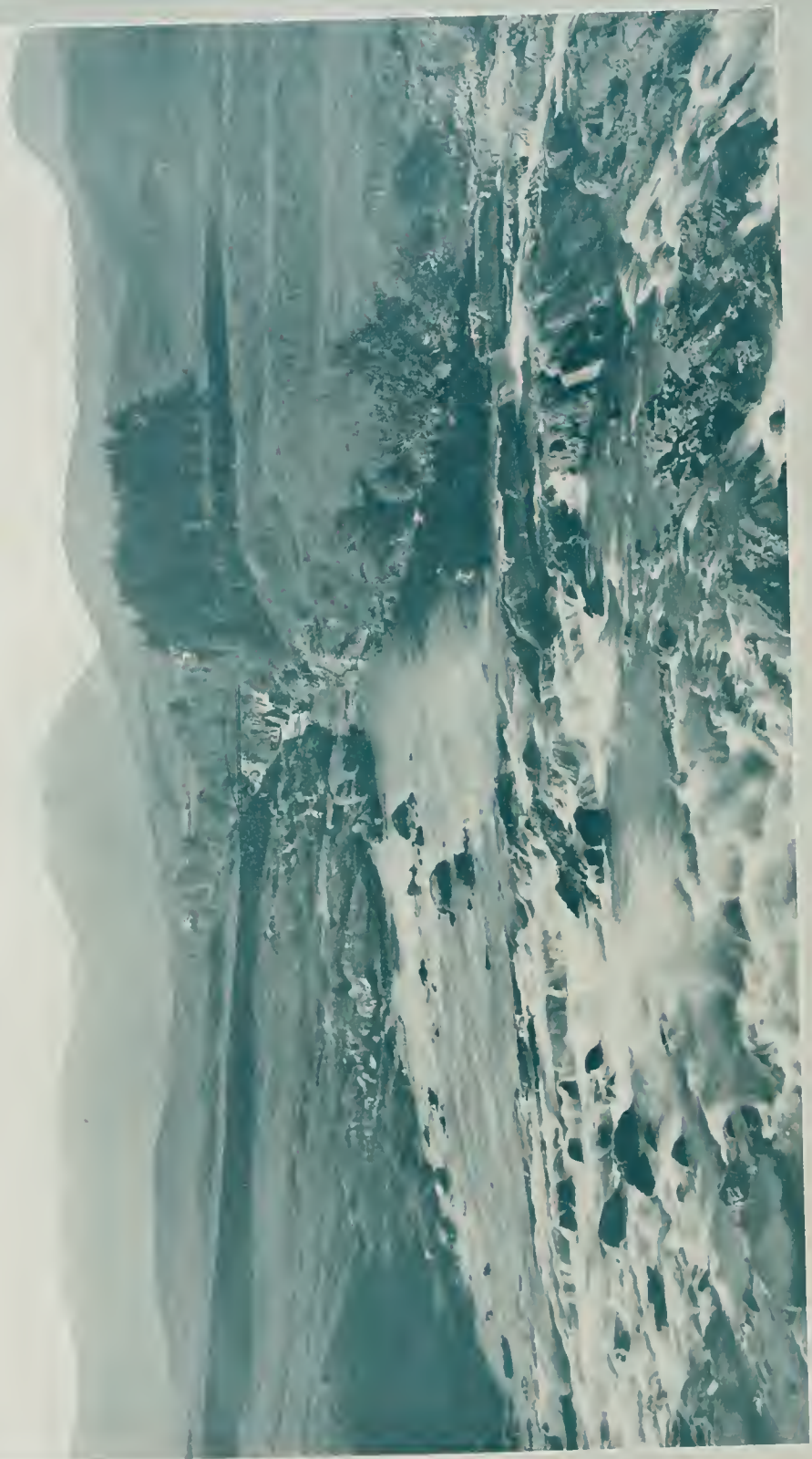


Photo by

GLEN SPEAN AT INVERLAIR.

The pretty glen of the Spean River stretches from Loch Laggan 20 miles south and west to the River Lochy. At its upper part near Inverlair—a country seat—the glen becomes much narrower.



Photo by]

INVERLOCHY CASTLE, FORT WILLIAM.

[A. H. Robinson.

Little remains of this one-time important castle but the mere shell, standing near the mouth of the River Lochy. Its exact age is somewhat obscure, but tradition upholds its antiquity by stating that a treaty was signed here between Charlemagne and King Achaius in the eighth century. The present ruins are evidently of a later date.

memories is grievously mistaken. It is a part of fairyland itself, and the mass of fairy lore which has grown up around it is approaching the dimensions of a literature.

One of the best of the fairy legends associated with Tomnahurich is the story of two strolling players, Grant and Cumming, who were beguiled into the interior of the hill by the legendary Thomas the Rhymer on a promise of a large reward for performing for one night at a fairy festival. But the "one night" turned out to be a hundred years, and when the two men returned to Inverness they found a town and generation that knew them not, but regarded them as maniacs returned from the dead.

Not far away is a cemetery of a very different kind where the gallant dead of Culloden field have mingled their dust with the earth of Drummoisie Moor. Considering that Culloden was the last action fought in Great Britain, and that it sealed the fate of an ancient dynasty (not to mention the destinies of an attractive but unbalanced young man), it is rather surprising that the inscription on the principal cairn should run so unemotionally :

THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN
 WAS FOUGHT ON THIS MOOR,
 16TH APRIL, 1746.

The region due west of Inverness is one of the grandest parts of the Highlands—such names as the Beauly River, Druim Pass, Strath Glass, and Glen Affric need no introduction—but a volume would be required to do justice to its manifold beauties and we must now strike south-west by the far-famed Caledonian Canal.



Photo by]

FORT WILLIAM.

[A. H. Robinson.

The original fort was erected by General Monk during Cromwell's regime [to exterminate the elusive Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel, who continued to defy the Commonwealth long after the other chieftains had given in. The fort was rebuilt in a smaller form during the reign of William III, and has extensive barracks. The adjacent town, lying under the towering Ben Nevis, has grown up round the fort.

Loch Ness, the statisticians tell us, is the largest volume of fresh water in Great Britain, a statement that only becomes impressive when one remembers that its width never exceeds a mile and a half. But it is mighty deep, nearly eight hundred feet in the middle; hence the fact that it has never been known to freeze. A more attractive but less plausible explanation is that the waters of the lake are always kept in motion by earthquake shocks in various parts of the world!

Earthquakes or no earthquakes, Loch Ness is a true slice of dreamland, and as dreams mock at plain prose no attempt will be made here to describe its beauties, the beauties of its silvery *nappe* (an untranslatable but oh so expressive word!) and the noble hills that sweep down to the water's edge. Meal-fourvonie, with its height of over twenty-two hundred feet, would indeed scoff at being styled a "hill," and the spirit of the noble mountain must be placated with an addendum that it is only a "hill" by



Photo by

MONAINE FALLS, FORT WILLIAM.

[Sport & General.

Situated near Fort William, this pretty waterfall is typical of the wild and romantic scenery to be found in the picturesque glens which are so numerous in this part of the county.

comparison with the three-thousand-foot monsters of which the county can give so impressive a display.

Drumnadrochit, one-third of the way down from the Inverness end, is a little village with a great reputation. It stands at the mouth of lovely Glen Urquhart, the inspiration of more than one lyrical outburst. It even moved solid John Bright to a triumph of doggerel which he perpetrated in the visitors' book kept at the old Drumnadrochit Inn:

" In Highland glens, 'tis far too oft observed,
That man is chased away and game preserved,
Glen Urquhart is to me a lovelier glen—
Here deer and grouse have not supplanted men."



Photo by]

ON BEN NEVIS.

This curious cloud effect was obtained from the top of Ben Nevis, 4,406 feet above sea-level. The mountain is the highest in Great Britain, and its summit forms a sloping plateau of nearly a hundred acres, while the base has a circumference of well over 24 miles.

[Valentine & Sons.



Photo by]

CORPACH AND BEN NEVIS.

The village of Corpach lies on the north bend of Loch Eil at the southern extremity of the Caledonian Canal, 3 miles north-west of Fort William.

[Judges', Ltd.



Photo by]

[A. H. Robinson.

PRINCE CHARLES'S MONUMENT, LOCH SHIEL.

Prince Charles first raised his standard here in 1745 on his gallant attempt to recover the throne. This column was built by Alexander Macdonald to commemorate his bravery; it was finished after his death in 1815 and so also becomes a monument to its founder.

And in 1860 the humorist of the day wrote to *Punch* (apropos of the village) in the following terms : " The inn whence these lines are dated faces a scene which, happily, is not too often to be observed in this planet. I say happily, sir, because we are all properly well aware that this world is a vale of tears, in which it is our duty to mortify ourselves and make everybody else as uncomfortable as possible. If there were many places like Drumnadrochit, persons would be in fearful danger of forgetting that they ought to be miserable."

Urquhart Castle, on a tongue of land which projects into the lake at this point, is as picturesque as its exceedingly ruinous state allows. In its present form it dates from the time of Edward I, who transformed its predecessor, a stronghold the siege of which is associated with an attractive story of heroism and husbandly love. The Scottish garrison, it is said, were reduced to their last crust, and the only thought of the Governor, who knew that no mercy could be expected on surrender, was how he could save his wife from the general massacre which would follow. The lady was therefore clad in rags as a beggar and driven forth contemptuously from the gates, for all the world as if she were merely a superfluous mouth to feed when supplies were running short. The English took her for what she purported to be, and as soon as the Governor saw that she had escaped he and his men came out boldly to meet their death.

The far-famed Falls of Foyers are the next " celebrity " on our trip down (or should it be " up " ?) Loch Ness. There are two falls, and, as is probably well known, they have been turned to commercial purposes, somewhat to their detriment. But the greater fall, seen under favourable circumstances, is still a noble sight, and it is not difficult to realise the impression it made on the mind of Burns :



Photo by]

[A. H. Robinson.

ARISAIG.

Arisaig village takes its name from a promontory on the west coast of the mainland opposite the island of Elgg and between Loch Morar and Loch Aylor. The village itself stands on the north shore of Lochnanuagh at a short distance from the rugged and mountainous coast.

" Among the heathy hills and ragged woods,
 The roaring Foyers pours his mossy floods,
 Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
 Where through a shapeless breach his stream resounds . . . "

and so forth. Not in the best Burns' manner, perhaps, but still a notable tribute.

A little farther down a beautiful glen debouches at Invermoriston, and the southern end of the loch is soon reached at Fort Augustus. If ever there was a case of swords being beaten into ploughshares it is here, for all that is left of the fort which General Wade built after the first Jacobite rebellion in 1715 is now incorporated in the buildings of a modern Benedictine Abbey.



Photo by

MORAR FALLS, MORAR.

[A. H. Robinson.

These picturesque falls are situated in the Morar district, which occupies an area of the coast between Loch Nevis to the north and Arisaig. The territory is divided into North and South Morar by Loch Morar, which is 1,017 feet in depth, making it the deepest loch in Scotland.

Loch Oich, besides its own remarkable natural beauties, has two celebrities to exhibit. One is the highly picturesque ruin of Invergarry Castle, with memories of "Bonny Prince Charlie" (who took refuge here on the night after the disaster of Culloden) and his conqueror, the Duke of Cumberland, to whose guns the castle owes its present dilapidated state. The other place of pilgrimage in this quarter is the curious monument known as the *Tober-nan-Ceann*, or "Well of the Heads." The seven human heads carved at the top and the inscription—in English, French, Latin, and Gaelic—on the sides tell its story well enough:

"As a memorial to the ample and summary vengeance which in the swift course of Feudal justice, inflicted by the orders of the Lord Macdonnell and Aross overtook the perpetrators of the foul murder of the Keppoch family, a branch of the powerful and illustrious Clan of which his Lordship was the chief, this monument is erected by Colonel Macdonnell of Glengarry, XVII Mac-Mhic



Photo by]

SUNSET ON THE ISLE OF EIGG.

Eigg Island lies about 8 miles off the coast west of Arisaig. The small population are chiefly engaged in cattle-raising. The island contains interesting remains of Danish forts, an old Popish chapel, and a barrow which is reputed to be the burial-place of Donnán, the tutelary saint of Eigg.

[*A. H. Robinson.*



Photo by

NEAR PORTREE, ISLE OF SKYE.

Portree is the seaport capital of the Skye group of the Hebrides. It stands at the head of Loch Portree, and its fine natural harbour is completely landlocked. The moorish nature of the island makes it very suitable for the rearing of sheep and cattle, and a number are exported every year.

[C. Reil.]

Alastair, his successor and representative, in the year of our Lord 1812. The heads of the seven murderers were presented at the feet of the noble chief in Glengarry Castle after having been washed in this spring, and ever since that event, which took place early in the sixteenth century, it has been known by the name 'Tobar-nan-Ceann,' or the Well of the Heads."

The Caledonian Canal meets the sea near Fort William, under the very brow of mighty Ben Nevis, the highest but by no means the finest of British mountains. All traces of the fort, originally built by General Monk and subsequently reconstructed by William III, have now vanished, for the coming of the railway speedily converted Fort William from a military post into a busy centre of tourist traffic.

Old Inverlochry Castle has received better treatment at the hands of Fate, for even in ruin it



Photo by]

IN THE ISLE OF SKYE.

[C. Reid.

Skve is chiefly characterised by its beautiful mountain and cliff scenery. The island is the largest in the Inner Hebrides, having a length of 48 miles. The inhabitants are chiefly engaged in the important fisheries and in the breeding of black cattle and sheep.

is impressive and picturesque. It seems probable that it was originally built by Edward I to overawe the wild Highlanders, but nothing very noteworthy seems to have marked its career until February 2, 1645, when a fierce action was fought beneath its walls between Montrose and the Earl of Argyll. The latter entirely failed to distinguish himself; in fact, he viewed the fight from a boat in Loch Linnhe, and there can be little doubt that this pusillanimous conduct contributed in no small degree to the discomfiture of his force. It was after this victory that Montrose wrote to Charles I, announcing that he would soon be on English soil with an army of deliverance. Great results can be traced to small causes. That letter induced Charles to break off the negotiations then in progress at Uxbridge, a step which led almost immediately to the complete ruin of his cause, and a loss of faith in his *bona fides* which was to be far more disastrous than many lost battles.



INVERNESS-SHIRE.



Photo by]

CASTLE MOIL, SKYE.

This is one of the historical remains on the rugged coast-line of Skye. In different parts of the island there are also numerous ruins of Danish watch-towers or forts.

H. J. Smith.



Photo by]

LOCH EPORT, NORTH UIST.

The whole of the coastline of North Uist is indented with sea lochs and bays. Loch Eport runs 6 miles inland on the west side, close to Lochmaddy, the chief town.

[Valentine & Sons.

Between the Caledonian Canal and the Spey Valley lies the magnificent group of the Monadhliath Mountains, a fine, wild region replete with all the features that make up real "Highland" scenery. It was here and in the district of Badenoch that the stoutest and most prolonged resistance was offered to the advance of civilisation and progress from the south and east. This indeed is a fitting theatre for such a drama of intertribal conflict as is associated with Castle Raits. The story might have come straight from the Italy of the *Quattrocento*. Comyn, the Lord of Raits, being bent upon the destruction of the Macphersons, invited them to dine, and placed each Macpherson next to one of his own followers. The signal for the massacre was to be the appearance of the boar's head. Unfortunately for the Comyns, the Macphersons got wind of their hospitable attentions, and when the appetising dish was brought in they got their blow in first, with the result that all the hosts weltered in their blood, while all the guests rejoiced exceedingly.

It is to be feared that the ordinary traveller by the Highland Railway to Inverness does not see the finest and wildest portion of the country, though even the scenery glimpsed from a railway carriage would pass as magnificent in any other part of the world.

The country also includes some of the best of the western islands, notably Rum, Eigg, Skye, and the two Uists. All of them are worth a visit, but Skye stands apart. The extraordinary contortions of its coast, the brooding melancholy of Loch Coruisk, and the sombre magnificence of its mountains are the elements of a spectacle which Nature may have matched, but never surpassed.



Photo by]

KIESSIMULL CASTLE, BARRA.

This old castle stands on the Barra promontory at the southern extremity of the Isle of Bernera.

[Valentine & Sons.



Photo by]

THE SOUND OF RAASAY.

The Sound of Raasay separates Skye from Raasay Island and varies in breadth from 1 to 5 miles.

[Valentine & Sons.



Photo by]

WATER-WHEEL IN GROUDLE GLEN, DOUGLAS.

[Valentine & Sons

This picturesque glen opens on to Port Groudle Harbour, 3 miles north-east of Douglas. This photograph is typical of the striking scenery to be found in the vicinity of the capital



Photo by]

THE MONKS' BRIDGE, BALLASALLA.

This interesting old bridge was built by the monks of the Abbey of Rushen. These monks are of the Cistercian order and originally came from Furness Abbey. The extreme narrow width of the bridge is explained by the fact that it was built mainly for mule transport.

[Jaggart.



Photo by]

SCARLETT ROCKS, CASTLETOWN.

[Valentine & Sons.

Before the year 1265 Castletown was the chief seat of the Kings of Man. As a port the town has little trade on account of its shallow harbour, which abounds in rocks.

