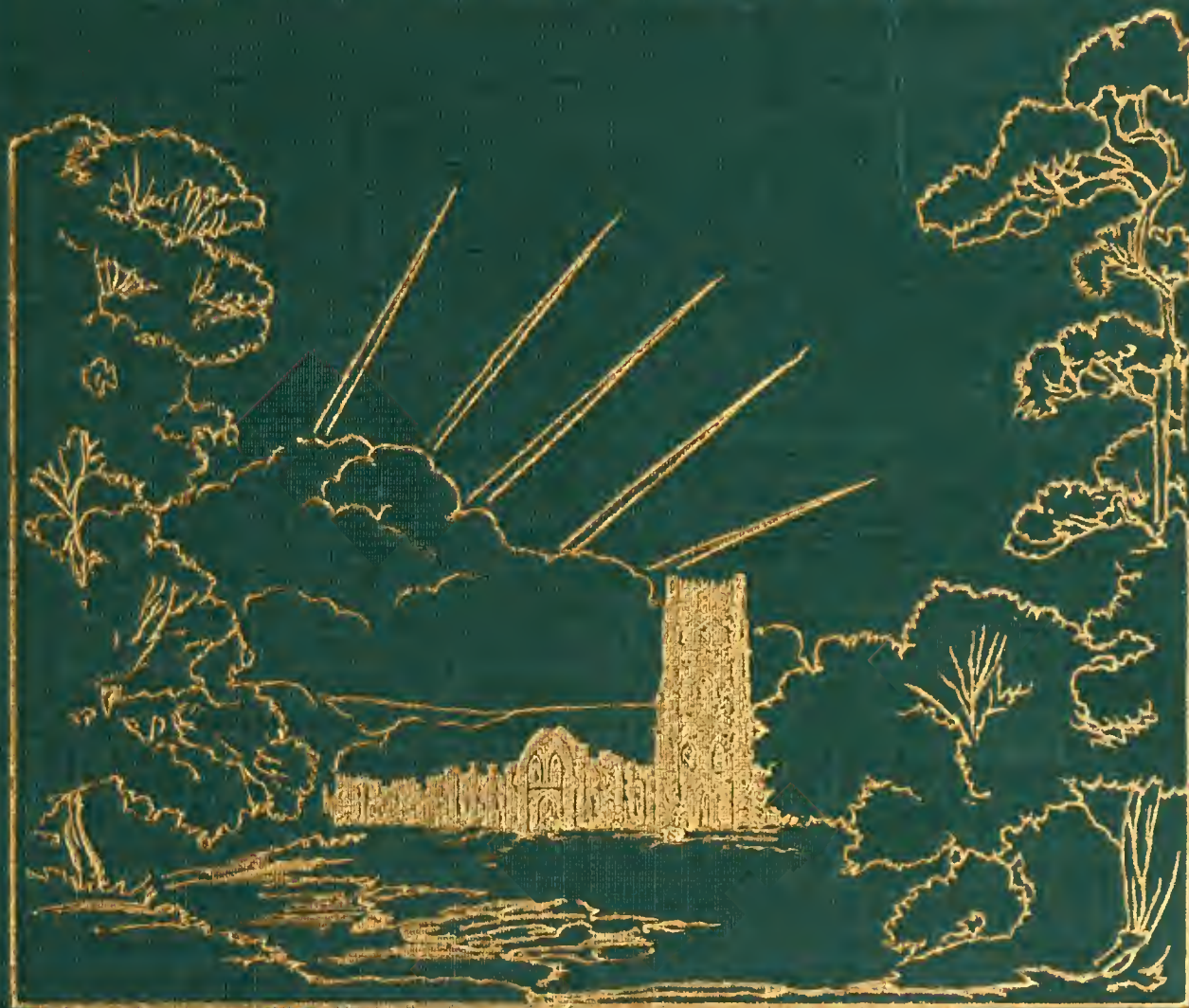
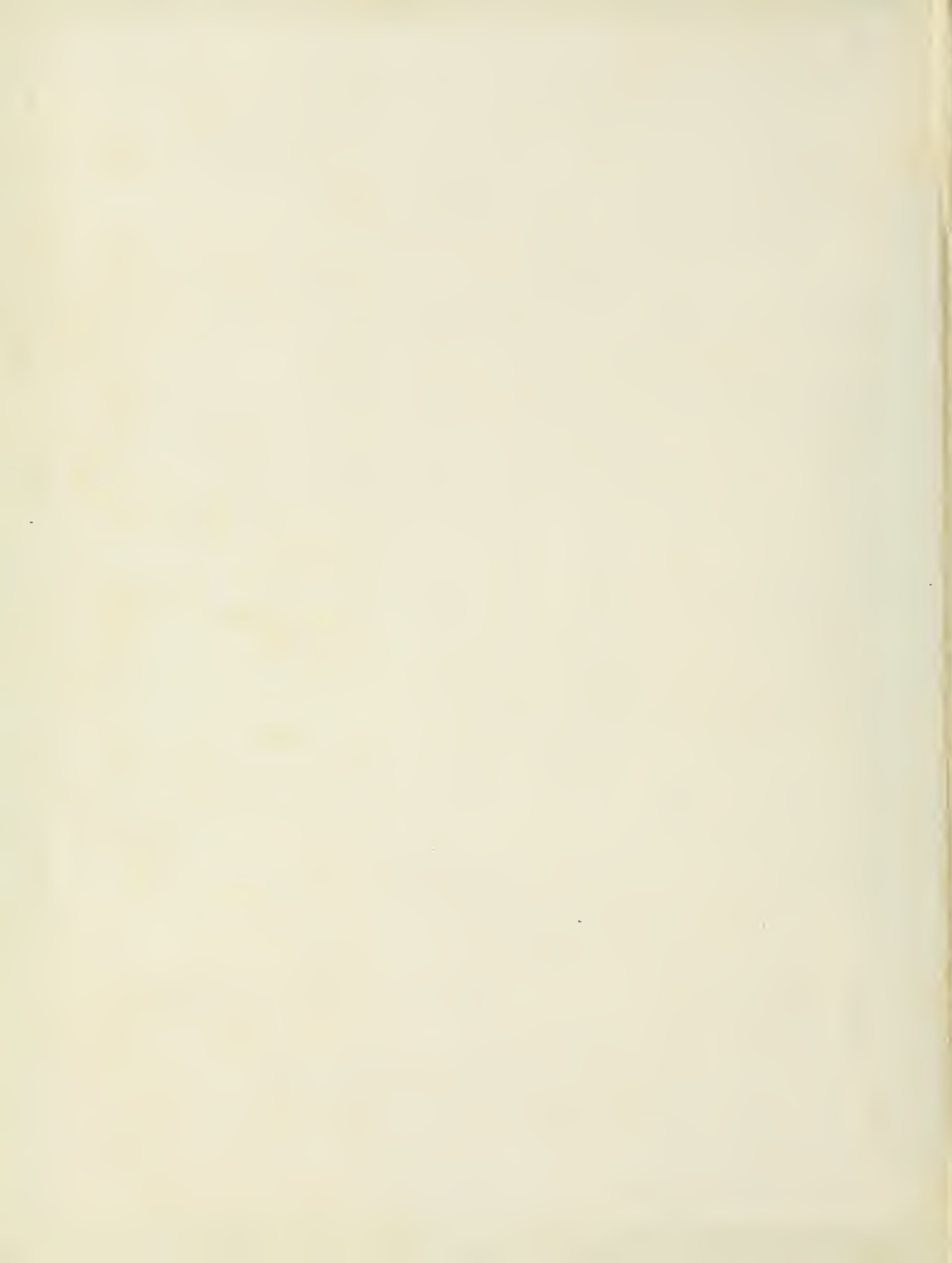


HUTCHINSON'S BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL

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







Painted by

YEWDALE CRAGS, CONISTON.

Cathleen Richy

The position of Coniston close to Coniston Water and only 5 miles from Windermere makes it an ideal centre for exploring the beauties of the Lake District. The village will be well remembered in connection with Ruskin, who is buried in a corner of the churchyard. Two and a half miles to the north, the imposing Yewdale Crags tower above the vale of this picturesque stream.

HUTCHINSON'S
BBRITAIN
BBEAUTIFUL

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

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

ABOUT
2,000
BEAUTIFUL
ILLUSTRATIONS
MAINLY
IN 2 COLOURS



NUMEROUS
MAGNIFICENT
COLOURED
PLATES
AND
MAPS

Vol. III

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

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COUNTY KILDARE

THE traveller who enters our county by the railway from Dublin to Mullingar strikes an extremely attractive corner of it in the vicinity of Leixlip, and if he is wise he will treasure up this vision in his memory, for, on the whole, the landscape is not the strong feature of Kildare, and certain more or less extensive areas must be pronounced anything between dull and dreary. A very old, though hardly exciting, spot is Leixlip, which takes its odd name from the Danish "Lachs-hlaup" = Salmon Leap, a reminder that hereabouts the Liffey produces an attractive cascade haunted by squadrons of tourists hoping to catch the salmon at his well-known acrobatic performance.

Maynooth can show more than its noted seminary, which is just on the point of celebrating its hundred and thirtieth year of existence. Its ancient castle is a notable stronghold with a history even more stirring than that of most of its kind, the reason being its importance as the headquarters of the mighty Fitzgeralds, the founder of whose house came over with Strongbow in the twelfth century. Much of that history tempts one to ignore the exigencies of space, but it is impossible here to do more than single out the siege of 1535, if only because of its salutary warning to traitors. In that year the stronghold was held by Lord Thomas Fitzgerald's followers against the English forces under Sir William Brecon-

ton. Just at the time when it looked as if the siege would go on until the crack of doom, Fitzgerald's foster-brother, Christopher Paris, played the traitor, and the garrison was betrayed into surrender. But Christopher forgot one essential feature of the performance, i.e. to stipulate for his own safety, and immediately after the reward was paid over to him the hard-hearted English commander had him executed on the spot.



Photo by]

ANCIENT CROSS AT KILDARE.

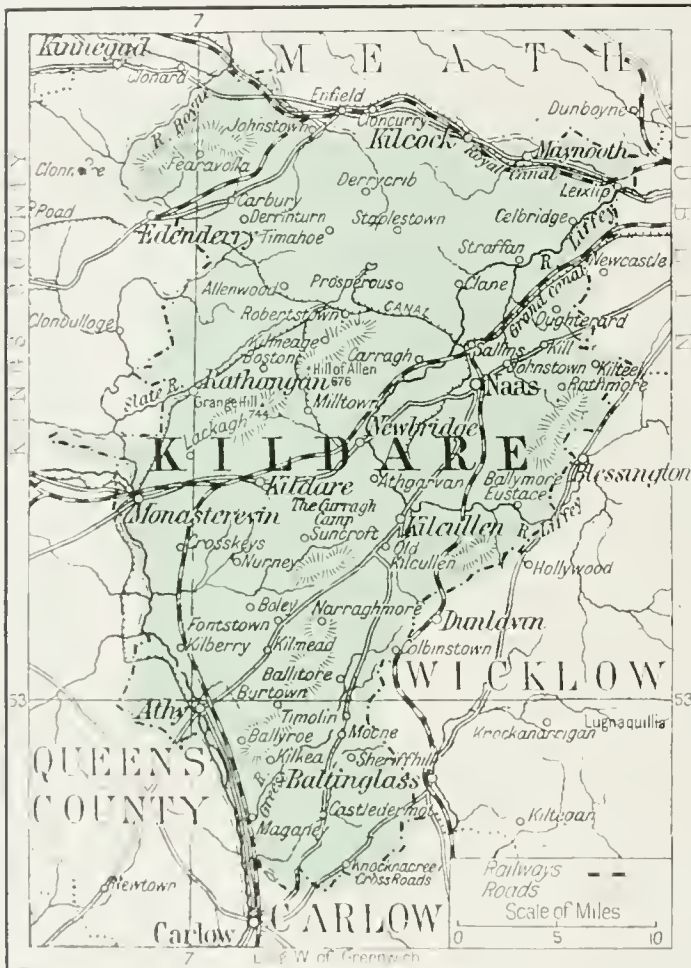
[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The ancient crosses of Ireland vary from the simple incised cross to the elaborate ones of the tenth to the thirteenth century, where the arms and shafts of the cross were bound in a circle. The carvings on these crosses, mostly symbolical, are valuable for their accurate representation of the dress worn at the period. The old crosses were not sepulchral, but boundary-marks of the sanctuaries.

If it be asked why Naas should ever have fallen to its present state, the answer can be found in many a record of the unhappy plight of Irish towns in the wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In Holinshed's *Chronicles* there is a picturesque description of the burning of Naas in 1597 by "Rorie Og, Omore, and Connor Mac Cormake, Oconnor and their coparteners, contrarie to their othes, submissions and promises":

"The verie same daie that he came thither at night, was the patrone daie of the said towne, commonlie called the church holie daie, which daie after the maner of that countrie, and not much unlike the festivall daies which the Ethniks and Pagans were woont to celebrate to their idoll gods of Bacchus and Venus, they spent in gluttonie, drunkennesse, and surfetting. And after they had so filled their panches,

and the daie was gone, they somewhat late in the night went to their beds, having forgotten to make fast their towne gates, or put anie watch to ward them. Which thing Rorie Og when he knew, and having intelligence that every man was in his bed asleepe, then he in the dead night came to the towne with all his companie, who like unto a sort of furies and divels new come out of hell, carried upon the ends of their poles planks of fier, and did set as they went the low thatched houses on fier. And the wind being then somewhat great and vehement, one house took fier of another, and so in a trise and moment the whole towne supposed to be five hundred persons in outward appearance, able to have resisted them: but they being in their dead sleeps, suddenly awaked, were so amazed, that they wist not what to doo, for the fier was round about them and past quenching, and to pursue the enimie they were altogithir unfurnished, and durst not to doo it, neither if they would they could tell which way to follow him. For he taried verie little in the towne, saying that he sat a little while upon the crosse in the market place, and beheld how the fire round about him was in everie house kindled, and whereat he made great joye and triumph that he had doone and exploited so divelish an act . . . but yet contrarie to his usage, he killed no one person in the towne."



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MAP OF CO. KILDARE.

exploited so divelish an act . . . but yet contrarie to his usage, he killed no one person in the towne."

Eighty years ago the town of Kildare was described in a notable topographical work in words which are worth quoting, because they illustrate both the style of the day and the unhappy condition of the "Distressed Island":

"The town itself, as seen from the approaches to it, sends up such a tufting of trees, and such a coming museum of architecture, as to appear a fascinating feature in the landscape, and afford promise of interesting disclosure to the painter and the antiquary; but on being entered, it dashes to the dust the hope which it had excited, grins ghastly derision on the enthusiasm of the literary visitor, folds round him clouds of offensive odours, and huddles itself up in so squalid and tawdry a dress of cabinetry, grotesquely patched with deformed and clumsy remains of pretending ancient architecture, as minutely to convince him that it owes all its interest to the tales and associations of history, and to



Photo by

KILDARE CATHEDRAL.

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Kildare Cathedral was built by Bishop Ralph de Bristol in 1229, although there had been a succession of churches on the site since the ninth century. By 1869, the church was roofless and in a ruinous condition. From these ruins the present cathedral was built on the plans of G. E. Street, R.A., the result being a simple, bold structure, to which the square tower adds a certain dignity that might otherwise have been lacking.



Photo by

THE INTERIOR, KILDARE CATHEDRAL.

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The interior of Kildare Cathedral shows it to be a somewhat severe church without aisles. To defray the cost of the rebuilding, the late Duke of Leinster and a local doctor toured the country as beggars, and by this means contributed the greater part of the seventeen thousand pounds that was collected.



Photo by

W. Lawrence.

THE ROUND TOWER OF ST. BRIDGET, KILDARE.

The Round Tower of St. Bridget stands over 100 feet high in the graveyard of Kildare Cathedral, and, save that battlements have replaced the old cap, is a perfect example of an ancient Irish tower. The concentric arches of the doorway, set 14 feet above the ground, with their chevron mouldings, suggest that the tower was built in the Anglo-Norman period, but by some authorities it is placed much earlier.

replaced an ancient conical cap which had fallen into ruin. The mouldings strongly reminiscent of Norman work, but expert investigation has shown that it is Irish-Romanesque of a period antecedent to the Norman invasion.

The cathedral has had a somewhat eventful history since the existing edifice (largely restored, however, in the seventies of the last century) was built by Bishop Ralph of Bristol between 1223 and 1232.



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THE CASTLE OF THE GERALDINES AT MAYNOOTH.

The castle of the great family of the Geraldines of Kildare at Maynooth was first built in the twelfth century. In the sixteenth century it was captured from the Geraldines, and for a time became a Royal Castle. The present ruins consist of a central keep and several towers and outworks. At Maynooth there is also situated the well-known Roman Catholic college for priests.

the mind's power of abstracting its architectural monuments from connection with rubbish, and juxtaposition to the filth and crudities of a commonplace Irish village. The town . . . is neither watched, lighted, nor any under sort of efficient surveillance; it possesses not a drop of water nearer than a mile, except through one pump, or from showers of rain."

Such a state of affairs was little to the credit of the British Government of the day, and was indeed the legacy of centuries of ill-treatment by marauders and religious fanatics of all kinds, but though the place has vastly improved, its interest is mainly confined to its relics of former greatness, notably the Round Tower and the cathedral.

The Round Tower is a particularly good example of the species, though an absurdly out-of-place and comparatively modern battlement has. The chief feature is a doorway with. But long before that early time, Kildare or *Chille-darruigh* ("the church under the oak") was famous for its primitive church and ecclesiastical foundations. According to ancient authorities it was the scene of much activity on the part of St. Bridget, the missionary who received the veil from St. Patrick in her fourteenth year, and founded a nunnery and abbey under one roof in 484, the monks and nuns using the church in common. It is maintained that she enjoined that a fire should be kept burning continuously in the church "for the benefit of the poor and strangers," and Giraldus Cambrensis records that the "nuns and religious women are so careful and diligent in supplying and recruiting the fire with fuel, that from the time of St. Bridget it hath remained always unextinguished through so many successions of years; and though so vast a

quantity of wood hath been in such a length of time consumed in it, yet the ashes have never increased." In 1220 the fire was put out by order of the Archbishop of Dublin, but after his death it was relit, and so continued until the time of the Reformation.

All sorts of memories gather round the region of rolling Down which is known as the Curragh of Kildare, or simply the Curragh. It was obviously a scene of human habitation in prehistoric times, though there are hardly any existing relics of that remote period. It comes into the life of St. Bridget, and an old chronicler tells us that it was long known as "Brigid's pasture-ground." Then it was used as a camping-ground for armies, and before the Great War it was the Aldershot of Ireland. Everyone will remember the repercussion of events in Ulster on the camp in the early



Photo by]

WOODSTOCK CASTLE, ATHY.

[W. Lawrence.

Athy being on the frontier of the Kildare Marches, Woodstock Castle was erected on the river bank as a stronghold towards the end of the twelfth century. There is a tradition that the first Earl of Desmond was saved as an infant by a monkey, when the castle was on fire; a monkey being afterwards adopted by him as his crest.

months of 1914. And to crown its varied uses, from time immemorial it has served the purpose of the sport of kings.

Kilcullen on the Liffey is hardly notable in itself in these unromantic days, but evidences of its ancient greatness are plentiful enough in the ruins of monasteries and other buildings. Merely to enumerate such buildings becomes wearisome, and any detailed description is impossible in the space available. Concentration on the more important and accessible antiquities is essential, especially in the case of a country like Ireland, which can show almost innumerable evidences of a past which was full of varied interest, however stormy.

A curious ancient relic hereabouts is the so-called "Moat of Ardscurr," a primitive fort which is said to occupy the site of a town of which no remains have survived. In history it has some celebrity as the scene of a victory of the Scots, commanded by Edward Bruce, in 1315.

Not far distant is the Rath of Mullamast, a hill-fortress of the chiefs of Leinster in very early times. It is a sinister name in Irish story, for here was committed one of the most dastardly deeds that marked the horrible civil wars of the later sixteenth century which made the English task of re-conquest a comparatively easy one. In 1577 the English intervened in the conflict between certain native families of these parts; they invited the warring factions to a conference at the Rath, and then massacred about four hundred of the opponents of their allies, the O'Dempseys.

The hill is also associated with the name of Earl Gerald of Kildare, a warrior well versed in the art of magic. Legend records that the Earl is detained in Mullamast in a hypnotic sleep from which he awakens every seven years. He then rides with his followers to the Curragh and Kilkea Castle (his former home), and returns when the spell descends upon him again.



Photo by

A CURIOUS BARN AT LEIXLIP.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

This conical-shaped structure, girdled by a unique outside stair, is at the little old town of Leixlip, where the Liffey and the Rye Water join. There is also here a castle, now modernised and inhabited, attributed to Adam Fitz-Herford, one of the early Anglo-Norman settlers, and a follower of Strongbow.

Kilkea Castle is away towards the southern end of the county, and not even the modifications and extensions of the last century have altogether destroyed its character as a sullen-frowning border fortress, symbol of a foreign domination to the native Irish. "Border" may have a curious ring about it, but as the stronghold was on the very edge of the English Pale the term is by no means inapt. More than once was it besieged by the natives, and once at any rate it succumbed to their grim ferocity.

Athy might well have been another Kilenullen but for the fact that it stands at the junction of several road and water communications and is conveniently situated as a distributing centre for agricultural produce. It is an old and famous town, with at least two remarkable monuments of its days of greatness. One is Woodstock Castle, which figured frequently and fairly prominently in the history



Photo by

ON THE LIFFEY: A SALMON LEAP.

The name Lelxlp itself means Salmon Leap, from the Danish origin "Lachs-llaup." The reaches of the river here are very popular with excursionists from Dublin, not merely on account of their intrinsic beauty but because of their proximity to the capital.

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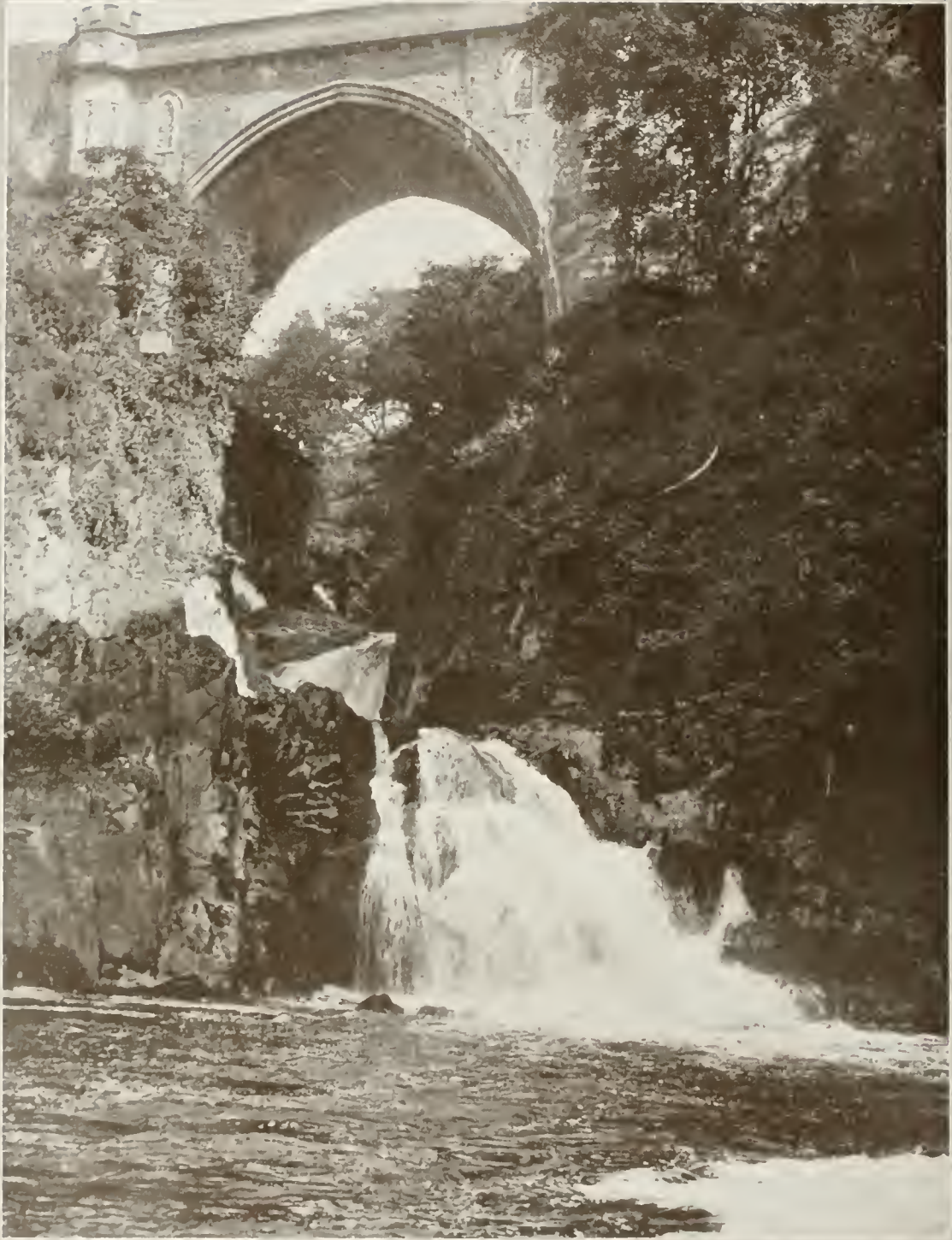


Plate 6

POULAPHUCA ON THE LIFFEY.

George Long.

The waterfall at Poulaphuca, that is to say, Puck's Pool, on the Liffey, is a series of cataracts 150 feet high, the middle cataract falling into the pool that gives it the name of Poulaphuca. The aim of the legendary Pooka or Puck, like the Will-o'-the-Wisp, is to delude the night wanderer, and lead him to destruction in a river or bog or a pit.

of the county, until it was more or less reduced to a ruin in the great siege of 1649. What is left is massive and formidable enough to speak eloquently of the tumults of the times in which it carried on its allotted task.

White's Castle dates from the beginning of the sixteenth century, but did not come to be so called for seventy years, when it was restored by a man of that name.

Curious names appear to be a feature of the little town. The bridge over the Barrow rejoices to style itself "Crom-a-boo," and thereby hangs a tale. The story goes that after the Battle of Callan in 1261 the baby who was heir to Maurice Fitzgerald was left unguarded in Woodstock Castle, when a fire broke out. It looked as if the famous line of the Fitzgeralds might be extinguished, when a monkey



Photo by]

[W. Lawrence.

ABBEY BRIDGE, CELBRIDGE.

Situated 3 miles from Leixlip, the picturesque village of Celbridge is chiefly noted for having been the home of Miss Esther Van-homrigh, the unfortunate Vanessa of Dean Swift. Her residence—Celbridge Abbey—was erected by Dr. Marley, Bishop of Clonfert.

carried the infant out of the burning stronghold, and so the child lived to become the first Earl of Desmond. The story is told of several other famous persons (Oliver Cromwell for one), and we may have our doubts about it, but the fact remains that the Desmonds took a monkey as their crest and "Crom-a-boo" as their motto and war-cry.

"And foemen fled when Crom-a-boo
Proclaimed their lance in rest."

It would not be difficult to fill many pages with an account of the relics of ancient Ireland distributed over this part of the county, and the stories and associations that have lingered on after the particular places or buildings to which they refer have disappeared or sunk into nothingness. Moone Abbey has the remains of a castle and an abbey, and can show one of the finest crosses in the county.

Timolin recalls the work and saintly life of St. Moling, who established a monastery there in the palmy days of Ireland's ecclesiastical supremacy. Ballitore is interesting for the fact that Edmund Burke was at school there.

Castledermot deserves a place to itself, for it is singularly rich in ancient monuments. The name of the old place recalls the monastery which St. Dermot founded more than two centuries before the Norman Conquest, an event which was ultimately followed by significant changes in the status and



Photo by,

[W. Lawrence,

ST. DAVID'S, NAAS.

One of the oldest towns in Ireland, Naas was once the residence of the Kings of Leinster, but the only antiquity in the town which remains as a relic of its former importance is a rath, in which the States of Leinster used to hold their meetings.

character of the town. Its ecclesiastical fame began to pale before its importance as a military *point d'appui* towards the end of the twelfth century.

The most striking relic of its ancient greatness is a fine Round Tower, which appears to date from the tenth century. The top is not original, and the door is lower than is usual in the case of these structures. There are also some remains of the church of the Franciscan monastery, and another house of Crutched Friars, and among the minor antiquities are two fine and elaborately sculptured crosses in the churchyard



Photo by]

KILKENNY CASTLE.

[W. Lawrence.

Kilkenny Castle was first built in 1195, and passed through the hands of several famous owners, including the Earls of Pembroke and Gloucester and the Despenchers, before it was ultimately bought by James Butler, 3rd Earl of Ormonde. The building is a remarkable show place, containing as it does a great picture gallery of Old Masters, including Vandyke, Holbein, Lely, and many others, and also some fine sixteenth-century tapestry, made in the town by Flemish craftsmen.

COUNTY KILKENNY

THE cathedral city of Kilkenny has long been widely and deservedly celebrated for the charm of its position and the wealth and interest of the existing memorials of its past, a past which was sometimes rather too lurid, but has seldom lacked fascination of some kind or other. It is also not without attractions of its own, if we can accept the old saying:

“ Fire without smoke, earth
without bog,
Water without mud, air
without fog,
And streets paved with
marble.”

All of which is true to this extent: that the anthracite coal from Castlecomer is smokeless, bogs are scarce hereabouts, the water of the streams that join the Nore is singularly clear, fogs are very rare, and the streets are in fact paved with a local variety of marble.

The archæological “ lion ” of the city is the Cathedral of St. Canice, the saint who



Photo by]

ST. CANICE'S CATHEDRAL.

W. Lawrence.

“ Ceall-Cainnigh,” the church of Cainnigh nr Canice, is a very ancient foundation dating from the twelfth century. The See of Ossory was transferred to Kilkenny from Aghaboe by the Augustinian, Hugh de Rous, in 1202. The round tower adjoining the south transept is just over 100 feet high, and traces of “ put-holes ” in the walls point to the interesting fact that it was probably built from inside without the aid of scaffolding.



Photo by,

JERPOINT ABBEY FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

One of the most interesting ruins in Ireland, this old Cistercian monastery was traditionally founded by Donough, Prince of Ossury, in 1180. "Silken Thomas," son of the Earl of Kildare, is reported to have sacked the abbey about 1537. Though the general architecture is of the Transition-Norman period, the curious embattlements of the tower are described as identical with many found in the North of Italy, but of a style entirely unknown in England or Scotland.



Photob

INTERIOR, JERPOINT ABBEY.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

A considerable part of the ruins of Jerpoint Abbey dates from the twelfth century. The massive central tower, however, certainly belongs to a century and a half later. The abbey, which was once the richest in Ireland and had a demesne of 1,500 acres, was the burial-place of many of the early bishops. After the Dissolution it passed to the Ormonde family.

gave it his name (Cill-Chainnigh) ; it is still an impressive church, even after suffering much injury at the hands of Cromwell's soldiers, and an outstanding example of the Irish Early English style, if the expression may be used. But even if the edifice were without architectural merit it would still be of high interest for the number and variety of its tombs.

Close to the church is a fine Round Tower, but it is not so dissimilar from the standard type as to call for special mention.

Next in importance of the Kilkenny antiquities is the castle, notwithstanding the fact that conversion into a private residence has long since deprived it of real military character, and only a limited portion of the old stronghold has survived.



Photo by]

THE RIVER NORE AT KILKENNY.

W. Laurence.

Kilkenny was part of the territory of Richard de Clare, better known as Strongbow, who established a castle there in 1172. The town has had an eventful history, having been the meeting-place of several parliaments, one of which passed the Statute of Kilkenny in 1367. This, among other enactments, made it a capital offence for an Englishman to marry an Irishwoman. The Nore is noted for being one of the clearest rivers in Ireland.

Other ancient relics include remains of Franciscan and Dominican friaries, of which certain beautiful features can still be seen.

It is quite impossible here even to indicate Kilkenny's important place in Irish history, much less to indicate the changes in its outward form and development as the centuries rolled on. But some light on its appearance in the seventeenth century can be gathered from Cromwell's account of the siege and capitulation in April 1650 (Carlyle, *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*). He there speaks of the "Irish Town" (which was stormed "with the loss of not above three or four men") and "another walled town on the other side of the river. . . ." He also found "the Castle exceedingly well fortified by the industry of the Enemy ; being also very capacious : so that if we had taken the town, we must have had a new work for the Castle, which might have cost much blood and time."

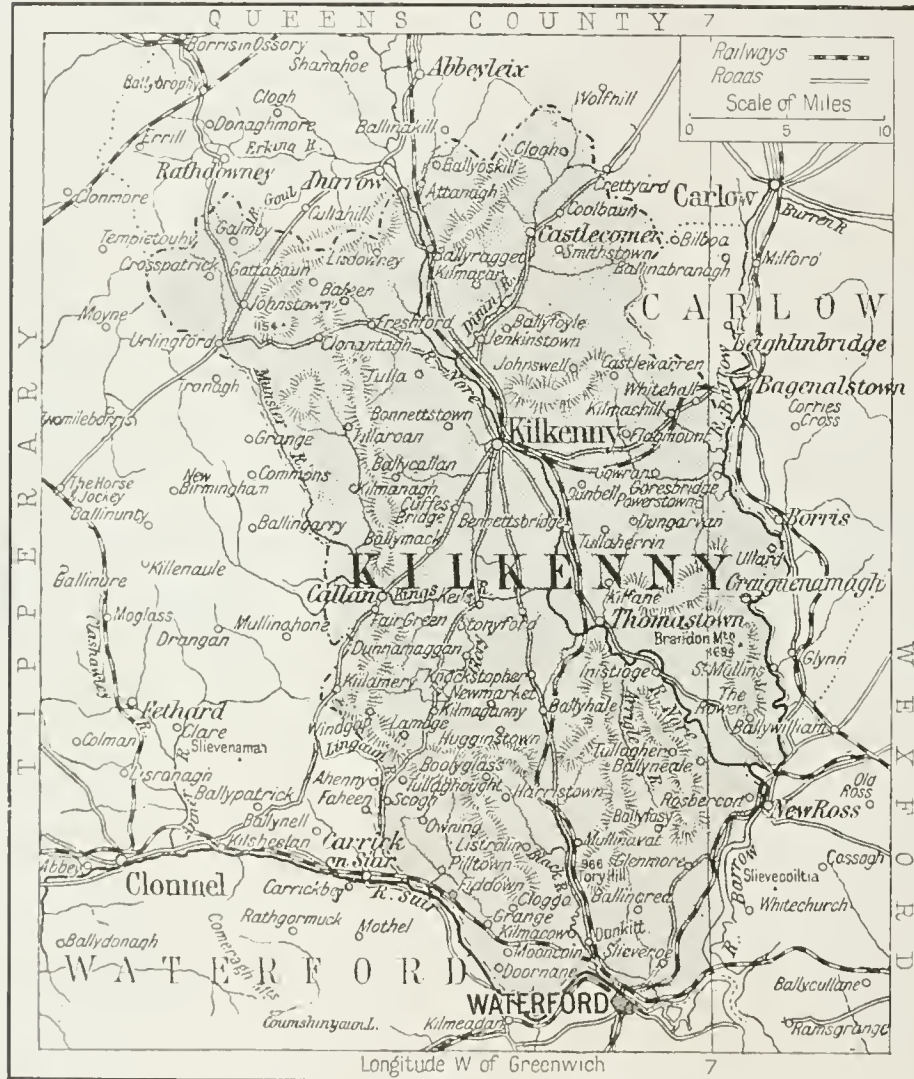
The little village which goes by the name of Thomastown is but a slender ghost of the important place which once boasted a castle and other signs of dignity and significance. Time and economic changes have played havoc with Thomastown's rôle in the life of the county, and though some evidences of its quondam greatness can still be seen the average visitor regards it as a mere stepping-stone to the ruins of Jerpoint Abbey, which are well worth seeing.

This building comprises work from pre-Norman times down to the sixteenth century, and thus well illustrates the development of Romanesque and Gothic architecture. Like Kilkenny, it is also of

high interest for its tombs and monuments.

Knocktopher is another village which was once a real town with real Members of Parliament of its own. But of its ancient glory there is even less to show than at Thomastown. With some trouble one can discover traces of the causeway from which the village derives its name, and of its old and famous abbey there are some remains incorporated in a private residence.

Equally little is left of the celebrated Abbey of Inistioge and other religious houses which made it a place of note in mediæval times, while the ordinary visitor would be vastly surprised to learn that the little place was once a royal borough. But size and fame are



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 MAP OF CO. KILKENNY.

not everything, and Inistioge lies in the pleasantest corner of the county where the Nore forces its way through a valley flanked by Mount Brandon on one side and the hills separating it from the Blackwater on the other. All readers of Carlyle's *Cromwell* will remember how prominently this region figures in that great soldier's campaign in the winter of 1650 and spring of 1651.

The archaeologically minded will also find it a veritable study to itself, for though the actual remains are small the ecclesiastical and military history of Ireland are writ large all over Kilkenny. At Graigue — or, more formidably, Graignemanagh — are some remains of the church of a Cistercian abbey which was founded early in the thirteenth century and rose to great heights of fame. At Kells can be seen the ruin of a priory which was founded towards the close of the twelfth century and developed into something which appears to have been almost as much a place of arms as a place of prayer.



Photo by

THOMASTOWN, CO. KILKENNY.

W. Lawrence.

The name is derived from Thomas FitzAnthony Walsh, Seneschal of Leinster, and from his time onwards the town was an important emporium for the surrounding country, returning two members to the Irish Parliament. The relics of its former glory are the ruins of the old Dominican Priory with nave, choir, and side aisles. To-day, within the ruins, is a little church built, "a dwarf shivering in the arms of a giant."



Photo by

THE FALL, WOODSTOCK.

W. Lawrence.

This charming scene was taken in the grounds of the beautiful Irish seat of the Tighe family. The Woodstock demesne can show every variety of wood and water scenery that the heart can desire. An ornamental tower crowns the wooded hill that rises to the height of nine hundred feet at the back of the grounds.



Photo by]

[E. Step, F.L.S.

THE RIVER NORE, KILKENNY.

The River Nore traverses County Kilkenny from the north to the south, where it joins the River Barrow near Newross. It passes through many fine demesnes, and, like most of the Irish rivers, affords very good fishing.



Photo by

[W. Lawrence,

THE BRIDGE AT INISTIOGE.

Inis-teoc, Teoc's Island, is a pleasant spot on the River Nore with a fine ten-span bridge. It was once a royal borough, rich in religious establishments, of which little is now left but the towers of a large Augustinian monastery, now incorporated in the parish church.



Photo by]

THE HARBOUR ENTRANCE, STONEHAVEN

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The old county town of Kincardineshire was Kincardine itself until it was superseded by Stonehaven at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It lies at the mouth of two rivers, the Cowie and the Carron, and has an important fishing industry.

KINCARDINESHIRE

PHYSICALLY speaking, Kincardineshire is very much a county of contrasts. On its north-western frontier it steals a slice of the mighty Grampians, and can thus produce Highland scenery of no mean order. On Deeside there is a beautiful diversification of wood and water which is a tamer but not unworthy continuation of the grand scenery of the upper valley of that river. The fertile and prosperous Howe district is a smiling plain with gentle hills on its borders, while much of the coast region is bare and uninviting, though large stretches of the coast itself are remarkably fine.

There was once a town of the name of Kincardine, though it is now but a minute dot on the largest-scale map. The causes that contributed to its decay were numerous and various, but the fact itself was plain enough for all to see. In 1600 the law-courts were transferred to Stonehaven on the ground that "there was neither ane tolbuith, nor any house for parties to lodge into for their entertainment." The exact relation between litigation and entertainment is not too clear, except perhaps to Scotchmen, but no matter. Thereafter Stonehaven became the county capital, and no fault can be found with its performance of the duty.

In view of the effort of compression such an article as this requires, neither Stonehaven's appearance nor its history is of sufficient interest to keep us from its far-famed neighbour, Dunnottar Castle.



Photo by

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

GULL'S CRAG, STONEHAVEN.

This part of the coast is famed for its rugged, storm-beaten cliffs, which in places have been hollowed out into deep and narrow gullies and quaint arches through which the sea rushes with an awe-inspiring roar of battled fury. Gull's Crag is a favourite haunt of sea-birds.

This grand ruin is perched on a rock which is all but surrounded by the sea, and even in decay its walls, towers, and buildings present a sight as picturesque as impressive. "Impregnable until the days of artillery" would be the inevitable observation of any visitor, did he not know that in 1296 William Wallace captured it, though its garrison is said to have numbered four thousand men! Wallace's biographer, Blind Harry, gives a vivid account of the fate of the hapless 4,000, who took shelter in the

church within the fortifications. Wallace

"Burnt up the kirk and
all that was therein,
Attour the rock the lave
ran with great din ;
Some hung on crags,
right dolefully to dee,
Some lap, some fell,
some fluttered in the
sea,
No Southern in life
was left in that
hold. . . ."

Then it became the chief residence of the Keiths, Earl Marischal of Scotland, and in that capacity defied Montrose. But a few years later it was besieged with more success by Cromwell's forces, an episode associated with an attractive and quite exciting incident. For the governor, George Ogilvy, having transferred the Scottish regalia thither, had more than a fortress in his keeping. When famine and the mutinous spirit of his men showed him that the end was inevitable and approaching, he had to devise means for saving the royal baubles. A high-spirited lady, Mrs. Granger, wife of the minister of Kinneff,



Photo by

JOHNSTON TOWER, LAURENCEKIRK.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Laurencekirk is a small market town situated 14 miles south-west of Stonehaven in a parish of its own name. This curious monumental tower has a strangely derelict appearance.

proved herself equal to the occasion. From the Cromwellian commander, a man of gallantry, she secured permission to visit Mrs. Ogilvy. What more harmless than a little tea-party between two ladies in distress? But the caller and her maid came away with the regalia—sword, sceptre, and all—concealed in their clothes, and it is even said that Cromwell's polite henchman helped Mrs. Granger to mount her horse!

After such a contribution to History, Dunnottar deserved a better fate than to be dismantled in 1715 after the Earl Marischal of that day had heroically but foolishly thrown in his lot with the Old Pretender.



Photo by

DUNNOTAR CASTLE.

The site of this famous fortress is an immense rock rising 160 feet sheer from the sea and having a flat summit of several acres. The only means of access is by a steep path winding round the body of the rock. A castle stood here as early as the seventh century, but the oldest existing building—the keep—was built by Sir William Keith, the great marischal of Scotland, about 1392. In 1685 it was used only as a state prison, and thirty years later, and thirty years later, soon after the Rebellion, it was finally dismantled.

Valentin & Sons, Ltd.



Photo by

A BIT OF THE FEUGH, BANCHORY.

The Feugh rises in the Forest of Birse and forms one of the prettiest tributaries of the River Dee. One of the most famous beauty spots in the county is where these two rivers join at Feugh Bridge, a little to the south of Banchory, the noted resort on Lower Deeside.

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At Kinneff, a few miles down the coast, one can still see the hole beneath the pulpit where the glittering toys were concealed, and the manse still has the room in which a double-bottomed bed provided an alternative hiding-place.

The ruined Fenella's Castle, close to Fettercairn, is associated with an old story, concerning the murder of King Kenneth III of Scotland. This monarch had earned the undying hatred of Fenella, daughter of the Earl of Angus, for having had her son put to death. Revenge is sweet—and sometimes ingenious. Fenella's revenge was both. She contrived, it is said, an "infernal machine," to wit, a statue which shot out arrows when a golden apple was taken out of its hand. She then invited the king to her castle and told him all about the apple, but nothing about the arrows. So when, at her express request,



Photo by]

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THE RIVER DEE AT BANCHORY.

The Dee or "dark stream" rises in Aberdeenshire and has a total length of 87 miles. It enters Kincardineshire just below Potarch and for some distance forms the county boundary, until it flows into the sea at Aberdeen. The Dee is notable for the fact that its sources are higher than those of any other river in Britain.

he took the apple, he had no time to express admiration, surprise, or any other emotion, for he fell, pierced through and through. Lady Macbeth had rivals cleverer and more scientific than herself!

At the time when this unfortunate accident overtook him the King was residing in his castle in the vicinity of the "town" of Kincardine. Its ruins still remain as a melancholy reminder of him, and also of the humiliation of John Baliol, who here handed over his crown to King Edward I. The district, and particularly the village of Auchinblae, are also associated with the names of two very remarkable men, John Fordoun, the first historian of Scotland, and Lord Monboddo, whose views were, to say the least, "peculiar," particularly as the eighteenth century did not know that the idea of man's close similarity to the orang-utang was less grotesque than it seems to us to-day.

When we add that another local celebrity was St. Palladius, we tread on controversial ground. But the arguments *pro* are impressive. An old authority records (and his observation holds good to-day)

that "there is a house which still remains in the churchyard called St. Palladius's Chapel. . . . There is a well at the corner of the minister's garden, which goes by the name of Paldy well." And there is the undoubted fact that an annual celebration is still styled "Paddy Fair."

Fordoun parish has a surprise for the unwary in the shape of the unmistakable remains of a Roman camp. How and why the great imperialists ever came so far north has never been exactly explained, and is bound up with that matter of the site of the "Battle of the Grampian Mountain" which is so sorely disputed among the learned.

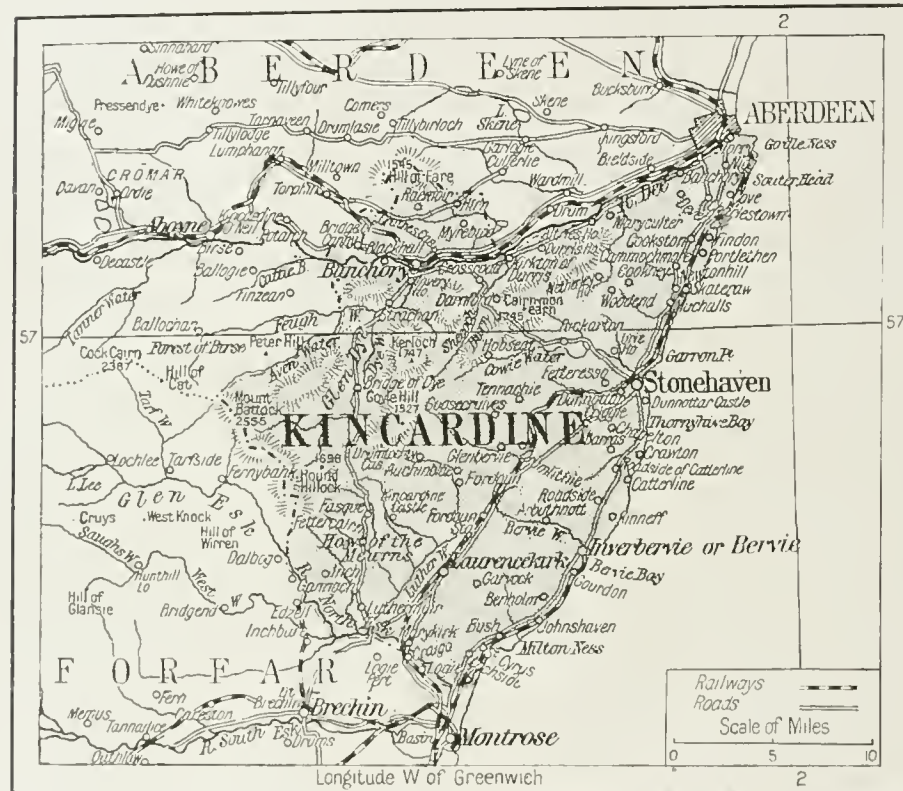
The Church of Fordoun is a modern affair into whose credentials it would be unseemly to inquire. But its most ancient predecessor is associated with something that may be what Chambers called a "ridiculous legend," but is certainly a good story. To this effect. The site originally selected was Knock Hill. But this choice was not to the taste of the supernatural powers, for every morning when the workmen returned to their task they found their walls thrown down in the most unkindly manner.

At length a mystic voice was heard proclaiming:

"Gang further down
To Fordoun's tom."

They took the hint, and to prevent further controversy it was decided that the church should be built on the spot where a certain mason threw his hammer. The result was a site which appears to have been to everyone's satisfaction.

The conspicuous Hill of Garvoch, close to Laurencekirk, is the scene of a piece of mediæval cannibalism which makes the blood run cold. Somewhere about 1420 King James I of Scotland, who was temporarily out of temper



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MAP OF KINCARDINESHIRE.

with the Sheriff of Mearns, let fall the incautious remark: "Sorrow gin that sheriff were soddan and supped in brie!" *Anglice*, "It's a thousand pities that sheriff isn't boiled and made broth of." Like Henry II, the monarch was taken literally at his word. Five of the Sheriff's fiercest enemies decoyed him to Garvoch, boiled him in a vast caldron, and when the result of the operation was sufficiently liquid each man took a spoonful of the human broth! No wonder the repentant King chased one of the murderers to his fastness, that curious ruin by the sea which is still known as the *Kame-of-Mathers*.

The village of Laurencekirk deserves a note here, as its history is somewhat singular. In the middle of the eighteenth century it looked like becoming as extinct as the dodo. Its population, if that impressive word can be used, had sunk to just over fifty. In this dire emergency, Lord Gardenstone, a well-known judge, and even better-known eccentric and man of letters, descended upon the neighbourhood and bought a country seat. No sooner was he settled in than the regeneration of Laurencekirk seemed to him a holy duty. He accordingly began to enlarge the village by building houses on his own property, and as houses without inhabitants are of no particular value to any community, he

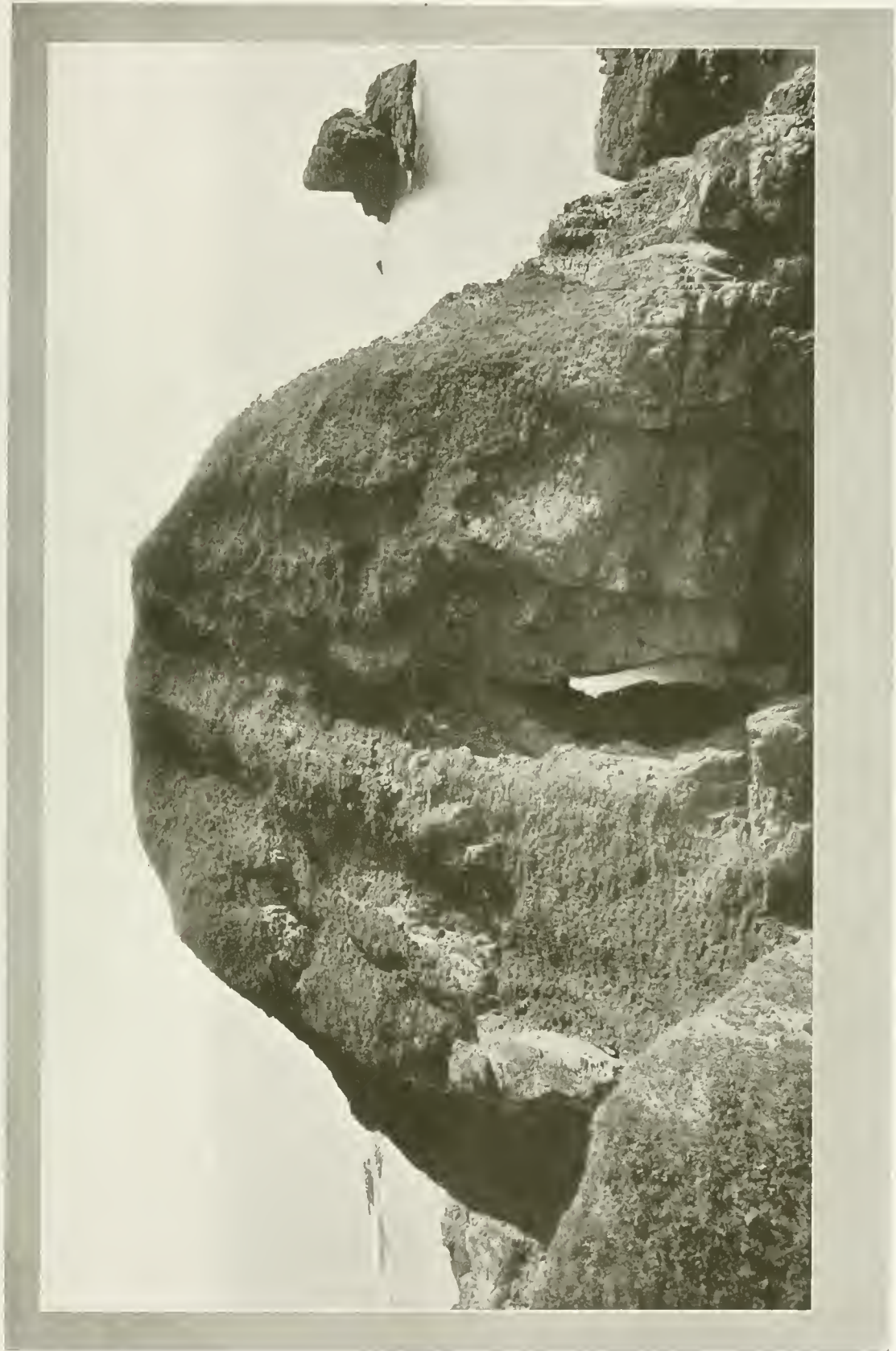


Photo by

DUNNYFELL, MUCHALLS.

