TORQUAY

THE CHARM AND HISTORY OF ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD

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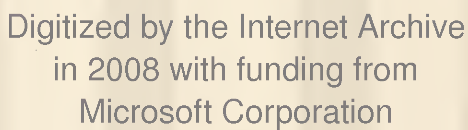
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TORQUAY

ALSO BY JOHN PRESLAND
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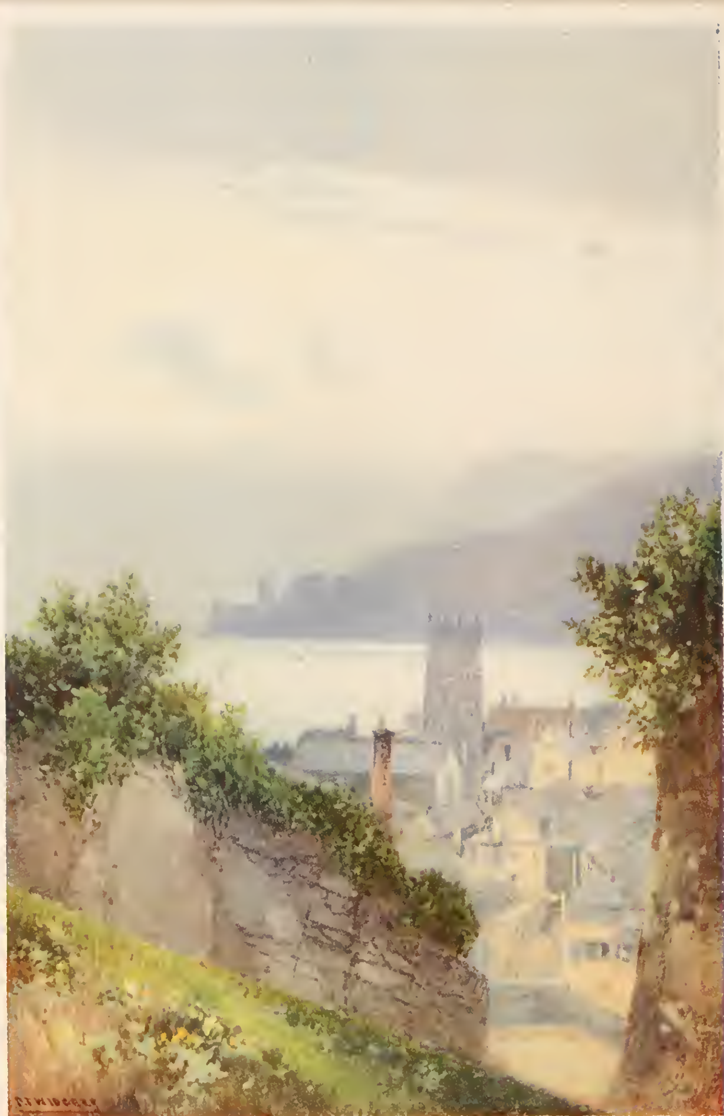

DARTMOUTH

TORQUAY

THE CHARM AND HISTORY OF ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD

BY

JOHN PRESLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY

F. J. WIDGERY

LONDON
CHATTO & WINDUS
1920

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TORQUAY

CHAPTER I

A VIEW OF DEVON

I

"God gave all men all earth to love;
But as man's heart is small,
Ordained for him one spot should be
Belovèd over all. . . .
To each his choice, but I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground, yea a fair ground,
Even Sussex by the sea."

So writes Kipling of the fair country where he has struck his roots, and those whose lot has fallen in the South and West of England may borrow his words for the praise of their own county. Here is a richness of green in the valleys, a florescence in the meadows of spring and summer, a fertility of the deep combes and uplands, which must have come to the memory of many a Devonshire man—trader, sailor, or administrator—in the parched and arid countries where his work has led him. A memory of the apple orchards under a grey-and-blue April sky over Dittisham;

the first gleams of spring sunshine on the rain-swept hilly street of Totnes, where the arch of Fore Street frames the bright clouds; the flowering grasses over Dartmoor in June, and the sparkle of her trout streams, or the grey and barren stretches, in wilder mood, when the heavy sou'-west gales are sweeping their masses of cloud across the tors, and the dips of the moorland are boggy and impassable—to how many a weary mind have these visions not brought refreshment?

It is part of the heritage of man—and who would be without it?—to attach himself passionately to the land where he was born, and where his mind in childhood received its unconscious yet most indelible impressions. Memory, tradition, affection; the web is woven with a thousand fine strands which hold him as surely as Gulliver was held, and there are besides we know not what of subtle and penetrating influences from the remote past of which his body and mind bear the record.

Here in this corner of England the records of the human race go back beyond the earliest confines of history, dim, yet perceptible to the eye of science, and unbroken through the slow progress of centuries or by the waves of migration or conquest which have swept over. The Gilberts and the Carews and the Champernownes, though they carry Norman names with them, carry also the blood of the Saxon Brihtmars and Aethelreds whom the Normans subjected, but

were powerless to destroy. And they, again, were akin to the Devonshire men with their admixture of Roman, Gaulish, and Belgic strains, whom the armies of Hengist and Horsa slaughtered and oppressed and intermarried with after the Roman rule was withdrawn in the fourth century. Nor were the wild men, clad in skins and stained with woad, whom Cæsar found on his first landing the beginning of the human genealogical tree, as our early history books taught, and towards which we have still something of a habit of mind, but they were probably the poor remnant of an already decayed civilization, stretching backwards into the mists of history, the descendants (perhaps the conquerors) of the men who mined on Dartmoor and traded with the Phœnicians and (some say) were the source of supply of one-half of the tin which was used in the Bronze Age of Europe, when the Greeks charged the hosts of Troy in armour of which one ingredient was smelted in Britain.

There was trade between Gaul and Britain before the Romans came; the beautiful, polished red Samian ware, beside which most Roman pottery is coarse and poor, was an article of import in the second century B.C., and a people who could both make and use it had developed a high artistic sense; for the forms are comely and the decoration—of scroll-work or floriations or of animals in chase—both vigorous and appropriate.

And besides this Samian ware we have other objects which betoken some knowledge of luxury; there are gold brooches and pins, ivory combs and carved hairpins, and curiously wrought spiral beads and bronze mirrors. The people whom Cæsar found and conquered were almost certainly not the fashioners of these beautiful things, but had inherited them from a more luxurious and civilized age, as the Homeric Greeks who dwelt at Tiryns and Mycenæ had inherited their gold cups and wrought daggers, and the frieze of "blue glass with white embossed upon it" which ornamented the house of Telemachus, from the old ruined civilization of Crete.

The religion, also, which Cæsar noted, with its highly organized and complex hierarchy, was not—as we used to be taught—the simple worship of a "savage and untutored people." Savage it undoubtedly was, with its human sacrifices, burning in great wicker cages, and we know not what elements of bloody exaltation shared with the worship of Baal and Astoreth and Moloch, but highly developed, complicated, and the outcome of a long tradition. The monoliths which occur in several places in England, most notably at Stonehenge in Wiltshire and on Dartmoor (where they are in greatest abundance), but also in Cumberland and Yorkshire, were—whatever their religious function may have been—connected with the observations of the solar system.

The Druids may have worshipped in these

sacred circles and avenues while understanding but little of their original meaning and purpose, or, on the other hand, the priestly caste may have been the repositories of a knowledge and a tradition immeasurably ancient, brought down from an older civilization and guarded by fear and reverence from the encroaching tides of ignorance and barbarity. The sacred mistletoe, the placing of the stone circles, the menhirs and tolmens, had a significance of which we are now ignorant. We find a trace here and there in language, half-buried like a fallen monument in the sand. In Cumberland, for example, near Keswick, there is a circle of monoliths on a hill-top, and to the west a hill called Mell Fell, which the rising sun in midsummer strikes first upon of any object. It is when the sun struck Mell Fell that it is believed the sacrifices were offered.

The valley below the hill on which the circle stands is called Glara Mara, the Vale of Weeping, and across the lake is the mountain called Catbells or Cath-Baal, the Grove of Baal. Such names would seem to indicate the influence of the Phœnicians on this religion we are still disposed to call Druid-worship, but our historical knowledge of the Druids is very meagre, founded on the observations of Cæsar, which were necessarily imperfect, a savage nation always concealing its gods and the worship of its gods from an invading enemy. It is possible that the Druids practised astronomy and chanted their hymns in a

language which was already dead and unintelligible to Boadicea and Caractacus, and that, perchance, we shall derive our knowledge of their worship when the Hittite inscriptions are read or the Cretan script deciphered.

Many centuries—how many nobody can say—elapsed between the building of these stone circles and avenues on Dartmoor and the earliest traces of man's habitation in Devon. There is the long period of Neolithic culture, when man had already advanced a considerable distance along the path of civilization; when he worked with beautifully wrought flint or stone arrow-heads and spear-heads; when he (or probably she) scraped the hide of the animals he killed with flint or bone scrapers, and sewed them together with bone needles; when man was already clothed, adorned, and speculative. It is considered probable that these peoples of the earlier Neolithic Age constructed Grimspound, the great walled camp or pound or citadel on Dartmoor (or at least that they began it, for the theory advanced by the writer in the "Victoria County History of Devon" is that the structure, for some reason, was never finished), and that they lived in the low huts found within Grimspound, on Standon Downs, and elsewhere on the moor. The people of a later age knew the use both of metal and of flint implements, for in a kistvaen at Fernworthy, where there is a stone row, a "sacred" circle, and cairns, a flint knife was

found together with a fragment of oxidized bronze, probably belonging to a spear-head, and a large button of polished horn. It is these later peoples, where the Neolithic and the Bronze Ages mingle, who practised the religious rites, sacrificial or funereal, connected with the "Druidical" monoliths.

But between them and Palæolithic man, whose remains are also found in Devon, there is a great gulf fixed, a vast period ot time to the understanding of which Devon gives us no clue. The record is most clearly seen in Kent's Cavern, near Torquay, where above a solid bed of stalagmite (during the formation of which many centuries, even scores of centuries, must have elapsed) lie the remains of early man at different levels and at different stages of civilization, from the early chipped flint instruments progressively upwards to shards of pottery and fragments of bronze and amber beads brought from the Baltic or the Levant. During each of these chapters, which we see miraculously opened for us one by one as we dig through successive layers of the soil, the appearance of Devon was similar in its natural features to the uncultivated parts of the present day. The heights and tors were but little changed, the valleys were more densely wooded with dwarf oak and thorn—Wishman's Wood remains to us from this far past—the low-lying parts were swampy and the haunt of many wild-fowl. In the forests and on the moors ran the

red deer and the wild pig, the wolf and the fox had their lair, the badger and the pole-cat; in the peaty bogs which were once those forests the bones of the ox and the deer, the hog and the horse, have been discovered. On favourable slopes there were patches of corn, cultivated by those Neolithic farmers; they had flocks of sheep, the Celtic (and now extinct) shorthorn, pigs, and probably horses. The climate was much as now, temperate and rainy; the men, according to the latest estimation of science, much as now, but shorter, the earlier peoples belonging to the long-headed portion of the human family, the later invading peoples to the round-headed branch.

But below the stalagmite floor we come upon a different world, the world of the cave-hyena and the sabre-toothed tiger, of the woolly rhinoceros and the mammoth and the cave-bear, monstrous and forgotten forms of a world just emerging from the clutch of the last Glacial Period. There are remains of the great Irish elk, of the aurochs or wild ox and, from High Peak, near Sidmouth, the remains of a strange reptile, akin to the tuatera, which exists now only on two small islands in the Pacific near New Zealand. The vegetation was wild and coarse, the climate was cold, perhaps the days and nights were shorter than now. What history there was in the world's unseen centuries when this thick stalagmite floor was being formed by the im-

measurably slow dripping of water we cannot tell. Above it are the instances of Neolithic culture, linked stage by stage from earliest times, through the Bronze Age, to the period of the Romans and modern history. Below it are the evidences of Palæolithic man, the bones of men and women, two skulls, some rough nodules and flakes of flint. The great gap between the two peoples seems to have no bridge; Devon, at least, offers no evidence of the gradual development of Palæolithic man to Neolithic culture, nor of any fusion of races. It is likely, indeed, that as the Glacial Period waned and the belt of cold contracted to the Poles, that Palæolithic man followed the retreating reindeer northwards, and had little, if any, intercourse with the advancing waves of migrants from the East.

Between the periods of Neolithic and Palæolithic culture the face of Europe had changed geographically. England had become an island; the waters of the English Channel washed Torquay—indeed, the examination of Cattadown Cave, near Plymouth, where the bones of men and animals are mixed indiscriminately with the broken stalagmite, seems to indicate some general catastrophe of Nature, such as a great tidal wave, hurling all living things to destruction. The Thames was no longer a tributary of the Rhine; the legendary lost country of Lyonesse was already submerged! The sand and shingle beaches and the peaty bogs had already formed,

and in the many thousand years of the Pleistocene Age the submerged forests, such as that which lies off Torbay, grew, and were fossilized and covered by the sea. Then the present system of hills and valleys was cut, watched, even then, by the eye of man, named, perhaps, in his speech; he endured the landslides, the ice-floe and the avalanche, the tidal waves, the hailstones and thunder. The mighty northward movement of the earth's surface split the ground beneath his feet and buried him by earthquake and volcanic force; yet he continued on the earth, small, helpless, crushed by mighty forces, devoured by wild beasts, preyed on by his neighbour, without knowledge, without hope, persistent and indomitable.

II

Having, with the little rushlight of science, peered for a moment into the dark caverns of the world's ancient history, let us turn round and look upon our world of to-day, finding more of beauty and of interest in all its common objects because of our consciousness of the past from which it is built.

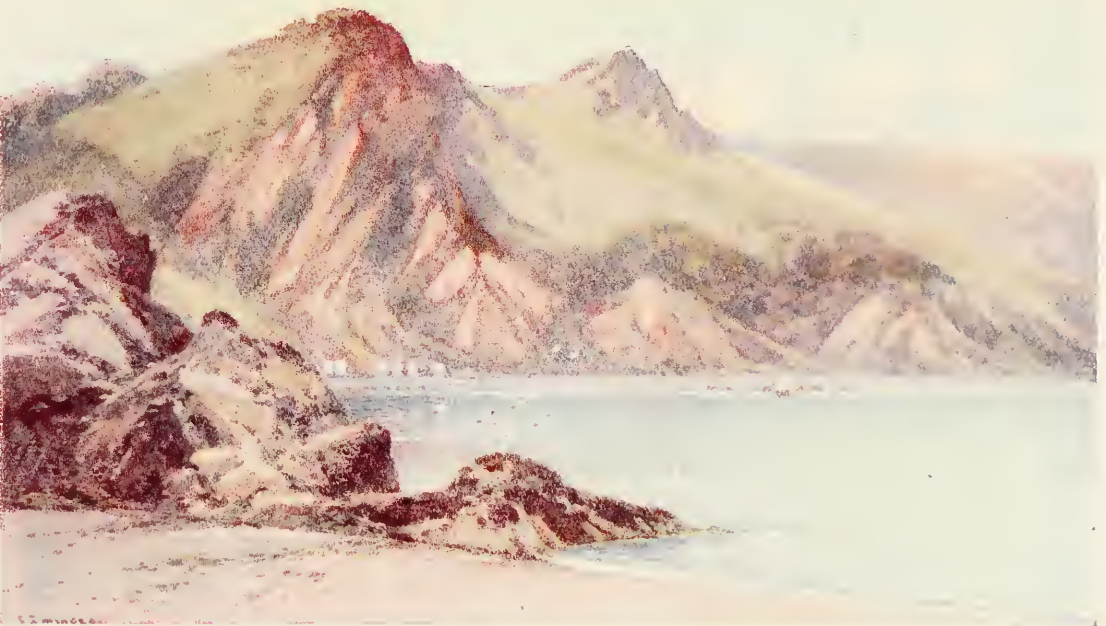
Here in South Devon the successive stages of the past are in evidence all around us; the granite of Dartmoor is the oldest geological formation in England; the limestone and the sandstone, the gravel and sandy deposits, follow in their due order through uncounted time. At Windmill

Hill, at Cattadown and Kent's Cavern, are the evidences of the great antiquity of man; on Dartmoor the remains of a forgotten people; and in every valley and coombe, town and hamlet, we may trace man's handiwork through the centuries of recorded history.

In writing about any special district of Devon the difficulty is to make a selection from the mass of material which is ready to one's hand, for it is a county which has played a very important part in the history of England, which has been the birthplace of many notable men; whose towns and villages, further to their natural beauty, are sanctified by tradition, and whose landscape comprises the suavest of English scenery with the bleakest and most desolate. The coast from Sidmouth to Plymouth opens out before our eyes a varying range of beauty—the low green hills of Sidmouth; the great shining estuary of the Exe; the rich red sandstone cliffs of Dawlish, fretted into fantastic shapes by the lapping of the blue water; Teignmouth, with its wooded slopes; Babbacombe Bay, where the pearl-grey of the limestone and marble cliffs meets the red sandstone; Anstey's Cove, "a sapphire set in pearl," as it has been called; Brixham, Dartmouth, Kingsbridge; and so to the borders of Devon and Cornwall beyond Plymouth Sound, where the land is networked with creek and inlet and estuary, and the ferry plies across the misty water below battleships and destroyers. And inland,

from Tiverton to Tavistock, what a wealth of material presents itself—Dartmoor, with its ancient history and still unsolved problems; the moor towns, Lydford and Moreton Hampstead; Chudleigh, Ashton, and Okehampton, and the many beautiful small villages which enrich Devon. It is not possible in a book of this size to treat of all. About most of them there is some legend or tradition; some fable, comic or serious; some characteristic fantasy imbedded in their stones, which only the consciousness of a long past can give.

There is Tiverton, the head of a "Hundred" in mediæval days; the site of the famous school built by Peter Blundell: "a worthy living monument is the fair free school by him erected and perpetually stipended" which can still furnish England with athletes as good as "John Ridd," and which has given its quota of eminent men—lawyers, soldiers, and writers—to our day. Standing halfway between the two great uplands, Dartmoor and Exmoor, it was for long an important centre of the wool trade, and is still a town of importance. Though twice destroyed by fire (in 1598 and 1612), it has still many old buildings of interest: the original buildings of "Blundell's"; the remains of the fourteenth-century castle, where the chest is still preserved which figures in the Ballad of the Mistletoe Bough; the old almshouses, which bear under their roof the following inscription:



Oddicombe Beach Babbacombe, Torquay

John Waldroun merchant and Richard his wyfe, builded this house in tyme of their Life, at such Tyme as the walls were fourtyne foot highe, he departed this worlde even the Eyghtynth of Julye Anno Dom: 1579.

There is Budleigh Salterton, and the house at Hayes Barton, where Walter Raleigh was born. Here is the description of a place at once notable and beautiful: "In front of the garden a swirling stream crosses a strip of green; and in the garden, at the right time, one may see the bees busy among golden-powdered clusters of candytuft, and dark red gillyflowers, and a few flame-coloured tulips, proud and erect. The house is very picturesque; it has cob walls and a thatched roof, and is built in the shape of the letter E. . . . The two wings are gabled; there is a small gable over the porch and two dormer ones over the windows at each side of it, the windows having lattice lights and narrow mullions. . . . The heavy door is closely studded with nails, and over it fall the delicate sprays and lilac butterfly blossoms of a wisteria."

There is the tiny creek of Starcross and Powderham Castle a mile away, whose irregular pile of grey stones towering above the green parkland and the great elms that flank it, give to the eye a history of domestic architecture from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century, each generation having added and altered, according to its own requirements, till the stones have become instinct with the life of the family.

Not far away is Chudleigh, with its blue limestone rock and deep-wooded glen haunted by pixies, and the beautiful, though uneuphonious Ugbrook Park, which was the property of " fair Rosamund," who brought it to Anthony Clifford in marriage. There is Salcombe, by some lovers of Devon considered the most beautiful of all estuaries, flanked by the bold headlands of Bolt Head and Trawle Point (the most southerly point of Devon), and with its tiny village fragrant with clematis and red valerian, which grow over the high walls of its gardens. If you weary of such suave beauty, there is all Dartmoor to refresh you, from Yes Tor to Hey Tor, and southward to where Brent Tor, crowned with its grey little church of St. Michael de La Rupe, dominates the rich valleys of the Tavy.

There is Exeter, a city of bells, which are (as Westcote says) " a Christian invention," whose other properties, besides that of calling people to church, are " somewhat strange," such as " resisting tempests, dividing thunders, extinguishing sudden fires, expelling devils and making them quake and tremble " ; Exeter, a queen of cities by virtue of her magnificent situation at the head of the estuary of the Exe, about whose history a whole book could be written. And it is impossible within the limits of this book to deal adequately with the Three Towns, Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport, with the intense vitality of their civic life, past and present;

nor with Plympton, of whom its inhabitants say:

> "Plympton was a market town
> When Plymouth was a vuzzy [*i.e.*, furzy] down."

Nor of Okehampton, on the northern edge of the moor; nor of Honiton, that clean and pleasant town where there is still time, in the rush of modern affairs, to make lace by hand; nor of Yealmpton and Ottery St. Mary, and a dozen more.

My object is not to give an exhaustive account of South Devon, nor even of a small corner of it, but to stimulate my chance readers to explore for themselves whatever there may be of curious or interesting, to look for themselves with a discerning eye on the mellow beauty of man's handiwork and the perpetual freshness of Nature, and (in humble fashion) to help them realize the splendid heritage of our land.

CHAPTER II

SOME NOTABLE MEN

"There is no land uninhabitable nor sea innavigable."

WHO says "Devon" says "Seafaring." More than any other county of England, probably more than any other single country of equal size, Devon has provided history with famous seafarers. One cannot say why this should be: the coast-line of Wales is longer, in the numerous creeks and estuaries and waterways of Essex men are brought into intimate contact with the sea in every portion of their daily life; in the great fiords of Scotland a battle-fleet can lie *perdu;* and the fishermen of the Hebrides know the face of stormy waters; but nowhere else does the sea enter into the life of men with greater passion and romance or more insistence.

I saw once a scene at Appledore, near Bideford, in North Devon, so familiar to us through Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" The narrow cobbled streets ran by the side of the estuary, unchanged from the days of Amyas Leigh; every whitewashed house held some glimpse of the water, every opened door revealed a stretch of blue beyond, like the backcloth of a theatre, and

one glimpsed it from window and backyard. It was such a day in summer as Devon gives—light squalls of rain, and the sun more triumphantly bright for the cloud, and a keen gusty wind bending the tamarisk-bushes and whitening the billows of washing on the line. Opposite lay the softly rounded countryside around Barnstaple, beyond Appledore the golden sand of the promontory, the white line of the bar at the mouth of the estuary, and the blue sea beyond flecked with white horses. Below me were a group of children on the narrow strip of beach, and a little off-shore two boys "showing off" to their contemporaries in a boat. They were as at home in a boat as a London child on a railing, and although the wind was squally and uncertain, they were putting their craft through all her paces; they ran her hard before the wind, came about sharply with the gunwale lying over to the water, tacked in a great sweep to the opposite shore, crammed her up against the teeth of the wind with marvellous dexterity. A challenge from a small boy on the beach (couched in the language of insult, as with all primitive peoples!) was answered by yet another audacity. A few older men looked on, indulgent: they had played the same games at the same age; and it occurred to no one to utter a warning about danger, or the possibility of capsizing the boat. This, indeed, is the way that seafarers are made—men who have played on the water in their boyhood, lived by it and on

it and with it, and at last (as Drake and Hawkins and many another) are buried in it.

I thought of the famous adventurers of the days of Elizabeth: Raleigh sitting on the beach at Budleigh Salterton, hugging his knees and listening to the stories of the sailor from the lands of gold (perhaps John Oxenham himself) with parrot's feathers in his hat, and his bare arm stretched out towards the sea, the highway to all adventure, the gate to all treasure, the key to all discovery. I thought of Raleigh, Hawkins, Drake, John Davis, Adrien and Humphrey Gilbert, and all who sailed with them from Plymouth Sound to "turn up a furrow about the world," in the words of Drake—men from the little villages below the moor, from the cobbled streets where the fishing-nets hung drying before every door, from the grey farms among the apple orchards, from the rain-swept streets of Exeter and Totnes and Ashburton: not such great leaders, assuredly, but great sailors none the less.

Of them we cannot speak; the world in all ages takes its path on the bones of the unrecorded dead, but let us, in pausing to recount the deeds of those whose names remain to us, pay also our tribute to those without whom their work would not have been achieved, and who built their glory.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert was one of the noblest and best beloved of the Elizabethan gentlemen-adventurers; of a pure life and single purpose, his "virtues and pious intentions may be read,

shining too gloriously to be dusked by misfortune." He was born at Greenway House, which lies on the right shore of the Dart ascending from Dartmouth, and is pleasantly situated on rising ground overlooking the river.

His seems to have been one of the original Norman families of the Conquest, for there is a Jilbert or Gislebert in the Domesday Survey, who is recorded as holding Leuston (now the village of Limstone) "of the King." There was also a Robert de Gerbertus who was witness to a deed in the time of King John. Sir Humphrey Gilbert was the second son of Otho, who died during his minority, and his mother married Walter Raleigh of Fardel, and became the mother of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was thus Gilbert's half-brother. Sir Humphrey—he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth in 1570—was a man of many accomplishments; he combined the temperament of a scholar and a man of letters with the vigour of a man of action and the foresight of a statesman. He was an eminent mathematician and hydrographer, and Richard Hooker dedicated to him a book on "The Comet" because of his astronomical researches; but he had a great desire to further the discovery of America. To him and to his half-brother Raleigh the honour is due of realizing that colonization and not exploitation was the source of true prosperity, and he lost his life in trying to plant and sustain a colony in Newfoundland. In his

ardent youth he undertook a voyage to "convert the savages," at his own expense and in a boat of 30 tons; he encountered great difficulties and was forced to return, but made a second attempt. This time he penetrated northwards, and gave his name to Gilbert's Straits, but was still unsuccessful in his attempt to plant a colony. His name, however, had now come before the favourable notice of Queen Elizabeth; she encouraged him verbally in his enterprises, and gave him also a "jewel," as the Elizabethans would call it, in token of her favour. This jewel was a golden anchor with a large pearl at the beak, and Sir Humphrey valued it greatly, and wore it ever afterwards. She further bestowed on him the hand of Anne Agar, one of her maids of honour, a "yet more precious jewel" in the parlance of the time. In 1583 Sir Humphrey sailed again for Newfoundland, from Causam Bay, near Plymouth, at the instigation of Walsingham, and by permission of the Muscovy Company. He took possession by cutting "a turf and a rod," and penetrated up the mouth of the St. Lawrence. He lost his life off the coast of Newfoundland in 1585. He had been attempting to establish a colony, when stores and medicine began to fail, and he was again obliged to abandon his project; his men were greatly reduced by sickness, and he had only two ships remaining, the *Golden Hinde*, of 40 tons, and the *Squirrel*, of 10 tons. He embarked in the latter and was lost in a great

storm, though the *Golden Hinde* lived to reach England and to tell of his end. He was last seen sitting calmly on the deck of the *Squirrel* with a book in his hand—perhaps some treatise on astronomy or the " Consolations of Philosophy " —and when within hailing distance of the *Golden Hinde*, called out: " Be of good cheer; we are as near heaven on sea as by land."

All who were privileged to know this courteous and honourable gentleman felt that whether by land or by sea he was near enough to heaven to have no fear.

A story told by Prince in his " Worthies of Devon " that the men of the *Golden Hinde* were pursued by a lion, "gliding" on the water, neither swimming nor walking, and with fiery eyes and breath, seems apocryphal. The " lion " is, of course, the Devil himself, fighting for the dominion of the souls of the Americans; it will rest with history to judge whether or not he was successful!

Apart from his own notable voyages, Sir Humphrey Gilbert was the "author and begetter" of a famous discovery by Captain John Davis, whom he encouraged and helped in his voyages in search of the famous North-West Passage, and, indeed, wrote a treatise "to prove a passage to Cataya and the East Indies."

This idea of a passage round the world by the northernmost point of North America instead of doubling Cape Horn haunted the imaginations

of the men of the sixteenth century, and many were the attempts made to penetrate the ice-barrier—indeed, something of the same romance and sense of passionate adventure clung to this voyage as in our own day to the attempts to reach the North and South Poles. Ostensibly for some practical end—for a " short cut " to China, for geographical or astronomical observations—in reality the appeal is to the strength, endurance, and ingenuity of man. Captain Davis's voyages to the coast of Labrador, Sir Humphrey Gilbert's up the Davis Straits, Sir Percy Scott's in the Antartic, are all a challenge thrown down by man to Nature, a pitting of his physical weakness and indomitable courage against her blind and tremendous forces, another round of the contest which Jacob wrestled with the Angel.

John Davis was born at Sandridge, in the parish of Stoke Gabriel, on the River Dart. His home was close to Greenway, the seat of the Gilberts, and within easy distance of Dartmouth. By this proximity to an excellent seaport he added — says Prince in his " Worthies of Devon "—" to a natural genius a fair opportunity and a kind of invitation to put himself early to sea."

In 1585 he set out, furnished with two boats at the instigation of Humphrey Gilbert, to seek the North-West Passage. He got as far north as 66°, and sailed along the coast; but, returning again in 1586, he penetrated farther north and

discovered an inlet between 55° and 56° N. This gave him great hopes of a through passage, but he discovered none, and after trading with the Esquimaux, who greeted him with simple and unembarrassed friendliness, was driven south again by the approaching winter. The following year he sailed up the Davis Straits—which are so called after him—having America on one hand and Greenland on the other. He notes in his observations that he was in a sea quite free from ice and of great depth, and he pitched a camp at Cape Desolation, at the southern point of Greenland, with the intention of wintering there. He was prevented by the mutinous spirit of his men (who must indeed have been enduring great hardships) and the return home, against his wishes, of two of his ships; but during his stay at Cape Desolation he traded much with the Esquimaux for reindeer skins, codfish, and copper. He also observed the wild life of the country, and notes that geese, ducks, partridges, pheasants, and jays were plentiful. He includes *unicorns* in his list of indigenous fauna, but, like Mr. Patrick Chalmers in his poem of a unicorn, "nobody believed him."

> "Though naught know I of signs and saints
> And things pertaining thereto,
> And portents that a herald paints,
> One marvel I can swear to:
> In Woolcombe Wood that summer morn—
> A wood it ne'er deceives me—
> I saw a little unicorn,
> But nobody believes me!"