ISLE OF MAN

ROBERTSON begins his *Tour through the Isle of Man* (1794) in a tone appropriate to an intrepid explorer introducing a wild, barbarous, and practically undiscovered region to the notice of an awe-inspired public. Perhaps such a method of literary approach was inevitable at a time when the island was about as remote from the midland counties of England as, say, Turkey is to-day, and a sea-voyage was what Dr. Johnson once called the unpleasantness of being in prison with the additional unpleasantness of the risk of drowning. In this happy twentieth century the manufacturing towns of northern England send their citizens to the "I.O.M." in countless thousands every summer; the Oldham operatives probably know far more about the geography of Douglas than that of Manchester; the Irish Sea is all but black with the scudding pleasure-steamers. The moral

of which is that the biographer of the Isle of Man has a task that is at once fallaciously easy and elusively difficult. He has only to paint the portrait of a well-known and well-remembered friend; but he has also to bring out the subtle features which even the most ardent admirers have undoubtedly missed, the cast of countenance which makes this island so very much more than a tripper's paradise. For it is much to be feared that the august visitor gets his entertainment more from his kind than his natural environment. A casual visit to St. Patrick's Isle at Peel or Castle Rushen at Castletown may awaken a temporary suspicion that if nothing more than dancing-halls and bathing-machines is necessary to create a heaven, there is no



Photo by]

CASTLETOWN HARBOUR AND RUSHEN CASTLE.

[Taggart.

Castletown was the former capital of the island and is built round Castle Rushen, which was once the abode of the Kings of Man. The castle has been kept in a perfect state of preservation and is now a show-place.



Photo by]

ROCKS AT LANGNESS POINT.

Langness is a T-shaped peninsula about a mile and a half long, forming the eastern arm of Castletown Bay. It is connected with the mainland by a narrow isthmus dividing Castletown Bay and Derby Haven.

Valentine & Sons.



1. 1. 1. 1.

CANTERBURY FROM STURRY WOODS.

From Sturry, 2 miles north-east of Canterbury, a splendid distant view of this picturesque city may be obtained, dominated as it is by its magnificent cathedral and surrounded by meadows and hop-gardens. Canterbury is one of our most ancient towns. It was known to the Romans as "Durovernum", and to the Saxons as "Cantwarabyrig."

1. 1. 1. 1.

need to cross the sea to find it. But the fit of intelligent curiosity is usually a short-lived sensation ! The writer hopes that this survey may do something to prolong it.

Castletown is a good point at which to enter the ancient land which old Robertson found so strange and thrilling. For one thing it has steadily refused to disfigure its ancient face by accumulating boarding-houses and other badges of "civilisation." Its population has declined, and its castle and an air of dignity are about all that is left to remind the visitor that it was once the administrative capital of the island.

Rushen Castle is still one of the most illuminating feudal fortresses left to us. Owing to the hardness of the stone of which it is built it looks curiously new, though it certainly dates back to Norman times, and perhaps earlier. It is all very plain, bare, and grim. The keep "frowns" in the approved style, the dungeon is as dank, gloomy, and sunless as the most fervent mediævalist could desire, and even the "State Apartments" show that their occupants put security well before comfort. The number of popular stories that have grown up round this fortress is legion. Perhaps the best is a wondrous tale, a belief in which seems to have been regarded as a test of sanity and patriotism, as Walrond tells us that "ridiculous as the narration may appear, whoever seems to disbelieve it is looked on as a person of weak faith."

In the days before Merlin, so the story runs, the castle was inhabited by fairies, who were driven out by giants. Most of the latter were in turn expelled by a magician, who bound the rest in eternal spells in subterranean chambers. The truth of this fact was proved to demonstration by a bold person who obtained permission to explore for himself. This gentleman made his way down a long and dreary underground passage, at the end of which he came to a beautiful house. Through this he passed and down another gloomy tunnel to a second house, even finer than the first. Lamps were burning in every room, and he summoned up courage to peep through a window. What he saw was "a vast table of black marble, and on it extended, at full length, a man, or rather monster; for, by his account,



Photo by!

CASTLE RUSHEN, CASTLETOWN.

[Taggart.]

The present building is believed to date from the thirteenth century in the time of Magnus. Part of it is now used as the seat of legislature. The most famous of its many prisoners was Bishop Willson, who was confined here in 1722.

he could not be less than fourteen feet long, and ten or eleven round the body. This prodigious fabric lay as if sleeping, with his head on a book, and a sword by him, of a size answerable to the hand which it is supposed made use of it." After seeing this horrific spectacle our explorer had, in vulgar parlance, "had enough," and was only too glad to return by the way he came.

But if all this is pleasant moonshine, there is nothing unhistorical about the associations of the castle with the Earl of Derby, whose reply to Ireton's deferential summons to surrender the island in 1649 has become a classic:

"I scorn your proffers; I disdain your favors; I abhor your treasons; and am so far from delivering this Island to your advantage, that I will keep it to the utmost of my power to your destruction. Take this final answer, and forbear any further solicitations; for if you trouble me with any more messages upon this occasion, *I will burn the paper, and hang the bearer.*"

Two years later this dauntless warrior was captured and executed in England, but his wife made



COPYRIGHT

GEOGRAPHIA 1923 L^{TO} 55 FLEET STREET LONDON E.C.4

MAP OF THE ISLE OF MAN.

preparations to defend Castle Rushen, and was only prevented from persisting in her design by a Manxman, Captain Christian, who induced the garrison to surrender the fortress to save the island the horrors of war. The Countess never forgave him, and after the Restoration he was shot on Hango Hill, a mound hard by which is now on the very edge of the sea. It is recorded that Christian "died most penitently and courageously, made a good end, prayed earnestly, made an excellent speech, and the next day was buried in the chancell of Kirk Malew."

The oft-told tale that there is an underground passage between Rushen Abbey and Rushen Castle

carries the mind back to another piece of Manx history—or perhaps we should say tradition so firmly rooted as to have taken on the colour of history. It is the story of wicked King Reginald of Man and his well-merited death at the hands of the Knight Ivar.

The knight was in love with a maiden—young and beautiful, of course—Matilda by name. His affection was returned, and though she was of comparatively humble birth Ivar regarded that as no obstacle to their union. The last barrier which separated them from eternal bliss was the royal consent, and consent was apparently never granted without inspection of the bride-to-be. This particular inspection had an unexpected and disconcerting result; the outrageous sovereign immediately conceived a violent passion for Matilda, incontinently banished the knight on a trumped-up charge of crime, and immured the hapless lady in a remote chamber of Rushen Castle until such time as despair might induce her to yield to his will. Ivar, finding all his attempts to secure redress of no avail, became a monk and entered Rushen Abbey. He had long given her up for lost when one day, in one of his aimless and melancholy walks in the Abbey grounds, he discovered the entrance to a secret subterranean passage. Following up his discovery he explored

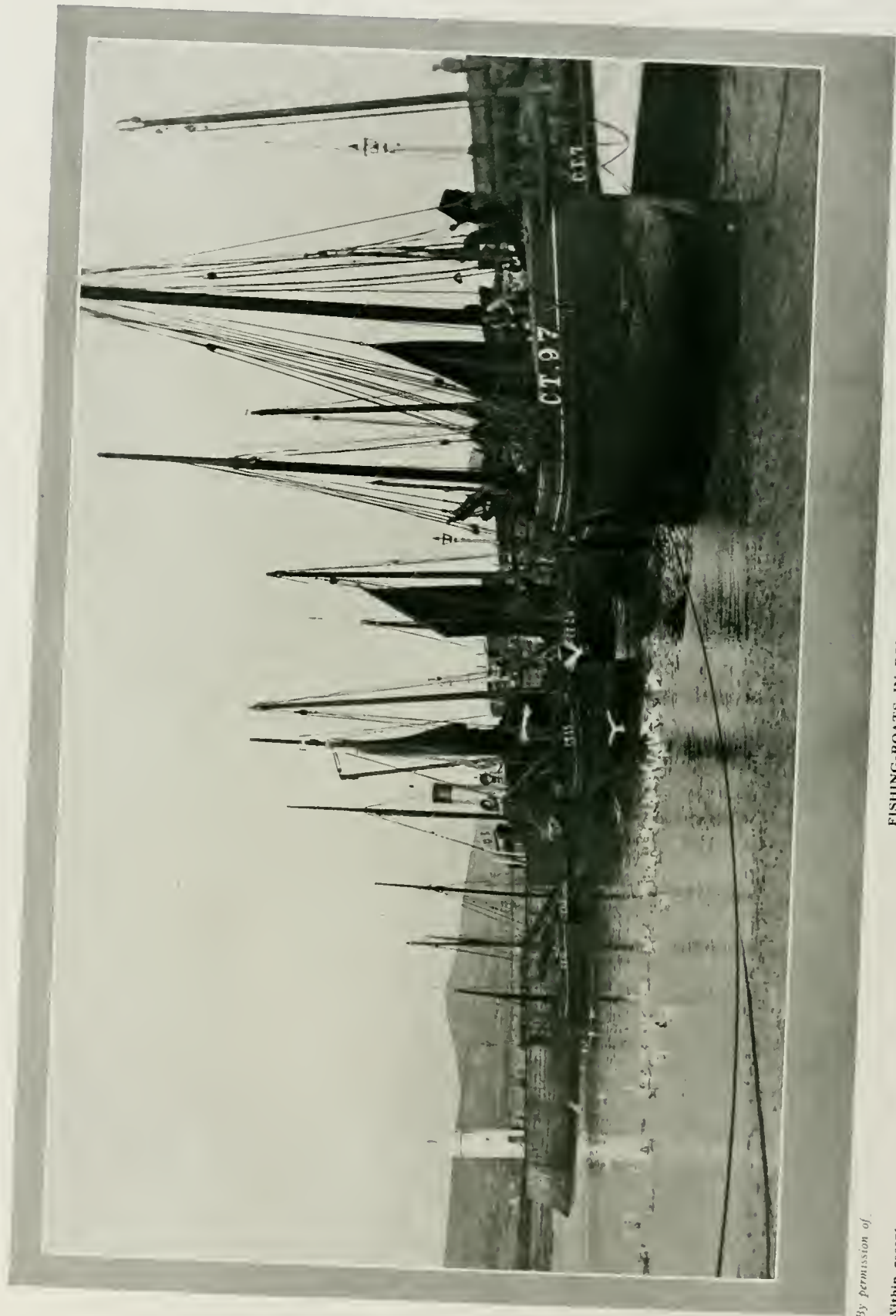


Photo by]

NATURAL ARCH, LANGNESS.

The peninsula terminates in skerries at Langness Point. The chief characteristic of this part of the coast is the number of bays. Out of twelve five are on the south coast.

[Valentine & Sons.



By permission of

Within recent years the herring fishery has greatly declined in the island, and St. Mary is no longer chiefly dependent on this and her net industries for her source of revenue. When herrings were plentiful in this part of the Irish Sea the port had a fleet of about 250 inggters.

L.O.M. Information Bureau,

for a great distance, until he at length heard the scream of a female in distress proceeding from the other side of the wall, in which there was a convenient chink. What the agonised voice said was, "Mother of God, save Matilda!" and what the chink revealed was *his* Matilda on the point of being overpowered by the ruffianly Reginald. Love lent our hero strength to batter down the intervening barrier, and he rushed upon the tyrant, who had obligingly—but somewhat carelessly—left his sword upon the table. The work of vengeance was soon over; the lovers escaped through the secret passage, and soon afterwards they crossed the sea to a Happy-Ever-After in Ireland.

It need hardly be said that the "authorities" frown severely on this story, and what is claimed to be the true version is recorded at the abbey ruins in the following terms:

"May 30th, 1249. Reginald II, son of Olave II, King of Man, was killed by Ivar, a knight, in a meadow south of the Church of the Holy Trinity in Rushen, and was buried in St. Mary's Church (the Abbey), Rushen."

The ruins, such as they are, are at Ballasalla. Recent excavation has revealed the foundation of most of the principal buildings, but the visible remains are confined to parts of the church, the watch-tower, the guest house, and a remarkable dovecot. It seems

little less than a tragedy that so little should be left of a religious house which was of high renown and importance, and not merely because its church was the burial-place of kings. The Abbot of Rushen was a Baron of the Isle in his own right, and had his own temporal jurisdiction and court.

To-day "Rushen Abbey" means jam and honey. Very excellent they are too, whether exported or consumed *in situ* at a neighbouring cottage. In Ballasalla the *patois* of the manufacturing towns



Photo by]

COLBY GLEN.

[Valentine & Sons.

This pretty scene was taken near the village of Colby, 3 miles north-west of Castletown in the parish of Kirk Arbory.

of northern England can be studied with ease, for the village is a famous meeting-point of "trippers" of every clime and hue, some bound for Castletown, others for some good vantage-point like South Barrule or Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa, and yet others for the southern extremity of the island, where Port St. Mary, Port Erin, and fine, wild coast scenery make a pleasant change for the dance-surfeited tourist from Douglas.

What an extraordinary mixture of the primitive and the sophisticated this remote corner is! There are times when Port Erin seems to be struggling desperately to catch the "tone" of the island's capital or Blackpool, a tone of blare, bluster, and restlessness. At others it seems to have slipped back into the days when it was a mere fishing-village and quite content with the name of "Purt Shearan." Less than eighty years ago it could only muster forty houses, and those were



By permission of

PORT ST. MARY, FROM THE SEA.

[L.O.M. Information Bureau.

The chief charm of this picturesque town is the beautiful coastal scenery amidst which it is situated. Once a small fishing village known as Port-le-Murra, it has now become a large and attractive resort.

the times when this grand piece of coast was left to the birds, the rabbits, and a few hardy mariners and their kind.

Some idea of this region in the old days can still be obtained by a visit to the lonely Calf Island. Apart from the lighthouses, about the only sign of human habitation is the ruin of "Bushell's House." Fortunately we are not left guessing why Bushell chose to live on the edge of nowhere, as he gave his reasons pretty clearly in a petition to Parliament somewhere about 1630: "The embrions of my mines proving abortive by the sudden fall and death of my late friend, the Chancellor Bacon, in King James's reign, were the motives which persuaded my pensive retirement to a three year's unsociable solitude, in the desolate island called the Calf of Man, where, in obedience to my dead lord's philosophical advice, I resolved to make a perfect experiment upon myself, for the obtaining a long and healthy life (most necessary, for such a repentance as my former



Photo by]

SPANISH HEAD.

[Valentine & Sons.

The precipitous rocks known as Spanish Head form the western arm of Poolvash Bay, in which Port St. Mary is situated. All along this coast the crevices in the rocks are inhabited by innumerable sea birds.



Photo by]

CLIFFS AT PORT ERIN.

[Valentine & Sons.

Nestling in a bay of its own name on the south-western coast, this picturesque little village has developed within recent years from a mere fishing hamlet to a fine watering-place.



Photo by]

BLACK HOLE CAVE, PORT ERIN.

[Valentine & Sons.

The western shores of the island are by far the most indented, and the coastal scenery is very striking, especially in the neighbourhood of Port Erin, where the rocky shores converge and form a nearly completely landlocked harbour.

debouchedness required,) as by a parsimonious diet of herbs, oil, mustard, and honey, with water sufficient, most like to that of our long-lived forefathers before the flood, which I most strictly observed, as if obliged by a religious vow, till divine providence called me to more active life."

Bushell's period of residence apparently followed that of an Elizabethan gentleman who is said to have been in high renown at the court of the Virgin Queen, but had the misfortune to kill his wife in a fit of jealousy. Searching the map for a secluded spot in which to hide from justice, or his own conscience, his eye fell upon the Calf of Man.

All this sounds rather melancholy, an emotion not permitted to the visitor to the Isle of Man, and certainly inexcusable in this picturesque corner where the cliffs and bays, with their stacks and chasms, are an unfailing and unending delight.

Spanish Head is another link with the golden days of good Queen Bess, for it changed its name from Sparolett after some of the Armada galleons had been wrecked at this point in 1588. It was a more notable event than that generation dreamed of, for tradition tells that among the survivors of the disaster was a cat. That cat was the ancestor of all the tail-less specimens of the creature to be found in the island. Of course this traditional origin of the Manx curiosity has been hotly disputed. It is recorded in Traill's *History* that "my observations on the structure and habits of the specimen in my



By permission of]

I.O.M. Information Bureau.

ROCK SCENERY NEAR CALF ISLAND.

The Calf of Man is a rocky island, about 4 miles in circumference, at the south-western extremity of the Isle of Man. Its cliffs stand 400 feet above the sea in places, and abound in sea-fowl and rabbits.

possession leave little doubt on my mind of its being a *mule*, or crossed between the female cat and the buck rabbit." This seems pretty startling, and a later observation is perhaps more so: "Indeed, on this subject, although I have made many inquiries, I have not been able to establish a single instance in which a female rumpy was *known* to produce young."

Port St. Mary well illustrates the change that has come over the whole island during the last fifty or sixty years. The old village clusters round the harbour and retains the picturesque and primitive character which has always attracted artists on the search for natural and human "copy." But the inner bay has become highly sophisticated with quite a professional sea-wall and a phalanx of lodging-houses on the heights above.