The coast in the neighbourhood of Muchalls is noted for its fine cliff scenery.

Many of the points have been given quaint names, such as "Gin Shore," "Scart's Crag," and "Fisher's Shore."

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bethought him of all sorts of devices to attract the unemotional Scotchman to this somewhat remote quarter. Within fourteen years the village had become that most impressive institution, a free burgh-of-barony, complete with charter, bailie, councillors, weekly market, annual fair, and all the rest of it. To show that the judicial patron forgot nothing, we are actually told that "the public-spirited proprietor also built an elegant inn, with a select library and museum adjoining to it, chiefly for the amusement of travellers; and he encouraged, and contributed liberally to, the establishment of a bleachfield and the introduction of the linen manufacture." Unfortunately, the public-spirited proprietor's work in stimulating local industries had no lasting result, as in due course the Industrial Revolution played havoc with hand-loom weaving here as elsewhere. The village then turned to the manufacture of snuff-boxes, in which pursuit it rose to considerable fame. But since humanity deserted snuff for cigarettes, that industry has gone the way of its predecessors.

That life in Kincardineshire was very primitive two centuries ago clearly appears from a note in the Old Statistical Account which concludes a report on the parish of Benholme, between Laurencekirk and the sea:

"About fifty years ago, the excise officer's family was the only one in Johnshaven that made use of tea. When the tea-kettle was carried to the well, to bring in water, numbers both of children and grown people followed it, expressing their wonder, and supposing it to be a 'beast with a horn!' In those days of simplicity, a watch or an eight-day clock would have created equal surprise. Now the tea-kettle has lost the power of astonishing, having become a necessary piece of furniture among the meanest: and one can scarcely enter a house where he is not put in mind of the fleeting of time from some one corner of it."



Photo by

GRIM BRIGS, MUCHALLS.

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Natural arches hollowed out by the sea are common wherever the coastline is rugged and rocky. They are due to the fact that some portions of the rock face are softer than others.



Photo by]

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SHRAH CASTLE, TULLAMORE.

Shrah Castle has been for many years a complete ruin. It was built in 1588 by John Briscne, an officer in Elizabeth's army. There are several small castles in the vicinity of Tullamore, but none has more interesting associations than this.

KING'S COUNTY

POOR, proud Philip II of Spain suffered many disappointments in his life, and his work all but perished with him; but one jewel in his crown still remains lustrous. His unfortunate wife, "Bloody" Mary, created a new Irish county in the centre of the island and named it "King's County" in honour of her frigid and unattractive spouse. And "King's County" it has remained, with the little settlement of "Philipstown" as a further reminder of him.

Of Philipstown a modern writer, unversed in the minutiae of local lore and tradition, can find little to say. Most of those who have troubled to notice it are rather unkind. Fullarton calls it "one of the ugliest and most rueful little towns in Europe," while an old rhyme runs:

" Great Bog of Allen, swallow down
That odious heap called Philipstown."

Why all this venom is hard to say, unless it be that haughty Philip, enemy of England and glorious Queen Bess, paid it a visit and lodged in its castle.

Ancient Tullamore, which ousted Philipstown from all honour and dignity a century ago, was a thing of nought, a collection of mean hovels, until someone had the happy idea of launching a balloon there; the balloon incontinently caught fire and involved the thing of nought in its destruction, with the result that the new Tullamore that rose from the ashes was hailed as a sort of Irish New Jerusalem. But times have changed, and opinions of Tullamore's beauty no doubt vary considerably in these times.

This side of King's County has its fair quota of ruined castles, abbeys, and so forth, each of which has its niche in history and a story worth telling did space but permit. But these things are apt to become monotonous in a country so richly supplied as Ireland (and with a celebrity such as Clonmacnoise still to be dealt with), and it is perhaps a refreshing change to turn for a moment to the exciting incident of the walking bog of Kilmaleady. Of the fact that in June 1821 this bog "burst

from its limits and during several days it fitfully and at intervals careered, travelled or crept along, till it achieved a distance of about three miles," there can be no doubt, for a famous engineer made a report on the matter to the Royal Dublin Society which can still be read. This lava-like outburst was only arrested after all sorts of heroic measures had been taken by the authorities.

The famous "field of ruin" which goes by the name of Clonmacnoise, the "meadow of the Sons of Nos," is perhaps the most sacred and memorable spot in the country to true Irishmen. For the remains that now look so desolate and forlorn are all that is left of a very ancient town which was both a royal and ecclesiastical centre, but mainly the latter. It obtained a good start in its career by providing a site for the abbey which St. Kieran founded and a burial-place for the Saint himself in

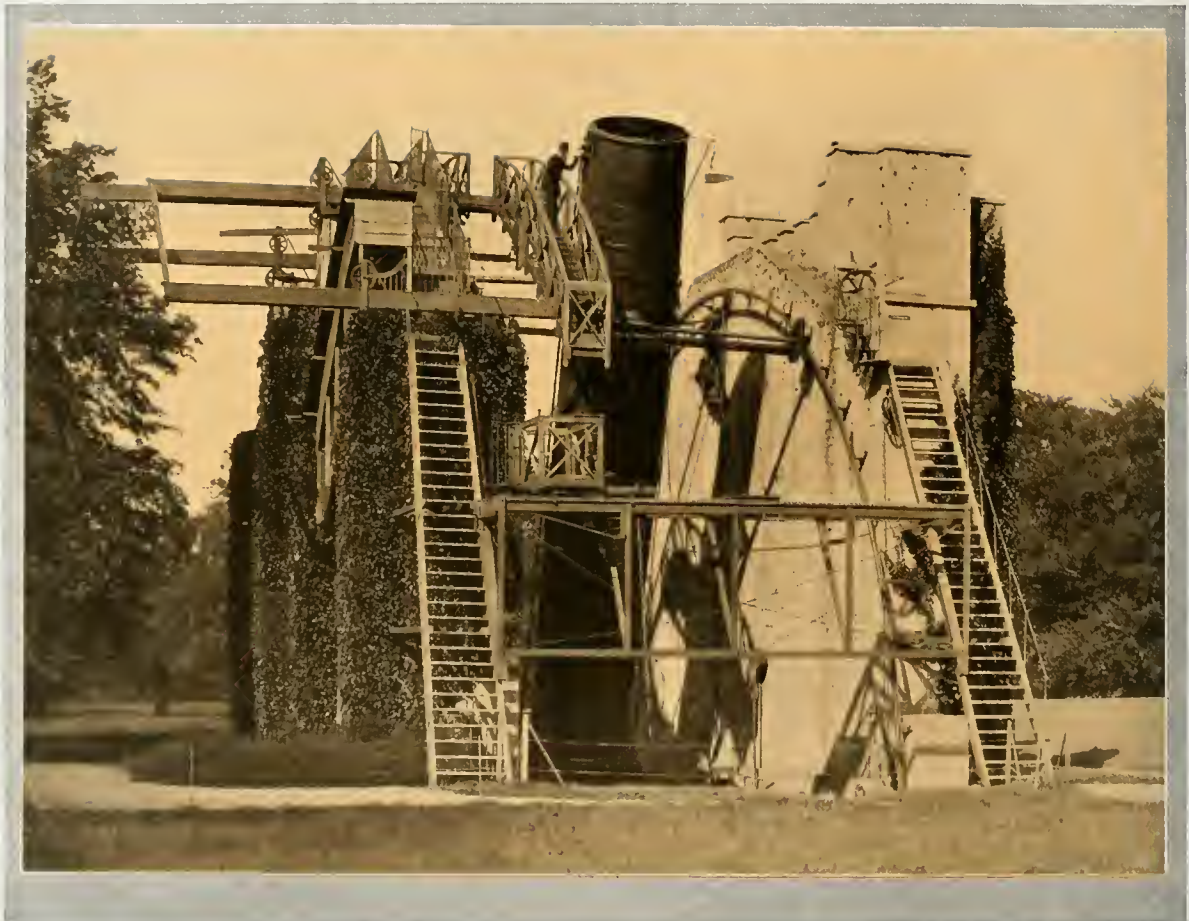


Photo by]

LORD ROSS'S TELESCOPE, BIRR.

[W. Lawrence.

The most interesting objects in Birr are the late Earl's famous telescopes. The larger has a speculum which measures 6 feet, weighs 3 tons, and took 16 weeks to anneal. The smaller telescope is 27 feet long and has a speculum of 3 feet.

September 549. The abbey rose to be a house of European fame, and old O'Connor records that "it became celebrated on the continent when St. Colchu was the Fer-Ielgind, that is, moderator of the schools, or lecturer, there in 791. Charlemagne sent him a present of 50 shekels, through the hands of his favoured Alcuin, as appears in Alcuin's epistle to Colchu. . . . It was the school where the nobility of Connaught had their children educated, and was therefore called *Cluan-mac-nois*, "the secluded recess of the sons of nobles" (a derivation which is not universally accepted).

The fame of the abbey soon made the ecclesiastical town a favourite burial-place of Irish kings, and so notwithstanding periodical burnings and devastation by Danes and many other freebooters, Clonmacnoise retained its fame and importance until late in the Middle Ages.

It was at Clonmacnoise, too, that the "general meeting of the Occult Hierarchy," to use Carlyle's phrase, took place in December 1649, when a last call to arms against Cromwell's victorious forces was



Photo by

OLD BRIDGE, BIRR.

The town of Birr - now known as Parsonstown - stands on the banks of the Camcor River, a tributary of the Little Brosna. Its position, almost in the centre of the island, caused Sir William Petty to call it "Umbilicus Hiberniae." In his "Survey of Ireland." In the middle of the town there is a handsome bronze statue to the late Earl of Ross.

W. J. Ansell.



Photo by

[W. J. Green

DOOR OF THE NUNS' CHAPEL, CLONMAGNOISE.

The Nunnery at Clonmacnoise is connected with the churches by the Pilgrim's Road. It was built in 1167 by Devorgilla, daughter of O'Melaghlin. The arch shown in the illustration is an exceptionally fine example of the Hiberno-Romanesque style.

issued. The Victorian philosopher and historian's thumb-nail sketch of the sacred place is worth reproducing here :

" Clonmacnoise, ' Seven Churches of Clonmacnoise ' ; some kind of Abbey then ; now a melancholy tract of ruins, ' on some bare gravelly hills, ' among the dreary swamps of the Shannon : nothing there but wrecks and death—for the bones of the Irish Kings lie there, and burial there was considered to have unspeakable advantages once : a Ruin now, and dreary Golgotha among the bogs of the Shannon ; but an Abbey then, and fit for a Conventicle of the Occult Hierarchy, ' which met on the 4th of December 1649, ' for the purpose above-said. There, of a certainty, in the cold days of December 1649, did the Occult Hierarchy meet—warmed, we hope, by good log-fires and abundant turf—and ' for somewhat less than three weeks ' hold consultation."

In the bad old days this sacred and mysterious place was the scene of queer happenings which often



Photo by]

[W. A. Green.

Photo by

W. A. Green,

McDERMOT, CLONMACNOISE: THE GREAT CROSS.

The Great Cross stands in front of the west door of Teampull-McDermot, the Cathedral of Clonmacnoise. A single stone 15 feet high, it is elaborately carved, and inscribed on one side : "A prayer for Flann, son of Maelsechlainn," and on the reverse : "A prayer for Colman, who made this cross on the king Flann."

McCARTHY'S TOWER AND FINEEN'S CHURCH.

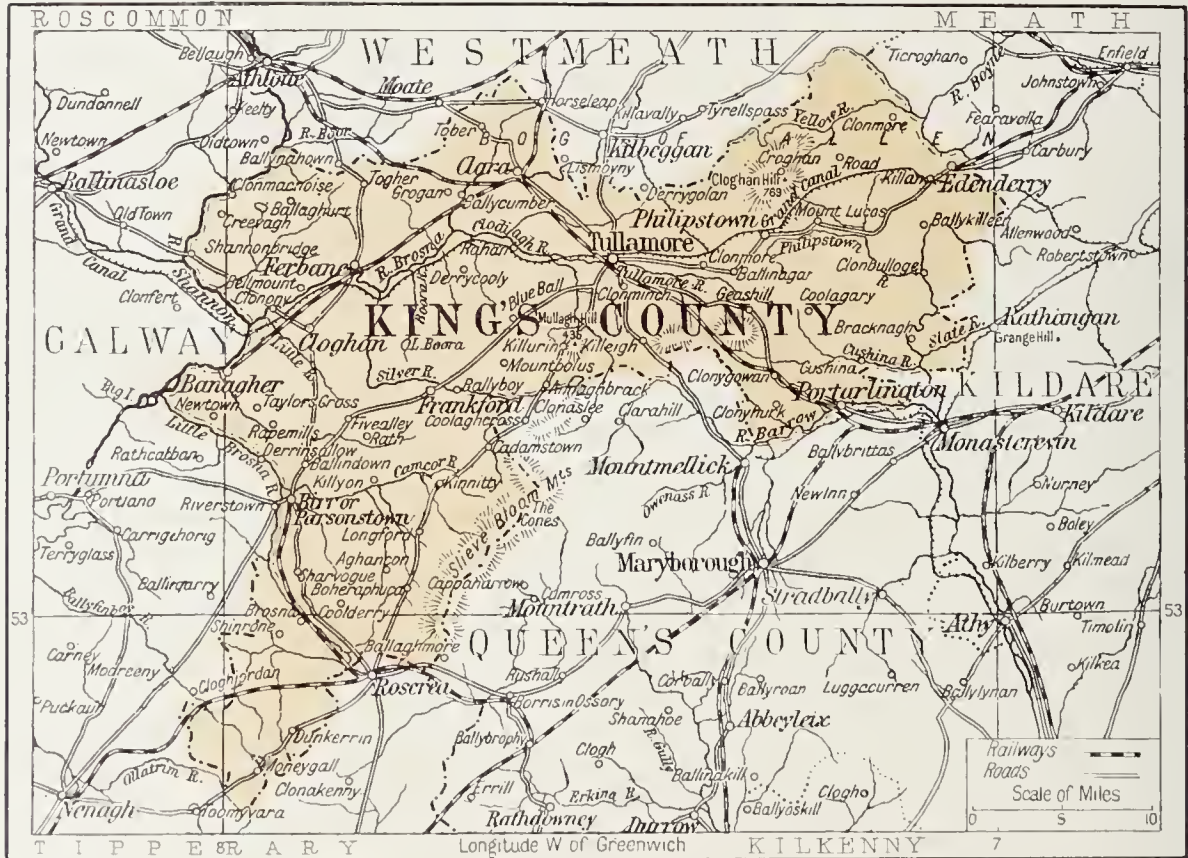
The Round Tower, 56 feet to the eaves of the conical cap, is peculiar, in that the door is on the ground instead of fairly high up, as is the case with most other Irish Round Towers. Fineen's Church, or Teampull-Finghin, was built, according to tradition, in the thirteenth century by Fineen McCarthy Mor.

produced an odd effect on strangers visiting the place. It often swarms, it is recorded in Fullarton, " with a motley gathering of mourners seeking the graves of their departed relatives, devotees crawling from point to point of the reputedly sacred circle, invalids scraping for holy clay or waiting a cure by contact with sward and stones, rustic virtuosi gaping and stumbling in search of some denouement to the mystery which their dull minds have long associated with the name of ' the Seven Churches, ' and multitudinous sots staggering after the few brains they have lost on the adjoining patron-green, or reeling and worming with the drunkard's speed to partake of the last dregs of debauchery at the close of the orgies of the patron."

It is only just to add that this blot on the fair name of Clonmacnoise has long been removed by the strenuous efforts of the Roman Catholic clergy.

To-day the "Seven Churches" are in the main gaunt fragments in all the prevailing styles between the days of primitive stone construction and the fourteenth century. Apart from certain admirable detailed features they are of little architectural interest. It is otherwise with the two Round Towers, one of which (the so-called "O'Rourke's"), prompted emotional Otway to eloquence. "It looked up and down the river, and commanded the tortuous and sweeping reaches of the stream, as it unfolded itself like an uncoiling serpent along the surrounding bogs and marshes . . . from the top of its pillared height it could send its beacon light towards the sacred isles and anchorite retreats of Lough Ree; it was large and roomy enough to contain all the officiating priests of Clonmacnoise, with their pyxes, vestments and books . . ."

The other notable antiquities of Clonmacnoise are the so-called castle, which appears to have been



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a residence of the bishops, the ruin of the church founded as a nunnery church by Devorguilla, and miscellaneous objects such as carved crosses and inscribed stones.

Parsonstown has the distinction of possessing a double name. Its more ancient name is Birr, and the alternative is a pleasant and well-deserved compliment to the Parsons family, who ultimately attained the earldom of Rosse. The old and famous Castle of Birr has suffered the by no means uncommon fate of degenerating (though that is hardly a fair word in the circumstances) into a mansion, and bears few traces of the many sieges it has suffered in various wars.



W. Linnell

BLUNDELL CASTLE, EDENDERRY.

The picturesque old ruin of the castle of the Blundells crowns the summit of a limestone hill that overlooks Edenderry, a little town prettily situated close to the source of the River Boyne, 37 miles west of Dublin.

Photo by]



Photo by:

LOCH LEVEN CASTLE.

Loch Leven Castle is on an island half a mile from the shore of Loch Leven. Drainage of the lake has widened the margin of the island, so that the castle is far from the edge of the water. Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned here in 1567, escaping, by the help of a lad called Willie Douglas, in May of the next year. The story of her escape is told by Sir Walter Scott in "The Abbot." Loch Leven Castle, according to tradition, was built by Congal, son of Dongart, King of the Picts, and was later granted to Douglas, Laird of Loch Leven, by Robert III.

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KINROSS-SHIRE

"AT the entrance of the principal, or indeed, so to speak, the only street in Kinross, the damsel, whose steps were pursued by Roland Graeme, cast a glance behind her, as if to be certain he had not lost trace of her, and then plunged down a very narrow lane which ran betwixt two rows of poor and ruinous cottages." Thus wrote Walter Scott in *The Abbot*, but though young men no doubt still pursue charming maidens in the streets of the county capital, "ruinous cottages" and "miserable tenements" are no longer characteristic of the ancient town. For, even in Scott's time it was described as possessing "two extensive inns, a curling club, two subscription libraries, and several benevolent and religious societies," and during the last hundred years, though its economic and trading activities have



Photo by]

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PARNWELL BRIDGE, BLAIRADAM.

Blairadam stands on the left bank of Keltie Water, about 5 miles south-east of Kinross. The Kerry Craigs are situated in a picturesque spot in the grounds of Blairadam House, and here was the howff of Sir Walter Scott's character, John Auchtermuchty.

greatly abated—thanks to the decay of the local industries—it has maintained its character as a quietly prosperous place, watching the world hurry by on the great road to Perth.

Of its extraordinarily high standard of respectability much can be gathered from an incident recorded by Pennant in his *Second Tour in Scotland*.

It will be remembered that he arrived at Kinross "on a singular occasion." He was just in time "for a meeting of justices: a vagrant had been, not long before, ordered to be whipped; but such was the point of honour among the common people, that no one could be persuaded to go to Perth for the executioner, who lived there: to press, I may say, two men for that service was the cause of the meeting; so Mr. Boswell may rejoice to find the notion of honour prevail in as exalted a degree among his own countrymen, as among the virtuous Corsicans."

But as both the history and the buildings of the town are not of high interest there can be little excuse for lingering on the way to Loch Leven, the recognised, and in fact the solitary, "celebrity" of the county.

Both fiction and fact have combined to give Loch Leven an interest probably out of proportion to its natural attractions. Of the fiction we may take as a sample the belief referred to by a "statistical writer" to the effect that the loch "is popularly believed to be mysteriously connected with the number eleven, being eleven miles round, surrounded by eleven hills, fed by eleven streams, peopled by eleven kinds of fish, and studded by eleven islands." No wonder that the "statistical writer" added: "But some of these properties seem quite fanciful; others are untrue."

In the realm of fact we are on safer and more picturesque ground, for the story of Loch Leven Castle can hold its own even with quite creditable efforts of imagination, and the incident of Mary Stewart's escape is one of those things that make History one of the most fascinating of studies.



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MAP OF KINROSS-SHIRE.

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Tradition has it that a Castle was first built on the site in the sixth century by the king of the Picts, but of course no part of the existing ruin dates from that time, and indeed the place does not begin to figure in history until many centuries later. Then it is seen to be a stronghold of considerable importance, one of the four "royal" fortresses.

Sir William Wallace's biographer, Blind Harry, gives an elaborate description of its capture from the English by his hero with a force of eighteen men; how he cast off his clothes, bound his great sword round his neck, swam over to the island, surprised the garrison and put all his enemies to the sword. It is a fine piece of poetry, but about its value as history there is, unfortunately, more than a considerable doubt!

In 1335 there was another siege attended with much picturesque detail around which grew up a wild story to the effect that the English (who were the besiegers) constructed a huge dam which caused the waters of the lake to rise to such a vast height that they all but overwhelmed the Castle. But the garrison took advantage of the English commander's absence to make a breach in the dam, and the



Photo by

RUMBLING BRIDGE, NEAR DOLLAR.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The Devon River has carved a narrow, cavernous gorge through the Ochils. There are two very remarkable waterfalls in the neighbourhood, the Devil's Mill, a turbulent helter-skelter of water tumbling over the rock, and the Cauldron Linn, with a very beautiful double cascade. The lower, and older, of the two bridges was built by a local mason in 1713. The upper bridge is 120 feet above the stream.



Photo by

THE DEVIL'S MILL, FALLS OF DEVON.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The Devon is particularly attractive 4 miles east of Dollar, where it forms a series of beautiful waterfalls. The Devil's Mill is the first fall to be encountered after the Rumblog Bridge, and it derives its name from the peculiar thudding noise caused by the water's wild rush among the rocks.

ensuing flood swept away the camps of the investing force!

But of course the "titbit" of the castle's history is the imprisonment of Queen Mary, her resignation of the crown, and her escape on the night of May 2, 1568.

Of her first unsuccessful attempt there is an interesting account in a contemporary document quoted by Scott in a note to *The Abbot*: "But after, upon the 25th of the last, [April 1567] she interprised an escape, and was the rather near effect, through her accustomed long-lying in bed all the morning. The manner of it was thus: there cometh in to her the laundress early as other times before she was wanted, and the Queen according to such a secret practice putteth on her the hood of the laundress, and so with the fardel of clothes and the muffler upon her face, passeth out and entreth the boat to pass the Loch; which, after some space, one of them that rowed said merrily: 'Let us see what manner of dame this is,' and therewith offered to pull down her muffler, which, to defend, she put up her hands, which they spied to be very fair and white wherewith they entered into suspicion whom she was, beginning to wonder at her enterprise. Whereat she was little dismayed, but charged them, upon danger of their lives, to row her over to the shore, which they nothing regarded, but eftsoons rowed her back again, promising her it should be secreted, and especially from the lord of the house, under whose guard she lyeth. It seemeth she knew her refuge, and where to have found it if she had once landed; for there did, and yet do linger, at a little village called Kinross, hard at the Loch side, the same George Douglas, one Sempil, and one Beton, the which two were sometime her trusty servants, and, as yet appeareth, they mind her no less affection."

The story of the actual escape has often been told. The "trusty servant," George Douglas, could do little as his complicity in the previous attempt was discovered. But he had a relation in the castle, a youth of eighteen named William, who succumbed to Mary's charms and effected her release. When the Queen's eminent gaoler was at supper, he stole the keys and conducted her to a small boat which he rowed to the opposite shore. To make pursuit more difficult he locked the door of the tower and threw the keys into the lake. Two hundred and thirty-



Photo by

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THE DEVON AT FOSSOWAY.

The villages of East and West Fossoway are situated on the borders of Kinross and Perthshire at one of the prettiest parts of the Devon's course. The lovely scenery which adorns the banks of this river has been celebrated by the poet Burns.



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

ON THE DEVON AT FOSSOWAY.

This river is often known as the Black Water of Dee, and the unusual dark colour of its waters is attributed to the mosses through which its upper reaches flow.

eight years afterwards a bunch of ancient keys was discovered on the shore by Kinross ; in all probability a tangible relic of this momentous event.

The historical honours of Loch Leven are not exclusively the preserve of Castle Island, for upon its larger neighbour, St. Serfs, are the remains of a monastery which frequently figured in Scottish history. The first establishment on the site is said to have been the earliest Culdee house in the country, and its very name is associated with St. Moak, whose memory is preserved in the appellation of the parish, Portmoak, in which it lies.

The old ruin of Burleigh Castle cuts a poor figure by the side of the stronghold on Loch Leven, but



Photo by

MICHAEL BRUCE'S COTTAGE, KINNESWOOD.

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Kinneswood village is 5 miles east of Kinross on the road to Leslie. It was here that Michael Bruce, the youthful poet, was born in 1746, and this cottage, his birthplace, still remains to his memory.

its history contains a story which is worth telling, if only for the salutary little moral lesson that can be drawn from it.

One of the lords of Burleigh bethought him it was high time he should enter the holy state of matrimony and perpetuate his race. The lady upon whom his choice fell was beautiful and eminently desirable, and the only cloud on his prospects was the drawback of her amiable weakness of placing much too high a value upon herself. At length a bargain was struck. In return for her hand the lady was to be conducted to a certain point in her future lord's demesne, and all the land upon which her eyes rested was to be settled upon her. Now the wily baron knew that close to his castle was a deep hollow, where the view was completely shut out by high mounds. The rest of the tale need hardly be told. But History does not record when and how, if ever, the lady turned the tables of unrighteousness.



Photo by]

KIRKCUDBRIGHT AND THE CASTLE OF THE McLELLANS.

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For some time the bones of St. Cuthbert reposed at the mouth of the River Dee, and so gave the name of the "Kirk of Cuthbert" to the little town that grew up on the spot. The Castle of the McLellans of Bombie, whose tall, ivy-covered ruins look over the river, was built at the end of the sixteenth century.

KIRKCUDBRIGHTSHIRE

THIS is a county of great charm and interest, far too little known both within and without its borders, the explanation being simply that the northern half at least is somewhat roadless and



Photo by]

ST. MARY'S ISLE, KIRKCUDBRIGHT.

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St. Mary's Isle—to be exact, a peninsula reaching into the estuary of the Dee, is a pleasant, wooded spot, with groves of beech-trees through which the sea glistens, and an old heronry, well stocked with birds. Paul Jones, the pirate, made a daring raid here in 1778, and looted a considerable amount of plate.

inaccessible, and exploration of this fine, mountainous region involves an effort not usually forthcoming in these lazy times. Most folk are content to inspect Merrick and its beautiful neighbours from a respectful distance, while coaches and motors think they have done their duty when they have brought Loch Trool into contact with the outside world. Quite a number of other lochs, in no way inferior, escape unvisited because the pedestrian is becoming a *rara avis*, while few Scots, and far fewer Britons of the other assortments, seem aware that the mountain scenery north of the Dumfries—Stranraer Railway is worth going quite a long

way to see. Some day this injustice may be repaired. May this short article do something in that direction.

Sweetheart Abbey, however, is within the easiest reach of the laziest of wanderers, and such an enticement is an inducement to make this spot the starting-point of our survey. The name may have an attractive sound to some, but probably most of us would prefer the original "Doux Cœur," which recalls the story of a great love expressed in a great fashion. The foundress of the abbey, Devorgilla Baliol, loved her husband so dearly (and by all accounts he fully deserved her extraordinary affection) that on his death she had his heart embalmed and preserved it as a sweet and tangible memorial of the perfect husband. When her turn, too, came to die she decreed that she should be



Photo by,

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.,

DUNDRENNAN ABBEY. KIRKCUDBRIGHT.

The abbey was built in 1142 by either King David, or Fergus, Lord of Galloway, for Cistercian monks. The abbey, at one time extensive, is now considerably reduced; as from time to time the stones have been removed to build neighbouring houses.

buried in her new abbey and her mate's heart with her. And so one must be thankful that the abbey church still remains a beautiful ruin, though none now can tell where Devorgilla rests.

From an architectural point of view this interesting relic is not in the same class with the ruined church of Lincluden Abbey, on the other side of Maxwelltown and overlooking Cluden Water, about which one could say many kind things and without peril of exaggeration. A few miles farther upstream is Irongray Church, which is notable in more ways than one; in the first place, because its vicinity contains a pathetic memorial of harsh times when Covenanters (among them two men named Gordon and McCubin) had short shrift when caught. Their tombstone reads thus:

"As Lagg and Bloodie Bruce comman'd
We were hung up by hellish hand"



From the Painting by

INTERIOR, LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

J. P. Dickinson

Little remains of the original Norman Cathedral at Lincoln, which was begun about 1080 by Bishop Remigius. The present edifice, which is one of the most magnificent in the country, dates chiefly from 1200 to 1500, and the greater part of it, including the beautiful St. Hugh's Choir, was built from designs by Bishop Hugh of Avalon c. 1135-1200. The interior is very fine, the arcading of the aisles being particularly striking.

And thus their furious rage to stay
 We dyid near Kirk of Iron-gray:
 Here now in peace sweet rest we take
 Once murdered for Religion's sake."

In the churchyard itself is another epitaph well worth quoting, for it was worded by Walter Scott himself as a tribute to a local girl, Helen Walker, from whom he obtained the idea of Jeanie Deans:

"This stone was erected by the Author of Waverley to the memory of Helen Walker, who died in the year of God 1791. This humble individual practised in real life the virtues with which fiction has invested the imaginary character of Jeanie Deans."



Photo by]

CLIFFS AT RAVENSHELL.

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Ravenshall Point is a small headland on the east side of Wigtown Bay, 6 miles south-east of Creetown. The rugged cliffs in this neighbourhood are tall and precipitous, forming a strong contrast to the remainder of the Kirkcudbright shore, which is flat and sandy.

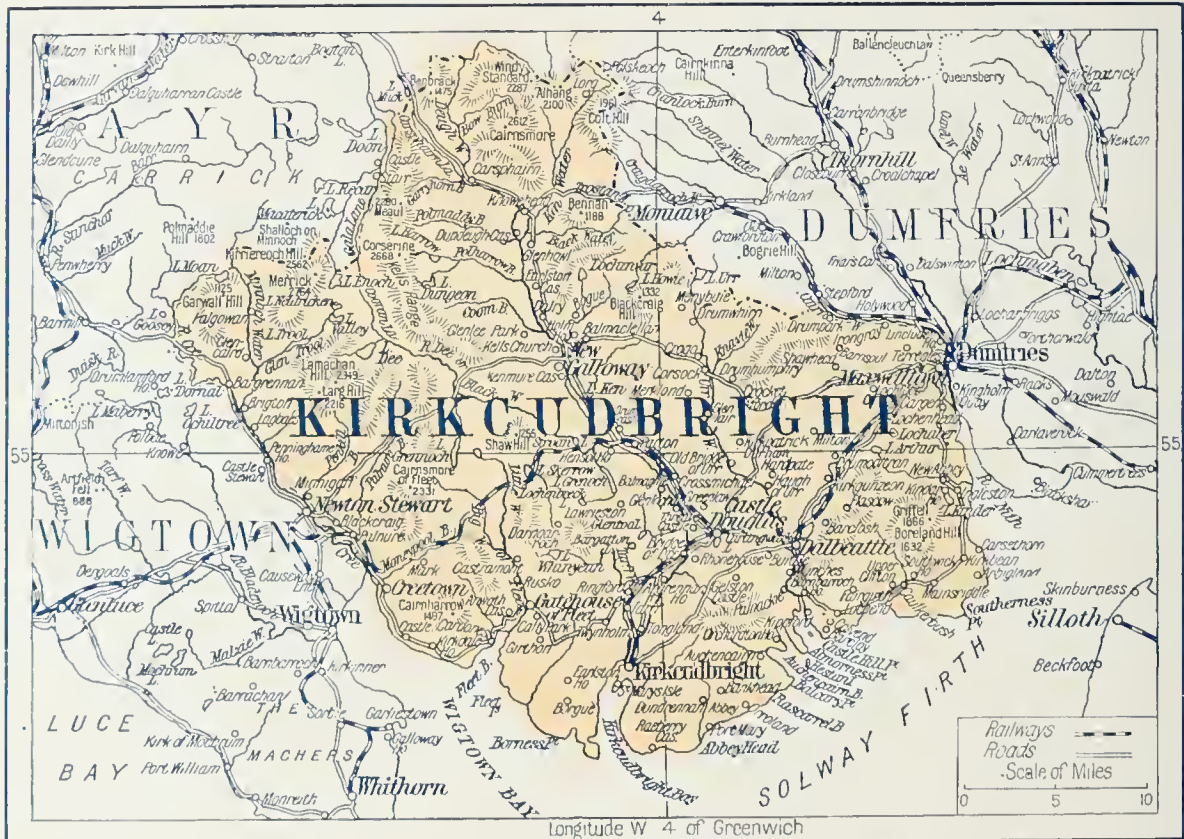
The county town is away in the south, at the head of the estuary of the Dee, and though pleasant enough, conveys little idea that it was once a fortified point of some importance. "Kirkcudbright," as the commander of an English force reported in 1547, "they who saw us coming barred their gates, and kept their dikes, for the town is diked on both sides, with a gate to the waterward, and a gate on the over end to the fell-ward." But by the close of the eighteenth century at the latest, all traces of the fortifications had vanished, a fate which also overtook the old castle by the river, a memorable stronghold in its way, as the list of its distinguished visitors at various times included such eminent persons as Edward I, James II of Scotland, Henry VI (after the Lancastrian defeat at Towton), and James IV.

But if the town castle has gone, there remains the venerable ruin of the castle built by Thomas

MacLellan of Bombie in 1582. It is a fine old pile, chiefly memorable as showing that even as late as the close of the sixteenth century residences of a purely defensive and military type were still being constructed, such was the turmoil of the times.

Dundrennan Abbey is the picturesque relic of a monastery founded in the twelfth century. Thanks to indifference and philistinism, what was left of the ruined church was on the point of collapse a century ago through sheer neglect; a fit of repentance and energetic intervention on the part of local notables averted that disaster in the nick of time.

The abbey has been claimed to have been the spot where Mary Queen of Scots spent her last night in Scotland before crossing the Solway into the lioness's den in May 1568. But as this is a very controversial point, the plain man may be let off with the remark that the hapless lady certainly passed through the south-eastern corner of the county on that memorable journey, and equally certainly left her native land at the little bay which is still known as Port Mary.



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MAP OF KIRKCUDBRIGHTSHIRE.

To follow the course of the Dee and any one of its main tributaries is to penetrate into the heart of a fine mountain region, and pass many a spot rich in history and tradition. A few miles up from the estuary stands the old Castle of Thrieve, associated with the lives—and so many of the crimes—of the powerful house of Douglas. The story of the Douglasses is part of the history of Scotland, and would take too long in the telling here. But an exception may be made in favour of that picturesque scoundrel, the eighth earl, who died, as he had lived, by violence. He it was who bribed the warder of MacLellan to hand over his prisoner, his reward to be a spoonful of gold. When the warder applied for the price of his treachery, Douglas fulfilled the letter of his bond by having the gold melted and forced down his throat!

Next, Loch Dee and Loch Ken link the Dee with the Kent, which rises on the northern boundary of the county. Just north of Loch Ken is Kennure Castle, a happy amalgam of the architectural styles and materials of the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries. It bears few traces of the honourable scars



Photo by]

TONGUELAND OLD BRIDGE,

The picturesque little hamlet of Tongueland stands on the River Dee 2½ miles north-east of Kirkcubright. Spanning the river close by is this two-arched bridge, which is said to date from 1737.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.



Photo by]

THE HARBOUR, GATEHOUSE-OF-FLEET.

This little town stands on the River Fleet, 8 miles from Kirkcudbright, surrounded by some of the most magnificent scenery to be found in the county. At Barlay Mill near by was the birthplace of the Faeds, the well-known family of artists.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

it has received in many wars, but has a tragic interest through its associations with the ill-balanced 6th Viscount Panmure, who championed the cause of the Old Pretender in 1715, and paid for his temerity and lack of judgment with his head.

The village of New Galloway enjoys the distinction of having been made a royal burgh at a time when there was not a single house or cottage on the site! The creator of this freak was our Charles I, who paid Scotland a visit of conciliation and cast about for some means of converting his former enemies into friends. The local dignitary was Sir John Gordon of Lochinvar, who in due course found himself 1st Viscount Panmure and presented with a charter for a new town to which he hoped to attract inhabitants.

The lovely mountain region of the north and north-west is, as may well be imagined, a very



Photo by]

EVENING ON THE CREE, CREETOWN.

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Creetown is a seaport and fishing village, situated at the mouth of the Cree on Wigtown Bay. In the neighbourhood are important granite quarries, which supplied some of the stone from which the Liverpool docks were built. The beautiful coast scenery between Creetown and Gatehouse is described in Sir Walter Scott's "Guy Mannering."

proper scene for many of the picturesque legends with which it is associated. It is the heart of "Old Galloway," a political entity which is now no more than a geographical appellation. But apart from legend, there is at least one genuine historical happening (of which Glen Trool was the theatre) that deserves mention, if only because it was the beginning of that series of events which culminated at Bannockburn. The story is told in that highly picturesque and interesting ancient work: *The Bruce, or the History of Robert I, King of Scotland: Written in Scottish Verse by John Barbour.*

In 1307 the patriot (or rebel, according to one's point of view) was sheltering from his English enemies among the wild hills and glens of this grand region when news reached him that Edward I had dispatched a force under Sir Aylmer de Valence to track him down and end his career. His followers were reduced to a mere handful, and the English force was reputed to be fifteen hundred



Photo by]

MURDER HOLE, LOCH NELDRICKEN.

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Loch Neldricken is one of several lochs situated a few miles to the north-east of Newton Stewart. Allusion is made to the Murder Hole in the well-known book "The Raiders."

the fact that this part of the county was again destined to be the haunt of the hunted when the hand of Fate descended heavily upon the "Covenanters" in the seventeenth century. There is a



Photo by]

COTTAGES NEAR DALRY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The prettily situated village of Dalry is variously known as "The Glachan" and "St. John's Town." It stands on the left bank of the Ken, 8 miles north-west of New Galloway, and gains historical importance from being the starting-point of the Covenanters' rising, which ended at Rullion Green.

strong, but the Bruce devised a plan whereby Nature and cunning were to counterbalance the disparity of numbers. At the eastern end of Loch Trool there was an extremely narrow defile, overhung by rocks, where two men could hardly march abreast. The Scots leader therefore instructed his men to collect massive boulders and arrange them in readiness for the arrival of the foe. On a given signal the stones were rolled over on the "foreigners" as they struggled up the pass, and within a few minutes the English host was a flying mob.

A "martyr's" monument hereabouts recalls the grim pathos about the inscriptions on Covenanters' tombs which are one of the minor features of Kirkeudbrightshire. But that Christian charity was conspicuously absent from both the warring camps seems pretty clear from the epitaph on a Covenanter named Grierson who was executed near Dalry:

" This monument to pas-
sengers shall cry
That goodly Grierson
under it doth ly;
Betrayed by knavish
Watson to his foes
Which made this martyr's
days by murder close.
If you would know the
nature of his crime,
Then read the story of
that killing time,
When Babel's brats with
hellish plots conceal'd

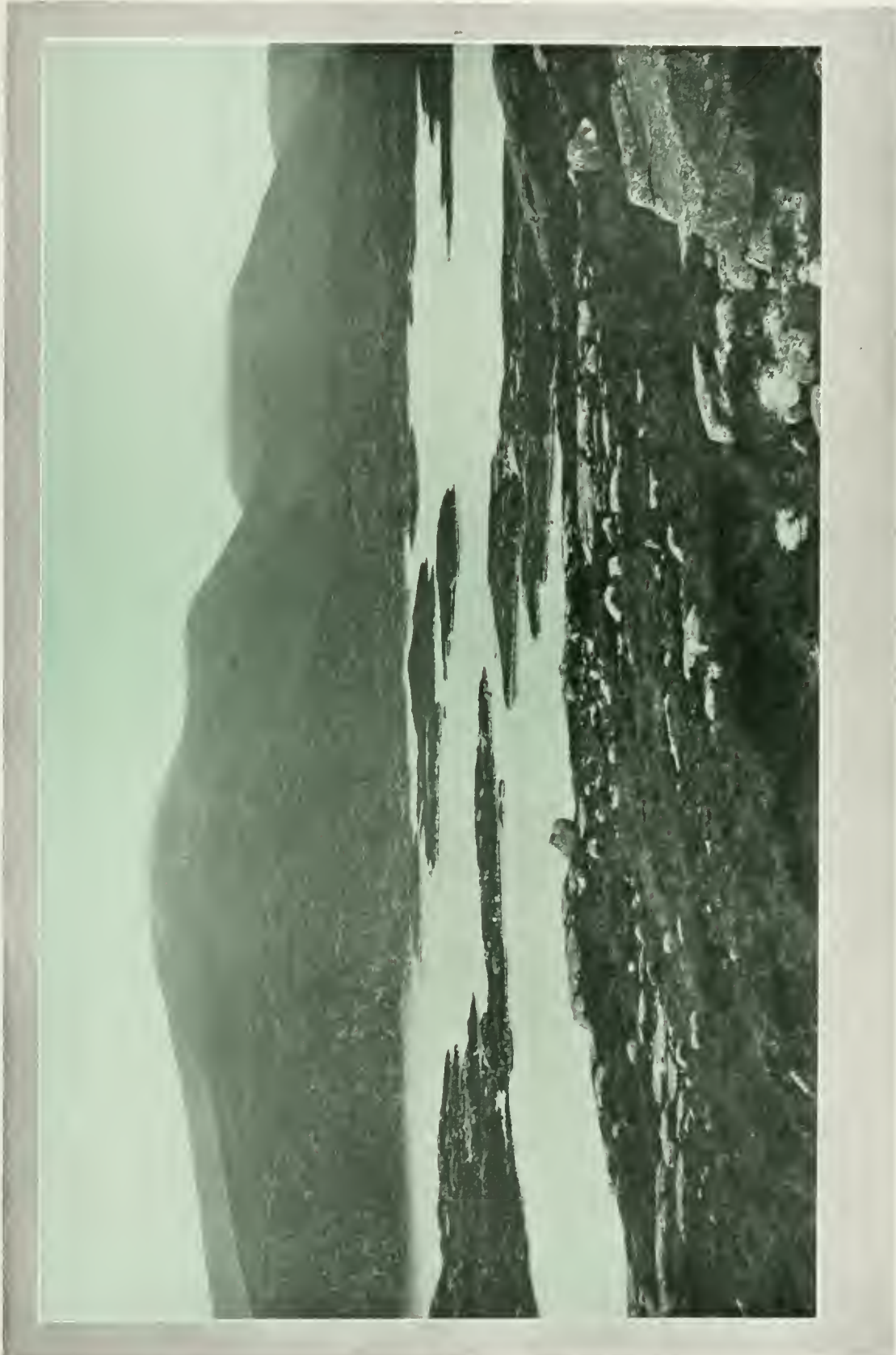


Photo by

LOCH ENOCH.

The parish of Minnigaff has altogether about twenty lakes and lochlets in and around its confines. This one is about 5 miles east of the north-western boundary and has a circumference of 2½ miles. Its shores are very indented with peninsulas, while the surface is dotted with numerous islets.

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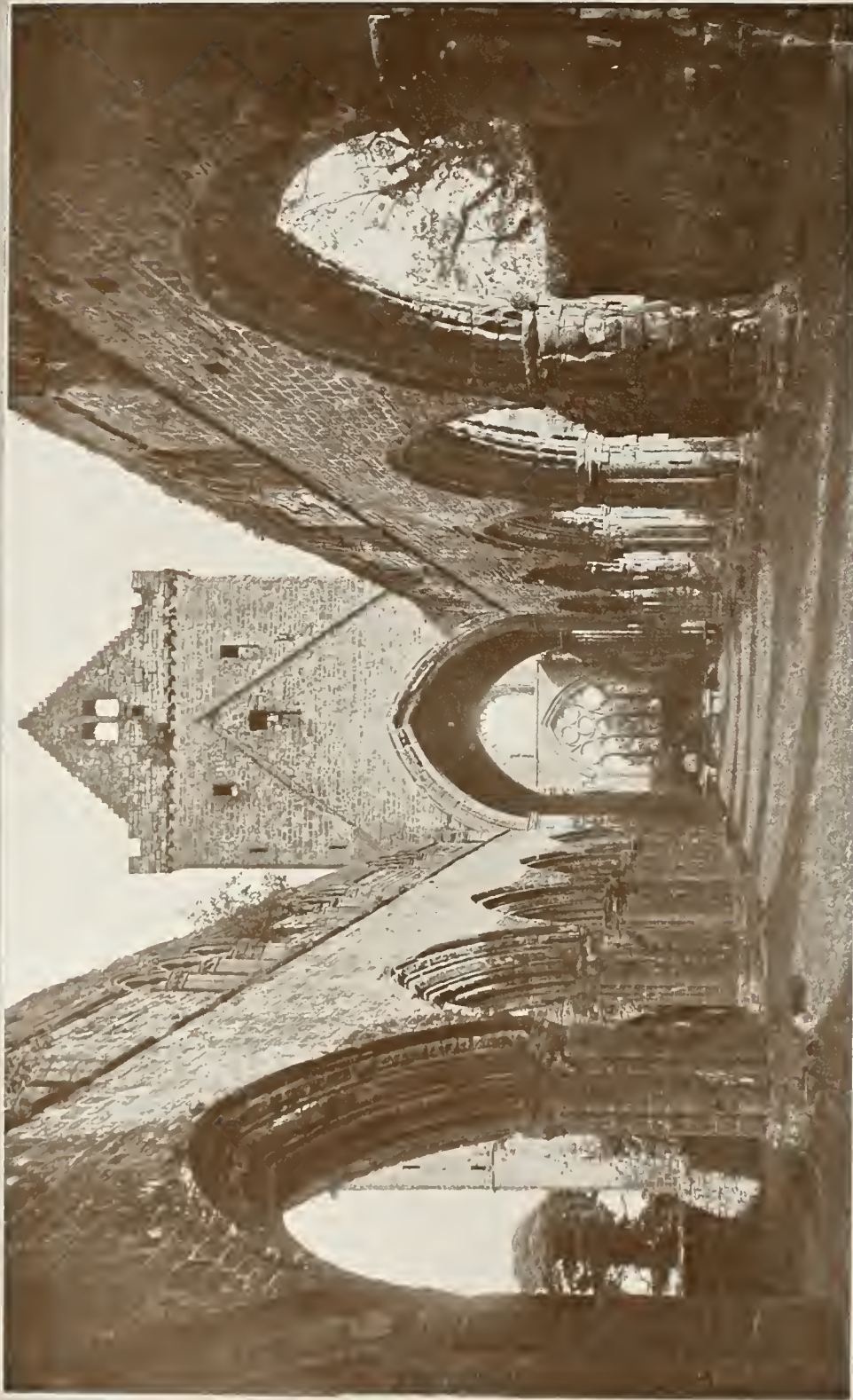


Photo by

SWEETHEART ABBEY.
New or Sweetheart Abbey owes its foundation to Devorgilla Baiiol, one of the founders of Balliol College, Oxford, who had her husband's heart embalmed and placed in a casket that was laid on her breast when she was buried near the high altar : hence the name Dulce Cor, Sweet Heart. The abbey dates from 1275, and the ruins consist chiefly of the nave and aisles of the conventual church.

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Designed to make our
south their hunting-
field.

Here's one of five at
once were laid in
dust

To gratify Rome's exe-
cutable lust."

The atmosphere of savagery which emerges (not always on one side only) from the story of the Covenanters is equally characteristic of the treatment of witches in the county, many records of which have come down to us. They make melancholy reading and emphasise the old truth that ignorance is the father and mother of all the crimes. The charges against the poor creatures who were

popularly supposed to be possessed were positively ludicrous. For instance, the accusation against a woman of Dalry in 1698 was that she (i) concealed a pin in the roof of her house and by its magical agency surreptitiously milked her neighbours' cows; (ii) inspired her neighbours' poultry to lay too few, or too many eggs, whichever result the said neighbours least desired. But the trump card of the prosecution was that the minister's horse, on which she was brought to the court, shivered with fear when she was placed on its back and *sweated drops of blood!* On this evidence the wretched woman was found guilty, imprisoned, and tortured at Kirkcudbright, and then executed by burning.

Turning to the literary associations of the county, it must not be forgotten that the district round Gatehouse-of-Fleet is the country



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

REPUTED OLD ROMAN BRIDGE OVER THE MINNOCH.

There is some doubt as to the age of this old bridge, but tradition asserts that it is Roman. The Minnoch or Minnick is a rivulet of Ayrshire and Kirkcudbrightshire, rising among the lofty mountains of the parish of Ilarr.



Photo by]

MURRAY'S MONUMENT.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This conspicuous granite obelisk was erected by Mr. Stewart of Cairnmore in memory of Dr. Alexander Murray, the celebrated linguist and Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh, who lived from 1775 to 1813 and was the son of a shepherd living in the neighbourhood.

of *Guy Mannering*, and one of its characters is actually commemorated in "Dirk Hatteraick's Cave," a much-frequented spot. In a note to the novel we are told that his "prototype" is "considered as having been a Dutch skipper called Yawkins" (an odd name for a Dutchman!). We are further told that this Yawkins was so formidable a fellow that when he was surprised by a number of revenue officers at a time when he was alone, on guard over a quantity of smuggled merchandise, he boldly stood forth, shouting out, "Come on, my lads; Yawkins is before you." On another occasion, when close to Kirkcudbright, he was caught by two revenue cutters and his fate seemed sealed. But he calmly slipped between them, so close that as he passed he flung his



Photo by]

LINCLUDIN ABBEY, NEAR DUMFRIES.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

These interesting remains are situated at the junction of the Cluden with the River Nith, 1½ miles from Dumfries. The abbey dates from the twelfth century and was founded by Uch, Lord of Galloway, as a priory for Benedictine nuns. The remains consist of part of a beautiful church and the ruins of a square Peel Tower, believed to be part of the Provost's house.

hat on the deck of the *Pigmy* and his wig on that of the *Dwarf*, and the representatives of law and order had not recovered from the shock before he was well out to sea.

This exceedingly rapid and sketchy review of the principal natural and other features of the county cannot cover, much less do justice to, its wealth of pre-historic antiquities—important material for the study of the development of civilisation. But it must be hoped that the ardent archaeologist alone will find the omission fatal, and if this article does anything to attract public curiosity to a region which is rich in every sort of interest but far too little known, the writer will feel that, to a large extent, the object he has set before him has been attained.



Photo by]

THRIVE CASTLE.

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Thrive Castle stands on an island of the Dee, 1½ miles to the west of Castle Douglas. It dates from the end of the fourteenth century and was long the residence of the Douglas family. The castle has had a chequered career, but no event of its history created such a sensation as the murder of Maclellan, guardian of Lord Bombie, by William, the 8th Earl of Douglas.



Photo by]

CARLINGWARK LOCH, CASTLE DOUGLAS.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Situated near Castle Douglas, Carlingwark Loch is 1 mile long by half a mile wide, and is interesting for the number of antiquities—including bronze utensils and canoes—which have been found on its bed. Its surface is dotted with six islets, including one known as a crannoge or lake-dwelling.