In the moss—that coarse and lichenous vegetation which, like the Esquimaux and the reindeer, belong to an earlier date of the world's history, and receded northwards as the ice-tide ebbed—he found "pieces of fur" and berries which resembled cranberries, and were, he says, a favourite food of the bears.

It was in Gilbert's Sound that he found the copper pyrites which, a year or two previously, had been brought home by Frobisher and mistaken by all the London goldsmiths for gold. The precious specimens were kept under lock and key in the Tower, and a second expedition fitted out—in which Elizabeth herself had a "venture"—to bring back a cargo, and enrich England, as Spain had been enriched by the simple process of "picking up gold and silver." But before John Davis's voyage the mistake had been discovered, and the adventurers had pocketed their disappointment. A more interesting discovery, made while they were in Gilbert's Sound, was that of a grave over which a cross had been laid. It is possible that this was the grave of one of the old Norman settlers on the coast of South Greenland, in the East and West Bygd, whose fate is still unknown, and of whom all traces and all records have been lost.

After his third Arctic voyage, which, though valuable to us from geographical and scientific reasons, had no financial value for his contemporaries, he was unable to find any patron or any

body of merchants to fit him out for a fourth voyage of discovery. He sailed to the South Seas and the Magellan Straits with Captain Cavendish, from whom he became separated by bad weather, and who ever afterwards blamed him bitterly; he acted as pilot to a party of Dutch merchantmen bound for trade in the East Indies, besides two voyages thither under the English flag; and he lost his life on a voyage to the Malay Peninsula in 1606, where he was killed aboard the *Tyger*—the ship of which he was pilot—by some Japanese pirates whom the English had rescued and succoured.

He was one of the most accomplished seamen of an age rich in great men; he was a good mathematician and foremost in adopting all new inventions for the aid of navigation, and such inventions followed each other rapidly in sixteenth-century England. Robert Norman observed the variation of the compass; Edward Wright showed the true method of projecting a chart by the system always ascribed to Mercator; many treatises on the use of globes and instruments were published. John Davis wrote a simple and practical work on navigation called "The Seaman's Secrets," which was very popular and much in use, going through eight editions in fifty years, and a work entiled "The World's Hydrographical Description," which is modelled on the treatise of Sir Humphrey Gilbert proving the existence of the North-West Passage, not

plagiarizing his arguments, but bringing forward his own reasons, based on greater experience.

His great friend and neighbour, Adrien Gilbert, brother of Humphrey, who was a few years his senior, also helped to promote his three Arctic voyages, but after the failure of the third was unable to induce any of the merchants of Exeter to venture further investment on so hazardous a chance. It is instructive to remember, when we speak of the great captains of the golden days of Elizabeth, that all the voyages were undertaken for profit, and that if ill-success in this quarter dogged a man he was unable to find anyone further to fit him out a ship.

This ill-success attended John Hawkins, another great name in the history of English seafaring, and a member of an illustrious sea family. His father, William Hawkins of Plymouth, made three voyages to Brazil in the reign of Henry VIII., and was esteemed by him one of the best of his sea-captains. His son, Sir Richard Hawkins, was taken prisoner by the Spaniards, after fighting a very gallant action in the Bay of San Mateo, close to Cape San Francisco, where Drake captured the *Cacafuego* and her cargo of treasure in 1579. Don Beltran de Castro was a gallant enemy, granted quarter, and promised that the English should be sent home. Sir Richard was sent to Spain and held prisoner for eight years; he returned to find his father dead, his estate ruined, and his family much impover-

ished. He lived the remainder of his life in the little village of Slapton, lying in one of the most secluded combes between Dartmouth and Start Point; was Vice-Admiral of Devon—on which business he was often at Plymouth—and was proposed to the East India Company for a voyage through the Magellan Straits to the Solomon Isles. He died in 1622 on an expedition for suppressing the pirates of Algiers.

His uncle, and the brother of the great Sir John, was another William Hawkins, also a distinguished sea-captain and shipowner, who made a voyage to the West Indies with his nephew Richard. He died the year following the Armada, but his son (also named William) continued the family tradition and "followed the sea." His journey to Agra and his sojourn at the court of Jehanghir anticipates English history of the age of Clive. He married the daughter of Mubarik Khan, a Christian Armenian, and sailed on Sir Henry Middleton's ship for England. How the Indian princess would have settled to life in a green Devonshire valley, how she would have fared through the long wet winters, when the low clouds are rolling down from Dartmoor and the damp hangs on every twig and blade of grass, and the grey line of the Channel hangs sullenly on the horizon, it is impossible to say; for William Hawkins died before reaching England, and la Belle Sauvage landed without friends or money in a foreign land. Fortunately

she had some valuable jewels, which she sold, and on which she was able to live. Three years later she married Captain Gabriel Towerson, who perished in the massacre of Amboyna, killed by the Dutch, and she returned to her own people at Agra, after a life in which surely all the elements proper to romance were to be found.

But it is of John Hawkins, Elizabeth's great sea-captain, the neighbour and the rival of Sir Francis Drake, that we think when we hear the name. He was born at Plymouth, and made his first voyage to the West Indies in 1561, and his second voyage in 1564 in the *Jesus of Lubeck*, which was one of the largest English ships of her day—700 tons—a leviathan compared with the ship in which Drake circumnavigated the globe, which was 100 tons. This second voyage was to Nova Hispania and Guinea, but. though fairly successful, was not rewarded by any such prize as Drake was able to bring home; indeed, the proverbial ill-luck of Hawkins seems to have dogged Drake also on both occasions on which he sailed with Hawkins. The first time was in 1567, on an expedition against San Juan de Ulloa, when two of the ships were so badly disabled that they had to abandon them, and the remaining two ships were so overcrowded with the extra crews, under-victualled, short of water, and the prey of scurvy and dysentery, that it seemed unlikely that any of the expedition would ever reach England.

Under the circumstances half the number heroically volunteered to remain behind on a foreign and inhospitable shore. They were landed on the coast of Guinea, and at first were well received by the natives, but afterwards fell into the hands of the Spaniards and were subjected to barbarous ill-treatment. News of their unhappy fate reached England and preyed upon the mind of Sir John; he even entered into an elaborate series of negotiations with Spain, pretending that he would desert to the Spanish side with his ship and his men, to try and get his late crews released. It was a harebrained scheme, and nearly involved him in trouble with the English Government, though there are records among Cecil's papers that he afterwards approved the plan. It came to nothing, however, and only three of the unfortunate party lived to reach England.

In his dispatches written on this voyage Hawkins never mentions Drake's name; there seems to have been a good deal of rivalry between the two men, accompanied, in Hawkins's case, by considerable bitterness. Although Drake was considerably the younger of the two, they made their last voyage together, and died within a few weeks of each other. It was in 1595 that Elizabeth commissioned both Drake and Hawkins, with six of her ships and twenty-one of their own, to undertake a great expedition to America. As so often happens, the big and much-advertised

enterprise failed where a smaller would have succeeded. Drake, in the years past, had been accustomed to run into the harbours, storm his way through the towns, pillage and burn, and be out to sea again with his booty before the alarm could be given. But by 1595 the Spaniard was more wary; he had learnt the methods of the English privateers; he was forewarned about this expedition (which was too large to have been executed quickly or with secrecy), and was armed at all points.

Neither was there that sudden and decisive action on the part of the English which unity of command can give. Drake and Hawkins hindered each other; neither would be content with second place, and each had too strong a personality to sway the other. Sir John, too, was oppressed with private worries; his only son, Richard, was in the hands of the Spaniards, and when the ill-success of their venture became apparent he lost all hope of being able to rescue him.

It is a sad picture which this last voyage presents; the two great captains, irritable, suspicious, both in failing health, one resentful of the proverbial good-fortune of the other, penned up in the close intercourse of ship life, sitting at the same table, encountering each other over the same council-board, thrown into each other's company during the long, hot days of calm, oppressed with the same disappointment and

sense of failure. Hawkins died in November, 1595, off Costa Rica, of a "broken heart," his contemporaries said, and was buried at sea. Drake sailed afterwards to Nombre de Dios, the scene of his most famous exploits, and fired it; but sickness came upon him, and before the old year was out he also had died, and was buried in the same waters as Hawkins; so that the two men, neighbours in their birthplace, rivals in their greatness, kin in their gallantry, should rise side by side at the Day of Judgment.

By their contemporaries Drake was considered the greatest seaman of the day, and there is in his figure that appeal to the love of romance which lies in all of us. Of a generous but choleric disposition, magnanimous and open-handed, a good friend, a bitter enemy, unsparing of others as of himself, quick in action, picturesque in speech, he had all the qualities which fitted him for a popular leader of men, and his very faults were beloved. On one occasion, having, with the help of the natives, captured a goodly treasure, there was, when the time came to part from their allies, a certain jewelled dagger greatly coveted by their chief. Etiquette forbade him asking for it, but Drake, perceiving his wish, presented him with that and other costly baubles. He in turn gave Drake a very costly present, but the latter threw it into the common stock, saying that "it was just that those who bore part of the charge with him in setting him to sea should like-

wise enjoy their full advantage." An action such as this has a largeness of gesture appropriate to the "spacious days of Elizabeth."

Drake was born in Tavistock; his father was a minister, but he was early apprenticed to the sea. His master, dying, left him the boat in which he had served, but eventually Drake sold it, and invested the proceeds in the expedition to San Juan de Ulloa with Hawkins. Having lost it, he determined to take financial vengeance upon the King of Spain, and, as Prince says in his Life of Drake, "the case was clear in sea-divinity, and few are such infidels as not to believe doctrines which make for their profit. . . ."

How he did so, in his famous expeditions to Rio Francisco and Nombre de Dios; how he "singed the King of Spain's beard," in his own trenchant and picturesque phrase; how in his small ships of 50 or 60 tons he ran in among the Spanish shipping, captured rich prizes, fired the ships, took the towns, and escaped again with a hold full of treasure, is well known to every boy and girl in England. Nombre de Dios is specially connected with his name, as being the scene of one of the boldest of his exploits, as well as, many years later, the scene of his death. In 1572 he sailed for it, with his brother and John Oxenham, and, being come to it, lay close in-shore, Drake intending to make his assault at daybreak. But hearing much disaffection among the men, and doubts expressed as to the feasibility of his plan,

he gave their courage no time to cool, but, declaring that the dawning light in the sky—which he knew to be moonrise—was the daybreak, he led his men forthwith against the town, and captured it after some hot fighting.

He received a severe body-wound during the assault, but concealed it from his men, and led them to the treasury, stored with ingots of gold and silver which had been wrested from the Peruvians, telling them that "he had brought them to the mouth of the treasure-house of the world." Then he fainted into the arms of John Oxenham and his brother, and as they carried him back to his boat they found that he had lost "so much blood as filled his very footsteps in the sand."

He was young and strong, however, and the good blood that Devon had given him, together with the hardiness due to his early training, pulled him through, and that same year he was sufficiently recovered to take Venta Cruz, sixteen leagues south-east of Panama. Here it was that he formed the project of circumnavigating the globe, for on the isthmus of Panama there was a high tree from the top of which could be seen the Atlantic and the Pacific Ocean, lying on either hand. Drake, having been led there by a native, and beholding the wide extent of the Pacific beyond, "besought God to give him life and leave once to sail an English ship in those seas."

It was with this project in mind that he sailed

from Plymouth in 1577 in the *Pelican*, a ship of 100 tons, accompanied by four other ships, "during which long passage on the vast ocean, having nothing but the sea below and heaven above, they saw the wonders of God in the deep . . ." flying fish, and the phosphorescence of those southern seas

> "Where the lone wave fills with fire
> Beneath the Southern Cross."

They went through the straits of Magellan, in which adventure the services of a Spanish pilot, Nuno da Silva, whom they had captured, were of great use, as, owing to the configuration of the straits, it is almost impossible to tell when a ship is keeping to the main channel and when it has diverged into one of the many side gulfs through which there is no passage. During the Great War a friend of the writer's passed through the Magellan Straits hunting for the German armoured cruiser which was raiding in the Pacific. It was a risky business, as there was a chance of ambush at every turn of the channel, and in some of the heavily wooded creeks it was almost a game of blind-man's buff. He said he was chiefly amazed by the fact that Magellan ever penetrated the straits at all, so tortuous are they and difficult of navigation. In a small sailing-ship the work must have been doubly hazardous.

After Drake had negotiated the straits he fell in with such a violent storm in the Pacific that his other ships were separated from him, and then

indeed he was "lonely as the *Pelican*," as his old biographer has it. His habits were of the more maraudering kind, however, than his namesake's, for he collected much treasure in his passage. The accounts of their adventures read like fairy-tales; they have the same haphazard fashion of happening, and the same simple and fast distinction between the "hero" of the story and the villains. All the virtues belong to the hero, as in fairy-tales, and he is as invincible as Jack-and-the-Beanstalk. Here is an example of one of these stories: Drake's men landed for water, and came upon a Spanish soldier asleep, with thirteen bars of silver lying beside him, of which (in accordance with fairy-tale morals) they relieved him. A little later they met a Spaniard with a Peruvian boy driving eight llamas (which they called Peruvian sheep), each laden with fifty pounds of silver. "Not enduring to see a Spanish gentleman turn carrier, they became his drovers, and soon brought them into their boats." It is to be hoped they did not murder the unfortunate gentleman; it is, fortunately, against the temper of the English to turn buccaneer with violence.

There is yet another story, even more romantic, but with a tragic ending. John Oxenham, a Devonshire man also, born at South Tawton, who sailed with Drake on his first expedition to Nombre de Dios, sailed alone in 1575. It was an ill-omened voyage from the start, for though they took much booty, Oxenham could not control his

men, who fell out among themselves and wrangled over the treasure. He also allied himself with the Peruvians, and was obliged by this to countenance acts of barbarity which no Englishman should have permitted; for the Peruvians were used to revenge themselves on their cruel conquerors by roasting alive such Spaniards as they could take prisoner, and eating their hearts.

In one galleon that Oxenham captured there was, beside a "gold table set with emeralds," a "lady of singular beauty, married, and with children." Oxenham became enamoured of her, and was easily persuaded by her entreaties not to hand her countrymen over to atrocious torture; but his clemency was his undoing, for the liberated prisoners gave information as to his whereabouts, and he was taken prisoner by the Spaniards, and, not holding the Queen's commission, put to death as a pirate. The beautiful Spanish lady seems to have made no attempt to save his life.

Drake, however, had the good-fortune which waits upon certain temperaments, where patience is linked with the power of swift action, and an ardent nature ridden on the rein of a cool judgment. Cruising down past Lima, they fell in with several treasure-ships, and among them was the *Cacafuego*, which was called the "Glory of the South Seas," for the treasure which she carried from America to Spain. Being heavily laden, she was sailing slowly, and was captured by the

English, who transferred her precious cargo of "gold and precious stones, thirteen chests of royals, four-score pound weight of gold, 26 tun of uncoined silver, two very fair gilt-silver drinking bowls, and other like trifles . . ." to their own hold.

Is it to be wondered at that a "Spanish galleon" is still the foundation of half our tales of adventure, or that Drake was, among all the men of his day, the most popular figure?

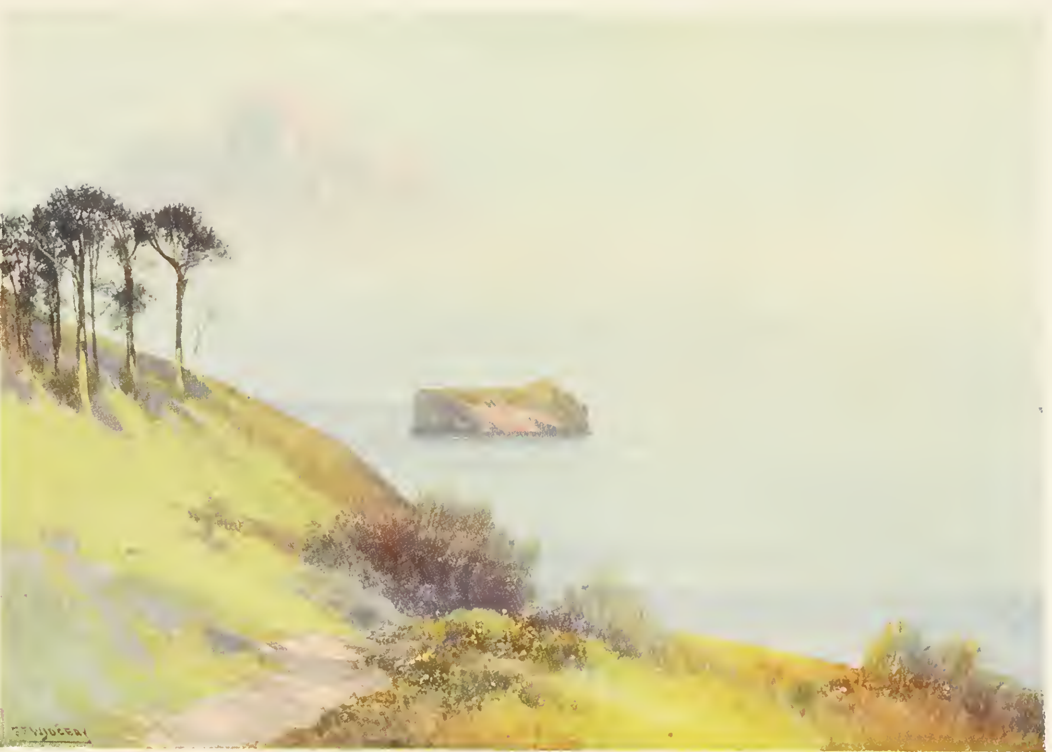
After this exploit the *Pelican* put into Panama Bay to careen, and there experienced a violent earthquake from the Isle of Cainos; for though she was lying in the open roadstead a mile offshore, they received the shock, and the ship was shaken from stem to stern. After this they fell in with such cold weather as froze the rigging to their fingers; and being in the tropic zone, neither clad nor prepared for such cold, the men were much discouraged. Drake cheered them on by his words and his example, and by that inestimable gift of personality which makes a leader of men. They sighted an island, which he called Nova Albion, from the white cliffs, which reminded him of Dover, and this he formally took possession of in the name of Queen Elizabeth; then he ran eastwards to the Molucca Isles, and afterwards rounded the Cape of Good Hope and came up the coast of Africa.

They arrived in Plymouth in 1580, having been two years and ten months in turning up "a new

furrow about the world," as Drake himself phrased it. According to their own reckoning, they landed on Sunday, September 25 (and they had kept a very careful log all through their voyage), but in England they discovered that it was Monday, September 26, and that they had lost a day in the circumnavigation of the globe.

In 1581 Drake took the *Pelican* up to Deptford, and was there knighted and much honoured by Queen Elizabeth.

This voyage of his is perhaps the most typical of all those undertaken by the Elizabethan adventurers; it combines the elements of romance, exploration, brigandage, and commercial enterprise in an extraordinary fashion. Drake wanted to sail round the world; his men wanted to see the strange and exotic lands of which they had heard so many stories in taverns and on sea-walls and the village green. They all wanted to gain wealth; there was, besides, a certain patriotic fervour; they were harassing the great enemy Spain, under whose shadow they had been brought up, and carrying the glory of England into far seas. But there was, besides, as in all these Elizabethan undertakings, the commercial enterprise. Wealthy merchants financed the voyages, and if they did not get 10 or 20 or 100 per cent. on their investment were disappointed. John Davis, though his three Arctic voyages were wonderful examples of navigation, could not find any "merchants of Exeter" to finance a fourth voyage, as



THE OARETONE NEAR TORQUAY

the others had been commercially barren. Hawkins complained always of his ill-fortune in the capture of treasure, and that he could not get fitted out for expeditions; and although the romanticist would like to picture to himself (or herself) a group of seaman heroes, setting out purely for the love of adventure and the glory of their country, it is to the practical mind an added interest to know that these wonderful adventures were undertaken as business speculations, and that much of the glory of England has its roots deep in her commercial life.

So, indeed, it has always been; the Phœnicians sailed to Britain for tin; the Greeks colonized Syracuse for tariffs; the wars of Troy, we are now told, were not for the possession of the beautiful Helen, but of the most favoured trade route of the Eastern world. Nor does this detract from Drake's glory; his voyage in the *Pelican* still remains a unique exploit in the history of adventure, and none will grudge him the device which he afterwards adopted: a globe, with the words *Tu primus circumdedisti me* ("Thou first didst encompass me round about"), though he still retained his old motto, "By the help of God."

The *Pelican* was for some time preserved at Deptford, and when it was broken up a chair made of the wood was presented to the Bodleian Library.

From this time to the year of the Spanish Armada Drake was constantly in the West

Indies; in 1587 he sank ten thousand tons of Spanish shipping in sight of the Admiral, the Marquis de Santa Cruce, and in company with Frobisher and Knollys he took St. Jago, Carthagena, and St. Augustine. His part in the fight with the Armada is too well known to need repeating: how at Plymouth

> ". . . he was playing a rubber of bowls
> When the great Armada came;
> But he said, 'They must wait their turn, good souls,'
> And he stooped and finished the game";

how he sailed into Brixham with the first captured Spanish galleon, the great *Capitana*, and, transferring her gunpowder to the fastest Brixham trawler, was out to sea and up the Channel again after the Spaniard, leaving the *Capitana*, with her hold full of treasure, in the charge of the good folk of Brixham.

And the legend of Drake's drum (embodied by Sir Henry Newbolt in his famous poem) is well known, at least in these parts: how he told his men to nail a drum at the masthead, and to sound it if they needed him.

> "If the Dons sight Devon,
> I will quit the port of heaven,
> And drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

After all, it seems fitting that Drake should have died adventuring, and that no quiet Devonshire churchyard holds his body, but that, on a last voyage, "having launched out of this into the

boundless, innavigable ocean of eternity," he should lie under the tropical water off Bella Porta, near the scenes of his famous exploits, in sight of the land where blood and gold and greed defiled the beauty of a tropic paradise, where under strong sunlight the brilliant pageant of life unrolled itself before him—love and adventure and endurance, and grief for the loss of friends, passion and humour and a great zest for all the ways of men.

> "Drake, he's in his hammock and a thousand leagues away
> (Captain, art tha' sleeping there below?),
> Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
> And dreaming all the time o' Plymouth Hoe. . . ."

CHAPTER III

FURTHER NOTABLE MEN AND A NOTABLE LADY

In the last chapter I gave a short account of the great seamen of Elizabeth's age who were natives of this portion of Devon, and it is remarkable how great a number of noteworthy men were born within a few years of each other and in so circumscribed a district. But I have not yet spoken of the most eminent of all Devonshire heroes, Sir Walter Raleigh.

A seaman he undoubtedly was, an explorer, an adventurer, a philosopher, a poet, and a statesman. His character is one of the most complex of his generation, rich and varied, eager in affairs, yet with a perpetual sense of the insufficiency of all human endeavour. The exploits of his day—and none can deny their splendour—fell far short of the magnitude of his imagination; the treasure of a *Cacafuego* could not satisfy his lust for gold, but he sought for El Dorado itself, and for the inexhaustible treasure. He plans the colonization of Virginia; he apprehends the far-reaching results of such a policy on the part of England; in wise and noble words he rebukes the greed of the mere adventurer, yet can say at the same time

that he believes "the long day of mankind draweth fast towards an evening, and the world's tragedy and time are at an end." The heir of the Renaissance, having more kinship with Leonardo da Vinci than any other Englishman, not all the wealth and honours of his fortune, nor the pageantry of statecraft, nor the new world of science, nor the treasure of art, could assuage the profound melancholy of his soul.

"The mind of man," he says, "hath two ports, the one always frequented by the entrance of manifold vanities, the other desolate and overgrown with grass, by which enter our charitable thoughts and divine contemplations." But in him, says his modern namesake, "both gates of the mind stood open; worldly hopes and braggart ambitions crowd and jostle through one entrance, but the monitors of death and eternity meet them and whisper them in the ear."

Such men suffer from the lack of a spiritual ideal strong enough to compel them to follow it, some idea powerful enough to draw in one direction all the varied and warring elements of their nature; ideals which to blunter minds and less passionate natures may suffice are to them mere vacant forms. The acid of their intellect dissolves all meaningless conventions, which overgrow so quickly the pure and simple form of original belief; fearing no adventure of the mind, they launch into the dangerous seas of speculation, and, finding themselves masters of the ele-

ment, weary of their barren heritage. Yet the very energy of such natures springs from a fundamental passion, and the melancholy of their tempers attests the strength of their desire to find peace within some spiritual kingdom. Such men are commonly to be found in an age of great intellectual vigour, and Alcibiades and Walter Raleigh have their counterpart in our present generation.

Walter Raleigh was born at Hayes, near East Budleigh, and was half-brother to Adrien and Humphrey Gilbert. It is probable that he passed much of his youth at Greenway, on the Dart, though Sir John Millais has followed tradition in depicting him on the beach at Budleigh Salterton. He went to Oriel College, Oxford, and afterwards to the Middle Temple, but, unable to endure the inactivity, went to France as a gentleman-volunteer in the cause of the Protestants. He afterwards served in Ireland and the Low Countries—"those military academies," as they were termed—and in 1578 made his first voyage with Humphrey Gilbert, with the object of planting a colony in America. The expedition failed, but in 1583 the attempt was renewed, and five vessels equipped for the colonization of Newfoundland. Raleigh deserted this expedition, whether on account of disagreements with his half-brother, who was much his senior, or not is unknown, but men of Raleigh's temperament are rarely happy under the command of another; their intellect

being the more powerful, they are apt to despise their leader, and are not prepared to subordinate themselves to the commonly accepted virtues of loyalty and obedience.

The following year, however, after the failure of Gilbert's expedition and his death, Raleigh took up the project, and dispatched two small ships to prospect the coast of America from Florida northwards. They landed on the islands of Wocoken and Roanoak, and took possession of them in Elizabeth's name, and their report of the beauty and fertility of the country, the abundance of game and fish, and the courtesy and gentleness of the natives, so pleased Elizabeth that she stood godmother to the new colony, naming it Virginia.

In 1585 Raleigh—who was now a Court favourite, by virtue of those qualities which make the tale of the cloak, if apocryphal, at least credible—dispatched a fleet of seven ships to colonize Virginia. Sir Philip Sidney was anxious to go in charge of the expedition, and the fate of the colony might have been cleaner and less sullied by injustice if his bright and gentle spirit had been the ruling influence; but Elizabeth would not let him go, and Sir Richard Grenville took command.

Grenville was a sailor of extraordinary daring, but he was cruel, limited in outlook, and something of a barbarian. His treatment of the native Indians is yet another page in the bloody

record of the conquest of the New World, and laid the foundations for the massacres of the next hundred and fifty years. The colonists whom he left behind experienced such treatment at the hands of the Indians that they prevailed on Drake, who put in there on one of his voyages, to lend them a ship to go home. Grenville planted another fifteen men there, who were never afterwards heard of. Says Bacon: "It is the sinfullest thing in the world to forsake or destitute a plantation once in forwardness; for, besides the dishonour, it is the guiltiness of blood of many miserable persons."

Raleigh was certainly in some degree a sharer in this blood-guiltiness; impatient—as he ever was—of an affair on a small scale, he made over his patent to a company of merchants, and turned his fervent and restless imagination elsewhere. It may be that at this time he interested himself in shipbuilding, and made the designs for his *Ark Raleigh*, which afterwards fought against the Armada, and was considered one of the best ships afloat.

In 1591 he published an account of the fight between the *Revenge* and the Spanish fleet off the Azores. Richard Grenville was his cousin, a West Countryman also, and his last fight against fifteen Spanish ships, for fifteen hours unaided, is too well known to be repeated. Sir Francis Bacon wrote of it in 1624: "It was memorable even beyond credit and to the height

of some heroical fable. And though it were a defeat, yet it exceeded a victory; being like the act of Samson, that killed more men at his death than he had done in the time of all his life."

In 1592 Raleigh marrried Elizabeth Throgmorton, one of Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour, and, having run away with her without due authority, incurred the Queen's grave displeasure, and was for a few months imprisoned in the Tower. The marriage, so unfortunately begun, proved more successful than might have been expected from a man of Raleigh's temperament, and at the end of his life, when awaiting execution, he wrote her a letter full of affection and tender regard: "You shall receive, my dear wife, my last words in these my last lines; my love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead. . . . First I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive or my words express for your many travels and cares for me, which, though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less. . . . Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who loved you in his happiest estate. . . . My dear wife, farewel; bless my boy; pray for me, and let my true God hold you both in his arms."

For this most brilliant and diverse of all the men of the Renaissance perished upon the scaffold, having suffered an eclipse of fourteen years' imprisonment in spite of the protests of Prince Henry, the Heir-Apparent, who declared,

"None but my father could keep such a bird in a cage." He died, as he had lived, in pursuit of El Dorado.

All through his life this vision had haunted him, of the land of gold, the source of all treasure, where the roofs of the houses were tiled with plates of gold, and men rolled themselves in gold-dust. All the known treasures of the Indies and America, the gold and silver ingots of the prizes of the Spanish main, were to Raleigh but pale shadows beside the golden substance of his dream.

In 1595 he made his first voyage to Guinea in search of this fabled land, and brought back some pieces of ore from the gold-mines up the Orinoco. His account of his expedition was published in 1596, under the title "The Discoverie of the Empyre of Guiana, with a Relation of the Citie of Manoa (which the Spanyards call El Dorado) and of the Provinces of Emeria, Arromaia, Amapaia, etc. Performed in the year 1595." It tells of perils by land and water, of great rivers running through primæval forests, of strange beasts and birds and fishes, and the habits of natives; something also of the cruelty of the Spaniards. It recounts yet further the legend of El Dorado. He planned another expedition for the following year, but was obliged to dispatch it under Captain Keymis, as he was sent with Essex on an expedition against Cadiz. The next time that he sailed in person for El Dorado was in the

year 1617, when James I. released him from the Tower after fourteen years, and commissioned him as Admiral of the Fleet. Old and tired, his glory long eclipsed; his old enemies, Essex and Walsingham, dead; but his friends dead too; Elizabeth, whom he had served and flattered, and perhaps even loved, dead and succeeded by James these fourteen years; Drake and Hawkins long since "in their hammocks and a thousand leagues away"; Frobisher and Effingham, Spenser and Shakespeare, all passed from the stage, the last great Elizabethan set forth on his ill-fated voyage.