Walk to Cregneish among the hills overlooking this remote corner, and it is easy enough to



Photo by]

SUGAR LOAF ROCK.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This curious rock formation is 150 feet high and stands at the north-east corner of Stacka Bay, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Port St. Mary.

transport oneself to a dim and remote period when life was very simple and wants were few. A little way farther brings the traveller to a highly dilapidated but still interesting stone circle which was erected—for reasons about which the authorities are still to some extent at variance—by the men of the Bronze Age.

From Port Erin all the way to Peel the coast scenery is impressive and full of interest. The rugged grandeur of Cornwall may be lacking, but not even that famous county can show anything to match Niarbyl Bay, where Cronk-ny-Irey-Lhaa, nearly 1,500 feet in height, sweeps down to the water's edge within a distance of half a mile. It is a magnificent spectacle which has few rivals anywhere in the British Isles.

Peel is the titbit of the island, from whatever point of view it is regarded. Nothing could be



Photo by]

BRADDA HEAD AT SUNSET.
This beautiful photograph was taken at the head of the northern arm of Port Erin Bay. Behind this striking headland lies the barren district known as Bradda Moor.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

more picturesque than the little St. Patrick's Isle crowned with the walls and other remains of its castle, its Round Tower, the ruins of St. German's Cathedral, St. Patrick's Church, and the old palace of the bishops. Fortress and ecclesiastical centre in one, the story of the island embodies some of the most stirring and picturesque passages in the history of the Isle of Man.

The oldest of all these buildings appears to be St. Patrick's Church, or perhaps the Round Tower.

Both date from pre-Conquest times and have obvious resemblances to similar structures to be found in Ireland, allowing for the fact that the Round Tower has been crowned with a comparatively modern superstructure. The remains of St. German's Cathedral forcibly illustrate the progress made in the art of architecture between the tenth and thirteenth centuries. The rude work of the former era gives place to something of recognisable style, something worthy of the part played by the bishops in the corporate life of the island and their eminence as temporal no less than spiritual potentates.

The walls of the castle date in their present form probably from some time in the sixteenth century, as an earlier fortress is positively stated to have been utterly destroyed in 1313. But the castle was clearly in existence during that interval, for at least two distinguished his-



Photo by

GLENMEAY WATERFALL.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The neighbourhood of Glenmeay is well known for its beautiful waterfalls, which are formed by a river entering a rocky cañon from which it flows to the sea. The largest of the waterfalls has a fine fall of over 30 feet.

torical characters were detained there "in durance vile." One left a name behind, but the other a name plus (as some most stoutly maintain) a ghost! The first was Thomas Earl of Warwick, who had the good fortune to be saved from the block at the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour, his sentence being commuted to imprisonment for life in the Isle of Man. The accession of Henry IV turned the tables on his enemies and he was soon released.



Photo by]

PEEL CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The castle covers an area of about 5 acres, and is completely surrounded by a fortified wall erected in 1593 by the Earl of Derby. The town of Peel derives its name from the three-storied tower or peel on the harbour side of the castle.



Photo by]

ST. GERMAN'S CATHEDRAL, PEEL CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This old ruined cathedral stands within the castle precincts, and its east end forms part of the castle wall. It displays a mixture of Norman, Early English, and Decorated architecture, and was used up to the middle of the seventeenth century.



Photo by]

PEEL CASTLE AND BAY AT SUNSET.
The castle dates from various times. A pyramidal mound in the centre of the castle area is supposed by some to be the remains of a Scandinavian fort dating from before the eleventh century. St. Patrick's Isle, on which the castle is situated, is connected with the mainland by a causeway constructed to protect Peel Harbour.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The celebrated Duchess of Gloucester, however, saw nothing of Fortune's smile. In 1447 she was banished to Peel Castle on a charge of trying to compass the King's death by witchcraft. The *Falgar Chronicle* records that "Roger Bolyngbroke, a man expert in nycromancye, and a woman called Marjery Jourdemain, surnamed the Witch of Eye, were charged with having, at the request of the Duchess of Gloucester, devysed an ymage of wax lyke unto the Kynge, the whych ymage theye dealt so with that by theyr devyllysh sorcery, they intended to brynge the Kynge out of lyfe, for the whych reason they were adjudged to dic." The charge was ridiculous, of course, and the poor lady really fell a victim to the jealousy of Queen Margaret. Injustice triumphed all the same, for all her attempts at escape were frustrated and death only released her after seven years!



By permission of]

GLEN FABÁ BRIDGE, NEAR PEEL.

[I.O.M. Information Bureau.

This picturesque bridge crosses the Neb River close to Glen Faba Mills, a little to the south of Peel. A characteristic feature of the Manx rivers is the number of old mills to be found along their banks.

wearly captivity. No wonder her ghost haunts the crypt of the cathedral where she is supposed to have been imprisoned!

The Guard Room is associated with the curious tradition of the "Moddey Doo," a ghostly spaniel, large and black, which haunted the castle and became so familiar a spectre that when it came to warm itself (even ghosts feel the cold, it appears) at the fire in this room the soldiers took practically no notice of it, though they carefully "forbore swearing and profane discourse" in its presence, because it was an evil spirit. One day an unusually bold and enterprising soldier followed the spectral hound when it departed; he was ultimately found, but, as old Waldron writes: "by the distortions of his limbs and features, it might be guessed that he died in agonies more than is common in a natural death."

With all these agreeably thrilling associations and legends, the grand old ruins have a never-failing interest, and even if they were suddenly engulfed in the sea, Peel would still be an attractive old place whose modern houses and other erections have not altogether robbed it of its ancient character.

Between Peel and Douglas both road and railway follow a deep depression through the range of heights which forms the backbone of the island. The learned say that this trench was once a sea-



Photo by

SPOOYT VANE WATERFALL.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This beautiful waterfall is formed by the Neb River, 2 miles below its source on the Sartel Mountain. The river is only 8 miles long, but it passes through very attractive scenery in Glen Helen and Glen Moar. "Spooyt Vane" means the White Spout.

man stitched away strenuously and answered the spirit mockingly when it put in an appearance. But brave words did not prevent the Buggane from performing its usual trick, and the tailor leaped out of the church only just in time!

At St. John's is Tynwald Hill, the scene of that annual proclamation of fresh legislation which has been passed but cannot become law until it is announced to the assembled multitude.

channel which divided Man into two separate and distinct portions. But the rambler hereabouts cares less about the sensation of walking on an old sea bed than about the charm of his surroundings, the sweep of the hills, the relics and associations of the past, and the proximity of Greeba Castle, the residence of that Wizard of Manxland, Sir Hall Caine.

Close to Greeba is the dilapidated ruin of St. Trinion's Church, the subject of another curious Manx legend. According to a tradition of ageless age the church has never been complete at any time, owing to the fact that a playful but somewhat tiresome spirit called the "Buggane" took immense pleasure in whirling off the roof as soon as it was on. An attempt to flout him was made by a pious tailor, who vowed to finish a pair of breeches under the newly-finished roof and defy the Buggane to bring it down upon his head. The little



Photo by]

BALLAUGH CHURCH.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The older of the two churches at Ballaugh stands on the shore some distance from the village. It was recently restored, and contains in its churchyard a beautifully carved Runic cross. Ballaugh is situated on the west coast, 7 miles from Ramsey.



Photo by]

THOLT-E-WILL BRIDGE, GLEN SULBY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The Sulby River rises among the high mountains of the island and flows down to the sea at Ramsey through one of the most beautiful glens in the island. The river is well known to anglers as being an excellent trout stream.

"Tynwald Day" is of course the chief date in the Manx political calendar, and the ceremony still has its ancient importance and something of its ancient picturesqueness. But a description of a modern "Tynwald Day" would read tamely by the side of Robertson's account of the ceremonies in 1417, which is worth quoting: "On the summit of the Mount," it runs, "was placed a chair of state, canopied with crimson velvet, and richly embroidered with gold. In this chair he [the Sovereign, at the time spoken of one of the Stanleys] was enthroned, his face fronting the east, and a sword in his hand, pointed towards Heaven. His Deemsters sate before him, and on the highest circle his Barons and benefited men. On the middle circle were seated the twenty-four Keys, then styled 'the worthiest men in the land'; and on the lowest circle, the Knights, Esquires, and Yeomen; while the Common People stood without the circle of the hill, with three Clerks in their surplices. The hill was guarded by the *Coroners* and *Moars*, armed with their swords and axes; and a proclamation was issued by the Coroner of Glanfaba, denouncing those who should in the time of Tynwald murmur in the King's presence. Accordingly the people waited, with an awful silence, the future fate of their nation, in the promulgation of those laws which had for so many ages been industriously concealed from them. The venerable Deemsters then rising, with an audible voice, alternately published to this assembly several laws; which, though more an assertion of the King's prerogative than the rights of his subjects, were received by the people with reiterated acclamations."

An odd feature of the mound is that it is said to be composed of soil from every parish in the island.

Douglas can hardly expect to loom large in a work such as this. The bay is beautiful, of

course, but the merry-maker has cast his unpleasing varnish over Nature's craftsmanship, and serried ranks of boarding-houses and apartments do not exactly improve a landscape. No doubt the business of entertaining a veritable horde of visitors—of the class that most deserve all a "holiday" can mean—is useful, if not noble work, but it is incompatible with the preservation of those beauties which made old travellers speak of Douglas with bated breath. Anyone who looks at the picture of "Douglass" in the *Beauties of England and Wales* (1802) will realise that its deterioration has been commensurate with its growth.

The genuine relics of the past hereabouts are all but non-existent. The deceptively mediæval "Tower of Refuge" on an island in the bay has not yet celebrated its centenary, for it was built in 1832 at the suggestion of Sir William Hillary, who founded the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. It was none too soon, for the island then had a sinister reputation for the number of wrecks on its coast. The citizens were still under the impression of a terrible marine catastrophe that took place in Douglas Bay in September 1787. Of that disaster, which plunged a high proportion of the fishing population into mourning, Robertson has given a graphic description in his *Tour*.

Old Kirk Braddan falls into the undateable category, though the tower is a reconstruction of the late eighteenth century. But it is still of high interest for its collection of Runic crosses, antiquarian objects in which the island is singularly rich. Some of them are remarkably elaborate and beautiful, but the business of deciphering them would appear to have been painful and controversial, judging by the extraordinary variations in the versions given at different times.

A more or less modern house and a restored chapel are all that is left to represent the famous



Photo by]

OLD GLADDAGH BRIDGE, SULBY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Sulby village is very charmingly situated at the mouth of Sulby Glen, 5 miles from Ramsey. Its nearness to the river has made it a favourite resort for anglers in the summer.

Nunnery of St. Bridget, of which it was once recorded that "few monasteries ever exceeded it either in largeness or fine building. There are still some of the cloisters remaining, the ceilings of which discover they were the workmanship of the most masterly hands; nothing, in the whole creation, but what is imitated in curious carvings on it. The pillars supporting the arches are so thick as if that edifice was erected with a design to baffle the efforts of time, nor could it in more years than have elapsed since the coming of Christ have been so greatly defaced, had it received no injury but from time. . . ."

Memories of Bridget carry the mind inevitably to Maughold, for it was St. Maughold who first turned the Irish lady into a nun, and that at the tender age of fourteen! Maughold himself was one of the most famous of repentant sinners. He was the chief of a gang of Irish freebooters until



Photo by

THE PASS, SULBY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The beautiful scenery in Sulby Glen has earned it the name of the "Manx Switzerland." All along the course of the river, from its source to Sulby, the vale is bounded by an almost continuous range of high and rugged hills.

his conversion by St. Patrick; and the manner of his coming to the island was odd. It is said that "he embarked in a wicker boat, which drifted before the north wind towards the Isle of Man, where he was cast ashore at the headland, still known by his name, near the place where a city is said once to have stood, but of which there are now no remains visible."

Maughold died in 554, but no part of the existing church goes back earlier than the eleventh century. Here again there is an interesting collection of Manx crosses, including a particularly fine one which was the parish cross of the village and therefore in a different category to the many Scandinavian crosses.

Another reminder of St. Maughold's activities is the so-called "Wishing-Well." It takes some discovering in these times, but during the Middle Ages it was almost as great a place of pilgrimage



Photo by]

OLT WATERFALL, GLEN SULBY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

In passing through Sulby Glen the river is augmented by five small tributaries, two of which have fine lofty waterfalls. The Sulby is the largest river in the Island, having a course of 10 miles.



Photo by]

POINT OF AYRE AND LIGHTHOUSE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The Point of Ayre is the northernmost extremity of the Island. The alternating light on the lighthouse is 106 feet above ground and has a visibility of 16 miles. About a mile off the point is a dangerous bank, marked by a gas buoy, and in between this and the point the current of the north channel flood-tide can often be seen flowing very strongly south-east round the end of the spit.



Photo by,

OLD MILL IN BALLURE GLEN.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This picturesque old ruin is situated in the Ballure estate, not far from the town of Ramsey. Within the last half-century the industries which account for the large number of corn and woollen mills in the district have practically died out, and the majority of buildings stand idle or are in ruins.

as the shrine of the saint himself. "It is still resorted to," records an ancient chronicler, "as was the pool of Siloam of old, by every Manks invalid who believes in its efficacy . . . and it is held to be of the greatest importance to certain females to enjoy this beverage [i.e. its water] when seated in the saint's chair."

Hardly any part of the island is better known to the English-speaking world than Sulby Glen, thanks to its prominence in one of the most famous of Sir Hall Caine's novels. In *The Manxman* this delightful ravine at the foot of Mount Karrin is described in language which could not be improved upon:

"Sulby Glen is winding, soft, rich, sweet, and exquisitely beautiful. A thin thread of blue water, laughing, babbling, brawling, whooping, leaping, gliding, and stealing down from the mountains; great boulders worn smooth and ploughed hollow by the wash of ages; wet moss and lichen on the



By permission of]

GLEN AULDYN RIVER.

This small but beautiful river is a tributary of the Sulby, which it joins near its entrance to the sea at Ramsey. At Braid Foss, one of the tributaries of the Auldyn, there is a very fine waterfall.

[the I.O.M. Information Bureau,

CLAUGHBANE, RAMSEY.

Claughbane House is one of the several country mansions in the vicinity of Ramsey. Most of the large houses in the island are of comparatively recent date, and none of them have any characteristics peculiar to the island.

channel walls; deep, cool dubs; tiny reefs; little cascades of boiling foam; lines of trees like sentinels on either side, making the light dim through the overshadowing leafage; gaunt trunks torn up by the winds and thrown across the stream with their heads to the feet of their fellows; the golden fuchsia here, the green trammon there; now and again a poor tholthan, a roofless house, with grass growing on its kitchen floor; and over all the sun peering down with a hundred eyes into the dark and slumberous gloom, and the breeze singing somewhere up in the tree-tops to the voice of the river below."

Kirk Michael is a quiet and attractive village mainly famous for its collection of ancient carved crosses and stones dating from the period of the Norse occupation. One of the most celebrated is a pillar the inscription on which has been the subject of a famous controversy, the strong differences of opinion being well illustrated by the translations offered by various experts: (1) *For the sins of Tvalfir, the son of Dural, this cross was erected by his mother Afride*; (2) *Waltar, son*



Photo by,

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

MAUGHOLD OLD CROSS, RAMSEY.

This interesting parish cross stands outside the churchyard of Kirk Maughnild. It belongs to the late fourteenth century or Decorated period, and is the only one remaining in the parish. The erection of the cross has been variously ascribed to Furness Abbey and the Priory of St. Bees.

of Thurulf, a knight right valiant, Lord of Frithu, the Father, Jesus Christ: (3) the most modern version, Joalf, son of Thorolf the Red, erected this cross to his mother Frida.

Bishopscourt, the residence of the Bishop of Sodor and Man, has been almost completely modernised, and only a tower remains to remind the visitor that it has been the home of the ecclesiastical head of the island for considerably more than six centuries. The house is also notable as virtually the solitary exception to the rule that the island is destitute of examples of purely domestic mediæval architecture.

Ballaugh village is much haunted for its curious church. It looks most agreeably primitive and undoubtedly the bulk of the fabric is of high antiquity, though restoration has to a great extent transformed its original appearance.

Ramsey's reputation as a seaside resort suitable for those who find Douglas too strenuous and noisy seems somewhat inconsistent with the exciting historical events of which it has been the theatre in times long past. Who could think that this paradise of placid pleasure-seekers was the scene of the fierce action in which Godred Crovan, the Norseman, worsted the islanders, thanks to an ambushade of three hundred men skilfully concealed in a wood on Sky Hill? And how many visitors realise that the lovely bay has often been thronged with the ships of men of war (in the most literal sense) bent on conquest or plunder? Times have changed, and the only "invasion" Ramsey knows now is the daily assault by battalions of visitors, which is one of the features of the summer season. The archaeological highbrow will no doubt be grievously disappointed with what he finds, for the ancient streets have given place to quite an up-to-date "lay-out," and it is certainly no longer possible to record, as Wood did in the eighteenth century, that "the houses abound with broken panes of glass, the want of which is supplied by pieces of old tea chests, etc."