Photo by]

THE LOVER'S CORNER, NEAR CASTLE DOUGLAS.

The market town of Castle Douglas stands on the northern border of Keilton parish, 40 miles north-west of Kirkcudbright. The town is the chief market for produce of the greater part of the county, and every week much business is done here. A large amount of Castle Douglas's prosperity is due to the efforts of Sir William Douglas, who realised its central position in Kirkcudbrightshire. As the photograph shows, there is much pretty scenery in the neighbourhood.

[C. Keil.

LANARKSHIRE

EIGHTY years ago, Glasgow's biographer in Fullarton's *Gazetteer* recorded that "in the majority of its approaches, the first intimation which a stranger has of its vicinity to a great city is the innumerable cluster of tall brick chimney-stacks, vomiting volume on volume of dark smoke, and imparting to the suburbs an air of dinginess. Anon, as he enters the outskirts, his ear is dinned by the whirring of spindles, the noisy motion of power-loom machinery, or the brattling of hammers; and everything assures him that he is approaching one of the busiest haunts of mankind, and in a locality of which it may be truly said:

'Here Industry and Gain their vigils keep,
Command the winds and tame the unwilling deep.'"



Photo by]

CORRA LINN, LANARK.

[C. Reid

At Corra Linn the Clyde makes three distinct jumps unless it is swollen, when it forms one roaring cataract of 84 feet. Corra Linn is usually considered the finest waterfall on the river, and indeed it affords one of the most fascinating spectacles in the whole of Scotland.

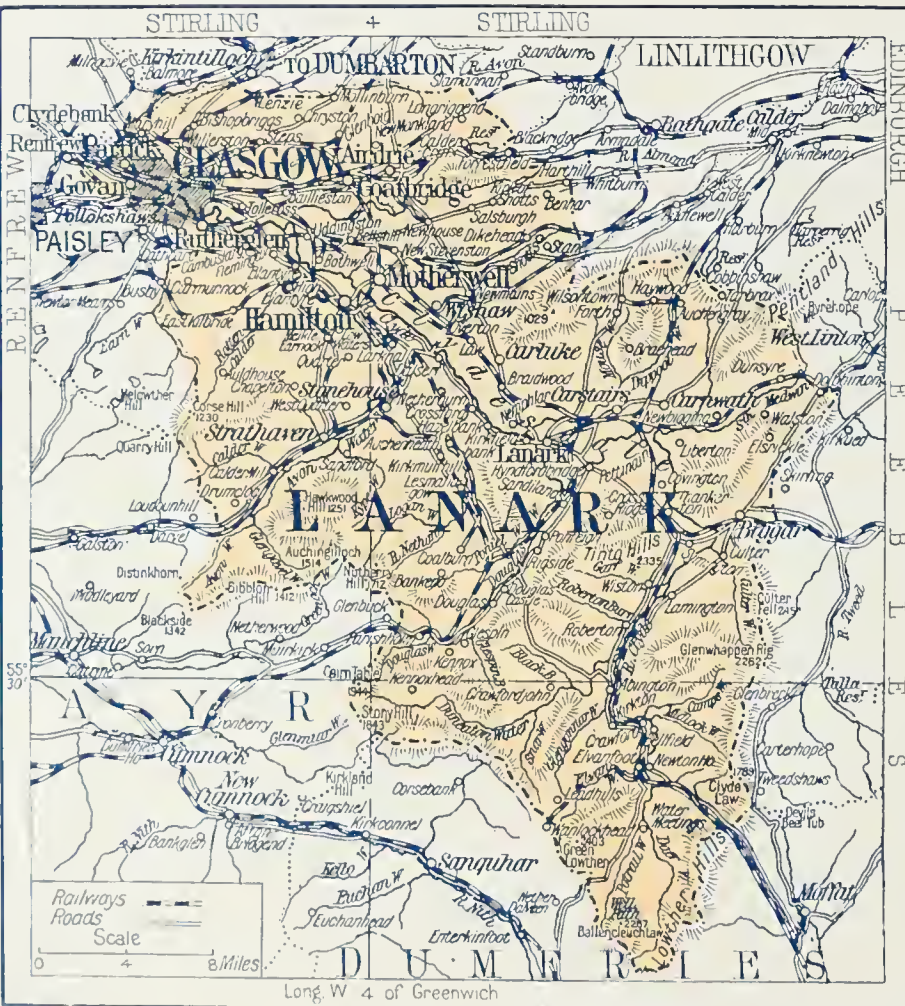
If that was true of Glasgow in 1841, when its population numbered 280,000, what is to be said of the year 1925, when it can count over a million souls? It is more than ever "one of the busiest haunts of mankind," and that distinction cannot be earned without a loss of those aspects and characteristics in which readers of a work such as this are interested. It would be a gross slander to say that Glasgow has lost its soul (for a high sense of civic duty and responsibility is a "soul" in itself) or even its appearance, for its general lay-out and its public buildings are a really wonderful achievement in an area which is extraordinarily congested and so deep in the clutches

of all-embracing industry. But it is essentially a city of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries ; it lacks picturesqueness and has hardly any relics of its very great antiquity, so that its merits, and they are many, must be sought for in a publication of another character.

The disappearance of nearly all that was attractive in old Glasgow must be put down both to natural agencies and the temper of the citizens, a temper that was distinctly iconoclastic in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and as distinctly utilitarian in their successors. Of the natural agencies the most destructive was fire. In 1652 there was a terrible conflagration. A contemporary report records that " this fire, by the hand of God, was carried so from the one side of the street to the other, that it was totally consumed on both sides, and in it the faire, best and most

considerable buildings in the town. . . . This sad dispensation from the hand of an angry God continued near 18 hours before the great violence of the fire began to abate." Twenty-five years later there was another fire which wrought further great havoc.

But even these fires were less destructive to ancient buildings than the spirit which inspired the Reformers about 1580, when, as Spottiswoode tells us, " there ensued a pitiful vasion of churches and church-buildings . . . no difference was made, but all the churches either defaced or pulled to the ground . . . and the preachers animated the people to follow these barbarous proceedings by crying out, that the places where idols had been wor-



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MAP OF LANARKSHIRE.

shipped ought, by the law of God, to be destroyed, and that the sparing of them was the reserving of things execrable."

At that crisis of Glasgow's artistic fate, its beautiful cathedral, still the pride of Scotland, was only saved by the intervention of the guilds of craftsmen, after the order for its demolition had actually gone forth and an army of workmen assembled to carry it out !

If the fanatical citizens' intentions had been realised Glasgow would soon be disposed of in BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL, for the cathedral is virtually the only building which requires special consideration here. It is a remarkable edifice in what south of the Tweed is known as the Early English and Decorated styles. The famous crypt, dating from the closing years of the twelfth century, is perhaps the most elaborate and beautiful structure of its kind in the four kingdoms,



Photo by

BONNINGTON FALLS, LANARK.

[C. Reid.]

Bonnington Lian is the first of the four Falls of the Clyde. Three miles south of Lanark the valley narrows and the river increases speed, rushes down a series of rapids, and then with a roar leaps over the falls and tumbles into a rocky gorge walled in by cliffs 60 feet high.



Photo by]

[C. Reid.

CROSSING THE CLYDE TO THE PASTURES AT THANKERTON.

Though commercially the Clyde is far the most important river in Scotland and is the entrance to one of the greatest industrial districts in the world, yet there are still places where its beauty is not spoiled. At Thankerton, a village 4 miles south-east of Carstairs, the river has a width of about 40 yards.



Photo by]

C. Reid.

THE CLYDE VALLEY NEAR HUGGAR.

This view gives a good idea of the Lanark countryside with its cultivated fields near the river and pastures for sheep grazing. The distant hill on the right of the picture is called "Tinto" and is a well-known landmark.

and the choir, which follows it in chronological order, is an outstanding monument to the high standard of taste and craftsmanship which obtained in the first half of the thirteenth century.

The vicinity of Glasgow is rich in places of historic interest, while scenery of a very pleasant order can be found at remarkably short distances from the great city.

High on the list of the antiquities of the county comes the grand ruin of Old Bothwell Castle. In dimensions, appearance, and everything else it is a true product of that heroic age of castle-building, the thirteenth century, and worthy of the important part it played in the history of the country. To Englishmen it is of somewhat poignant interest as the stronghold in which the more eminent prisoners were confined after the Battle of Bannockburn.

The natural beauties of this district have often been celebrated in song and story, but perhaps



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

THE VIEW FROM LEADHILLS PASS.

The little town of Leadhills stands on the mountain road to upper Strathclyde and is one of the highest inhabited spots in Scotland, having an elevation of 1,350 feet. It was here that Allan Ramsay, the author of "The Gentle Shepherd," was born.

the finest compliment ever paid to "Bothwell banks" is a story (to be found in Verstegan's *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*) of an Englishman travelling in Palestine who one day, to his great amazement, heard a woman singing:

"Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair."

He questioned the lady and learned that she was a "Scotch woman, and came first from Scotland to Venice, and from Venice thither; where her fortune was to be the wife of an officer under the Turk."

And the foreign gentleman to whom she was wedded was so moved by their joyous reminiscences



Photo by

STRATHAVEN CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Strathaven Castle was built in the fifteenth century by the grandson of the 2nd Duke of Albany, who afterwards became Lord Avondale. The ruins are perched on a hill nearly surrounded by the Powmillan Burn. They overlook the town of Strathaven, and take the form of a round tower and a few fragments of walls.

opinion is still divided on the question whether, in the light of after events, the result of the action was not a benefit to the country.

Craignethan Castle, though now a battered and fragmentary ruin, is of interest both for its delightful



Photo by

CRAIGNETHAN CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

This ancient castle stands in a lovely situation above the Nithan Water near Crossford, about a mile from the Clyde. It has passed in turn to the Hamiltons, Hays, and the Douglasses, and for a time Queen Mary is said to have lived here. Craignethan was the "Tilletudlem Castle" of "Old Mortality."

of the "banks" in question, that he treated the stranger right royally and sent him away loaded with gifts.

Bothwell Bridge is a notable spot in the country as the scene of a great disaster to the Covenanters on June 22, 1679. Flushed with their success at Drumclog, they gave battle to a disciplined force under the Duke of Monmouth and were routed with a loss of four hundred killed and twelve hundred prisoners. That was a tragic day for the Lowlands, though the result of the action

situation and the fact that Scott introduces it as "Tilletudlem" into *Old Mortality*.

Blantyre is notable as the birthplace of David Livingstone, but Hamilton was chiefly known for three famous buildings in its vicinity, the ruined Cadzow Castle, Hamilton Palace, and the Castle of Châtelherault. The noble Palace of the Duke of Hamilton was a truly royal edifice, though an enlargement and reconstruction of a century ago had left



Photo by

GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

The original cathedral was founded by David I in 1136, but the earliest part of the present building dates from the middle of the thirteenth century, while up to the time of the Reformation it was still unfinished. In 1829, after the building had been allowed to get into a very neglected state, public attention was aroused and considerable restorations were carried out.



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INTERIOR, GLASGOW CATHEDRAL,

This photograph was taken from the choir looking west down the nave, which was built in the latter part of the thirteenth century and is a structure exhibiting great simplicity of design. It is 155 feet long and 30 feet wide.

very little of the original sixteenth-century work and completely transformed the residence, even as rebuilt at the close of the seventeenth century. The Castle of Chatelherault is peculiar as being an early eighteenth-century copy of the château of Chatelherault in Poitou, and the name recalls the fact that the second Earl of Hamilton was granted the title of Duke of Chatelherault by King Henry II of France.

Lee House, an ancient place which was modernised about a century ago, is famous as the ancestral home of the Lockharts, but still more for its remarkable possession, the so-called "Lee Penny," which object is not a penny at all, but a small precious stone set in a shilling of the time of

Edward I. It was brought from Palestine by Sir Simon Lockhart early in the fourteenth century, and its alleged magical powers of healing soon became so widely known that it was constantly being begged and borrowed. When, for instance, a plague was at its height in Charles I's time, the corporation borrowed the talisman, and it is said to have been of marvellous efficacy; a century later we find it completely curing Lady Baird of the bite of a mad dog! No wonder the Reformers held a special court to consider what was to be done about "ane complaint before them against Sir Thomas Lockhart of Lee, anent the superstitious using of ane stone, set in silver, for the curing of diseased cattel." But having ascertained "that the custome is onlie to cast the stone in sume water, and give the diseasit cattel thereof to drink, and yt the same is done witout using onie wordes, such as charmers use in their unlawful practisses . . ." the worthy divines confined themselves to admonishing "the



Photo by]

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GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.

The building of this imposing structure is largely due to the Marquis of Bute, who contributed a very large sum towards the cost of its erection. The University was designed by Sir G. Scott and completed in 1870. It has a frontage of 532 feet, with a central tower 200 feet high, in which there is a fine peal of bells. The buildings contain a valuable library, a museum, and a valuable collection of pictures.



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

MONKLAND GLEN, AIRDRIE.

Airdrie is a busy manufacturing town 11 miles east of Glasgow, with extensive coalmining and iron industries. The ancient barony of Monkland originally belonged to the monks of Newbattle, and Monkland Glen is one of the prettiest places in the district.



Photo by

H. F. D. Stuart.

BOTHWELL BRIDGE, BOTHWELL.

Bothwell Bridge crosses the Clyde 2 miles north of Hamilton. On June 22, 1679, it was the scene of a fierce encounter between the Covenanters and the Duke of Monmouth's army, when over 500 of the insurgents were killed and twice that number taken prisoners. The bridge was rebuilt in 1826, but part of the original structure still remains.

one old mansion in the county, notably Lamington House.

The old Castle of Lamington has, unfortunately, been reduced to one ruined tower; it was once one of the most formidable strongholds in Scotland, but was converted into a farmhouse and barns somewhere about 1780. But though the castle is now devoid of interest, the records of the church contain an entry which recalls a famous feud over the appointment of a minister and deserves to be rescued from oblivion: "When McAndrew M'Ghie offered to preach, he was barred by the Ladie Lamingtone and some other women, wha possessed the pulpit in a tumultuous and disorderly way; and she declared that no dog of the house of Douglas should ever bark there." That sprightly expression cost the lady a term of imprisonment.

A prominent feature of the landscape hereabouts is Tinto Hill, the subject of an agreeable rhyme:

Be a lassie ne'er so
black,
Gin she hae the
penny siller,
Set her up on
Tinto's tap,
The wind will blaw
a man till her."



Photo by]

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OLD CHAPEL, BOTHWELL CHURCH.

The present modern parish church embodies part of an ancient chapel, built by Archibald "The Grim," Earl of Douglas. His daughter was married here to the unfortunate David, Duke of Rothesay, who was afterwards starved to death in Falkland Palace.



Photo by

OLD BOTHWELL CASTLE.

The ruins of Old Bothwell Castle stand high up on the right bank of the Clyde, about a mile from the village. The building probably dates from the thirteenth century and was a place of great strength, surrounded by high walls in parts 15 feet thick. It belonged originally to the Murrays, but is now the property of the Earl of Home, whose seat is at the adjoining mansion named after this picturesque ruin.

C. Reid



Photo by

WISHAW HOUSE.

C. Reid.

Wishaw is a large town 15 miles from Glasgow, in the midst of some of the most important coal-mines in the kingdom. This stately mansion is the seat of Lord Belhaven and is surrounded by a fine park.



Photo by]

LANCASTER CASTLE.

Judges', Ltd.

This imposing Norman castle was built in the reign of William the Conqueror on the site of a Roman fort. Since then it has been greatly altered and restored, and is now used as the court-house.

LANCASHIRE

N EARLY every British county has its more and less agreeable sides, and Lancashire happens to be one of the unfortunate few whose least attractive qualities are supposed to represent its whole character in the opinion of ignorant and jaundiced "strangers" from beyond its borders. Particularly in the South of England has a wholly distorted notion of the physical features of the county obtained a hold which it seems impossible to shake. The southerner who talks with a feigned air of respect of the "Industrial North" is a gentleman whose knowledge of Lancastrian geography appears to be confined to the southern and south-eastern portion, where the merciless exploitation of a great coalfield has brought into being a whole colony of towns great and small, crowded, soot-blackened, and ugly. They have their redeeming features, as this article will hope to show, but admittedly they are grim sacrifices on the altar of Commerce and Industry. But at points even within the industrial area, and everywhere outside it, Lancashire has scenery which is varied and attractive, flattish perhaps in the plain between the Pennine and the



Photo by]

ENTRANCE GATEWAY, LANCASTER CASTLE.

Judges', Ltd.

Lancaster Castle stands in a commanding position and is one of the most important military castles in the county. The great entrance gateway dates from about the fifteenth century, and the arms of Henry V as Prince of Wales are on a shield above the archway.



Photo by

PENWORTHAM PRIORY, PRESTON.

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Penwortham is a pleasant village standing on the River Ribble, 1½ miles south-west of Preston. A Benedictine priory was founded here by Warine Bussel in the reign of the Conqueror. The photograph shows the present building.

dim distance of Romano-British England. It is known to have been a Roman fortified camp, but a small piece of walling is the only token it can boast of its importance at that epoch of our story.

Irish Sea, but becoming increasingly interesting as the northern half is entered and culminating in the singularly beautiful portion of the Lake District which falls within the county boundary. It is quite typical of the general ignorance prevailing on the subject of our county that most people who do not know it are intensely surprised to learn that two-thirds of the shores of Windermere are within its boundaries.

Considering its history, it is rather disappointing that the county town, for all its attractive and commanding situation, should have so little visually to recall a past which stretches away into the Whether it was ever a walled town in the mediæval era is a question which was exciting the minds of antiquaries quite four centuries ago, and even Leland thought it incumbent upon him to make some contribution to the controversy:

"Lancastre Castel stands on a hille, strongly builded and wel repaired ruins of an old place, (as I remember of the Cat-felds, by the Castle Hill). The new toune, as thei ther say, builded hard by yn the descent from the Castel, having one Paroch Church wher sum time the Priori of Monks Aleinis wer put downe by King Henry the Fifth, and given to Syon abbey. *The old walle of the circuit of the Priori cummeth almost*



Photo by

HUGHTON TOWER, NEAR BLACKBURN.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

This beautiful sixteenth-century mansion is the seat of the Houghton family. It is built round two courtyards and has an extreme length of 270 feet. The photograph shows the upper courtyard. A legend runs that when James I was being entertained here in 1617 he was so pleased with a loin of beef that he knighted it "Sir Loin," but the word *sirlain* is, of course, far older than the seventeenth century.



Photo by

INTERIOR, HOUGHTON TOWER.

In 1862 the restoration of the building was started by Sir Henry de Houghton, and the work was completed by the present baronet, Sir James de Houghton, in 1901.



Pl. 40 by

AT WYCOLLAR.

This view alone would be enough to disprove the general idea that Lancashire is a county devoid of beauty. Wycollar is a country village on the north-west side of Blackburn, near the Yorkshire border. The ruins of "The Hall," a late sixteenth-century mansion, are pleasantly situated near this brook.

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to Lune bridge. *Sum have thereby supposed that it was a peace of the want of the towne; but indeede I espyed in no place that the towne was ever waulid.* The old towne, as thei say ther was almost al burned, and stood partly beyond the blak Freres."

The castle still has a substantial portion of mediaeval work left, though its adaptation for various legal and public purposes involved a considerable transformation of its appearance at the close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries. The Norman keep is a good specimen of its date, having, despite changes about 1580, that formidable and inhospitable air without which the atmosphere of the eleventh and twelfth centuries certainly cannot be recaptured. But the best piece of work in the whole building is unquestionably the great Gate House, *temp.*



Photo by |

| Photokrom Co., Ltd.

RIBCHESTER AND THE RIBBLE.

The ancient town of Ribchester lies on the north bank of the Ribble, 8 miles east of Preston. It occupies the site of a Roman castra and was known in Domesday as Rihelcastre. The Ribble has washed away a large corner of the old camp, but a museum in the town contains a large number of relics which are the result of extensive excavations.

Henry IV, the arms of whose brilliant and famous son, then presumably in the Falstaff stage, appear in a suitably conspicuous position.

The other ancient building of note in the town is the parish church, an amalgam of predominantly Perpendicular with other styles. From a decorative point of view, such a combination is seldom successful, but this church is an exception.

In the interior is a masterpiece of craftsmanship (whether English or foreign may perhaps still be considered a doubtful point)—the splendid choir stalls, which are supposed to have been brought from Cockersand Abbey.

Old Pennant was greatly shocked at the inscription on the tomb of a gentleman, one Thomas Covell, who was six times mayor of the town, and therefore no doubt stood high in the regard and



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

STIDD CHAPEL, NEAR RIBCHESTER.

As long ago as the thirteenth century Stidd was the site of a hospital. This quaint old Norman chapel now belongs to the parish of Ribchester and services are occasionally held here.

Cromwell, seems a fitting prelude to a summary sketch of the town and such memorials of its past as remain.

The night before the action Cromwell's whole army was quartered "in the field by Stonyhurst Hall, being Mr. Sherburn's house, a place nine miles distant from Preston. Very early the next morning we marched towards Preston: having intelligence that the

affection of the citizens. The famous traveller regarded it as "so very extravagant that the living must laugh to read." Let the reader therefore judge:

"Cease, cease to mourn, all tears are vain and void,
He's fled, not dead, dissolved, not destroy'd;
In heaven his soul doth rest, his body here
Sleeps in this dust, and his fame everywhere
Triumphs: the town, the country further forth,
The land throughout proclaim his noble worth."

Preston has a famous historical event to its credit, and the personal record of the chief actor in it, Oliver

thereabouts from all his out-quarters, we drew out a Forlorn of about two-hundred horse and four-hundred foot. . . ." After a half day's skirmishing in which contact was being established, the fight for the town itself began:

"So advancing with our Forlorn, and putting the rest of our army into as good a posture as the ground would bear (which was totally inconvenient for our horse, being all inclosure and miry ground), we pressed upon them. The regiments of foot were ordered as followeth. There being a lane, very deep and ill, up to the Enemy's Army, and leading to the Town, we commanded two regiments of horse, the first whereof was Colonel

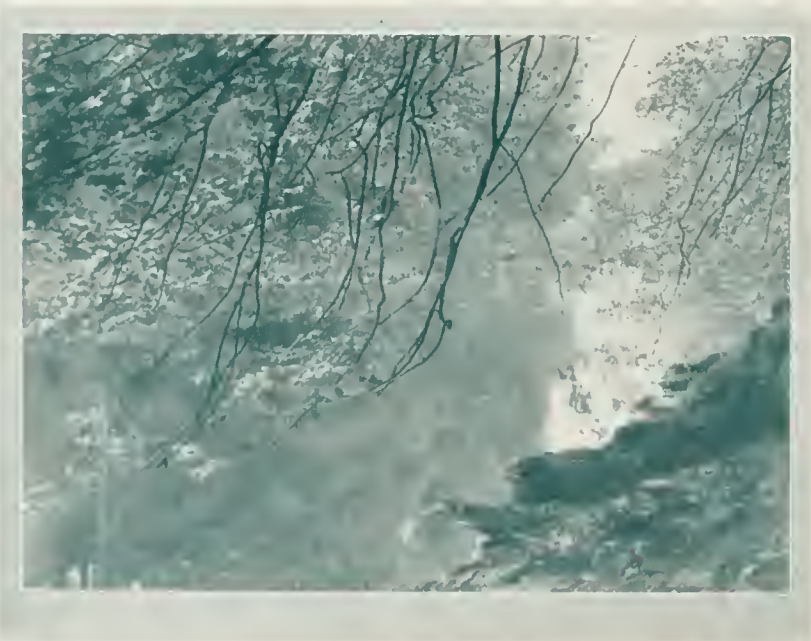
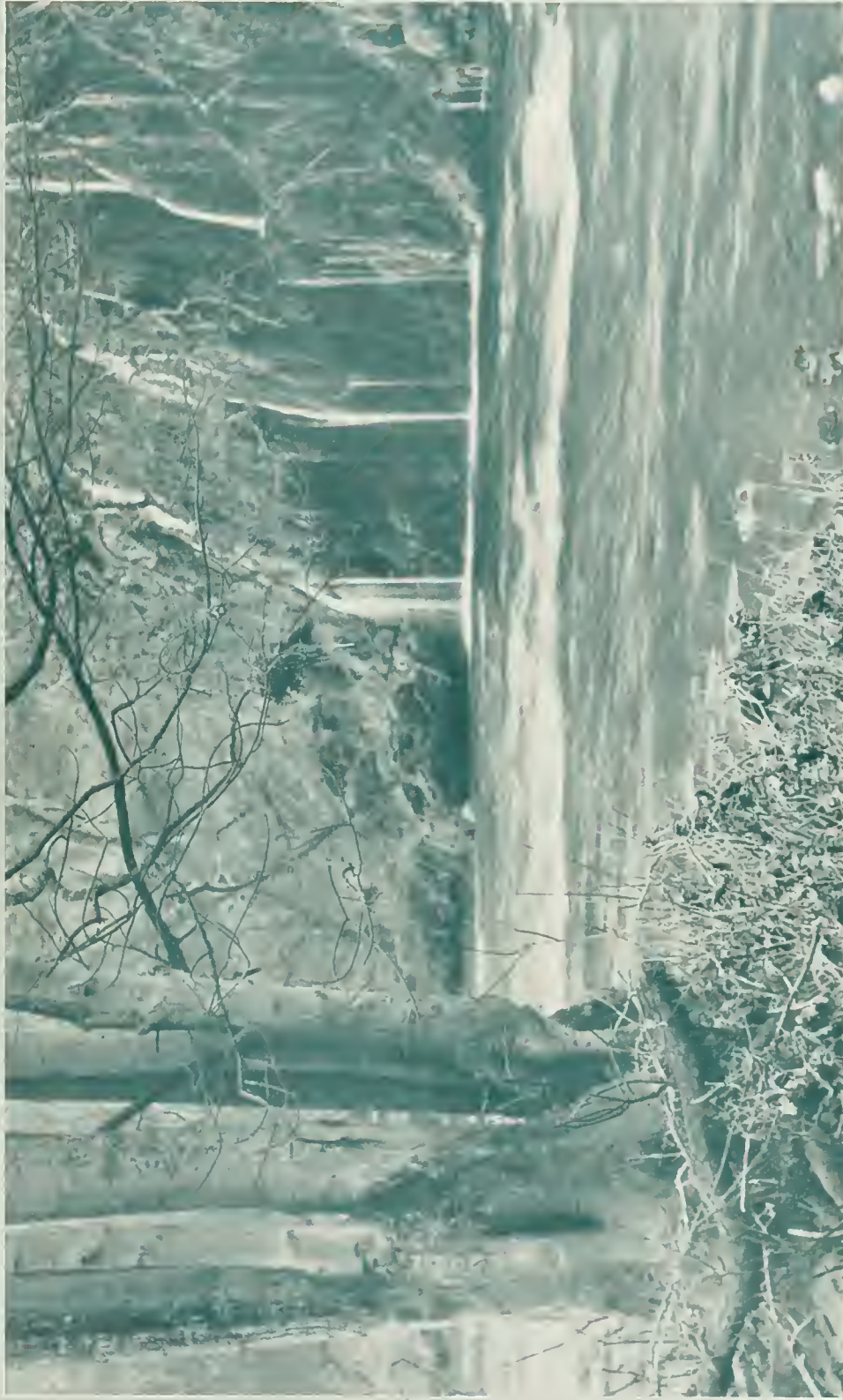


Photo by

J. S. Barlow

A PEEP AT THE HODDER.

For about half its course the Hodder marks the boundary between Lancashire and Yorkshire. It passes through many stretches of beautiful scenery and is well-known as a good trout stream.



[Photo by]

WEeping WATER : THE HODDER NEAR WHITEWELL.

The Hodder rises in Bowland Forest, Yorkshire, and flows 24 miles to the Ribble at Great Milton. The river enters Lancashire near Whitewell.



Photo by]

CLITHEROE CASTLE.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd

Old Clitheroe Castle stands on a crag overlooking the Ribble valley, 10 miles north-east of Blackburn. The building dates from the twelfth century and was held by the Royalists in 1644. Five years later it was nearly destroyed, and now only the keep and a small portion of the walls remain. A modern mansion of the same name has been built on part of the old site.



Photochrom

DOWNHAM VILLAGE.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd

This picturesque village nestles at the foot of Pendle Hill and is a favourite starting-point for the ascent. The River Ribble flows close to Downham on its way down the Yorkshire border.

Harrison's and next was my own, to charge up that Lane; and on either side of them advanced the Main-battle, which were Lieutenant-Colonel Reade's, Colonel Dean's and Colonel Pride's on the right; Colonel Bright's and my Lord General's on the left; and Colonel Ashton with the Lancashire regiments in reserve. We ordered Colonel Thornhaugh's and Colonel Twistleton's regiment of horse on the right; and one regiment in reserve for the Lane; and the remaining horse on the left:—so that, at last, we came to a Hedge-dispute; the greatest of the impression from the Enemy being upon our left wing, and upon the Main-battle on both sides the Lane, and upon our horse in the Lane: in all which places the Enemy were forced from their ground, after four hours' dispute;—until we came to the Town; into which four troops of my own regiment first entered; and, being well seconded by Colonel Harrison's regiment, charged the enemy in the Town, and cleared the streets."

The Scottish Jacobites also brought Preston into the limelight of History when they suffered defeat there in 1715 and marched through in 1745. On both occasions they were joined by a certain number of Lancashire sympathisers, most of whom paid the penalty with their lives. One quaint relic of the '45 was the ballad:

"Long-Preston Peggy
proud Preston went,
To see the bold rebels it
was intent," etc.

which celebrates the enthusiasm of a "buxom,



Photo by]

WHALLEY ABBEY AND CHURCH.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Standing about 3 miles south of Clitheroe, on the north bank of the Calder, the ruins of Whalley Abbey are of considerable interest. The monastery was founded for Cistercian monks in June 1296, but owing to difficulties with the Bishops of Coventry and Lichfield it was some time before the buildings were completed.



Photo by,

ABBOT'S LODGINGS, WHALLEY ABBEY.

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The Abbot's lodgings stand in a detached position to the south-east. After the Dissolution they became the home of the Asshetons. The ruined south and west sides belong in the fifteenth century infirmary. The north and west wings are still occupied.

handsome young woman" of Long-Preston, in Yorkshire, who walked thirty-eight miles to see Bonnie Prince Charlie—probably the most sensational of his many conquests.

But modern Preston sets little store by her historical fame. Indeed, she has left her past so far behind that hardly a single building older than the earlier part of last century has survived. But every twenty years the "good old days" are forcibly brought to mind by the guild celebrations, which have long since lost all significance save as an outlet for high spirits.

Up river (the Ribble) from Preston takes one into the heart of fine country full of historic interest. The old Roman station of Bremetonacum lies under the church and church buildings of Ribchester. Part of its foundations and miscellaneous relics have been brought to light at various



Photo by

ROMAN ROAD ON BLACKSTONE EDGE.

[A. B. Newry.]

Blackstone Edge is the name given to a range of hills in the south-east of Lancashire. They are famous for the paved causeway, believed to be of Roman origin, which crosses the ridge parallel with the Halifax road. The pavement is 18 feet wide and has a cambered surface with ashlar paving in regular courses. A trough running down the centre probably acted as a guide to a skid on vehicles descending the hill.

times, but if Roman civilisation had to be judged by the relics of its handiwork here, it would hardly command the respect it deservedly enjoys.

Farther up the Ribble is joined by the Calder and the Hodder, the latter a beautiful stream which curls round the foot of the fine eminence known as Longridge Fell. Those who have never tramped (the only sound way of seeing country) this fine stretch along the Yorkshire border can never flatter themselves that they "know" Lancashire. It may not have the grandeur and picturesqueness of the Lake District end of the county, but it possesses a charm all its own, indefinable but intensely real.

Fortunately there is an attraction which draws a large number of visitors (and not merely Lancastrians) to this somewhat remote corner.



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MAP OF LANCASHIRE.

GEOGRAPHIA 11, L^T 55, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.



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STOCKS IN STAMFORD PARK, ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.

Ashton-under-Lyne is a busy town with important cotton manufactures, situated on the Tame 6 miles east of Manchester. Stocks were first employed in England in Saxon times. They fell into disuse early in the nineteenth century, and this is one of the comparatively few remaining pairs still to be seen.

possession of which there has been more than one notable quarrel. An account has come down to us of the oracular utterance of old Sir John Townley, to whom a dispute over the sitting rights was referred some time early in the fifteenth century:

"My man, Shuttleworth of Hacking, made this form, and here will I sit when I come; and my cousin Nowel may make one behind me if he please; and my sonne Sherburne shall make one on the other side, and Mr. Catteral another behind him, and for the residue the use shall be, first come first speed, and that will make the proud wives of Whalley rise betimes to come to church."

Of the Cistercian Abbey of Whalley, once a wealthy and notable house, the church has all but disappeared, but there are still some remains of the monastic buildings, part of which has been converted into a residence and is so occupied. Old topographers have explained the demolition of the churches and the survival of other portions of dissolved monasteries by the theory that the lay owners to whom they were granted destroyed them when the accession of Queen Mary made it possible that they might be restored to their previous uses. "For now," says old Fuller, "the edifices of abbeys, which were still entire, looked lovingly again on their ancient owners, in prevention whereof such as possessed them for the present, plucked out their eyes by levelling them to the ground, and shaving from them as much as they could all abbey characters."

To archaeologists Whalley Church is an edifice of considerable note, though the details that more particularly interest them do not perhaps call for special consideration here. Features of more general appeal are the three Anglo-Saxon crosses in the churchyard, which may well have been cotemporaneous with the time when St. Paulinus was engaged in his mission to Northumbria (*circa* A.D. 631), the splendid stalls which came from the conventual church of the abbey, and the curious omnibus pew known as "St. Anton's Kage," for the



Photo by]

TURTON TOWER.

[F. Deaville Walker

Turton village lies near Bolton in the valley of the Bradshaw Brook. This beautiful old manor house was the ancient residence of the Orrels, and the oldest part dates from the fifteenth century.

Stonyhurst College is deservedly famous as one of the most notable of our public schools, but apart from that aspect its buildings, even with a long history of extension and transformation behind them, are one of the more eminent archaeological notabilities of the county. Their use as a Roman Catholic seminary dates only from the time of the French Revolution, but for two centuries before that, with the exception of a period of non-occupation, Stonyhurst had been a famous country residence, mainly of the Sherburne family. The present edifice includes a substantial portion of the fine house built by Sir Richard Shireburne and his son between 1594 and 1596. An enumeration of its individual features would take up more space in this article than its importance



Photo by

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

INTERIOR, MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

The cathedral dates from 1422, and although externally little of the ancient fabric remains the interior is of considerable interest, the rood-screen, which is well preserved being exceptionally beautiful. The choir-stalls, with their curious misericords, are said to rank amongst the finest in Europe.

warrants, and it must suffice to say that the college, with its library and museum, is one of the real "institutions" of the county.

Clitheroe is a small town with little but the keep of its ancient castle left to remind the public that it was once a full-blown "Honour" and a place of considerable importance. Britton's *Beauties of England and Wales* (1807) adduces a somewhat remarkable piece of evidence in support of the second of the above two assertions. "We read," it records, "of 'Lambert, physician of Clyderhow,' probably in the time of Henry the First, or at least not much subsequent to the conquest, and physicians cannot be supposed to meet with practice in small places." All that can be said is that if modern Clitheroe possesses its normal quota of medical men it must be a truly enormous place on that line of reasoning. But no doubt the overcrowding of the professions was no feature of mediæval life.

Pendle Hill, which dominates all this portion of the county on the Yorkshire border, is a noble



Photo by

ASTLEY HALL, NEAR CHORLEY.

[J. S. Barlow.

Dating from the latter half of the sixteenth century, this stately old mansion was originally the seat of the Charnock family. The first building was of timber and plaster and stood round a small central courtyard, but in the seventeenth century the whole front was rebuilt in brick and stone with an added story and is now a fine piece of Renaissance work.

more were arraigned, tried, and found guilty. The nature of the evidence against them may be judged from the following specimen: "A witness swore he saw them go into a barn and pull at six ropes, down which fell flesh smocking, butter in lumps, and milk as it were flying from the said ropes, all falling into six basins placed beneath." Rubbish of that kind succeeded in deluding a judge and jury, but there was a little intelligence higher up and the sentences were quashed.

It is more pleasant to turn from such a baneful topic to the proud local boast that:

It is more pleasant to turn from such a baneful topic to the proud local boast that:

"Pendlehill, and Pennygent,
and little Ingleborough,

Are three such hills as you'll
not find by seeking Eng-
land through."

The grand old mansion of Houghton Tower is one of those relics of ancient days of which Lancashire, none too rich in memorials of the past, can rightly boast. What she has less ground for boasting of is the fact that this historic building, associated with more than one picturesque incident in our history, was once (in 1807) in a state which was



Photo by

INTERIOR, ASTLEY HALL.

J. S. Barlow.

Inside, the house contains many interesting rooms. The staircase with its elaborately carved balustrade and the hall with its portrait gallery of famous men burnt in the oak panelling are among the most noteworthy features. The photograph shows an old shave-groat table.



Photo by]

STAIRCASE, ASTLEY HALL.

[J. S. Barlow.

This photograph shows in detail the beautifully carved balustrade. The house also contains a large number of family portraits and a fine collection of valuable oak furniture.

described in the following terms: "Within the last few years the roof of the gallery, and some of its walls, have fallen prostrate; though some parts of this ancient and extensive building are inhabited by a few families of the lower class. The building is falling fast to decay, and presents to view an object at once picturesque, grand, melancholy, and venerable." For more than fifty years after that was written nothing was done to arrest the lamentable process, and then a period of forty years was passed in remedying the neglect of a century and a half! If Houghton Tower had mouldered into utter ruin it would have carried with it memories of an interesting week-end spent there by King James I in 1617, not to mention a brief flash of fame from the first Civil War.



[Photo by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM, ASTLEY HALL.

[J. S. Barlow.

One of the most interesting rooms is the drawing-room, which is hung with seventeenth-century tapestry. The gorgeous plaster ceilings in both this room and the hall are said to be the work of Italian craftsmen.

If the words "Britain Beautiful" had to be interpreted in a strict and narrow sense, it is to be feared that southern and south-eastern Lancashire would be dismissed from this work with a very brief notice. Few other parts of our country have paid so heavily for the "blessings" of the Industrial Revolution, and everyone knows that the presence of a large coalfield is alone sufficient to play havoc with the scenery of any region.

Nor are the Lancashire manufacturing towns in themselves anything but uninteresting and unlovely. The problem of housing the vast population which inhabits this densely crowded area has only been solved (if it has been solved at all) by the erection, mainly during the eighteenth century, of singularly hideous working class dwellings, and in the process few memorials of the past have survived, while the exceptions have as a rule little interest for anyone save the expert archaeologist,



THE POOL OF LONDON.

The Thames just below London Bridge is known as the "Pool," and this is in many respects the most important part of the river. It can be entered by large sea-going vessels and is therefore a very important shipping centre. The Tower of London stands on the left of the Pool, and extensive dockyards occupy both its banks.

though even in the most unattractive areas several charming and interesting old country houses still speak of the Lancashire that was.

Manchester, for all its dismal reputation with those who do not know it, has at least two buildings—institutions is perhaps a better term—which would get the attention and respect they deserve if their immediate surroundings were more attractive. The city is one of the most ancient in the country. Old Whitaker, in the eighteenth century, insisted that a large British camp preceded the Roman station of Mancunium. That is perhaps a debatable point, but there is no doubt whatever that under the Empire the Roman town was of great importance, though Whitaker was probably wrong in thinking that in



Photo by]

INTERIOR, HALL-IN-THE-WOOD, NEAR BOLTON.

[H. Walker,

The important textile manufactures of Bolton are to some extent due to the inventions of Arkwright and Crompton. The latter, a weaver by profession, lived at Hall-in-the-Wood, the old timbered residence of the Starkies. The photograph shows the stair-head.

addition to the ordinary camp (the site of which is not far from the present Central Station) the Romans had a summer camp where the Cathedral now stands. Mancunians should be pleased at the idea of Cottonopolis as a health resort, so Whitaker shall speak for himself:

"Such was the pleasing, impregnable site of the summer-camp of the Romans, lined with tall impracticable precipices behind, covered with a fosse enormously deep and broad before, and insulated by the three lively currents of water around it; where, for more than eight successive centuries the public devotions of the towns have been regularly preferred to Heaven, and where, for more than twenty successive generations, the plain forefathers of the town having



Photo by]

THE COURTYARD, SMITHILLS HALL, BOLTON.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd

This interesting variation of a half-timbered house stands close to Smithills, a tiny village in Bolton-le-Moors parish, 2 miles west of Bolton.

been regularly repositied in a place, the Romans once kept their summer residence, and enjoyed the fanning breeze of the west and north. Where the bold barons of Manchester spread out the hospitable board in a rude magnificence of luxury, or displayed the instructive mimicry of war in a train of military exercises; where the fellows of the college studied silently in their respective apartments, or walked conversing in their common gallery; and where young indigence now daily receives the judicious dole of charity, and folds his little hands in gratitude to God for it, there previously rose the spreading pavilions of the Romans, and there previously glittered the military ensigns of the Frisians." Not the least of Manchester's minor claims to fame is the merit of having inspired such a remarkable passage!



The Well

JACOB'S WELL, HILL CLIFFE, WARRINGTON.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Jacob's Well is situated close to the busy manufacturing town of Warrington on the famous Manchester Ship Canal.

The two really notable ancient buildings to which reference has been made are the Cathedral and Chetham's Hospital.

Manchester Cathedral does not, of course, come high on the list of British cathedrals, for the simple reason that it was founded simply as a parish church. But in that capacity, and as an example of the Perpendicular style, it has many merits, its soot-blackened and unlovely exterior conveying no hint of the splendours within. It dates from the first half of the fifteenth century, and its best feature is the fine choir-stalls, which have few rivals in the country.

Both the institution and the buildings of Chetham's Hospital are far less well known than they deserve to be, though their architectural relics of Tudor and earlier times are both interesting and attractive. The buildings originally came into existence as the residence of the Fellows of the Collegiate Church, and their association with Humphrey Chetham came about in 1653, when that

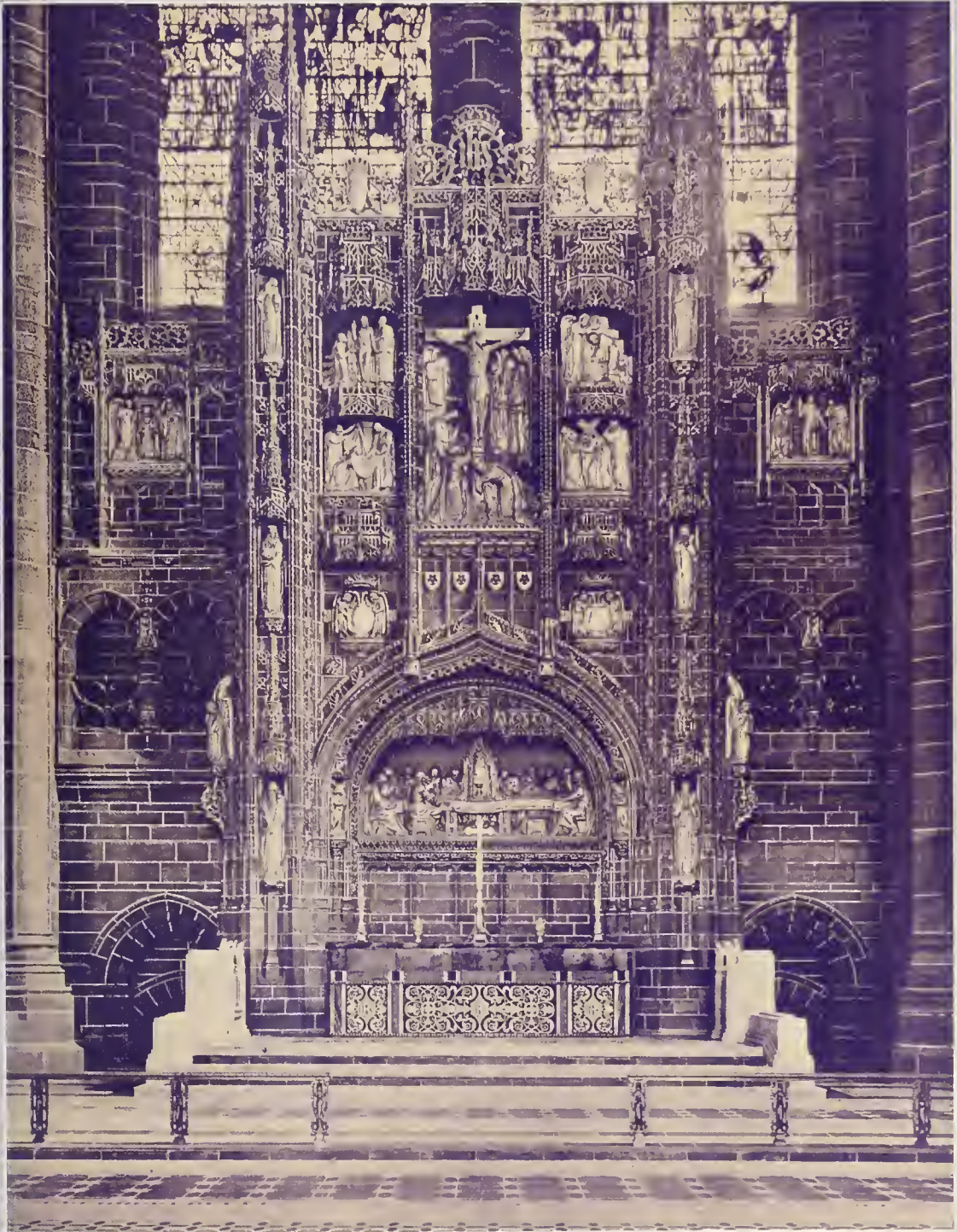


Photo by]

INTERIOR, LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL.

Stewart Bale.

Liverpool Cathedral was begun in 1904 and the Lady Chapel consecrated in 1910. In the summer of 1924 the King and Queen opened the main part of the building and knighted the architect, Gilbert Scott. The photograph shows the beautiful reredos.



Photo by]

LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL.

When completed, this imposing edifice will be the largest cathedral in England.

[Topical Press.

good man died, after a life devoted (among many other interests) to the maintenance of "fourteen poor boys of the town of Manchester, six of the town of Salford, and two of the town of Droylsden, in all twenty-two." Lest his charitable work should perish with him, Chetham directed by his will that the number should be increased to forty, "the children of poor, but honest parents, not illegitimate, nor diseased, lame, or blind when chosen."

Three years after his death the foundation was established in the college buildings, where it has since remained, though the number of boys has largely increased. A visitor to Chetham's Hospital at the present time has no difficulty in tracing a good deal of the history of the place from its present appearance, notwithstanding the successive internal changes that have been made to adapt



Photo by]

CANNING DOCK, LIVERPOOL.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Liverpool is the second port in the United Kingdom and its docks extend for over seven miles along the Mersey, which has been described as "the vertebra from which all Liverpool's roads spring, the mainspring by which the whole organization of the city is worked, its sole industry as well as its environment." The docks have a water area of 430 acres and there are nearly 27 miles of quays.

it to its successive uses. From every point of view, it is a most interesting relic of old Manchester.

Apart from some good country houses, the rest of southern Lancashire calls for little notice here, as the interest of towns such as Wigan and Warrington is purely historical, and Liverpool has been even more ruthless than Manchester in shedding ancient encumbrances if they appeared to stand in the way of what was deemed to be progress. The growth of Liverpool in the last two centuries has indeed been phenomenal, and its rise to the position of second port in the Empire was more or less bound to be accompanied by little regard for the claims of antiquity. In Henry VIII's time, as we know from Leland, "Lyrpole, alias Lyverpoole" was "a paved towne," which "hath but a chapel. Walton, a iiii miles off, not far from the Le, is parochie chirch. The King hath a castelet ther, and the Erle of Darbe hath a stone house ther. Irish marchaunts come much thither as to a



Photo by

Judges', Ltd.

THE BIG WHEEL, BLACKPOOL.

The Big Wheel is one of the principal attractions at this popular Lancashire pleasure resort. Blackpool is fully exposed to the west, and stormy seas often provide a magnificent spectacle.

bound up with the continuance of the nefarious institution, and it is pleasant to record the vigorous protest of a Liverpool man against the insinuation: "The friends of the hapless Africans, and many such are to be found even here, have not been passive and unconcerned in the struggle which has been raised for putting a stop to the trade. Their talents have been consecrated to the service. They have remonstrated in public and private, through the medium of the pulpit and the press. They have called to their aid the powers of argument, the charms of poetry, and the graces of oratory; in doing which they have acquitted themselves of what they conceived to be an imperious duty to their consciences, their country, and their God."

good haven. Good marchandis at Lyrpole, and much Irish yarn that Manchester men do by ther. . . ."

But one would look in vain for any relic of Leland's Liverpool in these days, or indeed the remains of any Liverpool of a date prior to the beginning of the eighteenth century. If the city has no ancient monuments, however, it is intensely proud of its modern edifices, using "modern" to cover the early Victorian but highly impressive St. George's Hall and the splendid twentieth-century buildings (such as the headquarters of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board and, *facile princeps*, the new Cathedral), which make such a good sight from the Cheshire side or a ship in the river. Add all the bustle and activity of a fine maritime highway such as the Mersey, and the miles of docks and quays where handsome ocean greyhounds congregate when off duty, and it will be admitted that the great port presents an animated and attractive picture not unworthy to compare with views of ruined castles and other scenes which might be thought to have a much better claim to the description "picturesque."

Considering its importance, it is a little surprising that the city is so little associated with prominent historical events. When it appeared in the limelight rather more than a century ago, it was in somewhat unfavourable circumstances, at the time of the agitation for the abolition of the slave trade. The rest of the country liked or chose to believe that Liverpool's interests were



Photo by

KNOWSLEY HALL.

(Aerophoto, Ltd.)

For many years this palatial mansion has been a seat of the Earl of Derby. It stands in a public park of over 2,000 acres about 2 miles north of Prescot, and contains a valuable collection of old masters.



Photo by

SAND-DUNES, SOUTHPORT.

Judges', Ltd.

Southport is a comparatively modern resort, dating only from 1792. In that year an inn was erected among the sandhills for the convenience of bathers, and around this building the town gradually grew up.



Photo by

STONE COFFINS, HEYSHAM.

Valentine's Sons, Ltd.

These six rock-hewn graves are situated a little to the west of St. Patrick's Chapel. Each coffin has a socket at its head in which crosses were probably set. An eminent antiquarian believes them to date from before the Danish Invasion.



Photo by

EVENING AT MORECAMBE.

Judges', Ltd.

Anciently known as Poulton-le-Sands, Morecambe is the first large watering-place to the north of Blackpool. From the town a fine view of the Lake District hills may be obtained across the bay.

Knowsley, the seat of the Earl of Derby, is the most notable mansion in the county, but as the privacy of an Englishman's home should be respected we may pass to a note about Lathom House, for though it has vanished it has a niche in our history, and left stirring memories behind it, by reason of the famous and successful defence of the place in 1644 against the Parliamentary forces by the courageous Charlotte de la Trémouille, Countess of Derby.

Though not technically a castle, the old house was a fortress in every practical sense of the word. An old account records that "it stood upon a flat boggy ground, and was encompassed with a wall of two yards in thickness. On this wall nine towers were erected, each of them mounted with six pieces of ordnance, so placed as to enfilade the country, and command the approaches in every



Photo by]

BORWICK HALL, CARNFORTH.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Borwick is a small village by the valley of the Keer, near Carnforth. This great Elizabethan gabled mansion was originally the home of the Bindloss family. The building was completed about 1595, and has a fine tower of four stories, which is the chief feature of the front.

part. A moat, of twenty-four feet in breadth and six feet in depth, surrounded the whole; and round the bank of the moat, between the wall and the graft, was a strong row of pallisadoes. In the midst of the house, was the Eagle Tower, surmounting all the rest; and the gate-house, at the entrance of the first court, had a strong tower on each side. On these the best marksmen were judiciously placed to harass the besiegers, and frequently killed the officers and others in the trenches, and in their passage to and from them. The singular situation of this house increased the difficulties of the siege to an almost incredible degree; and the enemy was unable to raise a single battery against it, so as to make a breach in the wall practicable to enter the house by way of storm."