> "Syn he hath all my brethren ta'en,
> He will not let me live alane,
> Great ruth it were that this should be;
> Timor Mortis conturbat me."

The expedition failed; it was hampered by the policy of James I. towards Spain, by Raleigh's inacquaintance with the men who served under him, by the firm attitude of the Spaniards and the strength of their fleet, but, above all, because "the time was out of joint." The energy of Elizabeth's days had spent itself; the combination of greed and glory, chivalry and cruelty, which prompted those daring enterprises was dissolved and passing to other forms; history had entered upon another chapter, and Raleigh could no more revive the old spirit than he could call Drake back from Nombre de Dios.

When he returned, unsuccessful, he was

ignominiously offered up by James as a sacrifice to Spanish interests. It is reported that when the Spanish Ambassador came into James's presence, with the object of treating of the marriage of the Infanta to Prince Henry, he cried out, "Pirates, pirates, pirates!" and made no further discourse at all.

Raleigh was executed under the old sentence which had been passed upon him in 1603 for his opposition to James's large train of Scots brought by him to England on his succession. Raleigh's wit and courtliness were never brighter than at his death; it is reported that he asked to see the axe, and, running his finger down the edge, said, smiling: "This is a sharp medicine, but a physician for all diseases." He was dressed with the magnificence which became one of Elizabeth's courtiers, and when he had removed his ruff the headsman asked him which way he would lay his head. "So the heart be right," he replied, "it is no matter which way the head lieth," and died with a jest on his lips.

Raleigh had touched life at every point, and explored every avenue of human enterprise; the friend of poets and a poet himself, the rival of statesmen, lover, courtier, and seafarer, he had known the wind-swept beaches of South Devon and the tainted but stimulating air of London. The long, silent days becalmed at sea, when the ship stood burning in a circle of blue sea and sky through the hot hours till the night fell and the

decks and rigging became wet with dew; the fierce tropic beauty of Florida and the West Indies; the luxuriance of Virginia; the ice-floes off Newfoundland; the temperate green valleys of his home, all made their mark on a passionate and receptive nature. In his crowded and vivid life he found time for study, and wrote books as different in subject as "Of Mines and the Tryalls of Minerals," and "Observations on the First Invention of Shipping," and "The Life and Death of Mahomet."

Owning no duty save loyalty to his Sovereign, he was a law unto himself, and said arrogantly: "There is none on the face of the earth that I would be fastened to"; and he could write to his wife on the eve of his execution that he despised "Death and his misshapen and ugly forms."

But his final judgment of life is pronounced in the same letter, the utterance of a restless, weary, and unsatisfied spirit, who has adventured something in every voyage launched by human enterprise in the region of fancy, of science, or of action, and, bankrupt at the end, declares: "If you can live free from want, care for no more, for the rest is but vanity. . . . When you have travelled and wearied yourself with all sort of worldly cogitations, you shall sit down by sorrow in the end."

When Raleigh was executed in Old Palace Yard, Westminster, there was present young Oliver Cromwell, aged about eighteen, and on a

visit to London. The eye of the historian may perceive in that brief moment the representatives of the closing chapter and the opening chapter of English history in conjunction; the age of Elizabeth and the period of the Revolution present characteristics so markedly different that they hardly seem to belong to the history of the same people. Yet the ideals, the temperament, and the beliefs which expressed themselves in Puritanism existed also during the period of the Renaissance, and it was from the errors and follies of their fathers and grandfathers that the men of the Reformation drew their impulse.

The gentleman-adventurer who gave so much lustre to the reign of Elizabeth gathered in his numbers round Charles I., though they helped, perhaps, rather to shatter his cause than to support it. One of the most noteworthy of the Cavaliers was Sir Nicholas Slanning, a native of Devon and born at Bickleigh. He and Sir Bevil Grenville (a descendant of Sir Richard and the *preux chevalier* of his day) were, with Godolphin and Trevanion, known as the four wheels of Charles's Wain. They all perished during the Civil Wars. . . .

> "The Four Wheels of Charles's Wain—
> Grenville, Godolphin, Trevanion, Slanning—slain."

Sir Nicholas Slanning was at one time Governor of Pendennis Castle.

We cannot leave the subject of the "Worthies of Devon" without speaking of Richard Hooker,

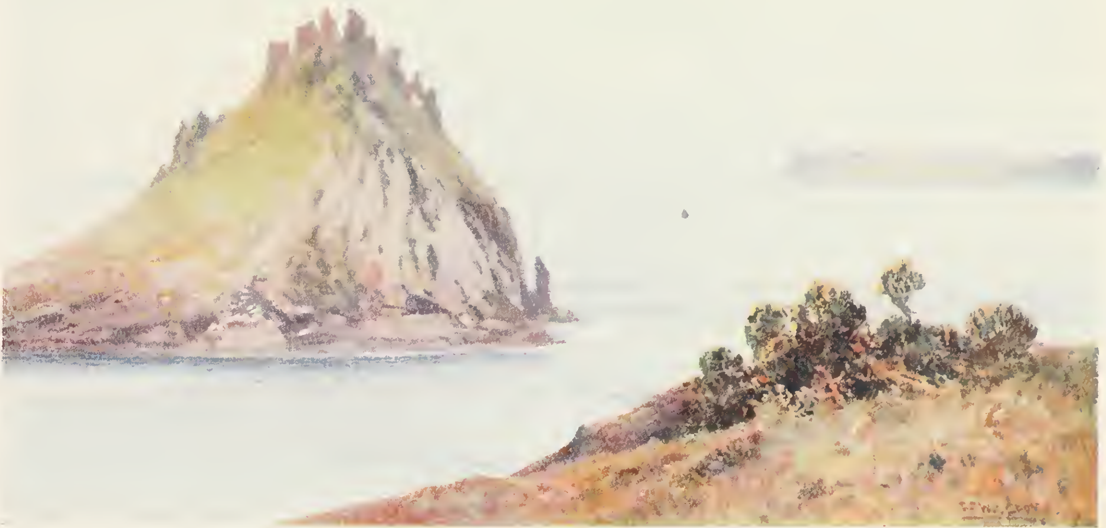
the gentle author of "Ecclesiastic Polity," whose life and personality are in so great contrast to his contemporaries of whom we have just treated (Drake, Raleigh, and Hawkins), but who gave to his generation no less a gift than theirs in the example of a pure and beautiful life, and in a book which is a monument of noble English.

He was born in 1553, either in Exeter itself or at the little village of Heavitree, and he early showed such a propensity to learning "mixed with meekness and modesty of conversation" that his schoolmaster persuaded his uncle to send him to Oxford, where he was entered at fifteen, at Corpus Christi, and remained for three years. He came under the notice of the famous Bishop Jewel, the witty and learned prelate whom Elizabeth was wont to call "her Jewel," and who took such justice and suavity even to the acrimony of religious controversy that his very assailants had to love him. "I should love thee, Jewel, wert thou not a Zwinglian," cries one. "In thy faith thou art a heretic, but sure in thy life thou art an angel."

There is a story told of Richard Hooker and the Bishop which is worth repeating, as it illustrates the quaint humour of the latter. Richard had come down from Oxford to see his mother, who was living at Exeter, and, passing through Salisbury (on foot, as he was in no position to afford post-horses), he called to pay his respects to Bishop Jewel. He afterwards recounted to

his mother his cordial reception, and how he was invited to dine at the Bishop's own table; but when he had taken his leave and departed someone pointed out to Jewel that he had given the young man no money for his journey. He therefore sent after him in haste, and, having had him brought into his presence, said: "Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which has carried me many a mile, and (I thank God) with much ease"; and thereupon presented him with a *walking-stick*, with the following injunction: "Richard, I do not give but lend you my horse; be sure you be honest and bring it back to me."

He designed under this playful admonition to give Hooker some financial help when he called on his way back from Exeter to Oxford, but he died while Richard was still on a visit to his mother, and deprived him of his best friend. Dr. Sandys, however, Bishop of London, shortly after took him into his house as tutor, saying: "I will have a tutor for my son that shall teach him learning by instruction and virtue by example." This lad, young Edwin Sandys, and his friend George Cranmer (who was a relative of the martyred Bishop Cranmer), were Hooker's two favourite pupils, and it was they who, having been for some time travelling abroad, went to pay a visit to their old tutor on their return, and found him tending his few sheep with a Horace in his hand, while his servant went to his dinner. When they returned to his home with him, however,



The Thatcher Stone, Torbay

they received a cold welcome from Mrs. Hooker, who interrupted them in the " high and learned discourse " with which they were enjoying themselves to call him away to rock the cradle. The guests, chilled, departed next morning, sincerely pitying their old friend's conjugal infelicity.

Mrs. Hooker was the daughter of Mrs. Churchman, who kept the boarding-house called the Shunamite's House, where preachers coming to London to give their sermon at Paul's Cross were boarded free of charge for two days before and one day after their sermon. Hooker had caught a very bad cold on the journey, and was desperately afraid lest his throat should be too hoarse for him to preach; but Mrs. Churchman restored him with hot drinks and much coddling, and after he had preached successfully and was in a state of great gratitude towards her, told him that he was a very delicate man and needed a " woman's care," and adroitly affianced him to her daughter Joan.

Joan was neither young nor pretty, nor even (as future events showed) good-tempered; she brought him no portion, as her father was a bankrupt linen-draper, " on whom poverty had broken in, like an armed man " ; but Richard in his inexperience was wax in the hands of herself and her mother. His own mother, the only other woman with whom he had had anything like a close relationship, was a woman of very different character, and when, as a young man of eighteen, he fell

sick, she, like the mother of St. Augustine, " did in her hourly prayers beg his life of God that he might become a good Christian."

After his marriage he was obliged to take a small country living at Drayton Beauchamp in Buckinghamshire, where he lived in much poverty and uneasiness with his scolding wife; but after the visit of Edwin Sandys and young Cranmer the Bishop of London, hearing from them the state of things, called him to London and made him Master of the Temple. A man of the greatest gentleness himself, his life was again embittered by the dislike and disloyalty of Walter Travers, lecturer for the evening sermon, who attacked him with violence and hampered his work by every means in his power. It was, however, in answer to the ecclesiastical bombardments of Travers that he first projected his great work on " Ecclesiastic Polity," whose object was to open a discussion on the fitness of the laws of the English Church. The spirit of his work is best expressed in his own comment on the bitter invective uttered against the English Church by those who followed the teachings of Geneva: " All that I mean to say is but this: There will come a time when three words, uttered with charity and meekness, shall receive a far more blessed reward than three thousand volumes written with disdainful sharpness of wit."

Another local celebrity (they would hardly have accorded her the title of " Worthy "!) of Devon-

shire was the famous Lady Howard, about whose name many legends and fairy-tales have grown, until it is difficult to disentangle fact from fiction and gain any clear idea of the true character of this strange woman.

She was the daughter of Sir John Fitz, who, having slain Slanning in a duel which he forced upon him in a fit of drunken anger, was so tormented by remorse that he became subject to strange hallucinations. One day, when he was staying at an inn, he was attacked by one of his feverish dreams, and, rushing out of his bedroom sword in hand, killed a servant who was passing, and then, seized with horror at his deed, turned his sword upon himself.

His daughter and only child Mary inherited from him a great fortune and much of his strange and unbalanced temperament, though she grew up to be a woman of great determination and strength of will, and was possessed of a keen brain and much business perspicacity. She was four times married; first to Sir Alan Percy, by whom she had a daughter, her only child; secondly to Thomas Darcy, heir to the Earl of Northumberland; and thirdly to Sir Charles Howard, son of the Earl of Suffolk. It is the name of this third husband which she always carried, although she subsequently married Sir Richard Grenville, whose suit was pressed by no less a person than the Duke of Buckingham. This marriage was unfortunate to both parties; Sir Richard had

inherited some of the brutality of character of his famous uncle, without his more noteworthy qualities; he spent his wife's money, affronted her publicly by bringing loose women into her own house, and grew bitter because, the war being ended, he had neither occupation nor income other than to be found in his wife's estate. She, as Clarendon says, "being a woman of a haughty and imperious nature, and of a wit far superior to his, quickly resented the disrespect she received from him," and after a few years of unhappy domestic brawls, left him and took refuge with the Suffolk family. She revenged herself on Sir Richard by settling all her fortune on the Earl of Suffolk, and her husband, finding himself unable even to collect the tenants' rents, brought a suit in Chancery, which went against him. He endeavoured to force a duel upon the Earl of Suffolk, and, failing, vented his spleen in such gross and opprobrious language that Suffolk appealed for reparation to the Star Chamber, and was given damages for three thousand pounds. Sir Richard was then committed to the Fleet Prison for debt, where he remained for some years, and then fled overseas, from which exile he was recalled to command a "troop" during the Irish rebellion.

During the Civil War he joined the Royalist cause, and held a post of considerable importance in the West; his wife inclining to the Parliamentarians, her estates were, by the King's order,

sequestrated to her husband. He settled in one of her houses, probably at Fitzford, close to Tavistock, and prospered for a time. When Lady Howard died, however, after the final defeat of the Royalist cause, she willed all her property to the Suffolks, with the exception of a legacy to " anyone who could prove herself to be the daughter of Mary, sole heiress of the late Sir John Fitz and widow of Sir Richard Grenville." This curious bequest, which was never claimed, shows how completely Lady Howard had lost sight of her only child, so that she actually did not know whether she was alive or dead. She seems to have conceived an antipathy for her daughter from her birth, and treated her with such indifference and neglect that some kindly lady took pity on the little girl and adopted her.

Apart from the fact that she had four husbands—and being a beauty and an heiress she was besieged by suitors when she was a widow—this is the only fact that can be recorded against Lady Howard's character, but in the local legends she figures as a witch and a " beautiful white devil." She is said to have murdered her first three husbands—though why, if she had the knack of it, she did not murder Sir Richard Grenville also cannot well be understood—and to be doomed till the Day of Judgment to drive nightly in a coach made of her dead husbands' bones along the road from Dartmoor to Tavistock. There were " travellers' tales " of benighted wayfarers being

overtaken by this grim coach, and being obliged to mount and ride beside Lady Howard, her white face gleaming evilly at them in the moonlight, while the Devil, in the shape of a great black hound, followed them down the road.

Other stories transform Lady Howard herself into a black hound by a fancy which is common to all popular traditions from the Arabian Nights downwards.

It is possible that this lady was no more than what we should call "an eccentric," who, by the vigour of her personality and the small care she had for the opinion of others, challenged her good neighbours and incurred their dislike and mistrust.

Another half-legendary figure is Bamfylde Carew, a member of one of the oldest and most famous Devonshire families, who, having been sent to Blundell's School at Tiverton, got into a scrape for hunting deer over standing corn, and, to escape the well-earned hiding, ran away and joined a company of gipsies. He returned eighteen months later, having been given up by his parents and mourned for as dead, as he had never given them message or sign of his existence.

In the days of the twopenny post this seems to us extreme callousness, but in times much nearer to us than the seventeenth century the habit of letter-writing was remote enough from people's experience. There is a story preserved in my family, for instance, of my great-grand-uncle, a

yeoman-farmer in Essex, who was press-ganged during the Napoleonic wars and sent to sea. He was absent several years, and no one knew what had become of him; he had just gone out one morning and disappeared. He had lived with two sisters, my grand-aunts, whose names, I think, were Anne and Jemima. Jemima was weak, doubting, and lachrymose; she declared that her brother was dead, and wished to go decently into mourning; she also wished to divide up the property, and was well supported in this by the married members of the family. But Anne was of sterner stuff, declared that until she had evidence of William's death she would consider him alive, refused to dispose of his property, administered his estate, collected his rents, and had her reward when, some years later, he walked in as he had walked out, without notice.

I imagine the scene—William, sun-burned and muscular, in a pigtail and blue broadcloth; Jemima, in the "Jane Austen" dress, giving a shrill scream and fainting away; Anne, very upright and prim, greeting him with a "Well, William, here you are." But I wonder how she liked handing over the keys of office after all.

Bamfylde Carew, however, in spite of the fatted calf which was killed for him, was too much of a vagabond by nature to settle in his quiet Devonshire home. A man of quick wit, an inimitable mimic and actor, with a roguish sense of fun and a droll tongue, he "begged and jested

through half the countries of Europe." He assumed all kinds of disguises—a shipwrecked sailor, an honest miller whose mill had been burned and who was therefore ruined, a clergyman who had given up his benefice because his conscience would not permit him to take the oath of allegiance to the Government, a reformed smuggler turned informer: there was no limit to his impersonations. He could play the gentleman, too, when it served his turn, and it was probably respect for his origin which kept him out of prison many a time when his exploits had earned it. He was so eminent in his profession that when Clause Patch, the King of the Gipsies, died, Bamfylde Carew was chosen his successor, and is said to have filled the post with great thoroughness and dignity. When he died he was buried in Bickleigh Churchyard, and a legendary glory surrounds his name and his doings.

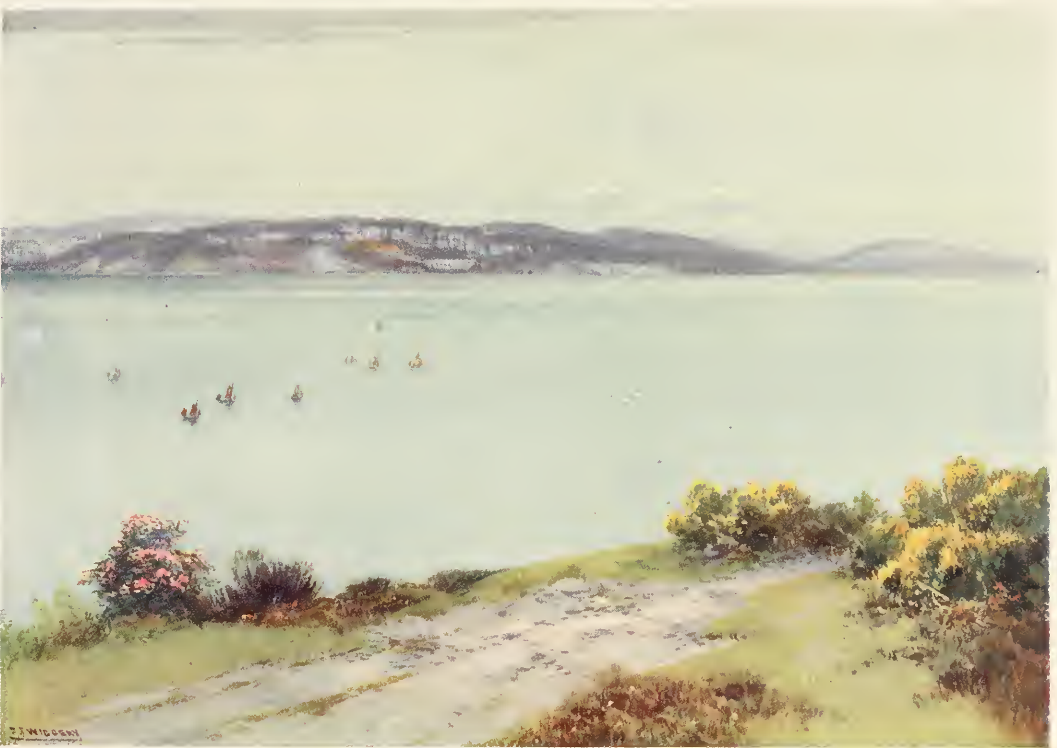
There are many notable men of Devon of whom there is no space to speak, but I feel I cannot leave this subject without referring to a lady who is surely worthy of commemoration. She was the wife of Sir Lewis Pollard and lived at King's Nimpton, and they had a family of twenty-two. This lady, during one of her husband's frequent absences, having a commemorative window designed for their chapel, had herself depicted with twenty-one children grouped round her, and when it was pointed out to her that this was *one*

more than the actuality (she having twenty at that time), replied calmly " that she was expecting her husband back from abroad, and, having had a child on his return at all other times, had no reason to doubt that at this time she should also have another "—which, be it noted, she did.

CHAPTER IV

TORQUAY

Torquay is situated on the beautiful bay that stretches from Berry Head to Hopes Nose, and is called Torbay. It faces south-west, and has within the last hundred years become a popular health resort, as the climate is mild in winter and early spring, and the surrounding country of much suavity and richness. It has now a population of about 35,000, but little more than a century ago consisted only of a tiny jetty and half a dozen fisherman's huts. It was, curiously enough, the Napoleonic Wars that brought it prosperity, for Torbay was the rendezvous of the fleets which were always watching the Channel in fear of an invasion, and many of the naval officers established their families in the cottages along the coast. Some of the buildings therefore date from the early nineteenth century, and there is a row of houses by the little harbour, called Old Harbour, which have the appearance of a continental quay like Boulogne or Calais; but unfortunately too great a number of mean and ugly houses were erected in the debased architectural period of 1860-1880. There are some modern villas much more artistically designed, and standing in beau-



Torquay and Berry from West Brixham

tiful gardens; they are planned with an eye to their background of sea and wooded hill, and lilacs, laburnums, and other flowering trees, with which Torquay abounds, are grouped about them. There are a certain number of houses also which are built crescentwise, in the style of the Regency, decorated with flat pilasters and classic wreaths, in the manner of the famous Bath crescents. The most notable of these is Hesketh Crescent, which stands on a hill eastward of the major part of Torquay, and looking out to sea towards the Shag Rock. The view from these houses is magnificent; nothing breaks the panorama of sea and sky in front, but to the right the curve of the bay towards Berry Head may be seen with Brixham lying in the fold.

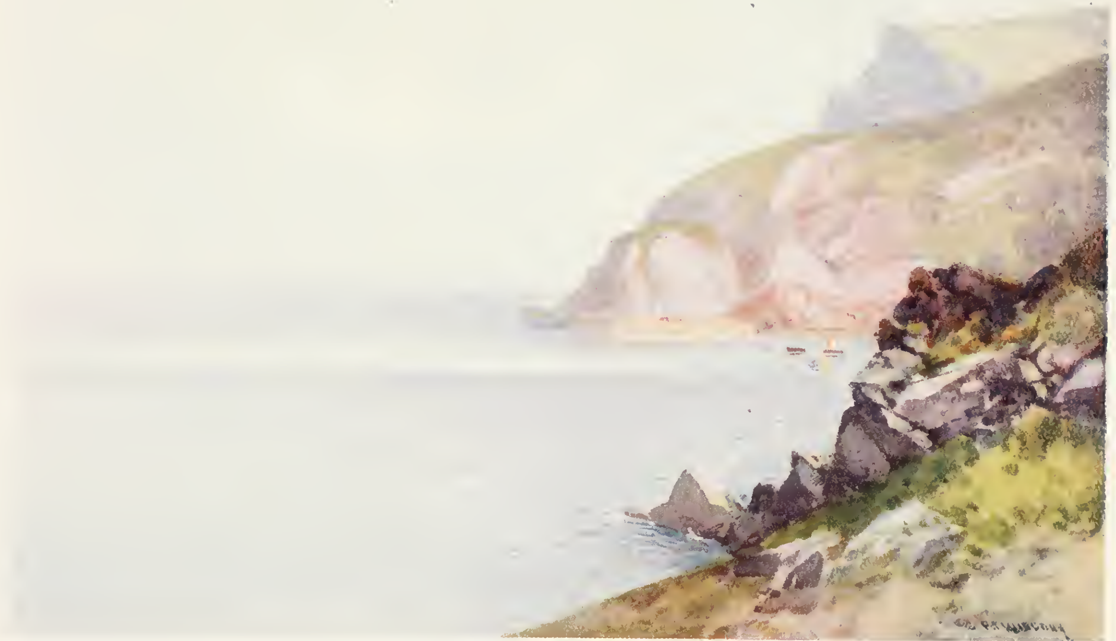
In front of the crescent is a terrace, and from there the cliff slopes down to the sea in terraced gardens beautifully wooded. The Osborne Hotel is situated in this crescent, and for such folk as prefer entire peace, even at the expense of being two miles from the station and a steep fifteen minutes' climb from the town, there can be no better place to stay. Leaning out of your window, you can hear the gulls crying and watch the cormorants fishing two hundred feet below, or grouped on the outlying Shag Rock, which takes its name from them. From the Imperial Hotel the view is as extensive, but has not the unique character of that from the Osborne.

The town is built upon three hills—or three

main hills, for the conformation of the ground is here so undulating that it is difficult to determine where one begins and the other ends, and much of the picturesqueness of Torquay depends upon this as well as upon the great richness of foliage which is massed around the buildings. Steep flights of steps lead from one level to another, making odd passage-ways and angles to please the artistic eye, but the roads also are extremely good, and there is a very considerable traffic, both of horse and motor vehicles.

As to the "facilities" of the town itself, you may "shop" as well in Torquay as in any big city—and no cheaper—and you may amuse yourself with plays, cinemas, and dancing if you be minded; there is the Bath Saloon, where concerts are given, which keeps something of the old-fashioned flavour of the eighties, when our fathers and mothers diverted themselves with more solemnity than we; but the Pavilion and the tea-shops and the skating-rink are all designed to meet modern requirements.

Torquay has now extended so as to absorb outlying villages as suburbs; Babbacombe and St. Mary Church are within the radius; Paignton is linked by tram along a road which is built over all the way; even Cockington is reached by roads that have more of the character of "a Queen of Watering-Places" than of a Devonshire lane; but for those people—and they are many—who do not want to take a holiday on a Cornish moor,



Babbacombe Bay

seven miles from the nearest post office, but within sight and sound of their fellow-creatures, Torquay offers a combination of social life, the amenities of a spa, and beautiful scenery, which is hard to beat.

Although the town itself is modern, there are instances of human occupation in or near it in historic times and earlier.

The earliest traces of human life are at Kent's Cavern, also called Kent's Hole, which is world-famous for the discovery made there of the extreme antiquity of man. It is reached by a small opening in a hill at Ilsham, which leads through a low, narrow passage into the cavern itself, which is said to be six hundred feet long, and which leads further into a labyrinth of smaller caverns and winding passages whose extent has not yet been discovered nor the plan fully mapped. The cave seems to have been used—either as a place of refuge, or for smuggling, or just from motives of curiosity—in comparatively recent times, for there are names and inscriptions scratched on the limestone walls that date from the fifteenth and sixteenth century, such as "Robert Hedges of Ireland, Feb. 20, 1688," and "William Petre, 1571." These inscriptions of two hundred and fifty years ago are on stalagmite of great thickness, on which the water still drips abundantly, and yet the action of two and a half centuries has sufficed only to form a thin glaze over the writing, which is still legible. This

fact may give some idea of the immense lapse of time required to form a stalagmite floor of from 2 to 12 feet thick.

In this cave deposits are found reaching back from Romano-British times, and the long stretch of the Neolithic Period to early Palæolithic times, when the world was inhabited by what—in our childish textbooks—used to be called "antediluvian animals," or, as we should now say, extinct animals. Here are found potsherds of the beautiful red Samian ware, chiefly manufactured on the Continent, in Gaul, and imported into England in pre-Roman times; bronze rings and pins, a fibula, a spoon, and a spear-head; bone articles; chisels and combs; decorated spindle-whorls made of stone; flint flakes and knives; and mixed with them the bones and teeth of animals and human beings, of the bat, the badger, the fox and the hare, the pig and the Celtic shorthorn sheep, and the shells of crustaceans such as may still be found in Torbay.

The excavators dug through bands of earth and two stalagmite floors of different periods, and the history of man in relation to his surroundings lay chronologically before them. Before the stalagmite floor, which lay like a seal upon the treasure, proving indisputably that a vast period of time lay between the deposits above it and below it, and that they furnished a "plain and unvarnished history" of life on the globe, were found evidences of the existence of man and of his handi-

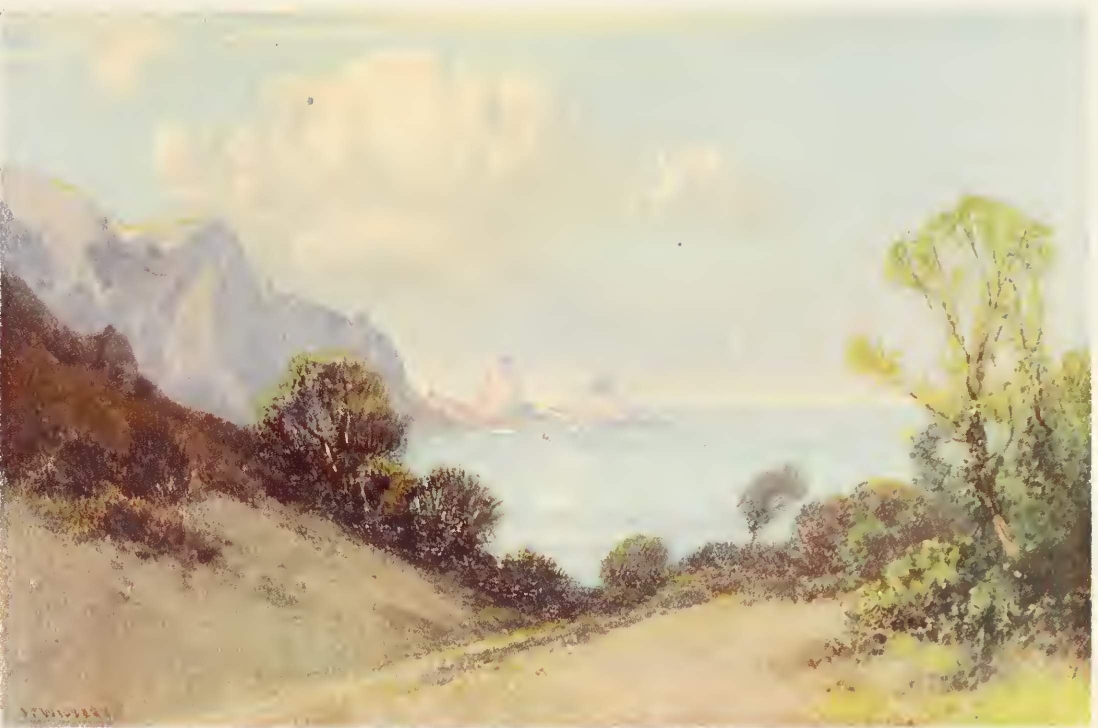
work along with the remains of extinct animals belonging to the last Glacial Period. There were the bones of the cave-bear, the woolly rhinoceros, the aurochs and the great Irish elk, the mammoth, and, lowest of all, two human skulls and a flint flake or eolith.