Geographically, the most striking feature of this end of the island is the extraordinary contrast its flat, marshy plain presents to the mountainous region farther south. Experts tell us that the responsible agent is the action of the sea, but whatever the cause the effect is curious enough.



Photo by

THE GREAT FISSURE, GARWICK.

This curious rock formation is to be found in a little boating strand at the south end of Laxley Bay, about 5 miles along the coast north of Douglas and just beyond Clay Head.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.



Photo by

MOLLY QUIRK'S GLEN, ONCHAN.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Onchan is a small residential village charmingly situated at the north end of Douglas Bay, 3 miles from the capital. It is believed to have taken its name from St. Conaghan, who was Bishop of Man in 600.



Photo by]

LEEDS CASTLE, NEAR MAIDSTONE.

[Aereo Aerials.

Situated 5 miles north-east of Maidstone, Leeds Castle is one of the most interesting buildings in the county. It was founded in the twelfth century, but has been continually altered and restored, and much of the edifice is now modern. In the past it was frequently visited by our Sovereigns, and Richard II was imprisoned there. The castle was the home at one time of Lord Culpeper and his grandson Lord Fairfax.

KENT

AS Kent lies in the track of the vast majority of Continental visitors to this country the patriotic Briton must thank the powers that be that the county thoroughly deserves its title of the "Garden of England," a garden, too, which presents nearly every variety of natural attraction, girt on three sides with a silver wall of sea and gladsome to the eye for an almost unique blend of hill and dale, wood and water. It is also a garden of great memories, some grave, many gay, memories of bygone happenings which have found their way into legend and tradition or passed into recorded history; and, happily, there is much to see which is closely associated with those memories and has survived all the changes and chances of the passing centuries. The "Old England" which is fast becoming merely something to dream of or write about can still be glimpsed in many a corner of this fortunate shire; it lingers, as every traveller between Dover and London well knows, even alongside the railway highway which has done so much to transform the face of the countryside elsewhere.

Suburban Kent—gripped in the fell clutches of the Metropolis—and Thames-side Kent—too busy with its multifarious activities to have much thought for its outer garments—can only be regarded as a stepping-stone to higher things in a work of this kind, so with a mental note that much pleasant tramping can be had in the region of Chislehurst and the Crays, we must make for the valley of the Darent, a mighty trough through the heart of the North Downs and a kind of outer moat to the business end of the county.

The Darent sees a good deal of Kentish life in



Photo by]

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, MAIDSTONE.

[Herbert Felton.

This fine old collegiate church stands on the left bank of the Medway, a little to the south of the modern bridge. It dates mainly from the fourteenth century and owes its origin to Archbishop Courtenay, who founded it at the same time as the secular college, of which some remains are still to be seen on the south side of the church.



Photo by

ALLINGTON CASTLE.

Herbert Felton.

The present building is now the seat of Sir Martin Conway. It stands on the site of an ancient Norman castle which was one of the seven chief castles in Kent, and part of the extensive possessions of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. Sir Thomas Wyatt the poet was born here in 1503, and lived at the castle for some years. The photograph was taken from above the moat.

its career from Westerham to the Thames, and judging by what the spade has turned up close to its banks at different times its valley has been a scene of human habitation at any rate from Roman times. Westerham itself was obviously "not born yesterday," to use a vulgarism, though it is less proud of its age than its fame as the birthplace of that great national hero James Wolfe, whose only crime is to have been the author of a much-quoted tag about Gray's *Elegy*.

Sevenoaks, further east, dominates the great northerly bend of the Darent, and lies in the midst of some of the most beautiful Downland scenery. Some there are who find the old town dull, though the writer is not one of them. But the great glory of the place is indubitably the adjacent Knole House, with its wonderful park where the splendour of the oaks and beeches almost puts even that of the historic mansion into the shade. The full story of Knole and its treasures has recently been told by the lady best qualified to do so. To her book all must go, whether for information or entertainment. But it would not be altogether out of place to reproduce here the famous description in which the cynical and iconoclastic Horace Walpole aired his impressions of the great house in 1752; particularly as there have been few important changes since that time.

"The outward court has a beautiful, decent simplicity that charms one. The apartments are many, but not large. The furniture throughout, ancient magnificence; loads of portraits, not good nor curious; ebony cabinets, embossed silver in vases, dishes, etc., embroidered beds, stiff chairs, and sweet bags lying on velvet tables, richly worked in silk and gold. There are two galleries, one very small; an old hall, and a spacious great drawing room. There is never a good staircase. . . . In the chapel is a piece of ancient tapestry: saint Luke in his first profession. . . . Below stairs is a chamber of poets and players, which is proper enough in that house; for the first earl wrote a play, and the last earl was a poet, and I think married a player."

It should be added that the house was originally a palace of the Archbishops of Canterbury, and has remained substantially in its present form since the seventeenth century.

Erith and Dartford and Gravesend have their name and place in history, but they have not Swanscombe's power to make the man of Kent's face glow with pride, for here was given the first striking demonstration of Kentish courage and independence, in a scene which has been immortalised by old Lambarde :

" After such time as Duke William the Conqueror had overthrown King Harold in the field, at Battell in Sussex and had received the Londoners to mercy, he marched with his army towards the castle of Dover, thinking thereby to have brought in subjection this Country of Kent also. But Stigande, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Egelsine, the Abbot of St. Augustines, perceiving the danger, assembled the Countrymen together and laid before them the intolerable pride of the Normanes that invaded them and their own miserable condition if they should yield unto them. By which means they so enraged the common people, that they ran forthwith to weapon, and meeting at Swanscombe, elected the Archbishop and the Abbot for their Captains. This done, each man got him a green bough in his hand and beare it over his head, in such sort, as when the Duke approached, he was much amased therewith, thinking at the first that it had been some miraculous wood that moved toward him. But they, as soon as he came within hearing, cast away their boughs from them, and at the sound of a trumpet bewraied their weapons, and withall despatched towards him a messenger, which spake unto him in this manner : ' The Commons of Kent (most noble Duke) are ready to offer thee either Peace or Warr, at thy own choice and election : Peace with their faithfull obedience, if thou wilt permit them to enjoy their ancient Liberties ; War, and that most deadly, if thou deny it them.' "



Photo by]

THE MEDWAY AT AYLESFORD.

[Herbert Felton.

The bridge spanning the Medway here is built on the site of an ancient ford. The church in the background is principally Norman and contains several elaborate monuments. It was at Aylesford that the British king Vortimer was victorious against Hengist and Horsa in 455.



Photo by

[R. H. Goodsall.]

OYSTER BOATS RETURNING TO WHITSTABLE.

Whitstable will be well known as one of the chief centres of the oyster industry. The town stands on the north coast, 6 miles north-west of Canterbury.

the site which was erected at the instigation of St. Augustine himself. Among the many monuments are that of St. William of Perth and the plain tomb of Bishop Gundulf, who designed the White Tower in the Tower of London. To the presence of St. William's bones the cathedral owes much of its fame and no little of its beauty, for the saint was a Scotch baker of some eminence who was murdered near Rochester early in the thirteenth century when on his way to Canterbury. His shrine soon became a place of pilgrimage, and the offerings of the pilgrims provided a handsome fund for the enlargement and beautification of the great church.

In addition to these attractions Rochester possesses some remains of its Priory, many quaint old houses, and the Bull Inn, a substantial representative of "Dickens Land."

Strood, just across the river, is of no particular note, but appears in an odd story told of

The Medway is a stream which has played a notable part in the history of the county, and on at least one occasion figured prominently in that of the country. For every schoolboy knows of the shame and humiliation inflicted on us in 1667 when the Dutch fleet sailed up the river, burning and destroying in most vengeful fashion.

The "Three Towns," Strood, Rochester, and Chatham, are now mighty busy and populous, but Rochester in particular still retains a good deal to remind one forcibly that it is among the most ancient cities of England. In the first place it can show substantial remains of the walls which the Romans erected to protect their settlement of *Durobrivæ*, though they are blended with English work of the Angevin period. Then there is the massive and magnificent keep of the Norman castle built by Archbishop Corbeuil, in its way as impressive a monument to Norman power as any to be found in the country. The story of this feudal stronghold is too long to tell here, but it may be accepted that it contains a full quota of sieges, forays, and alarms, and its grim walls have witnessed many a murky deed.

The cathedral, though only a "minor" one, is of distinct interest, archæologically and otherwise. It can show work in all the styles, most of it of a high order, though it is extremely doubtful whether anything remains of the first church on



Photo by

[R. H. Goodsall.]

SUNSET AT SEASALTER.

The Seasalter district includes part of Whitstable, and is situated to the westward of the town. In Norman times it was a borough, and the village was known in Domesday as *Le-saltre*. The ancient church here has fallen into disuse and is only occasionally used for burials.



Photo by]

THE REFECTORY, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

[Herbert Felton.

The monastic buildings founded by St. Augustine are situated on the west and north-west side of the cathedral. In the background is the covered passage-way known as the "Dark Entry," leading from the west end of the cloister to the Prior's Gateway and the Green Court. This place has been immortalised in the story of "A merry Canon and his Niece" in the "Ingoldsby Legends."



Photo by

SOUTH-WEST TOWER, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Herbert Felton.

The cathedral has a central tower, and two western towers which are 130 feet high. The great central tower was added to the cathedral in 1495 and the north-western one was rebuilt in 1840.



By permission of]

S.E. & Chatham Rly.

INTERIOR, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

The nave and transept were rebuilt in 1378 by Chillingden. The choir is one of the longest in England, and was built by William of Sens and embodies many of the features of Sens Cathedral, completed in 1168.

must be doffed as the county town. But the doffing need not be on formal grounds alone, for though Maidstone is busy and prosperous (it has quite a number of industries, with patent evidence thereof) it has carefully preserved many of the memorials of its long and interesting past. The citizens have obviously been enlightened as well as public-spirited, for the old palace of the Archbishops of Canterbury, parts of which date back to the end of the fifteenth century, has been fitted up as a science and art school, and the town museum, containing a notable selection of county antiquities, is housed in the delightful Elizabethan mansion which was once Chillingston Manor House. There are also some interesting and substantial remains of the famous medieval college, whilst the Church of All Saints is a notable building in more ways than

Thomas à Becket by Lambarde, the Kentish topographer: "When as it happened him upon a time to come to Stroude the Inhabitants thereabouts (being desirous to dispite that good Father) sticked not to cut the tail from the horse on which he rode, binding themselves thereby with a perpetuall reproach: for afterward (by the will of God) it so happened, that every one which came of that kinred of men which plaid that naughty prank, were born with tails, even as brute beasts be."

Further memories of Dickens are brought to mind by Gadshill Place, the novelist's famous Kent home in which he died on June 9, 1870, and again by "The Leather Bottle" at Cobham, one of the most attractive of villages. But Cobham is also notable for that splendid example of Jacobean and Stuart architecture, Cobham Hall, set in a park which is English rural loveliness at its best. All honour to the splendid collection of pictures which Cobham houses; they include the highest achievements in the realm of painting, but to the initiated the house itself is at least as great a work of art as anything within it.

Another memorable feature of Cobham village is the almost unique series of mediæval brasses in its ancient church.

From the "Three Towns" the Medway Valley winds south to Maidstone, to which hats



Photo by]

[Aero Films.

AERIAL VIEW OF CANTERBURY.

This ancient city was known as Durovernum in Roman times, being an important commercial post at the junction of the military roads to the coast. To-day there are still traces of the ancient walls which encircled the city, but of the six gates only one, the West Gate, remains in existence.

one. It is one of the largest parish churches in the country, and a fine example of the Perpendicular style. The founder of the college was the builder of the chancel, and the fabric contains several features to remind one of the fact that it was the chapel of the brethren.

Maidstone figured prominently in our history in 1648—when Fairfax stormed the town in a fierce and desperate struggle—and many of her sons have written their names on the scroll of fame; one



Photo by,

NORMAN STAIRWAY, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Herbert Fellon.

The building exhibits styles of architecture varying from Early Norman to Perpendicular, but it is particularly rich in Transition Norman and Perpendicular English.

at least on the scroll of notoriety, for is it not written of Thomas Trapham, surgeon to Fairfax and Cromwell, that he was "a bitter enemy to Charles the First, to whose body, after his decollation, he put his hand to open, and embalm: when that was done, he sewed his head to his body; and that being done also, he brutishly and insolently said to the company, that he had 'sewed on the head of a goose.'"

The charming environs of Maidstone have gained further renown through the fame of Leeds Castle, whose history is not merely aristocratic but for many centuries royal also. The earliest portion dates back to the early years of the twelfth century, though the original fortress has been much altered and greatly enlarged. But it remains what it has ever been, one of the "show places" of Kent.

Further up the Medway Valley is Tonbridge, whose famous inn, "The Chequers," figures prominently on the itineraries of American and other

voracious travellers. There are several other ancient houses in the town, which is becoming progressively less picturesque as modern "improvements" sweep away traces of the past. For Tonbridge objects to remaining in an old-world, "stick-in-the-mud" category, and plays its part in the economic life of the county.

Tunbridge Wells, on the other hand, still seems to reflect reminiscently on the glories of the time when it was the Bath of the East, and the world of fashion, from the Court downwards, used to seek diversion while taking its famous waters. Defoe summed up its functions adequately enough



Photo by]

"THE WEAVERS," CANTERBURY.

[H. S. Newcombe.

These pretty old houses, which are known as "The Weavers," and back onto the Stour, were at one time inhabited by the Walloon and French Protestant refugees, who came over in the sixteenth century and played such an important part in the growth of the weaving industry in mediæval England.



Photo by

GREY FRIARS, CANTERBURY.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

Very little remains of this old mnnastery, which was the first home in England of the Franciscans, who established themselves here in 1224.

when he wrote that "the coming to the Wells to drink the water is a mere matter of custom; some drink, more do not, and few drink physically; but company and diversion is in short the main business of the place; and those people who have nothing to do anywhere else, seem to be the only people who have anything to do at Tunbridge."

The far-famed Pantiles remain as a vivid memorial of those halcyon days.

This corner of the county cannot be left without a reference to two famous mansions. Hever Castle, though much restored, is a grand old building, in every way worthy of the persistent tradition that it was the scene of Henry VIII's wooing of the hapless Anne Boleyn. Penshurst Place, one of the very finest manor houses in the realm, has the attractions of continuity, an interesting and



Photo by]

CLIFFS NEAR MARGATE.

[A. H. Hall.

Margate was originally a small village called Mer-gate, signifying "an opening into the sea," but is now well known as one of the most frequented summer resorts in the Isle of Thanet.

wholly successful combination of work of many periods, the glamour of much picturesque history and tradition and, above all, the glory of being the birthplace of the immortal Philip Sidney.

The Sheppey region has seen some queer things in its interesting and variegated history, but nothing more notable in its way than the attempted escape of James II in December 1688. Macaulay has told the tale in his inimitable style, and it would be sacrilege to attempt to cast it in another form:

"James had travelled with relays of coach horses along the southern shore of the Thames, and on the morning of the twelfth had reached Emley Ferry near the island of Sheppey. There lay the hoy in which he was to sail. He went on board: but the wind blew fresh; and the master would not venture to put to sea without more ballast. A tide was thus lost. Midnight was approaching



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

CLIFFS AT WESTGATE.

About 3 miles to the west of Margate, Westgate has risen from an obscure little village to a much-frequented summer resort.

before the vessel began to float. By that time the news that the King had disappeared, that the country was without a government, and that London was in confusion, had travelled fast down the Thames, and wherever it spread had produced outrage and misrule. The rude fishermen of the Kentish coast eyed the hoy with suspicion and with cupidity. It was whispered that some persons in the garb of gentlemen had gone on board of her in great haste. Perhaps they were Jesuits: perhaps they were rich. Fifty or sixty boatmen, animated at once by hatred of Popery and by love of plunder, boarded the hoy just as she was about to make sail. The passengers were told that they must go on shore and be examined by a magistrate. The King's appearance excited suspicion. 'It is Father Petre,' cried one ruffian; 'I know him by his lean jaws.' 'Search the hatchet faced old Jesuit,' became the general cry. He was rudely pulled and pushed about. His money and watch were taken from him. He had about him his coronation ring, and some other trinkets of great value: but these escaped the search of the robbers, who indeed were so ignorant of jewellery that they took his diamond buckles for bits of glass. At length the prisoners were put on shore and carried to an inn. A crowd was assembled there to see them; and James, though disguised by a wig of different shape and

colour from that which he usually wore, was at once recognised."

But it is to be feared that for the ordinary sightseer Sheppey has little but the high ground near Minster, and the parish church of that village, part of which was once the church of the famous nunnery founded by a King of Kent's wife in the seventh century. The archaeologically-minded can find much that is noteworthy in the old building, but the popular fancy is the elaborate tomb of Sir Robert de Shurland, of which the most remarkable feature is the carving of a horse's head, emerging from waves. Presumably it commemorates some episode in the knight's career. The extravagance of various conjectures on the subject called forth the wrath of old Philpotts: "His tomb is become the scene of much falsehood, and popular error; the vulgar having dugged out of his vault many wild legends and romances, as namely: that he buried a priest alive; that he swam on his horse two miles on the sea to the King, who was then near this Isle on ship-board, to purchase his pardon; and having



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

CLIFFS AT WESTGATE.