The summons to surrender this formidable stronghold was rejected with scorn by its spirited chatelaine, and from February until its relief in May all assaults were victoriously beaten off. The place was reduced in the following year, however (after the Battle of Naseby had put an entirely

different complexion on the military situation), and after its surrender it was systematically destroyed.

It is almost certain that the present Lathom House does not even stand on the site of its famous predecessor; but it is a by no means uninteresting example of the domestic architecture of the early eighteenth century, to which additions were made in the nineteenth.

Ormskirk is very much a *rara avis* in the county as being largely an agricultural town set in the heart of an extensive farming area. Its main feature and principal curiosity is its church, which can boast of two towers, side by side at the west end, but differing in nearly every conceivable way. The story goes (with the usual amount of truth in it) that the church was built by two strong-minded sisters; they were agreed that their church should have both a tower and a steeple,



Photo by

FAIRY STEPS, SILVERDALE.

(Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The village of Silverdale is situated on the estuary of the River Kent, and from it as well as from the neighbouring village of Arnside it is an easy walk to the so-called Fairy Steps.

but as they could not come to any sort of harmonious decision as to how they were to be combined they solved their differences by having them built apart, with the incongruous result seen to-day.

Within, the centre of attraction is the Derby Chapel, where so many famous members of the Stanley family lie buried, though the most famous of all, the husband of Charlotte de la Trémouille, has no monument. The importance of a Stanley funeral in the olden time may be gauged from an ancient account of the interment of the third Earl of Derby, who died in 1574. In the centre of the nave was erected a hearse "of five principals, thirty feet of height, twelve feet of length, and nine feet of breadth, double railed, and garnished with black cloth, velvet, fringe of silk, taffaty lined with buckram, also gold and silver ornaments; helm, crest and escutcheons."

The watering-places of the south and central Lancashire coast, for all their multifarious "attractions" and invigorating air, have no claim to attention here; but though, with minor exceptions, they are



[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

ENTRANCE HALL, HOLKER HALL.

The present mansion is comparatively modern, as the whole of the Hall was rebuilt in 1840 in the Elizabethan style. In 1871 the east wing was destroyed in a disastrous fire, but two years later it was again rebuilt. Holker Hall is the seat of Lord Cavendish.

Photo by]



Photo by

CARTMEL TOWER, CARTMEL.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

William Mureshall, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, founded an Augustinian priory at Cartmel in 1188. The only remaining conventual building, except the church, is this gatehouse, which stands on the north side of the market-place.

singularly destitute of natural beauties and historical or antiquarian associations, it is only fair to say that one or two at least are by no means upstarts of the last sixty years or so. The good manners of Blackpool's summer visitors—"400, or more, in some seasons"—were favourably commented on more than a hundred years ago in the following terms: "The regulations for bathing at Blackpool are certainly entitled to approbation. At the proper time of the tide, a bell rings for the ladies to assemble, when no gentleman must be seen on the parade, under the forfeiture of a bottle of wine; and on their retiring, the bell again rings to summons the gentlemen to a similar ceremony."

The shores of Morecambe Bay, on the other hand, are in quite a different category, if only because the grand mountains of the Lake District come into the picture as an impressive if somewhat distant feature of the landscape. Nor is it only in the natural attractions of the county that an improvement takes place at this point, for northern Lancashire has several ancient monuments of high interest and importance.

A good starting-point would be the very early oratory, known as St. Patrick's Chapel, at Heysham. Both the name and the fabric



Photo by]

Rev. G. W. Saunders.

THE HARRINGTON TOMB, CARTMEL CHURCH.

This tomb is said to be that of Sir John Harrington of Gleaston Castle and his wife, and dates from the fourteenth century, but was greatly restored some 300 years later. It consists of a canopied table with the statues of a knight and lady, flanked by rows of weeping angels on either side.



Photo by]

MERENESS ROCKS, GREENODD.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Greenodd is a busy little village on the Leven estuary, 3½ miles north-east of Ulverston. The estuarine part of the Leven is well-known for its delightful scenery.

are exotic products in this part of the world, and the plain man may perhaps be pardoned for refusing to take sides with the experts who have poured scorn on the ancient legend that this was the scene of St. Patrick's landing in the dim and distant fifth century.

The Lune valley provides a famous stretch of Lancashire scenery, second, in fact, only to the "Lake"

country proper on the northern border. Here at last it is easy to realise that industrial Lancashire has been left behind (unless, indeed, one's ultimate destination happens to be Barrow).

Cartmel Priory Church is the finest edifice of its kind in the county, and, like Tewkesbury Abbey and several other well-known ancient churches, it was only saved from destruction at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries by the intercession and efforts of the people of the town. The priory was founded by William Mare-schall, Earl of Pembroke, in 1188, and among several curi-



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

GEORGE FOX'S CHAIR AND BIBLE, ULVERSTON.

These interesting relics of George Fox, the famous preacher and founder of the Society of Friends, are to be found at Swarthmoor Hall, the old home of his wife, Mrs. Fell, who married him eleven years after the death of her first husband, Judge Fell.

ous privileges bestowed upon it was the exclusive right of supplying a guide to direct travellers over the dangerous sands to Ulverston.

The building exhibits work in all the styles from Transitional Norman onwards, and most of it is of fine character, though the fifteenth-century nave is plain.

Ulverston has some attractive features, a delightful situation and a church well worth a visit from the antiquary, but from the point of view of sheer human interest the "lion" of the locality is the Tudor mansion, Swarthmoor Hall, which is so memorable for its



Photo by

CONISHEAD PRIORY.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Two miles south-east of Ulverston stands Conishead Priory, a modern mansion built on the site of an Augustinian priory founded in Henry II's reign. It was designed by Philip Wyatt in 1821, and has been used as a hydropathic establishment since 1878.



Photo by]

FURNESS ABBEY.

This famous abbey was founded in 1127 by Benedictines from Normandy, and is now one of the most important ruins in England. The buildings are in a very incomplete state, and little of the nave and the east and south ranges remain. The most intact portions are the east end, the transepts, west tower, and the east range of the cloister.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.



Photo by,

OLD HALL, CONISTON.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Coniston Hall stands on the edge of the lake about a mile south-east of the village. It dates from the sixteenth century and was probably built by William Fleming. In its present state the building is used as a farmhouse, with the exception of the north-east wing, which is in ruins.



Photo by

CONISTON LAKE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Coniston or Thurston Water is the second in size of the Lancashire lakes, having a length of 5 miles and a width of half a mile. It has two beautiful islets at its east and south shores known as Fir Island and Peel Island respectively. This photograph was taken from Beacon Crags.

associations with the activities of George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends, or Quakers. In 1652, when Fox first came on his missionary errand, the house was the property of Thomas Fell, a High Court Judge. In his absence Fox converted his wife, and on his return the man of law in turn succumbed to his fervour and eloquence—so much so that we are told that the Judge “established a weekly meeting in his house; and accompanied the preacher in some of his spiritual excursions.” Eleven years after Fell’s death Fox married his widow.

The very name “Swarthmoor” also recalls another interesting historical event. It was on this heath that Lambert Simnel’s army encamped in June 1487. It contained a German contingent, commanded by a distinguished officer of that nationality named Swartz.

But of course the greatest ecclesiastical monument in this part of the county (and indeed one



Photo by]

VIEW FROM CONISTON OLD MAN.

[J. S. Barlow.

This view was taken from the summit of Conistone Old Man, 2,633 feet above sea-level, and shows Scafell 6 miles away on the right. Conistone village stands at the foot of the mountain on the north-west corner of the lake.

of the major “show-places” of the British Isles) is the magnificent ruin of the Cistercian abbey of Furness, the remains of which comprise much of the church and some portion of the domestic buildings. The beginnings of this great institution go back to the year 1127, when the Earl of Boulogne (destined subsequently to become King Stephen of England) invited a colony of French monks who had settled near Preston to remove here and build a monastery. In course of time the abbey became enormously wealthy and powerful, indeed a kind of *imperium in imperio*, for the abbot (one of whose principal functions was to organise this part of the country against filibustering Scots) had a considerable military force at his command. Then came the Dissolution and with it that tragic process which has all but deprived us of so many of the finest monuments of mediæval Christianity.

Even in their present state the ruins show pretty clearly that the sounds of building and



Photo by]

HAWKSHEAD.

[Valentine & Sons Ltd.

The little market town of Hawkshead is one of the oldest and most picturesque places in North Lancashire. It has a beautiful situation near the head of Esthwaite Lake, 4 miles east of Coniston.

rebuilding must have been an almost perpetual concomitant to the life and activities of the abbey. There is work of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, and it would appear that as the House became wealthier and more important it made a point of removing such portions of its buildings as seemed unworthy of its status and replacing them by something more impressive and up-to-date.

On Piel Island is the gaunt but by no means unimpressive ruin of a great stronghold built, we are told, by one of the abbots of Furness in the reign of Edward III.

Northwards lies the portion of the Lake District proper which falls within the boundaries of Lancashire. It is famous not only for its wondrous natural beauty, but for its associations with two men who made the glories of this region known to the great public, Wordsworth and Ruskin.



Photo by]

YEWDALE FARM, CONISTON.

J. S. Barlow.

Photo by]

WORDSWORTH LODGE, HAWKSHEAD.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This ancient farmhouse is one of the several picturesque old residences to be found near Coniston. Branton, another old building, was for many years the home of John Ruskin.

Wordsworth was a pupil at the grammar school here from 1778 to 1783, and his name is carved in one of the old oak desks. His home during his school-days was at Anne Tyson's cottage, opposite the Red Lion Inn.



Photo by]

WATERFALL IN CHURCH BECK, CONISTON.

J. S. Barlow.

This picturesque waterfall is typical of the delightful scenery to be found all round Coniston, which is one of the chief centres for those intent on exploring the beauties of the Lake District.



Photo by

VIEW FROM FURNESS FELS.

This fine panorama looks across Lake Windermere just over the border in Westmorland, with Belle Isle in the foreground and the pretty village of Bowness on the far side of the water.

Walden & Sons, Ltd.



Photo by]

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

ABBEY RUINS, LEICESTER.

Little remains of this once important Augustinian monastery but a few fragments of the boundary walls and portions that are embodied in the Elizabethan house seen on the right of the photograph. It was here that Cardinal Wolsey died in 1530, "an old man, broken with the storms of state."

LEICESTERSHIRE

IT is to be feared that in the eyes of the general public this midland county is on the way to everywhere, and yet nowhere in particular. In fact, those who have seen it can be roughly divided into three categories—

(i) natives and residents who do not make its attractions sufficiently well known, (ii) hunting people to whom scenery is a very minor consideration and "country" conveys a narrow and technical sense, and (iii) persons who view it from the windows of trains in a hurry to get elsewhere.

The latter are no doubt mainly responsible for the popular fiction that Leicestershire is flat, the truth being quite the reverse. But the idea has remained in the public mind, and as flatness and dullness are deemed to be practically interchangeable terms the unfortunate county has suffered, and still suffers, from the wholly



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

THE GUILDHALL, OLD TOWN HALL, LEICESTER.

The old Town Hall is a fifteenth-century plaster and timber building, which was once the hall of the Guild of Corpus Christi. Another interesting room in the building is the mayor's parlour, containing a fine Jacobean fireplace.



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd

COURTYARD, OLD TOWN HALL, LEICESTER.

The building was enlarged in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was the scene of a banquet in celebration of the victory over the Spanish Armada.

unmerited reproach of lack of interest. Some day, when Justice resumes its sway on earth, southern and northern excursionists will flock to Charnwood Forest and the Wolds, as they now flock to hectic watering-places, and Leicestershire's highly individual landscapes, villages, churches, country-houses, and associations will command the attention they well deserve.

It must be admitted that the county town itself gives little promise of the many good things within comparatively easy reach. As large modern towns go, it has very much to say for itself; it manages to provide the British and other publics with a substantial proportion of the things they wear on their feet and elsewhere without stifling itself or blackening its buildings with smoke; it has also succeeded in housing a population which increased tenfold in the nineteenth century without producing one of those murky human warrens which are a blot on civilisation and the landscape alike.

Still, it has been rather hard on the spots associated with some of the most historic scenes in its history. Every schoolboy knows how Cardinal Wolsey

came to seek a refuge at the great abbey, and died there with Shakespeare's immortal tag (or something very like it) on his lips. Of that abbey nothing but a portion of walling remains. The fate of destruction has also overtaken the church of the Grey Friars, to which the battered corpse of crook-backed Gloucester, Richard III, was brought from the bloody field of Bosworth. Of the old castle and its picturesque addition, the Newarke, nothing but small portions, in various states of disguise, have survived, and perhaps the most interesting ancient building in the town (apart from the churches) is the old



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

PRINCE RUPERT'S GATE, LEICESTER.

Known to the ancient Britons as Gaer-Lelrlon, Leicester is traditionally said to have been founded by King Lear, and contains several interesting specimens of medieval architecture, including two old gateways known as the Turret Arch or Prince Rupert's Gate and the Newarke Gate.



Photo by]

ST. NICHOLAS, LEICESTER.

The church of St. Nicholas is the oldest in the county and is built partly of Roman materials. A large part of the nave is almost undoubtedly Saxon, but the edifice is mainly Norman. The central tower is a very uncommon feature of Leicestershire churches.

Judges, Ltd.



Photo by

RUINS IN BRADGATE PARK.

(Miss F. Warren,

The large and splendid mansion, which is now only represented by a few ruins, was the birthplace of Lady Jane Grey, the "ninedays' queen," in 1537, and it was here that Roger Ascham found her as a child of 13, reading Plato's "Phaedo" while her family were away hunting.

Town Hall, a quaint and attractive production of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

As for Roman Ratae, the great imperial settlement from which Leicester has sprung, it must be sought for in the massive piece of walling known as the "Jewry Wall," a few tessellated pavements, and a number of objects to be found in a museum, notably the celebrated milestone discovered north of the town in 1771:

IMP. CAES
DIV. TRAIAN. PARTH. F. DIV.
FRAN. HADRIAN. AUG.
POT. IV. COS III A RATIS
II

runs the famous inscription, of which "A RATIS II" (Two miles from Ratae) was the business end in every sense.

Of the old churches of the town a good deal might be said, as their architectural interest is high. St. Nicholas, for instance, shows some of the most illuminating Norman and pre-Norman work to be found in the country, and the others, in addition to features which all can appreciate, are a mine of information to the trained archaeologist.

To turn from thoughts of stones and mortar to matters of purely human interest, it may be said that the marriage-register of the parish of St. Martin contains, or contained, an entry which is unwittingly instinct



Photo by

[C. H. Green]

OLD CHURCHYARD CROSS, STOUGHTON.

Stoughton is a pretty village in Thurnby parish, 3½ miles east-south-east of Leicester. This cross stands in the churchyard of St. Mary's, a stately edifice which was rebuilt in 1864.



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

THE MOAT, HUNCOTE.

This picturesque little hamlet stands near the River Soar, 6 miles east of Huncley. The old manor was known to the Saxons as Hundhug.

with the spirit of comedy. It concerns the marriage of Thomas Tilsey and Ursula Russel. The bridegroom was unfortunately "deofe and also dombe." After a conference between the civil and ecclesiastical notables of the town it was decided that the following performance on the part of Thomas should take the place of the official responses: "First he embraced her with his armes, and took her by the hande, put a ringe upon her finger, and laide his hande upon his harte, and upon her harte, and helde up his handes towards heaven; and to shew his continuance to dwell with her to his lyes ende, he did it by closing of his eyes with his handes, and diggine out the earth, with his fete, and pulling as though he would ringe a bell, with diverse other signes approved."

It has been said that Leicester appears to have been rather hard on its past, or at any rate the visible memorials of it. In its defence, however, must be urged the fact that in the reign of Henry II the town felt the full force of his rage at the rebellion of his sons, with whom Leicester's lord, Robert Blanchemains, had thrown in his lot. The castle was besieged and captured by the royal troops, and either during that process or by subsequent sack the town was all but destroyed. At any rate it is an historical fact that when Richard III visited Leicester in 1485, on the eve of Bosworth, he had to be lodged at an inn in the absence of any more appropriate residence.

Many of the old villages in the immediate vicinity of the county town have now become little more

than residential suburbs, though not always with the loss of all their interest and attractions. Kirby Muxloe, for example, can still show the picturesque ruin of the fortified house which Lord Hastings built in the reign of Edward IV. The old story is, that it came into existence as what Americans would call a "love-nest," for the noble and his mistress, Jane Shore, of whose influence Sir Thomas More wrote that "she never abused it to any man's hurt, but to many a man's comfort and relief." If tradition be right, Kirby Muxloe Castle must have



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MAP OF LEICESTERSHIRE.

proved a solemn warning of the results of sin, for Jane Shore lived to be charged with witchcraft and sorcery and to "beg a living of many that had begged if she had not been," while Hastings was foully and savagely done to death by Richard III.

Between Leicester and Loughborough lies a region full of interest to those with antiquarian tastes; two points at least are of somewhat wider interest.

The delightful Elizabethan house of Rothley Temple is famous as the birthplace of one of Leicestershire's most notable sons, Thomas Babington Macaulay; and at Thurstaston, hard by, is the house in which it is alleged that the bearer of another historic name, Hugh Latimer, first saw the light. (It should be said that there is no doubt that he was born in this attractive village, but considerable doubt about the actual house.) Fortunately, it was in the days of autobiographical sermons, and to

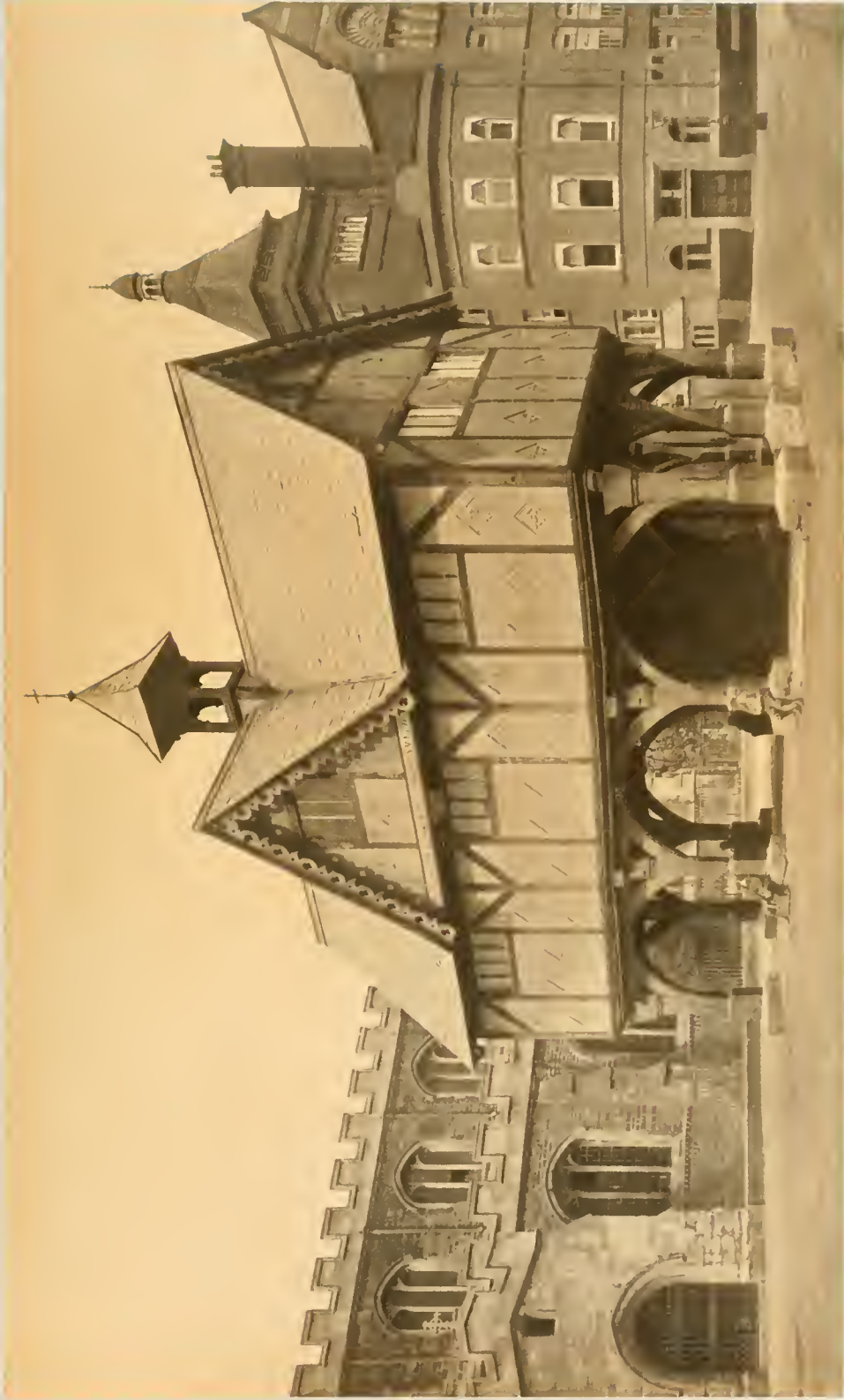


Photo by

THE OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL, MARKET HARBOROUGH.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd

The ancient town of Market Harborough is perhaps best known as a fox-hunting centre, although it is rapidly becoming an important place of manufacture. The old grammar school was built in 1618, but is no longer used as such.



Printed by

CANAL VIEW NEAR MARKET HARBOROUGH.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Market Harborough lies in the south-east corner of the county, and the country in its neighbourhood is level or of a gently undulating character. The photograph shows a pretty waterside view.

that agreeable custom we owe a description of the atmosphere of the reformer's early life which he introduced into an address delivered before Edward VI in 1549 :

" My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own ; only he had a farm of three or four pounds by the year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for an hundred sheep ; and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the King's wages. I can remember, that I buckled his harness when I went to Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the King's majesty now. He married my sisters with five pounds, or twenty nobles, a piece ; so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor ; and all this he did of the



[Photo by]

THE MOAT, CASTLE HILL, HINCKLEY.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The castle which formerly stood here was built in the time of William Rufus by Hugh de Grentemaisnel. A portion of the moat is all that remains of the old building, and a comparatively modern residence now stands on the site.

said farm ; where he that now hath it, payeth sixteen pounds by the year or more, and is not able to do anything for his prince, for himself, nor for his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor."

An attractive tribute to the Leicestershire of days long past !

Michael Drayton's eulogy of Charnwood Forest deserves a place in this survey :

" O Charnwood, be thou call'd the choicest of thy kind,
The like in any place, what flood hath hapt to find ?
No tract in all this isle, the proudest let her be,
Can shew a Sylvan nymph for beauty like to thee. . . ."

The Forest is a geographical and geological curiosity, but the term is wholly misleading if taken



Photo by

CATTHORPE CHURCH.

[A. R. Horwood.]

Catthorpe or Calthorpe is a small village on the River Avon, at the southern extremity of the county. The church has a very old font.

Charnwood Hills, seen obscurely, appear as an extensive range of mountains, much larger, and of course, much more distant, than they really are. When approached, the mountain style is still preserved; the prominencies are distinct, sharp, and most of them pointed with ragged rock." It

is the prevalence of "ragged rock" (no bad description) that gives the "Forest" its special character and makes it so beloved of the toil-worn workers of the industrial towns in the neighbourhood.

The Forest has a distinctly interesting history, the telling of which would carry us too far afield, but something must be said of the more famous points.

Of Groby's famous castle the mound alone has survived, but the ruins of the old mansion of Bradgate, fragmentary though they are,



Photo by

PARK STREET, MARKET BOSWORTH.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Standing 13 miles west of Leicester, Market Bosworth was a place of considerable importance in medieval days. It was here that Richard III marshalled his army and fought the disastrous battle of Bosworth Field (1485), which brought the Wars of the Roses to an end.



Photo by]

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, MARKET BOSWORTH.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This handsome Early English church was restored during the last century. The lofty steeple forms a conspicuous landmark over the countryside. The little town of Market Bosworth has an interest for lovers of literature, since Dr. Johnson was for a time usher at the grammar school there.



Photo by

KING RICHARD'S WELL, MARKET BOSWORTH.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Bosworth Field is situated 2 miles south of the town, close to the canal. During the battle Richard is said to have drunk at a spring on it, and ever since it has been known as Richard's Well. In 1812 it was covered over; bears an inscription by Dr. Parr.



Photo by

THE CASTLE, ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Ashby Castle was built by William Lord Hastings in 1480 out of the materials of the Zouch's castle, which formerly stood on the site. The town belonged to the Norman-French family of La Zouch from the time of Henry III until 1461. The castle will be best known as the scene of the tournament in Scott's "Ivanhoe."

have a certain fascination for the memories they invoke of one of the most pathetic and tragic figures in our history. In 1537 the fine Tudor brick structure witnessed the birth of Lady Jane Grey, eldest daughter of Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset. Within these walls she acquired that formidable array of accomplishments—an easy command of Greek, Latin, French, and Italian, a sound knowledge of Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic, and a marked proficiency in needlework and music—which was the talk of the time, and inspired some of the most interesting pages in Ascham's *Schoolmaster*. Of her entanglement in a net of intrigue which was none of her own making, and her tragic end at the age of seventeen, this is no place to speak. But half the charm of Bradgate (it was destroyed by fire towards the end of the seventeenth century) is the chance of meeting the pale and gentle ghost of that innocent girl who was the "nine-days Queen."

Ulverscroft Priory has some remains of an Augustinian house which, though small, was of considerable note in its day, while at Gracedieu there is something to be seen both of a nunnery and the Tudor mansion which came into being on the site after the Dissolution.

But of course nothing hitherto mentioned can compare for interest and importance with the grand ruin of the castle of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, associated mainly with that Lord Hastings to whom reference has already been made. See-

ing that its very appearance speaks of almost regal splendour and magnificence, it is satisfactory to know that Hastings "had no less than two lords, nine knights, and fifty-eight esquires, with twenty gentlemen of note, that were retained by indenture during their lives, to take his part against all persons whatever, within the realm, their allegiance to the King only excepted."



Photo by

BULL'S HEAD INN, ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH.

Central News

The town of Ashby-de-la-Zouch is pleasantly situated on the north-west border of the county, about 20 miles from Leicester. It was anciently known as Esseby, and it took the latter part of its present name from the La Zouch family. The Bull's Head is typical of many interesting inns in this part of the country.

The ruin shows plainly enough that the builder of a "castle" in the fifteenth century had so far progressed as to think at least as much about comfort as about defence, for nothing could be clearer than that the military was by no means the sole function of this stronghold.

Additional historic interest is lent to the building by the fact that in 1569 it was one of the prisons of Mary, Queen of Scots, but less than a century later its career came to an end; it held out stoutly for King Charles in the first Civil War until the Battle of Naseby made further resistance useless. It was then "slighted," to use the term then current for the process of dismantling.

Loughborough was described by Leland as "yn largeness and good building next to Leyrester, of all the markette townes yn the shire"; but though it still enjoys the distinction of being the second town of its county, it has nothing beyond its church which can be called a feature, though



CHARNWOOD ROCKS, NEAR COALVILLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Charnwood Forest is a barren hilly district, about 20 miles in circumference, in the north-east of Leicestershire. It suffered from deforestation soon after the Conquest. The district contains a number of volcanic rocks, but it is perhaps best known as a classic region for fox-hunters.

some would no doubt go miles to see an entry in the parish register to the effect that in 1557 the town was attacked by "the Swat, alias New Acquaintance, Stoupe, Knave, and Know thy Master" — which appears to have been a "pestilent contagious fever of one day."

On the road from Leicester to Melton Mowbray is the Elizabethan mansion of Brookesby, a splendid example of its date and style which has not, like so many of our ancient country houses, suffered from considerable enlargement. It seems hardly fair to remind such a charming place of any skeletons in the family cupboard, but it cannot be left unsaid that the house was the birthplace of that rather picturesque villain, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, whose meteoric career was cut short by Felton's dagger in a Portsmouth inn on the morning of August 23, 1628.

But from the point of view of sheer magnificence, nothing can compare with Belvoir Castle, to which that much-abused word "princely" may for once be properly applied, if only for its



Photo by,

CARILLON TOWER, LOUGHBOROUGH.

[Miss E. Warren.

This stately memorial was erected to the memory of the men of Loughborough who fell in the Great War, and contains what is said to be the finest carillon of bells in the world. They are forty-seven in number, the heaviest weighing 4 tons 4 cwt. and the smallest 20 pounds.

entrancing situation. The admission of so much is certainly not to be construed into unqualified approval of its architecture, for in substance the present castle is a rebuilding dating from about a century ago, and the hand of Wyatt is only too evident in many features that are impressive as a whole but do not commend themselves to good taste.

Internally, the decoration, fittings, and furniture of this house are in every way worthy of a great and historic family, while the collection of pictures is of European note, containing, as it does, an extremely interesting series of family portraits and par-

ticularly choice examples of the British, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and French schools.

Bottesford Church may be regarded as the Westminster Abbey of the family, with this distinction—to the discredit of the national mausoleum by the Thames—that few of its monuments can compare with the magnificent series of Rutland tombs, which prove to what an extraordinarily high standard the art of sculpture in this country could attain in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Few old English towns can compare with Melton Mowbray in its ability to produce the atmosphere



Photo by]

Miss E. Warren.

WINDMILL, NEAR WOODHOUSE EAVES.

This picturesque village is situated close to Quorn on the edge of "Eaves" of Charnwood Forest, 5 miles south of Loughborough.



Photo by]

Miss E. Warren.

AT WOODHOUSE.

Woodhouse lies 1 mile north east of Woodhouse Eaves in the Barrow-upon-Soar parish, and is, with its neighbour, a favourite centre for the exploration of Charnwood Forest.

of healthy, care-free country life. Its rise to fame as the centre of perhaps the best hunting in the land has given it a somewhat aristocratic *cachet*, which becomes it well, and, though it is not notably picturesque or quaint, and can boast of few old houses of a really attractive sort, it has a singular fascination of its own, particularly in winter, when the serious business of hunting occupies all minds.

Its one really outstanding possession is a parish church which has few rivals in Britain. Its fine tower is an exceedingly happy example of the Perpendicular style before it tended to become rigid and vulgar, while internally the process of the development of the Decorated style from its beginnings in

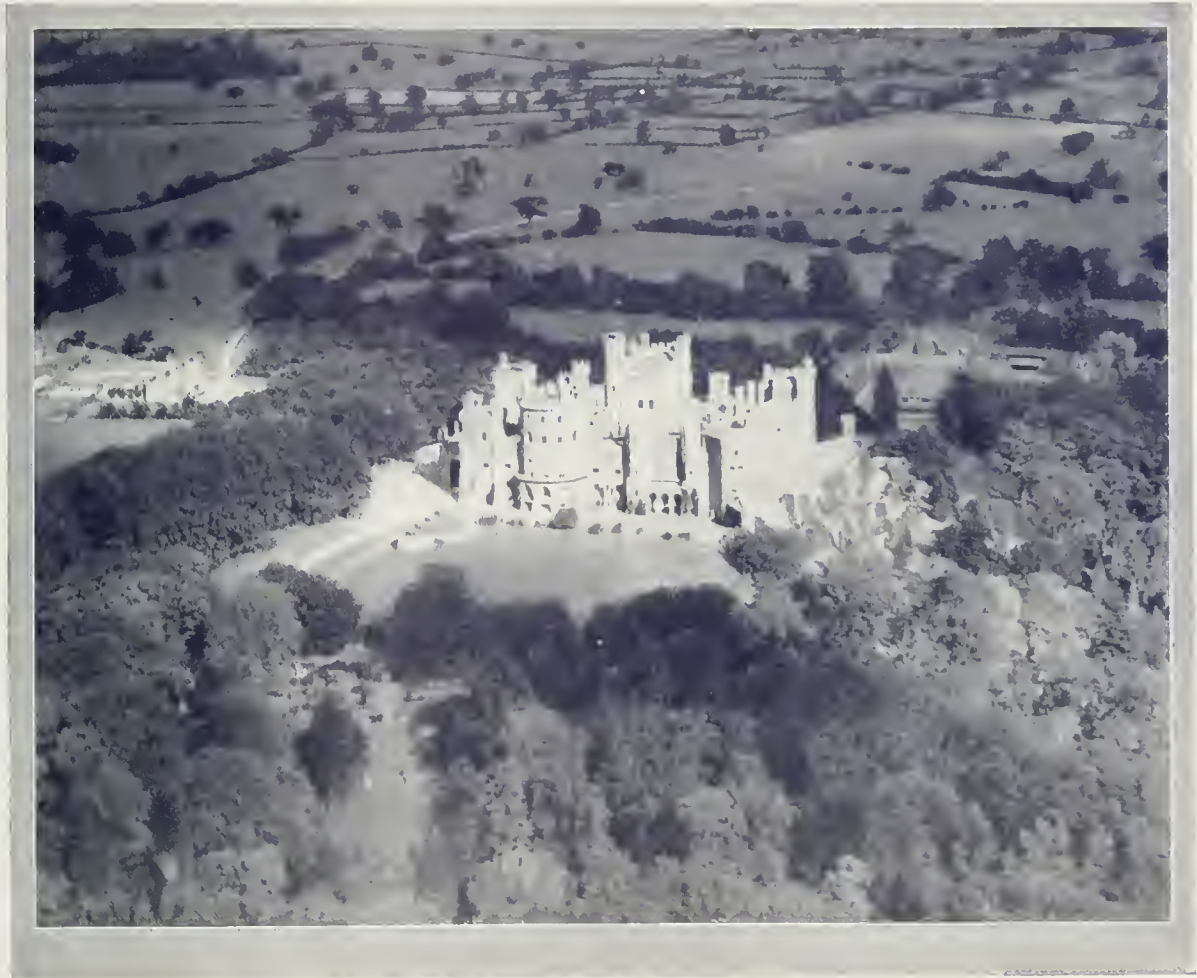


Photo by]

BELVOIR CASTLE FROM THE AIR.

[Aereo Aerials.

This magnificent residence is the seat of the Duke of Rutland. It was rebuilt in 1816 by Wyatt after a disastrous fire, and stands in a conspicuous position 7 miles south-west of Grantham. The castle contains one of the best private picture galleries in England and a fine collection of tapestry, armour, and miniatures.

Transitional Early English gives the edifice a marked architectural interest which is not gained at the cost of any loss of beauty.

One cannot leave Melton Mowbray without relating that it was the birthplace of that extraordinary creature "Orator Henley," "Preacher at once and zany of his age," as Pope called him, and perhaps the most distinguished seventeenth-century exponent of the gentle art of turning oratorical gifts to the uses of self-advertisement.

Market Harborough is another hunting centre, with some attractive old buildings, both secular and ecclesiastical. Of the former, the most picturesque is unquestionably the early seventeenth-century grammar school, perched somewhat fantastically on a set of wooden supports. The town gained a certain fame in the first Civil War. It was the headquarters of King Charles I's army before the



Photo by

THE WREAE AT HOBY.

[Miss E. Warren.

The River Wreake rises a little to the north of Melton Mowbray and flows past Hoby village 6 miles west of the town. It is the principal tributary of the Soar, which it joins near Cossington.

church is of no particular interest in itself, but one of its rectors was a man who played a larger part in English history than has yet been realised—John Wyclif.

Several relics of the reformer are shown in the church, but nothing to remind the visitor of what was certainly the strangest scene with which he is associated. He died on the 31st December, 1384, three days after being seized with a paralytic stroke while officiating in the church. But after his remains had reposed in peace for no less than forty-four years, they were exhumed and burned by Bishop Fleming in pursuance of a decree of the Council of Constance in 1415!

Market Bosworth has an attraction of a somewhat antiquated kind, but the principal point of interest hereabouts is the famous battlefield on which the melancholy Wars of the Roses came to an end on August 22, 1485. It lies round about the station of Shenton village. The interest of the site



Photo by,

AT BOTTESFORD.

[G. H. Green.

The village stands on the plain that borders the River Devon, 7 miles west-north-west of Grantham. The photograph shows the ancient market cross and the remains of some old stocks.

Battle of Naseby, and readers of Carlyle's *Oliver Cromwell* will remember the Puritan General's description of the pursuit through the town after the action had ended in the complete overthrow of the royal forces.

In the centre of the angle formed by the junction of the Warwickshire and Northants borders stands Lutterworth. Its

is almost exclusively sentimental and romantic, as its external appearance has changed almost entirely. How much more impressive the battlefield would be if we could only identify the spot where Richard pitched his tent and passed the night—the last night of his life—in some such thoughts as Shakespeare put into words of glowing gold.



Photo by]

BRIDGE AND CHURCH, MELTON MOWBRAY

Melton Mowbray is situated in a valley close to the junction of the Eye and Wreak Rivers, 14 miles from Leicesters. It is an irony of fate which causes this beautiful old town to be associated in the public mind principally with pork pies ! The parish church of St. Mary, built in the Early English and Decorated styles, is one of the finest in the country.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

COUNTY LEITRIM

ONE of the five counties of Connaught—it is in the north-eastern corner of the province—Leitrim is shaped, if you study the boundary-lines on the map, like a clumsy sausage pinched at the waist. This waist is particularly interesting, for it divides the county not only geographically, but physically, into two parts. It is a mere neck of water and land, not more than six miles across, nearly all of it water—Lough Allen. To the north is the rough mountainous highland, the wild country of Truskmore, over two thousand feet high, of Benbo and Lackagh; to the south, the level wood and pasture land and the valley of the Shannon. In the north the mountains form a watershed dividing those streams that drain away to Lough Allen, and thence to the Shannon in the south, from those, like the River Bonet, that finds its way from Lough Gill to the Sligo coast and the Drowes that



Photo by

BLACKSTONE BRIDGE, GLENCAR.

[W. Lawrence

Blackstone Bridge spans the Caragh River 1½ miles below Glencar Hotel, not far from the lake. In places the river forms a raging torrent as it rushes through masses of black rock which threaten to impede its course. The neighbourhood of Glencar is one of the most beautiful in Co. Leitrim.

carries the waters of Lough Melvin's many tributaries into Donegal Bay. For neighbours, Leitrim has the counties Sligo to the west and Roscommon to the south, and Longford. To the east, there is Cavan, and north-east, a little of Fermanagh, finishing up with a tiny strip of seaboard looking north to Donegal Bay.

Pasture land naturally predominates—this is not surprising—and of arable land there is little; a few oats are grown, and, though mainly for home consumption, the inevitable potatoes. Beyond agriculture there is a small coarse linen industry, and coal is found in the Lough Allen basin. The capital is the small town of Carrick-on-Shannon, lying in the midst of the string of lakes that help to carry the waters of the Shannon from *Lugnashinna* in the mountains to the sea. Carrick-on-Shannon has gained much of its importance from the navigation of the Shannon up to Lough Allen.



From the painting by

THE CLIFF, CASTLEROCK, LONDONDERRY.

Six miles north west of Coleraine, Castlerock is a picturesque seaside resort at the mouth of the River Bann. The cliffs command magnificent views of a large stretch of the coast in both directions.

M. C. Green

Before the general "sheering up" into counties, Leitrim originally formed with the near portion of Cavan, a principality of Breffny or Brenny—the remains of Breffny Castle are on the shores of Lough Gill—under the name Hy Bruin-Brenny, or generally, Brenny O'Rourke, from the dominant family of that name. Leitrim itself, a town of sufficient importance to give its name to a barony, and later to the county, is now a tiny village a mile or two north of Carrick-on-Shannon and has yielded its honours to a more prosperous neighbour.

In a country of lakes County Leitrim certainly has its fair share. Lough Allen, the largest of them, lying at the "narrows" of the county, collects the Shannon's youthful waters, and passes them on, a full-grown river by now, to Carrick-on-Shannon. On the Fermanagh border is Lough Macnean—this is the Upper Lough, the Lower Lough Macnean being entirely in county Cavan. Lough Scur and Lough Garadice are in the southern portion, and in the far north, close to Bundoran and the sea, is Lough Melvin, which embraces the waters of a hundred mountain streams and pours them—they call it the Drowes River—into Donegal Bay. Lough Melvin, a fine expanse of water some $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, has proved itself to be a great attraction for fishermen, and is specially known for its "gillaroo," a species of trout. As is usual in Irish lakes, there are several islands with traditions. The eight islets of Lough Melvin are small and prettily wooded. On one of them, one of the tiniest, close to the south shore, stand the ruins of Rossclagher Castle, the ruined church being on the mainland. Here—so runs the story—a Spanish captain of the Armada, De Cuellar, found refuge after

his vessel, with so many more of King Philip's proud fleet, had perished miserably on the Sligo coast. Of his escape from the wreck, and his subsequent adventures, he wrote an account which was unearthed in Madrid and published in the latter part of the last century. The ancient church of Rossinver lies on the shores of the lake, and also Tober-Moque, the Sacred Well of St. Moque. It would be better to turn aside at Kinlough—Ceann-locha—the head of the lake, for there is a spring—not sacred perhaps—impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen!

The little River Bonet rises in the hills above Manor Hamilton, and falls, with its many tributaries—the Bonet naturally drains the whole district—into Lough Gill, on the boundary between Leitrim and



Photo by]

W. A. Green.

TULLAGHAN CROSS.

This rude wayside cross occupies a solitary position by the side of the main road from Bundoran to Sligo.

Sligo. On its picturesque banks is a little town called Dromahaire. Here was the old castle of the O'Rourkes, with walls of a tremendous thickness, as befitted a great and princely family, lords of the soil for many an Irish mile. Here, history relates, Devorgilla, who, it will be remembered, piously built the little Nuns' Church at Clonmacnoise, deserted her husband, Tiernan O'Rourke, Prince of Breffny, while he was paying his devotions at Lough Derg's famous shrine. The lover in question was Diarmait mac Murchadha, a prince who had risen by hard fighting and shrewd diplomacy to be recognised King of Leinster. Finding himself opposed in his triumphal march by Tiernan

O'Rourke, more to disgrace his hated rival than from affection or desire, he carried off Devorgilla, the lady being a not unwilling party. This was in 1152, and though Devorgilla returned to her husband the next year, and was apparently received with open arms, the war between the two princes was carried on with a relentless animosity, and may count as the *fons et origo principis* of the English conquest of twenty years later.

Though its history of war can in no way compare with that of Limerick and other counties, Leitrim has had a share, especially in the wars of the seventeenth century. Where the Shannon and its lakes wind along the Roscommon frontier between Carrick-on-Shannon and Drumod in the southern corner of County Leitrim, there was a considerable amount of desultory fighting, notably at Drumod, or, to be exact, where wooded Derrycarne slopes to the river. Here there was sharp skirmishing between the men of William III and James II. At Jamestown, farther



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MAP OF CO. LEITRIM.

north, in the bend of the Shannon, Sarsfield with his Irish met the Enniskilleners; this in 1689. Whatever the northern part—the more mountainous and desolate part—of County Leitrim may be like, there is no doubt that the southern portion, the lowlands, is extremely pretty, especially where the Shannon forms the two lakes Boderg and Bofin, and where the little village of Drumsna lies in a wooded curve of the river, while to the far north lies the lofty Slieve-an-ierin, and nearer, the lesser heights of Sheemore and Sheebeg, or, turning to the south-west, the varied and luxurious stretch of Teeraron, and County Roscommon.



Photo by

A SCENE ON THE BUNDROES RIVER.

This little rivulet rises in the north-west of Co. Leitrim and flows into Donegal Bay near the picturesque village of Bundroes. The photograph also shows the Darryl Mountain and Bridge.

W. A. Green



Photo by

ROSSCLOGHER CASTLE, LOUGH MELVIN.

The interesting remains of Rossclogher Castle stand on a "crannog" at the south end of Lough Melvin. The lake is situated partly in Co. Fermanagh and is famous for its salmon and gillaroo fishing.

[W. A. Green.



Photo by]

W. A. Green.

THOMOND BRIDGE, LIMERICK.

Thomond Bridge connects English Town with Co. Clare and is the oldest of the three bridges spanning the Shannon at Limerick. It is situated just to the north of King John's Castle, one of the finest Norman fortresses in Ireland.

COUNTY LIMERICK

THOUGH the approach to County Limerick from the west, from the mouth of the Shannon up the broad estuary, past Tarbet and Glin and Foynes, past the little rivers of the Deel and Maigne, with the estuary of many-islanded Fergus to the north, leaves little to be desired, yet—for we are concerning ourselves with the County of Limerick as a whole and not merely the city—perhaps a more interesting approach is by the south-east corner of the county. The traveller who comes by road from Fermoy in County Cork northward to Michels-town, still in County Cork, but a stone's throw from the Limerick boundary, continues his journey north-east, and plunges on to the slopes of the Galtee Mountains. If he has foresight and energy, he will climb to the conical summit of



Photo by

W. A. Green.

TREATY STONE, LIMERICK.

After the siege of the town by Glocckell, the famous treaty of Limerick was signed on this stone on October 3, 1691. It was placed in this position in 1865, and bears the inscription "urbs antiqua fuit studiisque asperrima helli."

Galtymore, 3,015 feet above the sea-level. With fair weather and a clear sky—attendant circumstances not always present even in summer-time in the South of Ireland—he will see beneath him the striking conical head of Galtybeg and the other rough and precipitous mountains of the Galtee range, and steep-cliffed Lough Curra, Lough Diheen, and Lough Borheen, hillside tarns of great beauty and depth. But turning west and north, he will see, stretched out before him,

unrolling one coloured fold after another, the "Golden Vale" of Tipperary and Limerick, bounded in the far distance by the Clare Mountains and by Queen's and King's Counties. Turning again southward, he will see the ridges of the mountains reaching to the horizon of the sea. His prospect—we are giving him fair weather, *bien entendu*—will cover eight counties.

Limerick is not a mountainous county, the Galtees not being in themselves a great range, so far as their height is concerned. But their sudden spring from the Tipperary plains, their deep gullies and towering cliffs, give them a reputation for formidableness which, though they may not deserve it, they undoubtedly earn. In the south-western corner of the county there are some mountains, a slight range, the Muflaghareirk Mountains, but they are of no great account, and the rest of Limerick is a level and rich pasture. With the exception of Limerick city, which, of course, dominates the



Photo by

ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL, LIMERICK.

[W. A. Green.]

The Roman Catholic Cathedral was built in 1860 in the Early Pointed style and has a stately spire, 280 feet high.

county, the towns are quite small market centres—Kilfinnane and Kilmallock in the south, Ballingary and Rathkeale in the middle, Newcastle and Abbeyfeale to the west, with Tarbert, Glin, and Foynes on the estuary of the Shannon in the north. The county may be said to be given over entirely to pasture, but that pasture is of the finest. Potatoes, of course, are grown in considerable quantities, though they are essentially a necessary domestic industry in Ireland; so far as cereals are concerned, some oats are cropped. In the mountain ranges of the south-east and



Photo by

INTERIOR, ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL, LIMERICK.

Within the building is a remarkably fine dark stone reredos over the great High Altar. A gorgeous marble statue of the Virgin Mary by Benzoni stands between the south altars.

W. Laurence.



Photo by,

ADARE ABBEY, NEAR LIMERICK.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The village of Adare is particularly rich in ecclesiastical remains. The photograph shows the picturesque ruins of a Franciscan Friary, founded by Thomas Earl of Kildare and his wife, in 1654. The handsome tower rises to a height of 72 feet from the intersection.



Photo by

RUINS OF CASTLECONNEL.

[H. Lawrence.]

This ancient fortress stands on a lonely rock in the middle of the town to which it gives its name. The castle was for many years the seat of the O'Briens, kings of Thomond, but in 1688 it was captured from King James's supporters and blown up.

south-west, the Mulla-ghareirk Mountains, spoken of above, the Ballyhoura Hills, and the Galtees, rise the thousands of streamlets that, flowing into the greater rivers such as the Deel and Maigne, irrigate this rich and luxurious pasture land.

Originally in the O'Brien's kingdom of Thomond, and later called *Aine-Cliach*, Limerick was formed into a county by King John, when he built a great stronghold in Limerick City.

Castles and churches, or their ruins, are so many in County Limerick that a description of them *in toto* would be too much in the nature of a catalogue. One or two of the more important, and, historically, the more interesting, must suffice. Near Limerick City, 11 miles west-south-west to be exact, on the River Maigne, is Adare, a little market town. The history of Adare—*Ath-Dara*, the Ford of the Oaks—is wholly associated with the great family of the Geraldines, the Earls of Kildare. The Castle of Adare itself was built by the second Earl in 1326, on the site of the old O'Donovan stronghold. However, on the rebellion of "Silken Thomas"

Fitzgerald, the whole estate was taken over by the Crown. The Friaries were three: the Trinitarian, or White Friary—the Order was founded in 1230 according to the historian Lopez, though 1198 is another authoritative date—only escaped being turned into a market-place at the beginning of the nineteenth century by the intervention of the then Earl of Dunraven. The second was the Augustinian Friary of a little later date, now the Protestant Church. Undoubtedly the show figure of the three friaries was the Franciscan, within the Manor, but on the farther side of the River Maigue. The church and cloisters were of generous proportions, and the tower, over 70 feet high, rises gracefully from the intersection of the nave and transepts. The Adare Castle was considerably larger than the majority of the strongholds of the Irish princes, with an inner ward, a moat and quadrangle, and a great central keep, still accessible.

A particular interest attaches to the Adare district. At one time it was known as the Palatinate. Early in the eighteenth century Lord Southwell, of Castle Matrix, introduced a colony of Lutheran



Photo by]

BROAD STREET, ADARE.

[W. Lawrence.

The preservation of the many beautiful ruins at Adare is in a large measure due to the Earl of Dunraven, whose seat is at Adare Manor. The history of the village dates back to the erection of a Rath or fort, on the site of which the remains of a twelfth-century castle now stand.

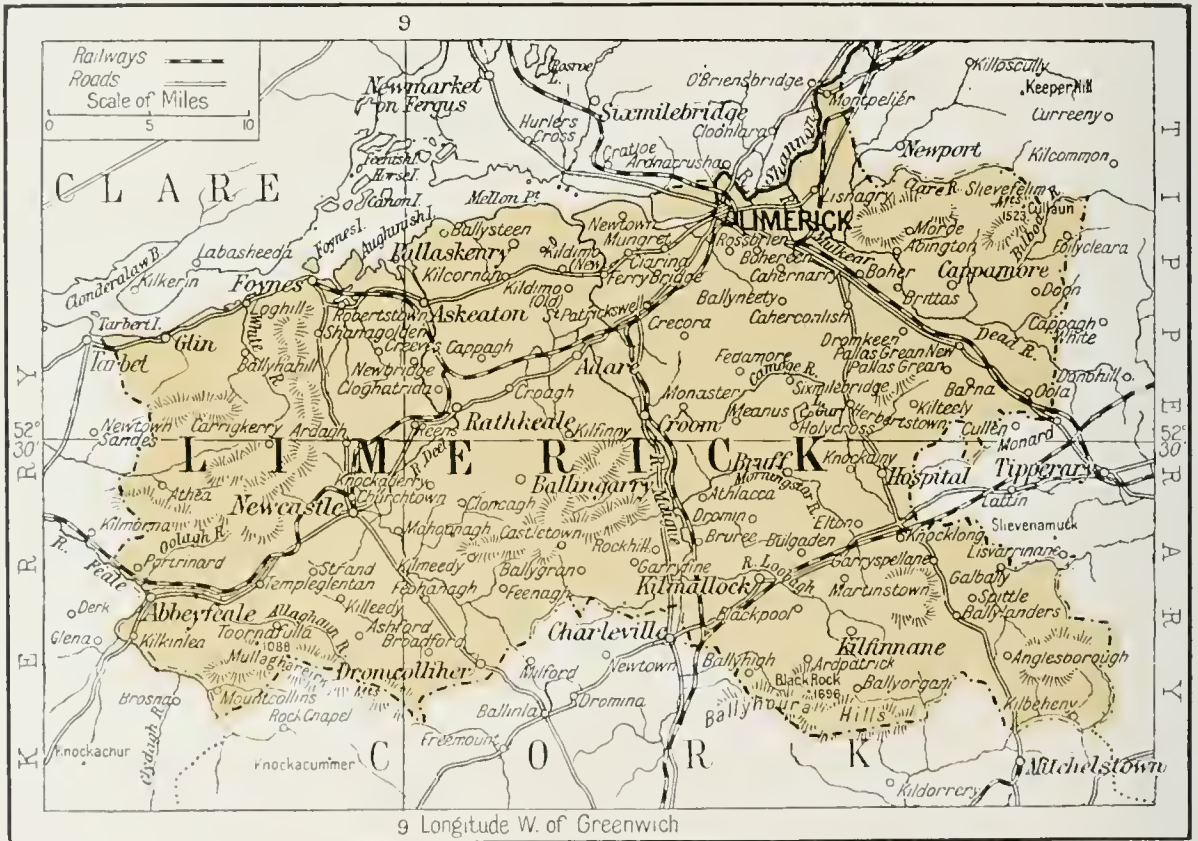
Protestants, who had been driven by the French from the Palatinate. These Lutherans, settling down in Limerick, proved themselves to be an industrious and a thrifty family, and many of their names and customs have remained, and are to be found on the banks of the Maigue and in the surrounding country to-day.