It would be attractive to go further into the story of Kent's Cavern, and devote a whole chapter to this series of discoveries which has lifted a corner of the veil that hangs over the origin of man. The imagination is bewildered by the vision of the slow passage of uncounted centuries which changed the face of the world, wore down the Tors of Dartmoor with frost and ice and torrential rain, hollowed the Vale of Ilsham 60 feet, or heaved up the floor of ocean, while man was learning to chip his implements of flint and scrape the hides of beasts to shelter him from the cold. But in a book of this nature it is impossible, and readers who wish to pursue the subject further must be referred to such books as Professor A. Keith's "Antiquity of Man," the "Transactions of the Devonshire Association," and the "Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries."

The deposits have now been removed from the cavern, and are in the museum, near Ilsham Post Office, but the cave itself is well worth a visit. The roof glitters with stalactites, the floor is coated with slippery stalagmite, there is a continual stealthy drip of water and a smell of dampness and mould, and the cave terminates in a black

pool, deep and cold, which reflects glassily the light of the lanterns. We stand in a little circle of light, conscious of the thousand tons of earth between us and the sky, pressed upon, as it were, by the weight of the great hill under which we are buried; the shadows around seem to advance and threaten as we hold up the feeble torch of civilization in the great darkness of existence. Unknown terrors seem to lurk in the gloom behind, the great slobbering cave-bear, who has left the imprint of his skull, muzzle, and eye-socket, on the stalagmite; the sabre-toothed tiger; the mammoth, with his great splay feet; or dim, uncertain shapes of fear, having no form, such as those which haunted the slowly-developing brain of these cave-men, our ancestors, and which still lie packed away from the light of day in some dim corner of our being which seldom is illumined for us by the light of consciousness.

We are glad to come out again into the warm sunlight, and see it illuminating the smooth green hill opposite and the apple-trees of the orchard below, and to smell the hawthorn which drapes the entrance to the cavern, sweetening with its fragrance even the dank smell of the entrance-passage for a yard or so. Since those deposits were laid down—the skulls and the flint implement of Palæolithic man—the very face of the world is changed; not only do different birds and beasts inhabit the air and the earth, but the grass



Anstey's Cove, Torquay

and the trees are different, the flowers and the climate, the very quality of the sunlight and the procession of the seasons. Yet man was man, and evolving slowly towards some perfection we have not yet dreamed of.

Of more recent, though prehistoric remains near Torquay there are only slight examples; it is claimed that up to a few years ago there were extensive earthworks near Babbacombe and Anstey's Cove, but as they have now disappeared their date is entirely conjectural; also at Berry Head, by Brixham, there were said to be ancient fortifications which were adapted by the Romans, but as a stone fort was erected on the headland in the time of the Napoleonic wars it is impossible now to determine the character of the earthworks. It is a site, however, such as was often used by Bronze Age man—a bold promontory, with a narrow neck of land, or isthmus, joining it to the mainland, and across which a breastwork could be built as a protection from attacks by land, while the precipitous cliffs themselves would afford sufficient protection from attacks by sea.

But there is "no land uninhabitable, nor sea innavigable," as said bold "Master Robert Thorne" in 1527, when writing of the sea-policy of England, and we might add, "nor fort impregnable"; and doubtless the camp at Berry Head changed hands often enough between invader and invaded of the Neolithic Period, and Roman and Britain, and Saxon and Dane, and might have

had to endure that fate in Napoleonic times, in spite of cannon and stone walls, but that Fate ordered the contest should be fought out at another spot. Now the ditch is choked with brambles and gorse, and the crannies of the stone walls are already beginning to show flowers—wild arabis and wallflower and aubretia—which wedge themselves wherever there is an inch of earth in which they can strike root. The turf is soft and springy inside the fortifications, that clean wiry turf of the cliffs, and there are wild violets growing bravely in spite of the high winds that sweep the promontory in spring, and close-growing thyme in June and July.

Below, the water frets at the grey limestone rocks, and the gulls and jackdaws scream above the noise of wind and waves; looking down the precipitous face of the cliff, one sees them

"Show scarce so gross as beetles." . . .

British pottery and Roman coins were excavated at Berry Head, but now the lighthouse and coastguard station are built within the walls of the larger fort, and all traces of ancient occupation have disappeared.

The Saxons seem to have frequented Torbay, and most of the names in the neighbourhood are Saxon, with the exception of Cockington, of which the first syllable corresponds to the Celtic *coch* = red, though the final syllables are Teutonic. The earth around Cockington is very notably red, of the same character as the cliffs along by Daw-

lish, and the name of the village bears out the Celtic fashion of naming places by description—such as "the Village in the Wood," the "Giant's Mouth" (now corrupted to Heddon's Mouth)—rather than the Saxon habit of naming places from some noticeable fact or person—Brixham = Brictric's ham or village.

"Hope's Nose" is obviously a corruption—one writer suggests of the "Apaunaris" of the Romans, but the same root-word occurs also in Babbacombe.

Torquay also furnishes one of the rare examples of churches proved to have been in existence before the Conquest, St. Mary Church, which in the Domesday Book is stated to belong to the Earl of Moreton. "The Court has a manor called Sce Marie cerce, which Ordulf held 'on þam timan þe Eadward cing waes cucu and dead,' or, in other words, on the day of King Edward's death, the day when he was both quick and dead, Jan. 5th, 1066 . . ." and it paid geld for one hide. "This 4 ploughs can till. Richard, son of Tonolu, holds it. Thereof Richard has in demesne 2 virgates and 2 ploughs, and the villeins 2 virgates and 1½ ploughs. There Richard has 5 villeins, 8 bordars, 3 serfs, 1 rouncey, 4 beasts, 5 swine, 110 sheep, and 1 acre of meadow. Worth 40 shillings a year, and was worth 20 shillings when the Count received it. . . ."

It should be remembered that the Domesday Survey was taken in 1086, twenty years after the

Conquest, and for the purposes of assessment for taxation; all property seems to have increased in value during this period, when the country was more settled under the strong rule of the Conqueror than under the lax authority of the Saxon Kings; nor, though the Saxon lords were dispossessed and banished in most instances, were the "villeins" deprived of their existence. The Domesday "manor" consisted of the lord's "demesne" and the villagers' "lands," on which they lived on condition of cultivating his home farm.

Our present agricultural system is not so different from this in one respect, that a farmer gives his labourer a cottage and plot of ground at a nominal rent, and the produce he gets from his own ground, which he cultivates after the long hours of work for his employer, is reckoned as part of his wages.

The "villein" of Norman times did not, of course, receive any payment, nor was he allowed to leave the land where he was born; it was not until the late fourteenth century, when the Black Death had so depopulated England that agricultural labour was at a premium, that men left the villages where they were born, and—in spite of stringent regulations to the contrary and a State-appointed *maximum* wage—went to work for landlords who, in the general dearth of labour, would pay them higher.

The Manor of Torre, out of which the modern

town of Torquay has actually grown, was held by William Hostiarius at the time of the Domesday Survey, and had a population of thirty-two, while the Manor of Ilsham had only a population of half a dozen. It is almost impossible for us in the present day to realize the extreme thinness of the population spread over England in the eleventh century.

At the end of the twelfth century William de Briwere founded the great Abbey of Torre, upon a previous church, which was almost certainly Norman, and dedicated it to "the Holy Saviour, the Holy Trinity, and the Virgin." It became one of the richest foundations in the Kingdom, owning much property, the Manors of Wolborough, Ilsham, Kingswear, the tithes of St. Mary Church, and lands at Buckland-in-the-Moor and Woodbury. Dartmouth, also, was in its jurisdiction.

The monks also interested themselves in trade, and became members of the "Totnes Guild Merchant," and the Abbots exercised a very autocratic power for many generations. There was an unpleasant scandal concerning William Norton, then Abbot of Torre, at the end of the fourteenth century, for he was accused of beheading one of his Canons named Hastings with whom he was displeased. An inquiry was set on foot, and the Abbot cleared himself by producing Hastings with his head still upon his shoulders; but the fact that such a charge could be preferred throws

much light upon the arbitrary power of these ecclesiastical lords, and is a significant comment upon the complaints against them made by William Langland in his poem "Piers the Plowman," which was published about this time.

There is very little of the original structure of the Abbey left; a few fragments only of the church, including the entrance to the chapter-house and the chancel, remain, but the refectory is now used as a chapel, and to the south of the beautiful pointed-arch gateway is a thirteenth-century building in a fairly good state of preservation, known as the Spanish Barn. There are many traditions connected with this place, which got its present name from being used to confine the Spanish prisoners taken from the Armada—the crew of the *Capitana*, which was brought into Brixham, the first captured galleon—for a few days until they could be taken to Exeter. The stories go that they were penned in this place and there starved to death; that they were murdered there, till the place became a shambles, and their blood ran "like water" down Cole's Lane; but neither of these stories seems to have much foundation in fact, for there seems to have been singularly little ill-treatment of the Spanish prisoners captured at the Armada, considering how serious the menace had been, and how bitterly the English prisoners captured in the West Indies were ill-treated.

Doubtless a half-dozen Spaniards, falling into

the hands of the country people in remote parts, may have met their death, but where the "captains and gentlemen" like Drake and Cary and Raleigh were in command there would not have been such abuse.

St. Michael's Chapel, on the hill above Torre, dates from the twelfth century, but we have no record of its history or foundation.

In spite of—indeed, because of—the magnificent open stretch of water, Torbay was not in early times used for defensive purposes, nor for the assembly of the small fleets of those days for raiding, nor for one of those piratical expeditions which were sometimes euphemistically known as "trading." "Sir," said Dionides the Pirate, being taken by Alexander the Great, who demanded why he robbed on the sea, "I, because I keep the seas with one ship, am called a thief and a pirate; but thou, which robbest day and night both by sea and land, art called a King and a conqueror. . . ."

The favourite harbours of the Saxon and Norman times—and, indeed, until the eighteenth century—were deep indented estuaries, with narrow entrances which could be well defended by stretching chains across the harbour's mouth, like the estuaries at Falmouth and Dartmouth; but during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Torquay as well as Brixham were used by the ships of the Newfoundland fishing trade, which became extremely prosperous, and the fleet which

brought over William of Orange lay in Torbay. William himself landed at Brixham. Two years later Torbay was occupied by the French fleet, which was attempting the restoration of James II.; but, finding the country resolute and the whole strength of Devon drawn up at Torbay, they retreated, after burning Teignmouth. In 1703 Sir Cloudesley Shovel (whose name suggests a character in Restoration drama) made Torbay the rendezvous of the combined English and Dutch squadron, which was destined for operations in the Mediterranean, and it was a favourite station of the English fleet during the French wars. Devon and Dorset were looked upon by the English strategists as the most likely quarter of England for Napoleon to attempt a landing, and arrangements were made by the inhabitants for their action in such a contingency. In a book written in 1886 I find the following illuminating sentence: "One reads with amusement now of the arrangements made at a very respectable and numerous meeting for the assembly of the infirm and children, who were unable to walk ten miles in one day, in three divisions, to be removed inland by horse and cart, while the able-bodied who were not employed on particular service were to meet the clergymen at the church to consider how they could render the greatest assistance to their neighbours and country. . . ."

We who have lived through the late war, and particularly any whose home was on the East

Coast during that troubled time, when every householder and cottager received printed instructions of what he was to do in case of a German invasion, what roads to follow, and how he should drive his stock with him, and where to rendezvous with the weak and aged and helpless, know that a threat of invasion is no cause for "amusement," and that the horrors of a Danish raid of the eighth or ninth century have been surpassed in modern times.

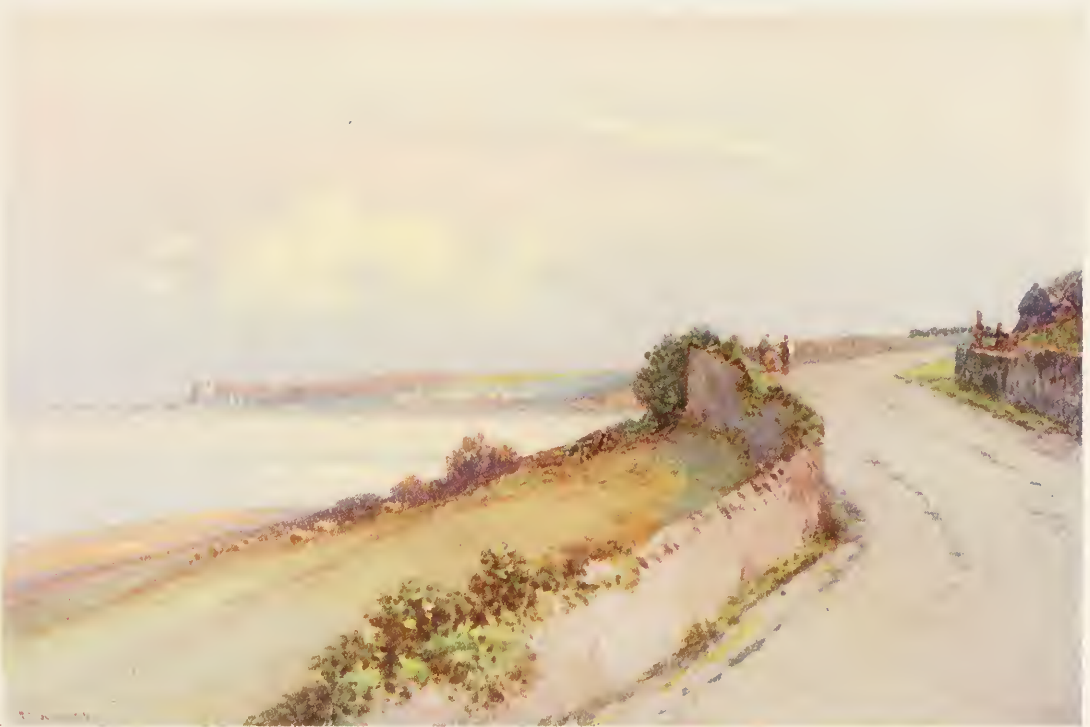
Napoleon was brought to Torbay on the *Bellerophon* after he was taken prisoner, and remained in the bay from July 24th to August 11th, when he sailed for St. Helena.

About halfway between Berry Head and Hope's Nose, between the little fishing town of Brixham and the great pleasure resort, Torquay, lies Paignton, partaking of something of the character of both. The "Manor of Paignton" belonged to Exeter at the time of the Conquest, and was a very valuable property by 1086, the year of the Domesday Survey, having increased from £13 to £50 in value in the twenty years of William's reign, and it possessed a large church in Norman times, of which only a doorway remains. The Bishops of Exeter made it their residence, and Bishop Miles Coverdale, the translator of the Bible, lived there in about 1551, when he was Bishop of Exeter. The tradition that he translated the Bible while at Paignton is not founded on fact, as his version had appeared as

early as 1535. During the reign of Mary, Miles Coverdale was banished from England, but, though he returned on the accession of Elizabeth, de does not seem again to have resided in Devon.

Paignton Church, built of rose-red sandstone, like the church at Totnes, is chiefly Perpendicular in style, with a Norman doorway; the most noteworthy feature is the beautiful carved screen of the chantry, containing the tomb of John Kirkham and his wife, which is considered the most elaborate piece of carved stonework in Devon. Close to the church and about a mile from the sea stands a tower overgrown with ivy; of massive construction, but completely in ruins, it is all that remains of the episcopal palace, save some fragments of the great walls on the Marldon Road. The old village of Paignton lies around the church and at some distance from the sea; it is surrounded and nearly engulfed by new and suburban streets of villas and shops, but some of the old character still remains to the steep, narrow streets of old thatched and whitewashed cottages, and the almshouses, of the same mellow red sandstone as the church, and the inn where William of Orange slept on his first day's journey from Brixham to London, may still be seen.

Paignton is now a popular seaside resort at all times of the year; it stands to Torquay rather as St. Leonards to Bexhill, and offers all the usual amenities of these big sea-coast towns which have sprung up during the past twenty years or so—tea



Berry Head from the Paignton and Dartmoor Road

and dancing, bathing, picnics, and pictures. The number of such "resorts" in England at the present time is remarkable, and more remarkable still the economic question of "how they live." There is a large population who, except for selling each other the ordinary commodities and "taking in each other's washing," seem to have no occupation; the greater number of them are not engaged either in growing anything or making anything, nor in a profession. In the summer, it is clear, the influx of seasonal visitors from large towns gives occupation and an income to very many of the inhabitants, but for eight months of the year they apparently have "no visible means of support." I suppose that the existence of so many of these seaside towns, which are neither fishing, nor agricultural, nor manufacturing, nor trading, betokens a large body of middle-class people living on small but unearned incomes who find a greater amenity of social life at Folkestone or Swansea or Ilfracombe than they would in a large town. This class seems destined to disappear in the near future under pressure of modern economic conditions.

Although old Paignton lay some distance from the sea, one of its inhabitants, Will Adams, born about 1612, was the hero of one of the boldest sea adventures ever undertaken. In 1639 he was taken prisoner by the Turks and carried to Algiers, where he endured the harshest slavery for five years, such as that which, a century

earlier, befell Cervantes. "At the end of that time," says Prince, in his "Worthies of Devon," "he and his companions resolved to contrive the model of a boat which, being formed in parcels and afterwards put together, might form the instrument of their deliverance. One of them was allowed a cellar, and in this they began their work. They provided a piece of timber twelve feet long to make the keel, but because it was impossible to convey a piece of that length out of the city, they cut it in two and fitted it for jointing just in the middle; then they provided ribs, after which, to make the boat water-tight, because boards would require much hammering and the noise would be likely to betray them, they bought as much strong canvas as would cover the boat twice over. Upon the convex of the carnic they provided also as much pitch and tar and tallow as would serve to make a kind of tarpaulin cere-cloth to swaddle the naked body of their infant boat. Of two pipe staves sawed across from corner to corner they made two things to serve as oars; and for provision they got a little bread and two leather bottles full of fresh water, and remembered also to buy as much canvas as would serve for a sail. They carried out all these things in parts and parcels, fitted them together in the valley, about half a mile from the sea; into which four of them carried the boat on their shoulders, and the rest followed them."

Thus equipped, they set out on their perilous

voyage; they found their boat seaworthy, but not strong enough to carry the seven of them, whereat two elected to stay on shore. This action is indeed worthy of record, and the two nameless men who sacrified their hope of liberty for the sake of their comrades of commemoration. What hardships they endured, whether they suffered for the escape of their countrymen, and what was their ultimate fate, we do not know; but it is stories like this, of self-sacrifice and brotherly love, that sweeten history and redeem it from being that "concatenation of crime, misery, and folly" which one philosopher declared it to be.

William Adams and his companions "launched out into the deep, where they saw the wonders of God," and experienced terrible suffering from hunger and thirst and the tropical sun; but after many days of bailing and rowing and sailing they reached Majorca, and were assisted by the Spaniards home to England. Adams returned to Paignton, where he died in 1687, and "his body, so like to be buried in the sea and to feed fishes, lies buried in Paynton Churchyard where it feasteth worms"—as says Prince in the eighteenth-century manner.

A mile or two farther round the coast lies Brixham, facing Torquay, on the opposite horn of the bay. It is reached by road up across Churston Downs, where, on an open stretch of common by the side of the road, and looking down over

undulating country to the sea, stands a monument to those who fell in this war. There is nothing more touching, nor which more enforces the lesson of the universality of this war, than these wayside monuments with which England is marked, and the roll of honour in the church porch or the churchyard of every tiny hamlet and fishing village of the country. From lonely farms on the moors; from villages in the hills whose very names are unfamiliar to most of the world, where the postman does his daily round on a mountain pony; from flower-draped cottages in the Devonshire combes, and wind-rattled bleak houses on the marshes, the men were drawn by the dread tentacles of war; there was no spot so remote and none so humble where the summons did not come, and few where the voice of mourning was not heard during those years.

In Brixham they lived very close to the realities of war, for the Brixham trawlers did notable service as mine-sweepers, and in rescuing the victims of the submarine campaign, which was particularly active on this coast, and many deeds of heroism were performed which went unrecorded in the great story. To-day the harbour looks peaceful enough, and has resumed that picturesque character which has endeared it to so many artists; the tangle of masts and spars is seen against the background of the village, which crowds down the hillside to the water's edge in uneven terraces; the old gabled houses with their

steep roofs and dormer windows, and—in some cases—the old diamond panes of two centuries ago, are linked street to street by all sorts of picturesque lanes and turnings and flights of steps worn by the sea-boots of many generations passing up and down from their ship to their home.

To my thinking, there is no more charming picture in all this part of the country than that to be seen from the road that runs up to Berry Head looking down on Brixham early on a summer morning, when the sunlight lies softly on the lichened and moss-grown roofs and chimneys of the old houses, and the Brixham fishing fleet, with its bright red and red-brown sails all set, comes sliding into the harbour on a light breeze with its catch of fish. The sea is a clear light blue; the old houses give every shade of grey and brown; behind, the gentle slope of the hills is very green, fading into the dim blue of the Tors on the horizon. On the quay, where stands the statue of William of Orange on the identical spot where he is reputed to have first set foot (and to have left an imprint like a pterodactyl in chalk), the gulls scream and fight round the refuse of the fish-market; the small bronzed boys slide in and out of the various groups of fishermen, with the perfervid curiosity of small boys everywhere; the fish are flung into shining heaps; there is bustle and argument and chatter; the sea-breeze blows crisply, carrying off the smell of stale fish and overheated human beings, to make all sweet and

wholesome again; and the scene is such a one as could be witnessed in any seaport town at any time in the history of the last few thousand years—at the Piræus in the days of Pericles, or at Tyre and Sidon when Asshurbanipal was King.

Brixham was owned by Judhæl of Totnes, and had a population of thirty-nine souls at the time of the Domesday Survey; it developed as a fishing port of note during the Middle Ages, when fishing was a most important industry, owing to the large amount of salted fish consumed by the poorer people—indeed, it formed their staple diet, meat being very scarce and dear owing to the difficulty of feeding stock in winter. The fishing rights of a "manor" were very valuable, but in the Middle Ages it was enacted that these rights only extended from the shore "so far seaward as a horsed knight could, at low water springs, reach with his spear." This is the first English definition of territorial waters.

We know, however, little of the history of Brixham until the fight with the Armada, when the first captured Spanish galleon, the *Capitana*, was taken into Brixham by Drake, her gunpowder transferred to the fastest trawler in port, and sent after the English fleet, which was greatly in need of it. The part played by the trawlers in that sea-fight was probably not so different from their position in our day; they acted as terriers to the fleet, and if not part of the combatant force

performed tasks which required in the highest degree coolness, resource, and daring.

Not unlike the jokes of Elizabethan times also was that played on the town by certain bold spirits on the celebration of Peace, for during the night they painted the statue of King William a vivid green, which the Town Corporation was at much pains to remove.

It is not clear why William of Orange chose Brixham for the landing of his expeditionary force of twenty-six regiments, for the way out of the town is steep and narrow, and the roads around certainly answer to the description of Westcote, that they are "uneven for horses and travellers, like Ithaca."

> "Of all the isles Ithaca does least provide
> Of means to feed a horse, or ways to ride."

And again :

> "The country is best for the bider
> That is most cumbersome to the rider."

But the times were ripe for William of Orange, and the success of his venture may be compared with the ill-starred expedition of Monmouth, who landed at Lyme Regis only three years previously, and who—an Englishman and the King's son by birth, young, gallant, and much-beloved—seemed to have in his hands all the elements of success that the little dour Dutchman lacked.

The tradition of William's landing is that, being come alongside Brixham Quay and seeing

the townsfolk gathered in front of him, he called out to know if he were welcome. Being told that he was, he replied: "If I am, then come and fetch me"; whereupon a little stuggy man (as they say in Devon of a short and thick-set man) jumped into the water and waded to the boat, it being low water at the time, and carried the Prince ashore on his back.

What foundation in fact there is for this story I cannot say, but will exonerate myself in the words of Westcote: "Being left unto us as a tradition (albeit not, as some think, very ancient) from mouth to mouth, I will not be so void of civility utterly to reject it . . . but leave every man to the choice of his own mind where to fasten his belief. . . ."

> "Take it on this condition:
> It holds credit by tradition."

CHAPTER V

AROUND TORQUAY

To all those staying at Torquay I would suggest the tour up to Widdecombe-in-the-Moor through Newton Abbot, and then down through Ashburton and along the course of the River Dart to Totnes, a tour which is now within reach of the most modest holiday-maker, by reason of the motor charabancs which run all through the spring and summer from Torquay, and which will carry you for miles at the cost of a few shillings. It is the habit of the "intelligentsia" to shudder at the thought of seeing Dartmoor from a motor charabanc, but it is a perverse sensibility which would confine the spectacle of beauty to those people who are able to afford the luxury of private cars. The greater the number of human beings who can see a beautiful place without spoiling its beauty by the erection of ugly hotels and shops, the greater the gain to the human race, and it is by the consideration of beauty that is developed that fine perception and harmony of emotion which should be the universal gift of civilization.

Everything in the world can be better seen by the walker on foot than by any other person;

there is an intimate communion with the life of the country, a leisurely unrolling of the scene, a sense of being let into the secrets of the life which flows around one, deep and steady and enduring, and on which politics and war and revolution seem hardly to make a shadow, which nothing else can give. Each twig has its own special character, each hedgeside flower its special charm, as the walker jogs past; the love-chase of a pair of linnets as they flash by, incredibly swift in flight, and dive into the budding hedge; the impertinent curiosity of a robin; the first bell-note of the cuckoo, far away in the valley; or the solitary cry of the plover—all are for him. For him, too, the pageant of the sky, the grey wrack of a windy March day, the lazy white clouds of June, the brooding thunder-clouds of late summer, the flash and glitter of April rain-clouds shot with sun, the listless melancholy of November rains, lifting, perhaps, towards evening to a sombre red sunset, which seems as if it made a despairing gesture before resigning the world once more to dark and wet.

No one, I think, knows the true joy of the country who does not know the joy of walking; even its difficulties have their reward : the struggle against a bleak head-wind on an uphill road, and the sense of peace when one drops into a sheltered valley where the early primroses are yellow in the hedges; the long, hot, dusty hours of a June afternoon, when the sun is beating on the white road,

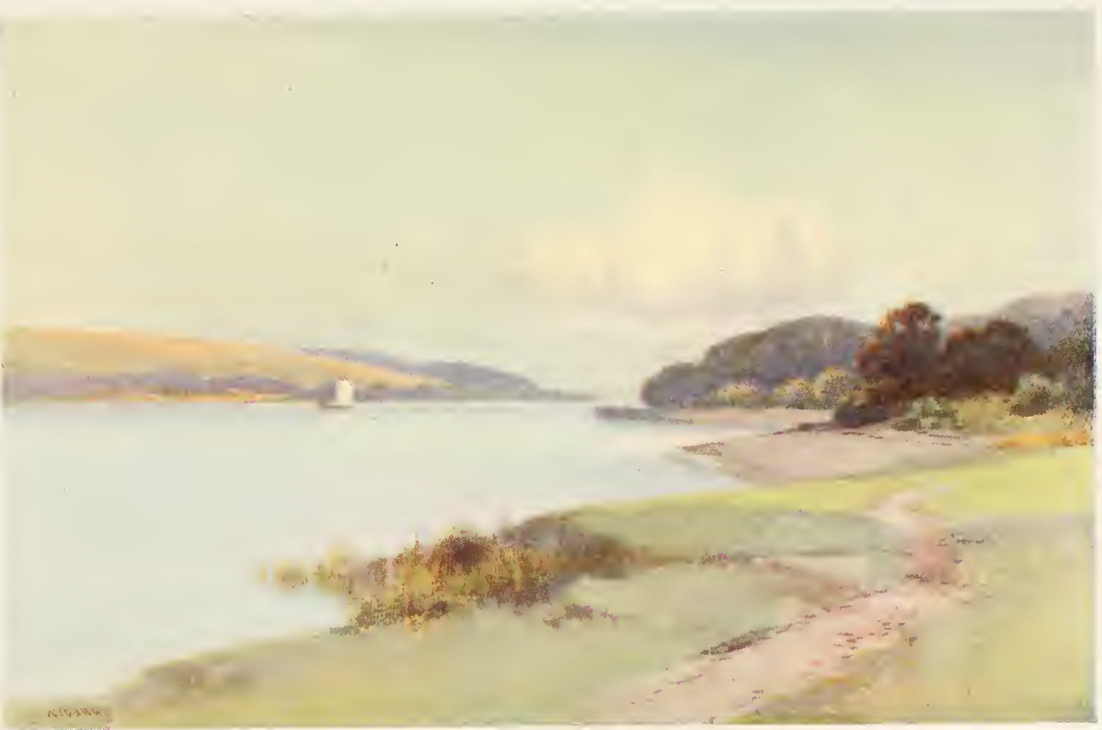
and the eyes are dazzled and the throat filled with dust; and then the joy of the little wind that springs up at evening, when the shadows grow cool and long and the air is full of moisture and exquisitely luminous. How good is the taste of food after long hours of walking! How good to stretch one's limbs, in winter to the blaze of a fire, in summer in the cool shade of a garden! How calm and contented is the mind, and full of quiet and pleasant thoughts!

But let those who have neither the time nor the inclination to walk from one beautiful place to another not despise the presence of their fellows when they drive to see it.

Leaving Torquay by the road that runs north-east, we skirt Babbacombe and St. Mary Church and turn north-westward along the main road to Newton Abbot. The road is undulating and mostly shaded by fine trees; rich pastures lie on either side, sown with buttercups and daisies in the spring, and the hedges are full of flowers. From April to the end of May there is one succession of beauty—first the blackthorn in flower; then the hawthorn, scenting the whole country-side with its sweetness; then the lovely wild rose and honeysuckle and sweet-briar. On the banks primroses and bluebell and ragged robin, stitch-wort and wild strawberry and dandelions and cow parsley jostle each other for a foothold; there is such a profusion of blossom that apprecia-tion is almost dulled by the great variety of beau-

tiful forms. In the meadows the placid red cows—almost the colour of the rich Devon earth—stare incuriously at us as we pass.