The inroads made upon the Kentish coast by the sea have reached as much as 3 feet in a year in some places. The biggest losses have occurred between Sheppey and Reculver. All along the north coast of Kent the cliffs are now protected by groynes, and at the towns by sea walls.



Photo by]

A PRETTY PEEP NEAR KINGSGATE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The village of Kingsgate was originally known as Bartholomew Gate and guarded a pass through the cliffs to the sea. It derived its present name from the landing here in 1683 of Charles II and the Duke of York.



Photo by]

THE BARBICAN GATE, SANDWICH.

[C. Uchter Knox.

This ancient Tudor gate-tower is one of the few surviving relics of the town walls. Sandwich was a seaport of great importance and one of the Cinque Ports up to the reign of Edward VI, but the harbour became choked with sand, and the town is now 2 miles from the sea.

obtained it, swam back to the shore, where being arrived, he cut off the head of his said horse, because, it was affirmed, he had acted this by magick; and that riding a-hunting a twelvemonth after, his horse stumbled and threw him on the skull of his former horse, which blow so bruised him, that from that contusion, he contracted an inward impostumation, of which he died."

Though Faversham has extended its business at the expense of its beauty, it has not yet reached the stage when it is impossible to imagine that it is one of the most ancient towns in the kingdom. A few somewhat pitiful fragments remain of the abbey which King Stephen founded in 1147, and selected as his burial-place. But Faversham's fame on

this score is quite overshadowed by the prestige of its *cause célèbre* of 1550 (February 15), when "one Thomas Arden, gentleman, was heynously murdered in his own parlour, about seven o'clock in the night, by one Thomas Morsby, a taylor of London." Morsby was the lover of Arden's wife, Alice, who was a party to the plot: "which Alice the said Morsby did not only carnally keep in her house in this town, but also fed him with delicate meats, and sumptuous apparell, all which things the said Arden did well know, and wilfully did permit and suffer the same, by reason whereof she procured her said husband's death, to th' intent to have married the said Morsby." It is a long and horrible story, told in the Ward-Mote Book of Faversham, and it is gratifying to learn that all the participants in the black deed paid the full penalty for their crime.

Canterbury is so memorable a place from every point of view that the attempt to compress an account of its wonders and interest into the scale dictated by the character of this survey is a most formidable task.

The great church, which is to Anglican Catholicism what St. Peter's is to Roman, is truly worthy of the proud position it holds in the affection of Christian people. Of course, no part of it



Photo by

RICHBOROUGH CASTLE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Richborough Castle was the ancient Roman *Rutuplae*, which guarded the southern entrance to the channel originally dividing the Isle of Thanet from Kent. Close by, on the estuary of the Stour, is the huge derelict port of Richborough, created for military transport in 1916.



From the Painting by

LOUGH ADOON, CO. KERRY.

U. A. Hupperheld.

Lough Adoon is one of several small and beautiful lakes that help to make the Dingle promontory one of the loveliest parts of Kerry. The lough lies in a charming situation behind Slievengower, 4 miles south-east of Cloughbane. This district was intimately associated with St. Brendan, who was born at Fenit in 483 and is said to have founded an oratory near Cloughbane on Mount Brandon, the second highest mountain in Ireland.

is contemporary with St. Augustine, whose work at Canterbury was the starting-point of the greatest revolution in our Island story. Augustine's church succumbed to fire and Danish ravages, and what was left completely vanished in a Norman rebuilding which in turn largely gave way to later work. But it was in the Norman church that an event took place, the murder of Archbishop Becket, which had such an immense influence on English history, as well as on the fortunes of Canterbury city and Cathedral, that some detailed notice is required, though the writer hopes that the reader will regard it as purely introductory to that entrancing fountain-head of information, Dean Stanley's famous *Memorials of Canterbury*.

At the end of December 1170, the quarrel between the imperious King

Henry II and the even more imperious Becket came to a head, and the passionate sovereign used words which were construed by certain knights who were present—and may possibly be legitimately construed by history—as an invitation to remove the "turbulent priest" from his path. The immediate result was the ghastly murder of the archbishop in a scene which is instinct with all the elements of true drama. The knights burst into the palace and a wordy altercation ensued. They departed, but returned the same afternoon and found that Becket had taken refuge in the church. "Refuge" is perhaps hardly the right word for one who answered the suggestion that the cloister

door should be secured with the exclamation: "Begone, ye cowards! I charge ye, on your obedience, do not shut the door: what! would you make a Castle of a Church!" His assassins came upon him in the north-west transept, and in a few moments all was over, the fury of the assailants having been intensified by Becket's unruly and lashing tongue.

The crime had an enormous effect on Christendom, and, in popular language, it "made" Canterbury. Becket was canonised, and in due course the pilgrimages to his superb shrine became that prominent feature of English mediæval life of which Chaucer and others tell us so much.

But it was an almost new church on which this mantle of glory descended. In 1174 the old choir was utterly consumed by fire. Its successor was complete ten years later, but the nave, as we see it now, is a product of



Photo by

[S.E. & C. Railway.

THE COUNCIL CHAMBER, FORDWICH.

Fordwich stands on the River Stour, and was originally a fishing village and a member of the Sandwich cinque port. The council chamber contains many relics of bygone days, and a pair of pressgang drums, a ducking-stool, and other relics may be seen in the photograph.



Photo by

[Acrofilms.

DEAL CASTLE FROM THE AIR.

Henry VIII built several castles for the defence of the Kentish coast, and Deal Castle is one of them. The town stands on the south-east coast opposite the Goodwin Sands, and is a famous pilot station. It was here that Julius Cæsar was said to have landed in 55 B.C.



Photo by]

BARFRESTON CHURCH.

[E. Bastard.

Barfreston village is situated 6½ miles north-west of Dover. The interesting Norman church contains some remarkable carvings. It consists of a nave and chancel separated by a circular arch, and is one of the most unique buildings of its kind in England.

the last quarter of the fourteenth century. A hundred years later the edifice was crowned with that Perpendicular masterpiece the central or "Bell Harry" Tower.

The crypt in which Becket's body lay for fifty years after his murder and Henry II was lashed for his share in the crime is a survival of the Norman cathedral and the oldest portion of the present one.

Canterbury Cathedral is also the resting-place of an Englishman prominent in quite another walk of life, Edward the Black Prince. On his death in 1376, so great was his fame and popularity that the monks of Canterbury gave his body the place of honour adjacent to the shrine of St. Thomas. Not many years later he was joined by the only English sovereign buried in the church, Henry IV.

In addition to considerable remains of the priory buildings, Canterbury possesses mediæval edifices of much variety and a wide range of date. Place of honour must certainly be given to the minute Church of St. Martin, over which a furious controversy has raged, for the simple reason that it bears evidence of having existed *before* the arrival of St. Augustine and certainly has some Roman work incorporated in the fabric. What would not the feelings of visitors to this intriguing edifice be if only they could

be quite certain that they stood on the site where the conversion of Ethelbert was sealed?

St. Augustine's Abbey, as is well known, is the story of a real tragedy. It suffered the fate common to all such institutions at the time of the Dissolution: at first converted into a palace, it was ultimately abandoned as a residence, but instead of being allowed to fall into a poetic and picturesque decay, eighty years ago its remains were in use as a kind of pleasure-garden and dancing-hall, from which ignoble fate they were rescued by Mr. Beresford Hope, who restored what was restorable and founded St. Augustine's Missionary College on the site. There are some remains of most of the other ecclesiastical and charitable establishments in the old city.

Of the walls but a small portion is left, and only one of the city gates, the picturesque "West Gate," has survived. The Norman keep of the once formidable castle is still *in esse*, though in a condition which is perhaps partially ac-



Photo by

DOVER CASTLE.

[W. F. Taylor,

The castle stands on a commanding chalk cliff about a quarter of a mile north-east of the town, and occupies an area of nearly 35 acres. Its foundation dates from Roman times, but most of the present structure is not older than the eighteenth century. It is strongly fortified, and the barracks attached to it accommodate a considerable number of men.



Photo by]

DOVER CASTLE FROM THE AIR.

One of the most interesting structures in the castle is the octagonal Pharos, which dates from about A.D. 50, and is said to be one of the oldest-standing buildings in England, being a relic of the Roman fortress that originally stood on this site.

[Aerofilms.



Photo by

SHAKESPEARE CLIFF, DOVER.

The most famous landmark on the coast, Shakespeare or Hay's Cliff, is 350 feet high and almost perpendicular. It is described in Shakespeare's "King Lear," hence its name.

[Maude Teulon.]

counted for by the state of affairs which has prevailed since a gas company used it for base, material purposes. As Ingoldsby wrote :

The keep, I find, 's been sadly altered lately . . .
 And stuff'd, unless I'm misinformed greatly,
 With leaden pipes, and coke, and coals and bellows ;
 In short, so great a change has come to pass,
 'Tis now a manufactory of gas.

On the whole, fortunately enough, the city has preserved a charmingly old-world air, thanks to the survival of many ancient houses and the refusal of its streets to extend in girth and straighten themselves



Photo by]

WINDMILL AT WESTENHANGER.

[Herbert Felton.

Westenhanger is 7 miles north-west of Folkestone and adjoins the racecourse of that town. Here are the remains of an ancient royal manor-house, which is said to have been occupied by Henry II's "Fair Rosamond." The village has greatly increased its size on account of the large aerodrome situated here.

out in the approved modern fashion ; the net result is that while greatly exceeding the vast majority of British towns in interest, it is still one of the fairest to look upon and exceedingly eloquent to anyone with but a slight knowledge of history and not entirely bereft of imagination.

There are few more familiar and picturesque sights than the twin towers of Reculver, capped with the odd iron structures which still serve their function of a landmark to mariners at sea. Pathetic they are, too, as being substantially all that is left of a most interesting church, otherwise destroyed a century ago, some part of which was Saxon and incorporating Roman material. For Reculver is, of course, the Roman Regulbium, a fragment of whose mighty wall still survives. Regulbium has been all but washed away by the encroaching sea in the course of the centuries ; it originally guarded the northern entrance to the channel which in those days made the Isle of Thanet an island in more than name.



Photo by]

H. J. Smith.

THE BELL-TOWER, BROOKLAND CHURCH.

This curious belfry stands in the parish churchyard, and is constructed of massive timber. The church is Early English, and has an interesting Norman font. Brookland village is in the Romney Marsh district, 3 miles south of Appledore.

terminus of a cross-channel ferry ; but it would be very rash to expect its revival to be permanent.

So far as the outer world is concerned, Thanet is now mainly a matter of popular watering-places and a haven of refuge for those who wish to combine seaside "amusements" with more bracing air than the South Coast can produce. Of these favourite resorts some might be regarded as modern upstarts, but others are not. Broadstairs, for example, may claim to be soberly up to date, but is a most ancient place. Its Dickens associations are by no means its sole claim to fame. We learn from old records that in Elizabeth's time its pier was granted to the inhabitants "for the good of the commonwealth," and that its ancient chapel of St. Mary (which still survives after numerous transformations) contained a wondrous image, Our Lady of Broadstairs, so holy and renowned that passing ships lowered their top-sails as a mark of veneration. But the *annus mirabilis*

"On the eastern coast of Kent is Thanet, no small island," wrote the Venerable Bede, "containing, according to the measurement used in England, six hundred families (or brides), and separated from the continent by the river Wantsumu, which is in breadth about three furlongs, and is passable only in two places, for both its mouths extend into the sea." But it would take a clever man to find anything which separates Thanet from the "continent" in these days, and, curiously enough, the sea has pursued the opposite plan at the southern end of the ancient channel and Regulbium's twin stronghold, Rutupiaë, no longer guards a port which was the most famous in Roman Britain.

Rutupiaë fell into decay even earlier than Regulbium. As long ago as Camden's time that topographer was able to record that "Time has devoured every trace of it ; and, to teach us that cities are as perishable as men, it is now a corn-field, where, when the corn is grown up, one may see the traces of the streets intersecting each other ; for wherever the streets have run, the corn grows thin. . . . The site of the City, now ploughed over, discovers evidences of its antiquity, in Roman coins of gold and silver."

But sufficient remains of the walls of the ancient fortress to inspire the most unimpressible visitor with great respect for the majesty that was Rome. Curiously enough, Richborough had a second blooming during the Great War, when it served as the



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

ST. BENEDICT'S PRIORY, TENTERDEN.

The photograph shows an interesting half-timbered residence in Tenterden. The village was anciently known as Theln-warden, and it became a member of the Rye cinque port in the reign of Henry VI.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

SCOTT'S TOWER, HORSMONDEN.

The stately tower at Horsmonden was erected in 1856 to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, and contains most of his works. The structure stands on a hill overlooking the village, 3 miles north-east of Lamberhurst.



Photo by]

[E. Bastard.

THE TOAD ROCK, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

This curiously shaped rock stands on Rusthall Common, a short walk to the north-west of the town. Tunbridge Wells has been for many years one of our most picturesque and well-known watering-places. In the past the town has often been visited by royalty, but its fame as a resort may be said to date from 1630, when Queen Henrietta Maria stayed here.

of the place must have been 1574, when all the world talked of a monster fish which expired on the shore here after being stranded for twenty-four hours. Some idea of the fish's dimensions can be gathered from old Kilburne's account of the occurrence: "His roaring was heard above a mile. . . . One of his eyes was more than a cart and six horses could draw, and a man stood upright in the place from whence it was taken. . . . His tongue was fifteen feet long; his liver was two cart-loads; and a man might creep into his nostrils."

Ramsgate is in the main a nineteenth-century production, at any rate in its present form, but Margate has a notable history as a port of embarkation which goes back to Elizabeth's time. Its fame as a watering-place has dwarfed all its other claims to notice for the last century and a half, and it must not be forgotten that this place was the first in the country to be favoured with the sight of a bathing-machine.

The imaginative inventor of this homely and useful contrivance was a Quaker of the name of Benjamin Beale, and considering the indispensable part played by the bathing-machine in our seaside life it is startling and deplorable to find that Beale ruined himself in trying to popularise his new toy.

Times have changed sadly since Sandwich could be styled *Sandwich qui est omnium Anglorum Portuum fumosissimus*, for the same natural process which ruined Richborough in favour of Sandwich ruined Sandwich in turn. The sea retreated farther and farther, and so this proud member of the "Cinque Ports" ceased to be a port and is left to us as a delightful relic of old England and a Mecca of the golfing fraternity.

Of Sandwich in its palmy days one should write with bated breath, so to speak. It was the assembly ground of armies, the gathering-place of fleets, the scene of Edward III's embarkation for the campaign of Crecy, and of his son's landing after the astounding victory of Poitiers. No wonder the French spent so much of their energies in trying to burn out this nest of hornets. In Henry VI's reign their efforts met with considerable success, and Edward IV accordingly had the town "new walled, ditched and fortified with bulwarks." By Leland's time the decay of the harbour had set in, and his account says nothing of its ancient fame: "Sandwich, on the farther syde of the ryver of Sture, is neatly welle walled, where the towne stonddeth most in jeopardy of enemies: the residue of the town is dihed and



Photo by]

[E. Bastard.

TONBRIDGE CASTLE.

Tonbridge Castle was built by Richard de Tonbrigge in the time of William the Conqueror, and was greatly added to in the thirteenth century. The ruins stand in public grounds close to the River Medway.



Photo by]

[S.E. & C. Railway.

AT TONBRIDGE.

This photograph shows a path through the high rocks at Tonbridge. The town is of great antiquity, which fact is borne out by the number of ancient buildings. It was held at Domesday by Richard Fitzgilbert, afterwards known as De Tonebridge.



Photo by]

THE SMITHY AT PENSURST.

[H. J. Smith.

Penshurst village stands at the junction of the Eden and Medway, and is far-famed for its picturesqueness and rustic charm.

and even for the plain man who cannot put his appreciation into pictorial or literary form.

Next we reach a portion of the coast which has always been of considerable importance, owing to its proximity to the narrowest part of the Channel. Henry VIII was the first sovereign to fortify it systematically, for we learn from the old *Perambulation of Kent* that he "determined, by the aide of God, to stand upon his owne gardes and defence, and therefore, with all speede, and without sparing any cost, he builded castles, platfourmes, and block-houses, in all needefull places of the realme: and amongst the other, fearing lest the ease and advauntage of descending on land on this part, should give occasion and hardiness to the enemies to invade him, he erected (neare together) three fortifications, which might at all times keepe and beate the landing-place; that is to say, *Sandoune, Dele, and Wamere.*"



Photo by]

LYCH GATE AT PENSURST

[Herbert Felton.

The photograph shows another of the quaint old corners of Penshurst, to which also belongs the stately mansion of Lord de l'Isle and Dudley, one of the best-known country seats in the county.

mudde waulled. Ther be yn the towne iiii principal gates, iiii paroches churches, of the which sum suppose that St. Maries was sumtyme a nunnery. There ys a place of White Freres, and an Hospital without the town, fyrst ordeined for maryners desesyd and hurt."