At Askeaton, on the little River Deel, close to the Shannon, the Geraldines built another stronghold, watching, according to their custom, their physical and political requirements, while the spiritual needs of the community were satisfied by the foundation of an abbey for Conventual Franciscans. This abbey was not finished until 1420, and was certainly a very fine one.

On a rocky island in the River Deel stands the ruins of Desmond's Castle, a great keep rising 90 feet, in the lower vaulted chambers of which may still be seen the basket-work that was in use at the time for holding the mortar. In this castle, after the disastrous battle of Monasteranenagh in 1571, when the town and abbey were ruthlessly sacked by Sir Nicholas Maltby, Garrett, the last Earl of Desmond, took refuge. The castle saw some more fighting, but was taken by Axtell in the seventeenth-century wars, and demolished.

Farther west was Shanid Castle, a Desmond stronghold, and one of their most powerful ones, now, of course, in ruins. This fortress of the Desmonds and the Fitzgerald's Castle of Croom were both on the borders of the country of the O'Briens of Thomond. Civil War between the great families was, of course, frequent, the O'Brien war cry, "Lamh Laidir a bu"—the Strong Hand for ever—being raised against the Desmond and Geraldine cries of "Shanid a bu" and "Cromadh a bu," later to be the respective mottoes of the Earls of Desmond and Kildare.

The city of Limerick was founded, as so many other Irish seaports were, by the Danes. The invaders—there was, of course, a settlement on the spot earlier—made their town the capital of their kingdom of Limerick—the name, by the way, being a corruption, by the rather unusual change of *n* to *r*, of the Irish *Luimneach*. The Danish city was soon to yield to Brian Boru, and it became, in its turn, towards the end of the tenth century, the royal city of the Kings of Munster.



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MAP OF CO. LIMERICK.

From the earliest days, when the old town was sacked by the Danes in 812, the history of Limerick has been a history of warfare, to come to an end—that is to say, so far as what we may call the first series of wars is concerned—when King John built a strong fortress, and appointed William de Burgh to be governor of the town. In the passage of time, the town increased notably as a seaport, and was a centre of very great importance during Queen Elizabeth's reign. But soon there was to be plenty of fighting. In 1641, after an obstinate defence, it was captured by the Irish. Ten years later the Cromwellian General Ireton broke down Hugh O'Neil's defence after a six months' siege. Ireton himself, unfortunately, succumbed to the plague there the next year.

Limerick's greatest triumph, however, was to come later, in the wars between William III and James II. The story of the great siege is well worn, but is worth retelling. William's army was waiting for artillery. A heavy siege train was marching on Limerick from Dublin. Sarsfield, with six hundred men, crossed the Shannon at night near Killaloe, attacked and captured the whole artillery train. Filling the guns with powder he buried their muzzles in the ground and exploded



Photo by]

[W. A. Green.

GRANNOGE IN LOUGH GUR.

Lough Gur stands 10 miles to the north of Kilmallock, and is of interest to the antiquarian on account of the many stone circles and other remains that have been found round the lake. The waters have now been partially drained, exposing to view a number of these "crannogés."



Photo by]

[W. A. Green.

"LEABA NA MUICE" CROMLEAC, LOUGH GUR.

This interesting cromleac is one of the many prehistoric structures to be found in the neighbourhood of Lough Gur. It has been estimated that over 100 of these remains have existed here within the living memory of man. They extend for over 15 miles, and were the subject of a survey by Crofton Croker in 1830.

them. Fresh artillery was brought up, and the city was subjected to a tremendous bombardment lasting four hours. The defence, in which the women took part, was gallant, and King William's losses in personnel during the attack are placed at two thousand. The attack was a failure, and, owing to the lateness of the season—William did not care to risk manœuvring his men on the heavy marshy ground—the siege was raised. Meanwhile, within the city, Tyrconnel died of an apoplectic fit, and the reins of government, civil and military, were respectively taken over by D'Usson and the gallant Sarsfield. But the end was near. William's General Ginckel, fresh from his triumphs at Athlone and the sanguinary field of Aughrim, stormed a fort that overlooked the Thomond Bridge. In a short time the fort was captured, and the French officer in command of the Thomond Gate ordered that portion of the bridge that was nearest to the city to be raised—the main object being to prevent the pursuers from entering the gate with the refugees. The result was a holocaust. The Irish fugitives, hurrying to gain the protection of the city walls, were driven headlong into the river,



Photo by,

THE HARBOUR AT FOYNES.

(W. A. Green,

Foynes is a small village on the River Shannon, 6 miles north-west of Askeaton. Its harbour is the usual embarking place for the steamer to Kilrush.

and miserably perished. Others, holding up their handkerchiefs, cried for quarter. "But the conquerors"—the quotation is from Macaulay—"were mad with rage, their cruelty could not be immediately restrained, and no prisoners were made until the heads of the corpses rose above the parapet." Of the garrison of the fort, some eight hundred men, only one hundred and twenty escaped. The Treaty was signed on the stone near the bridge in October 1691. Two years later, Sarsfield was killed at the battle of Landen. So ended the long and stormy period of Limerick's fights. The gates and the ramparts were kept up and garrisoned as fortresses for seventy years, and then, in 1760, they too were demolished. The city then found itself at liberty to expand, and her further prosperity and increase were assured by the inauguration of a new quarter called Newtown Pery in 1760 by the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, Edmund Sexton Pery, whose family afterwards became the Earls of Limerick.



Photo by]

[Herbert Felton.

OLD WALLS, LINCOLN.

The photograph shows the walk along the old Roman walls and one of the bastions. Only a small section of the walls now remain, but they originally enclosed an area of about a quarter of a mile, which included both the cathedral and castle.

LINCOLNSHIRE

OWING to a variety of reasons this county is not as well known as it should be. It lies to the east of the great highways of road and rail communication between north and south, the width of the Humber serving to isolate its northern portion in a very marked fashion. The glimpse of its landscapes gained from the main railway routes is anything but satisfactory, saving only the edge of the great escarpment on which Lincoln proudly stands. True exploration involves cross-country journeys, and the Briton's dislike of a cross-country journey, except as a means to an end, is proverbial.

Hence a good deal of popular ignorance on the subject of Lincolnshire, an ignorance which is inexcusable in view of its wealth of interest, historical, social, artistic—yes, and even scenic, for the county is by no means destitute of attractive and varied landscapes, endowed with a charm of a most



Photo by]

[A. H. Robinson.

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL AND GATEWAY.

This view of the cathedral was obtained from just behind the Potter Gate, a fourteenth-century gateway situated at the south-eastern approach to the minster. The central tower may be seen just to the left of the gateway.

appealing kind to those to whom beauty is not inevitably associated with mere size or grandeur. A century and a half ago a very attractive writer and personality, Arthur Young, made the same protest that the present writer is making, and his defence of Lincolnshire scenery is worth quoting :

" About Belton are fine views from the tower on Belmont ; Lynn and the Norfolk cliffs are visible, Nottingham Castle, the Vale of Belvoir, etc. And in going by the cliff towns to Lincoln there are many fine views. From Fullbeck to Leadenham, especially at the latter place, there is a most rich prospect over the vale of the Trent to the distant lands that bound it. These views, over an extensive vale, are striking, and of the same features are those from the cliff-road to the north of Lincoln, to Kirton, where is a great view both east and west to the wolds, and also to



Photo by]

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The original Norman church which stood on this site was built by Bishop Remigius in the eleventh century, but the main design of the present edifice belongs to Bishop Hugh. Within recent years great fissures up to 10 inches in width have opened in its walls, and extensive restoration work has been in progress under Sir Francis Fox.

Nottinghamshire. Near Gainsborough there are very agreeable scenes ; from the plantation of H. Dalton of Knaith, and from the chateau battery of Mr. Hutton of Burton, the view of the windings of the Trent, and the rich level plain of meadow, all alive with great herds of cattle, bounded by distant hills of cultivation, are features of an agreeable county. But still more beautiful is that about Trentfall ; from Sir John Sheffield's hanging wood, and the Rev. Mr. Sheffield's ornamental walk, following the cliff to Alkborough, where Mr. Goulton's beautiful grounds command a great view of the three rivers ; as the soil is dry, the woods lofty, and the county various, *this must be esteemed a noble scenery, and a perfect contrast to what Lincolnshire is often represented, by those who have only seen the parts of it that are very different.*"

What was true then is in substance equally true to-day, and of course the drainage improvements carried out during the nineteenth century made nonsense of the old complaint that the county



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INTERIOR, LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

[Underwood Press Service.

The nave was completed in 1250 by Robert Grosseteste, though much of the work is attributed to Bishop Hugh of Wells. It has a length of 215 feet, a width of 80 feet, and a height of vaulting of 82 feet.



Photo by]

THE CATHEDRAL FROM BRAYFORD POND.

[Herbert Felton

Just to the south-west of the cathedral the River Witham expands into a sheet of water known as Brayford Pond, which is used as a harbour for vessels and is surrounded by wharves and warehouses. From this point line views of the city and Minster may be obtained.

produced "pestilential climates, unfit for human habitation or only calculated to excite agues, cramps, and endless rheumatisms."

From whatever point of view regarded, the cathedral city of Lincoln is one of the most interesting and attractive in the British Isles, and its visible links with successive ages and civilisations make it worthy of most careful study. To inquire into its pre-Roman history is to enter a field of very thorny debate, and as practically no light on the subject is thrown by its present appearance the Roman period may be taken as an appropriate starting-point.

Of its importance at that epoch the most impressive piece of evidence is its very name: "Lincoln" is a contraction of "Lindum colonia," and that fact alone proclaims its distinguished status. The most conspicuous monument of Roman Lincoln still existing is the Newport Gate, one of the two Roman gates left in the country, but much less impressive than it should be by reason of the fact that so much of it lies buried under the present roadway. This famous relic tells its own tale, and the rest of the picture of Lindum colonia can to a large extent be pieced together from the other Roman remains and antiquities that have come to light from time to time.

The next event which is writ large over the present city is the Norman Conquest, the effect of which is visible both in the Castle and the Cathedral.

The former was begun by the Conqueror shortly after his victory at Senlac, and some idea of the scale of the new fortress can be gathered from the recorded fact that no fewer than one hundred and sixty-six houses were destroyed to furnish the site. Two good tower-gateways of about this period and the keep still remain, but the rest of the structure

has been subjected to various architectural pranks which have altered its appearance, so that it is now not particularly illuminating as an example of a feudal fortress.

Within a few years after work had begun on the castle the present cathedral began to take shape under the inspiration and guidance of Bishop Remi. The somewhat plain and severe central



Photo by

Talentine & Sons Ltd.

THE IMP, LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

The photograph shows one of the grotesque figures of which there are many in Lincoln Cathedral. Several of the shapes are interesting and curious in the extreme.

portion of the west front is of this period, and the doorways and lower half of the two western towers date from about fifty years later. To the archæologist or trained student of architecture this west front, with its blend of Norman, Early English, and Perpendicular work, is of the very highest interest, but one does not need to be an expert to appreciate its massive splendour or the effectiveness of the decorative improvements, added at a time when the Norman style, for all its stately simplicity, was considered somewhat too heavy and military.

Of the building activities of the next century there is a good deal to show in addition to the work on the west front of the cathedral; but the nave was damaged by earthquake towards the close of the century, and the present nave belongs to the early years of the next. But if the



Photo by,

THE CASTLE, LINCOLN.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

The castle has a very important connection with the history of the town. It was built by William I, and covers an area of 8 acres in the south-western corner of the old Roman city. In 1140 it was captured by Stephen, and eighteen years later Henry II had his second coronation here.

ecclesiastical relics of the twelfth century are not of high importance, the secular remains are most interesting and unusual, comprising as they do some portion of the picturesque "High Bridge," the two Norman houses known as the "Jew's House" and the "House of Aaron the Jew," and another Norman building miscalled "John of Gaunt's Stables."

Here we may pause to say that Lincoln came into the limelight of history during the wars between Stephen and Matilda. Stephen was captured there in 1141, an event of which Matthew Paris has left a most graphic description:

"A very strange sight it was, there to behold King Stephen, left almost alone in the field, yet no man daring to approach him, while, grinding his teeth and foaming like a furious wild boar, he drove back with his battle-axe the assailing squadrons, slaying the foremost of them, to the eternal



Photo by

EXCHEQUER GATE, LINCOLN.

[Herbert Felton.]

This fine three-storied fourteenth-century gate was the scene of most of the fighting during the Siege of Lincoln. Through the arch may be seen an interesting 400-year-old house at the corner of Bailgate and Eastgate.



Photo by

THE "GLORY HOLE," LINCOLN.

Herbert Felton.

This old bridge spans the Witham shortly after it leaves Brayford Pond. High Bridge is one of the few remaining structures still carrying old buildings, and its ancient ribs may be seen from the waterside.

renown of his courage. If but a hundred like himself had been with him, a whole army had never been able to capture his person; yet, single-handed as he was, he held out, till first his battle-axe brake, and afterwards his sword shivered in his grasp with the force of his own resistless blows, and he was borne backwards to his knees by a great stone, which some ignoble person flung at him. A stout knight, William of Kames, then seized him by the helmet, and holding the point of his sword to his throat, called upon him to surrender. Even in that extremity, Stephen refused to give up the fragment of his sword to any one but the Earl of Gloucester, his valiant kinsman, who, coming up, bade his infuriated troops refrain from further violence, and conducted his royal captive to the Empress Matilda at Gloucester."

As regards the minster, the outstanding architectural achievement of the thirteenth century was the glorious Presbytery (generally known as the "Angel Choir") with which many great authorities consider English Gothic attained its zenith. Subsequently the towers were heightened, and the church assumed very much its present form, except for the spires; that on the central tower was blown down just before Henry VIII's

death (the disaster might have been a comment on his infamy), and two shorter ones on the western towers were taken down rather more than a century ago. Judging by the plate given in *Britton*, their removal must be regarded as no great loss.

The tombs and monuments of the cathedral are on the whole unworthy of the great fane. They



Photo by

GATEWAY, LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

W. F. Mansell.

This Decorated doorway occupies a central position in the west facade. The statues of kings above the arch range from William I to Edward III. The quaint carving over the recesses probably dates from before the time of Bishop Remigius.

suffered very severely in the Civil War, and perhaps even more from ignorant vandalism after the Restoration.

Other interesting buildings in the city, a description of which is precluded by considerations of space, are the Vicar's Court and the Bishop's Palace, the Library (designed by Sir Christopher Wren), and no one with the faintest interest in ecclesiastical architecture in this country will miss the churches of St. Benedict, St. Mary le Wigford, and St. Peter-at-Gowts, with their typical Saxon work.

Sleaford is a small but attractive old town, with a parish church which is a credit to the county, and indeed to the kingdom. But it must be regretted that Bishop Alexander's grand castle has been reduced to a miserable and forlorn fragment, especially if, as we are told, it was built upon the site of a "Roman citadel." The stronghold made a great impression on Leland, who was in these parts somewhere about 1540: "Withoute the towne of Sleaford standith, west-south-west, the propre castell of Sleaford, very well mantayned; and it is compassed with a renning streme, cumming out by a cut

oute of a little frene, lying almoste flatte weste against it. In the gateway be two portcullices, a high toure in the middle of the castelle, but not set upon a hill of raised earth: the vaults of the castle by the ground be fair."

In addition to its beautiful Decorated work of the best period, the church is interesting for its series of tombs of members of the Carr family, local merchant princes who were great benefactors to the town. The fact that these memorials of commercial magnates take the place of those of soldiers and ecclesiastics clearly



Photo by]

OLD HALL FROM NORTH, GAINSBOROUGH.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The Old Hall or Manor House is a beautiful mansion situated in Lord Street and standing on the site of an earlier building which was destroyed in 1470. The east wing and the handsome stone oriel date from about the sixteenth century, but the whole building was carefully restored in 1884.

proves that England was fast becoming a mercantile state in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Sleaford lies in the centre of a district famous for its beautiful churches, of which that at Heckington is perhaps the queen. Certainly no more satisfactory example of the purest Decorated is to be found elsewhere, and at first sight it seems curious that a more or less unimportant village should be able to boast of so magnificent a church. The explanation is simply that it was built by the rich Abbey of Bardney.

It is to be feared that the habit of regarding Grantham as a "breather" on a long railway journey, combined with its not particularly attractive appearance, have tended to obscure its merits as the possessor of another glorious church, a hotel of national fame, and a history of no mean interest. Was it not the scene of the military exploit which first brought Cromwell's soldierly genius into public notice? "About this time," says De foe in his *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, "it was, that we began to hear the name of Oliver Cromwell, who, like a little cloud, rose out of the east, and spread first into the north, till it shed down a flood that overwhelmed the three kingdoms. When the war first broke out, he was a



Photo by

A SCENE ON THE LINCOLNSHIRE FENS.

The fens were originally formed by the gradual silting up of a large area of the coast into swamps, by the rivers. At various times since the days of the Romans efforts to reclaim them have been made, but it was not till the nineteenth century that the task was accomplished. On the River Witham near Dogdyke a large tract of unreclaimed fen still exists. The photograph shows one of the huge ditches cut to drain the fens.

Herbert Felton.



Photo by

GRIMSBY DOCKS.

The foundation of the town is traditionally supposed to be due to Grim, a wealthy Danish merchant, and the popular belief is that it was here that the Danes made their first landing when they invaded England at the end of the eighth century.

[A. R. Hornood.



Photo by]

THE QUAYSIDE, GRIMSBY.

Grimsby is the largest and most important fishing port in Great Britain, if not in the world, and its fish market extends for nearly 2 miles. The port has a fishing fleet of about 2,000 trawlers, and herrings are the chief catch.

[A. R. Hornood.

private captain of horse, but now commanded a regiment; and joining with the Earl of Manchester, the first action in which we learn of his exploits, and which emblazoned his character, was at Grantham, where, with only his own regiment, he defeated twenty-four troops of horse and dragoons of the King's forces."

But in addition to this uncrowned king more than one English sovereign has visited Grantham, on journeys of business or pleasure, and it is on historical record that in the "King's Chamber" of the Angel Hotel Richard III signed the warrant for the execution of the Duke of Buckingham in 1483. As this hotel is the oldest hostel in the country, it is a most notable building; it need only be added that its looks and architecture command as much respect as its age.

A house of refreshment with a claim to fame of another kind is the "Beehive" or "Living Sign," which entices the wayfarer with the following verse:

"Stop, traveller, this wondrous sign explore,
And say, when thou hast viewed it o'er and o'er,
Grantham, now two rareties are thine,
A lofty steeple and a Living Sign."



Photo by

HUBBARD'S VALLEY, LOUTH.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Although in the main Lincolnshire is a flat open country, many picturesque scenes such as this dispel the popular illusion that the country is without beauty or attractiveness.

The "lofty steeple"

is, of course, the grand spire of the parish church, one of the very finest in the whole country. It is a mixture of styles, but the work of each period is almost invariably of the best, and the blending extremely harmonious, while the tower and spire are among the supreme artistic achievements of the early fourteenth century.

Bourne has practically nothing to show in the way of notable buildings (its claim to fame rests mainly on that of its most distinguished sons, Lord Burghley and Hereward the Wake), but Stamford is still

a thoroughly picturesque old place, with many attractive ecclesiastical and secular relics of bygone times.

The former comprise several churches of considerable architectural note and interest, and replete with memorials of Stamford worthies, particularly local gentry, municipal worthies, and members

The secular antiquities include a considerable number of ancient houses, and above all some of the hospitals (locally known as "Callises"), which were founded and maintained by prosperous wool-

of the merchant families, which rose to wealth and importance in the wool trade. In addition, there are some remains of the important Benedictine Priory of St. Leonard's, which had a history going back to the time of St. Wilfrid, and fragments of the buildings of other religious houses.



Photo by]

A. H. Robinson.

THE BROOK, SOMERSBY.

This pretty village lies in a charming situation on the Wold, 6 miles north-west of Spilsby.



Photo by

TENNYSON'S SEAT, SOMERSBY.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Somersby derives considerable distinction from being the birthplace of Lord Tennyson. The beautiful garden which surrounds the rectory contains several objects associated with his childhood.



Photo by

TENNYSON'S BIRTHPLACE, SOMERSBY.

The house where Tennyson was born, the old rectory, is now known as Somersby House, and the parish church contains memorials to the famous poet.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd

merchants of the staple of Calais. Browne's Hospital is a fine example of the species, nor must we omit the early fourteenth-century gateway which is claimed to be part of the Brasenose College, and recalls an interesting and most memorable epoch in the history of the town when, owing to "Town and Gown" conflicts in Oxford, large numbers of students migrated to Stamford. Within quite a short time the town was well on the way to ousting Oxford and Cambridge from their pre-eminence, and it was only a direct prohibition from Edward III that put an end to this aspect of Stamford's evolution.

Among many interesting spots hereabouts is the grand old Grimsthorpe Castle, famed alike for the historical importance of more than one of its owners, the interest of its internal and external architecture, and a splendid collection of pictures. It illustrates to the full the charm—one cannot



Photo by,

ST. MARY'S SQUARE, HORNCASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Horncastle is an old market town standing in a pleasant situation at the foot of the Wolds, on the site of a Roman fort known as Banovallum. It is chiefly noted for its annual horse fair which is one of the largest in England, and is the result of a charter granted by Henry III.

always say the beauty which was frequently obtained by the transformation of a formidable but somewhat unlovely feudal fortress into an aristocratic residence of Tudor times. Grimsthorpe has little but a tower to recall its true mediæval days, but its Tudor work is characteristic, and Vanbrugh's north front is a by no means unworthy feature of the great pile.

But for interest of every kind, nothing in South Lincolnshire can well compare with the remains of the great Abbey of Crowland. The monastery was founded, we are told, by St. Guthlac, who, "by divine guidance came in a boat to one of those solitary desert islands, called Crulande, on St. Bartholomew's day; and in an hollow, on the side of an heap of turf, built himself a hut in the days of Conrad, King of Mercia; when the Britons gave their inveterate enemies, the Saxons, all the trouble they could."

Little could the good saint have thought that his rude oratory would one day be replaced by vast



Photo by]

H. Walker.

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, TATTERSHALL.

Holy Trinity has been a collegiate church since 1438, when a college was founded here by Ralph Cromwell. The north transept contains some very fine fifteenth sixteenth century brasses, which include the badly mutilated effigy of the founder and several of his relations.



Photo by]

H. Walker.

FIREPLACE IN TATTERSHALL CASTLE.

The castle was built about 1240 and contains some beautiful chimney-pieces on each floor. They are built on Ancaster stone and are decorated with some remarkable heraldic work. In 1911 the castle was bought by the Marquess Curzon of Kedleston just in time to prevent these fireplaces from passing to America.

buildings, worthy of one of Christendom's greatest religious houses; but such was fate's decree, notwithstanding sundry ravages by the Danes and other infidels and (in 1091) a "desolating fire, which was occasioned by the carelessness of a Plumber, whereby was cruelly laid waste the habitations of the



Photo by]

A DISTANT VIEW OF TATTERSHALL CASTLE KEEP.

Herbert Felton.

The keep of Tattershall Castle is contemporary with Wolsey's palace at Esher, and is one of the finest pieces of brickwork in the country besides being a unique specimen of castellated architecture. The building was opened in its present restored condition on August 8, 1914.

servants of God."

The domestic buildings of the monastery have long since disappeared, and of the conventual church itself nothing substantial remains but the north aisle and the west front, with its tower. But this is quite sufficient to conjure up a vision of Crowland in all its glory, and that majesty of the mediæval Church of which it was a patent symbol.

The little town itself can



Photo by [Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]
SHODFRIARS HALL, BOSTON.
 In the thirteenth century Boston was the second seaport in the kingdom, and it still contains many old buildings. This timbered house belongs to the Tudor period.

boast of a curiosity in the shape of a steep triangular bridge, which formerly crossed the junction of the Welland, the Nene, and the Catwater drain. On the subject of its age there has been a remarkable diversity of opinion, and, as if everything connected with it were doomed to be matter of controversy, quite a lively debate has arisen at various times as to the original of a carved figure



Photo by [Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]
OLD CHURCH, SKEGNESS.
 This old church is in striking contrast to the hotels and boarding-houses which are usually associated with a popular resort. In writing of Skegness in 1540 Leland says, "The old towne is clene consumed and eten up with the se. Part of a church by it stood a late."



Photo by]

ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH, BOSTON.

[Central News.

The magnificent old parish church of St. Botolph is one of the largest and most impressive buildings of its kind in England, and its stately west tower, 288 feet high and usually known as "Boston Stump," is a conspicuous landmark for over 30 miles around.



Photo by

THE PORCH, HOLBEACH CHURCH.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd

All Saints, Holbeach, is a large church forming an exceptionally fine example of the Late Decorated period. The north porch, however, is of a later date and is flanked by two battlemented towers.

at the end of the south-west wall. The candidates for the honour are apparently King Ethelbald, King Henry II, and St. Guthlac, but later opinion inclines to the view that it represents Our Lord Himself.

Spalding has often been described as Dutch in appearance, though the comparison is not altogether fair, either to Holland or Spalding. But it is certainly no concession to the journalistic tendencies of the age to say that it is un-English. For all its antiquity and quaintness, however, it possesses but two buildings of outstanding interest. The first is the parish church, a compound of all the styles from Early English onwards, and dating in



Photo by

[H. Walker.]

OLD THATCHED COTTAGE, SUTTERTON.

Sutterton is a large village 6 miles south-south-west of Boston. There is evidence that a church stood here as early as 868. This quaint thatched cottage is striking on account of its unusual shape.

its oldest part from 1284. The second is the old house, now a museum, known as Ayscough Fee Hall.

The story of Boston goes back to a very dim and distant period, though its days of glory did not begin until the twelfth century, when its importance as a commercial port gave it a high place among the greater towns of the kingdom. It is well known that from the fifteenth century its decay was nearly as rapid as its rise had been, but though it has only recovered some fraction of its ancient significance in recent times, Boston still has a strong hold on the affections of men by reason of its associations with its mighty daughter across the Atlantic, and above all



Photo by]

CROWLAND BRIDGE.

[A. H. Robinson.]

This curious triangular bridge dates from the end of the fourteenth century and was built for pedestrians to cross the streams of the Welland, which used to meet here but have now been covered over. To-day it stands high and dry in the centre of the town, at the junction of four main streets.

on account of its glorious church, as beautiful as it is famous, and an everlasting credit to the age that reared it.

The earliest part of this great Christian monument is the base of the lofty and well-known tower, the latest the Perpendicular tower itself, familiarly known as "Boston Stump," while the rest of the church is an extremely beautiful example of advanced Decorated, as it developed throughout the second and third quarters of the fourteenth century. To the affection and interest of the American daughter-city, we owe the restoration (in 1857)

of the so-called Cotton Chapel, named after the vicar who emigrated to the new settlement in 1633. But the popular notion that it was he who first suggested the name of "Boston" for the colony is a mistake; it had been adopted, undoubtedly on the initiative of



Photo by]

CROWLAND ABBEY.

[H. J. Smith.

Crowland Abbey was founded by King Ethelbald about 710 and was an important scholastic centre. Little now remains of the extensive monastic buildings but the church, which was restored at the close of the nineteenth century. The north nave aisle is now used as the parish church.

Boston men, three years earlier.

Compared with this church, the secular antiquities of the town are of minor interest, but they include the old house called Shodfriars Hall, the fifteenth-century Guildhall, the Elizabethan schoolroom of the Grammar School, and the structure known as the "Hussey Tower," a remnant of the mansion of Lord Hussey, who was executed in 1537 for his participation in the Lincolnshire revolt.

To follow the course of the Witham is to walk in the track of the havoc wrought by the process we call the Dissolution of

the Monasteries. Nowhere did Henry VIII's commissioners and tools do their work more thoroughly, for hardly anything remains of the many religious houses of this district. Of the famous Abbey of Bardney, once Crowland's rival in popular esteem, there is vir-



Photo by

A TYPICAL COTTAGE ON THE LINCOLNSHIRE FENLAND.

[H. Walker.

The area originally covered by the Lincolnshire fens was about two-fifths of the county, but the larger part has now been so successfully reclaimed that it has an agricultural value that is nowhere excelled in the kingdom.



Photo by

SUNSET ON THE WELLAND.

(Herbert Felton.)

The River Welland enters Lincolnshire, its fourth county, near Stamford, and from there flows past Market Deeping, Crowland, and Spalding to the Wash, after a run of 70 miles from its source. It is navigable for small vessels as far as Market Deeping.



Photo by

STAMFORD MILL.

(Herbert Felton.)

Stamford is a picturesque town of great historical interest, situated at the extreme south-west corner of the county. The photograph shows a mill on the Welland and traces of the old castle walls.

tually nothing to show but foundations, a scandalous state of things when one remembers its honoured history and that "miracle of St. Oswald" (a pillar of fire rising from the remains of the saint which had been brought from Northumberland by Queen Osthryd, but were at first refused admission by the abbot) to which it owed half its renown.

Tattershall Castle has suffered less cruelly at the hands of time and man, and its grand brick tower, with corner turrets, is one of the finest and most picturesque examples of a structure in that material to be found in the country. This tower is a relic of the rebuilding of the old stronghold in the first half of the fifteenth century, and is particularly interesting as indicating that, even on the very outbreak of the Wars of the Roses, considerations of comfort were already becoming as important as those of military security.

The "Tattershall" scandal is a matter of very recent history. Shortly before the war, England woke up one day to discover that the beautiful and historic fireplaces of this tower had been cut out and sold to a wealthy American gentleman for transport overseas. This disaster was only prevented by the indignation of the whole country, and the prompt and generous action of the Viscount Curzon.

An historic spot in the neighbourhood of Horncastle is Winceby, where took place that fight which Carlyle tells us "cleared the country of the Newarkers, General Kings, and renegade Sir John Hendersons . . . Cromwell himself was nearer death in this action than ever in any other: the victory, too, made its due figure, and 'appeared in the world.'"

What the "loud-spoken Vicars" actually wrote (*God's Ark overtopping the World's Waves, or the Third Part of the Parliamentary Chronicle: by John Vicars, 1646*) of Cromwell's narrow escape was this: "Colonel Cromwell fell with brave resolution upon the enemy, immediately after their dragoons had given him the first volley; his horse was killed under him at the first charge, and fell down upon him; and as he rose up, he was knocked down again by the gentleman who charged him, who 'twas conceived was Sir Ingram Hopton."

The epilogue to this exciting incident must be sought for on the monument of Hopton (who was himself slain in the fight) in Horncastle Parish Church, where it is recorded that he "paid his debt to nature and duty to his King and country in the attempt of seizing the arch-rebel in the bloody skirmish near Winceby, October 6 [the real date is October 11], 1643."

This monument, the name of "Slash Lane" in Winceby village, and the old scythe blades exhibited also in Horncastle Church are the principal memorials of the action still discoverable.

Horncastle itself has little to show beyond the ruins of walls of its ancient ancestor, Roman *Banovallum*. These attenuated relics prove it to have been a formidable and important encampment.

On the coast side of the Wolds, the architectural and antiquarian interest of Lincolnshire is fully maintained, though the rise of various watering-places has added an element which is no doubt somewhat incongruous. But the intrusion of the holiday-making city-dweller will not be resented, except by those



Photo by]

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THE CONDUIT, GRANTHAM.

The existing conduit stands in the market square and dates from 1579. Water was first brought to the town in 1314 by the Grey Friars. The ancient town of Grantham stands on the Witham and is best known as a hunting centre and an important railway junction.



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

ST. WELFRAN'S CHURCH, GRANTHAM.

This beautiful parish church is mainly a thirteenth-century building, but it exhibits examples of both the Early English and Perpendicular styles. The handsome crocketed spire cups a tower of four stages and rises to a height of 281 feet. It is said to be one of the finest steeples in England.

who believe that the people were made for the land and reject the converse proposition.

The ancient little town of Wainfleet is of general interest on two grounds. In the first place it gave its name to its most famous son, William of Waynflete, who became one of the greatest of the bishops of Winchester. Secondly, it possesses in its Magdalen College School (founded by the Bishop in 1484) a really splendid piece of architecture in brick, a medium on which Time nearly always acts like a charm.

The main feature of Louth is the wonderful Perpendicular church of St. James, with a spire 300 feet in height, and therefore one of the loftiest in the kingdom. It is of unusual interest, too, because the accounts in connection with the building of the spire are still in existence, and throw some fascinating sidelights on the functions and activities of the building trade (or what corresponded to it) in the early years of the sixteenth century.

Grimsby has a parish church of considerable architectural technical interest, and its praises as perhaps the world's greatest fishing harbour need not be sung here. Otherwise there is little to be seen in the town, and its fame depends largely on the weird legends and stories that have gathered round the origin of its name.

Beyond the great new port of Immingham lie the decidedly interesting remains of the once famous Abbey of Thornton, an attraction by no means to be passed over, for they include the fine semi-military, late fourteenth-century gateway, which was built by Abbot Thomas de Greetham.

Gainsborough has one truly memorable ancient relic in the shape of its Old Hall. In its present form it has two main periods, 1480 to 1500, and the Elizabethan era, when a wing was added. As our account of Lincolnshire has been so full of references to Henry VIII as the despoiler, it is interesting to note that this old building saw him in another light. On one of his progresses in 1541 he was here as the guest of its owner, the then Lord Burgh.



Photo by]

LINLITHGOW PALACE FROM THE EAST.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

From the reign of David I, Linlithgow was for generations a favourite seat of the kings of Scotland. Linlithgow Palace was begun about 1424, and up to the time of James V was being constantly altered and enlarged. The photograph shows the west side, which is the most ancient and contains the room where Mary Queen of Scots was born.

LINLITHGOWSHIRE

ALTERNATELY called West Lothian, Linlithgowshire lies to the west of Edinburgh, and on the same side, the south, of the Firth of Forth. Its other neighbours are the shires of Lanark and Stirling. So much for its geographical position. Given its extent, close on 77,000 acres—call it an easy 120 square miles, or just a shade bigger than the administrative County of London—allow a seaboard of 17 miles, on the Firth of Forth that is to say, with a port, Queensferry, and the great Forth Bridge, a country gently rising from the coast to hills on the southern border, and a county town whose old stones breathe the romance of old days, and you have a bird's-eye view of Linlithgowshire.

The hills that roll gently down to the sea—you would hardly call them mountains—are not very high. Knock is 1,017 feet; Cairnnaple is 1,000 feet; Cocklerue—the original name is supposed to be really Cuckold-le-Roi—is 912 feet; and so we come down the scale with the Riccarton Hills, Binny Craig—this last is a striking enough summit—the Torphichen Hills and Bowden. There are a few other hills, too, bold and rocky Dalmeny, the



Photo by]

[A. H. Robinson.

THE COURTYARD, LINLITHGOW PALACE.

The quadrangle measures 91 feet by 81 feet, and has in the centre the ruins of a beautiful and elaborately carved fountain, built by James V, a copy of which stands in front of Holyrood Palace.

Binns, and Dundas, with pretty woods. Then at Philipstoun, near Linlithgow, there is Bonnington Hill, sometimes called Glower-o'er-'em. It is 560 feet high, and on the summit there is a monument to the memory of General Adrian Hope, who lost his life in the Indian Mutiny.

A digression may be made here to touch on the family of the Hopes. Their history is interesting, and dates back to one John de Hope, who in 1537 accompanied from France to Scotland the queen of James V. One of his great-grandchildren was Sir Thomas Hope, who



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

EARL OF MURRAY'S TABLET, LINLITHGOW.

This tablet was erected in 1875 opposite the spot where the Regent Murray was shot by James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh in 1570. The county buildings stand on the site of the house from which the shot was fired.

became lord advocate of Scotland. He died in 1646, and was the ancestor of the Earls of Hopetoun. Another great-grandson, Henry, settled in Holland, and this branch of the family eventually became well-known bankers in that country. The fourth Earl of Hopetoun served with considerable honour in the Peninsula, and, he had not as yet succeeded his brother in the Hopetoun title, was created Baron Niddry. In parenthesis we may mention that at Niddry Castle—it is now in ruins—Mary Stuart spent a night, the first after Willie



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd

EAST FRONT, LINLITHGOW PALACE.

The most important room on the east side is the noble Lyon Chamber or Parliament Hall, probably the work of James IV. During the rebellion of 1745 the buildings were badly damaged by General Hawley's dragoons, but the preservation of the palace is now assured under the charge of H.M. Board of Works.



From the painting by

BROMISKIN CHURCH, CO. LOUTH.

Dromiskin is a small village on the east side of Co. Louth, 2 miles north of Castlebellingham. The round tower and ruins on the left of the church stand on the site of an abbey founded by St. Patrick. The tower has been recapped and is now used as a belfry.

Courtesy of Curragh, R.H.S.

Douglas helped her to get out of Lochleven Castle. The last Earl of Hopetoun, it will be remembered, was the first Governor-General of the newly-formed Commonwealth of Australia in 1900. He was raised a step in the peerage, being created Marquis of Linlithgow.

To return to the county generally. It is agricultural, almost entirely, and highly developed. The coastline, Carriden, and Dalmeny have the best land, largely arable. Barley and wheat are cropped, but oats are the staple cereal, and the farms, though not of extent to compare with the great farms of Yorkshire, are, generally speaking, of a fair size. Quite a lot of the land now in



Photo by]

LINLITHGOW PALACE GATEWAY.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd

The south gateway was built during the reign of James V, and the carvings above represent the Collars of St. Michael, the Golden Fleece, the Garter, and St. Andrew of the Thistle.

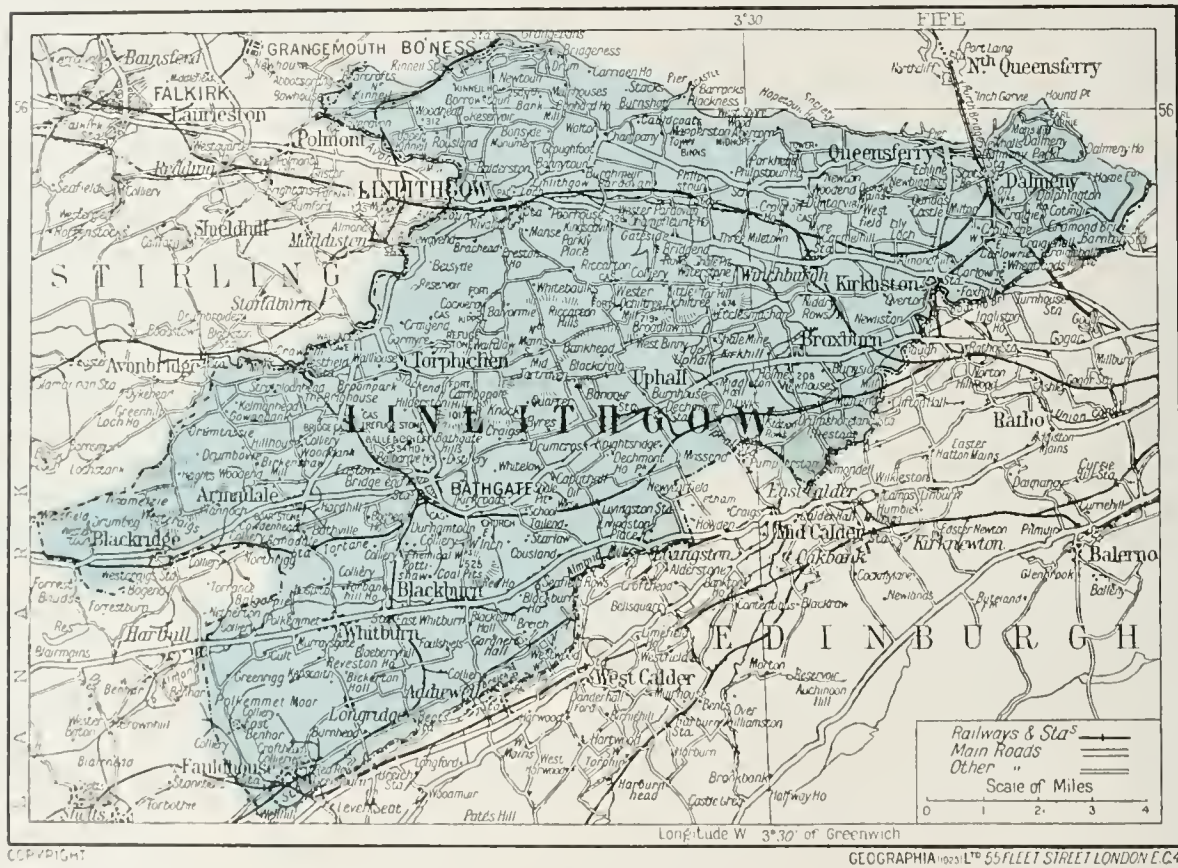
rotation has been reclaimed from the juniper and heath. Again, though there is all this fine soil under intensive cultivation, there is a good deal of swamp and peat moss near Bathgate and Torphichen, and farther south plenty of moorland. There is no great amount of live stock reared in Linlithgowshire; in fact, very little when compared with other Scottish counties.

On the industrial side, there are a few blast furnaces fired at Bathgate, Whitburn, and one or two other places, and coal is mined, and has been, if tradition can be trusted, since the time of the Romans. Be that as it may, at any rate we know that to one William Oldbridge of Carriden there was granted a charter to mine coal in the twelfth century, the earliest charter of this sort known in Scotland.

The name Linlithgow has naturally varied in the course of time, for there were no hard-and-fast rules of spelling when dictionaries and letters were not. In the Charter of David I to Holyrood the name of the town appears as Linlitcu. Later it was spelt variously, Linliscu, Lynlithkou, Linlisoth, and so on, until it gradually simmered down to the modern Linlithgow, or, popularly contracted, Lithgow. For etymology, the Gaelic would make it "The Lake of the Grey Dog."

leaning for support on the device on the town seal of a dog tied to a tree. The Saxon and more probable etymology gives the name as "The Lake of the Sheltered Valley." The position of the town on the lake certainly tends to support this. The present town of Linlithgow is quite small. Apart from the usual domestic industries, there are one or two others, tanning and currying, the manufacture of soap and glue, and distilling. The town has some objects of interest. Near the station there is a tower-like building generally held to have been the house of the Knights Templars. One of the public buildings is a 1668 house, and there are several fountains. The Cross Well, in front of this 1668 house, is a grotesque affair, now rebuilt, but originally put up in the time of James V, that is to say, somewhere in the middle of the sixteenth century. St. Michael, the patron saint of the town, appears on another fountain, with the legend "1720 Saint Michael is kinde to Strangers."

Historically, Linlithgow has had a busy and a royal life. David I made it a royal borough. In



1298, before the battle of Falkirk, Edward I encamped there. Sleeping in the open fields with his men, lying beside his horse, the king was kicked in the side. The blow was severe, and the accident caused much confusion. The king, despite his pain, had to mount his charger and ride among his men to assure them of his safety, for they were by now approaching what would in later military parlance be described as "a state of alarm and despondency." In the winter of 1301 Edward stayed at Linlithgow and built a castle—"a pele mekill and strong." Ten years later, during the wars of Bruce, the Scots captured it, thanks to the guile of one William Binny, or Bunnock. Binny supplied the garrison with hay, and, in consequence, had no difficulty in entering the castle. In his large wain he concealed eight men fully armed, covering them with a full load of hay. A servant drove the oxen, and Binny strolled along carelessly beside them. The wain arrived in the middle of the gateway and stopped. The driver cut the ropes which harnessed the oxen, and the wain being tuck, it was not possible for the portcullis to be fully lowered. The eight armed men leapt

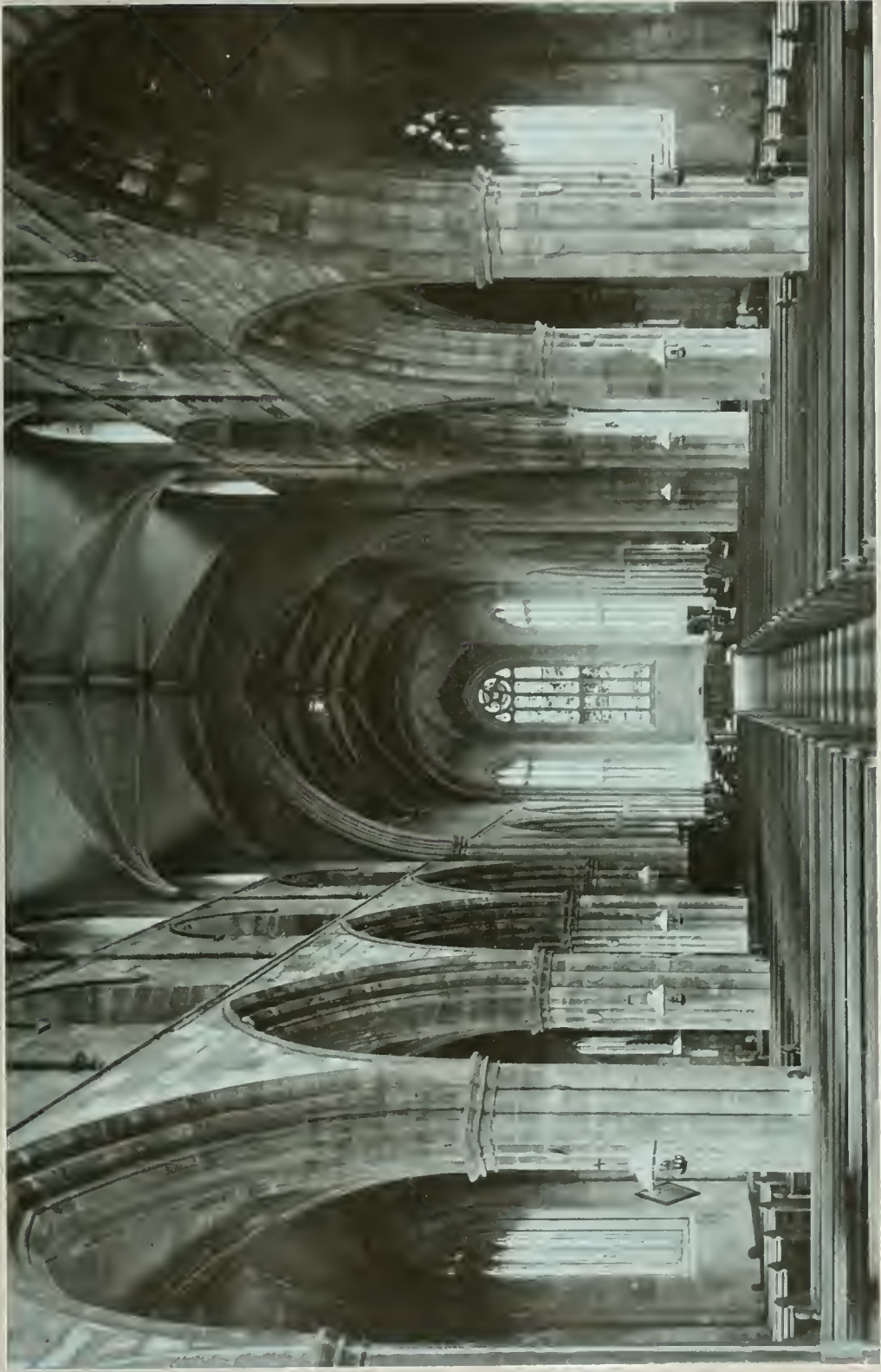


Photo by

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, LINLITHGOW.

St. Michael's Church adjoins the palace and was founded by David I in the twelfth century. The present building dates from about 400 years later, and is in excellent condition owing to a comparatively recent restoration. St. Michael is the patron saint of the town.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

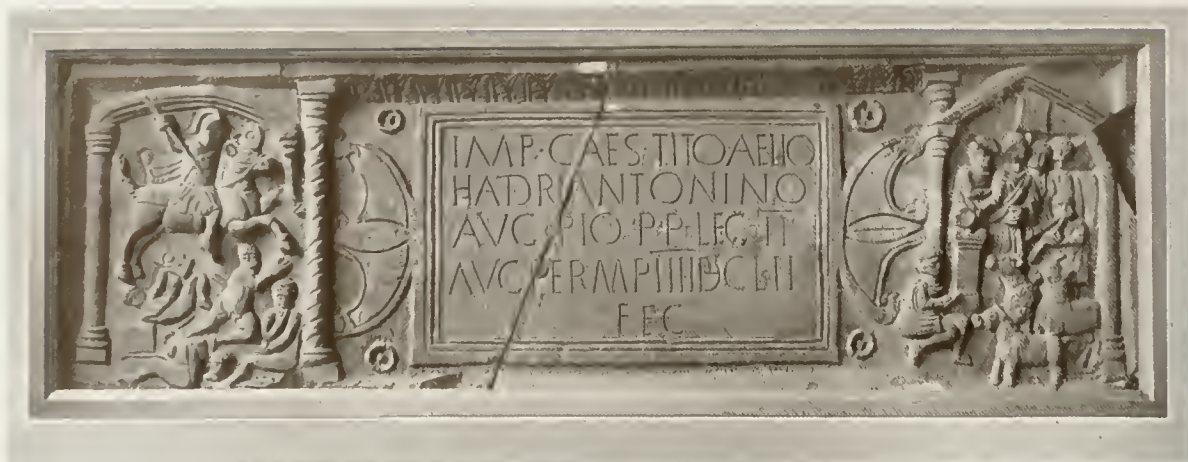


Photo by,

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

SCULPTURED STONE, BRIDGENESS, NEAR BO'NESS.

This interesting "distance slab" was set up here by the Romans to record the completion of 4,652 paces of their wall, which probably stretched from the Clyde to the Forth. The stone is now in the Museum of Antiquities at Edinburgh.

from under the hay, and, reinforced by Scots soldiers ambushed without the gate, the entrance was rushed; the garrison, taken by surprise and unprepared, was easily routed and put to the sword. The action was particularly audacious, for the garrison was by no means a weak one. To the gallant Binny, Bruce granted land, and his descendants blazoned on their shield a hay-cart with the motto "Virtute doloque."

In 1570 the Regent Murray was shot by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh in the streets of Linlithgow. Everything was in the murderer's favour. The street itself was narrow, and the house in which Hamilton had placed himself projected into the street. Added to this, the Regent, surrounded as



Photo by,

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

CARRIDEN HOUSE.

Borrowstouness and Carriden are formed into one burgh, commonly known as Bo'ness. The town is an important seaport, owing much of its rapid growth to the rich mineral works in the district. The photograph shows a typical Scottish country mansion.

he was by a crowd which pressed about him, could only move slowly. Hamilton took every precaution. To prevent even his shadow being seen he draped the room in black, and he had a lane, leading from the High Street, where the murder took place, to the back of the town, where his horse awaited him, cloaked with branches to retard any possible pursuit.

Linlithgow had always been a strong Jacobite and Stuart stronghold. To celebrate the restoration of Charles II, it enjoyed an unenviable notoriety by the burning of the Solemn League and Covenant, though the incident is attributed more to a small group of private persons than to any spontaneous move of the citizens. The manner in which our ancestors celebrated their days of rejoicing is exemplified in an instruction for the celebration of the Restoration—nothing to do, by the way, with the incident of the burning of the Covenant. Hear how it reads:

"18th July, 1660. In respect that the morrow is appointed ane soleme day of thankgivin to



Photo by]

Valentine & Sons, Ltd

INTERIOR OF ST. MARGARET'S PRIORY, SOUTH QUEENSFERRY.