Newton Abbot, though it is one of the principal market towns of the West, is disappointing to the visitor, as it has preserved hardly any feature of its old character. Most of the rebuilding, too, must have been done in the last century or in this, as the shops and houses have that peculiar flatness and insipidity which characterized the architecture of the seventies and eighties, and which, deprived of all local character, erects the same dull yellow brick building in Manchester or London or a West Country town. Newton is clean, prosperous, and melancholy, with its wide streets and broad expanse of plate glass and neat stuccoed villas. There are half a dozen timbered houses at the upper end of the town, just behind the old market cross, from the steps of which William of Orange caused one of his chaplains to read his first proclamation to the English people, and the fourteenth-century tower of the old church is adjacent and not far from the modern church. Forde House, where William of Orange spent the night on his journey from Brixham to London in 1688, on the outskirts of the town, is a beautiful house, chiefly of Jacobean date, though built on an older foundation. In 1625 Charles I. was entertained there by Richard Reynell, to whom the house then belonged, though it afterwards passed to the Courtneys. The house



The Teign near Newton Abbot

itself is one of the best preserved in the county; it has beautiful moulded plaster ceilings in its reception-rooms of the best type of Renaissance work, and some fine wood-carving. In two of the rooms the original Jacobean wall-papers still hang on the walls; they were mounted on canvas and stretched on battens, able, therefore, to last a much longer time than any modern wall-paper.

In East Street, Newton Abbot, stands the Newfoundland Inn, which is said to have been the chief recruiting-place for sailors for the Newfoundland fishing trade, which was very prosperous during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but it seems highly unlikely that an inland town, such as Newton, could ever have been a recruiting centre for seamen. It is far more likely that the prosperity of the Newfoundland trade gave its name to the inn.

Leaving Newton Abbot, we follow the Ashburton road for some distance, and then turn sharply to the right along a steep, narrow road that leads to the village of Bickington. The scenery here begins to change; the hedges are lower, and less luxuriant, the fields less verdant; there is a "snell tang" in the air, as they say in Cumberland: we are coming under the shadow of the moor. When the hawthorn is beginning to flower in the sheltered valleys of Torquay the blackthorn is still in blossom in the hedges about Bickington; the ash-trees grow more frequent,

holding their bare grey branches to the sharp sunlight; the chestnut-trees more rare. The line of the moor rises before one, and the horizon opens as we climb. Yet this very reticence of beauty gives (to the writer at least) the greater æsthetic enjoyment; nowhere are the violets so beautiful as in these sparse, wind-swept hedges, and the white spray of the blackthorn among the surrounding bare trees has a unique loveliness.

Still climbing, we come to Bickington, the last little village under the edge of Dartmoor: it consists of a grey stone church tower on a hill, clear-cut in the sharp, sweet air, with a wide horizon behind it, and perhaps a half-dozen houses. These, too, are built of the grey Dartmoor granite, thatched, but entirely different in character from the thatched cottages of the lowlands, with their colour-washed walls and riot of climbing flowers over window and door. These houses are built to stand the buffet of the winds, and tumultuous it can be indeed when January storms are raging and the wind is sweeping the snow in great gusts across these open spaces; then the low, deep-set windows and the thatched roof and solid stone walls are called on to struggle with the piercing cold, while we poor unaccustomed mortals shiver over the largest fire they can build in their wide chimneys. But now, in the late spring, the daffodils are abloom in the sheltered corners of the churchyard, and the grey clematis buds are showing on the cottage walls. The beautiful little church

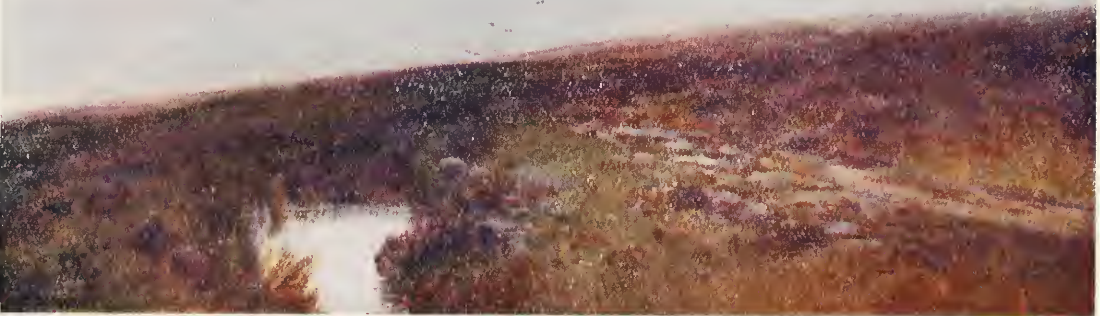
has a wooden porch at the entrance to the churchyard, with a curious pivotal gate.

On leaving Bickington, the lowlands of the moor receive us. Directly ahead rises Hey Tor, a knobby granite excrescence of no great moment, which it is difficult to believe is 1,400 feet above sea-level; there is a small pine-wood to the right, but we are leaving behind all other trees. Now, too, the hedges give place to stone walls; the turf is short and grey and wiry; on the Ram's Horn Downs the gorse is ablaze, and the sharp air is full of its sweetness.

This particular tour (which can be taken by motor charabanc) makes a wide sweep on the moor, round Buckland Beacon and Widdecombe-in-the-Moor and down to Ashburton. It does not touch the beautiful little fishing hotel of Two Bridges, on the Dart, nor does it include in its sweep a view of those extensive hut-circles and stone rows which are so marked a feature of Dartmoor. We shall treat of these in another chapter; it is the scenery of Dartmoor of which we wish to give some faint and inadequate idea. The road winds, hard and white, through the acres of stiff grass and grey furze where the wild moor ponies miraculously find a living. There is no other vegetation save a stunted bush or two, except at Two Bridges, where the river makes a fertile place in the wilderness, and the tall flowering grasses swing in the chill breeze of June, and there are foxgloves and ragged robin in blossom.

And yet the soil of the moor is fertile, for at Princetown, where it has been cultivated, it yields excellent crops, so that it is easily credible that in Neolithic times the land was arable, and has gone out of cultivation into moorland since then. Only the harshest utilitarian, however, would want to reclaim this beautiful and desolate plateau, where the mind, wearied by the ceaseless activities of modern life in cities, and perplexed by the intricate and unhappy problems of civilization, may find the refreshment of silence and open spaces. From Hey Tor to Buckland Beacon the prospect opens with every yard; one sees clearly the configuration of the moor, that it stands like a great table on the surrounding country, as sharply defined as if it had just been posed on the verdant green plains, instead of having risen above the surrounding country for geological and uncounted centuries.

From Buckland Beacon there is an unrivalled view—the wide sweep of Torbay; the thickly wooded country along the course of the Teign, and the mouth of the river itself, where it meets the sea; the great shining estuary of the Exe, with the hills rising gently beyond it. Southward the little grey town of Ashburton is seen, set in a fold of the low hills, and northward and eastward stretches the moor, ever more beautiful and wild, with the granite tors outcropping in strange, fantastic shapes. The wind whistles past one's ears; but find a seat in the lee of a pile of rocks, and



Hey Tor, Dartmoor

there, on the grey lichened granite, with the unclouded sun warming every bone in you and the smooth, worn stone around, you shall pass the hours in content, musing, dreaming, dozing, hearing the ripple of the song of innumerable larks filling the air, watching the wind fretting the coarse long grass, hearing the insects and the bumblebees among the flowers of the furze. The life of the moor is secret and aloof; you shall not easily penetrate below the surface of apparent sterility, but if you will be quiet and be patient and forget you are a man, you shall catch a glimpse of the intense, eager, and self-absorbed dramas of Nature. You will see rabbits come out into the open spaces from the thick furze which so well hides them, and go through their thousand pretty tricks, feeding, playing, the little ones leaping like kittens, the young bucks pretending at Homeric battles with their peers; you may watch their courtships and their mimic furies. There is no prettier sight than rabbits at play; the grace and gentleness of their movements might lead an artist to study them in a hundred poses, and no better place than the solitude of a moor under spring sunshine. Then you shall see the larks; one, perhaps, who has been making all the air vibrate with music, drops suddenly from heaven beside you (if you will but sit quite still and alone), and you see what a little brown, speckled insignificance he is to make such divine music, a poet come to earth, and no very impressive figure,

but rather fussy and ridiculous as he runs along tossing his little crest!

Then two hawks are circling above you; up they go into the blue air, up, up, describing such magnificent royal curves that one might make beautiful arabesque designs by tracing their course. Their great wings are stretched taut, like the wings of a bow, as they rise effortlessly through the air. Leonardo da Vinci, who prophesied so passionately that man would one day fly, must often have watched the hawks soaring as he lay on the crags of Mount Albano above the village of his birth, and wondered at the " divine necessity " which supported them in the variable and unstable element of the air. There is still to us the same mystery, only the first step in the history of flight is achieved, and what motive power makes the hawk, without a movement of his wings, rise in a towering spiral, or holds a gull balanced and motionless against a wind that is scudding the crests off the waves in white foam, we have not yet understood. Then there are the plover to watch, if, as I do, you love the kind of syncopated rhythm of a plover's flight above that of all birds; and you shall find insects in plenty to lull you with their humming: butterflies and flying beetles shall alight on the grey rocks near you, making a vivid splash of orange on the stone. In June you shall have the sweet smell of thyme.

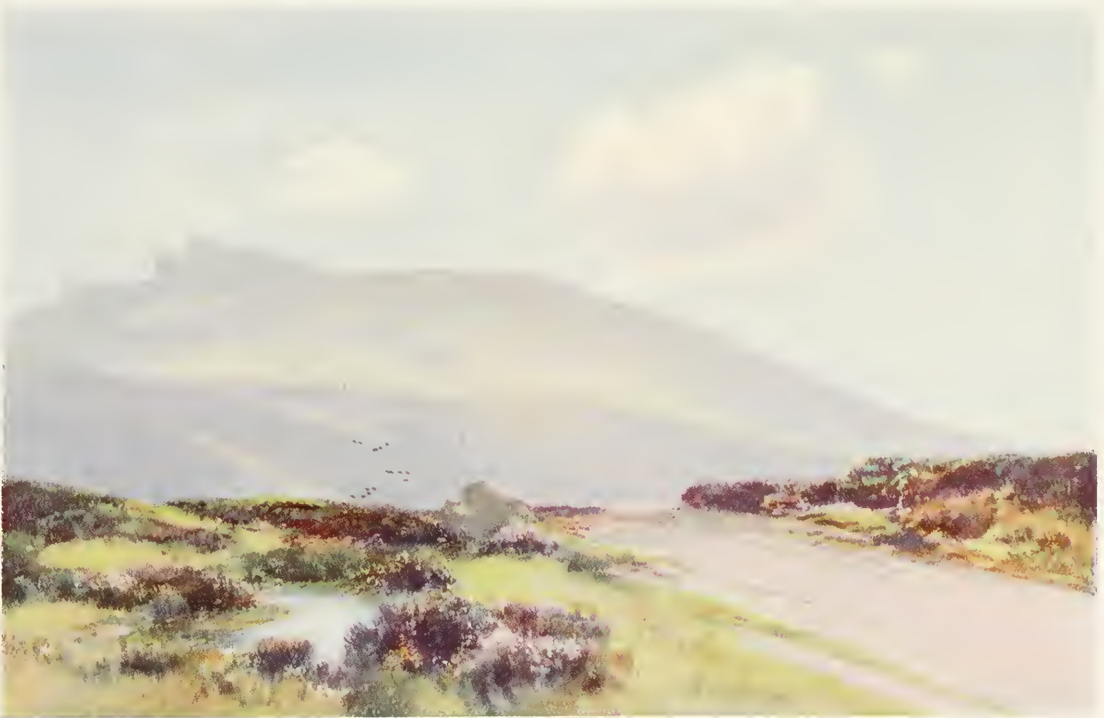
This is for him who goes wayfaring afoot, and is tied to no time, but can linger and drowse away

a whole afternoon, and come to his journey's end when he so pleases.

Passing Hey Tor, which is the largest mass of rock on Dartmoor, and has the peculiar character of these tors, being so cracked and stratified by the great wrinkling of the earth's surface which, in geological times, formed this plateau of Dartmoor, that it appears like a fragment of Cyclopæn building on a vast scale, below us lies Widdecombe-in-the-Moor. In spite of its altitude, it is a fertile spot in the grey waste of the moor, and the great church, with its battlemented tower, recalling that of Magdalen, Oxford, rises above the village. This church is known as the Cathedral of Dartmoor, as it is far too large for the congregation of so small a village as Widdecombe; but it recalls a period of far greater prosperity and larger population than the present, just as the beautiful flint church of Blytheborough does in Suffolk, where now a handful of people only are to be found on Sundays, but which once held the congregation of a busy and flourishing centre of the wool trade. So Widdecombe Church was probably built by the tin miners in the fifteenth century, when mining was still an active and important industry in the West. Inside the church there are the fragments of a fine screen and some good fifteenth-century brasses, and outside a great and ancient yew stands like a sentinel, having survived the dangers of the many thunderstorms which visit Widde-

combe, probably due to the conformation of the heights around it. One such storm of peculiar violence is recorded in 1638, when the tower was seriously damaged, and four of the congregation—it being a Sunday and service-time—were killed: "Suddenly, in a fearful and lamentable manner, a weighty thundering was heard, the rattling whereof did answer much like unto the sound and report of many great canons, and terrible strange lightning therewith, greatly amazing those that heard and saw it, the darkness increasing yet more, so that they could not see one another; the extraordinary lightning came into the church so flaming, that the whole church was presently filled with fire and smoke . . . which so affrighted the whole congregation, that the most part of them fell down into their seats, and some upon their knees, some on their faces, and some one upon another, with a great cry of burning and scalding, they all giving themselves up for dead, supposing the last judgment day was come and that they had been in the very flames of hell."

The village is further beautified by a row of old almshouses, whose worn grey stone harmonizes with the scenery around. There are also, around Widdecombe, very many old farmhouses which, still in the hands of the yeomanry, preserve much of the character of primitive patriarchal life, the family and servants leading a self-sufficing existence in the ancient house. Many of these farms,



The Road to Widdecombe in the Moor

moreover, are built close to or directly under groups of ash-trees, which was the old Scandinavian tree of life, and round which it was fitting the family life should cluster.

From the old inn, where you may stay very comfortably, you may walk in widening circles on the moor, finding every day something fresh of beauty and interest: the great walled camp of Grimspound; the hut-circles which are sown thickly; the magnificent panorama from the heights, such as Buckland Beacon, or the still, mysterious sources of the many rivers which rise on Dartmoor and carry beauty and fertility through Devon.

As says Westcote, the Devon historian of the seventeenth century, when speaking of the pagan desire to invest all waters with divinity: "It is not for Christians to make such use of rivers, or to trust them so far, yet we are to take it as a great blessing of the Almighty that we have such store of waters to enrich our lands and porterage our commodities:

> "He sendeth springs unto the brooks
> That run among the hills,
> Wherewith wild asses quench their thirst,
> And all beasts drink their fills."

Turning south from Widdecombe, and past Buckland Beacon, we see below us the village of Buckland, the old church almost hidden by a screen of fine trees, and a little bridge scanning the trout stream which runs down the village, pic-

turesquely set in wooded scenery. Although the moor itself shows no timber—save the strange wood of dwarf oaks growing among granite boulders, and known as Wistman's Wood, which lies on the road between Moreton Hampstead and Princetown—every fold and valley is immensely fertile, and appears even richer by contrast with the wind-swept heights.

Above Ashburton, at the confluence of the East Dart and the West Dart at Dartmeet, is the village of Holne, where Charles Kingsley was born. The church is thirteenth-century, and has a carved oak screen, which is said to be the work of the monks of Buckfastleigh, and the village is situated high and is almost as breezy as a moorland village; but the valley of the Dart at Holne Bridge is thickly wooded with elm, sycamore, and with such a prevalence of holly-trees, which here grow to great proportions, that the name Holne is supposed to be derived from the Saxon "holeyn," a holly-tree.

Close to Holne is the ancient earthwork called Hembury Castle. It is a large "kidney-shaped" enclosure (as such encampments are termed), on ground which slopes gradually southwards; at the western end is a mount, which is called Dane's Castle, and which may have been erected within the older Neolithic enclosure at some later date. The mount is 44 feet in diameter and 28 feet in height, with a hollow centre 12 feet deep; the fosses of the outer encampment have been worn

down and are now practically untraceable. The name Dane's Castle maintains a legend which is similar to that of the classic story.

The Danes had established themselves in the encampment and were making raids on all the countryside, and as no efforts of the Saxons could dislodge them, a party of Saxon women allowed themselves to be captured and carried off to the Danish stronghold. They were portioned out among the warriors as spoils of war, but, waiting until the Dane was asleep, each one cut her lover's throat and went back to her Saxon husband.

If you are driving across Dartmoor, you will, when you have seen the view from Buckland Beacon, descend to Ashburton, passing the stone quarry from which the stone that went to the building of old London Bridge was taken, and by the shaft of an old disused tin-mine, which is all overgrown with gorse in blossom, with wild-flowers growing on the old brick-work :

> "Nurtured by Mother Nature with the craft
> To draw down all things to their place of birth,
> Down to her bosom. Arch and wall and shaft
> Slowly are crumbling back again to earth,
> Peaceful in dissolution. . . ."

Ashburton is a clean, cold, little grey town with a beautiful church, of Perpendicular Period, but with a Late Norman porch. It was one of the four old stannary towns, and a place of far greater activity formerly, for it had also a good trade in

woollen goods, especially serges. Devon, it may be remembered, had a big trade in woollen goods and the manufacture of different kinds of cloth from the time of Edward I. as late as James I., when Westcote complains that so many of the "meaner sort" of people put their children to this trade rather than to husbandry, thereby making it necessary to import foodstuffs into Devon, which formerly produced enough to feed, not only herself, but her neighbours. Not that he altogether blames this "second commodity of Devon" of "Clothing or Drapery," for, says he, "this art or handwork is laudable for antiquity, and needful for necessity . . . with apparel to keep warm our weak bodies in extremity of winter, and cover decently our nakedness lest we should offend God . . ." but he deplores, like many another economist, the transformation of an agricultural into a manufacturing population.

Ashburton now is a town of only three thousand inhabitants; its mining industry has passed from it, and Buckfastleigh, always its rival in the woollen trade, has now absorbed its business, still manufacturing serges and blankets and, during the war, munitions.

In spite of being a small manufacturing town, the scenery around Buckfastleigh is beautiful. The moorland character has given way to the smooth curves of lowland hills, cultivated to the summit or crowned with rich copses. The Dart

runs through rich pasture-lands or beautiful woods; it is widening now and runs more smoothly and is less liable to sudden violent spates under the moorland rains.

It is spanned by a four-arched stone bridge of harmonious proportions, beyond which rises Buckfastleigh Church above massed foliage, situated on the summit of a hill. A flight of nearly two hundred steps leads from the village to the church, and the legend runs that it was built on this eminence out of reach of the Devil, who interfered with the building which the masons were trying to erect in the village, undoing every night what had been done every day. Doubtless on sultry August mornings, when the faithful ascend these hundred and ninety-five steps to morning service, they consign the builder of this church to the Devil!

In the churchyard are several tombstones made of the black marble which is quarried here, and there is a beautiful small chantry covering the turfed graves of Admiral White and his wife, which are sown with daisies in the spring and summer.

A mile above the town is the Abbey of Buckfast, originally a Benedictine foundation of Saxon times, and supposed to have been protected by Canute; if this is so, it must have been nearly the earliest Benedictine monastery in England, as St. Dunstan did not introduce this order till A.D. 944. In 1137 Ethelward of Pomeroy rebuilt

the Abbey and gave it to the Cistercian monks, to whom it belonged until its suppression in 1538, when

> "Bluff Harry broke into the spence
> And turned the cowls adrift."

It fell into ruin in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and a good part of it was built into a woollen factory and into village houses, but in 1822 the site was again purchased by a community of Benedictine monks who had been expelled from France, the later buildings demolished, and the Abbey reconstructed. The Benedictines are still there, and the strict rules of the old Order do not seem to have been modified by all the moral and psychological changes which have passed since Saxon days across the mind of man; the novices still undergo the same childish and humiliating training that youth was subjected to before "Emile" or "Le Contrat Sociale" were written, in spite of the army of educational theorists and experimentalists since that day.

Following the Dart from Ashburton to Totnes, we go through beautiful sylvan scenery of great fertility. Kent may be called "the garden of England," but surely Devon is its orchard, for nowhere is there such profusion of fruit-blossoms as in these coombes and on the sunny slopes of these rounded hills, and the apple orchards in early May are worth a pilgrimage to see, as they say that the dilettanti in Japan will travel many miles to a favoured spot in the season when the

cherries are in bloom. In Devon the apple-trees group themselves as if " composed " by an artist; sometimes a whole orchard throws a froth of rose-pink upon a background of soft blue sky; sometimes a single lovely tree at the angle of a grey and lichened ruin, or a group in a cottage garden, with the old thatched cottage washed rose-pink also, to match their flowers; and sometimes orchard upon orchard, like the ring of blossom that encircles Totnes.

And the meadows are lush with grass, buttercups grow as tall as one's knee, and by the banks of the river there are kingcups and forget-me-nots and such variety of flowers that, as Westcote says, " But for flowers Lady Flora herself—though canonized by the Romans for a goddess—will be to seek, to find out or coin names severally to distinguish them."

Among the flowers and green pastures stand mellow old houses and grey ruins, which give to our English scenery its special charm, a combination of dignity and homeliness, and the continuity of ancient tradition in the life of to-day. Such a house is Dartington Hall, which lies about two miles above Totnes. The first Dartington Hall was built in the time of Richard II. by his half-brother, John Holland, Duke of Exeter, and of this building the great hall, called the Hall of Knights, remains, though the roof has fallen, and the windows were probably inserted in the time of Elizabeth; on one of the bosses of the groined

roof which still ornaments the porch a white hart is represented, which was the badge of Richard II., who was called in the punning mediæval fashion "the Royal Hart." The stables also form part of the original building, and are tenanted by a farmer, while the Squire lives in the sixteenth-century mansion. In Elizabeth's time this was the home of the Champernownes, and their monument is in the tower of the old Church, of early English construction, which stands by the Hall, but of which the tower only now remains. The new church, about a mile away, was built in 1880, and contains a good deal of the woodwork of the older church.

Walter Raleigh's mother was a Champernowne, and if she did not live at Dartington Hall during her girlhood, must often have visited there, and perhaps met here her first husband, Otho Gilbert, at a dance, such as Shakespeare depicts in "Romeo and Juliet," or a contest of bowls, like the game described by Charles Kingsley in "Westward Ho." The terraced garden, of the formal style so popular in the reign of Elizabeth, was laid out when the present house was built, adapted to the gay social gatherings which were a pleasant feature of the time, and an agreeable background to the stiff, rich dresses of the men and women of the Renaissance. The garden, with its clipped yews and geometrical design, has, however (to my thinking), an exotic air in its setting of rich pasture-lands and old timber, and

I prefer such gardens as give more colour to the eye, with flowers in a more natural setting and a less obvious art.

Both Walter Raleigh and Adrien and Humphrey Gilbert must have known Dartington Hall, and Raleigh served his first campaign in a company of gentlemen-volunteers which was led by his cousin, Henry Champernowne. It was to the Champernownes also that part of the Priory of St. Mary at Totnes was given after the dissolution of the monasteries—and so by way of Dartington Hall and the Champernownes I purpose to come to Totnes.

CHAPTER VI

TOTNES

Arriving by more easy stages than Brutus, the Trojan, who, fleeing from the Hellespont after the sack of Troy, was destined to found a new civilization in these distant isles, and landed "on the coast of Totnes," we approach this ancient and beautiful city through the apple orchards which encircle it.

The tradition of "Brute the Trojan" is a very ancient one; it is recounted by Geoffrey of Monmouth, the Welsh historian of the eleventh century, who gives also the derivation of the name "Britain" from Brutus, and describes his conquest of the original race of giants, and how Gogmagog was slain by Corinæus, afterwards Duke of Cornwall. Long before the eleventh century, however, there was preserved in Totnes a rough kidney-shaped stone (which may still be seen, set in the pavement of Fore Street) on which, it is declared, the Trojan sat and rested. The legend has it that as he did so he asserted—in moderately good English—

> "Here I stand and here I rest,
> And this place shall be called Totnes."

In spite of the seeming absurdity of the story, it is likely that the tradition contains some hint of

actual history; not, indeed, of the coming of Brutus from Troy, but of the subjugation of the early inhabitants long before the Roman Conquest by some Mediterranean or Eastern race, who brought with them a higher culture and imposed it on the indigenous population. The presence of the "Brutus-stone" in Totnes, which is ten miles up the River Dart and removed from the coast, seems to add to the improbability of the story; but Geoffrey of Monmouth always speaks of the "coast" or the "shore" or the "port" of Totnes, and Higden in his "Polychronicon" gives the length of Britain as eight hundred miles "a Totonesio litore . . . from the cliff of Totnes." It looks, therefore, as if Totnes were the ancient name for the whole south-western promontory of Devon and Cornwall, which the Roman invaders called "Damnonia."

Vespasian, again, is said to have landed "on Totnes shore," which is obviously impossible if the site of the present town is considered, and, indeed, recent authorities hold that he landed at Christchurch Haven, and that the expedition he led against Caer Penselcoit was not against Exeter (as Geoffrey of Monmouth says), but against Penselwood, on the borders of Somerset, Dorset, and Wilts.

Before the Conquest Totnes was already a flourishing town, with a population of five hundred or six hundred people, and the right of mint-

ing, which was exercised from the time of Aethelred and Canute, until after the Conquest, and it was in the demesne of Edward the Confessor, who gave it to Judhæl. This Judhæl of Totnes, as he is always called, made it his principal residence, and is supposed to have built Totnes Castle; and although the present keep is of later date, it probably replaced the one built by him, which, in its turn, was reared upon the site of an ancient British fortification. Now the old walls are hung with ivy, and wallflowers grow in the interstices of the bricks, and above the roofless walls the blue-grey Devonshire sky is framed in the old masonry.

After the Conquest Judhæl continued to hold Totnes, but was banished by William Rufus and the right of minting withdrawn from the town; to him, however, is due the foundation of the Priory of St. Mary, which stands on the right hand as you ascend the steep hill of Fore Street. This was granted by Edward VI. to the Borough of Totnes as a Guildhall, after the dissolution of the monasteries, and is used for that purpose at the present time. It is probably the smallest but most delightful Guildhall in England.

On the right-hand side of Fore Street, half way up the hill, stands the Church of St. Mary, built of beautiful red standstone, also originally founded by Judhæl of Totnes, although the northern aisle has been rebuilt at a much later date, and the main building is as late as the fourteenth century.

The gargoyles are elaborate and grotesque, and many of them seem to have been preserved from the earlier church when rebuilding took place, as they have the roughness of execution of the eleventh and twelfth century carvings, which had become smoother and more technically skilled by the Perpendicular Period. The great beauty of the church is the screen, which is of fine carved stonework, so light and delicate that it is difficult to realize that it is in such a medium, and elaborately coloured and gilded, and there is also a beautiful piece of carving which divides the little chapel from the south side of the chancel.

Those with sartorial curiosity should notice the monument to Christopher Blackhall, who had four wives, and died in 1635. He is represented kneeling above his four wives—Mohammedan fashion—whose costumes vary from the Elizabethan ruff to the Vandyck collar of the Stuarts. . . .

The church is hemmed in on three sides by old-world buildings with high-pitched roofs and latticed windows; on the north side is the Guildhall, built at a lower level than the church, so that from the churchyard you could pitch a stone on to its lichened roof. A steep dormer window, still framing the old leaded diamond panes, fronts you; below is a small paved court with a tiny barred window looking out over the grey flagstones; stone pillars support the portion of the building which juts above this court. Here is

the prison, and going in by a low doorway, whose door is of massive oak studded with great nails, we are in the room which is used as a court for all ordinary matters. A small door leads into the prison by another angle, and a tiny barred slit gives what light and air are permitted to enter the cell; under the window stand the old stocks, and there is a feeling of dampness and gloom over the whole place. The main body of the hall, however, is light enough, and decorated with some fine linen-fold panelling, and here many interesting relics of municipal life have been preserved.

There are two proclamations of Oliver Cromwell — whose brother-in-law was M.P. for Totnes—an order concerning the peace procession after the Napoleonic wars; a proclamation of Elizabeth; notice of the closing of the weekly market, owing to the funeral of William IV.; and, amongst the engravings, portraits, and historical bric-à-brac, a German machine-gun captured in 1917. This is in the inner room of the Guildhall, reached by a short flight of steps, where the more private business of the borough is conducted. Under a carved canopy at the end of the room sits the Judge or President; the seats of the councillors are ranged round him in a semicircle; on one hand are Elizabethan relics and mementoes of the Civil War—a copy of Raleigh's "History of the World," the proclamation of Oliver Cromwell; on the other the German machine-gun. Opposite him is the wide latticed

window looking on an orchard, where the apple-trees are in flower. As I looked at the exquisite freshness of the blossoms, framed in the dark oak of the window, and thought how these old trees, or their ancestors, had bloomed through the centuries, while dynasties rose and fell and the history of England was in the making, I felt how continuous and persistent was the life of every day; how the change of the seasons and the growth of the crops and the marrying and giving in marriage of the village life was the basic and inalterable fact, on which all events which we call history are but the embroidery. This last Great War also, with its incalculable toll of misery and despair, has already slipped into the past and become history along with the Wars of the Roses and the bitter fighting of the Civil War; the German machine-gun on its stand against the old blackened oak looks as harmless a trophy as the cannons of Cromwell. Outside the birds are singing in the May sunshine, and the "divine necessity" of the commonplace reasserts its supremacy.

There is yet another small inner room, reached by three steps, where the more secret meetings used to be held; it contains some curious old maps and brass candlesticks, and, in a case, a collection of wooden truncheons such as those carried by special constables—and including the latest batons of 1914-1918—but with some of the earlier examples carved and painted.

Leaving the Guildhall, and once more skirting the churchyard, you come, by way of a paved path along the high walls, to a steep flight of steps leading down to Fore Street, just below the restored fifteenth-century arch which spans the street.

For an artist, and, above all, for an etcher, there is a wealth of material in this old town : the varying levels; the different periods of the architecture, which melt imperceptibly into each other—a red-tiled sixteenth-century cottage couched under the grey buttress of a fourteenth-century wall—give such variety of line and angle as delights the eye. And the whole town is beautifully situated among the suave curves of the low hills, and ringed with apple orchards like a garland of blossoms. Fore Street is probably one of the loveliest streets in Devon; it rises steeply from the river and, flanked on either side by old houses—Elizabethan, Stuart, and Georgian—terminates at last in a precipitous Devonshire lane, a mere stony channel between towering green banks starred with primroses.