Most of the walling has vanished and the "place of White Freres" has become a house, but the Hospital still exists and carries on its good work. The destruction of the walls on three sides of the town must be accounted unto the nineteenth century for sin, but the streets are still so charmingly irregular and there is such an abundance of ancient houses that Sandwich is a treasure-house for the artist

Deal Castle still remains as a reminder of those stirring times, and one could wish that there were some tangible memorial of Julius Caesar's landing here—if only to put a stop to the incessant bickering of the "authorities" over the exact site of that momentous occurrence. In these days the invasion comes from the other side, for Deal has developed into a popular watering-place, and much of its quaintness has suffered accordingly.

A century and more ago the town enjoyed renown as a breeding-ground of skilful smugglers. Gentlemanly fellows they must have been, as we are told that the Government winked at their crimes against the revenue laws on account of their prowess



Photo by

OLD HOUSES AT CHIDDINGSTONE.

[Herbert Felton.]

Among the chief charms of Chiddingstone are the several beautiful unrestored half-timbered Tudor houses, which contribute largely to the village's reputation as one of the most picturesque spots in Kent. Chiddingstone is 2 miles north-west of Penshurst.



Photo by]

[Herbert Felton.

THE QUINTAIN POST AT OFFHAM.

Offham is said to possess the only quintain post in England. The instrument was used in ancient days for practising the art of tilting with the lance. It was so devised that when struck, unless quickly evaded, it swung round so that the sandbag suspended from the other crossbeam dealt the horseman a violent blow.

Rome. Time and the meddling hands of mediæval governors have deformed and debased it.

For quite a long period the old church hard by was assigned to a date only a little later than that of the Pharos. The excuse for such a lapse from truth and probability must be the undoubted fact that the building incorporates a good deal of unmistakable and characteristic Roman material. But though the church does not go back to the times of King Lucius it is interesting and rare enough as an early Saxon building of a somewhat unusual type.

Dover Castle has paid the penalty for being adaptable to military purposes in all stages of the art of war. But though tremendous changes have been made at various times—notably the period of the Napoleonic wars—it still incorporates several grand examples

in rescuing shipwrecked mariners. The old salts of Deal and Dover who specialised in this sort of life-saving (in pre-lifeboat days) were given the odd name of "Hovellers."

Strict justice requires one to add that on a famous occasion in the early eighteenth century the mariners of Deal earned the wrath and contempt of the whole country by their refusal to go to the aid of several hundred sailors who were stranded on the Goodwin Sands. It was apropos of this quite unwonted attack of inhumanity that Defoe wrote:

"The barbarous hated name of Deal shou'd die,
Or be a term of infamy;
And till that's done, the town will stand,
A just reproach to all the land."

Dover has so many aspects, as seaside resort, naval station, port, and so forth, and is so rich in historical remains and interest, that to attempt a short description of its principal features without lapsing into mere guidebook conciseness is no easy matter. On the whole, it seems more feasible to assume a slight familiarity with the general appearance of the town and harbour and concentrate on the remarkable historical monuments, some of which have survived nearly two thousand years of change and vicissitudes.

Of these the first in point of age is the Roman "Pharos" or lighthouse, which is claimed to be the oldest building in the country. But in its present form and state it is but a feeble and unimpressive monument of the grandeur of ancient



Photo by]

OTFORD CHURCH.

[E. Bastard.

Fire destroyed Otford Church in 1637, but it was later rebuilt, and in 1863 underwent a general restoration. A few ruins are all that remains of the stately mansion, which was built here by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

of the fortification work of the Norman and later periods. Its fine keep and the "Peverel" and "Avranches" Towers are outstanding military monuments of the Middle Ages.

Tenterden cannot be passed by, if only because of that noted old saying that "Tenterden Steeple was the cause of Goodwin Sands," the idea being that by some nefarious means the citizens or monks in this little town built the fine tower of its church with money intended for the erection

of walls to prevent the encroachments of the sea. But according to Sir Thomas More (*Dialogues*) it was not the Goodwin Sands but the silting-up of Sandwich Harbour which resulted from this shocking display of worldly pride. He tells us how there was a meeting of the "old folk of the cuntre," at which "they began fyrst to ensearche what thinge had ben the occasion that so good a Haven was in so few yerys so soore decayed." When the oldest inhabitant was asked, "And what hath hurt it, good father?" he replied, "By my fayth, Maysters, yonder same Tenterden stePELL, and nothyng ellys." When questioned further as to the whys and wherefores, the good "father" could only answer that "ych cannot tell you well why: I knew that a good haven tyll the stePELL was bylded, and by the Mary masse, yt never throve synnys." And this curious piece of logic held the field for over a century!

As one of the Cinque Ports, quaint old Hythe has a perennial charm and interest, though the sea has long since deserted it. According to old accounts, the retiring disposition of the latter was by no means the sole agent responsible for its decay. Lambarde, for instance, records how "this



Photo by

IGHTHAM MOTE HOUSE.

[H. S. Newcombe.

The Mote House of Ightham is one of the oldest houses in Kent. It is built round a courtyard, and its outer walls are surrounded by a deep moat. The structure exhibits various styles of architecture ranging from Perpendicular to Tudor. Ightham Mote is 10 miles west of Maidstone.

towne was grievously afflicted, in so much as (besides the furie of the pestilence, which raged all over) there were in one day, two hundredth of the houses consumed by flame, and five of their ships, with one hundredth men, drowned at the sea; by which hurt the inhabitants were so wounded, that they began to devise how they myghte abandone the place, and builde them a towne else where." Fortunately, the King came to the rescue and saved Hythe for posterity.



Photo by]

AT EYNSFORD.

[E. Bastard

The village stands on the River Darent, nearly 6 miles south of Dartford. In the background is the parish church, which is mainly Early English, and has a fine Norman west door. Close by are the remains of a Norman castle, built by the Eynsford.



Photo by

ON CHISLEHURST COMMON.

Judges', Ltd.

Chislehurst is noted for its fine common, which stands 300 feet above sea-level, and is surrounded by numerous trees. The town is 11 miles from London, and was the dwelling-place of several famous men, including Bacon and Campden.

Besides the attractive old streets and houses, the great "draw" of the place is the remarkable Church of St. Leonard, interesting enough architecturally, but quite exciting for its crypt, in which a vast quantity of human bones is stored. For a long time (notwithstanding sceptical sniffs from an expert or two) it was widely believed that these bones were the relics of an invading army, and nasty gashes in several of the skulls certainly lent some colour to this suggestion. But modern investigation has proved pretty conclusively that the bones were merely brought here from the churchyard when the latter became over-full.

Saltwood Castle, Hythe's neighbour, is of course a restoration, though a good deal of the original work remains. The county can show few more historic buildings, for several English sovereigns have resided here at one time or another. The list is headed by Edward II, who, we are told, lodged here in his nineteenth year. But the building is chiefly memorable as the place where Becket's



Photo by]

THE BRIDGE, ELTHAM PALACE.

[Herbert Felton.

This ancient bridge spans the moat, which still remains at Eltham Palace, a royal residence from the time of Henry III up to the reign of Henry VIII. The most interesting part of the ruins is the fine banqueting hall. Eltham lies a few miles to the south-east of Blackheath, and therefore belongs geographically to Kent, though it is actually in the administrative county of London.

murderers spent the first night on English soil after crossing from France to carry out what they believed to be Henry II's wishes.

Lympne, another neighbour of Hythe, has a past that stretches back to Roman times, when it was world-renowned as "Portus Lemanis." The remains of the Roman naval station are now known as Studfall Castle and, thanks to a landslide or earthquake, are not particularly illuminating. The amount of archaeological ignorance that prevailed in past centuries is well illustrated by Leland's description of the ruins: "ther remayneth at this day the ruines of a stronge fortresse of the Britons, hanging on the hil, and cummyng down to the very fote. . . . The old walles are made of Britons brikes, very large, and great flynt set togyther almost indissolubely with morters made of smaull pybble."

New Romney is another Cinque Port from which the sea has fled. It arose into prominence



Photo by

ROCHESTER CASTLE.

E. Bastard.

The square keep of the castle was built by William de Corbeuil, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the twelfth century, and is one of the finest specimens of the Norman style of architecture in England. It stands 120 feet high to the top of the turrets, and the walls are in places 12 feet thick.

religious prejudices this work is not concerned. After relating that a "cunning Carpenter of our country" who was taken prisoner in France conceived this idea of making money to secure his ransom, he goes on to say that "he compacted of wood, wyer, paste and paper, a Roode of such exquisite arte and workmanship, that it not only matched in comelynesse, and due proportion of the partes, the best of the common sorte; but in straunge motion, varietie of gesture, and nimbleness of jointes, passed all other that before had been sene: the same being able to bow downe, and lift up itselfe, to shake and stirre the hands and feete, to nod the head, to rolle the eyes, to wagge the chappes, to bende the browes, and finally to represente to the eye, bothe the proper motion of each member of the bodye, and also a lively, expresse and significant shewe, of a well contented or displeased mynde." This ingenious figure was publicly destroyed at St. Paul's Cross in 1538.

The other spot is Ightham Mote, perhaps the fairest of Kentish manor houses.

when a like fate had overwhelmed Old Romney, and indeed there is more than one village hereabouts which is now well inland but once played some part in the maritime history of the county. Everyone knows, of course, that Romney Marsh was once under the sea, but it is not as widely known as it should be that it was first reclaimed by the Romans, and that the ocean claimed its own again when their splendid engineering works were suffered to fall into ruin.

Ashford, though old enough to share memories with the ancient places we have visited, is yet young enough to play a vigorous part in the economic life of the county and refuse to rest on former laurels. It still has its fine church and some picturesque houses, but would greatly resent being regarded as anything but thoroughly alive and up-to-date.

We are now back near Maidstone, but this survey shall not terminate without a call at two spots which are of note in widely different ways. One is Boxley, once famous for its Cistercian abbey, which was itself famous for its "woodden Roode," or crucifix, so fashioned that the Figure moved. There is no question that this *Rood of Grace*, as it was called, was the object of great veneration and many pilgrimages, but if old Lambarde's description is quoted here, it is for the quaintness of his language: with his re-



Photo by

THE CRYPT, ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

E. Bastard.

The present edifice was begun by Gundulf, the second Norman bishop, in 1082, and traces of his work may still be seen in the crypt, which is one of the finest in England. It contains some curious sgraffiti or wall scratchings.



Photo by]

INTERIOR OF KEEP, ROCHESTER CASTLE.

The castle stands on the Medway at the south-west corner of the city, and was defended on three sides by a deep fosse. The keep has four stories and a buttress tower 12 feet square stands at each corner. The walled enclosure built by Bisbop Gundulf, which surrounded the keep, is now a public garden.

[E. Bastard.

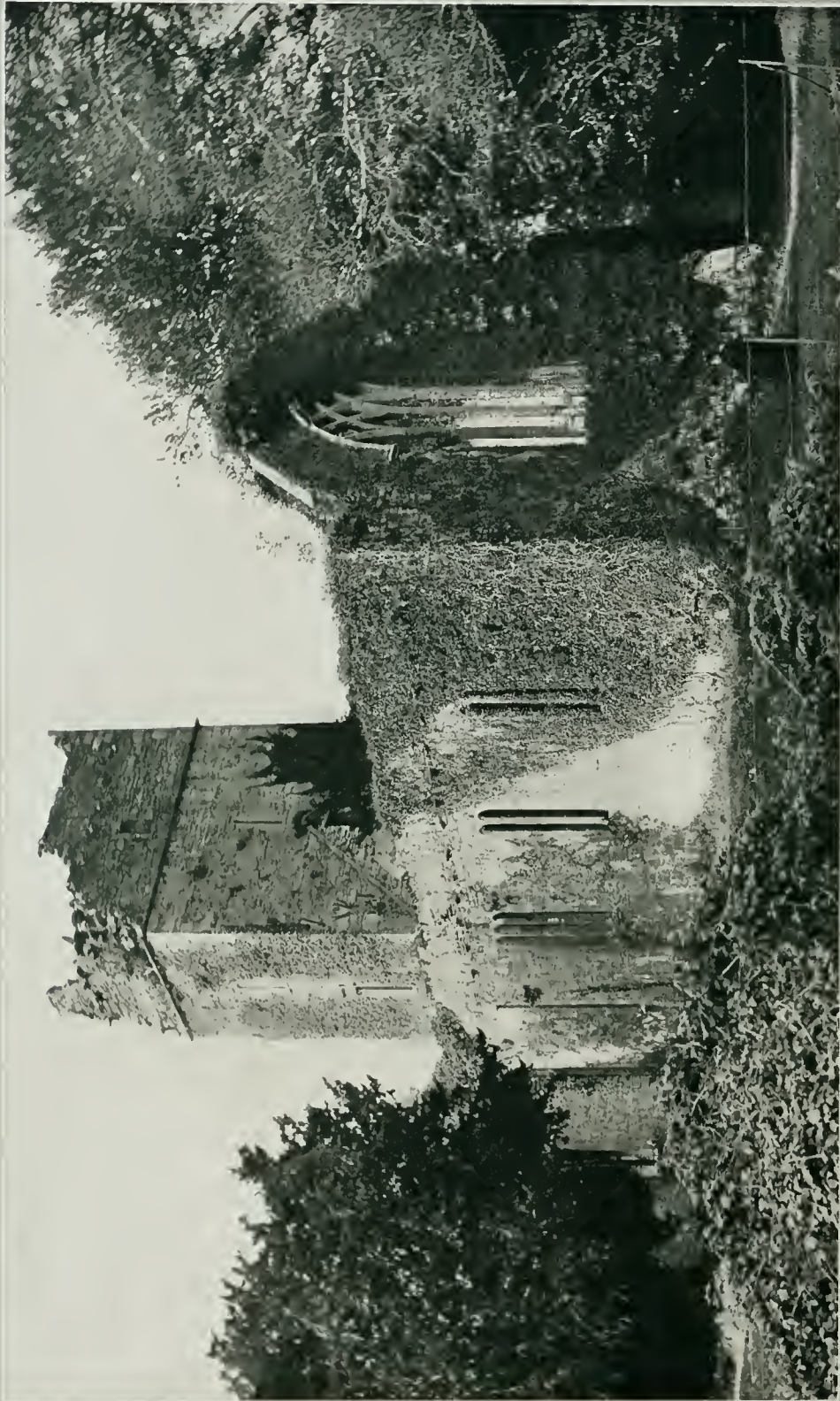


Photo by]

MUCKROSS ABBEY, KILLARNEY.

Muckross Abbey or the Abbey of Irrelagh was founded for the Franciscan Friars by MacCarthy More, the Irish chieftain, in 1340. The Friars resided here until the abbey's destruction by Ludlow, Cromwell's general. Both from the historical and pictorial point of view, Muckross is one of the most interesting ruins in Killarney.

[George Long.



Photo by]

BLENERVILLE BRIDGE, TRALEE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Tralee is the largest seaport on the south-west coast of Ireland. It is situated at the mouth of the River Lee on Tralee Bay, about 30 miles north-east of Dingle. A ship canal communicates with the bay and admits of vessels of 200 tons to reach the quay.

COUNTY KERRY

A GREAT artist in language has described the scenery of County Kerry in words which may well serve as introduction to this survey.

“The south-western part of Kerry is now well known as the most beautiful tract in the British isles.

The mountains, the glens, the capes stretching far into the Atlantic, the crags on which the eagles build, the rivulets brawling down rocky passes, the lakes overhung by groves in which the wild deer find covert, attract every summer crowds of wanderers sated with the business and the pleasures of great cities. The beauties of that country are indeed too often hidden in the mist and rain which the west wind brings up from a boundless ocean. But, on the rare days when the sun shines out in all its glory, the landscape has a freshness and a warmth of colouring seldom found in our latitude. The myrtle loves the soil. The arbutus thrives better than even on the sunny shore of Calabria. The turf is of livelier hue than elsewhere: the hills glow with a richer purple: the varnish of the holly and ivy is more glossy; and berries of a brighter red peep through foliage of a brighter green.”

And then follows an even more vivid passage in which Macaulay tells us that “during the greater part of the seventeenth century, this paradise was as little known to the civilized world as Spitzbergen or Greenland. If ever it was mentioned, it was mentioned as a horrible desert, a chaos of bogs, thickets, and precipices, where the she-wolf still littered, and where some



Photo by]

INTERIOR, MUCKROSS ABBEY, KILLARNEY.

[W. Lawrence.

The abbey contains many interesting tombs; one of the largest in the chancel is that of O'Donoghues of the Glens. An almost unreadable inscription on the west wall of the abbey runs: “Here lies Anne Miagh, James Barrett's virtuous wife, obit 11 Die Feb. Anno Domini 1709.”



Photo by,

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

COLLEEN BAWN CAVES, KILLARNEY.

The curious caves are to be found on the northern shores of Muckross Lake. They are the scene of Gerald Griffin's "The Colleen Bawn," which will be remembered as the story upon which Boucicault's famous play was based.

troubled Ireland of long ago (perhaps one should ruefully add, "and more recent times!") to create that atmosphere of haunting memories and mystery which goes so well with Nature's finest pageantry.

Killarney town some might regard as a blot on the landscape, a necessary evil since tourists have to be housed, fed, and provided with the necessary transport facilities. But such a judgment does the place less than justice. It may be uninteresting, but it is not ugly or squalid, and in its Roman Catholic Cathedral it possesses at least one building that is a work of art, all the more notable because it dates from a singularly unfelicitous period of the nineteenth century.