A Carmelite Priory was founded here in 1330 by Dundas of Dundas. It was restored in 1890 for use as an Episcopalian church. Queensferry took its name from the fact that Queen Margaret used constantly to cross the Forth here on her way from Dunfermline to Edinburgh

the Lord for the King's Majestie his safe returne, without debait or bluid, to sitt upon his father's throne in England in a peaceable and laudable way, upon the unanimous call of his guid subjects thair, By the imediate hand of God, contrair to all men's expectatioun, to the terror and astonishment of his enemies, and for the solemnization thairof, there is a sermon to be in the morning, and after the sermon the marches, in a ordourlie and congratulatory way arr to be ryddin, and having closed the marches ryde, the council and others are to meitt together at denner; and they appoint and ordain bonfeires to be got, one by the hayll inhabitants, at four clock efternuin, at the ringing of the belles and intimation of the drume and efter denner the hail Counsell and honest men are to go thron the toune to see the bonfeires, and who refuseth to get one and to sing a song of praise to the Lord at the cross."

Linlithgow Palace stands on the margin of the lake, and is one of the finest ruins in Scotland. Undoubtedly the outside view is heavy in the extreme, but this is largely due to a shortage of windows, more than to any great architectural defect. Its position is on a promontory that divides the lake, and the old walls rising on the green knolls are indeed impressive. Scott found it so :



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

BRIDGE CASTLE.

This picturesque old castle occupies a fine position at Bridgecastle, a small hamlet 2 miles north-west of Bathgate. The attractive scenery is to some extent marred by the several colliery workings in the district.

his disloyal nobles. Here, in a roomy chamber, in the west wing, Mary Stuart was born on December 7, 1512, the week that her father James V died, and thirty years after he himself was born within those same walls.

Linlithgow Palace was burned, accidentally or by design, by Hawley's Dragoons, who were quartered in the great dining-room. A lady, then acting as deputy keeper of the palace, remonstrated with Hawley on the danger of the men lighting so many big fires. The General answered that he did

“Of all the palaces
so fair,

Built for the
royal dwelling,
In Scotland, far be-
yond compare,
Linlithgow is ex-
celling.”

The palace is square, enclosing a court. At the corners there are towers, with internal spiral stairs. In one of these, in the north-west corner, is a little octagonal turret. This is called “Queen Margaret’s Bower.” Here the Queen watched—so tradition has it—for the return of her husband, James IV, from Flodden.

“His own Queen
Margaret, who
in Linlithgow’s
bower,
All lonely sat, and
wept the weary
hour.”

The west side of the palace is considered the oldest. James III is said to have sheltered here in one of the vaults, seeking safety from



Photo by

THE FORTH BRIDGE.

This magnificent structure is one of the chief engineering wonders of the world. It was begun in 1883, took seven years to complete, and has a length of 8,296 feet. When crossing the bridge in a train on a clear day a delightful view may be obtained up and down the Forth.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

not care whether the palace was burned down or not. Upon this the indignant lady cried, "Weel, weel, General, an' that be the case, I can rin awa frae *fire* as fast as you"—hinting, of course, at the rout of the General at Falkirk.

There is an outer court to the palace, and by the gate is St. Michael's Church. Really ancient



Photo by

ON THE BROXBURN NEAR UPHALL.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The village of Uphall stands in a pleasing situation on the right bank of the Broxburn, or Burn of Brocks, as it was once known. Rising near Bathgate, this little rivulet has a run of 8 miles through some charming country to the Almond not far from Kirkleston.

Graham's Dyke, a celebrated rampart running between the Firths of Forth and Clyde, started on the Linlithgowshire coast, with Carriden or Blackness as its eastern termination. It ran westerly, crossing the Avon on the Stirlingshire border about a mile from the sea, and was cespitious—that is, made of earth, etc., heaped up promiscuously; so Gildas avers, "Non tam lapidus quam cespitibus." The whole wall from Carriden to Old Kilpatrick Church was about 36 English or 40 Roman miles, the length in Linlithgowshire being a little over 5 miles.

parish churches are not common in Scotland. St. Michael's is a notable exception. It was built early in the twelfth century by David I, and was dedicated to the patron saint of the town. It is said that James IV saw, when worshipping in St. Michael's, a terrible apparition that warned him against the fatal march south to Flodden. In an aisle the king was "verrie sad and dolorous, makand his prayers to God to send him guid success in his voyage." This "supernatural" visitor is traditionally held to have been sent by the Queen Margaret, then in the neighbouring palace, abetted by some of her nobles, to prevent her husband from embarking on an expedition to which many of the nobility were opposed. The device, if it was one, did not succeed, and the king went south to Flodden to his death.

The Wall of Antoninus, known as



Photo by]

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

H. N. King.

This magnificent structure was begun in 1840, and stands on the site of the old Westminster Palace, which was burnt down in 1834. It covers an area of 8 acres, has a river frontage of 940 feet, and is one of the largest and most beautiful Gothic buildings in the world. Sir Charles Barry, the architect, did not live to see the completion of his great work.

LONDON

"I HAVE attempted the discoverie of London, my native soil and countrie," writes John Stow, introducing his *Survey* (1598), "as well because I have seen sundrie antiquities myself touching that place, as also for that through search of records to other purposes, divers written helps are come to my hands, which few others have fortun'd to meet withall; it is a service that most agreeth with my professed travels; it is a dutie that I willinglie owe to my native mother and countrie, and an office that of right I hold myself bound in love to bestow upon the politic body and members of the same. What London hath been of ancient time men may here see, as what it is now everie man doth behold."

Stow's unimpeachable sentiments have only to be quoted to show the formidable nature of the task facing the present writer, the task, not of having or finding something new to say about London, but of compressing an intelligible notion of its enormous variety and interest into a necessarily limited space, without producing a mere catalogue of buildings or herding together a mere mass of facts. And to make the difficulty plainer, it need only be added that, in these days of a London rapidly changing in appearance, the last sentence quoted above might more appropriately be altered to read that "What London hath been of ancient time men may not here see, as what it is



Photo by

Spencer Arnould.

DEAN'S YARD, WESTMINSTER.

Originally known as "The Elms," Dean's Yard is a small enclosure, adjacent to the Abbey.

likely to be in the next generation or two everie man doth behold." With the shadow of the sky-scraper, or at any rate a new building line, looming in the foreground of the near future, the pre-eminently Victorian city of pre-War times seems already to be slipping into the past. Eighteenth-century London has become mainly sordid and squalid, and to that fact alone owes its preservation. Georgian London, the London of Nash and the Regency (and something to be definitely proud of), is fast vanishing with the unhallowed rebuilding of Regent Street, and its unattractive successor will no doubt ultimately follow in its train.

For that reason this survey will in the main concentrate on those ancient and historic buildings and places which can safely be trusted to weather the storm of transformation, so great is their sanctity



Photo by

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

The present Abbey is the third—possibly the fourth—to occupy the Thorney Island site. King Sebert's church existed certainly in 750, and Edward the Confessor's of 1065 remained for 250 years. The present Abbey—Henry VII's—was gradually built on to the older building. The Abbey Precincts include—apart from the Abbey and its ten chapels—the Chapter House, two cloisters, the Pyx Chamber, the Norman Undercroft, and the Abbot's House.

even in an age not renowned for its reverence for the past. If the effect be a certain lack of proportion and the omission of much historical and literary detail of high interest, the answer must be that any other course would reduce this article to the functions of a guidebook, and a guidebook foredoomed to futility for sheer shortage of space.

All who are not thrilled at the sight of minute and battered fragments of the Roman wall, will hardly quarrel with the selection of the Tower as a starting-point. For the Tower is a symbol as well as a sight, and its grim walls recall in no uncertain fashion the vicissitudes of our story in the centuries when Britain was in the making.

Before dealing with the military aspect of this unique mediæval fortress, palace, and prison, justice



Photo by]

INTERIOR, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

W. F. Mansell.

The official title of the Abbey is the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, and it has been for generations the last resting-place of England's monarchs, statesmen, warriors, poets, and in fact all who have risen to fame and honour in our land. The nave has been aptly described as "a veritable city of the dead," containing as it does innumerable busts, statues, tablets, and tombs. But perhaps the most impressive tomb of all is that of the Unknown Warrior, which stands in the centre of the second bay from the West.



Photo by

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

On entering, the first thing that strikes one is the smallness of the House of Commons. There is, as a matter of fact, only seating accommodation for 476 members. The decoration of the Commons Chamber has not the elaboration of the Upper House, but the panelling and windows are very fine. The Government benches are on the right-hand side of the Speaker's chair, and the Opposition on the left.

[Photograph Co., Ltd.



Photo by]

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE AND COUNTY HALL.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

The County Hall, built from designs by Ralph Knott, was opened by the King on July 17, 1922, the north wing being still incomplete. Though the building has been much criticised, there is no doubt that, with the steeped Roman-tiled roof, the double row of dormer windows, and the crescent-shaped centre, it is a striking addition to architectural London. The present Westminster Bridge, of seven arches and of generous width, was opened in 1862, taking the place of an earlier one built in 1750.

must be done to a building in the north-east corner of the Inner Ward, which is endowed with that fascination of horror so necessary to the pure enjoyment of anything in these sensation-loving days.

For its wealth of memories, mainly tragic, there are few more notable spots in the world than the little church of St. Peter ad Vincula, though it may be somewhat insignificant from an architectural



Photo by]

LAMBETH PALACE.

Spencer Arncliffe

Since 1197 Lambeth Palace has been the official London residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The building is of various dates: the chapel—the oldest part—was completed in 1270, while the Primate's apartments belong to the early nineteenth century. The library houses a very valuable and interesting collection of 30,000 books and 14,000 MSS.

point of view. The famous burial-place under its altar inspired Macaulay to a magnificent passage which deserves a place even in the briefest description of the sights of London :

" In truth there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and Saint Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and

imperishable re-
nown ; not, as in our
humblest churches
and churchyards,
with everything that
is most endearing in
social and domestic
charities ; but with
whatever is darkest
in human nature and
in human destiny,
with the savage
triumph of implac-
able enemies, with
the inconsistency,
the ingratitude, the
cowardice of friends,
with all the miseries
of fallen greatness
and of blighted fame.
Thither have been
carried, through suc-
cessive ages, by the
rude hands of gaolers,
without one mourner
following, the bleed-
ing relics of men who
had been the cap-
tains of armies, the
leaders of parties, the
oracles of senates,
and the ornaments of
courts. Thither was
borne, before the
window where Jane
Grey was praying,
the mangled corpse
of Guilford Dudley,
Edward Seymour,
Duke of Somerset,
and Protector of the
realm, reposes there
by the brother whom
he murdered. There
has moulded away
the headless trunk
of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Cardinal of Saint Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in
a better age and to have died in a better cause. There are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumber-
land, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There, too,
is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valour,



Photo

WESTMINSTER HALL.

(W. S. Campbell.)

The old Hall of the Palace of Westminster was originally built by William Rufus, and has been witness to many famous trials, including that of Charles I. The most remarkable feature of the Hall is the marvellous hammer-beam oak roof, which is one of the finest examples in existence. It was long subject to the ravages of the death-watch beetle, and was in danger of collapse, but many years of patient and careful work have been successful in preserving it intact for the nation.

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Photo by]

ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

After the burning of Whitehall in 1698, St. James's Palace became a royal residence. It was built mainly by Henry VIII, probably after the designs of Holbein, but the only old part now remaining is the noble gatehouse—shown in the photograph—and the Chapel Royal. The Prince of Wales has had quarters in the Ambassador's Court since 1919.



Herbert Felton.

ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS.

The church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, designed by Gibbs and built on the site of an old chapel in 1721-6, stands at the north-east corner of Trafalgar Square. The popularity of this church is great, and the services are crowded not merely on Sundays, but daily; on this account it has been called the Parish Church of London. The Royal pew is a capacious room overlooking the choir, on the north side of the chancel, and it is an interesting fact that all Royal children born at Buckingham Palace are entered in the church's register.

grace, genius, royal favour, popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great House of Howard, Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here and there, among the thick graves of quiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers; Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair Queens who perished by the jealous rage of Henry."

But though no other part of the Tower has been the subject of such an amazing piece of writing, its dramatic interest is divided fairly evenly over the whole building. It is impossible here to do more than indicate the chief historical associations of some of the most ancient portions. Distinguished prisoners come to mind first, and of these the Tower has had a host.



Photo by]

ONE OF THE LIONS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Francis & Co

Arranged in the form of a cross round Nelson's Column are four huge sculptured bronze lions, modelled by Sir Edwin Landseer, the famous animal painter, and placed there in 1867. Opinion is divided as to the appearance of Trafalgar Square: Sir Robert Peel describes it as "the finest site in Europe," while another critic considers it "a dreary waste of asphalt with two squirts."

The Bell Tower, at the south-western corner, was the prison of the future Queen Elizabeth. The splendid but sinister Traitor's Gate was the landing-place of numerous highly born prisoners, brought here by water, after trial at Westminster. In the Bloody Tower above, that noble captive Sir Walter Raleigh, wrote his *History of the World*, and if tradition is to be believed, the two young sons of Edward IV were infamously done to death on the orders of their wicked uncle, Richard Duke of Gloucester. The adjoining Wakefield Tower was so named after the Battle of Wakefield, when the Lancastians turned the tables on their foes, and populated this tower with Yorkist prisoners. A few years later it was the scene of the murder of the hapless Henry VI.

The list might be prolonged indefinitely, for practically all the towers could furnish a quota, whose presence is brought vividly to mind by initials and other inscriptions cut in the walls.

From the historical and architectural point of view, the out-standing feature of the Tower of London

is William the Conqueror's grand keep, popularly known as the "White Tower." When it started life in 1078 it was not the centre of a double circumvallation (the work of William Rufus and Henry III respectively), nor was it surrounded by the moat, so it must be considered as a self-contained fortress. Regarded in that light, it is a magnificent specimen of its kind, for all the embellishments of later times. In the Chapel of St. John, too, it can boast perhaps the most attractive piece of Norman architecture to be found in the country.

From the western side of the Tower to the Temple is the area which was devastated and destroyed by the Great Fire of 1666, and for that reason it would be vain to search it for buildings other than a few churches prior in date to the second half of the seventeenth century. Even of that period



Photo by

BUCKINGHAM PALACE AND GARDENS.

[Central Aerophoto Co

Buckingham House was erected in 1703 for the Duke of Buckingham. It was bought by George III in 1761, and rebuilt in the Palladian style by Nash sixty years later. The beautiful gardens occupy the whole of the triangle at the back of the Palace and have an area of about 40 acres.

practically the only monuments of importance are Wren's churches, which include his masterpiece, St. Paul's Cathedral.

Grand though the present church is, there seems to be some ground for regretting the destruction of its predecessor in the great conflagration. Judging by the descriptions and ancient prints that have come down to us, it was a superb edifice, larger than the present church, and surmounted by a spire which attained a height of close on 500 feet. It is equally notorious, however, that before the reign of Charles I large parts of the building were put to all sorts of base and sacrilegious uses.

The existing cathedral was begun in 1675 after Wren's plans, and completed during his lifetime in 1710. But it must be remembered that Wren himself was compelled to modify his design in deference to the wishes of influential persons at court, who were even then expecting the restoration of the Roman Catholic faith, and regarded the edifice he projected as too Protestant in character.



Photo by

BUCKINGHAM PALACE FROM THE LAKE.

The eastern wing was added in 1846 and refronted in Portland stone by Sir Aston Webb in 1913. Since the reign of Queen Victoria, the Palace has been the London residence of the King, whose private apartments are on the north side of the quadrangle. The picture gallery contains a valuable collection of paintings, started by George IV.

H. V. King



Photo by

MARBLE ARCH.

The Marble Arch was built in the reign of George IV to the design of Nash, after the Arch of Constantine in Rome. It was moved to its present position at the north-eastern corner of Hyde Park in 1851, and isolated in 1908, when the roadway was altered to relieve traffic congestion.

[Photograph Co., Ltd.]

Even by comparison with the great fame which it inevitably calls to mind, St. Peter's at Rome, the cathedral must be adjudged a noble monument. Its harmonious proportions tend to obscure its vast size (the same observation applies with even greater force to St. Peter's), but its sobriety of internal decoration—a feature greatly attacked by many competent authorities—seems to the present writer perhaps the most telling element in its undoubted dignity. Its great impressiveness, produced by simple means, recalls those plain but stately cathedrals which are the most effective monuments of Norman art in Britain.

Though not a national mausoleum, like Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's has its company of noble and famous dead, which includes many men distinguished in the arts and the profession of arms,



Photo by]

PETER PAN STATUE, KENSINGTON GARDENS.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Next to "Alice in Wonderland," no modern child of romance has quite hit the popular imagination so strongly as "Peter Pan." Sir James Barrie's "Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up," whose spirit permeates the leafy avenues of Kensington Gardens, was sculptured by Sir George Frampton, R.A., and stands, the object of worship of the children, close to the upper part of the Serpentine.

notably Sir Christopher Wren (above whose tomb is the world-famed inscription: *Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice*), Lord Nelson, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Roberts.

Few of the monuments in the cathedral are of high artistic merit, but an outstanding exception is that of the victor of Waterloo, the finest work of Alfred Stevens, whose genius has only been fully recognised in comparatively recent times.

At the western end of the fire-stricken area, i.e. where the conflagration was at length arrested by blowing up a large number of buildings with gunpowder) is the Temple, that haunt of lawyers and abode of peace in which the atmosphere of olden times still seems to linger. Apart from its interesting legal and literary associations, the Temple is notable for two splendid old buildings, one of which is barely junior to the Tower.

The Temple Church (St. Mary's, to give it its proper dedication) consists of a circular nave, one of the

four surviving round churches of the Knights Templars, to which an Early English choir was added in 1240. Both portions are grand work of their respective periods, the elaborate Norman doorway and Transitional Norman nave harmonising beautifully with the slender shafts and lancet windows of the choir. On the floor of the nave are the well-known effigies of Templars, described by Stow in his time as "armed knights, five lying cross-legged as men vowed to the Holy Land, against the infidels and unbelieving Jews; the other straight-legged; the first of the cross-legged was W. Marshall, the elder Earl of Pembroke, who died 1210; Will. Marshall his son, Earl of Pembroke, was the second, he died 1231; and Gilbert Marshall his brother, Earl of Pembroke, slain in a tournament at Hertford, beside Ware, in the year 1241."

Equally eminent in its way is the fine Elizabethan hall of the Middle Temple, completed in 1572. It, too, has its memories, memories of that performance of *Twelfth Night* in which Shakespeare himself



Photos by

LEIGHTON HOUSE, HOLLAND PARK ROAD.

Formerly the home of Lord Leighton, P.R.A., Leighton House was presented to the Nation on the artist's death in 1896, by his sisters. The photograph shows the hall and staircase.



[H. N. King.

HOLLAND HOUSE, KENSINGTON.

Holland House, a fine Jacobean mansion, was built in 1607 by John Thorpe the architect, and has had many distinguished inmates. Part of the beautiful garden is here shown.

is said to have played, memories of the most august member of his audience, Queen Elizabeth, and distant and indirect memories of her unhappy rival, Mary Stuart, whose death-warrant she is said to have signed seated at that oak table which she presented to the Inn.

Of the "Temple Bar Memorial," occupying the site of the old Temple Bar, the less said the better. The famous predecessor now decorates one of the entrances to Theobalds Park, near Waltham Cross; one can still inspect it to see Wren at his worst and (with the eye of the mind) the horrid heads of executed traitors which once formed one of the "sights" of Fleet Street. Dr. Johnson (who is the real spirit of this "street of ink") was once passing Temple Bar with Goldsmith at a time when the structure was adorned with the heads of rebels who had been captured in the rebellion in favour of the Old Pretender. "Goldsmith stopped me," says Johnson, "pointed to the heads upon it, and slyly whispered to me:

"Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscabitur istis."
(Perhaps, some day, our names may mix with theirs.)



Photo by]

ONE OF THE SPHINXES, VICTORIA EMBANKMENT.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

The photograph shows one of the two bronze sphinxes which were designed by Vulliamy to flank the base of Cleopatra's Needle. This obelisk was presented to the British Government by Mohammed Ali, and in 1878, after an adventurous voyage from Heliopolis, during which it was for many days lost in the Bay of Biscay, arrived in England and was set up in its present position.



PUMP COURT, THE TEMPLE.

J. H. Mitchell

The Temple was originally the home of the Knights Templars, and on the dissolution of the Order their property, incidentally very heavily mortgaged, was granted to the Knights Hospitallers. Pump Court is one of the charming corners in the Temple, and within the precincts also is the famous Round Temple Court.

Spots associated with Johnson are frequent enough hereabouts to satisfy the most exacting son of Boswell. The best is undoubtedly the house in Gough Square (No. 17), where the great philosopher spent ten years, during which his famous dictionary was taking shape. But, indeed, Johnson paid Fleet Street a greater compliment than by merely living in and near it, a compliment which is duly recorded by Boswell. "We walked in the evening," writes the faithful jackal, "in Greenwich Park. He asked me, I suppose by way of trying my disposition, 'Is not this very fine?' Having no exquisite relish of the beauties of nature, and being more delighted with the busy hum of men, I answered, 'Yes, sir; but not equal to Fleet Street.' Johnson. 'You are right, sir.'"

Romance, or anything else that appeals to the eye or soul, is hard to find in modern Fleet Street, but its literary memories have an abiding fascination.

Turning up Chancery Lane, the Tudor gatehouse built by Sir Thomas Lovell gives access to Lincoln's Inn and Lincoln's Inn Fields. Here buildings of some renown are to be found, the chapel of the inn built by Inigo Jones, the Royal College of Surgeons, and the Soane Museum, not to mention whole blocks of houses (now mainly offices) dating from the eighteenth century. But it is chiefly as a place of memories that the great square grips the imagination. It was designed by Inigo Jones, who contrived that it should occupy the same space as the Pyramid of Cheops. Many duels, murders, executions, and other horrors has it witnessed. Who can forget the lines of the poet Gay:



Photo by

Spencer Arnold.

THE LAW COURTS, STRAND.

The Royal Courts of Justice were built in the monastic Gothic style in the design of G. E. Street, and opened in 1882. The buildings contain twenty-three courts, including the four added in 1913.



Photo by

STRAND LANE.

Herbert Fellow.

In Strand Lane, a narrow passage adjoining King's College, is one of the most interesting remains in London—a Roman bath, which is 13 feet long, 6 feet wide, and has a continual flow of spring water, probably supplied from the old "Holy Well" on the north side of the Strand.

chapel in the Tower, the oldest in the City. The edifice is little more than the nave of the church of the priory which Rahere, Henry I's favourite, founded in 1123, the rest having been destroyed in the reign of Henry VIII at the dissolution of the monasteries. The grand columns are a splendid and impressive example of the Norman style in its best period, but the finest feature of the whole building is the tomb of the founder himself. The figure dates from the time of his death (in 1133), and the elaborate canopy is good Perpendicular work of a century and a half later.

The other building of special note in the quarter

Where Lincoln's Inn, wide space, is railed around,
Cross not with venturous step; there oft is found
The lurking thief, who while the daylight shone,
Made the wall echo with his begging tone:
That crutch, which late compassion moved,
shall wound
Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground,
Though thou art tempted by the linkman's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall. . . ."

Geographically, Gray's Inn stands somewhat outside the legal world of London, but none who know it will deny it the old-world charm which seems to linger round the haunts of the great profession. It has a fine Elizabethan Hall, where the *Comedy of Errors* is traditionally said to have been performed in Shakespeare's lifetime, and many associations with men of note, particularly its most famous member, Lord Bacon.

Turning back city-wards we soon reach the Central Criminal Court, which stands on the site of Newgate Prison, of notorious and unhappy memory. But the palm for interest hereabouts must be awarded to two buildings which are associated with the more pleasant side of human activity.

The church of St. Bartholomew the Great is one of the finest and, with the exception of the



Photo by

LINCOLN'S INN.

Humphrey Joel.

Lincoln's Inn, which stands on the site of the house of Henry de Lacy, 3rd Earl of Lincoln, has been an Inn of Court for over six centuries. Among the many notabilities who have studied here may be mentioned Sir Thomas More, Cromwell, Lord Mansfield, Beaconsfield, and Gladstone.



Photo by

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The present cathedral is the third to stand on the site, and is undoubtedly Sir Christopher Wren's greatest masterpiece. The imposing central dome dominates the city, and is the great feature of the edifice. Contained in the southern of the two flanking towers is Great Paul, one of the largest bells in the world. In the crypt are the tombs of many famous men, including those of Nelson and Wellington. The photograph was taken from the roof of the Old Bailey.

Photo by



Photo by

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S THE GREAT.

With the single exception of the chapel in the Tower, St. Bartholomew's is the oldest church in London. It was founded in the twelfth century, together with St. Bartholomew's Hospital, by Rahere, whose tomb may be seen on the north side of the choir. Of the original Priory church, the only part still preserved is the beautiful choir and a small portion of the nave.

H. N. King.

is the Charterhouse, descendant of a Carthusian monastery which was founded in 1371. After the Dissolution it passed into secular hands, and in 1611 the whole property was sold to Thomas Sutton, whose will provided for the foundation of a hospital for eighty poor men and a school for forty poor boys.

The present buildings are mainly the remains of the great mansions built after the Dissolution



Photo by

OLD HOUSES IN HOLBORN.

Photogram. Co., Ltd.

To anyone walking down Holborn, this picturesque relic of "Old London" comes as a startling surprise peeping out from a row of modern office buildings. The houses stand just in front of Staple Inn, and date from the Elizabethan period. They have been carefully preserved and to all outward appearances are much to-day as they were over three centuries ago.

(largely with the materials of the former monastery), but the church goes back to earlier times, though it has been considerably altered. Everyone knows that the famous Charterhouse School was removed to Godalming, but the educational atmosphere still survives, as the equally famous Merchant Taylors' school has been established here in its place.

Cheapside is a standing invitation to wander into many a merry bypath of history; but here there is only room to wander into Bow Church, if only for the important part it plays in the definition

of a "Cockney." Incidentally, it might be remarked that if there is no Cockney save him (or her) who is born within the sound of Bow bells, Cockneys must be a small and dying race, for the *residential* population hereabouts is almost non-existent.

In addition to this claim to fame, Bow Church can boast of possessing perhaps the finest of Wren's steeples and an interesting Norman crypt, pathetic relic of the ancient church devastated in the Great Fire.

A survey of the City properly concludes with its civic headquarters, the Guildhall. Time was when the Guildhall played quite a prominent part in State affairs. Was it not here that, as Stow tells us, Richard Duke of Gloucester was "elected by the nobles and commons" and "took on him the title



STAPLE INN, HOLBORN.

(Humphrey Joel.)

This quaint old-world garden is one of the most picturesque spots near the city. Staple Inn owes its name to the fact that it was once used by the Woolstaplers as the place where they weighed and taxed wool. Dickens writes, "Staple Inn is one of those nooks—the turning into which from the dashing street imparts to the relieved pedestrian the sensation of having put cotton wool in his ears and velvet soles on his boots." The building in the background is the Hall, which has been carefully restored.

of the realm and kingdom." Did not poor Lady Jane Grey here plead guilty to the charge of treason and hear her hard but inevitable sentence pronounced?

Little of the pre-Carolingian building remains, the principal exceptions being the porch and the crypt. This porch attained a certain renown in Elizabeth's time by reason of the fact that its statues, "Jesu Christ," "Law," "Learning," "Discipline in the Devil's Necke," "Justice," "Fortitude," and "Temperance," escaped destruction in the iconoclastic outbreaks of the Reformation. Elderton celebrated the fact in some rude doggerel:

" Though most of the images be pulled downe,
And none be thought remaine in towne,
I am sure there be in London yet,
Seven images in such and such a place. . . ."



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THE TOWER OF LONDON FROM TOWER HILL.

Underwood Press Service.

The Tower of London, at the east end of the City of London, consists of the White Tower, William I's great central keep, built in 1077; the Ballium, or inner wall, with its thirteen towers; the outer wall, and the moat. The main entrance was by the Middle and Byward Towers, crossing the moat by a causeway, and from the river by the Traitor's Gate.

The "Great Hall" may be a restoration, but it is a magnificent chamber and its modern roof is by no means unworthy of comparison with the splendid specimens of earlier times which can be found elsewhere.

The origin of the great and famous fane miscalled "Westminster Abbey" is simply and attractively given by old Clifford:

"Withoute the walles of London, upon the river of Thames, there was in tymes passed a little monasterie, builded to the honour of God and St. Peter, with a few Benedict monks in it, under an abbot, serving Christ: very poor they were, and little was given them for their relief. Here the King [Edward the Confessor] intended (for that it was near to the famous city of London and the river of Thames, that brought in all kinds of merchandises from all partes of the worlde) to make his sepulchre: he commanded, therefore, that of the tenths of al his rentes the work should be begun in such sorte as should become the princes of the Apostles. At this his commandment the work is nobly begun, even from the foundation, and happily proceedeth till the same was finished: the charges bestowed, or to be bestowed, are not regarded."

At the time of the Confessor's death, in January 1066, the building was not complete, but it had previously been consecrated, and the King was buried in the chapel which still bears his name.

This romanesque building remained substantially unaltered till the reign of Henry III, when the substitution of an Early English choir marked the beginning of a process which left the abbey church substantially as we see it to-day. With the exception of certain comparative details, and a few important features such as Henry VII's Chapel and the western front and towers, the existing building was finished by the close of the thirteenth century.

The testimony of one's eyes is quite sufficient to justify the oft-made claim that the interior of Westminster Abbey shows as fine Gothic work as can be found anywhere. The splendour—a somewhat degenerate splendour, perhaps—of Henry VII's Chapel also needs no advertisement; but the interest of this great church only begins with its indubitable aesthetic appeal. It draws its crowds, not by the harmony of its proportions or the subtlety of its architectural devices, but as the place of coronation of the sovereigns of England (there has been only one exception in nearly nine centuries!) and the burial-place of the greatest and best of those who have written their names on the scroll of historic fame.

In Henry VII's chapel, the *magnum opus* of the Perpendicular style, with all its virtues and defects,

lie many members of the houses of Tudor and Stuart, and that beautiful and unfortunate, but ill-balanced woman, Mary Queen of Scots.

Apart from some interesting though scanty remains of the monastic buildings, including that portion incorporated in the famous Westminster School, the vicinity of the abbey is by no means destitute of worthy memorials of the part this region has played in our history.

The church of St. Margaret's, though insignificant compared with its great neighbour, is a not unworthy example of the Perpendicular style, and of high interest both as the burial-place of Sir Walter Raleigh (executed in Old Palace Yard) and for its magnificent east window.

The present Houses of Parliament occupy the site of the old royal palace, which was used as a place of residence by the sovereigns of England until it suffered very severely from a fire in the early years of the sixteenth century. But, fortunately for posterity, what is now known as Westminster Hall survived the catastrophe, and a magnificent example of mediæval domestic architecture was saved to us.

The history of the hall is fairly well known. "It is manifest," writes Stow, "by the testimony of many authors, that William Rufus built the great hall there about the year of Christ 1097. Amongst others, Roger of Wendover and Mathew Paris do write, that King William (being returned out of Normandy into England) kept his feast of Whitsontide very royally at Westminster, in the new hall which he had lately built." Curiously enough, the King appears to have had rather a poor opinion of his creation, for "when he heard men say that this hall was too great, he answered and said, 'this hall is not big enough by the one half, and is but a bed-chamber in comparison of that I mean to make.'"

The concluding stage in the story of its building falls in the reign of Richard II, "who caused the walls, windows, and roof to be taken down, and new made, with a stately porch, and divers lodgings of a marvellous work, and with great costs; all which he levied of strangers banished or flying out of their countries, who obtained license to remain in this land."



Photo by

THE THAMES FROM LONDON BRIDGE.

Francis & Co.

Below London Bridge is the Pool, and the loading and unloading of the ships, largely bound for the northern European ports, is an endless attraction from the bridge. Tower Bridge, of steel construction, its towers faced with stone, was built in 1894. Previous to that date the only means of crossing the river there, apart from taking boat, was by a little subway running from Tower Hill to Tooley Street on the Surrey side, long since closed up.



Photo by

ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

H. N. King.

From the top of Hampstead, 360 feet high, the Heath flows down to west and north and east. Together with Parliament Hill Fields and the Golders Hill Park, Hampstead Heath has over 550 acres. Its visitors on the Bank holidays, when booths and swings are put up on part of the East Heath, number over two hundred thousand.

COUNTY LONDONDERRY

IF you were to say that you could not get into County Londonderry without wetting your feet, you would be wrong; but not very far wrong. The county is a triangle, with Lough Neagh in the bottom corner, and one side, the Antrim border, running north—north by west, to satisfy the man who wants the letter of the law—with the River Bann, draining the big lough to the sea at Coleraine; side number two is all water, south-west from Coleraine to Derry City, coastline of the sea to Magilligan Point, and then spacious Lough Foyle, narrowing to the River Foyle, Derry, and a few miles more of the Foyle. The third side is not a water border—the borders of Black Tyrone—mountainous, there are the Sperrin Mountains half-way along, and a crow's flight south-east from Derry



Photo by]

W. A. Green

BISHOP'S GATE, LONDONDERRY.

Bishop's Gate, one of the gates in the Walls of Derry, was built as a memorial to William III, and to commemorate the centenary of the closing of the gates by the citizens of Derry on December 18, 1688. The Walls of Derry, built in 1609, and carefully preserved, are a mile round, and originally contained the whole of the city. Twenty-four feet high and 6 feet thick, there were nine bastions and two half-bastions, with eight "sakers" and twelve demi-culverins.

of 40 miles to Lough Neagh; a crow's flight, certainly, but the map shows a border-line wriggling like the proverbial worm. So much for the outline of our county. Inside this rough triangle is an equally rough country. These Sperrin Mountains are worth considering; Sawel Mountain rises 2,240 feet and Meenard 2,061, while elsewhere quite a lot of individual hills run into the fifteen and sixteen hundreds of feet, Slieve Gallion, near Magherafelt, in the south, Carntogher and Benbradagh in the middle, with Donald's Hill and Craiggore farther north, and looking over Loch Foyle, Binevenagh, all sizeable hills, plenty of others, too, but smaller.

The seaboard in the north runs from Portrush to Magilligan Point. With Portrush we shall not be concerned, as it is in County Antrim, and has already been dealt with in *BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL*. At Magilligan Point we come to Lough Foyle, almost landlocked. From Magilligan to Greencastle on the Donegal side, in the Inishowen Peninsula, the passage is less than 2 miles. The lough itself is



Photo by

"ROARING MEG," LONDONDERRY.

(W. A. Green)

In the chronicles of sieges, that of Derry stands high. The Protestants defended their city gallantly against James II for 105 days. "Roaring Meg," originally given to the city by the Fishmongers of London, stands on the Double Bastion on the Walls of Derry, and did great service in the siege.

formerly N'Eachach, probably from an old prince of Ulster, Eäichach. The Bann overflowed—this was in A.D. 100—or some other catastrophe came to pass, and the whole country was under water.



Photo by

ST. COLUMBA'S CATHEDRAL, LONDONDERRY.

(W. A. Green)

St. Columba, or Columbkille, built an abbey where Derry now stands in 546, and so gained the affections of the natives that the town growing up round the abbey was called Derry-Columbkille the Oak Wood of Columbkille. The cathedral stands high, and was built by the City of London in 1628-33.

a generous sheet of water, some 15 miles long, and, at the widest part, 10 miles. Then it narrows to the broad Foyle, with Derry City on the left bank for the most part.

Lough Neagh, the biggest inland lake in the British Isles, 150 odd square miles, demands the coast-wise attention of five counties, taken clock wise, Antrim, Down, Armagh, Tyrone, and Londonderry. County Derry only has a few miles in the north-west corner of the lough. The origin of the name is vague,

E ä c h a c h w a s drowned. Giraldus says that the lake was a fountain that overflowed and flooded the country. Be that as it may, certainly the origin of the great lough is wrapped in mystery, so why not believe that the old Irish giant picked up a handful of earth and threw it into the sea for a stepping-stone to England. At any rate, we can kill two birds with one stone, accounting for Lough Neagh and the Isle of Man at the same time.

There have been extravagant stories about the petrifying qualities in the water



Photo by

ON THE RIVER FAUGHAN, NEAR LONDONDERRY.

W. A. Green.

The River Faughan rises in the Sperrin Mountains that lie on the Tyrone boundary of County Londonderry. It widens to a little estuary and joins the top end of Lough Foyle close to Culmore. Here the O'Dohertys built a castle, destined to become the scene of considerable fighting.



Photo by]

ON THE RIVER ROE, NEAR LIMAVADY.

W. A. Green.

Limavady—the Irish *Lim-an-madadh* means Dog's Leap—lies in the beautiful valley of the River Roe, at the head of which was the castle of the O'Cahans. Limavady itself is best known in England for Thackeray's "Peg of Limavady."



W. Lawrence

BANN FALLS, COLERAINE.

The falls illustrated here are a short distance above Coleraine, and form a fine salmon leap. Coleraine "Corner of Ferns" so far as its importance goes dates from 1613, when the whole district was granted by James I to the Corporation of London. Coleraine is now a prosperous linen town, with an admirable harbour. There was a priory founded by St. Carbreus in 540, and a castle, but, in the passing of time, these have disappeared.

Photo by

of the lough. Certainly there are many fine specimens of petrified timber to be seen, that can be easily and beautifully polished, but the stories of submerged and petrified towns may be taken as legendary. Still, sceptical though we may be, we can visualise the scene from the exquisite lilt of Moore:

“On Lough Neagh’s banks as
the fisherman strays,
When the clear soft eve’s
declining,
He sees the round towers of
other days
In the wave beneath him
shining.”

Just one word more about Lough Neagh of a homelier nature. It boasts a fish of its own, the pollan. This can be simply described as a fresh-water herring, and it is worth while braving the terrors if they be such—of a Liverpool to Belfast crossing to taste the pollan at such times as it is in season.

North of the lough there are one or two small towns, Moneymore, Maghera, Draperstown, Magherafelt, prosperous and busy little spots engaged in the linen industry. It will be remembered that James I granted large tracts of County Londonderry to the Corporation of the City of London and



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

AT MOUNT SANDEL, COLERAINE.

Mount Sandel is a mile south-east of Coleraine. Here there is a Rath, or earthen fort, two hundred feet high. According to the "Annals of the Four Masters," it was built in 1197.



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

SUNSET AT PORTSTEWART.

Portstewart is a small watering-place in the extreme north of County Londonderry. It has a literary history. Charles Lever, the novelist, practised medicine here, and was devoted to the little place. Thackeray, who came to see him, disliked the place, and frankly said so. The photograph here shows Black Castle.

the great companies; and they, by developing their estates, and in several cases establishing industries, played their part in founding the prosperity of the North of Ireland. Beyond this, as we should be walking in the realms of contention, we need not go.

The River Bann drains Lough Neagh. It is curious that ten rivers fill it and only one takes the overflow. At the mouth of the river is Coleraine, with a good harbour, on which considerable sums have of late years been spent. Coleraine itself is quite old—very old, in fact. But its importance only dates from 1613, when it was included in James I's City grant. Then it was properly built. Before, the houses had been timber and clay and wicker-work. It was described about this time by Pynnar as being so dirty in parts that nobody would go into it. However, "old times are changed, old manners gone." It is a flourishing enough town now, with spinning and weaving industries, whisky distilleries and pork-curing factories, and, of course, its busy port. In the Bann, too, the salmon fisheries are excellent and flourishing. The Gaelic name was *Cuil-rathain*, the Corner of Ferns, and in early times, in the sixth century, St. Carbreus founded a priory—alas! no more.



Photo 1.

THE RIVER BANN NEAR KILREA, COUNTY LONDONDERRY.

W. L. Green.

The River Bann has an interesting course. Rising in the Mourne Mountains in County Down, it first runs into the south-west corner of Lough Neagh, in County Armagh. From the north-west corner it leaves the lough, and, taking Little Lough Beg by the way, forms the boundary-line between Counties Londonderry and Antrim, on its journey north to the sea at Coleraine.

From Coleraine travelling westward by the sea is Castlerock. Here there are curious geological effects that with time have been produced by the disruption of strata, resulting in isolated caves and pinnacles. Farther along the coast there is the flat Magilligan Peninsula. On Magilligan Point there was an old fortress, facing a similar one on the Donegal side, a stone's throw away, at Greencastle. A hundred years ago, or nearly, at Magilligan the base-line was laid for the Trigonometrical Survey of Ireland. Here the geologist—who would appear to be the person most interested in this coast and the Pottrush and Giant's Causeway part of Antrim next door—will point to the basalt capping the chalk.

The Mountain of Bincynagh, standing over 1,200 feet high, is wild and precipitous in its upper slopes, and from its heights there are beautiful views. Across the wide Lough Foyle is County Donegal, the In-howen country; the whole lough lies before you, from the Magilligan entrance to its narrow below Derry; or looking southward, on to Limavady, and up the valley of the Roe to Dungiven, and then, if the day be fair, far away to the Sperrin Mountains, and Tyrone beyond.



From the Picturesque

RUINS ON THE HILL OF SLANE, CO. MEATH.

Slane is a small town, picturesquely situated on the River Boyne, 8 miles west of Drogheda. Standing on a hill above the town, in the Slane Castle demesne, are these interesting ruins of an abbey church and college. The church and residential buildings were restored for Franciscan monks by Sir Christopher Fleming in 1512. The painting shows to advantage the fine lofty square tower, which is the most prominent feature of the ruins.

M. C. Green

Of Limavady, *Lim-an-madadh*, the Dog's Leap, in the valley of the Roe, nothing much can be said. It is quite small, but lives its life busily enough. W. M. Thackeray found something, or a "someone," to be exact, in Limavady to spur his pen. With the first lines of his verse we are all inclined to agree. Of course it is well known, but we may as well quote it.

"Beauty is not rare
In the land of Paddy,
Fair beyond compare
Is Peg of Limavady.



Photo by]

AN IRISH PEAT BOG.

W. A. Green.

The photograph shows a typical cut-out peat bog, with the stacks of turf piled up for winter fuel. Ireland has altogether about 3,000,000 acres of peat bogs, the depth of which, though varying considerably, is sometimes as much as 20 feet.

Citizen or squire,
Tory, Whig or Radi-
-cal, would all desire
Peg of Limavady."

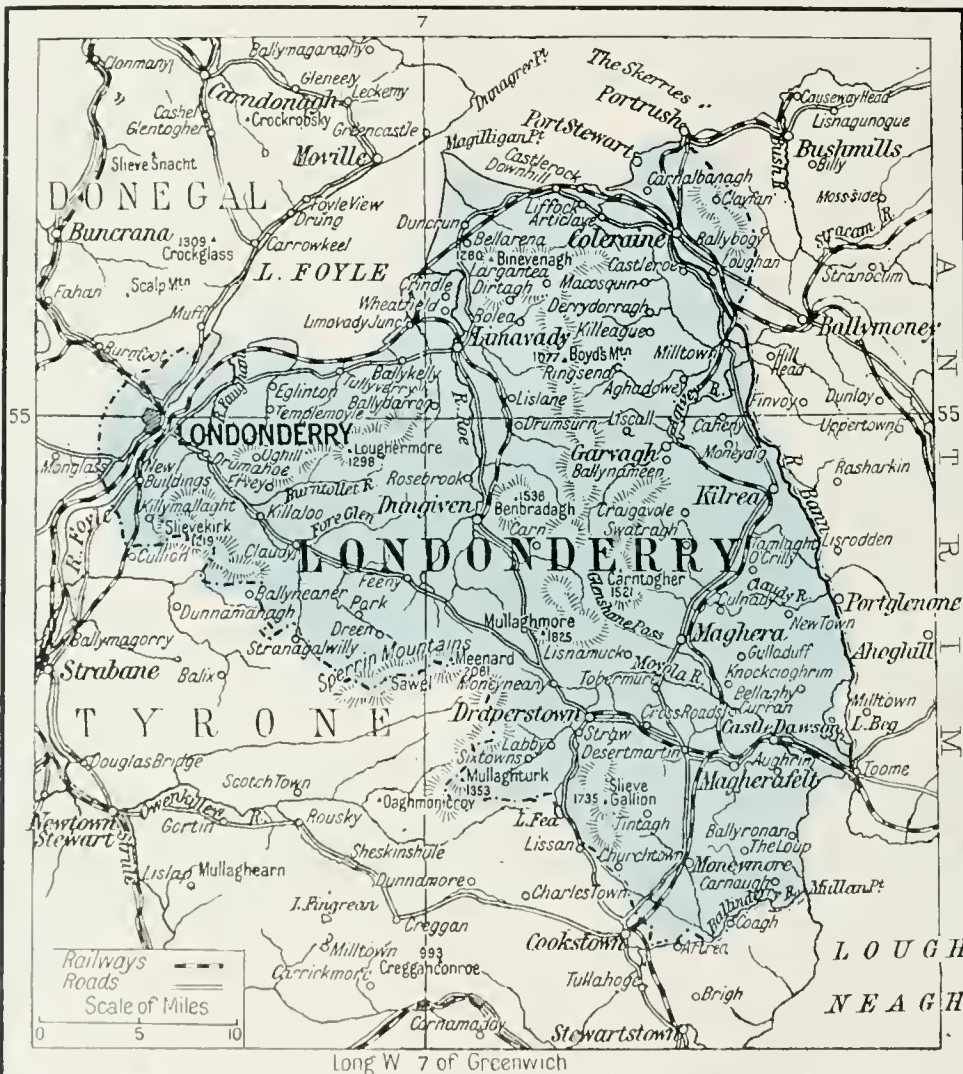
Dungiven lies at the end of a branch line plumb in the middle of the county, on the River Roe. In 1618 the Skinners' Company, to whom the town was granted in the general distribution already mentioned, built a castle here, and there was an old priory, the principal interest in which was the tomb of one of the O'Cahan chiefs, Coeey-na-gall. These same O'Cahans held their land from the great O'Neills, and claimed the right—exercised it too, doubtless—to throw the shoe over the head of the chosen O'Neill Chief at the hill-top ceremonies of his inauguration in that high office.

Banagher, not far from Dungiven, possesses, amongst other and, possibly, more mundane joys,

sand. You may throw a handful of sand at a horse and his rider, and you may be sure that they will win their race. Or, if you prefer it, you may throw another handful of this same miraculous sand at a person, and *he won't be able to tell the truth!* Imagination staggers at the amount of sand-throwing little Banagher must have seen, to judge from the way truth insists on hiding her modesty in a well nowadays. We are not referring to the natives of Banagher, *bien entendu*.

To the world at large, the name Derry City suggests siege and shirts and walls. Of course there are more, plenty more things in Derry that count, but somehow or other siege and shirts and walls seem to bubble on top. Siege, with war and blood and swift and sudden death, is now, it is to be

hoped, a thing of the past, yet its memory is green; shirts are essentially of today, "a very present help in trouble," or out of it, for that matter; while the walls of Derry are for all time, so long as Derry has citizens to guard them. With regard to the other accessories or appurtenances of a busy city, Derry has shipbuilding yards on the Foyle, iron and brass foundries, distilleries, breweries, and tanneries, and a very important salmon industry from the river and Lough. Truly, this outpost of Ulster's empire has no grass-grown streets or by-ways. The Foyle,



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MAP OF CO. LONDONDERRY.

where it passes through Derry, is broad and of a fair depth, and the lion's share of Derry lies on the left bank, though, of course, it has spread over the river, with a suburb, and the Ebrington Barracks, on the Limavady Road, and two railway stations. Derry is, shall we say? utilitarian rather than beautiful, though there are one or two fine modern buildings, the Guildhall on the Ship Quay, for example, and the Foyle College. The Cathedral, St. Colomb's, is, again, on the utilitarian side rather than the beautiful, but a fine imposing church withal. It stands on the hill, within the walls, and was raised by the Corporation of the City of London round about 1630.

The walls of Derry, built to enclose the old city in 1609, were originally 24 feet high and 6 feet thick, with nine bastions and two half-bastions, and have been carefully preserved, and though



Photo by]

FALLS ON MOYOLA RIVER, CASTLE DAWSON.

W. A. Green.

Moyola Park, adjoining Castle Dawson, contains one of the prettiest stretches of the river, which flows through on its way east to Lough Neagh.



Photo by]

BALLINDERRY BRIDGE.

W. A. Green.

From Kingsmill to the point at which it flows into Lough Neagh, the Ballinderry River forms the boundary between Co. Londonderry and Co. Tyrone. This picturesque bridge crosses the stream 5 miles east of Moneymore.



Photo by]

PHELIM O'NEILL'S CASTLE, BALLYRONAN.

[W. A. Green.

The O'Neills were a famous family of Irish chieftains, of whom the most well-known was Shane O'Neill, who resisted the government in Elizabeth's time. The remains of the ancient fortress of Phelim O'Neill stands on the shores of Lough Neagh, near Ballyronan.

some of the bastions have been removed little real alteration has been made. The Bishop's Gate is new, 1789, that is to say, a centenary commemoration to William III. The siege of Derry started on December 9, 1688. Macdonnell, Earl of Antrim, with twelve hundred Roman Catholic troops, advanced to occupy the town. Appearing on the farther bank of the river, officers were sent to demand admittance and quarters for the troops. Thirteen young 'prentices, of Scottish descent, rushed armed to the Ferry Gate, locked it, and pulled down the portcullis. The flame spread; magazines were opened; arms and ammunition issued to the troops, and a call to succour sent under cover of night to the Protestant gentlemen of the neighbourhood. In a few hours hundreds of foot and horse poured into the city. Macdonnell retired, but James II's Irish army under Maumont, Rosen, and Richard Hamilton successively destroyed Culmore across the river, and laid close siege to Derry. Lundy, the governor, made several treacherous attempts to give the town away, and only escaped the fury of the citizens by escaping disguised. To complete the blockade a great barricade and a boom were thrown across the river. Spring advanced to summer; the gallant defenders were now faced with absolute starvation.

It was after sunset on July 28 when the sentinels in the city saw three ships sailing up the river. They were the *Mountjoy* and the *Phoenix*, escorted by the *Dartmouth*, frigate of thirty-six guns, Captain John Leake. Under the *Dartmouth's* protection, the *Mountjoy* broke the boom, and with the *Phoenix*, aided by the darkness, made for the quay, and landed the supplies. All night the Irish guns roared, and "all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyous defiance." Then, on the third night the invaders burned their camp, and on August 1 their pike and standards were seen retiring towards Strabane. The great Siege of Derry was ended.

COUNTY LONGFORD

BEFORE it was shired as Longford in 1569, Annaly, its old name, was included with West Meath. Originally, as a principality of the O'Farrells, it was part of the province of Meath, and was colonised by Hugh de Lacy, to whom Henry II granted it. The county is small, its square mileage being 421, the fourth smallest in Ireland, generally level, with some low hills, and a good deal of bog. The county town, Longford, is small, and not very remarkable. There was once a fortress of the O'Farrells, Lords of Annaly, but it has disappeared in the passage of years, and fire accounted for the Dominican priory, an O'Farrell foundation of 1400. The present castle is a much later affair, early seventeenth century, belonging to the Earls of Longford, the Aungiers. At Longford there is a branch of the Royal Canal, fed by the Camlin River. This canal was cut from the Shannon at Cloondara, five miles west of Longford, and ran to the Liffey. It cost nearly a million and a half pounds. That the Royal Canal has ever justified its existence there are grave doubts. It was never really needed, and is now the property of the railway. Those who like the Italian composite architecture can appreciate the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Mel at Longford. The steeple is very high, and the altar is particularly fine. For the rest the town of Longford has the usual public buildings in the way of barracks, court house, and so on, appertaining to a county town.