Nearly all the houses in Totnes are old, and both the hotels. There is the Seymour, which stands on the river-bank just below the bridge, a solid eighteenth-century, pot-bellied building, with the quiet harmony of the houses of that period. In front of it is a narrow strip of velvety lawn, and great clipped yews add to its air of peace, while the ripple of the river flowing below

its windows adds a last delight in the sound of running water.

The steamers that run from Totnes to Dartmouth start from just below the Seymour Hotel, where a magnificent single chestnut makes a great circle of shade.

The Hotel of the Seven Stars, possessed of the most romantic of names, is less favourably situated, being in the main street, but it is an old coaching inn and keeps much of the flavour of those days, with its large central court decorated with stuffed birds, and a live parrot and a couple of cats, with a staircase leading to the corridors above and forming a kind of gallery, and its little twisted second staircase that suddenly vanishes round sharp corners and plunges abruptly into low, dark passages where the unwary are apt to bump their heads against beetle-browed doorways. No attempt is made to furnish the hotel after any particular period, but this very "insouciance" adds to the charm of the place; and if any overseas visitors want to sample the flavour of a posting inn of the period of Mr. Horrocks, they will find it at the Seven Stars. I doubt whether they will be as well fed as in those ampler days.

Opposite this hotel is a monument to William John Wills, a native of Totnes, who was the first man, with Burke, to cross the Continent of Australia. One could wish that his adventure had been more worthily commemorated, as the monument is of poor proportions and the medal-

lion of Wills is most indifferently sculptured; it has the crudity of an archaic model without its conviction.

On the left hand, as we begin to climb Fore Street, is the Grammar School, originally founded by Edward VI., and situated in what had originally been the Priory of St. Mary, but the present building is eighteenth century, a comely square house of red brick, with a magnificent magnolia against the wall.

All the way up the street there are delightful glimpses down narrow paved alley-ways, sometimes of small cobbled courtyards, sometimes of the angle of a half-timbered house or a low doorway arched with flowering creepers, sometimes of the verdant country beyond, vignetted in the oblong of an old door, or of one of the beautiful orchards which are so charming a feature of Totnes.

Halfway up Fore Street is an Elizabethan house (rather obviously called the "Elizabeth Café"), where tea and light luncheon can be had. It is also an "antique dealer's," but its antiques are not only for sale, but for use, for the visitor will have his tea sitting on a genuine high-backed settle, such as we see in George Morland's pictures, and his hot water may as likely as not be brought in a seventeenth-century brass jug, polished till it has the mellowness of old gold, which age alone can give.

The front of the house was modernized at some

time (perhaps a century ago), but inside the old character has been preserved. Tea is served in what was the banqueting-hall, when the house belonged to the Courtneys in the early sixteenth century, a large room, half-timbered and white-washed, with a vast red brick fireplace, big enough to hold the Yule log of our forefathers. Old copper and brass warming-pans of many patterns hang round this fireplace, their warm and mellow tints shining in the firelight. A lattice-paned window looks on an inner courtyard, where the sun shines warmly on the cobbles and the pots of wallflowers, and a robin hops and flirts in the sunshine. It is difficult to analyze wherein lies the peculiar charm of these old houses—in the tilt of a roof, the sag of a lintel, the warm colour of tile or brick, the moss or lichen which enriches courtyard and wall and roof; the shadows appear softer and more velvety, the sunlight more golden falling across old houses, as if they held not only the beauty of their own immediate moment, but some essence distilled from the long procession of hours which have passed across the walls since they were first dedicated to human needs.

The twisted narrow stair, hidden by a curtain, which leads from this hall to the attic above borrows something of its actual beauty from the wearing away by many generations of feet; out of the latticed windows many young faces have looked, faces which have aged and passed away, giving place in their turn to other young folk,

who in due course cede their place at the window. And the old house has an intimate and gentle atmosphere, made up of memories and hopes and fears and sufferings and love, and the thousand trivial doings of everyday use-and-wont.

In the Elizabeth Café—the oldest portions of which were built in 1500—this spirit of the past can be most keenly felt, and the charm is heightened by the gentle, smiling girl who serves the meals, and who seems to have borrowed something of her unobtrusive beauty from her home.

Once, standing in a passage in the subdued gloom in her simple dark dress, her head turned so that the light from an inner room illumined her face, with the projecting angles of two quaintly set doors behind her, she made a harmonious " study of an interior " for any seeing eye.

Still ascending the hill, the arch of East Gate divides Fore Street from High Street; it is of fourteenth-century design, but has been rebuilt in comparatively modern times; the arch of North Gate, however, is the original Norman of the time of Judhæl of Totnes. Within the East Gate is a room decorated with an early Renaissance frieze and beautiful linen-fold panelling, similar to that of the Guildhall and dating from the time of Henry VIII.

Above the East Gate the town becomes even more picturesque, as many of the houses are fifteenth century and are built with the upper story

projecting and supported on pillars to form a piazza, an uncommon feature in English construction, of which the most famous example is at Chester. At a later date continental architecture was deliberately copied, and we find a different kind of covered walk, but both here and at Dartmouth (where the Butter Walk repeats this feature) the character of the street remains purely English, and, indeed, peculiarly suited to so rainy a climate as Devon. Portions of these piazzas are earlier than the fifteenth century; one arch, indeed, dates back to the twelfth, and there are also one or two façades of Elizabeth's time in a perfect state of preservation. Inside several of the houses may be seen richly moulded plaster ceilings of the time of Charles II., and there are abundant evidences of the wealth and prosperity of this now sleepy town at the period when it was an important centre of the Devonshire wool trade, and was famous for its "narrow pin-whites." Lying as it does in the centre of a fertile country, on a navigable river at the point where the tidal influence just ceases, it was admirably suited to be a trading centre in the days before rail and steam. The river from Totnes to Dartmouth is now a pleasure-reach only, but in the days of Elizabeth it provided excellent "porterage" for the cargoes of foreign goods coming into Dartmouth, and the export of manufactures from the town itself and from Buckfastleigh and Ashburton.

Before, however, tracing the final course of the

Dart, we must turn aside to Berry Pomeroy, two miles from Totnes, and notable for one of the most extensive ruins in Devon, and also for being the parish of which John Prince was vicar, and where he wrote a large portion of his "Worthies of Devon."

The first Castle of Berry Pomeroy of which there are any architectural remains was built by Henry de Pomeroy in the reign of King John, though, as the castle at Berry was granted by William the Conqueror to Ralph de Pomeroy (along with fifty-eight other "lordships"), the latter must have either adapted or rebuilt a Saxon castle which was owned by the Saxon Alaric. The name Berry certainly indicates the presence of fortifications, and the natural strength of the site on a hill whose northern and eastern slopes fall away steeply to a ravine and a little stream below would mark it out for defensive purposes from very early times. It is possible that there was an ancient earthwork on Berry Hill before Alaric owned it.

However that may be, the outer walls of the twelfth-century building remain, massive and hung with ivy; on either side of the great gateway is a hexagonal tower, and above it is the guard-room, where the grooves for the portcullis may still easily be traced in the walls. A curtain-wall connects the gateway with a tower called St. Margaret's Tower, of which the shell only remains, overgrown with ivy, brambles, and ferns

by the luxuriant vegetation of Devon. This is all that remains of the castle of the Pomeroys, who held it for nearly five centuries, and became one of the most powerful families of the West, often a thorn in the side of a monarch who was not strong enough to rule them, and dominating their own countryside in high feudal fashion.

In 1267 we have record of a "Pardon" which was granted by "Edward, eldest son of the King, to Sir Henry de la Pomeroy, who was against the King in the late disturbances in the kingdom"; and some years later Edward I., then King, granted a second pardon to Sir Henry and to his wife Joan for detaining a young heiress named Isabella de Moles and marrying her against the King's will to William de Botreaux. This was a serious offence in the thirteenth century, for all unmarried women who were heiresses became the King's wards, and were by him given in marriage (usually without his thinking fit to consult the lady) as a reward to one of his faithful knights, and Sir Henry was therefore lucky to obtain his pardon.

This short entry of the historian lifts the veil for one moment and gives us a glimpse of romance, and of the dramas of love and pride which were played behind the formal and laconic statements of the chroniclers. Who was Isabella de Moles, and what did she think of her marriage to William de Botreaux? Was she, a shrinking little bride of sixteen or so, in the tall peaked

head-dress of the time of Edward I., called a "henin," lectured and cajoled by Sir Henry and Lady Joan into the marriage; or did she and William de Botreaux fall in love (he, perhaps a comely squire, dressed like the lovers of Le Romaunt de la Rose) and persuade a good-natured couple to brave the King's wrath and assist them?

Build what romance you wish; these few lines are all that remain, as a few ruined rooms—half-buried in grass and bushes, and with trees growing where once the hearthstone lay—are all that remain of the castle where the Pomeroys lived.

There are a few other entries of the Pomeroy family: the same Sir Henry gave a grant "for the good of his soul" of the Manor of Canonteign, the advowsons of four churches, and other possessions to the Prior and Convent of the Blessed Mary of Martin . . ."; and in the reign of Henry VII. Sir Edward de Pomeroy fell out with "the Mayor of Totnes and his brethren." Fortunately the matter went to arbitration, instead of to bloodshed, and the arbitrators decided that "the said Sir Edward Pomeroy shall clearly exclude, forgive, and put from him all malice and debates . . . and from henceforth to be loving unto them." The Mayor of Totnes was to show the same conciliatory spirit, and as an earnest of neighbourly intention Sir Edward was to send a buck to be eaten in state by the Mayor, "provided that the same Sir Edward be

at the eating of the same buck, in goodly manner. Furthermore, we award that the said Mayor and his brethren shall pay for the wine which shall be drunk at the eating of the same buck."

The last Pomeroy to hold the castle was Sir Thomas, who placed himself at the head of the Western Rebellion against the present version of the Prayer Book, which was drawn up in the reign of Edward VI.; his estates were confiscated by the Protector, the Duke of Somerset, uncle of the young King, and his son, Lord Edward Seymour, was the first of that family who lived at Berry.

It was his son, Sir Edward Seymour, who built the noble Elizabethan mansion which stands within the walls of the Norman castle, but he never completed it, and, being destroyed a century later, it has been left in ruins ever since. There is no record as to how it was destroyed, nor why it was left ruined, for the Seymours have continued to own it up to the present day. The tradition is that the house was set on fire by lightning, and one may well construct a romance of fierce passions and evil-doing bringing down upon the house the curse of the final catastrophe, when the owner of the house, horror-struck, left the place for ever. Certainly an air of melancholy hangs over the still courtyards and echoing roofless rooms; the great mullioned fireplaces gape to the winter winds; in summer the heavy foliage which surrounds Berry Pomeroy and hides it from

the surrounding country seems to form a prison wall between it and the outside world; the air within is heavy and still; the brambles and nettles, the alders and ivy, seem eagerly to devour the remains of ancient splendour.

For a novelist with the imagination of Baring Gould there could be no better *mise en scène* for a romantic and tragic tale, and stories are preserved of this last Seymour who lived at Berry which show a man of haughty and implacable temper and unabatable pride. "Sir," said William III. to him, "I believe you are of the family of the Duke of Somerset." "Pardon me, sir; the Duke of Somerset is of my family," replied Sir Edward.

About five miles to the north-east of Berry Pomeroy, and two miles from the beautiful village of Cockington, stands Compton Castle, reputed to have been originally connected with Berry by a subterranean passage, but without much foundation for the story, or, indeed, likelihood of it. The original castle was in the gift of Judhæl of Totnes, but the present building dates chiefly from the beginning of the fifteenth century, and is an excellent example of the fortified manor-houses which stand halfway between the powerful castles of the Middle Ages and the beautiful and luxuriant mansions of the Renaissance. The walls of Compton Castle are everywhere from 2½ to 4 feet thick, and there are a great number of projections in the architecture, carried upon

"machicoulis," such as we see so often on the buildings of Italian towns—openings or stone gratings through which stones, arrows, boiling oil or boiling water could be poured on to the assailants below. The western front of the castle is gabled and embattled, but the windows are already large, square and mullioned, admitting light and air into comfortable and spacious rooms, very different from the narrow slits of twelfth and thirteenth century castles, through which the wind would whistle draughtily, but which would efficaciously keep out the arrows of besiegers. Both the chief doorway and a postern gate were defended by portcullises, and the central doorway opened into a large, square guard-room which had a four-light window of Early Perpendicular pattern opening into the chapel, so that those in the guard-room could join in Divine service.

This building would have accommodated a vast retinue, for there are still numbers of rooms remaining, and the original manor had three and, in some places, four stories; the banqueting-hall was 42 feet long and 23 feet wide, as it would have needed to be to seat so large a number; and in the kitchen the huge fireplace, stretching the whole width of one wall, is large enough to roast a wild boar or a whole ox. The ancient fire-bars are still *in situ* in the kitchen, but the banqueting-hall has unfortunately been completely destroyed, and it is only from the gable marks of the roof against the buildings on the south side

that Mr. Roscoe Gibbs has reconstructed its proportions.

Next to the kitchen is the steward's room, from which doubtless were issued the stores to the chief cook and his assistants for the making of such wonderful dishes as: "Frument with venyson; a rede leche with lyons coruyn therein" (which, interpreted, means "a pink jelly or mould ornamented with lions"); "a custarde royall, a gely coloured with columbyne floures, a flampeyn" (which is a raised pie), and so forth. These elaborate confections were not, of course, a daily diet, but in a mansion as important as Compton Castle a royal state would sometimes have been kept, and the cooks of the fourteenth and fifteenth century were apt at culinary "sotylties."

After a meal of chickens, cranes, partridges, peacock "enhakyll," and such sweets as "a march payne garnysshed with dyverse fygures of aungellys," the guests would be glad to walk in the cool fresh air, and would either pace on the lawn in front of the eastern side of the castle, or, if the winds were cold, in the sheltered inner court, where the turf is thick and springy, and even in winter violets bloom in the sheltered corners.

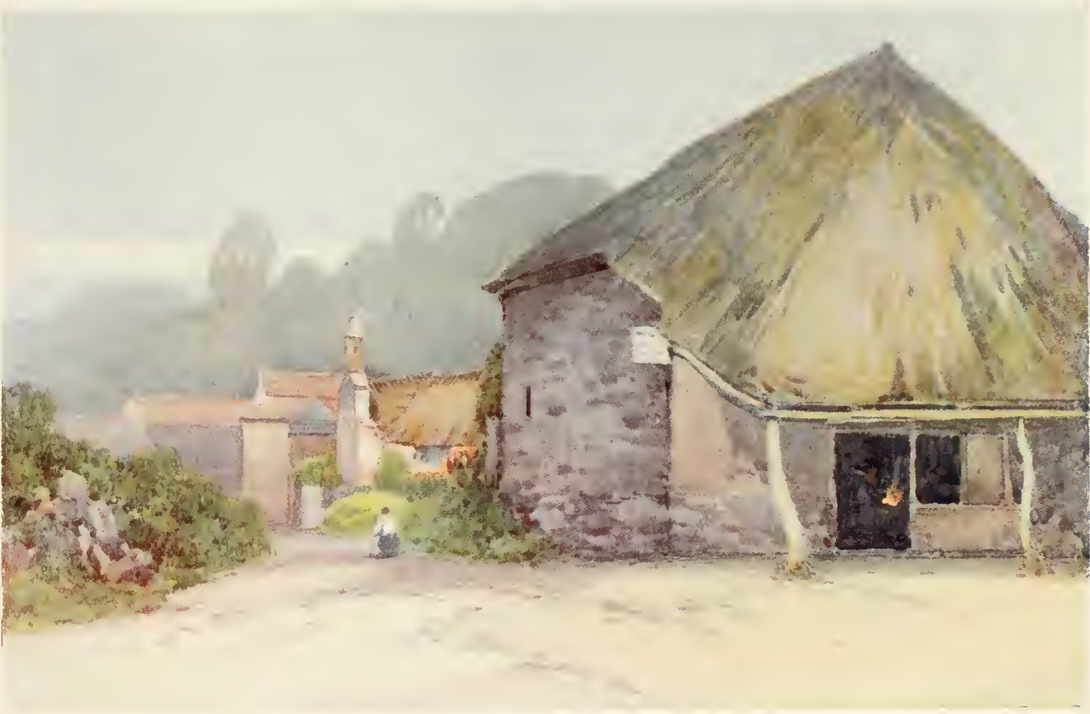
This property eventually came to the Gilberts, and they lived indifferently here or at Greenway House on the Dart. Their crest—a squirrel holding a branch of oak-leaves—is sculptured in

the spandrels of the sixteenth-century doors, which were remodelled on the older structures. It was in a boat called the *Squirrel*, be it remembered, that Sir Humphrey Gilbert lost his life off the coast of Newfoundland, so that the name has an ironic and tragic significance.

Two miles south-east is Cockington, the most typically Devon of all villages around Torquay; it is a place to which one would wish to take all overseas and Colonial visitors, on a day of favourable weather, and say to them: "This is English; can you match it?" It has, of course, the special feature of all English country, which is at the same time the origin of its beauty, that five times in eight one must display it to visitors under rain. Nothing else could produce such prodigality of verdure, and if you love rain—as I do—a fine day or a wet is equally beautiful; but to the average traveller there is a chill of disappointment in dripping trees and lanes that have become muddy channels.

Cockington is reached from the main road that runs between Torquay and Paignton, turning inland at Livermead. There is a half-mile of the suburban houses which so greatly disfigure Torquay; then the road seems to free itself, with a shake, from all town trammels, and runs for a mile between green slopes, crowned with trees, where the sunlight of the late afternoon lies with a peculiar beauty and placidity. A little stream, edged with kingcups, follows the road; in the

hedges there are all imaginable flowers, and the earth where it is ploughed or turned up in the cattle sloughs adds the beauty of its dark red colour to the contrasting green. Everything in this country takes on its fairest colours—the grass is more emerald; the sea more blue; the red of the robin's breast is redder and the lovely russet of the chaffinch more vivid than in other parts of England; the richness of the soil, the mild and moist climate, the clear streams of the many waters, produce here an abundance like that of the Golden Age. Could we eliminate old age and disease, the village of Cockington is a fit habitation of the Golden Age—a half-dozen cream-coloured cottages, with high thatched roofs and dormer windows, standing in gardens which are a delicious tangle of blossom. Here is a paved and grass-grown walk, bordered with tall scarlet tulips and the pale mist of forget-me-nots; here, at the angle of the road, so close packed they have scarce room to breathe, is a great bank of wallflowers, from pale yellow to deepest red-brown, banked against the walls of a cottage distempered a delicate rich cream, the loveliest colour symphony you could find on a long spring day. The misty purple of aubretia flows over the low walls; there are clumps of arabis and saxifrage which have taken hold of the crumbled masonry to make it their home; the soft beauty of moss creeps insidiously across the stone, absorbing the handiwork of man in that of Nature.



Cockington Village, Torquay

The cottages and the surrounding landscape "compose," as artists say, in a score of pictures; there is the famous old forge at the angle of the roads, with its low, dark entrance and great thatched porch supported on wooden pillars, where a long shaft of sunlight pierces the velvety gloom or turns the dun thatch to gold; there is an old timbered cottage crouched under the shade of a tall pear-tree, which stands like a guardian angel over it; the white petals of the blossom are blown across the thatch and lie scattered on the door-step, over which have passed the feet of so many generations.

A half-mile from the tiny village is the church, standing on a rising knoll of ground overlooking Cockington Court. Inside the church is a fine carved rood-screen, and the old benches, fantastically carved with both religious and comic figures, as in so many churches, are still to be seen. The exterior of the church is plain; a great thick root of ivy across the tower seems to have become incorporated with the stone, which is not greyer than itself; behind the squat tower soars a great beech-tree, and, below, the acid green of an avenue of limes contrasts sharply with the sombre tones of the church and the gravestones.

Cockington Court was the property of Sir Richard de Cockington in the time of Richard Cœur de Lion, but it afterwards passed to the famous Devonshire family of Cary, of whom Sir John Cary, who was Baron of the Exchequer in

the reign of Richard II., was banished for opposing the proceedings for the resignation of the King.

This courageous act of his is celebrated by Westcote in rhymed couplets, which I cannot forbear to quote :

> " Prompt me, Muses, if you can,
> And shew me such another man "

who, like Achior the Ammonite, durst speak to Holofernes the truth :

> " Beware, my lord, beware how you come near
> This holy nation, to his God so dear " ;

or that more fitly with Nathan the prophet to tell King David, in plain words, " Thou art the man "—

> " Yea, thou art he that with a wanton theft
> Hast just Uriah's only lamb bereft ;
> And him, O horror ! (sin with sin is furthered),
> Him with the sword of Ammon hast thou murthered."

The comparison is not very apt, but the verse has a *naïveté* which I hope will excuse its quotation.

CHAPTER VII

TOTNES TO DARTMOUTH

THE highest point of the tidal rise of the Dart is at Totnes, and is about 3 or 4 feet; when the tide is out banks of mud may be seen on either hand, where the seagulls wheel and scream, but when the tide is high the Dart may justly claim to be one of the most beautiful rivers in England.

The most favourable time to take this little voyage down the river is on a fine morning at the end of April or early May, when the vegetation—more advanced for the season of the year in these warm valleys than anywhere else in England—is at its best. Leaving the landing-stage below the Seymour Hotel—where the clipped yews have a velvety darkness against the rich green of the turf—the steamer passes through the dappled sunshine and shadow thrown by an avenue of chestnut-trees, whose fragrant blossoms drift on the light breeze. Before turning a bend in the river, you may look back and see Totnes from its loveliest aspect—the mellow tiled roofs and gables and chimneys grouped upon the hillside, the rose-red tower of the church dominating all; below, the vivid green of chestnut-trees and sycamores hiding the lower buildings, and the harmonious

arch of the grey stone bridge framing a picture of the upper reaches of the river, running through rich meadows; behind all, the gentle curves of the rounded hills and the peculiar soft haze of the Devon skies. It seems impossible to achieve by intention what use and custom do so happily—a complex design of plane and angle admirably adapted to their natural setting, a harmonious union of the work of Nature and the work of man in mutual beauty.

Leaving, then, this admirable little town, the course of the river runs first through fair pasture-lands, where the cattle feed knee-deep in rich grass golden with buttercups, and there is every variety of flower "known to Lady Flora" to be seen in the hedgerows: violets in low purple clumps; the white stars of wild strawberry; tall dandelion clocks (as we used to call them as children), already scattering their down on the light May breeze; the greeny-white froth of cow-parsley along every hedge; a glimmer of bluebells in the copses, like the colours of a fairy-tale; a late primrose here and there on the banks; ragged robin; the first tassels of willow-herb; even the nettles are in flower, and are beautiful, adding their delicate green and white (so soon to become coarse and unlovely) to the symphony of colour.

Only to name the flowers of a Devonshire river-side in spring is to write a poem, and when, in January, the cold sleet is blowing down the hill-side and the water is running turgid and muddy,

it is impossible to conceive that the same country can present both pictures.

Now the river begins to narrow in and the hills rise steeply, crowned with oak-trees to the summit, and the haunt of innumerable birds. In places where the river becomes shut almost in a ravine, with the water flowing strongly, it is customary to sound the siren of the steamer in order to awaken the echo—rather a vandal-like proceeding in these quiet haunts—which sends the birds rocketing up into the air above the trees, as if they had been flung up by an explosion. There is a screeching of gulls, a tremendous clamour of rooks, who nest so much in these woods, and the tits and linnets and wrens and tree-creepers and all such small and helpless creatures dive in and out of their green labyrinth of branches in a bewildered manner. Doubtless, also, the little hearts of the rabbits and mice and voles give a jump of fear as this unauthorized and furious noise disturbs their peace; but the steamer passes, the echoes rumble away into silence, and feather and fur and fin resume the way of their "lawful occasions."

At Sharpham, about a mile below Totnes on the right bank, the woods are particularly noteworthy, rising about 200 feet sheer from the river, which narrows here first, and then spreads out into beautiful shallows, bronze and green under the reflected sunlight of the trees, silver and mother-o'-pearl in the misty mornings and

the long evening light, when the herons are fishing, their crested heads and grey plumage harmonizing with their background like the tones of a Japanese picture. The heronry here is famous, and has been since the Middle Ages, and though the birds do considerable harm to the trout and young salmon, there is much æsthetic compensation to all but the most rigid utilitarian when one sees the banner of their great wings against the sunset sky as they come flying over to their fishing-grounds. They are among the most picturesque of all birds, and it would be a pity to let them become extinct in England; not only are they beautiful themselves, whether in flight or in repose, but they have the added charm of tradition. They were hawked for in the Middle Ages and as late as the sixteenth century by dame and cavalier in picturesque cavalcade, when they went hunting, seemingly, in velvet and brocade, and brightened the landscape with their pinked and slashed and ruffled and purfled attire; they were served at the banquets of the castles and great houses along with such complex dainties as have been described in another chapter, and did not Hamlet claim to "know the difference between a hawk and a heronshaw"? And does not every charming page in a fairy-story wear on his curls a close-fitting cap trimmed with a heron's feather?

The woods at Sharpham harbour an immense rookery also, and the whole stretch of river is

clamorous at sunset with the wrangles and gossip of the rooks going to bed; in the early morning when setting off to look for the day's food, they seem to swarm in the air like flies. Along the woods, which grow right down to the water's edge, one can trace the rise and fall of the salt water of the tide by the brownness and sterility of the trunk and branches below the tide-line, in sharp contrast to the sappiness above. Sharpham House stands on the heights, commanding a magnificent view of the river.

A little to the south of Sharpham stands Ashprington, which, in the reign of Henry III., was held by a family of the name of "Pipard," but afterwards by the Pomeroys, and in which parish "is the seat of Sir Edward Giles, Knight," of whom Westcote writes: "Of him not a word more, lest I should, by speaking the truth, be said to flatter"—surely a charming turn of compliment to pay a man!

On a creek to the left we see the village of Stoke Gabriel, grouped round the church, with its ivy-clad tower set amid fine old trees, the whole making a scene typically English, and none the less dear to us who love England because it has hundreds of counterparts in every shire; indeed, its familiarity is part of its charm, and I hope fervently that the ancient simplicity of these old villages will remain undisturbed for generations.

At Galmpton Creek—at the head of which

stands Galmpton, another homely and charming village, which is not, however, visible from the steamer—the river widens to a breadth of nearly two miles, and takes on the still and placid aspect of a lake. Here is the village of Sandridge, where John Davis was born, and the modern house which stands on the site of his old home may be seen from the river. Looking at the gentle, undulating parkland which surrounds his birthplace, at the copses and hedgerows and the woods which edge the river, it is rather strange to think that such country, mild and moist and rich, could have produced so bold a spirit and so hardy a physique as were a necessary endowment of the first Arctic explorer. Perhaps, as John Prince says in his Life of Davis, it was the proximity to so excellent a seaport as Dartmouth which had added "to a natural genius a fair opportunity, and a kind of invitation to put himself early to sea." Indeed, it is always a matter of wonder to me that Devon is celebrated, not for its poets, nor for its men of letters, nor its lawyers—though the names of Hooker, and John Rowe, and Prince, and Westcote are not to be neglected—but for its men of action, and, above all, for its seamen. They, as Westcote says was reported by Diodorus Siculus of those early inhabitants of Devon, were "active and apt for any forcible exercises; bold, martial, haughty of heart, prodigal of life, constant in affections, courteous to strangers, yet greedy of glory and honour," and

Dittisham on the Dart from Galiupton Creek

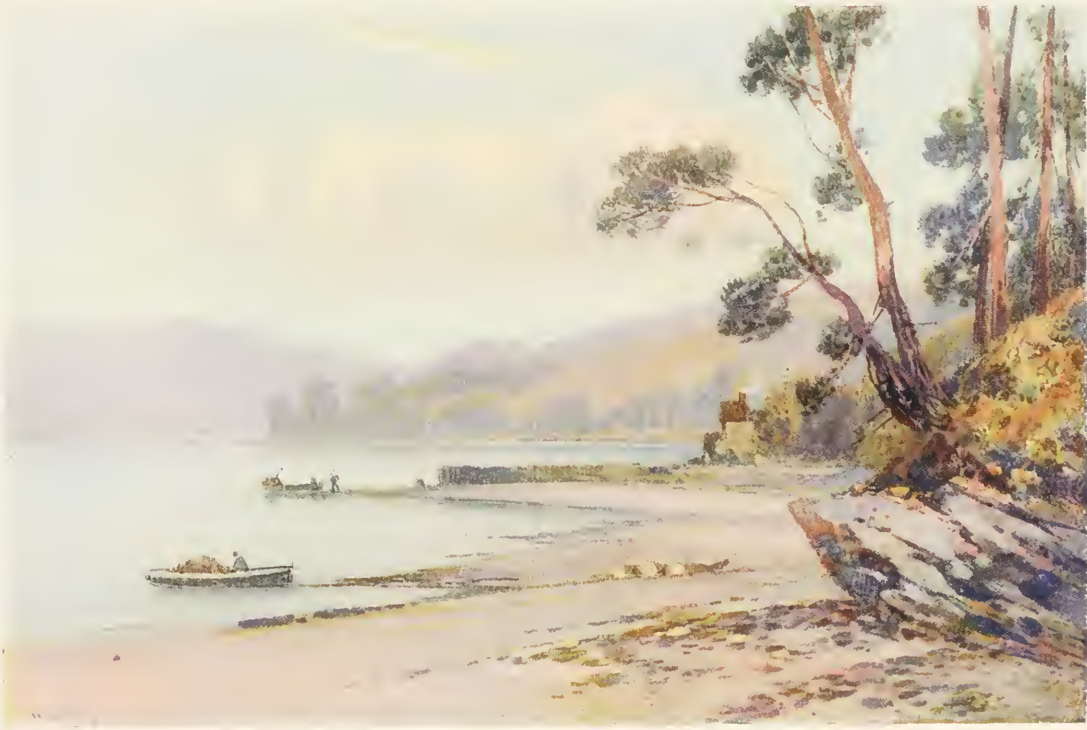
they might, each one of them, be bold to take the motto of Sir Humphrey Gilbert—"Quid non?"