Photo by]

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

OLD WEIR BRIDGE, KILLARNEY.

The old Weir Bridge is at the north end of the long strip of water known as the Long Raoge, connecting the Upper Lake with Muckross Lake. The current is very swift here, and the passage under the bridge is one of the most exciting moments in the journey between the twin lakes. The boatman in the photograph is about to shoot the rapids.

half naked savages, who could not speak a word of English, made themselves burrows in the mud, and lived on roots and sour milk."

Macaulay, as we see, had no hesitation in allowing the Killarney district to be "the most beautiful tract in the British Isles," a bold statement worthy of his unfailing assurance. But even the more temperate and critical twentieth century will admit that though the charms of Killarney may be equalled elsewhere in these Islands, they are certainly not surpassed. For those charms are of the most bewildering variety. High and noble mountains encircle the Upper Lake and form a grand background to the island-studded *nappe* of Lough Leane (or the Upper Lake). Fascinating streams pour down the hillsides amidst a fairyland of greenery. And enough is left of the dim and

Pride of place among the antiquities of the district must be awarded to the Island of Innisfallen, which many regard as the most perfect gem in this gem-studded area. For Innisfallen, through the ruins of its ancient oratory and monastery, carries one back to the very earliest days of Christianity in Ireland, and particularly to that Golden Age when St. Finan made the island a centre for his gracious activities, and through him its monastery attained such a reputation for learning and sanctity that it was visited by crowds of hungry seekers after the eternal truths. The island gave its name to the famous "Annals of Innisfallen," and it was here that, according to tradition, St. Finan earned the honourable title of "Lobhar" (the Leper) through curing an unfortunate leper at the cost—as he knew beforehand—of contracting the loath-



Photo by]

ROSS CASTLE, KILLARNEY.

[W. Lawrence.

The exact age of this picturesque old ruin is somewhat obscure, but it was probably built in the fourteenth century by an Anglo-Norman baron. The most stirring event in its career was its surrender in 1652 to Ludlow, Cromwell's general. It was here that Tennyson is said to have written the greater part of "The Princess."

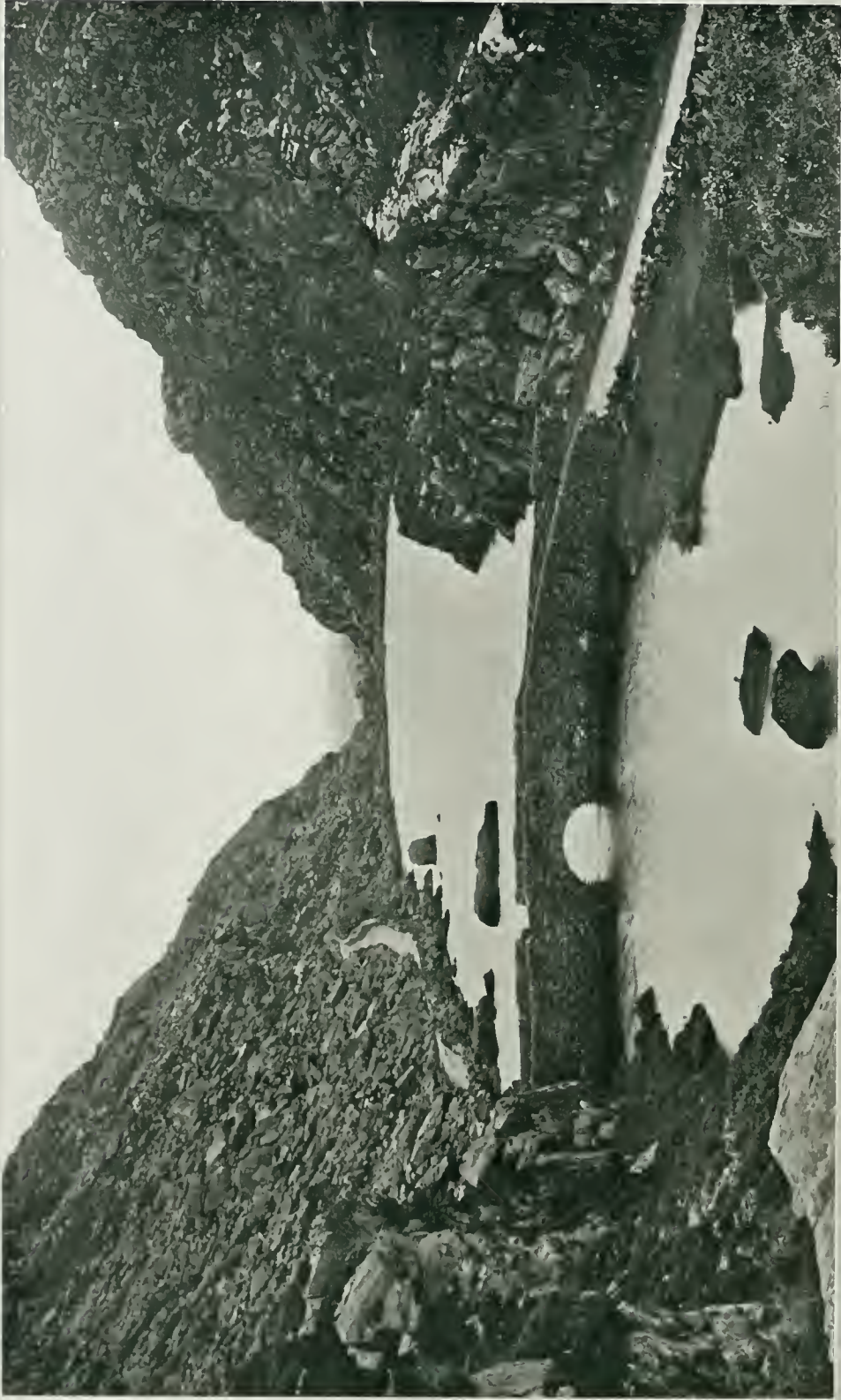


Photo by]

SERPENT LAKE, GAP OF DUNLOE, KILLARNEY.

The Gap of Dunloe is a rugged gorge running north and south about 4 miles and separating the Purple Mountains from Macgilllicuddy Reeks. The Black Lough or Serpent Lake is the most southerly of the several lakes which lie in the Gap and are formed by the expansion of the River Lee.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

some disease himself. The Innisfallen ruins are not particularly notable in themselves, but they will ever have a singular appeal to all thinking men.

On the northern shore of the Upper Lake is the ancient church of Aghadoe, a somewhat unpoetical corruption of words meaning the "Field of the two Yews." The leper saint is said to have been responsible for the first church on the site, but it is very doubtful whether any portion of the existing ruins dates from his time. The adjacent Round Tower is but a fragment.

Coming to more recent times, the conspicuous and famous ruin of Ross Castle speaks, not of those glorious days of triumphant Irish Christianity, but of the stormy centuries when every man's hand was against his neighbour, save in those rare intervals when there was some attempt at combination



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

ON THE MIDDLE LAKE, KILLARNEY.

Although it is only a quarter of the size of the Lower Lake, and contains but four islands against the other's thirty, there is much divided opinion as to whether the Middle Lake is not the more beautiful of the two. It is also known as Muckross or Torc Lake, and has been described as "not inferior to the Upper in majestic grandeur, or to the Lower in grace and beauty."

against the foreign foe. To delve into the picturesque history of the old stronghold is a sore temptation—to be resisted in the interests of space. But the siege of 1652 cannot be passed over in silence. In that year Cromwell's veterans were stamping out the ashes of the Irish Rebellion. Lord Muskerry's forces had been routed in the field and took refuge in Ross Castle, a wise step in view of the old saying that it could never be taken "until a ship should float on the lake." But Major-General Ludlow was one too many even for tradition. He had boats hauled up the River Laune from Castlemaine, and their appearance on the surface of Lough Leane brought about a prompt surrender.

Another celebrated antiquity of Killarney is Muckross Abbey, which figures prominently in so many photographs of the district. Though of no high architectural merit, save in certain details, the ruins of the church and domestic buildings of the monastery have a mystic and winsome appeal which

easily accounts for its popularity with tourists. To descend from the sublime to the ridiculous, it might be added that Muckross means "the peninsula of the pigs" (*muc-ros*).

But Nature and not man is the real creative artist of the Killarney region, and her handiwork is exquisite in its completeness and variety. Whether she fashions a silver ribbon of stream like the Long Range, a grand promontory like Eagle's Nest, a noble height like Purple Mountain or Mangerton, a mighty mountain group like Macgillicuddy's Reeks, or a wild pass like the Gap of Dunloe, it is as if she had set out to give of the best that was in her, a lavish profusion of all the elements of beautiful and inspiring scenery.

As we go westwards, the wonders of a fine coast are added to the splendours of that array of rugged



Photo by

[W. Lawrence.

GENERAL VIEW, KILLARNEY.

Wordsworth's opinion was that for beautiful scenery Killarney stands unrivalled in the whole of the British Isles. Many writers have acclaimed its loveliness in eloquent prose; one says, "The principal charm of Killarney consists in its magical variety. Like the beauty of Nourmahal, it is not by a monotonous perfection that it pleases, but by an ever-animated, ever-changing fascination."

heights which forms the backbone of the peninsula between Dingle Bay and Kenmare River. The restless Atlantic eats hungrily into the land, and the eternal conflict between rock and ocean produces pictures of unforgettable majesty.

Kenmare, at the head of the fjord-like Kenmare River, has an odd history which deserves passing mention. We have seen how in the seventeenth century this region was regarded in England as "a horrible desert, a chaos of bogs, thickets, and precipices." To bring the blessings of civilisation (!) to such a benighted area, Sir William Petty built a village at Kenmare in 1670 and induced some English settlers to make it their home. As the nearest English port was a two days' journey "through a wild and dangerous country," as Macaulay says, the prospect could not have been very inviting, but the young colony flourished and expanded to such a degree as to rouse the envy of the Irish of the neigh-



Photo by]

TORG CASCADE, KILLARNEY.

[W. A. Green.

This beautiful waterfall is on the Owengarriff River, at the south-east corner of Muckross Lake. The cascade is completely concealed by trees, and would come as a surprise were it not for the noise, which may be heard from some distance away.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

EAGLE'S NEST, KILLARNEY.

The Eagle's Nest is a conical hill, 1,000 feet high, about half-way down the Long Range. Its curious name is probably accounted for by the fact that its barren summit is full of crevices in which eagles used to build.



Photo by]

[W. Lawrence.

THE REEKS, KILLARNEY.

Macgillcuddy's Reeks are a long range of mountains, situated to the west of the Gap of Dunloe, 6 miles south-west of Killarney. The most important peak is Carrantuohill (3,414 feet), the highest mountain in Ireland.

bourhood. The crisis came in 1688, when there was a regular siege by three thousand Irish troops, and it was not without difficulty that the inhabitants of the colony were brought away by sea to Bristol.

The road from Kenmare round the Waterville promontory to Cahirciveen is deservedly regarded as one of the many "titbits" of County Kerry. It runs within easy reach of the Kenmare River, keeps the traveller in full view of the fine Caha Mountains and Slieve Miskish on its farther shore, and cuts through a region where the noble range which is the spine of the peninsula runs out to gaze at the Atlantic above Darrinane

Bay. Cold and unimaginative indeed must be the man whose blood is not stirred by such a land of beauties and memories, for a bewildering variety of effective landscape is offered at points innumerable, and Parknasilla adds a touch of wooded romance which introduces a new element.

Among the more notable of the antiquities of the region is the so-called "Staigue Fort," an extraordinary walled enclosure, with internal staircases, which is held together by the sheer mass and careful fitting of the stones. As practically nothing is known of its history, legend has built about it indefatigably, to the entertainment of the visitor and the profit of the local cicerones. It is no part of BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL'S functions to take the bread and butter out of honest men's mouths, so all that will be said here is that if we give the Fort an age of some two thousand years or so we shall not be far wrong.

Derrynane has more than the charms of its beautiful bay to substantiate its claim to fame. The house of the same name was for long the residence of Daniel O'Connell, the "Liberator," and it was in this wild and remote region, then haunted by smugglers of all kinds, that, according to some authorities, he acquired his unrivalled skill in evading the law.



Photo by]

[W. A. Green.

TUNNEL ON THE KENMARE ROAD, KILLARNEY.

Close by the western end of the Upper Lake, the road from Killarney to Kenmare passes under the tunnel, an arch pierced through a gigantic rock. From the top, a magnificent vista of the lake dotted with its numerous elfin-like islands may be obtained. These tunnels are a common feature on the Killarney roads, and they form an easy means of negotiating the many mountain ranges which block their path.



Photo by]

[P. W. Farnborough.

THE LONG RANGE FROM OLD WEIR BRIDGE.

The famous lakes of Killarney are connected by a winding stream. Sir Walter Scott considers this tortuous stretch of water to surpass in beauty anything to be found in his beloved Scotch lake scenery.

From Derrynane round to Cahirciveen by the coast furnishes an interesting succession of fine bays, mostly dominated by splendid cliffs, but undoubtedly the greatest centre of interest until Valencia Island is reached is the island of Great Skellig, or Skellig Michael, so called from an early religious house named after that saint. The island is remarkable from at least four points of view. In the first place it is frequently quite an adventure to get there; the elements have to be on their very best behaviour to make a landing at all possible. Secondly, it is all but the nearest point to America, a geographical fact which seldom fails to inspire a faint thrill in the breast of even the most unimaginative. The island is also a grand object in itself, an imposing pyramid split into two peaks between six and seven hundred feet, rising steeply from the sea. Lastly, it is for ever memorable as a sacred



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

INNISFALLEN CHAPEL, KILLARNEY.

This little church or oratory stands apart from the abbey on a cliff overlooking the lake, and is considerably older than the main ruins. The photograph gives a glimpse of the fine sculptured doorway. The abbey stands on Innisfallen Island in the centre of Lough Leane, and was founded by St. Finlan the Leper in the sixth century.

place of human pilgrimage to the monastery whose remains are among the most interesting antiquities in Ireland. Legends and stories innumerable have gathered round the little church, oratory, and cluster of beehive cells that are so vivid a reminder of the golden days of Irish Christianity, but in reality no creation of fiction or fancy, not to mention legend or tradition, could be more eloquent than the rough, primitive architecture of these famous buildings.

At Ballinskellig on the mainland is the ruin of the church of the abbey to which, so tradition relates, the monks of Great Skellig came when that outpost of Christian civilisation was abandoned. Like many of the other ruined ecclesiastical buildings with which this part of Kerry abounds, it is practically impossible to assign a date to the foundation of the abbey. Virtually nothing is known of its history, and the same may be said of the battered castle hard by.



Photo by]

AT INNISFALLEN, KILLARNEY.

The most beautiful of Lough Leane's many islands, Innisfallen is famous for Moore's beautiful lines. Macanlay aptly describes their charm—"the gem of Killarney, not a reflex of heaven, but a bit of heaven itself." The island is covered with luxuriant vegetation, and of the many evergreens the holly-tree is the most profuse. One specimen, the Great Holly, is said to be the largest in Europe.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.



Photo by]

CROMWELL'S BRIDGE, GLENGARIFF.

According to popular tradition, this old bridge owes its foundation to the fact that Cromwell, on the way to conquer the O'Sullivan's, experienced difficulty in fording the river, so he ordered the inhabitants to build a bridge before his return. It may only be approached by the river at high tide, when the water rushes up this armet of the sea, and its reflection of this pretty ivy-clad arch makes a lovely picture.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Cahiriveen has associations with Daniel O'Connell (he was born in Carhan House, now in ruin) and enjoys a fine situation, but is otherwise notable mainly for its proximity to the island of Valencia and two remarkable ancient relics, Ballycarbery Castle and a very early fort somewhat similar to that at Staigue. Ballycarbery's gaunt pile is a grand sight. It was one of the fortified residences of the famous MacCarthy More, and presents a striking example of Irish military architecture in the fifteenth century.

Next to Killarney, Valencia is probably the Kerry name most familiar to the average Briton, for the simple reason that even those who know nothing of the mighty deeds of Fionn MacCoul, or the triumphs and sorrows of the Geraldines, have heard of the laying of the Atlantic cable and the great part played therein by the freakish *Great Eastern*, with her battery of funnels, masts, and



Photo by]

AT PARKNASILLA.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Famed as a health resort, this pretty little town stands in a sheltered cove between Kenmare Bay and Knockanamadane Hill. Parknasilla means "meadow of willows," and many varieties of sub-tropical plants flourish here.

paddle-wheels. The name "Valencia" has an odd foreign ring about it, and your true Irishman rejects it in favour of the native "Darrery" (from *Dairbohe*, "forest of oaks"). The excitements over the unsuccessful attempts to lay the cable would alone give Valencia a little history of its own, but it has many other attractions besides this journalistic interest. It has memories of freebooters, pirates, and smugglers galore; it can show where Cromwell fixed his iron heel; it has magnificent cliffs at Fogher and Bray Head. But, above all, it has marvellous view-points, from which Kerry's splendours of sea and land furnish one of the finest panoramas the world can show.