The River Inny runs across the southern corner of the county into Lough Ree. Near it is the little village of Pallas, where the poet Goldsmith was born in 1728. He did not live there long, as his father was appointed to the living of Lissoy or Auburn—"loveliest village of the plain," over the border



Photo by

ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, LONGFORD.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

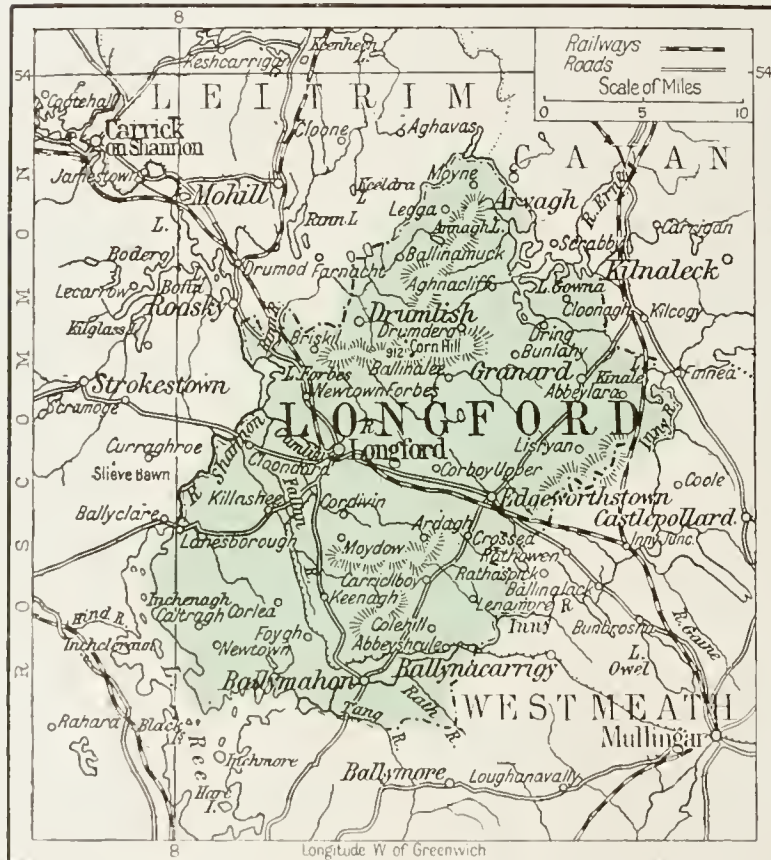
St. Mel's Cathedral is one of the most imposing structures in the county town. It is built of grey limestone and took over 20 years to complete. The chief features are the lofty steeple and the fine altar of Carrara marble.

in West Meath. At Ballymahon the Inny is a pretty stream, running over ledges and rocks. Goldsmith's mother lived at Ballymahon when her husband died. The Inny and the Shannon both flow into Lough Ree, which forms a corner of Longford, and, with the Shannon above it, the western border of the county. In the opposite corner there is Lough Gowna, the source of the Erne. Granard, south of Lough Gowna, was destroyed by Edward Bruce in 1315, recovering three hundred years later in James I's time. The Moat of Granard, a mound on the hill, was once doubtless an old king's dwelling. A Scotsman, Sir Arthur Forbes, was granted the land in 1684, and his son was created baron, viscount, and earl in rapid succession. He fought against the Parliament in Scotland and raised the 18th Foot, the Royal Irish Regiment.

Edgeworthstown is a tidy little village, whose sole peculiarity is its church, or, to be exact, the

steeple of its church. Richard Edgeworth, a remarkable man of considerable scientific attainments, and an imagination that gazed beyond the limitations of his time, contrived this steeple of iron and slate, building it inside the church. Thence it was raised to its position by pulleys, all from within. The first Edgeworth to come to Ireland was the Bishop of Down and Connor in 1583. Since then the successive generations have sat on their estates and watched the interests of their people. Richard was the father of Maria Edgeworth, the writer, and the family, when Maria was a young woman, was large, and of different mothers, for her father was three times married. The naïveté of the account of the Edgeworth family in Thomas Cromwell's "Excursions in Ireland," published in 1820, justifies a quotation:

"The family is composed of children of different marriages; yet nothing can be more delightful than the harmony that prevails. The ardent sentiment of



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MAP OF CO. LONGFORD.

benevolence, that prompts and animates their general labours, has the effect to modify or extinguish every individual selfish feeling; while the most strenuous endeavours of every member of this pleasant community are called into action, to promote the comfort and happiness of the whole." This amiable eulogy rather suggests an exalted "Swiss Family Robinson." Miss Edgeworth herself, we read, is "at once so modest and so natural, that those unapprised of her talents would not believe it possible she could appear so unconscious of the high reputation she possesses."

She was a friend of, and genuinely admired by, Sir Walter Scott, and visits were exchanged at Edgeworthstown and Abbotsford; but apart from such visits, and occasional journeys to London, she lived practically the whole of her life on her father's estate. She was undoubtedly popular, and her books were largely read. This was emphasised in 1846, when the country was in the throes of a terrible famine. From Boston in Massachusetts there came, addressed, "Miss Edgeworth, for her poor," a hundred and fifty barrels of flour. She died in 1849, and her works, *Castle Rackrent*, *Ormond*, *Moral Tales for Young People*, and the rest of them, including a collaboration with her father on *Practical*



Photo by]

CAMILIN FALLS, LONGFORD.

The Camilin River is a tributary of the Shannon, and at Longford it supplies the Royal Canal, which has a branch running to the town. The county as a whole is flat, but in the north-western corner, round Longford, the country becomes hilly and the inevitable bog land gives way to more attractive scenery.

Education, and the completion of his memoirs, are now forgotten. But Maria Edgeworth's memory is one upon which in the rush and hurly-burly of later times it is pleasant to dwell.

Ardagh, a few miles from Edgeworthstown, was an ancient See, though the diocese was curiously small, the greatest length being forty-two miles, and the breadth varying from a maximum of fourteen to a minimum of four. Nevertheless, it extended into six counties. One of its bishops, writing in 1630, said, "I have been about my diocese, and can set down out of my own knowledge and view, what I shall relate and shortly speak; much ill matter in a few words. It is very miserable in every way. . . ." The good prelate found his cathedral of Ardagh, said to have been built by St. Patrick, together with the bishop's house, down to the ground. Apparently St. Patrick did found an abbey at Ardagh before 454, over which he placed St. Mel, the son of his sister Damerca, both as abbot and bishop. Melchro,



Photos by,

OLD CASTLE, LONGFORD.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The Castle of the Aunglers adjoins the barracks and dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century. In 1641 the garrison were overpowered and put to the sword by Confederate Catholics.

or Mel, lived to a ripe old age, and died in 488. He is generally supposed to have given the veil of religion to St. Bridget the virgin of Kildare, though this honour is by some credited to his contemporary and disciple, St. Macaille.

Thomas Cromwell, the somewhat effusive writer who has already been quoted on the subject of the Edgeworths, *père et fille*, expresses his opinion that "whenever a correct return of the population (of the county) shall be produced, the numbers will exceed every estimate hitherto produced, and that, should this opinion prove correct, a very serious question may arise, *whether the population may not be doubled in the next twenty five years*" (the italics are ours). This prognostication may have been rosy enough at the time, but Longford has suffered in loss of population as much as any other county in Ireland, owing to emigration.



Photo by

W. A. Green.

OLD BRIDGE ON THE RIVER BOYNE, DROGHEDA.

The Boyne at Drogheda divides the two counties Louth and Meath. It was above Drogheda that William of Orange fought the Battle of the Boyne on July 1, 1690. Fording the river in three passages, he easily defeated James II's army, and that luckless monarch beat a hasty retreat to Dublin.

COUNTY LOUTH

COUNTY LOUTH—we are speaking geographically—is a simple, compact affair. It has a respectable shape, not pinched at the waist like Leitrim, or prodded by the sea in a hundred indentations like Mayo or Galway, or with a long—shall we say?—proboscis like Cavan. It is small and handy, the smallest county in Ireland, 25 miles, or a touch more, from north to south, and, say, 15 miles from east to west. For its borders, the sea washes its shores on the east, Armagh and Down lie to the north, Monaghan and Meath to the west, and Meath again to the south. A fine river, too, the Boyne, guards the county at its southern extremity, and the fair and broad Carlingford Lough performs a similar office in the north. The county is well watered. We have mentioned the Boyne; the Dee and the Glyde join their forces with the sea at Annagassan; the Fane, rising in the lakes near Castleblainey next door in Monaghan, comes out at Lurgangreen, and the Castletown River flows into Dundalk Harbour. The country, generally speaking, is flattish; in parts, richly wooded. However, in the north, between Dundalk and Carlingford Lough, a fine range of hills forms a rampart between peaceful County Louth and the Mourne Mountains of Down, rolling down to the sea with mighty Slieve Donard wreathed in mist. This rampart, the Carlingford range, is of some consequence, too. Carlingford Mountain itself is 1,935 feet high, and Clermont Carn nearly 1,700.



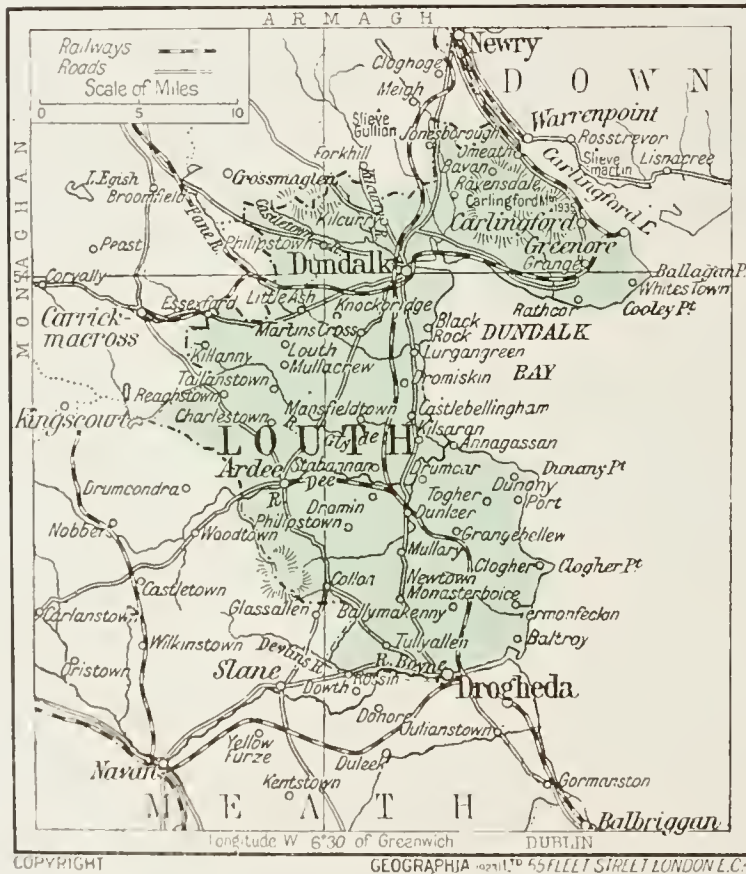
Photo by

W. A. Green.

ST. LAWRENCE'S GATE, DROGHEDA.

There were, at one time, ten gates piercing the old walls of Drogheda. None but two remain, St. Lawrence's Gate and the West Gate. The two powerful towers flanking the retiring wall of St. Lawrence's give a fine impression of rugged strength.

There was from the earliest times a town or village on the banks of the Boyne, close to the sea, where Drogheda was later to stand. The original place was captured by Turgesius the Dane in 911. Its importance was later realised by the Anglo-Normans, and the river was bridged. Then in 1395 the four chief Irish Princes submitted to King Richard II at Drogheda. Later, in 1649, it was stormed by Cromwell in person, and of the garrison, who, under Sir Arthur Aston, the governor, had made a gallant resistance against heavy odds, many were killed and the remainder sent to the plantations of Barbados. Drogheda to-day has a fine harbour, the most important feature of the town, and the railway crosses the river on a particularly striking viaduct. Two groups of arches, twelve on the south, and three on the north side of the river, are connected by a lattice bridge of three beams, each 550 feet long. The bridge is 90 feet above high-tide level. Generally speaking, we are not concerned here with engineering detail, but the Boyne railway viaduct justifies this small description. It was designed by Sir John McNeill—honour to whom honour is due. Of



MAP OF CO. LOUHL

inter alia, the Fall of Man, the Expulsion from Paradise, Cain killing Abel, and the Adoration. The round tower is 110 feet high, and the doorway, as is customary with Irish round towers, is raised from the ground. There is only one round tower in Ireland bigger than this one at Monasterboice, at Scattery Island in the estuary of the Shannon.

Mellifont Abbey, also near Drogheda and close to County Meath, was a Cistercian monastery, the first founded in Ireland. Its founders were O'Carroll, Lord of Oirgialla, and Malachy O'Morgair, Archbishop of Armagh. The abbey was an offshoot of Cistercian Clairvaux. Of its present ruins, the most interesting part is the Baptistery, a wonderful octagonal building originally, though to-day only five sides are left. A semicircular opening gave entrance to each face or wall. This Baptistery was the lavatory of the monastery, a number of basins being led with water from a central fountain, where the monks could wash their hands before proceeding to the refectory for food. The Chapter House (now by was built later—it has usually been called St. Bernard's Chapel—with a splendid groined

mediæval Drogheda one of the finest buildings left is the St. Lawrence Gate, which, with the West Gate, is all that remains of the ten gates that once pierced the walls. St. Lawrence's Gate has two powerful towers, four storeys high, flanking a retiring wall, pierced for defence. Other antiquities are the ruins of the Abbey of St. Mary d'Urso, a tower and a pointed arch spanning the street, and Magdalen Steeple, all that is left of the Dominican Abbey.

On the road to Dunleer, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of Drogheda, is Monasterboice, an assemblage of ecclesiastical remains similar, though of lesser extent, to Clonmacnoise and its seven churches in King's County. Here at Monasterboice are enfolded in a small churchyard the ruins of two churches, a round tower, and three crosses. The smaller of the two churches is probably of thirteenth-century origin, the larger considerably earlier. The High Cross, 27 feet high, and dating from the early tenth century, ranks among the finest crosses in Ireland. It has twenty-two panels, representing,



Photo by]

ST. MARY'S ABBEY, DROGHEDA.

W. A. Green.

The Abbey of St. Mary d'Urso, the ruins of which lie between the West Gate and the Boyne, was a thirteenth-century foundation, and thought to have been built on a much earlier St. Patrick church. When, in 1649, Cromwell stormed and captured Drogheda, the abbey suffered severe damage.



Photo by:

LAUNCHING A CORACLE ON THE RIVER BOYNE.

The coracle on the Boyne has been in use from the earliest times, when St. Patrick, the story runs, crossed from Scotland in one. They are made of ox-hide stretched over a wicker frame, and are used for salmon-fishing. The Boyne, which rises in King's County, was called after an Irish princess, Boan or Bolinne, who was drowned in the river.

[W. A. Green.

roof and three sets of arches which spring from clustered columns. The St. Bernard referred to is, of course, the saint of Dijon and the founder of Clairvaux, who died in 1153, not to be mixed up with St. Bernard de Menthon, who founded in 962 the now celebrated hospice on St. Bernard's Pass between Valais and Piedmont. In 1193 Devorgilla died in the monastery at Mellifont. A modern Helen of Troy, the wife of Tiernan O'Rourke, Prince of Breifny, she was abducted—it is said with her own consent—by Diarmait mac Murchadha, and from the enmity caused by this abduction and other acts of aggression towards the O'Rourkes events were set in train that led to the entrance into Ireland of the



Photo by

W. A. Green.

GOTHIC WINDOW IN CHAPTER HOUSE, MELLIFONT ABBEY.

The Cistercian Abbey of Mellifont was founded by O'Carroll, Lord of Oirgialla, and Malachy O'Morgair, Archbishop of Armagh. The Chapter House, with a fine-groined roof and arches springing from clustered columns, was built later, and was usually called St. Bernard's Chapel, after St. Bernard of Dijon, founder of the Cistercian Abbey of Clairvaux, of which Mellifont is an offshoot.

English under Strongbow — Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke.

Between Drogheda and Dundalk there is no town of any size or importance, natural enough in a small agricultural county. But we can dig up plenty of picturesque reminders of a storied past. Glass Pistol Castle, quite near Drogheda, now in ruins, housed Dr. Oliver Plunket, one time Archbishop of Armagh. On a "popery" charge, he was arraigned for treason and executed at Tyburn in 1681. Then there is Dunleer, a little place, with a quaint privilege, for some reason or other no longer cherished. Charles II granted it, and it was the right to elect a sovereign. The main interest in Ardee is its name; in



Photo by

MELLIFONT ABBEY, NEAR DROGHEDA.

A. H. Robin-on.

The most striking feature in Mellifont Abbey is the Baptistry. There are only five sides of the original octagon left. In the monastery died the celebrated Devorgilla, who was abducted by Diarmait mac Murchadha in the middle of the twelfth century.

its present form, of course, meaning the Ford of Dee, but earlier Ath-Fhirdia. The Champion of Connaught was this same Fhirdia—the spelling varies—and he was killed by an Ulsterman, who proved too tough a customer for him—Cuchullin. James II's troops burnt Castle Bellingham, and a new one was built in the early eighteenth century. The Bellinghams were Northumberland folk, to begin with. The little town that gave the county its name, Louth, once gloried in a school, sprung from a religious establishment. This school boasted a hundred bishops from its pupils. It had an abbey, too, that the Danes pillaged in the ninth century, and was burnt three centuries later, but refounded by Dermot O'Carroll and Edan O'Kelly in 1148. Little Louth is content now to dream of an erudite past, which, when all is said, is not such a bad occupation.



Photo by

(W. A. Green.

ROUND TOWER, MONASTERBOICE.

At Monasterboice there is an assemblage of interesting ecclesiastical remains. In the small churchyard that encloses them there are the remains of a round tower, two churches, and three crosses. The Round Tower is second only to the one on Scattery Island, off the Clare coast, and is 110 feet high.

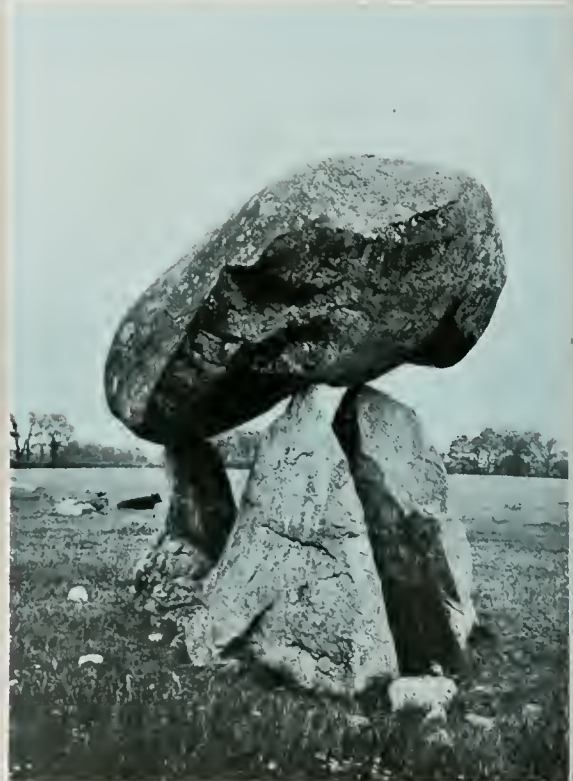


Photo by

(W. A. Green.

CROMLECH AT BALLYMASCANLAN.

The Cromlech at Ballymascanlan stands in the Carlingford Peninsula, close to Bellurgan Station. It is commonly known as the "Prolech Stone," and is considered to be an old burial monument. The capstone is 12 feet long by 9 feet broad, and is nearly 6 feet deep.

Dundalk is an important centre and a busy enough port. It is, too, a remarkably old town. Edward, brother of Robert the Bruce, was invited to come over from Scotland after Bannockburn and help the Irish against the English Crown. This he did, and he started by ravaging Dundalk by fire and sword. Here he lived, and held his court as a crowned king. Grown insolent with success, for he was a hard hitter, he extended his ravages farther afield, levelling abbeys and churches to the ground. Then came Sir John Bermingham with a troop of picked men, and Edward Bruce came to a swift end at the Hill of Faughart. Bermingham received, as his reward, the Manor of Ardee and the title of Earl of Louth. So ended Bruce's transitory, if not very glorious reign, if such it can be called. To Dundalk, O'Hallon, an Irish chieftain, came with pretensions and demands; but Verdon, the governor, made short work of him, and he retired, less two hundred of his men. Shane O'Neill, too, had a couple of shots for Dundalk, without success.



Photo by]

W. A. Green.

KING JOHN'S CASTLE AND HARBOUR, CARLINGFORD.

Carlingford, as befitted an outpost of the Pale, had at one time many towers, castles, and other strong places. De Courcy built the castle at the orders of King John in 1210, and the walls, in parts, are over 11 feet thick.



Photo by]

W. A. Green

OMEATH AND CARLINGFORD MOUNTAIN.

On Carlingford Lough is the little village of Omeath, and the mountains climb up behind it. Carlingford Mountain, 1,935 feet high, is the culminating point of this range, and the views from its summit embrace the Mourne Mountains in the north, Slieve Gullion in the west, and Dundalk Bay to the south.



Photo by

[H. A. Green.

CARLINGFORD AND THE LOUGH FROM SLIEVE FOY.

Carlingford Lough, nearly landlocked, runs from the sea to Warrenpoint, and across the lough from the town there are glorious views of County Down, "where the mountains of Mourne roll down to the sea."



Photo by

H. A. Green.

THE ABBEY, CARLINGFORD.

In 1305 Richard de Burgh, Earl of Ulster, founded a Dominican Monastery at Carlingford. Like so many other buildings in the town that had grown up round King John's Castle, the monastery was built to serve, if necessary, a military as well as its normal ecclesiastical function.



Photo by]

[W. Lawrence.

LOUGH MASK CASTLE, BALLINROBE.

Ballinrobe is a town of little importance, situated on the River Robe near Lough Mask. This old castle was built by the English in 1238 and stands 4½ miles from the town in a solitary position on the shores of the lake.

COUNTY MAYO

IN this county of Connaught there is much of historical interest; there are many antiquities, castles and abbeys, monasteries and crosses, the greater part, one need hardly say, displaying their old age attractively in picturesque ruins. Admitting the doubtless intriguing history of the county, Mayo's salient interest is its geography. Those counties whose littoral is on the Irish Sea—Wexford, Wicklow, Dublin, Meath, Louth, Down and Antrim—show little indentation; deep bays and tortuous sea-water loughs are few. But in the west the great remorseless rollers of the Atlantic have lashed and torn and raged until of the coastline, if any legitimate coastline ever existed, nothing remains, except what might resemble the nightmare of a worn-out saw. Mayo boasts two borders on the sea, to the west and the north, and it is girt round with loughs and bays, ragged peninsulas, and islands by the hundred; this without exaggeration.

Mayo is a big county; it comes next to Cork and Galway in size, a little under 1,400,000 acres, or 2,157 square miles. If a further comparison nearer home will help the picture, Mayo is a bit bigger than Norfolk, but not quite so big as Lancashire. That the sea



Photo by]

[W. Lawrence.

MOYNE ABBEY.

The situation of Moynes Abbey on the shores of Killala Bay adds considerably to the charm of the ruins. The abbey was founded by McWilliam Burke in 1460 and for over 150 years was a well-known scholastic centre.

surrounds its northern and western borders has been noted. Sligo and Roscommon share the honour of neighbouring it on the east and Galway on the south.

The inland, that is to say the eastern side, of Mayo is more or less level. The western side is mountainous; exceedingly so. If you look at the map of the county, you can make a rough and easy division by taking a line from Killala Bay and Ballina on the north-east to the Loughs Carra and Mask. The mountains are many and some of them of considerable height. Mweelra, the biggest, is in the southern extremity, 2,688 feet, with Benbury close by and Benlugmore overlooking Lough Doo. Farther up the coast, on the south side of Clew Bay, there is Croagh Patrick just over 2,500 feet. This is a vigorous and abrupt mountain, with a tremendous precipice on one side. It is called *Lug-na-Narrib*, "Lug" being Gaelic for a hollow. St. Patrick stood on the edge of the precipice and rang his bell, and then he hurled it over the edge. But the ministering spirits were, apparently, unwilling that the saint's bell should



Photo by

CROAGH PATRICK AND WESTPORT QUAY.

[W. Lawrence.

The town of Westport is a good starting-point for the ascent of Croagh Patrick (2,510 feet), 6 miles away. In writing of the mountain in 1800, De Quincey said he found on the summit "a circular wall very rough and craggy, on which, at St. Patrick's Day, all the Papists, for many miles round, run on their knees (quite bare) till the skin is off."

fall down the "Lug," and each time Patrick rang his bell and hurled it, so it was returned to him by the same invisible hands. But that is not the end of the story. ". . . and every time it thus hastily was rung"—Otway's version—"thousands of toads, adders, and noisome things went down, tumbling neck and heels one after the other." Such is the story they tell of St. Patrick and the Croagh. One is not surprised that the mountain is a resort of pilgrims. Part of their exercises is, or was, rather, for we live in a less rigorous age, to perambulate the summit of the Croagh fifteen times on their hands and knees.

Another big mountain is Nephin, to the west of Lough Conn, 2,640 feet high, second in the county for height to Mweelra. In Achill Island there is Slievemore. The cliffs on the northern coast are magnificent; Benwee Head towers up to the tremendous height of 820 feet.

Achill Island, the largest island off the Irish coasts, is bare, precipitous, and mountainous. There is heather, dark-brown heather, everywhere, and when the rough soil has given forth its meagre fruits



Photo by]

THE ERRIFF RIVER.

The Erriff rises in the chain of hills to the south of Oughy and flows—a swiftly moving stream—11 miles to Killybeg Harbour. It is fed by several tributaries, and is generally considered one of the most beautiful salmon rivers in the Emerald Isle.

W. Lawrence.

this meagreness leaves very little margin. Potatoes, of course, there are and a few oats, cultivated without science, and there is the usual breeding, naturally for domestic needs only, of live stock; a few cattle and sheep, pigs and poultry. When there is a bad season, when potato disease spreads its clammy hands on the poor soil, times are very, very hard, for even a good season can provide little, if any, margin for future contingencies. Not merely will a bad season cause a serious shortage of potatoes, which are the food of the people, but it will mean no seed potatoes for next year's harvesting, and an inevitable continuance of famine.

Notably, this happened when in the autumn of 1885 the western islands and west coast generally were swept by storms. Here is what a report on the conditions of the Island of Achill says: "The extreme distress that exists in this island, comprising a population of about 6,000 persons, has been



Photo by]

[W. Lawrence.

ERRIFF VALLEY, CO. MAYO.

The Erriff valley contains some of the most beautiful bits of scenery to be found in Mayo, but in spite of its peaceful appearance has on one occasion at least been the scene of tragedy. In 1860, the bridge having collapsed in a flood, a lady was drowned in her jaunting car in attempting to ford the river. Farther up the valley, beyond the bridge, the country opens out and the moorland becomes general.

prominently noticed in many of the leading newspapers. It is the old story, the entire failure of the potato crop; the complete absence of employment, and the consequent inability of the small holders of land to provide seed potatoes for the crop of the ensuing year. The question has arisen once more: 'What can be done to meet the emergency?' It is satisfactory to remember that John Morley introduced into the House of Commons a short Bill for the relief of the distress of the Western Unions, and by the end of March 1886 shipments of seed were ready at Westport for Achill. Gunboats landed 455 tons on the island, and the seed potatoes were carefully distributed among 1,167 families in Achill and the islands of Boffin and Shark.

The towns in Mayo are naturally small. Ballina in the north is on the River Moy, a few miles to the south of Killala Bay, and not far from Lough Conn; it is reckoned a good fishing centre. West

port is in the southern corner of Clew Bay. In the middle of the entrance to the bay, about 15 miles from Westport, is Clare Island. Though quite small, less than 7 square miles, with lofty cliffs and a mountain, Knockmore, of 1,520 feet in height, Clare Island is fertile; the inhabitants engaged in fishing, agriculture, and burning kelp. The island was bought by the Congested Districts Board, and the tenure of land was re-arranged on a more satisfactory basis. In the old abbey, a Carmelite foundation of 1224, the skull of Grania Uaile used to be shown. Grania, who was Grace O'Malley, married twice; first O'Flaherty, Prince of Connemara, and then Sir Richard Burke, or McWilliam Oughter as he was then called. The marriage contract with Burke was unusual; for one year, subject to termination if either said to the other, "I dismiss you." Grania, as the story goes, packed her lord's important castles with her own men, and when the time came dismissed him.



Photo by

WINDY GAP, CASTLEBAR.

[W. Lawrence.]

County Mayo, generally, is a bare, mountainous country, dotted here and there with lakes, fed by many mountain streams. Castlebar is the county town, and lies in the middle of Mayo at the head of one of a group of these little lakes.

Castlebar, lying in the middle of Mayo, is the county town. A river of the same name runs through the town, and there are to the south-west a handful of small lakes. The present town is quite attractive, though not particularly remarkable. Its history is interesting. Sir John Bingham established it in 1613, and James I granted a charter. A little later, in 1641, Sir Henry Bingham held it for the Parliament, but it surrendered to the confederate Irish, who were commanded by Viscount Mayo and Sir Theobald Bourke. The besieged on surrendering were granted a safe-conduct. But arriving at Shrule, near Headford, three days later, Sir Henry Bingham and sixty-five men were handed over to Edmund Bourke, a relation of Lord Mayo, who attacked and brutally murdered them. Lord Mayo died shortly afterwards, but his son, Sir Theobald Bourke, was tried and executed for this outrage.

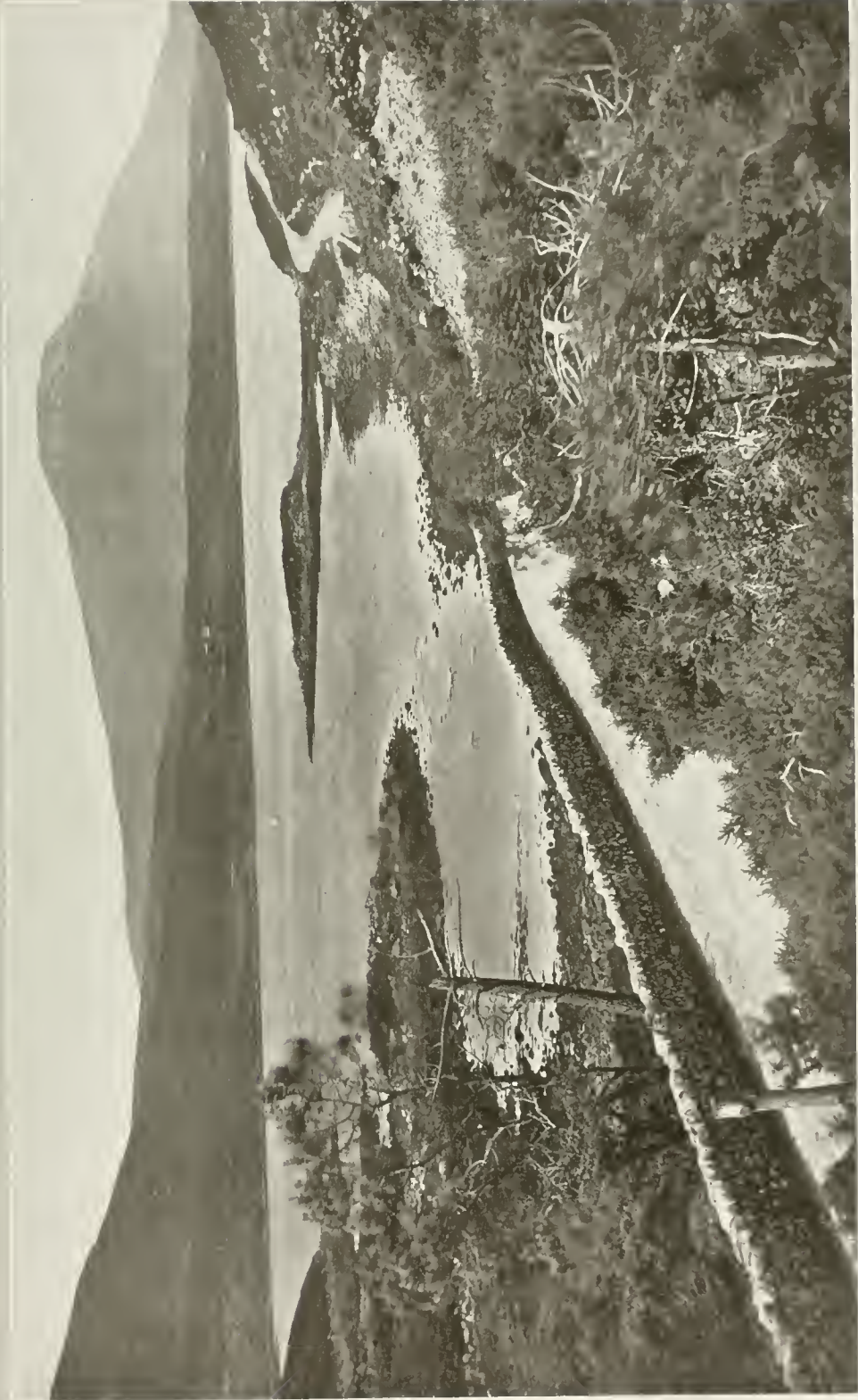


Photo by

NEAR MALLARANNY.

Mallaranny lies close to the mountain of Claggan on the narrow isthmus that joins Curraun Peninsula with the mainland. The sea loch is narrow and tortuous, and the scenery, though wild, possesses a rugged beauty.

(J. Lawrence.)



Photo by]

[W. Lawrence.

THE REEK FROM MURRISK ABBEY.

The popular name of Croagh Patrick is the "Reek," and its heights command magnificent views, extending north to Slieve League in Donegal, and south to Twelve Pins, nearly 20 miles away. Murrisk Abbey, at the foot of the mountain, was founded by the O'Malleys for Augustine Friars.



Photo by]

W. Lawrence.

RAILWAY VIADUCT, NAVAN, COUNTY MEATH.

Navan is on the Boyne, though from its narrow streets very little of the river is seen. The change from the Gaelic "Nuachongbhail" to modern Navan is difficult to follow. There are still some remains of de Lacy's fortifications and walls to be seen, though the old abbey has completely passed away.

COUNTY MEATH

HISTORY finds a place for Meath as far back as the second century, when Tuathal declared "Midh," which included the present Meath, West Meath, and Longford—Annaly was its old name—with parts of Kildare, Cavan, and King's County, to be the personal estate of the "Ardrigh," the over-king of Ireland; a broad and spacious demesne. Presumably this admirable arrangement was carried on till 1173, when the kings of Meath gave place to Hugh de Lacy, who was confirmed in his lordship by Henry II, and the province of Meath was included in the English Pale. Naturally it still remained, or was regarded as, a province for two or three centuries, and it was not until the beginning of the seventeenth century that Meath was definitely established in the lower rank, as a simple county.

Meath is almost entirely inland, its seaboard not exceeding 10 miles, and is about



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[W. A. Green.

ATHLUMNEY CASTLE, NAVAN.

Athlumney Castle is a fortified house of the sixteenth century. The mansion adjoining the old tower is of later date, and its gables and mullioned windows are particularly fine. It is said that Launcelot Dowdall, an old owner, declared that he would burn the castle rather than let William of Orange set foot in it.

the same size, speaking very roughly, as Warwickshire. It rubs shoulders with no fewer than seven counties; taking them clockwise they are Dublin, Kildare, King's County, West Meath, Cavan, Monaghan, and Louth; and it is neatly and diagonally cut into pretty equal parts by the Boyne running north-west, from King's County to the sea at Drogheda, and its tributaries flowing in, naturally, on each side, admirably watering and draining the country. The principal tributary is the Blackwater, which joins the Boyne at Navan. Both the Boyne and Blackwater are excellent trout streams, and the former is, of course, famous for its salmon.

Trim, the little county town of Meath, is almost overwhelmed by its glorious crown of ruins. In Newtown Trim, just outside the town on the road to Dublin, there are the remains of St. John's Friary,



Photo by

RATH GRAINIA, HILL OF TARA.

[W. A. Green.

The glory of Tara has vanished, for of all the forts, churches, and the Halls of Heroes, nothing remains but grassy mounds and a few ruins. Rath Grainia is the largest fort, and was called after Grainia, the daughter of Cormac MacArt, the Prince who held his Court at Tara until Ængus put out his eye.

the old bridge, and the Abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the Castle, a fine square keep with towers. King John's Castle is really a magnificent affair. The great central keep, with turrets 70 feet high, is surrounded by rectangular towers, and a big outer wall, with towers, that is nearly 500 yards round. King John, though he stayed in Trim, was not responsible for building the castle. This was done by Hugh de Lacy, Lord of Meath. O'Connor, King of Connaught, attacked it, and Hugh Tyrrel, who was defending, in de Lacy's absence, finding surrender inevitable, burnt the castle. Later, this castle was to see plenty of pomp and pageantry, and many princes and great lords have sojourned there. Two, at least, were to languish as prisoners. These were Humphrey of Gloucester and Henry of Lancaster, Henry Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV, the son of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster." Years later the Duke of Wellington stayed in the town and at Dangan Castle. They put him up a statue on a column in 1817.



Photo by]

[W. A. Green.

THE CLOISTERS, BECTIVE ABBEY.

The military as well as the ecclesiastical side appears to have been strongly marked in the old Cistercian Abbey of Bective, founded in 1146 by Murchard O'Melaghlin, one of the Kings of Meath. The cloisters are the finest part of the ruins, probably Early English, with some later alterations.



Photo by

[W. A. Green]

ON THE BOYNE AT NEWTOWN TRIM.

The neighbourhood of Trim is rich in ecclesiastical and other reminders of a great and fervent past. Newtown Trim, on the Boyne just below Trim itself, has an abbey and a bridge. This latter, of five arches, is marked with handsome castellated buildings.



Photo by

[W. A. Green]

TOMB OF SIR LUCAS DILLON, NEWTOWN TRIM.

The Abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul on the River Boyne at Newtown Trim was founded in the thirteenth century by Simon Rochfort. Sir Lucas Dillon, Chief Baron of the Exchequer to Queen Elizabeth, was buried in a small church in the precincts, a beautiful altar-tomb being raised to him and his wife.

At Kells, St. Columba lived, and in 550 founded a monastery, and then left it and founded another one at Iona. Three hundred years later the Iona monks, driven from their retreat by the ravaging Danes, came to Kells to found a new city to St. Columba—"Hy-Columkill," they called it. St. Columba's original building is no more, but there are the ruins of what is called the House of St. Columba, probably dating from the time of the Iona monks; the Round Tower, the *Cloigtheach* of Kells, close on a hundred feet high, and the door 10 feet above the ground, the usual custom, of course, and a remarkably fine specimen of a round tower it is too; and the crosses, similar to those at Monasterboice. Three crosses are in the churchyard, and one, the finest of the lot, is in the market-place.

The glories of Tara have been sung through the ages, but to-day the grass is green on the mounds, all that is left of the burial-place of the Kings of Ireland, and of their palaces and their halls of heroes.



Photo by]

KING JOHN'S CASTLE, TRIM.

W. A. Green.

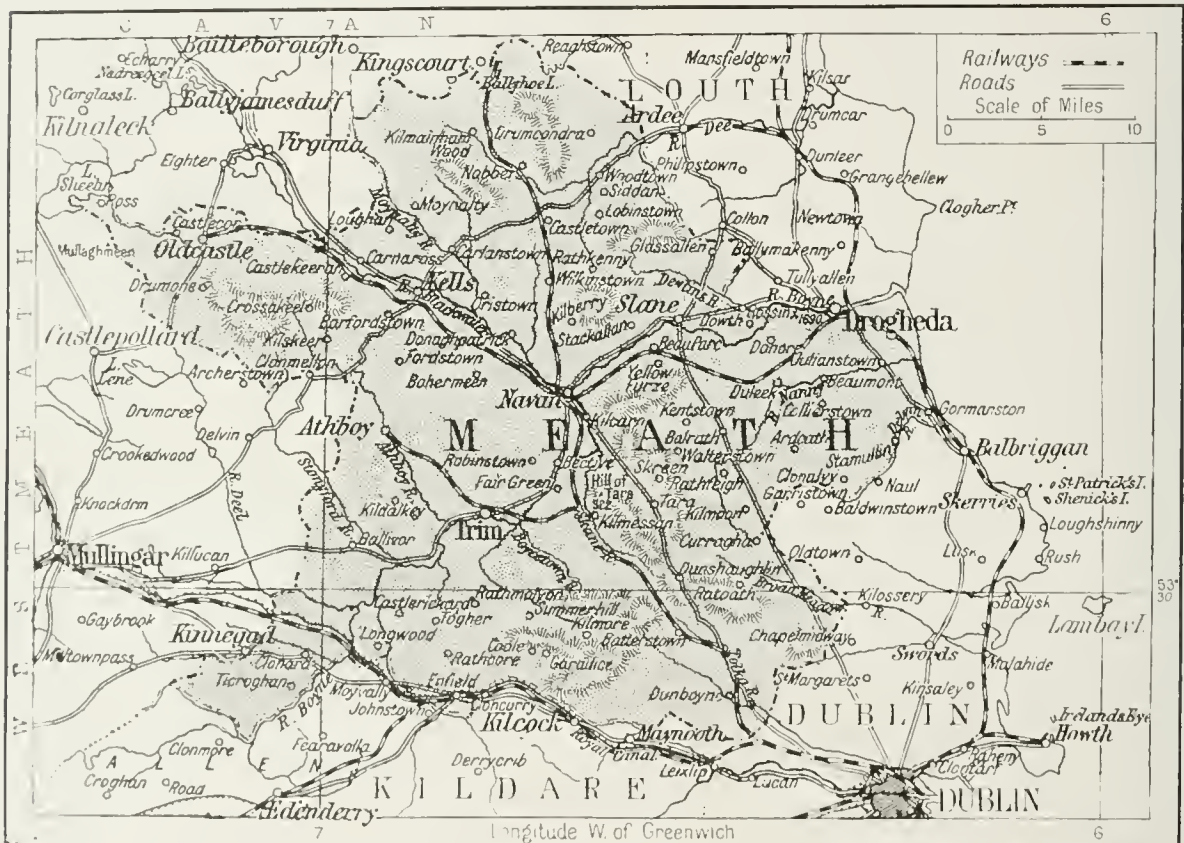
Spreading over 2 acres, King John's Castle at Trim has a great keep with turrets 70 feet high, a group of circular towers, and a gate with a barbican, portcullis, and drawbridge. King John had no connection with the Castle, except for lodging there once, and it was built by Hugh de Lacy in 1170. Henry of Lancaster was imprisoned here by Richard II, and later, in 1649, the castle was surrendered to Cromwell after the fall of Drogheda.

Joice tells us of Firbolg King Slainge in the far and misty ages, and the Greek Nuda of the Silver Hand, of Tea, wife of Exemon the Milesian, and Meave, "Queen Mab," whose resting-place was a little south of the hill of Tara. These perhaps are the shadows of the world of myth. We can, at any rate, tread in history's steps with Tuathal and Cormac Mac Art, who promulgated law and assembled there at Tara all the chroniclers of Ireland, those chroniclers who lingered over the love-story of Dermot and Grainia, Cormac's daughter. For nearly forty years Cormac ruled as "Ardriagh," and he abdicated in 266. In 563 the end came, for St. Ruadhan cursed King Dermot McFergus and his place and his race. So Tara was deserted, and the grass came, and gently covered the old, old glory with its green panoply.

The Battle of the Boyne was fought on the south side of the river. William of Orange had marched rapidly south from Carrickfergus on the Antrim side of Belfast Lough, where he landed on

June 14, 1690. At Drogheda—he arrived on June 30—he found the Irish strongly posted on the right bank of the Boyne.

William, against Schomberg's advice, attacked in the morning of July 1. Three passages of the river were made. The younger Schomberg, with 10,000 men, crossed by a ford upstream near Slane to take James's army in the left and unprotected flank. His right flank, of course, rested on Drogheda. The second passage was made at Oldbridge at low tide by the elder Schomberg, with French Huguenots, Enniskilleners, and Blue Dutch Guards. This force was strongly resisted by Hamilton, commanding the Irish Cavalry, who fought desperately in the river-bed with the Blues, drove back the Danish, and fell on the lightly armed Huguenots, unnerved by the loss of their leader, de la Caillemotte, who, mortally wounded, was carried to the rear. Then it was that the gallant Schomberg rode to the rescue. "Come on," he cried, in French, "come on, gentlemen; there are your persecutors." These were his last words. The brave old general was surrounded by the Irish Cavalry and killed.



MAP OF CO. MEATH.

The third passage, by the Danes and Germans, was made in deeper water. Normally saturnine, William cast his natural restraint to the winds, and, regardless of danger, threw himself into the middle of the fray. The Irish were thoroughly routed. Of James's actions at the fight little creditable can be said. From a safe distance on the hill of Donore, he watched the attack, the hopeless rout of the Irish, the great effort of Hamilton in the centre, his own rival, William, "weak, sickly, wounded, swimming the river, struggling through the mud, leading the charge, stopping the flight, grasping the sword with the left hand, managing the bridle with a bandaged arm. But none of these things moved the sluggish and ignoble nature." So Macaulay. Escorted by Sarsfield—too good a man for such a job—James left his shattered army to retire on Duleek, and himself bolted to Dublin. "Your countrymen" he said to Lady Tyrconnel, "can run very fast, it must be owned." "In this, as in every other respect," the witty woman answered, "Your Majesty surpasses them, for you have won the race."



Photo by]

W. A. Green.

"HAG'S CHAIR" AND CAIRN, LOUGHCREW.

On Slieve-na-Caillaghe, the "Hags'" or "Witches," Hill, there are some thirty cairns, some of considerable size. The "Hag's Chair," seen in the photograph, is a large stone, 10 feet long, and one of the finest cairns. The upper part was undoubtedly intended for a throne.



Photo by]

W. A. Green.

BLOOMSBURY BRIDGE AND BLACKWATER, KELS.

The Blackwater, on which Kells lies, was, so tradition has it, cursed by St. Patrick, and in consequence its waters turned black; thus the name "Abhainn-Dubh."



Photo 15

ENTRANCE PASSAGE IN NEWGRANGE TUMULUS.

[W. A. Green.

This tumulus is, without doubt, the finest of its kind in Europe, and in plan bears a similarity to the Treasury of Atreus at Mycenae. The entrance passage illustrated here is 62 feet long, and opens into a dome-shaped hall. The interior stones are richly and generously curved. The bareness of the tomb is accounted for in the "Annals of the Four Masters" by a visitation, with the usual accompaniment of plunder, by the Danes in 861.

MERIONETHSHIRE

MERIONETHSHIRE is a very beautiful county. This is a bald statement, but it is certainly not controversial. It is a shire of lofty mountains, and deep, wooded valleys, of rushing streams and lakes and broad estuaries. And it is Welsh, very Welsh. English manners and customs have penetrated but little, and the Welsh tongue is universally spoken, not only informally, but in business and in the churches and chapels. Before the end of the thirteenth century, that is to say, before Edward I's conquest of Wales, the country had not been shired in the Saxon sense. However, in 1284, by the Statute of Rhuddlan, the Principality was divided into eight counties, Merioneth being one of them. There is no need here to differentiate between the Saxon shire, or *scir*, and the Norman *comté*. Meirionydd—you feel the soft lilt with the Welsh spelling—consisted of three cantreys, Meirion, Penrilyn, and Arwystli. A cantrev, or hundred, was really a family division, the habitation



Photo by

PANDY RODEN, DOLGELLY.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This cluster of quaint old cottages stands near an ancient pandy or fulling-mill on the Peamaenpool Road. The traditional Welsh hat worn by one of the women is now seldom seen except on ceremonial occasions.

of a clan, ruled hereditarily, and the land the common property of the family or *trev*. When the Act of Union of England and Wales came along in Tudor times, Merioneth received an addition in the form of the lordship of Mawddwy. This same Mawddwy must have been regarded as a mixed blessing by those whose duties included the administration of justice, for the lords of Mawddwy appear to have been a law unto themselves and during a large part of the sixteenth century the red-headed banditti, the "Gwilliad Cochion Mawddwy," terrorised the country.

The Welshness of Merioneth has been mentioned. This may be due, to a large extent, to the mountain barriers of its interior, and of course, though this it shares with the rest of the Principality, to the intense patriotism of the people. Saxon influence was small, and, practically speaking, the Normans hardly penetrated. To go back to earlier times, the thoroughness of the Roman has left its traces in roads and camps. More interesting, in a way, than these visible evidences are the Roman words that can now be traced in the Welsh vocabulary. "Pont" and "fios," bridge and trench

respectively, are obvious and simple examples, and, amongst many others, "ffenestr," a window, may be quoted. Of the inhabitants, according to the 1901 census, a full half spoke Welsh only, and 43 per cent. were bilingual, leaving 6 per cent. who spoke English only. These figures have, of course, changed a bit, but not to any great extent. Their soil claims the people as much as the language, for the Welsh countryman is a stay-at-home fellow, and the instances where farmers have sat on their holdings not merely for generations but for centuries are not infrequent.

Slate-quarrying, an important industry, principally centred at Festiniog, is not really very old; that is to say, as a scientific industry. There was a little done in a rough way at Aberllefen in Queen Elizabeth's time. The slates of that and successive periods were, of course, thick and clumsy, taken



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PRECIPICE WALK, DOLGELLY.

The G.W. Railway.

One of the most attractive walks in the neighbourhood of Dolgelly is along the Precipice Walk, which rises to the north of the town and skirts the steep Moel Cynwch 1,068 feet. All along this winding climb fine views may be obtained of Cader Idris and Mawddach, with Barmouth beyond.

from the surface outcrops. But the modern industry was started later, when in 1705 the Diphwys Quarry at Festiniog was opened. In 1833 the tramway was laid to Portmadoc, and the trucks were drawn up empty by horses. The downward journey was by gravitation, and the horses rode down on the loaded trucks. It was in the early seventies that the horses were replaced by steam power. The gold mines of Merionethshire occupy a small but quite attractive page in the county's annals. The Romans worked one in the neighbourhood of the Upper Mawddach. In modern times the Clogau and Gwyltynydd mines were worked, with great success, and there was a gold-mine at Carn Dochan near Hlanuwchllyn. There are also copper, lead, and manganese mines in various parts of the county. Flannel has for several centuries been manufactured at Dolgelly, and at one time it was a very important industry. The coarse woollen cloth was called webs, and was used for the Army in large



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THE BLACK CATARACT, NEAR DOLGELLY.

The G.W. Ramsay

The striking waterfall known as the Black Cataract gives distinction to Tyn-y-Groes, an angling centre 4 miles north of Dolgelly. The photograph shows the Upper Falls.

quantities after the American War of Independence. At Bala woollen caps were made and called "Welsh wigs."

The Normans, mainly in the time of King Stephen, flooded the marches with their castles. But in the fastnesses of the mountainous parts this was impossible to a great extent. Merioneth has very few castles at all, and none of the type built in Stephen's or Rufus's day. The one outstanding castle, the most striking one in Wales, is, of course, Harlech. Edward I caused it to be built towards the end of the thirteenth century. But before Edward's time there was a stronghold or keep of some sort of which there are some remains. Without doubt Harlech Castle was tremendously powerful. On one side the foot of the perpendicular rock was washed by the sea, a powerful ally, and on the other a moat was dug, or rather, cut out of the solid rock.

On the rock at Harlech the mind can wander back to the dim legends of the shadowy past of centuries before Edward I built the mighty castle. Here lived Brân the Blessed, King of Britain, and his fair sister Branwen. To Brân came Matholweh, King of Ireland, with a fleet of thirteen goodly ships with flags of satin, very fine to see, so well equipped were they. And Matholweh demanded alliance with Brân and the hand of Branwen, daughter of Llyn, for, says the Welsh chronicle, "She was one of the three chief ladies of this island and she was the fairest damsel in the land." Alas! the marriage was a sad one, and poor Branwen was sent to the kitchen to cook. Then she caught a starling, and she and her pet talked together, and she told him where Brân lived, and tied a note under his wing.



Photo 1

PEN-Y-GADER, GADER IDRIS.

F. Bastard.

If beauty of outline were alone to be considered, Cader Idris would rank second only to Snowdon among the Welsh mountains. It forms the western end of a range of mountains extending as far as Shropshire. Pen-y-Gader (2,927 feet) is the highest mountain in the range. In the foreground is the peak of Llyn-y-Gader, lying in a deep cwm.



Photo by

DYSYNNI VALLEY AND CADER IDRIS.

Photochrom Co. Ltd.

The source of the Dysynni is on Cader Idris, and for the greater part of its course it flows down a broad, marshy valley, flanked on either side by towering mountains. After a course of 17 miles, the stream flows into Cardigan Bay near Towyn.