The river narrows again at Dittisham, where there is a ferry, but the course of the stream is here so sinuous and looped that we have the pleasure of seeing the villages upon its banks from several different aspects. The first sight of Dittisham, descending the river, is across a broad stretch of water, nearly a mile wide, on the neck of an isthmus, below a hill called Fire Beacon, whence warning of the Armada must have been sent, visible at the Gilberts' house and Berry Pomeroy, and to the burghers of Totnes, and where, during the Napoleonic wars, when the fear of invasion was constantly in the minds of Englishmen, the beacon was laid ready and guarded for many a year. The second view of Dittisham is even more charming, from one of the narrowest parts of the channel, the red sandstone tower of the church rising above the gables of the village, and the ferry bell, hung between two posts, outlined against the background of the dense foliage which grows down to the water's edge. The village has the warm red-brown colour of most of the houses of Devon; brown thatch alternates with green and red of lichened tiles, and interspersed and surrounding the houses are orchards of apple and plum. Every place has the moment when it is best seen for the full credit of its beauty, and a day of sun and showers in early April is the

time to see Dittisham, when the oaks and ash are still bare, and the elms flushed rosy on their topmost twigs, and the chestnuts barely in bud, but when the white foam of plum-blossom makes a delicate background for the mellow tones of the old houses, and roofs and cobbles are shining after a sudden brisk shower.

I like to remember that the great and notable men whose homes were hereabouts must have walked up the narrow lane to Dittisham in just such weather as I have described, and have been rejoiced by just such beauty as now feasts my eye. John Davis, who lived at Sandridge, when coming up the river from Dartmouth after one of his Antarctic voyages, where for weary months he saw nothing but frozen land and "bitter sea," and so named the headland on which he landed and looked round upon the bleak scene "Cape Desolation," must have felt that in England he had a little paradise for home. The Gilberts also were born at Greenway House and lived here much of their time, and when Sir Humphrey rode over to confer with Captain Davis on the probability of a north-west passage he passed along these lanes and across this ferry, thanking God (I am sure) for the peace and richness of the land, as I do.

Below Greenway House—which has belonged to the family of Gilberts for many centuries, and where potatoes were first grown in England—where the river narrows suddenly before opening out to the mouth, a great stone called the Anchor



The Dart near Dittisham

Stone obstructs the centre of the channel, and is covered at high tide. There is the usual story that Sir Walter Raleigh used to smoke his pipe sitting on the Anchor Stone and watching the ships go up and down from Dartmouth to Totnes; but the story is probably apocryphal, Sir Walter being little at Greenway after his early youth and the voyages to America, where he learned to smoke tobacco.

Our journey along this ten miles of river ends at Dartmouth, which is one of the most beautiful of the coast towns, and has also a history of much interest. At the time of the Conqueror it was given to Judhæl of Totnes, and it must have been a port of some note, for William Rufus, at the end of the eleventh century, used it as a port of embarkation for France. In the twelfth century (1190) Richard Cœur de Lion assembled here his navy for the Crusades, and although there is great diversity of opinion as to the size of the fleet gathered here—some authorities putting the number of ships as low as ten and others as high as a hundred and sixty-four—this magnificent deep-water harbour would have been capable of accommodating the highest number easily. We can imagine the scene of the rendezvous (and it is rather strange that no artist has taken it for the subject of a picture)—the high green hills; the blue of the landlocked water thronged with painted galleys, those of the greatest nobles profusely decorated with gilding

on the scarlet and blue and green; the sails, white and brown and dark red, and the break of flag from every mast, each with a heraldic device which carried a greater significance than any flag can have now. For in the time of Richard Cœur de Lion heraldry was just coming to its own, and a man who was gently born must read its symbols as certainly as we would now read a page of print. Standing on the battlements of the castle at the mouth of the harbour (not the castle whose ruins still dominate the entrance, which dates from the reign of Henry VII., but an earlier fortification) and looking down on the shipping, a knight would have been able to point out to a friend that (say) "De Montmorency has arrived, that branch of the family whose grandfather married a Du Gueselin," or that the family of Pomeroy must have lately intermarried with the Champernownes, as he read the complicated quarterings on the flying banner. Think also of the motley of colour in the bodies of the galleys; the men-at-arms, dressed in the distinctive colours of their lieges, black and scarlet, crimson and blue, noticeable combinations of strong colour easily distinguishable, the sun glinting on their steel helmets, their bearded faces stamped for the most part with a certain rustic vacuity, men of few ideas and a limited range of sensations, but, being once fired with an ideal, holding it with a tenacity that a more complex generation finds it hard to emulate. They were going to fight the Turk and

win back for Christendom the place of the Holy Sepulchre; in the meantime to be hungry and thirsty was their only care, and the stir and bustle and hubbub of Dartmouth was as great an enjoyment as the fairs which enlivened their monotonous everyday existence of unceasing toil.

Up and down the foul and muddy alleys of the town, where the mud and plaster hovels with thatched roofs crowded the precipitous slopes, then as now, the servants of the nobles picked their way, foraging for their masters, here a pair of chickens, there a bot of hay; and the squires, slim and supple in their tight-fitting dress, with their hair long on their necks, swore their Norman-French oaths as the sewerage splashed their long hose. The knights in their chain armour, in spite of the heat, their bodies covered with surtouts of velvet or silk, embossed or embroidered with their heraldic designs, would be going to and fro between their galleys and the castle, and over all the great ruddy lion of Richard the Lion-hearted flamed on its gold background against the Devon sky.

This expedition of Richard's which sailed in 1190 made a fair journey to Messina, where, when they lay in the harbour, "so great was the clashing of their arms, so noble the sound of their trumpets and clarions, that the city quaked"; but few of those who set sail from Dartmouth ever saw England again, but perished of fever or festering wounds under the tropical sun, dream-

ing doubtless, at the last, of the fresh waters and exquisite woods and soft skies of their home.

After the death of Richard, John came twice to Dartmouth, and at his second visit in 1214 from La Rochelle is supposed to have given a charter to the town, though the burgesses of Dartmouth, when an "inquisition" was held at the beginning of the fourteenth century, claimed to have been a free borough since the reign of Henry I. In all probability it was the port of Dartmouth and not the town which was enfranchised by John, as it was included as a royal appanage in the Duchy of Cornwall; but the town was in the right of the lord of Totnes.

Whatever charter there was, however, was confirmed by Henry III., and a seal of the time of Edward I., the oldest of the borough which is extant, represents a King in a ship, with John's badges of the crescent and the star.

During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries Dartmouth held a place equal to the Cinque Ports. Like Fowey and Falmouth, its narrow entrance and the landlocked character of the harbour commended it for defence to a much greater extent than the stretch of open water of Torbay; the entrance was barred by a great chain stretched from the castle on one point to a keep or stronghold on the opposite side, and was very effectual in keeping out enemy ships. In spite of that, Dartmouth suffered a landing raid several times, not undeservedly, for its sailors, with those of

Plymouth, Falmouth, and Fowey, used to harass the French coasts during the French wars of Edward III. and Henry V. in a sort of licensed piracy.

In 1347, at the siege of Calais, Dartmouth ranked as the third port of the kingdom; Fowey sent 47 ships and 770 men (a fact which is inconceivable to those who know the small, sleepy present town); Yarmouth sent 43 ships and 1,905 men; Dartmouth, 31 ships and 757 men; and Plymouth, 26 ships and 603 men. Thirty years later Du Chastel fitted out a great Breton armament and made a descent on Dartmouth, but was beaten off, the women, it is averred in Walsingham's Chronicles, joining with the men in the defence. Du Chastel himself was killed; but the Bretons returned later—the following month according to some, and the following year according to others—and sacked and burned the town.

In 1385 when, it is recounted in Walsingham's Chronicles, the English Admiral of the Fleet was afraid to attack the French, owing to dissensions and jealousies among his own captains, men of Portsmouth and Dartmouth conducted a raid on their own account, and made great havoc among the French shipping in the Seine. These are only two incidents of a long series of attacks and defences which history has not recorded, but which were waged between the Breton and Devon seamen, with fluctuating fortune. John Hawley, whose effigy in armour is in St. Saviour's

Church, who was seven times Mayor of the town, and who had so many and prosperous "argosies" that he gave rise to the saying :

> "Blow the wind high, blow the wind low,
> It bloweth fair to Hawley's Hoe,"

organized some of these pirating expeditions ; and it is recorded that on one occasion in 1389 his ships captured thirty-two vessels from La Rochelle, laden with wine. He died in 1408, having done much in his generation towards establishing the maritime power of England, laying the foundations on which a later age was to build when it sent forth from Dartmouth the first Arctic explorer and the discoverer of Newfoundland, and carried over the world that mixture of good and bad, trade and conquest, chivalry and cruelty, which was the mark of the Elizabethan era.

If Chaucer ever went to Dartmouth—and it is not unlikely that on his French and Italian missions he sailed from that port—he must have heard of, and probably become acquainted with, John Hawley. It is probably remembered that in his description of the "shippeman" among the Pilgrims of the "Canterbury Tales," he says, "For ought I woote he was of Dertemouthe," and describes him in the following terms :

> "There was non swiche from Hull to Cartage.
> Hardy he was and wys to undertake ;
> With many a tempest had his berd been schake,
> He knew wel alle the havenes, as they were

> From Gootland to the Cape of Fynystere,
> And every cryke in Bretayne and in Spayne. . . .
> Of nyce conscience took he no keep.
> If that he faughte and hadde the higher hand,
> By water he sente hem home to every land."

These significant last lines are sufficient to show that, in spite of much gallantry and enterprise, the glamour which time has laid over past history hides deeds of cold-blooded cruelty such as the human race must be quit of before it can be said to have emerged from the mists of barbarism.

In the Wars of the Roses Dartmouth declared for the Lancastrians, and Warwick the Kingmaker and "false and perjured Clarence," having been proclaimed traitors, sailed from there to Calais, where they fitted out an expedition with the help of the French King, and, returning, landed at Dartmouth in 1470 on the 13th of September—an ill-omened day for both, for Warwick was killed at the Battle of Barnet, and Clarence, as every schoolchild knows, drowned in a butt of malmsey wine. On the beach of Blackpool Sands, halfway between Dartmouth and Slapton, French coins of the reign of Louis XI. and Charles VII., and gold nobles of the time of Edward III. and IV., all of which are traced to this expedition of the Earl of Warwick, are found, and seem to point to the wrecking of one of his ships on this beach.

At the time of the Armada Dartmouth fitted

out two ships, the *Crescent* and the *Hart*, for the fleet, but there sailed from there also five volunteers: the *Roebuck*, belonging to Raleigh; the *Gabriel* to Sir John Gilbert (Humphrey at this time was already dead); the *Elizabeth* to Adrien Gilbert; the *Phœnix* and the *Samaritan* to Gowen Champernowne. Later, the great Spanish canack, the *Madre de Dios*, was brought into Dartmouth, and Raleigh, who was then under the Queen's displeasure for the seduction of her maid of honour and was a prisoner, was sent down under guard to see to her stores and treasure, in which work he "toiled terribly," as Cecil reported to the Queen. Cecil himself came down, but was very unfavourably impressed. "Fouler ways, desperate weather, nor more obstinate people, did I never meet with."

At the Revolution Dartmouth was Parliamentarian in its politics, but the town was besieged by Prince Maurice and captured after a short four weeks' siege, and then remained in the hands of the Cavalier party until 1646, when it fell to General Fairfax, the last town in the south of Devon which held out for the Crown.

Dartmouth now, in spite of its magnificent harbour (which called forth in the report of an Italian spy sent to investigate in 1599 the following panegyric, "It is not walled. The mountains are its walls"), takes little part in the maritime life of England, except that it is used as a training-ground for the English navy, and the

Britannia and the *Hindostan* used to be moored in the mouth of the Dart. Since 1905, however, these have been replaced by the Naval College, built on the heights above the town, and the old streets resound to the cheerful clatter of these gallant boys. There is, now that the war is over, a good deal of yachting activity in these blue waters, and I do most heartily commend the view of Dartmouth on a fine day in June to all lovers of the picturesque. Above the pier lies a stretch of level ground, having something of the appearance of a quay, where is the main part of the town, looking down on the water and across the harbour to the wooded heights. Many of the houses are old, and even where the buildings themselves have been modernized the old configuration of the streets remains: culs-de-sac, steep lanes, the flights of steps leading from one courtyard to another which are a common feature of these South Devon ports, and which, under a blue sky, give them so much the air of a Southern Italian town. The architecture, however, belongs to England; there are the gabled and half-timbered houses of the sixteenth century, enriched with mouldings and carved gable ends, often of a fantastic nature, with low-browed doorways and cobbled yards, and latticed windows, homes of romance and tradition; there are square eighteenth-century houses, of red brick, achieving in their little compass, by the harmony of their proportions, the just spacing of windows and

door in which the architect was content to find his decoration, the dignity of a great edifice; and side by side with them the sordid, ambiguous muddle of bricks and slate which the nineteenth century designated a house. I challenge any country in Europe—not even excepting Italy—to produce more beautiful houses in a more beautiful setting than our old towns and villages can show, but I believe also there are more ugly houses in England than anywhere else in the world. I hope that future generations will cease to reproach us with this; that we shall know how to preserve our old and beautiful buildings, not as objects for sightseers, but as part of the everyday surroundings of our lives, and at the same time to erect harmonious modern dwellings which in due course shall combine with the older styles, as our forefathers were able to build, so that at Ely we may see, for example, an Elizabethan courtyard fronting an Adam's doorway, both framed in the massive structure of the ancient Saxon nave of the Cathedral precincts.

One of the most famous streets in Dartmouth is the Butter Walk, at the end of Duke Street, where the fifteenth-century houses are built on columns to form a piazza or covered walk, similar to those in the Fore Street of Totnes. The ground floors of most of them are used as shops; but they must originally have been the homes of the wealthy merchants, as they contain many fine specimens of moulded ceilings of the Late Renais-

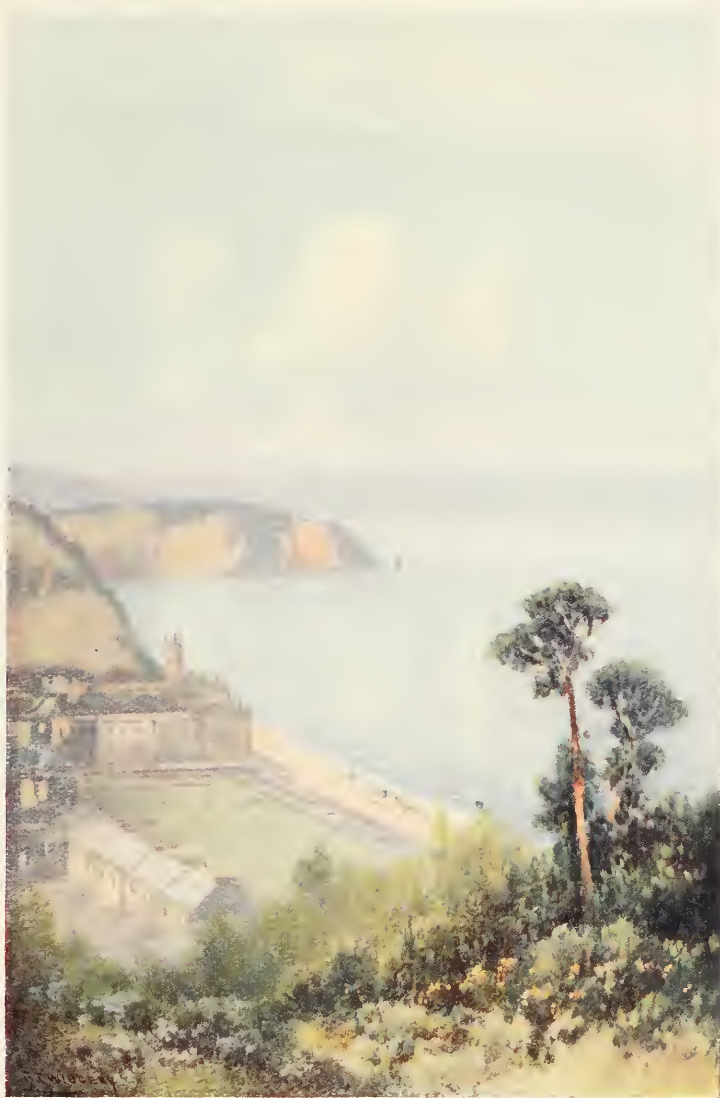
sance fashion, made by Italian designers, and similar to those found at Barnstaple. There are also decorated mantelpieces, and more than one beautiful carved-oak staircase, rooms panelled with geometrical and linen-fold design, deep-set windows—in short, all the orderliness of beauty which made the houses of our ancestors so comely. The exterior of these houses is richly carved, the gable-ends which support the roof, the capitals of the pillars which carry the piazza; the mullioned windows are carried on carved figures, thrown into relief by the sunshine, which also intensifies the shadows under the piazza. Until thirty years ago the house of Thomas Newcomin was in existence, but unfortunately it was pulled down, and the materials incorporated in a building called "Newcomin Cottage."

Newcomin was a locksmith and ironmonger, who, somewhere about the year 1705, invented a practical working steam-engine on whose principles James Watt based his later invention; it was a stationary engine, not a locomotive; the honour of the latter is claimed for Trevithick of Hayle, in Cornwall.

Before leaving Dartmouth one should climb to the church of St. Saviour's, a fourteenth-century building, which, though in a bad state of repair, contains a beautiful carved-oak screen which should not be overlooked, and a painted stone pulpit; the south door is covered with a pattern in wrought-iron work, which represents

a tree impaling lions, and is a fine example of the smith's art.

Dartmouth may be reached, not only by rail and by water from Totnes, but by motor charabanc from Torquay, and all visitors at the latter place will be repaid by a trip which affords them, not only the exploration of a town of unrivalled interest, but cliff scenery of great beauty between Berry Head and the Dart.



Teignmouth

CHAPTER VIII

DARTMOOR

Dartmoor is a great tableland of granite of about twenty miles extent east to west, and twenty-two miles north to south, and is of particular interest both to the geologist and the antiquarian, presenting many features which are practically unique. The main part of the moor is thinly covered with peaty soil in which great boulders and projections of granite outcrop, sometimes in the form of tors—piled-up rocky peaks which by their irregular outline suggest Cyclopean building—sometimes as single boulders. The tors, we are told, are the remains of ancient mountains which once towered over the surrounding moor, worn down through thousands of years by the action of rain, frost, and ice, till only the stumps of the former heights remain. They represent the oldest form of rocks, thrust uppermost and welded by volcanic action before the limestones and the slates were formed or the gravel and chalk deposits laid down; split and ground by the great glaciers of the successive ice ages, but standing still dominant above the newer formations of the world.

This granitic character alone suffices to give

Dartmoor its special character in a country of delicate grey and shining limestone and rich red sandstone; but the geological difference is repeated geographically, for Dartmoor rises from 1,000 to 2,000 feet above the sea-level; is keen and cold at all times of the year in contrast to the temperate softness of all other parts of Devon; shows a bleak and barren landscape for many miles, below which the rich valleys of the Exe and the Tamar and the Dart appear even more fertile; and is sparsely inhabited even yet in so populous a county as Devon.

It is possible that Dartmoor has not always been either so barren or so uninhabited as it now is; the prevalence of peaty soil points to some former afforestation, and the trunks of trees—chiefly oak and alder—have been found by peat-cutters in the bogs. There is, besides, a wood of dwarf oak that lies between Moreton Hampstead and Two Bridges, called Wistman's Wood, which is thought to retain the original character of the moor in Neolithic times; it consists of dwarf trees, not more than 8 to 12 feet high, but very sturdy and thick and of great age (two to three hundred years old), interspersed with granite boulders.

This strange little wood has an evil repute locally as being the haunt of adders, and numerous cases of people being dangerously stung are reported. Twenty years ago, of course, when it was the fashion to find traces of the "Druids" in

every unusual phenomenon, it was considered to be one of the sacred groves, and the name Wistman's Wood to be a corruption of Wiseman's Wood—a most unlikely etymology. Nor is there now any sign of the mistletoe which, we know from Cæsar, was an integral part of the Druid mysteries. But setting aside such facts, the character of this wood, its occurrence amongst miles of treeless moors, the fantastic shapes of the granite outcrop, hardly more grey or aged-looking than the lichened trunks of the trees, the gnarled and twisted branches of the oaks, that look writhen into stone as hard as the rocks, and a strange stillness which seems to hang over the wood at all times, even when the birds in the valleys are in full song, make it seem like the cold and forgotten remnant of an ancient world. The growth of the spring foliage from these old stems looks incongruous, and they seem most at home with their surroundings on bleak December days when the last brown leaves are whirled away in a strong bitter wind, and the twisted bare branches stand out against a bar of red sunset in a leaden sky.

It seems likely that, under cultivation, Dartmoor would yield certain crops in abundance, for around Princetown, which stands in the bleakest part of the moor, intensive cultivation, for which the labour of the prisoners is available, has yielded excellent results, and it is possible that the prehistoric inhabitants grew certain cereals

and did not depend only on the flesh food which they hunted.

There is strong evidence for the existence of a comparatively large population on Dartmoor during some part of the period which we call the Later Neolithic and Early Bronze Age, though we have not yet read the meaning of all the stone monuments remaining—the menhirs, the tolmens, and kistvaens, and stone rows, with which the moor is dotted, as well as the numerous hut-circles and village—or camp—enclosures, and the stone track-ways.

We know, from examples elsewhere, that Neolithic man buried and cremated his dead, but no instances are found on Dartmoor, with the possible exception of the dolmen known as the "Spinster's Rock," two miles west of Drewsteignton, on the borders of the moor. It consists of three vertical stones about 6 feet high, carrying the "quoit" (or cover), which is 12 feet long, 9 feet wide, and weighs about 16 tons.

There were formerly remains of stone circles and rows near this dolmen, and some were mapped in 1832, when it was noticed that one row led directly towards the dolmen, as in the case of many of the kistvaens on the moor. A kistvaen is really only a dolmen of a later type and on a smaller scale.

The Neolithic Age must have covered a very long period of time, and the later culture of what we call the Bronze Age must have overlapped it

considerably. Weapons of flint and weapons of bronze must have been simultaneously in use, the former for everyday and common purposes, the latter for ceremonial and sacred use, as in Homeric times weapons of bronze and iron occurred together, those of iron being scarce and costly, and reserved for sacrifices, investitures, and state ceremonies.

The bronze implements found on Dartmoor are very few and the flint plentiful, but it is the opinion of the latest archæologists who have studied the Dartmoor remains that most of them were erected when bronze was already in use, even if the tools used for shaping the stones of a kistvaen or a hut were themselves of stone.

There are hundreds of hut-circles scattered over Dartmoor, sometimes singly, sometimes in clusters, either surrounded by a massive wall for defensive purposes, or by a low wall to corral cattle, or grouped in the open, with a network of small enclosures for cattle. The marshes and the valleys must have teemed with wild-fowl and game to support so large a population as these hut-circles give evidence of, for we may safely postulate from the habits of savage tribes existing at the present day that each hut was packed with human beings to the limit of its cubic capacity.

The foundations of these huts are composed of such massive granite blocks that they have withstood time, and remain practically as firm and perfect as when the hut itself first ceased to be a

human habitation and the upper structure fell into ruin. The huts were composed of upright stones placed in a circle, the stones being only about 3 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet high; but as in many instances they terminate in a point, we have the undoubted measure of their size, and we must therefore conclude that these early peoples never stood upright in their dwellings, but squatted or lay. The roofs were probably of rush-thatch laid on poles like a wigwam; they could not have been of stone in the beehive form, as in no single instance has enough stone been found near a hut to provide a roof. The doorways chiefly face southwest, as is natural, to admit the greatest amount of light and heat into the hut, and the entrances are paved, sometimes with curving walls to keep off the prevailing winds. In most of them there are hearths or fire-holes and traces of burnt charcoal, proof that the inhabitants cooked their food in some fashion—probably in a very primitive way, by heating stones red-hot and dropping them into a pot of water to make it boil, or by baking their meat in hot ashes. A few shards of this primitive pottery are found; some flint implements, mainly of a peaceable character, and stones which might be used for rubbing or grinding parched corn, though only one muller, or actual vessel for grinding corn, has been discovered on Dartmoor, from a hut on Whitewridge.

We cannot leave this slight and inadequate

account of the remains of primitive habitation on Dartmoor without a short description of Grimspound, one of the most remarkable examples of early construction in England. About two miles from Postbridge, which lies between Moreton Hampstead and the Two Bridges, lies the great enclosure known as Grimspound, covering about 4 acres and enclosing twenty-four hut-circles, some of which were undoubtedly used for human habitation, as they have cooking hearths or fire-holes.

The walls are in a very ruined condition, but present a problem of some interest, as, though they are enormously thick—at the entrance from 10 to 14 feet—they are nowhere more than 5 feet high. Originally there were two walls, an outer and an inner wall, about 3 feet apart, and though a good deal of the structure is in a ruinous condition, enough remains to show the construction. It is conjectured that this space between the walls was meant to be filled in with earth and a palisade planted on the top, but there is no trace of this earth filling, and the latest archæologists conjecture that Grimspound was never completed according to its original plan. If, they say, it was a fortified camp or place of refuge to which all the inhabitants could repair and drive their cattle in case of enemy raids, a wall 5 feet in height would be useless against an enemy; if it was meant merely as a gigantic cattle-pound, it was highly unnecessary to build walls of such

thickness, and over which a hungry pack of wolves (with which Dartmoor must then have abounded) could easily leap. The walls are solid throughout at the flanks of the original gateway, which is on the south-east, and paved with large slabs of granite; two other entrances have been driven through Grimspound, but in comparatively modern times; they are due to a track-way which leads from Headland Warren to Widdecombe.

The twenty-four huts which are scattered about this enclosure of 4 acres are certainly not enough to form a village, when we compare them with the huts on Standon Downs, of which there are seventy on the slope, and the theory is held that they were the huts of the "caretakers" of Grimspound, which was intended to be used as a resort only in time of danger, and not as a fortified village. In nine of the huts there were, besides the hearth or cooking-holes, stone platforms raised about 8 to 12 inches off the floor, and forming a kind of small daïs. These are not common, but have been observed in other hut-circles at Broadun and Langstone Moor; in one or two instances these platforms are divided by small stones set edgeways down the centre, and one imaginative observer has postulated that this represents a state double bed!

All this is, of course, a matter of conjecture, but once we have allowed our fancy to be captured by these evidences of the remote past, there is a

fascination in the pursuit of such meagre knowledge as the world affords which makes one return again and again to speculation.

Sir John Evans is of the opinion that the Bronze Age in Britain began about 1400 B.C. and continued till about 500 B.C.; it is held that the Bronze Age culture was brought over by a people (usually called Celts) who were distinguished by short round heads, and who dispossessed the long-headed earlier inhabitants, and in some instances blended with them. These men of the Bronze Age developed a high state of culture during the centuries before the Romans came; their bronze ornaments and weapons, their pottery and their gold or ivory jewels, show a high degree of artistic finish. Indeed, in the Colchester Museum, where you may trace all the finds of that interesting part of the country, from the stone axes of Palæolithic man to the innumerable instances of Roman culture, the Celtic pottery—particularly that known as red Samian ware—is more beautiful, both in design and workmanship, than any that comes later.

This people, whom we usually call the Early Britains, had roads or track-ways joining one village to another and communicating with different parts of Britain; the Romans used them, and in a few instances improved them, but in Devon they seem to have done very little road-building, save that west of Exeter—which was a great Roman camp—foundations of their making

were found at the rebuilding of Teign Bridge in 1815.

The most extensive ancient British track-way of Dartmoor is said to have run east and west from Hameldown to Great Mis Tor, near Tavistock. Only parts of it are now traceable, though the peat-cutters still come across it below the surface in the boggy lands—for example, just below Hartland's Farm—and Mr. Burnard (whose article may be found in the "Transactions of the Devonshire Association," vol. xvii.) holds that this is the great track-way commented on by the Romans. It is formed of stones 2 to 2½ feet thick, and its original width was 10 feet.

In connection with the ancient roads we must also speak of the bridges found on Dartmoor, which are made of piled masses of granite with single slabs of great thickness, weighing many tons, laid across them. It has been disputed that these Cyclopean bridges (as they are called) are the work of the Bronze Age inhabitants of Dartmoor, for it is argued that, given the nature of the granite slabs and boulders to be found in this country, anyone would construct a bridge after this fashion. There seems little reason to doubt, however, that the men who laid the track-way could also build the bridges, and until the matter is proved against me I, for one, shall hold to the belief that these rough-hewn structures at Dartmoor, Two Bridges, and Postbridge, are the work of this vanished people. The bridge at Post-

bridge is of special interest, being constructed on two piers of six layers of granite above the foundations, and the stones of the roadway are 15 feet long by 6 feet wide, making a bridge capable of carrying the great chariot with its scythed wheels in which the British chieftains went out to fight the Romans. This bridge on the lonely moor, when the clouds are banking up towards nightfall and a chill wind whistling in the harsh moorland grass, seems a fitting scene for the ghostly re-enactment of such a scene of fierce bloodshed, when the scythed wheels would once again thunder across the granite, the charioteer hardly restraining the small, wild, shaggy horses with his raw-hide reins, and the chieftain, sword in hand, swaying behind his round, bossed shield.

In their struggle against the Romans the Britons made much use of fortified earth-camps, and Cæsar states that their favourite choice was a peninsulated hill, fortified by a ditch and rampart across the neck of land, and moated naturally with a river where possible. Such a camp was Gaer Dykes or Coxhall Hill, where Caractacus was finally defeated and taken prisoner, and they were positions of great strength which gave the Romans much difficulty. Such a camp also was Prestonbury, which stands on the extreme point of a ridge-like hill which forms the north bank of the Teign, about two miles from Moreton Hampstead and facing Cranbrook Castle, on the opposite side of the river. These two camps probably com-

manded the ford below the present Fingle Bridge, which led from the low-lying country to the higher lands, and together they would form a strategical fortification of great strength. In the south of Prestonbury Camp there is an extremely sharp declivity, which is therefore defended by a rampart only, but on the north the entrenchment is in places 8 yards in height. The circumvallation is about 520 yards, and there is a sort of inner keep defended by two parallel outworks, a rampart and a ditch, the outer defence being 120 yards from the second. The keep is overlooked by a rise of ground eastwards of it, and the approaches to this rise are strongly fortified to prevent the enemy gaining possession of it and enfilading those in the keep. It is altogether a most highly organized fortification, though it is difficult now to realize the purpose for which it was built, when the sheep are cropping the short, sweet turf of the ramparts and the larks are singing overhead.