All along the Dingle Bay side of this promontory Nature has been prodigally lavish with her landscapes. What could be finer, wilder, or more remote than that trio of dream lakes with the musical names of Coomnacronia, Coomasaharn, and Coomacullen? What could present a more

attractive combination of form and colour than the wood-encircled Lough Caragh? The answer is: nothing save similar scenes which this amazing and inexhaustible country can furnish elsewhere.

Miltown has little claim to fame save for its abbey of Kilcolman, frequently and absurdly confused with the Kilcolman Castle in County Cork, which was burnt over poor Edmund Spenser's head. Castlemaine, too, is more or less undistinguished since its important castle was finally destroyed by Cromwell's fortress-eaters in the middle of the seventeenth century. It stood on the old bridge—which still survives—and figured prominently in all the troubles of this troublous region for many centuries. Such was its importance that in the time of Elizabeth it was thought unsafe to leave it in the hands of any Irish family, and a special royal Constable was appointed as its governor.



Photo by

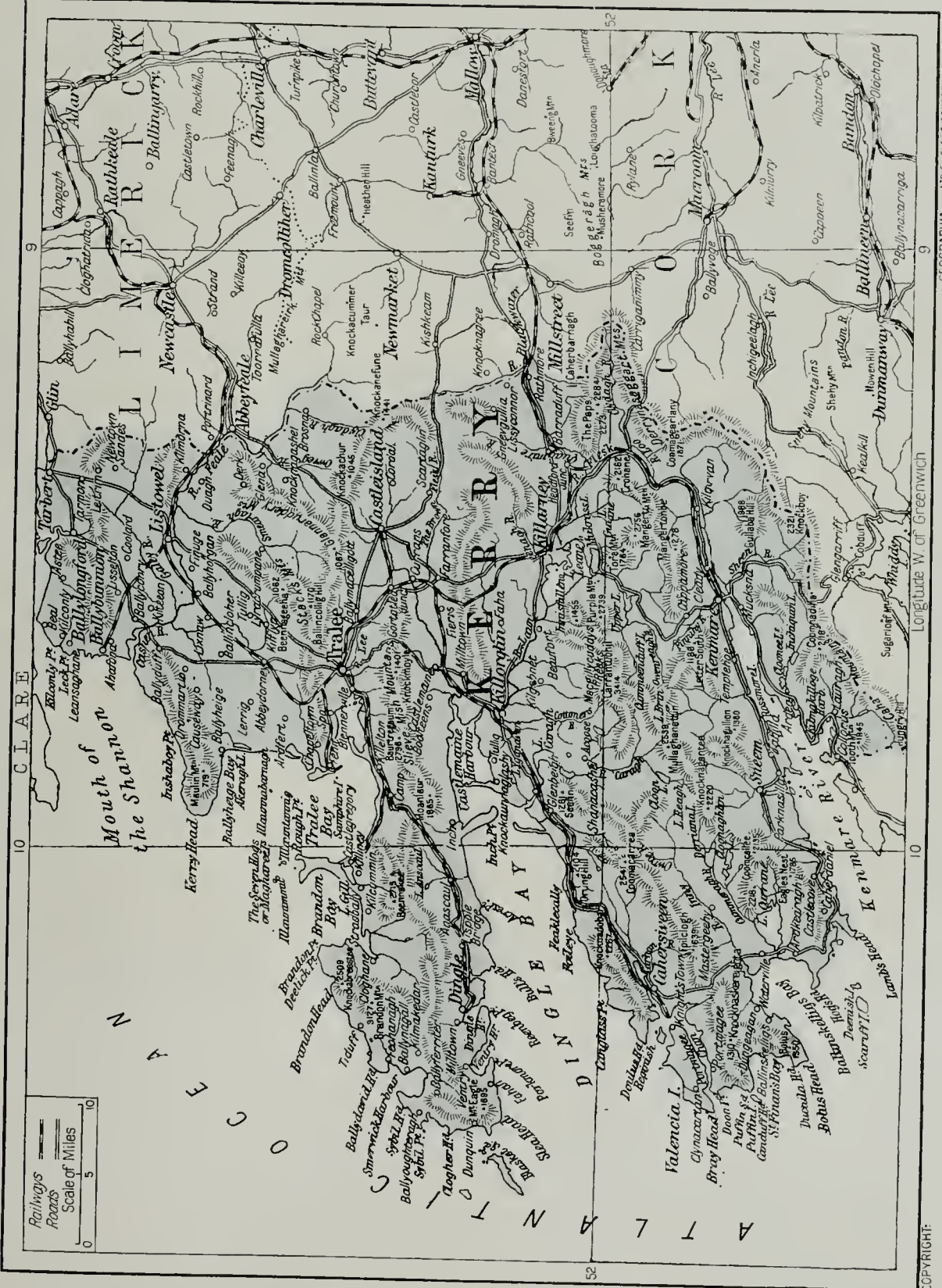
DERRYQUIN CASTLE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This picturesque old country seat stands in a charming situation on the shores of Kenmare Bay, opposite Rossdahan Island, 2 miles south-east of Sneem.

Tralee is as full of history as it is devoid of tangible signs of it, perhaps because it continues to play an active and vigorous part in the affairs of the nation. It has its full complement of ecclesiastical and municipal buildings, and in the season is called upon to cater for the large number of visitors who explore the Dingle promontory and inspect the ancient remains in which this part of the county is so extraordinarily rich.

Tralee's history is much too lengthy a matter for these pages, even though its castle takes a prominent place in the story of the county as the headquarters of the Desmonds. It was situated in the centre of the town, but has utterly vanished, thanks to its barbarous demolition in times of peace in 1826. Its "great event" was the siege of 1642, when the English garrison under Sir Thomas Harris held out for six months, but were compelled to surrender—shortly after the death of their gallant commander—by failure of supplies and water.



GEOGRAPHIA 302 L^o 55-FULLY STREET LONDON E.C.4.

MAP OF CO. KERRY.

COPYRIGHT:



Photo by,

THE COAST AT VALENCIA ISLAND.

W. A. Green.

All along the coast of Valencia Island are a number of isolated rocks, and it is an awe-inspiring spectacle to watch the great Atlantic rollers dashing against them with a never-diminishing fury.



Photo by

THE LIGHTHOUSE, VALENCIA ISLAND.

W. Lawrence.

This fine lighthouse stands on an imposing elevation at the entrance to Valencia Harbour, between Valencia and Beginish, and the light has a visibility of 10 miles. The headland on which the lighthouse stands is known as Cromwell's Fort, after the stronghold that the Protector erected here to protect the island against foreign privateers.

Tralee also had a Dominican monastery of considerable note, which was established in the thirteenth century, but has also vanished.

From Tralee the Dingle promontory shoots out westwards, and offers grand sea and mountain scenery of the most varied description, while its prehistoric antiquities are perhaps the most remarkable in the British Isles. Of the natural "sights," the Slieve Mish Mountains, the magnificent mass of Brandon Hill, and the rugged cliffs about Sybil Head and Sleah Head are perhaps the chief, though selection is an invidious matter where almost every considerable elevation gives an unrivalled panorama of land and ocean.

It is to be hoped that the good citizens of Dingle will not take offence if their little town is described as somewhat of a "Has-Been"; considerations of veracity forbid any other description. For it is difficult to conjure up from this quiet and rather unattractive place a vision of the walled port which in its heyday had a flourishing and important trade with Spain.

Dingle's main function in these times is to serve as centre for excursions to the exceedingly interesting portion of the promontory which lies west of a line drawn from Bulls Head to Castlegregory on Tralee Bay. Here are many relics of the early Christianity of Ireland, and even more of the first civilisation in these Islands of which we have any knowledge.

To take the ecclesiastical antiquities first, there is the remarkably perfect Oratory of Gallerus, the rugged simplicity of which brings to mind in the most forceful manner the character and lives of the early missionaries who made Ireland a land of light and learning when the rest of the western world was groping in thick darkness. Equally worthy of reverence is the ruined cathedral church of Kilmalkedar, with its interesting Irish-Romanesque architecture of pre-Norman times. All this region is indeed holy ground, for it was the scene of the labours of St. Brendan and his followers, and the famous "Saints' Way" from Kilmalkedar up to the very summit of Brandon Hill is but one of the visible signs of that affection for him which has found expression in the most beautiful and striking legends.



Photo by

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

CARHAM BRIDGE, CAHIRCIVEEN.

Carham Bridge crosses the Carham River close to the ruins of O'Donnel's house on the Cahirciveen to Killorgin road. This district offers plenty of sport to those in search of shooting or fishing, while many days may be spent in exploring the rugged scenery which is such an attractive feature of the promontory.



Photo by

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

CARHAM HOUSE, CAHIRCIVEEN.

For a long time Carham House has been in ruins. It was here that O'Donnel spent his childhood. Carham is about a mile to the north-east of Cahirciveen, which contains a fine memorial church to O'Donnel.

The secular remains would include a vast number of primitive dwellings, burial-grounds, and similar relics of the activities of prehistoric man; indeed, there is no part of Ireland so rich in such objects, and many persons visit Dingle solely for the purpose of passing a few days with these survivals of a civilisation which had only just earned the name.

There are also some castles of the mediæval period which have been the scene of a good deal of picturesque history. But here it is impossible to do more than tell the story of the Fort del Ore, whose entrenchments can still be seen on the western shore of Smerwick Bay.

In 1580 a party of Spaniards and Italians landed at this point and built their "Golden Fort" to make themselves secure and furnish a base and *point d'appui* for operations against Queen Elizabeth's forces, who were engaged in quelling the Desmond rebellion. To the English of that



Photo by]

[H. A. Francis.

UPPER CARAGH RIVER NEAR GLENGAR.

The Caragh River rises in Macgillicuddy's Reeks and flows through Caragh Lough to the sea at Rossbehy Creek. The lake is placed in a delightful situation amidst the mountains, and is much in favour for boating and fishing.

day the fort was a nest of foreigners and Papists, and Lord Grey of Wilton was sent to destroy it utterly. He had with him Edmund Spenser and a promising young soldier, Walter Raleigh. What exactly occurred is still shrouded in uncertainty and controversy, but there can be little doubt that nearly all the Spaniards and Italians were massacred after surrender.

North-east of Tralee lies Ardfert, with important remains of its abbey and cathedral. The latter—or to speak more accurately, the first predecessor of the present edifice—was founded by the indefatigable St. Brendan, and its early history is lost in the mists of antiquity. The existing ruin dates substantially from the thirteenth century in the Early English style, but there is also work of both earlier and later periods which includes a splendid Romanesque doorway, one of the finest in Ireland. Perhaps the most interesting detail is a statue which is supposed to represent St. Brendan himself, though clearly enough it was executed centuries after that great and good man had been gathered to his fathers.

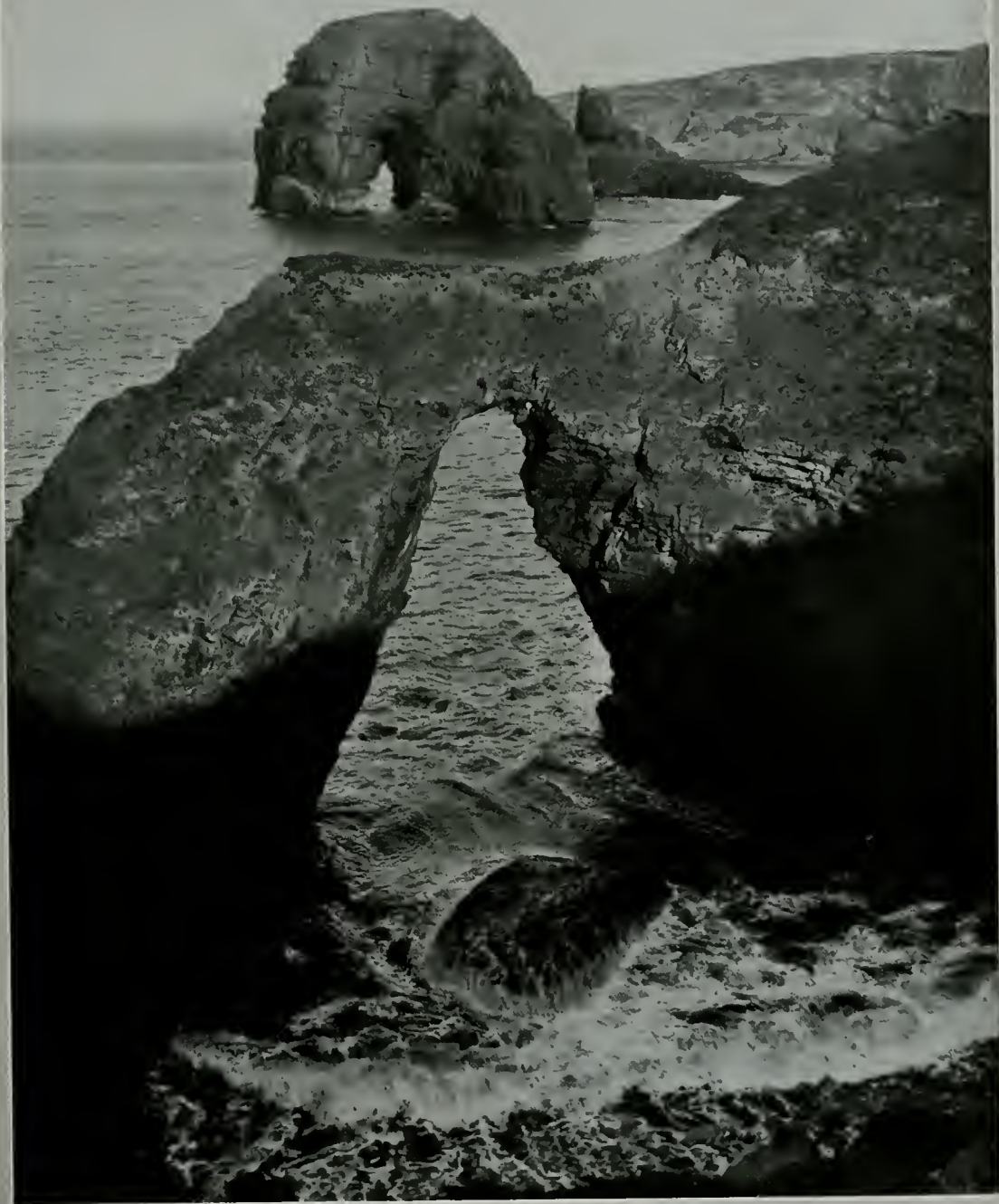


Photo by]

VIRGIN ROCK, BALLYBUNION.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Ballybunion is an attractive seaside resort on the Kerry coast, 9 miles north-west of Listowel. The cliffs here are noted for their many romantic caves and curious rock arches. Many of the inhabitants are engaged in the salmon fishery.



Photo by]

BEENBANE HEADLAND.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This barren headland guards the eastern side of the entrance to Dingle Harbour, about 2 miles from the old seaport town. Dingle is situated amongst some of the most wild and beautiful scenery to be found on the promontory.

silver, was driven ashore in Ballyheige Bay. The treasure was salvaged by the efforts of Thomas Crosbie, the owner of the castle, and he gave permission for it to be deposited in one of the cellars until the Danish captain received orders as to its removal or disposal. But the orders were months in arriving, and meanwhile the presence of the treasure was too much for the honesty of many folk hereabouts. In June 1731 a band of ruffians raided the castle, killed some of the Danish guard, and went off with the treasure. There was a huge commotion, legal inquiries and proceedings and so forth, but the net result was very small, and the incident certainly remains a blot on the fair name of Kerry and British justice.

Lixnaw is one of the most tragic places in Ireland, for its ancient glory has entirely departed, and very little is left of its once famous castle, the headquarters of the Earls of Kerry, which played an important part in the Desmond wars.

The same must be said of Listowel Castle, a melancholy ruin with no voice to proclaim its glory in Irish eyes, i.e. that it was the last Kerry fortress to fall before the triumphant Elizabethan forces in 1600. The English commander followed the nasty practice then in vogue of noting his casualties and hanging a number of prisoners equivalent to his losses in dead.

The same plan was adopted on the surrender of Carrigafoyle Castle, the ruin of which is such a picturesque object on the Shannon shore of the county.

The ecclesiastical antiquities of this part of the county are indeed a study to themselves. Rattoo has a Round Tower, which is perhaps the most perfect in Ireland, and also an abbey which was burnt in Queen Elizabeth's time. At Aberdorney are the remains of a Franciscan abbey which enjoyed high renown among the monastic establishments of the country, and Ballylongford has another the architectural details of which are of considerable interest.

Ballyheige is a place of some note, an unholy celebrity having been conferred upon it by a scandal which was the "talk of the town" in 1731, and has to some extent been the talk of the historians ever since. Towards the end of October 1730 a Danish ship with a cargo of



Photo by]

COOMASHARN LOUGH.

W. Lawrence.

Coomasharn Lough is the largest of the three lakes in the Glenbeigh District, and lies about 12 miles south-west of Killorglin. It is noteworthy for the number of great overhanging precipices round its shores and the excellent fishing to be obtained.

VA
630
H882
1920Z
V. L

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



D 000 819 553 9

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
THE LIBRARY