In a book such as the present it is impossible to deal adequately with the antiquities of Dartmoor, which have a literature of their own, and I can give only a hint of the questions of overwhelming interest which are roused by the existence of the menhirs, the stone-rows, the dwelling-places and the burial places, the camps and kistvaens of Dartmoor.

We are no longer inclined to give credence to such a "pretty tale" as that reported by West-

cote, of a dragon seen flying between Cadbury Castle and Dolbury Castle (which lie above Exeter, near Bickleigh), guarding the treasure which is buried in the valley between them, and of which it is said in runic measure :

> "If Cadbury and Dolbury Delven were
> All England might plough with a golden share"

—or, as the ancient version has it, "with an *iron* share," which is more likely to be the true translation of the ancient saying, for at the time when Cadbury and Dolbury were active hill-forts iron-money was more likely to have been buried than gold, iron in the pre-Roman times in Britain being greatly esteemed and, made into flat bars, used as currency. But we are as apt as he, perhaps, to fall into fantastic legends of the "Druids" and their sun-worship in connection with the stone avenues and monoliths with which Dartmoor is so liberally dotted, and whose significance has not yet been decided by antiquarian research. Let us hope that fresh discoveries elsewhere may throw further light on this matter, for no visitor to Dartmoor can fail to be impressed with the evidences of the far-distant past which this great, silent moorland offers to his eye.

The whole of Dartmoor lay in the parish of Lydford, which is on its south-west borders, and was in the King's demesne in the time of Edward the Confessor. Neither in the "Exeter Book" nor in the Domesday Book, however, is Dart-

moor written down as a "forest," though in 1203, when all Devonshire was disafforested by King John, Dartmoor and Exmoor were excepted. The reason why the "borough" but not the "forest" of Dartmoor is mentioned in Domesday is that the moor then, as now, was barren and uncultivated, and, being in the King's demesne, paid no taxes, hidage or carruage, which was chiefly in view when the Survey was taken.

A "forest" did not, of course, mean wooded country (neither Exmoor nor Dartmoor can lay any claim to that), but country which was strictly preserved by the game laws of the Norman Kings; such property granted to a subject was known as a "chase." The present "forest" of Dartmoor has been in the Duchy of Cornwall since 1337, the property of the Prince of Wales, and should not, therefore, properly be called a forest. Previously it was granted by William the Conqueror to his half-brother, the Earl of Montaigne, and King John gave it to his second son, Richard Plantagenet, who, by strange historical circumstance, afterwards became King of the Romans. Piers Gaveston, the unworthy favourite of Edward II., owned the Duchy of Cornwall, including the forest of Dartmoor, for a short time; and Sir Walter Raleigh was appointed Ranger and Master-Forester by Queen Elizabeth, though by that time the title was chiefly an honorary one. He was also Lord Warden of the Stanneries; but the history of mining on Dart-

moor deserves a chapter to itself, and will be dealt with later.

Lydford was an important walled and fortified town in pre-Norman days, with the right of minting coins, and seems to have withstood several Danish sieges. The town occupied a position of great strategical strength, standing on a tongue of land defended on the south by the deep, rocky gorge of the Lyd, by a ravine of a tributary of the Lyd on the north, and by a line of earthworks on the east. It is just such a position as was popular for defence in the early British period, and it is possible that the earthworks date from pre-Roman times; but we have no record of Lydford until Saxon times, and the Saxon defences have obliterated the earlier ones, to be in their turn superseded by Norman buildings after the Conquest. It is in the Saxon Chronicle that we have the first written record of Lydford, where we read that in 997, in the reign of Æthelred the Unready, the Danes made a raid up the Tamar and the Tavy till they came to "Hlidaforda," burning the minster of Ordulf at Ætefingstoc (Tavistock), and bringing back to their ships much plunder. It is not clear whether Lydford was captured by the Danes on this expedition, or whether it successfully withstood them and proved a barrier to their further progress; but its mint would have made it a desirable booty to the Danes, for it was certainly issuing coins in the reign of Æthelred, as Lydford pen-

nies of his time are still extant, together with those of Canute and Harold Harefoot.

In the Domesday Book, Lydford ranks with Exeter, Barnstaple, and Totnes as one of the four Saxon boroughs of Devon, but, far from increasing in wealth, like many of the Saxon manors recorded in the Survey, Lydford had forty houses demolished between the date of the assessment and the Conquest. It seems likely, therefore, that this borough resisted the Conqueror stubbornly and was punished by him, and this fact is a further proof that it must have been a most populous town in Saxon times, in all probability second only to Exeter. The Castle of Lydford dates from Late Norman times, about the end of the twelfth century, but the church is later, chiefly of the fifteenth, though there are a few traces of earlier building, and the font itself is Saxon. In the thirteenth century, when Edward I. summoned his first Parliament, a writ was directed to the Borough of Lydford, and the castle was converted by him into a Stannery prison, for which purpose it was used right into the seventeenth century. After the removal of the business of the Stannary Courts to Princetown the castle was allowed to fall completely into ruins, and, indeed, it had been in a state of dilapidation for many years, as in a "Survey of the Borough of Lydford" in 1650 its ruinous condition was described.

The harshness of the Stannery Laws, and in all

probability of the earlier Forest Laws, and the wretched condition of the prisons of the castle, gave rise to the grim proverb of "Lydford Law":

> " . . . first hang and draw,
> Then hear the cause, is Lydford law."

There is a political satire of the late fourteenth century, about the time of Chaucer and Piers Plowman, in which we find the same bad tradition:

> " Now be the law of Lydfford
> in londe ne in water
> Oughte evylle to thryve ;
> thilke lewde ladde
> that hongeth on his Hippis
> more than he wynneth,
> And doughteth no debte
> so dukis him preise,
> but beggeth and borwith. . . ."

Richard Strode, the Member for Plympton, was imprisoned at Lydford in the reign of Henry VIII. for having tried to prevent the miners from injuring creeks and harbours; he was sentenced by the Stannery Court that met on Crockern Tor as having offended against the Stannery Laws by his protest, and thrown into the dungeon of the castle. The sentence against him was annulled, however, and the right of free speech in Parliament was declared.

Lydford is now chiefly remembered, however, for the poem made upon it by William Browne, quoted by Westcote in his "View of Devon-

shire," which was written in 1630, and by Prince in his "Worthies of Devon." It was originally supposed to have been written after Browne had been to Lydford to see his friend Lieutenant-Colonel James Hals, a soldier of the Parliamentary party who was imprisoned there in 1644 under the custody of Sir Richard Grenville, but in view of the verses appearing in Westcote's MS., it must have been written much earlier. There are twenty verses, of which I quote the following for a certain smack of tradition which they contain:

> "I oft have heard of Lydford law
> How in the morn they hang and draw
> And sit in judgment after;
> At first I wondered at it much,
> But soon I found the matter such
> As it deserved no laughter.
>
> "They have a castle on a hill;
> I took it for some old wind-mill,
> The vanes blown off by weather.
> Than lie therein one night, 'tis guessed,
> 'Twere better to be stoned or pressed
> Or hanged, ere you come hither.
>
> "This town's enclosed with desert moors,
> But where no bear nor lion roars,
> And nought can live but hogs:
> For, all o'erturned by Noah's flood,
> Of fourscore miles scarce one foot's good,
> And hills are wholly bogs.
>
> "And near hereto's the Gubbins' cave;
> A people that no knowledge have
> Of law, of God, or men:

Whom Cæsar never yet subdued ;
Who've lawless lived ; of manners rude ;
All savage in their den.

" By whom, if any pass that way,—
He dares not the least time to stay,
For presently they howl ;
Upon which signal they do muster
Their naked forces in a cluster,
Led forth by Richard Rowle."

The " Gubbins " were a tribe of outlaws or savages who lived near Brent Tor and made themselves a terror to the neighbourhood. They lived by stealing, were not averse to murder, and spoke a thieves' slang, which, as Fuller says in his " Worthies," " is the dross of the dregs of the vulgar Devonian." Charles Kingsley introduces them into " Westward Ho !" which gives them a status in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but Fuller's reference to them as one of the " wonders of the County of Devon " and Browne's in this poem are the only contemporary references. Fuller tries to account for their name in the following fashion : " Yet, hitherto, have I met with none who could render a reason of their name. We call the shavings of Fish (which are little worth) Gubbins, and sure it is they are sensible the word importeth shame and disgrace. As for the suggestion of my worthy and learned Friend [Mr. Joseph Maynard] borrowed from Buxtorsius [in his Talmudical Rabbinical Dictionary] that such who did inhabitare Montes Gibberosius were called Gubbins, such will smile at the

Ingenuity, who dissent from the truth of the Etymology."

Neither Westcote nor Prince makes any mention of this queer set of people, and it is probable that by the end of the seventeenth century they had died out.

Yet two verses more of Browne's poem :

> "'Twas told me in King Cæsar's time,
> This town was built of stone and lime,
> But sure the walls were clay ;
> And these are fallen for aught I see,
> And since the houses have got free
> The town is run away.
>
> "O Cæsar ! if thou there didst reign,
> While one house stands, come there again,
> Come quickly, while there is one ;
> For if thou stay'st one little fit,
> But five years more, they will commit
> The whole town to a prison."

We cannot leave the now small and insignificant town of Lydford without noting yet one more literary curiosity of this historic place. In the churchyard of St. Petrock's Church may be read the following epitaph, one of the most interesting of the punning epitaphs which has come before our notice :

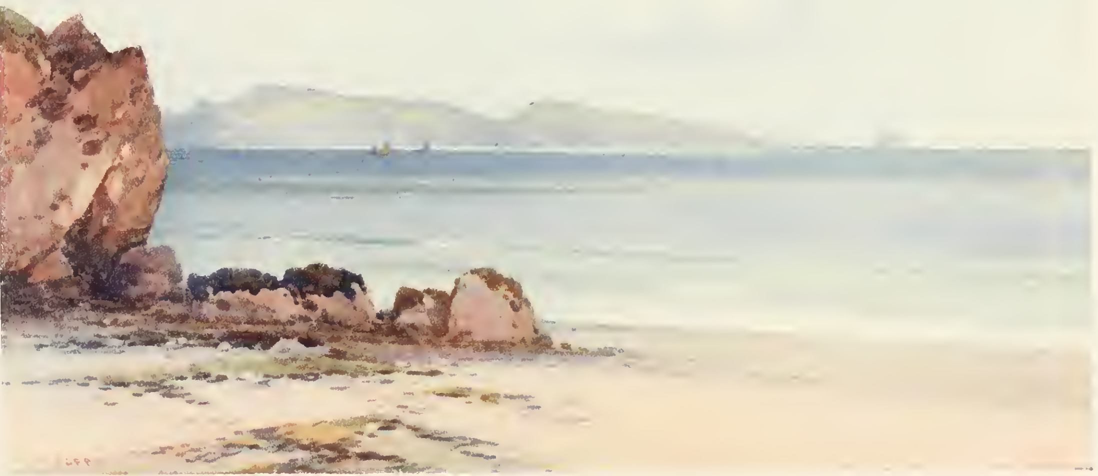
" Here lies in horizontal position
the outside case of
George Routleigh, Watch-maker,
whose abilities in that line were an honour
to his profession.
Integrity was the mainspring
and prudence the regulator
of all the actions of his life.
Humane generous and liberal
his hand never stopped
till he had relieved distress.
So nicely regulated were all his motions
that he never went wrong
except when set agoing
by people
who did not know
his key :
even then he was easily
set right again.
He had the art of disposing his time so well
that his hours glided away
in one continuous round
of pleasure and delight
till an unlucky minute put a period to
his existence.
He departed this life
Nov : 14 1802,
aged 57
wound up
in hopes of being taken in hand
by his Maker
and of being thoroughly cleaned, repaired
and set agoing
in the world to come."

CHAPTER IX

ON TIN-MINING

Cicero—says Westcote—when news was brought to Rome that Cæsar had attempted the conquest of Britain, said: "It is well known it yields not a scruple of silver nor any other hope of gain but by captives and slaves." But Cicero, it is well known, would not be averse to belittling any of the exploits of Cæsar, and Westcote brings forward formidable authorities of classic name to support the "metalliferious" nature of Devon. Polybius, says he, who accompanied Scipio in his wars in the year 209 B.C. and three thousand seven hundred and twenty (to be accurate!) of creation, states that Britain was stored with metals, and Strabo and Diodorus Siculus say that mines of silver and tin were wrought before the Romans came. "Some also of our neoterick writers," Westcote continues, "have erred in the same opinion as Cicero, supposing our country not warm enough to produce gold and silver, relying more on natural reason than God's special blessing."

Modern writers, also of "neoterick" tendencies, hold that the evidence for the mining of tin in pre-Roman days is rather shadowy; Herodotus



Torbay from Goodrington Sand

speaks of the "Cassiterides" or Tin-Islands in the following terms: "Neither am I acquainted with the Cassiterides islands, from whence tin comes to us." The tin-trade in the days of Herodotus and earlier—as far back, indeed, as 1000 B.C.—was in the hands of the Phœnicians, and it is supposed that one-third of the tin used in the making of bronze in Southern Europe and the Mediterranean was brought by the Phœnicians from the Cassiterides. But were the Cassiterides the British Isles?

Diodorus Siculus, writing about 40 B.C., states definitely that tin was produced in the promontory known as "Bolerium" and brought to the island of "Ictis," whence it was transported to Gaul, but he does not seem to have written from first-hand knowledge, but to have based his accounts on the statements of older topographers. "Ictis" is taken to be Insula Vectis, or the Isle of Wight, which at that time was joined to the mainland by a narrow ridge of rock, covered at high tide, as it is described by classical writers. If this is so, then "Bolerium" may well be Devon and Cornwall, although the transport of metal from there to the Isle of Wight, and thence to Gaul, is rather a roundabout journey, and they might more easily have shipped it from Plymouth. Diodorus Siculus describes the island of Ictis as follows: ". . . for when it is low water the intervening space is left dry, and they carry into that island great quantities of tin, in wagons."

I, for one, am not prepared to give up the Phœnicians and their relation with the Cornish tin-trade until I am obliged; nor is there any real unlikelihood of their coming, for as we piece together the tiny fragments of pre-history we find that civilization extends farther and farther into the remote past, and that many complex and highly organized civilizations rose and fell before those of which we have definite record. Within the last fifteen years the discovery of the ruins of Knossos has given us a view of a mighty and ancient civilization which had struggled up from the slough of barbarism through uncounted generations, reached its zenith, and been swept "from Nature's work-table"—as Professor Arthur Keith calls it—before the heroes of Homer went forth against Troy. The Homeric civilization itself was formed of the gleanings of the past, and men had wrought and fought and traded up and down the world for centuries before the Greek prows grounded on the Hellespontic beach.

What were the voyages of the Phœnicians, that swarthy, vigorous, silent race, whose history seems to consist in their trade? They left traces of their visits in the tropical forests of Central Africa—ingot-moulds and such-like—and an ingot is said to have been fished up in St. Michael's Bay, Cornwall, which fitted a Phœnician mould found in Africa. They may possibly—they have left no literature to guide us—have reached

America, and the civilizations of Yucatan and Northern Africa may have come into contact for a space before they were again separated by centuries of ignorance. The voyage northwards to Britain, though perilous enough, would not deter such seamen as the Phœnicians must have been, if there were profit at the end of it.

The story goes that, in the first or second century before Christ, the Romans, anxious to find the source of the Phœnicians' mineral wealth, followed a Phœnician galley northwards, the captain of which, rather than betray a trade secret, rammed his ship ashore. The story is probably apocryphal, but is indicative of the feeling of trade rivalry which the quick growth of Roman power aroused in the Mediterranean civilizations.

It is further believed—on the same not very sound authority, but with a measure of probability—that the Greeks traded with Britain before the Roman Conquest, for Athenæus speaks of a ship built at Syracuse under the direction of Archimedes which had three masts, of which the tallest was felled in the forests of Britain, and was brought down to the coast by the famous mechanic, Phileas Tauromenites. Ptolemy speaks also of a town called Tamara, which he describes as one of the towns of Damnonia, and opinion is divided as to whether it was Tamerton, on the Tamar, or Saltash, which is just opposite, standing on the Roman road and commanding the ferry. The Greeks probably

traded more with Devon than with the East Coast, although doubtless they penetrated as far as the Thames, where, as Kipling says:

> "And Norsemen and Negro and Gaul and Greek
> Drank with the Britons in Barking Creek";

for Diodorus says that "the inhabitants of that part of Britain below the promontory called Bolerium are exceedingly hospitable, and, on account of their intercourse with foreign merchants, are more civilized in their habits of life." In another place he describes Britain as "a populous isle," and says: "The soil of the tin country is rocky, but with veins of soft earth running through, whence metal is extracted."

Cæsar writes of tin coming from the "inner country" or interior, and says that the inhabitants had "the use of copper, but it was brought from tran-submarine countries"; but Cæsar does not seem to have visited Devon and Cornwall, and would have "collected his evidence," as Rowe puts it, in Kent and Essex.

The evidence against the existence of a well-established trade in tin before the Roman Conquest is the fact that, apart from the scanty notices of Cæsar, quoted above, there is no mention in contemporary Roman literature of the matter, and it seems strange that a people with so keen an eye for metallic wealth and such determination in opening up the resources of a country should have lost so good an opportunity.

Westcote states that copper was at one time mined at Newton Ferrars; iron near North Molton, Ashburton, and Brent; silver and lead at Combe Martin (this is said to be a very old working); and at Brent a mine or quarry of "load-stones" . . . "a precious gem and of admirable use; the quality whereof is generally known, but in most especial use with the navigators, directing the needle of their compass (being but slightly touched therewith) to the north pole; a jewel far excelling all other precious stones, were they not so plentifully to be sold and bought." He then discusses the various opinions as to the knowledge of load-stones: "Some think it to be as ancient as Solomon's time, and that by the help thereof his fleet performed the Ophirian voyages; to which others reply, that then he might have performed that course in far shorter time than three years"—the famous argosies of Solomon that brought peacocks, apes, and ivory from Ophir—"whereby it is supposed that the virtue hereof hath been unknown until these latter ages, and then discovered by one named, as they say, Flavio of Malfi, not far from Naples (1013), before which time the exact and perfect skill of navigation was unknown. But whether by him, or brought us from China by Marcus Paulus Venetus, it is yet uncertain; and not much material, said one, when such a matter was in question, for he said:

> 'As for my part, I care not a jot
> Whether I know him, or know him not.'"

After the Roman departure and before the conquest by the Saxons there is some evidence of tin being worked still in this promontory, for Cornish tin is said to have been carried over to France in the seventh century, and, in a Life of St. John of Alexandria, who died in A.D. 616, there is the story of an Alexandrian galley that came to Britain for tin. There are remains of Saxon weapons and coins in the tin-grounds of St. Austell in Cornwall, so the Saxons must have worked the mines, but probably not to any extent—owing to the depopulation of England during the period of the Saxon and Danish wars—for there is no reference to it in the Domesday Survey.

From the twelfth century, however, we have a mass of documentary information concerning the tin-mines, which had become a very valuable property, and which from the reign of Henry II. to the time of the Black Death in the reign of Edward III. (when so many industries were weakened by the terrible depopulation of England) paid high revenues to the Crown. During the years from 1156 to 1171 the output of tin from Devon and Cornwall rose from about 70 tons to about 350 tons; in 1198 Richard I., who was constantly in need of money for his foreign enterprises, reorganized the stannaries, and at the beginning of John's reign the output was between 400 and 450 tons. In 1201 a charter was granted to the tinners by King John, and in the next ten years the output had risen to 600 tons. During

the reign of Henry III. the tin revenues were farmed out, and for three-quarters of a century (from 1225 to 1300) they were in the hands of the Earl of Cornwall, and we have no figures of their production. By 1337 the yearly output was 700 tons, and the revenue derived by the Crown was over £3,000; but, as mentioned before, the Black Death of 1350 and the disorganization of English life from that date till 1400 put an end to that prosperity. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, however, mining took a step forward, as did nearly all the industries of England in that progressive period. We have a record of a London goldsmith, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, being commissioned to make "engines and instruments" to drain a deep tin-mine near Truro, in Cornwall, and we have also the invoice for the building of a "melting-house" in the time of Queen Mary, which I transcribe for its antiquarian interest:

	£	s.	d.
For the ryddyng, clensing and leveling of the ground for setting of the foundacon thereof	£ 23	6	8
For making foundacon of the walls and the poynyons of the melting howse	120	0	0
For making of the audit to build the fornas and melting chymney upon	30	0	0
For tymbering and covering the house with esclattes [presumably slates]	50	0	0
For dores, windows, locks and barres ...	6	0	0
The whele, exultree and the stampers ...	10	0	0
For 4 paire of grete bellowes w^t their geames and other necessaryes	20	0	0
For makyng of the Colehouse	15	0	0

For makyng of the Rostingehowse ...	£20 0 0
For makyng of the lete and dyke comyng to the meltynghowse	66 0 0
For the hatt and the crane	20 0 0

In all, the cost of this "meltynghowse"—which measured 80 feet by 20 feet—was about £300, and it was built by a German called Burcord Crangs. By the time of Queen Mary mining was already carried on at a sufficient depth to make pumping-engines necessary, but in mediæval and prehistoric times the tin was "streamed." This "stream" tin or alluvial tin is that carried down by the action of water on the original vein or lode of the metal, when small particles of the ore are washed away and deposited in the bed of a stream. This deposit is both easier to work and richer than the original vein, and would naturally be used until exhausted or much depleted, when the tinners would be obliged to work up-stream to the original deposit. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the tinners may have worked high-level mines, which could either be drained by digging a ditch or by bailing with wooden bowls, but they did not go to any great depth. The tin-mines of Devon have fallen into disuse owing to the exhaustion of the higher levels of the lodes and the abundant supply from other parts of the world making it unprofitable to work at so great a depth. One feature of Dartmoor and the Cornish moors which adds a further touch to their aspect of sombre melancholy is the num-

ber of disused mine-shafts, whose crumbling brick towers and pit-shafts, overgrown with gorse and furze at the lip, seem eloquent of a vanished civilization.

The mediæval miners occupied a peculiar position in England; they formed a very strong union or guild, with special privileges and exemptions. The tinner was a free man, and not subjected to the system of villeinage which was so strict from the eleventh to the fifteenth century; he had the right of prospecting anywhere in Devon and Cornwall, except in churchyards, highways, and gardens, and the "claim" he staked out would be absolutely his so long as he worked it; but he paid to the owner of the land—whether it was the King or a private lord—a certain proportion of the ore he smelted, usually a tenth or a fifteenth part. He had, beside, the privilege of compelling landowners to sell him fuel for his furnace, and the right to divert streams, either for washing his ore or so as to dig in the bed of the stream. The case of Richard Strode, mentioned in the last chapter, who was imprisoned under the Stannary Laws at Lydford Castle for having denounced the miners for injuring the creeks and harbours, shows how powerful the miners were as a body in the reign of Henry VIII. The case went against them, because they were held to have impugned the privilege of Parliament; but according to Stannary Law no tinner could plead or be impleaded outside the Stannary Courts except for murder or

assault—in other words, no civil action could be brought against him in the ordinary courts of law. He was under the jurisdiction of his own officer, the Lord Warden of the Stannaries (an office which was held, be it remembered, by Sir Walter Raleigh), and any appeal from his own court was made direct to the Crown. He was not liable to ordinary taxation nor to military service; his affairs were regulated and his privileges decided upon by his own parliament. In the Victoria County History, the chapter on mining in Cornwall, we read: "The free miner paid taxes, not as an Englishman, but as a miner. His law was not the law of his realm, but of his mine. He obeyed the King only when his orders were communicated through the warden of the mines, and even then so long only as he respected the mining law. His courts were the mine courts, his parliament the mine parliament."

In Devon there were four stannary towns, where Stannary Courts were held—at Chagford, Tavistock, Plympton, and Ashburton—but the Stannary Parliaments, whose origin is not known, but which must have grown out of the courts—used to meet in the open air, on Crockern Tor, Dartmoor. Here there is a circle of rough stones which were presumably used for seats, and a hewn granite chair, supposed to have been used by the President of the Parliament, is reported to be still at a house not far away.

Although it seems strange that in a climate like

ours meetings should have been held in the open air—and on so bleak a place as Dartmoor—we have only to compare May Day Labour meetings in Hyde Park to see how certain places become sanctified by custom for certain purposes. Possibly, also, in the stormy days of the twelfth century, when the stannars were fighting for their privileges, there was a great advantage in meeting on non-debatable, open ground, as reformers of "advanced" or unpopular views still find the advantage of Hyde Park or Tower Hill.

We do not know when the special privileges of the stannar came into being; but their growth was probably gradual and synchronous with the growing importance and prosperity of their industry; nor do we know when the parliaments were first summoned, as we have no records of them preserved before the beginning of the sixteenth century, though when we do hear of them they are well-recognized and fully-organized concerns. They were summoned through the Lord Warden by the Duke of Cornwall, who had the supreme control of the stannaries from 1338 onwards, and he had the amazing power, not only of legislating for the stannaries, but of vetoing any *national* legislation of Parliament which infringed their privileges.

We find, therefore, throughout the Middle Ages, a highly-organized Guild, having special privileges and protected from outside interference by its own laws. It might seem, there-

fore, that the tinners of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries had achieved the ideal of Guild Socialism, and that we must return to a condition of things four hundred years old for a settlement of present industrial troubles on principles of freedom and equity. But a closer examination of the records shows us that in spite of the political rights of the tinners there was a more merciless exploitation of labour in this industry than could be possible at the present day.

In 1198, when we first get any full details of tin-working, it was customary for the tin to be smelted twice, once by a rough process near the tin-field and the second time by refining. The rough tin from the first smelting had to be stamped by officers of the Crown within a fortnight, and a toll of 2s. 6d. a thousand weight (in Devon; 5s. in Cornwall) paid to the King. The tin had then to be refined within thirteen weeks of the first smelting at certain appointed places and in the presence of officers of the stannaries. But this system had lapsed by the end of the thirteenth century and all tin had to be sent to the stannary towns (Chagford, Tavistock, Plympton, and Ashburton for Devon) to be stamped, and there it remained until the bi-yearly visits of the officials, at Michaelmas and Midsummer, when the blocks of tin were assayed, weighed, and taxed. It was then stamped and might be sold, but to prevent fraud and adulteration an elaborate system of stamping was gradually intro-

duced, and stringent penalties were imposed—such, for instance, as that the tin-adulterer should be made to swallow two spoonfuls of the molten metal.

The result of this system, however, while it maintained the standard of the metal and improved the general efficiency of the trade and the output, was to produce a race of *capitalists* among the tinners themselves. The smaller men who had no means on which to subsist during the six months they were obliged to wait before their tin could be sold had to pledge their tin in advance to tin-dealers and adventurers, and were in consequence worse off than if they had received a wage, as it is likely that they paid a high rate of interest for the money advanced on their tin. Sometimes these independent tinners worked small farms as well, but such a duplication of duties would make their life one of extreme toil, and was, besides, of an inefficient nature, producing the best neither from the land nor the mine. A system of wage-workers seems, therefore, to have sprung up in the thirteenth century, and already in 1237 there are references to "servants" who worked the mines for the tinners—in short, the guildsman had already become an employer of labour, and, to judge from records, of sweated labour, for in 1342 there was an attempt among the wealthy Cornish tinners to make their labourers work for a penny a day, at a time when they were daily raising tin worth 20 pence or

more. In 1357 Abraham the Tinner was said to be employing three hundred people on his works.

Hear what Westcote says of the "day-labourer or hireling in tin-works" at the beginning of the seventeenth century: ". . . one named a spador or searcher for tin, than whom (as it seems to me) no labourer whatsoever undergoes greater hazard of peril or danger, nor in hard or coarse fare and diet doth equal him: bread, the brownest; cheese, the hardest; drink, the thinnest; yea, commonly the dew of heaven; which he taketh either from his shovel or spade, or in the hollow of his hand; as Diogenes, the cynic, was taught by a boy. He spends all day (or the major part thereof) like a mole or earth-worm underground, mining in deep vaults or pits, as though he intended (with noble Sir Francis Drake) to find a way to the Antipodes; yea, a nearer, for it is sometimes of that profundity, that notwithstanding the country (so they term the earth over their heads) is propped, posted, crossed, traversed and supported with divers great beams of timber to keep them in security, yet all is sometimes too little; they perish with the fall thereof notwithstanding. Miserable men! may some men say in regard of their labour and poverty. . . . These people, though the most inferior, are yet, notwithstanding, *liberi homines* —free men of state and condition, no slaves."

Their condition, though miserable enough—

for all that Westcote adduces the hoary old argument that they did not mind it, and quotes the Psalmist—

> "Doubtless the poor man's just estate
> Is better, a great deal more,
> Than all the lewd and worldly man's
> Rich pomp and heated store"—

was in advance of the coal and iron miners of the Midlands, for the latter were the lowest grade of "free miner," enjoying few privileges above those of the ordinary day-labourer, and the former, being a late and poorly-organized industry, enjoyed no privileges at all, and received little, if any, greater wage than the average unskilled workman, and were, moreover, in a state bordering on slavery.

The Stannary Parliaments ceased to be held at the beginning of the eighteenth century, but the Stannary Courts were held as late as the third quarter of the nineteenth century, and dealt with all mining questions in Devon and Cornwall, not only those relating to tin. In 1896, at the passing of the Stannaries Act, the jurisdiction of the Stannaries Court was transferred to the County Court at Truro.

I have felt it not amiss to devote a short chapter to the history of tin-mining in Devonshire, not only because this constitutes a very special feature of the life of the county, and because the evidences of it are everywhere (in the pits and mine-shafts, in the rough stone huts built from the earlier

British remains, in the laws and customs of the people and the names of the towns), but because in view of the present situation of the coal industry and the sense both of their solidarity and their isolation exhibited by the miners, it is at the same time useful and instructive to remember that from very early times, when the constitution of England was being slowly made on the wheel of history, the miners have stood as a race apart. Their interests, their privileges, and their political outlook were severed from those of the people amongst whom they lived, and the attitude of the Welsh miners towards what are in truth national problems becomes intelligible when we remember the description of the thirteenth-century tinner: "He paid taxes not as an Englishman, but as a miner. His law was not the law of the realm, but of his mine. . . ."

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