So Branwen's starling flew away and gave the note to Brân the Blessed. And, with a strong force, he invaded Ireland, but got sadly the worst of the fighting, until he and seven men were all that remained of his army. So he commanded that his head be cut off—for he was mortally wounded—and taken to Harlech. This the seven knights did, and they took Branwen with them. When they got as far as Anglesey poor Branwen broke her heart and died, and they buried her there; white-bosomed Branwen, sister of Brân the Blessed. One pictures her as a gentle lady, gentle as Nicolette, Aucassin's sweet friend, whom he loved so well. And Nicolette had feet whiter than the snow, kirtling her skirt to cross the lawn.

But Harlech later on, the Harlech glorying in a mighty castle, stood its ground, grim and forbidding, to the roar of battle music. Owen Glyndwr seized it, and his own forces were besieged in their turn. Later, in the reign of Henry VI, Dafydd ap Sinion was Constable of Harlech Castle. In due time Edward IV came to the throne and demanded the castle. Dafydd ap Sinion refused, and Herbert of Raglan, Earl of Pembroke, and his brother Richard, marched with a strong force across Wales to settle this truculent Welshman. Dafydd, however, was obstinate and refused to surrender, declaring that he had held a castle so long in France that all the old women in Wales were talking about it, so now he would hold the Castle of Harlech in Wales till the old women in France talked of it. Sir Richard Herbert attacked, and in the end Dafydd had to surrender. This he did on condition that Herbert would endeavour to save his life. The King was not, indeed, particularly amiable about the business, but promised to spare him. Afterwards Edward IV showed signs of going back on his word. Herbert stuck not merely to the letter, but to the spirit of his own promise to Dafydd, and asked the King either to send the Constable back to his Castle of Harlech and send another soldier to dig

him out, or to kill him, Herbert, instead of Dafydd. The story varies in detail, but the above is the substance.

At Llanbedr the River Artro flows into the sea, with a beautiful valley reaching up into the mountains, and at the head of this valley is a lake, Cwm Bychan, with the Rhinog Mountains, wild and lofty, rising behind it. Here, at the end of the lake, a family lived for five hundred years, alone, away from all civilisation, and, one would imagine, from intercourse with man. Writing at the beginning of the nineteenth century, Pennant described how he made a special visit to the Squire of that day, who "gave me a most hospitable reception, and in the style of any Ancient Briton. He welcomed us with ale and potent beer, to wash down the Coch yr Wden, or hung goat, and the cheese compounded of the milk of cow and sheep. The family lay in their whole store of winter provisions, being



Photo by

THE OLD MILL AND FALLS, BONT DDU.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Bont Ddu is a pretty little hamlet, which nestles at the foot of the Afon Cwm Llechen Glen, on the Barmouth-Dolgelly Road. This picturesque cascade is a little way upstream.

inaccessible a great part of the season by reason of snow. Here they have lived for many generations without bettering or lessening their income, without noisy fame but without any of its embittering attendant." He also gives the worthy Squire's pedigree, which to English ears is quaint hearing.

"Euan ap Edward ap Richard ap Edward ap Humphrey ap Edward ap Dafydd ap Robert ap Howell ap Dafydd, ap Meirig Llwyd o Nannaw, ap Meirig Vychan, ap Ynyr Vychan, ap Ynyr ap Meuric, ap Madog, ap Cadwgan, ap Bleddyn, ap Cynvyn, Prince of North Wales and Powys."

One thinks of them in their mountainerie, all these generations, faithfully chronicled, going back to Cynvyn, Prince of North Wales and Powys. It is worth mentioning, while this pedigree is in front of us, that Bleddyn ap Cynvyn of Powys, together with Gruffydd ap Cynan of Gwynedd, opposed the Normans, who were building castles on the marches and setting out to conquer Wales. Bleddyn was killed in battle in 1075, and his cousin Trahaearn ap Caradog succeeded him in the Lordship of Powys.



Photo by

THE PENNANT VALLEY.

An excellent idea of the position of Pennant Village, lying in the centre of a deep valley, may be gathered from this photograph, which was taken from Bwlch Coedeg, 1 mile north-east of Dinas Mawddwy.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd



Opp. to by.

OLD COACH BRIDGE, DINAS MAWDDWY.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Dinas Mawddwy is one of the most picturesquely situated villages in Wales. It lies in a kind of amphitheatre at the confluence of the Cerist and Dyfi. This quaint bridge dates from the old coaching days.

years in chains appears not to have broken his spirit—with twenty-three ships. The countryside rallied round him, and with Cadwgan ap Bleddyn—you will find him in our pedigree above—now Prince of Powys, he went for the Normans with undaunted energy. The Barons of the Marches called to William Rufus for help, and in 1096 the King went to Shrewsbury and thence to Merionethshire. Cadwgan and Gruffydd attacked him suddenly with such vigour that Rufus retired, but vowing to come again and wipe the Welshmen from the face of the land. He did return, but had in even tougher reception, losing heavily and doing no harm to his mountain enemies.

This was a time of great Welsh princes. The son of Gruffydd ap Cynan was Owain Gwynedd, a

fine soldier. Then there was his grandson, Llewelyn ap Iowerth, who married King John's daughter Joan. He did not get on particularly well with the slippery monarch, and as Llewelyn was one of the most influential of the barons in forcing from John the Great Charter in 1215, his unpopularity with his father-in-law is not surprising. Wales gained back the stolen Marches; her limits and those of each part were clearly defined, and Llewelyn was established as the overlord of Wales by the chieftains. The last great prince was Llewelyn's



Opp. to by.

CERIST MILL AND CRAIGWEN FALLS, DINAS MAWDDWY.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

To lovers of natural beauty, this scene on the Afon Cerist is typical of the many charming spots within reach of Dinas Mawddwy.



From the Painting by]

HARLECH CASTLE, MERIONETHSHIRE.

[L. Burleigh Drühl.

Formerly the county capital, Harlech is a small coast town 11 miles north of Barmouth. The castle stands on a commanding crag overlooking the sea, and is visible over many miles of the surrounding country. Founded by Edward I in 1285, it was one of the six castles he built in Wales. The well-known national song, "The March of the Men of Harlech," originated from the courageous defence of the fortress by Dafydd-ap-Einion against the Yorkists in 1468. The building was dismantled after the Civil War, and is now Crown property.

grandson, Llewelyn ap Gruffydd. He ruled for twenty-six years, and nobly upheld the tradition of his grandfather. After his death in 1281, there was no man of note until, a hundred years or so later, Wales was to see the meteoric career of Owen Glyndwr ap Glyn Dyfrdwy.

To return to Llyn Cwm Bychan. The "Roman Steps" lead over the



Photo by]

TALYLLYN: DISTANT VIEW OF THE LAKE.

E. Bastard.

The approach to Tallylyn, a silver strip of water lying at the foot of Cader Idris, forms one of the finest views in the county. Cader Idris is often ascended from the village that lies at the head of the lake.

pass through the Rhinog Mountains. They become, as the track goes upwards, well-laid stairs for over a mile. The explanation is undoubtedly found in the carriage of minerals from a mine in the highlands, for the track is wide enough to allow the leading of pack-horses. Drws Ardudwy, the "Gate of Ardudwy," is another pass to which a legend is



Photo by]

ABER COWARCH FALLS, NEAR DINAS MAWDDWY.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The many streams round Dinas Mawddwy are as well known for their beauty as for the excellence of the trout that they contain. The Cowarch flows into the Dyff, 2 miles to the north of the town.

attached. The men of this part, from Dwryd to Mawddach, wanted wives. So they set out, in warlike array, through rugged and gloomy Drws Ardudwy, with Great and Little Rhinog on either side, to the fat and fair Vale of Clwyd, and they stole the women—every schoolboy knows the history of the Rape of the Sabine women—and marched home with their presumably indignant spoil. Unfortunately for the men of Ardudwy, the male relatives of the stolen women did not take it lying down, but gave lively chase, and hard by Festiniog killed the lot; a very proper retribution. But this is not the end of the story. The women, the cause of all the slaughter, perhaps because they had no objection to being stolen, or, possibly, because the Vale of Clwyd had no attraction for them, one and all threw themselves into the nearest lake and were drowned. And the lake is called Llyn-y-Morwynion, which means the “Lake of the Maidens.”

Llyn y tri Graienyn is the Lake of the Three Grains. Pebble Pool people sometimes call it, a poor title after the pleasant-sounding Welsh. Idris the Giant high up in his great chair shook the pebbles—



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MAP OF MERIONETHSHIRE.

huge rocks they were—from his shoe, and, in a rage, hurled them into the little lake. In a rich fishing country this lake was barren, and, strange to tell, some thirty years ago a big fish was reported to be basking in its clear and shallow waters. A brown trout of five pounds was captured by the first cast of a minnow. But the strange thing was that this trout was the only fish in the lake. How he got there was, and has remained a mystery. Perhaps he was the sole survivor of a large family: who knows? There are a group of lakes round Cader Idris, of which Tallyllyn is the biggest. It is very beautiful, lying amid green meadows with rugged, precipitous Cader Idris towering above it, and out of it runs the Dysynni River.

A vista of unsurpassed beauty is the estuary at Barmouth, looking upwards towards the mountains. Here at high tide is a blue lake “winding between steep shores where rocky crags and wild woodland alternate with the rich luxuriance spreading around the country houses that nestle in the bays. And above all this wealth of wood and water and rock and meadow, blended in a fashion so exquisitely



Photo by:

A RIVER IN FLOOD NEAR TOWYN.

Towyn is attractively situated at the end of the marshy valley of the Dysynni, which enters the sea at a small gulf 2 miles to the north. It is no uncommon sight to see the Merionethshire rivers in flood, as the county's share of rainfall is the largest in England and Wales.

H. J. Smith.

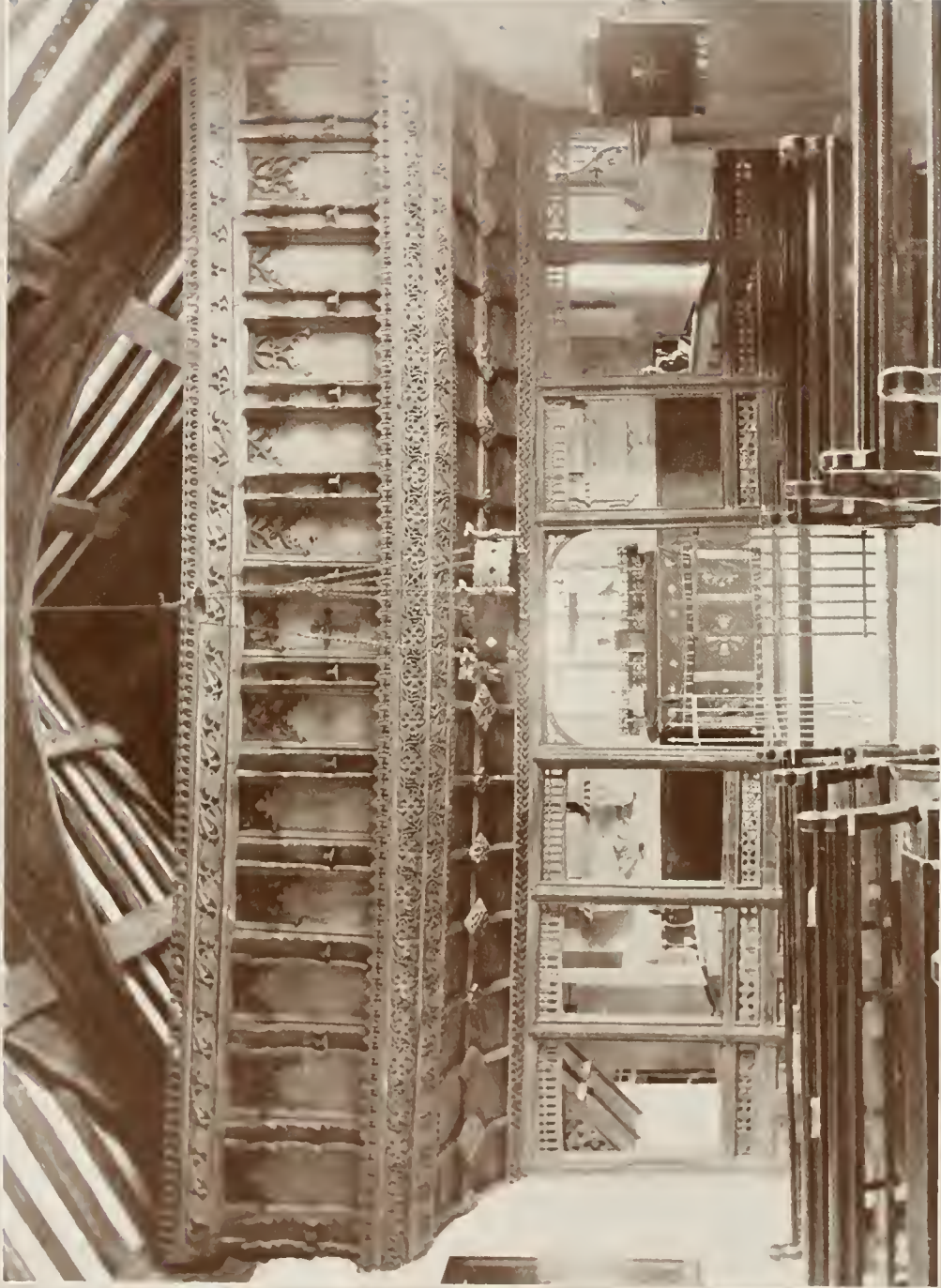


Photo by

OAK SCREEN, LLANEGRYN CHURCH.

The small village of Llanegryn, situated near the mouth of the Dysynni, has an interesting Perpendicular church. The beautiful rood-loft dates from the fourteenth century and is one of the finest examples of its kind in North Wales.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

unconventional, uncommon, and indescribable, are always the great mountains, climbing heavenwards. The triple peaks of Cader Idris look close at hand thrusting out the high tributary ridge along the southern shore of the estuary, that, cloven by many a shadowy hollow, falls over against the town of Barmouth, with much boldness, and from a great height, into the sea." Mr. A. G. Bradley need not describe as a "futile effort" his wholly charming description of the Mawddach estuary.

When Gwyddno Garanhir reigned, many years ago, the country of Gwaelod lay out in Cardigan



Photo by]

A BIT OF OLD BARMOUTH.

E. Bastard.

Barmouth is one of the most prettily situated resorts on the Welsh coast. It stands at the head of the Mawddach estuary and is surrounded on three sides by delightful scenery. The town has now been largely modernised, but there are still a few houses left that have claims to antiquity.

Bay, and the sea was kept out by big banks. Of these banks one Seithenin was the guardian. Unfortunately, rumour says that he had had too much to drink, he forgot his tasks, left open the sluices, and the sea swept in and the whole of Gwaelod was drowned. Be this as it may, there are two walls or reefs stretching into the bay, the Sarn Badrhwyg and the Sarn y Bwch, their points bent towards each other, forming a narrow fairway, a source of great danger to seamen ignorant of the coast, or when a westerly gale is blowing.

Dolgelly, the county town of Merionethshire, near



Photo by]

THE MAWDDACH ESTUARY.

E. Waymark.

Looking up the broad lake from Barmouth, with the blue waters at full flow, or when at low tide the sun sparkles on the shining stretches of golden sand, Mawddach estuary is always beautiful, while towering above are the grim peaks of Cader Idris.

the Mawddach River, on the northern side of Cader Idris, may boast little of its architectural beauties, but much of its position. Cader Idris lies above it, in all its rugged and tempestuous grandeur, and the little river Wnion runs through the town. Owen Glyndwr knew Dolgelly, and from the town wrote to the King of France, as one king to another, proposing an alliance against his enemy, Henry Bolingbroke.

Though, as has been noticed, there are few castles in Merionethshire, there are plenty of fine old manor houses. The end of the Wars of the Roses brought to a close the domination of the old barons, and a new class sprung up, which, later on, was to be described as the landed gentry. This class belonged much closer to the soil and to their people than ever the greater barons and their retinue did, to whom the people were a necessary or, possibly, an unnecessary evil, at any rate not worth notice,



Photo by

A DISTANT VIEW OF HARLECH.

Airco Aerials.

An aerial view of Harlech shows at once to what an extent the castle dominates the surrounding country and the strength of its position. At the time it was built, the base of the rock on which it stands was washed by the sea; but this has now receded over half a mile, leaving a wide marsh known as Morfa Harlech.

except when they had the temerity to break out, whereat punishment was sweeping and swift. We remember the peasant, dark-visaged, inarticulate, and oppressed, was to be thrown out of his hovel with his aged mother because he had lost an ox and had not the few coins wherewith to compensate the owner, giving rein to his wrongs, and the wrongs of all peasants, to the young lord who rode through the forest weeping for the loss of a favourite hound (it was really Aucassin weeping for his lost Nicolette). These old landowners have clung to their soil, and many of them have carefully preserved their family records. Near Cymmer Abbey is the old house of Hengwrt, the family seat of the Vaughans. The Hengwrt MSS. were priceless, including *The Book of Taliesin*, *The White Book of Rhydderch*, *The Sanct Greal*, and many others. Thanks to Sir John Williams, they have been preserved as a national collection.



Photo by]

HARLECH CASTLE.

[C. Reid.

In common with Caerphilly Castle, Harlech has no keep. The fortress which stood here in the eleventh century was known as Caer Collwyn; and the remains of the square tower in which Collwyn lived may be seen embodied in the walls at the base of the present structure.



Photo by

BALA LAKE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The largest natural lake in Wales, Bala, nr Llyn Tegid, has many interesting legends connected with its origin. It is situated in the valley of the Upper Dee, and is famous for the numerous shoals of gwym or white-scaled fish, which a former Lord Lyttelton declared "rival in flavour the lips of the fair maids of Bala."



Photo by

MAENTWROG, FROM THE RIVER.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The tiny village of Maentwrog is situated in the picturesque valley of the Dwyrdd, 10 miles from Harlech. It takes its name from the stone or "maen" of Twrog, a rude monument which stands in the parish churchyard. Twrog was a seventh-century saint, the son of Cadfan.

MIDDLESEX

SO far as this survey is concerned, the county with which it deals begins on the far side of the arbitrary and artificial boundary of the administrative County of London, which necessarily means that much of Middlesex is simply nothing more than a series of populous suburbs of the capital. Indeed, it is only on the western and northern borders that our county can still be said to have a character of its own, and even that is rapidly vanishing as the extension of London's tramway and railway communications and the unceasing activity of the builder convert what is left of rural Middlesex into the necessary evil of suburban areas.

Some such preliminary as this is necessary if only to explain what will become increasingly evident as this review proceeds, i.e. that the area of the county which by any stretch of imagination can



Photo by

STRAND-ON-THE-GREEN, NEAR KEW BRIDGE.

E. Stanland Pugh.

From Hammersmith to Staines, for 27 miles of its course, the Thames forms the boundary between Middlesex and Surrey. Strand-on-the-Green is situated on a picturesque reach of the river just below Kew Bridge.

be called beautiful, or can boast of beautiful old buildings, is comparatively small, and dwindling every day. And in these circumstances it is hardly surprising that the attraction and interest of many localities is confined solely to their historical or literary associations, which therefore assume what would otherwise seem to be unjustifiable prominence.

In the first loop of the Thames over the western frontier of London County lies Chiswick. Now far be it from me to suggest that Chiswick is not a much-frequented area; it is annually visited by thousands from all over the Metropolis and even farther afield. But unfortunately this invasion has no connection with the scenic or other attractions of Chiswick, but is due solely to the fortuitous circumstance that the end of the Boat Race course lies within its boundaries!

Still, if the presence of a wilderness of bricks and mortar be blotted from the mind, Chiswick is well worth a pilgrimage, if only because the ghosts of so many familiar eighteenth and nineteenth



Photo by

POPE'S VILLA, TWICKENHAM.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

This curious modern building was erected on the site of the residence of Alexander Pope, which was pulled down at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The great poet lived here for twenty-six years until his death in 1744. The care of the beautiful gardens was one of his favourite hobbies.

century worthies seem to materialise here under the stimulus of a little kindly interest. Go to the dull church of St. Nicholas and within its walls or outside in the graveyard you will find the tombs of several notables, including the great Hogarth, who lived for many years, and ultimately died, in a house near by which is still standing.

Chiswick House is the architectural "lion" of the district, and architecturally is of considerable interest.

The central portion dates from early in the eighteenth century, and was more or less copied from



Photo by

KNELLER HALL, NEAR HOUNSLOW.

[H. N. King.]

This stately mansion was built in 1711 by Sir Godfrey Kneller, the famous painter of the Hampton Court Beauties. Since 1856 it has been the headquarters of the Military School of Music for the training of military bandmen.



Photo by]

EEL PIE ISLAND, TWICKENHAM.

Herbert Felton.

Eel Pie Island or Twickenham Eyot was so named on account of the large number of eels which used to migrate here. It lies in the centre of the river, opposite York House, and has long been a favourite summer resort.



Photo by

THE WEIR AT TEDDINGTON.

Herbert Felton.

From London Bridge, the tide only goes up the river 19½ miles as far as Teddington, where there are two locks. The weir is said to be one of the finest on the Thames, and its neighbourhood is well known to anglers.

one of Palladio's most attractive creations, the Villa Capra, near Vicenza. The wings—in better style than might have been expected—were added by the egregious Wyatt fifty years later. In its day of glory this house was a favourite meeting-place of the great ones of the land, from royalty downwards, and under its roof died beings so dissimilar in everything save their fame as Charles James Fox and George Canning.

Chiswick Mall still has some attractive old houses whose history is intertwined with the names of celebrities too numerous to mention here.

Brentford must be treated with respect as the capital of the county, but otherwise it has little claim to fame save as the scene of an action, in the first year of the great Civil War, which sent shivers down the Parliamentary spines of the worthy citizens of London. Then it was that Turnham Green was black with the soldiers of the train bands sent out to keep the "ruthless" Rupert away from the capital.

But if Brentford itself is devoid of the kind of interest looked for in a work such as *BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL*, historic Syon House, on the way to Isleworth, has its place here. It occupies the site of a monastery which was among the most famous in the country, and being also wealthy was among the first to feel the weight of Henry VIII's displeasure. Like so much other ecclesiastical property, it was ultimately handed over to the Duke of Somerset, who adapted it as a private palace. In its present form, however, the edifice is substantially an eighteenth-century building, exhibiting the characteristic features of the work of Robert Adam.

On the Hounslow of to-day no emotion need be wasted, but several of its historical associations

are highly picturesque, particularly when "the place was merely a gay suburb of the capital," as Macaulay tells us. The reason for this sudden acquisition of glory was the fact that in 1686 King James II concentrated a force of thirteen thousand men on Hounslow Heath with a view to over-awing London. But familiarity bred contempt: "The Londoners saw this great force assembled in their neighbourhood with a terror which familiarity soon diminished. A visit to Hounslow became their favourite amusement on holidays. The camp presented the appearance of a vast fair. Mingled with the musketeers and dragoons, a multitude of fine gentlemen and ladies from Soho Square, sharpers and painted women from Whitechairs, invalids in sedans, monks in hoods and gowns, lacqueys in rich liveries, pedlars, orange girls, mischievous apprentices, and gaping clowns, was constantly passing and re-passing through the long lanes of tents. From some pavilions were heard the noises of drunken revelry, from others the curses of gamblers."

And an old ballad of the time runs:

"I liked the place beyond expressing,
I ne'er saw a camp so fine,
Not a maid in plain dressing,
But might taste a glass of wine."

In later times Hounslow Heath became unpleasantly famous for its highwaymen, and it was here that, to quote Macaulay again, "a company of horsemen, with masks on their faces, waited for the great people who had been to pay their court to the King at Windsor. Lord Ossulston escaped with the loss of two horses. The Duke of Saint Albans, with the help of his servants, beat off the



ANNE BOLEYN'S GATEWAY, HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

In 1515 Cardinal Wolsey leased the Hampton estate from the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem and built on it this magnificent palace. Henry VIII was attracted by its splendour and, eleven years later, Wolsey found it policy to surrender it to the king. The entrance to the Great Hall is in this gateway. The east and south wings are the work of Sir Christopher Wren.

assailants. His brother the Duke of Northumberland, less strongly guarded, fell into their hands. They succeeded in stopping thirty or forty coaches, and rode off with a great booty in guineas, watches, and jewellery."

Like Chiswick, Twickenham is mainly famous as a fashionable place of residence in the eighteenth century. Of the buildings which housed the notables then associated with the place many interesting examples remain, each of which has a story worth telling. It must suffice here to say that Twickenham derives its greatest historic lustre as the scene of much of the activities of two great men, Alexander Pope and Horace Walpole, who wrote freely about it and have thus conferred upon

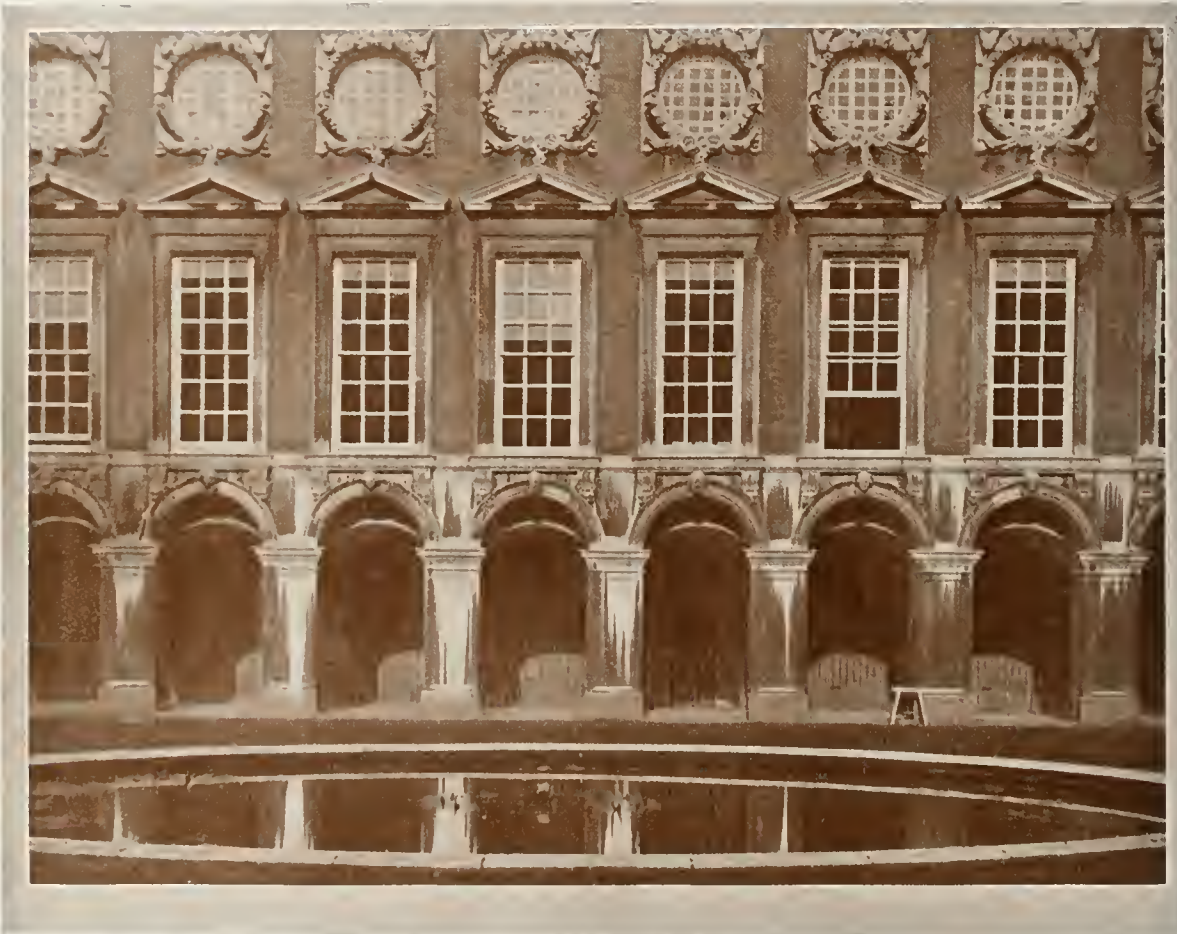


Photo by

THE CLOISTERS, HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

[Herbert Felton.

The cloisters were built for William of Orange by Sir Christopher Wren and are situated in the Fountain Court. The palace has not been occupied by a sovereign since the reign of George II.

it an immortality it hardly deserves. The poet was buried in the parish church; he would no doubt squirm could he but read the lines upon his monument:

"Heroes and kings, your distance keep;
In peace let one poor poet sleep;
Who never flattered folks like you;
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too."

Though Pope's Villa vanished a century ago, Horace Walpole's famous house at Strawberry Hill still exists.

As the Englishman is so apt to underrate the artistic achievements of his own countrymen, even in pre-Victorian times, it might be as well to begin a short description of Hampton Court with an



Photo by]

ENTRANCE BRIDGE OVER MOAT, HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

Herbert Fellon.

Going over this bridge, one enters the palace on the west side by the Great Gatehouse, built by Cardinal Wolsey. Through the entrance is the Base Court, the largest of the three principal quadrangles and the only one remaining of the original Wolsey building.



Lebbel Felton

SUNBURY CHURCHYARD.

Sunbury is a small village on the Thames a few miles above Hampton Court. The photograph was taken looking across the river and shows the churchyard. Readers of Dickens will recall that Bill Sykes and Oliver Twist spent the night before their burglary under an old yew-tree here.

Photo by

eulogy passed upon it by one who had seen all the famous buildings of Italy at the time he wrote John Evelyn. In his *Diary* he records that :

" Hampton Court is as noble and uniform a pile, and as capacious as any Gothic architecture can have made it. There is an incomparable furniture in it, especially hangings designed by Raphael, very rich with gold ; also many rare pictures, especially the Casarean triumphs of Andrea Mantegna, formerly the Duke of Mantua's ; of the tapestries I believe the world can show nothing nobler of the kind than the stories of Abraham and Tobit. The gallery of horns is very particular for the vast beams of stags, elks, antelopes, etc. The Queen's bed was an embroidery of silver on crimson velvet, and cost 8,000*l.*, being a present made by the States of Holland when his Majesty returned,



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THE THAMES AT HALLIFORD BEND.

Underwood Press Service.

One of the beauty spots on the river, Halliford village is a short distance below Shepperton, where there is a lovely bend in the Thames. Near by is Cowey Stakes, where Julius Caesar is reputed to have forded the river in 54 B.C.

and had formerly been given by them to our King's sister, the Princess of Orange, and, being bought of her again, was now presented to the King. The great looking-glass and toilet, of beaten and massive gold, was given by the Queen-Mother. The Queen brought over with her from Portugal such Indian cabinets as had never before been seen here. The great hall is a most magnificent room. The chapel-roof excellently fretted and gilt. I was also curious to visit the wardrobe and tents, and other furniture of state. The park, formerly a flat and naked piece of ground now planted with sweet rows of lime-trees, and the canal for water near perfected ; also the air-park. In the garden is a rich and noble fountain, with Sirens, statues, etc., cast in copper, by Fanelli ; but no plenty of water. The cradle-work of horn beam in the garden is, for the perplexed twining

of the trees, very observable. There is a parterre which they call Paradise, in which is a pretty banqueting house set over a cave or cellar."

Of course the appearance of the palace has changed very much since Evelyn saw it, owing to the extensive alterations made by Sir Christopher Wren on the instructions of King William III. A brief account of what was then done must be given here.

As completed by its founder, Cardinal Wolsey, the palace had "five ample courts," each probably finer than anything else of the kind to be found in the country; in this truly regal abode the great minister lived in a more than regal style, and entertained in a fashion which caused his biographer, Cavendish, to launch out into the most interesting details. Of the reception of the French



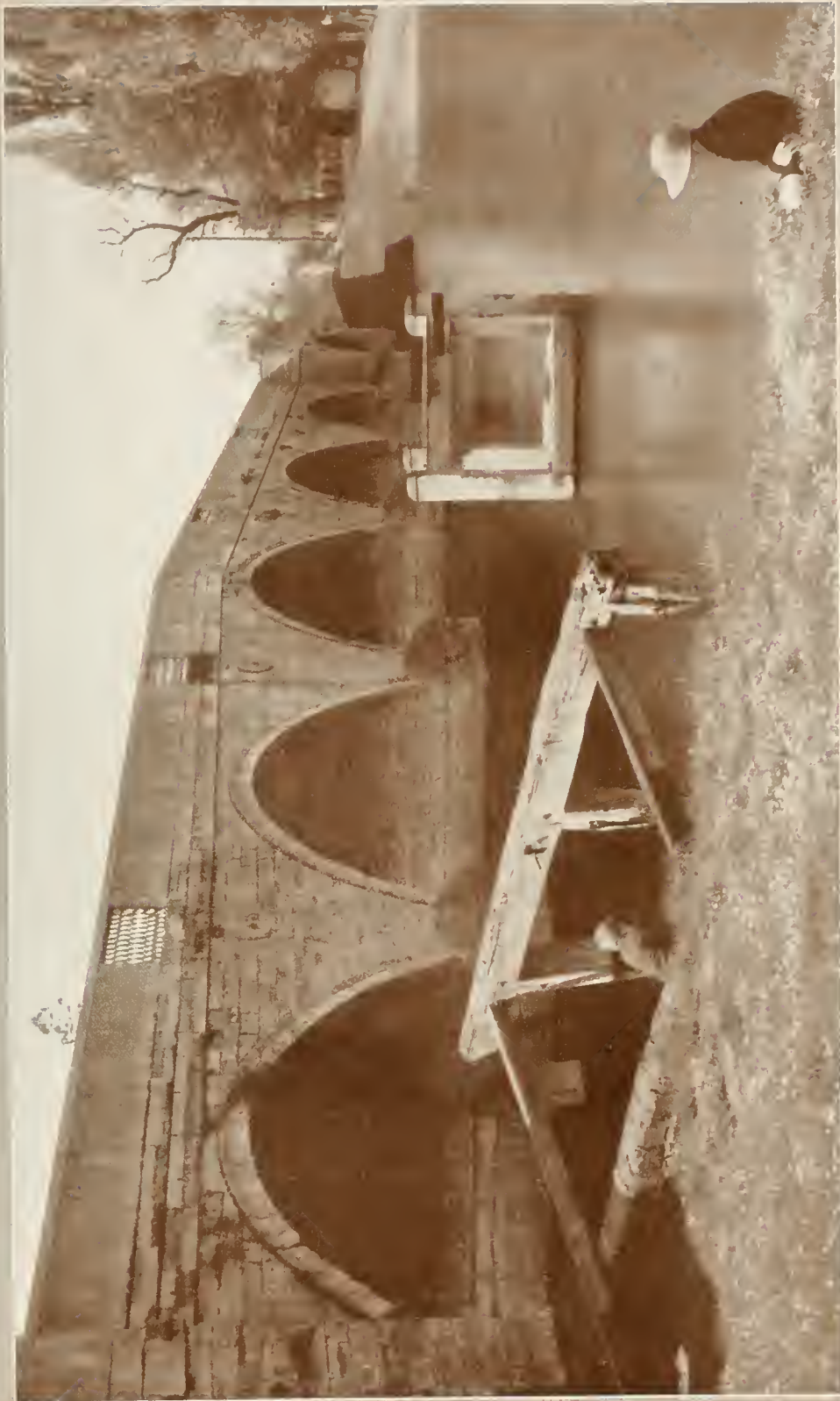
Photo by

EAST BEDFONT CHURCH.

(Herbert Felton

The church at East Bedfont has several interesting features, including the quaint wooden tower and a Norman south door. The yew-trees in the churchyard are cut into remarkable shapes. Those shown in the photograph are supposed to represent two proud sisters, who rejected the matrimonial advances of a local squire.

envoys in 1527 he has given an account, a few extracts from which are worth quoting. After reciting that "the Cardinall called before him his principal officers, as steward, treasurer, controller, and clerk of his kitchen, commanding them not to spare for any cost, expence or travayle, to make such a triumphant banquet as they [the Frenchmen] might not only wonder at it here, but also make a glorious report of it in their country," the chronicler goes on to record how "the cookes wrought both day and night with suttleties and many crafty devices, where lacked neither gold, silver nor other costly thng meet for their purpose: the yeomen and grooms of the wardrobe were busied in hanging of the chambers, and furnishing the same with beds of silk and other furniture in every degree." The beds, "furnished with all manner of furniture to them belonging," numbered two



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CHERTSEY BRIDGE.

Chertsey is the first bridge over the Thames below Staines and it crosses the river a short distance below Laleham, where Arnold of Rugby lived. Chertsey itself is some distance away on the Surrey side.

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THE PORCH, HARLINGTON CHURCH.

Herbert Vellon.

Harlington is a small village standing 3 miles north-west of Hounslow. This Elizabethan porch protects a wonderful Norman doorway in the church.

hundred and eighty! Then follows a description of the rooms, the "great wayting chamber . . . hanged with rich arras, as all other were, and furnished with tall yeomen to serve"; the "chamber of presence," which contained a "cupboard, being as long as the chamber was in breadth, with six deskes of height, garnyshed with guilt plate, and the nethermost desk was garnyshed all with gold plate, having with lights one paire of candlestickes of silver and guilt, being curiously wrought, which cost three hundred markes," etc.

At this time, however, the Cardinal was only a temporary tenant of the Palace, which he had tactfully presented to his sovereign in the previous year, realising that his wealth and magnificent living were exciting Henry's jealousy.

The King made very considerable alterations in Wolsey's palace; he demolished all but two of



Photo by

CRANFORD BRIDGE, HOUNSLOW.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Cranford Bridge carries the Bath Road over the Crane, 2 miles north-west of Hounslow. This well-known trout stream rises near Harrow and flows into the Thames at Isleworth.

the "ample" courts (the survivors are the present Base Court and Clock Court), but he built the magnificent Great Hall and the Chapel. Anne Boleyn's Gateway is another, and somewhat sinister, reminder of his associations with the place.

Thereafter, Hampton Court Palace was a popular place of residence with our sovereigns, and it seems to have proved adequate to their needs until the time of William and Mary, who found it both too small and insufficiently imposing. Wren was called in and in due course added the eastern "Fountain" court and the present east and south fronts.

The storm of criticism of these changes lasted apparently for well over a century, as the chronicler of Middlesex in *The Beauties of England and Wales* (1806) announces that the "new buildings of Hampton Court are certainly not calculated to gratify the expectation of the critical examiner who has formed his opinion of Wren's capacity from a contemplation of the best church-

productions of that architect." But at this time of day it is hard to think that Fountain Court at least is not a gem of its kind, and the two long fronts a notable monument of our old domestic architecture.

The royal apartments, the internal fittings, furnishings, and decorations, the famous and admirable collection of pictures have an interest not inferior to that of the buildings themselves, but there is no room to deal with them in detail within the modest limits of this review; nor can space be found for anything but a mere mention of Bushey Park, which introduced "Chestnut Sunday" into the phrase-book of the Londoner.

Between Hampton—with its memories of David Garrick—and Staines the Thames winds through



Photo by,

OLD MANOR HOUSE, SOUTHALL.

(Herbert Fellow.

This half-timbered house, which is the oldest building in Southall, was long the residence of the Awsiters, a family of city merchants. Standing in its old-world garden, the manor looks very picturesque, with its mullioned windows and gabled wings.

many a delightful reach where unspoilt "bits" are still to be found, in spite of the ever-increasing tendency to plant villas in every likely spot. Sunbury, Halliford, Shepperton, and Laleham still retain something of their ancient charm, though how long they will resist the impetus to become mere week-end annexes of London is a matter of somewhat gloomy conjecture.

Staines is a little town of very great antiquity—quite possibly the *Ad Pontes* of the Romans—but it was described more than a century ago as "far from being of an attractive description," and the criticism holds good to-day, though it must not be taken as extending to the reach of the river at this point. The place possesses a historical curiosity of considerable interest in the shape of the thirteenth century boundary-stone on the river bank which marks the spot where London acquires authority over the noble Thames.



Photo by]

A POND AT HAYES.

Herbert Felton.

Hayes is pleasantly situated on the side of a hill, 2 miles to the south-east of Uxbridge. The most attractive feature of the village is the fine common of over 220 acres, which commands delightful views of the surrounding country.



Photo by

EAST FRONT, HILLINGDON COURT.

H. N. King.

A mile to the east of Uxbridge lies the pretty village of Hillingdon, which still retains much of its original charm, in spite of the continuous expansion of London. Close to the village is Hillingdon Court, formerly the seat of Lord Hillingdon.



Photo by

FOUNTAIN IN ROSE GARDEN, HILLINGDON COURT.

H. N. King

The beautiful gardens were laid out by the late Lord Hillingdon, and are amongst the finest in England. The mansion is now in the possession of the Little Company of Mary, a Roman Catholic community devoted to nursing.

The land lying in the great Middlesex loop formed by the Thames and the Colne is too low and flat to have much in the way of scenic pretensions, and in view of the unceasing outward "spread" of London its attractions are in the main confined to "bits"—a church here, a cluster of cottages there—the number of which tends, alas, to diminish steadily! But farther north the ground rises until a comparatively respectable altitude is reached on the Hertfordshire border, good landscapes abound, and there is an abundance of picturesqueness of one kind or another.

Uxbridge has changed its character very considerably in the last thirty years or so, and if the older topographers are to be believed it has been deteriorating steadily, from the point of view of charm or beauty, for at least two centuries. But it possesses one building of high historic interest in what



Photo by

THE VILLAGE PUMP, RUISLIP.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Considering the fact that it is only 15 miles from London, Ruislip is one of the prettiest villages in Middlesex. That the village is of great age is evidenced by a board in the church which contains a list of the vicars since 1290.

Clarendon describes as "a good house at the end of the town" (and is still called the Treaty House), in which were held the abortive conferences between King and Parliament in 1645. It has suffered considerable alterations since that greatness was suddenly thrust upon it, so that Clarendon's description is mainly of academic interest at this time of day.

There was, he says, "a fair room in the middle of the house, handsomely dressed up for the Commissioners to sit in; a large square table being placed in the middle with seats for the Commissioners, one side being sufficient for those of either party; and a rail for others who should be thought necessary to be present, which went round. There were many other rooms on either side of this great room, for the Commissioners on either side to retire to, when they thought fit to consult by themselves, and to return again to the publick debate; and there being good stairs

at either end of the house, they never went through each other's quarters; nor met, but in the great room."

Uxbridge also possesses a few ancient inns, including "The George," in which the Parliamentary commissioners were lodged, but "The Crown," where their rivals were accommodated, was pulled down over a century ago. The vicinity of the town still enjoys a certain fame for its country houses, and one or two of the villages hereabouts retain an old-world charm, which is, however, fast dissipating as time brings trams, tubes, jerry-builders, and other (perhaps necessary) modern horrors to this once truly rural region.

The really first-class "ancient monument" in this corner of Middlesex is the beautiful Jacobean mansion of Swakelys,

near Ickenham.

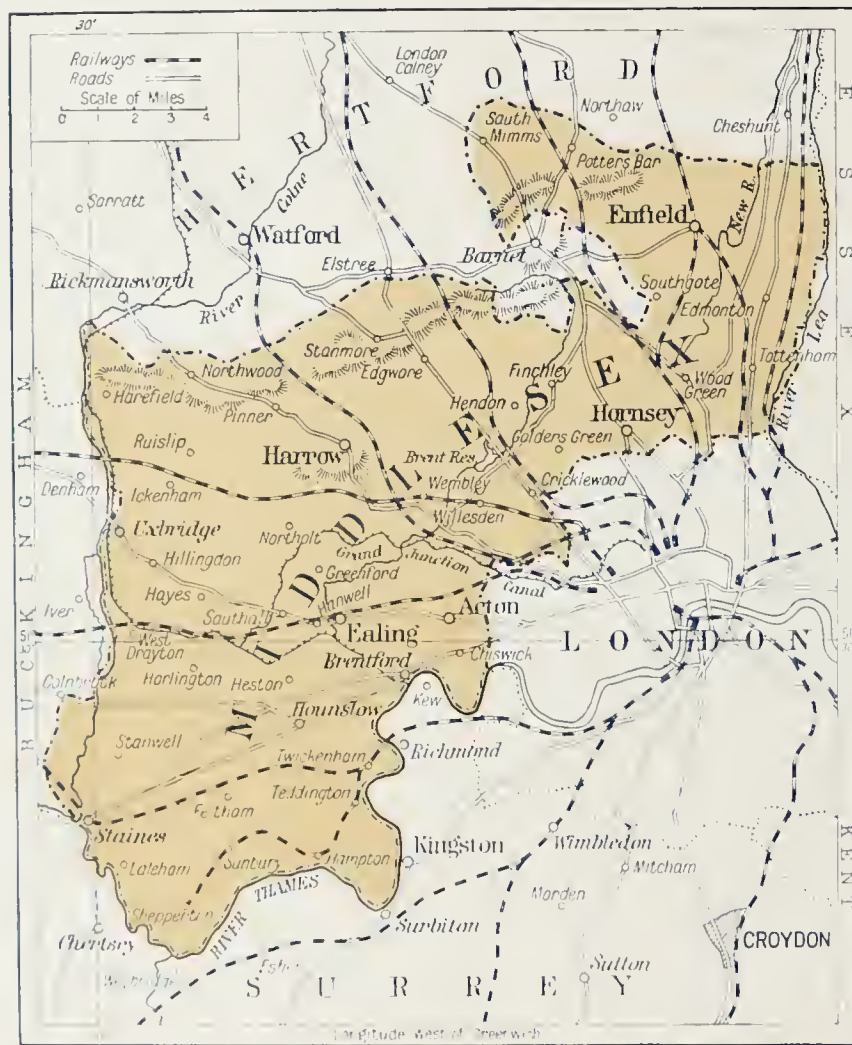
It was built in 1638 by Sir Edmund Wright, and twenty-seven years later was visited by Pepys, who found it "a very pleasant place," and tells us how the owner, Sir R. Vyner, "took us up and down with great respect, and showed us all his house and grounds; and it is a place not very moderne in the garden nor house, but the most uniforme in all that ever I saw; and some things to excess. Pretty to see over the screene of the hall, put up by Sir J. Harrington, a Long Parliamentman, the King's head, and my Lord of Essex on one side, and Fairfax on the other; and upon the other side of the screene, the parson of the parish, and the lord of the manor and his sisters. The window-cases, door-cases, and chimneys of all the house are marble . . .

After dinner, Sir Robert

led us up to his long gallery, very fine, above stairs, and better or such furniture I never did see."

It must not be left unrecorded that in the seventeenth century Ickenham produced a celebrity who became the subject of a pamphlet, *The English Hermit, or the Wonder of the Age*; 1655. The "hermit" was one Roger Crab, whose mode of life can best be gathered from an ancient account to the effect that he "had long subsisted on bran, dock-leaves, grass and water, having disposed of the little property he possessed as a trader in hats, in obedience to a literal interpretation of a passage of scripture; and deeming it a sin against his soul to eat flesh or to drink fermented liquor" (*Brewer*).

Harefield, though to some extent modernised, is worth a visit both for the charming country around it and for the fine and interesting monuments in its church; we might add also for its associations,



MAP OF MIDDLESEX.



Photo by]

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

THE TOMB ABOVE GROUND, PINNER CHURCHYARD.

The church at Pinner dates from the fourteenth century, and the restoration of 1879 has done little to alter its original outline. The churchyard contains many interesting tombs, including this one, which is an almost unique curiosity.



Photo by

CHAPEL AND LIBRARY, HARROW SCHOOL.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Harrow School was founded by John Lyon, a yeoman, in 1571. The beautiful chapel was built in 1857, from the designs of Sir Gilbert Scott. The library contains portraits of many distinguished Harrovians, including Byron and Palmerston.

which include distant memories of a famous Countess of Derby, and visits from Queen Elizabeth and Milton. In addition to the stately monument of the Countess, the church has many tombs of the Newdigates of Harefield Place and the Ashleys of Breakspears. But perhaps the most attractive memorial is a tablet on the outside wall of a church, with a relief of a gamekeeper and his dog, the gamekeeper being Robert Mossendew, who died in the service of an Ashley in 1744. His merits are celebrated in a poetic effusion which culminates in the delightful lines:

“ This servant in an honest way,
In all his actions copied Tray.”

Railway and building developments of the last twenty years have, to express a studiously moderate opinion, barely improved the old-time rural amenities of Ruislip and Pinner, but some of the charms of Harrow, perched on its conspicuous hill, have managed to survive all the restless activity which is fast and visibly joining it up with London.

Apart from the beauties of its situation and views, Harrow's interest concentrates in its parish church and its great and famous school.

The church is fortunate in having in the main escaped the worst effects of the ravages of time and the still more destructive hand of the ignorant restorer; it has interesting work to show in all the styles from Norman to Perpendicular, and apart from its architectural merits has a claim to consideration for its brasses and other memorials. Among the former is that of “ John Lyon, late of Preston in this parish, yeoman, deed. the 11th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1592, who hath founded

a grammar school in the parish, to have continuance for ever, and, for maintenance thereof . . . hath made conveyance of lands of good value to a corporation granted for that purpose. Prayers be to the Author of all goodness, who make us myndful to follow his good example."

The churchyard is specially associated with the youthful Byron, who often gave his vivid imagination free rein as he lay on the gravestone of John Peachey. His reminiscent verses are very familiar, but an essential part of the literature of Harrow-on-the-Hill:

"Again I revisit the hills where we sported,
The streams where we swam, and the fields where we fought;
The school where, loud warn'd by the bell, we resorted,
To pore o'er the precepts by Pedagogues taught.

"Again I behold where for hours I have ponder'd,
As reclining, at eve, on yon tombstone I lay;
Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wander'd,
To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting ray."

The "free grammar school" founded by John Lyon has become one of the most celebrated public schools in England, and its story is in one sense an aspect of our national history. Of the school buildings the only portion of any architectural note is the red-brick Early Jacobean school-house, which satisfied the requirements of the institution until rather more than a century ago.

Stanmore, lying beneath the highest ground in the county and adjoining a beautiful and still



Photo by]

AN OLD COTTAGE NEAR HARROW.

E. Stanland Pugh.

Known in Domesday as Harewe at Hill, the town has other claims to distinction besides its famous school. Not only is it one of the most picturesque towns in the county, but it also has a very ancient church, consecrated by Anselm in 1094. The view from the tower is said to include parts of thirteen counties. The old main street still retains some of its mediæval character.

largely unspoiled district, has suffered considerably from the ubiquitous modern builder. Its fame has always rested on the great country houses in the vicinity and to some extent on its generally accepted claim to occupy the site of the Roman *Sulloniacæ*. But the golden age of this district came to an end in 1747, when the palatial mansion of Canons, which is said to have cost the first Duke of Chandos over £250,000, was pulled down and the materials sold for a song by his successor. Some idea of the Duke's magnificent style of life can be gathered from Brewer's remarks that "he affected the style of a sovereign prince. He mimicked the royal custom of dining in public, and flourishes of music announced each change of dishes. When he repaired to chapel, he was attended by a military guard."



Photo by,

[G. H. Lean.

ST. LAWRENCE'S CHURCH, WHITCHURCH.

Whitchurch or Little Staunmore is half a mile west of Edgware. St. Lawrence's Church contains the tomb of the 1st Duke of Chandos, and has also many good carvings and paintings. It was here that Handel was organist from 1718 to 1721.

But far better known is Pope's satire on the place and its owner (referred to as "Timon") in his *Moral Essays*. Four lines will suffice :

" . . . his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down :
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect shivering at a breeze ! "

The present church (St. Lawrence) of Whitchurch, or Stanmore Parva, was the chapel of this great palace, and also came in for a share of attention from Pope's bitter wit. To most of us its claim to interest lies, not in its tombs of the Chandos family, but in its organ, on which Handel played for three years.



Photo by]

THE "WELSH HARP," HENDON.

Herbert Felton.

The "Welsh Harp," a large reservoir constructed nearly a hundred years ago, occupies most of the old parish of Kingsbury. Water-birds have assembled here, and there is little to suggest the nature of the lake's origin or the fact that it lies within a mile of some of London's most teeming suburbs.



Photo by:

WATERFALL LANE, SOUTHGATE.

Southgate, a growing suburb of London, 2 miles south-west of Enfield, takes its name from being at the south gate to Enfield Chase. Leigh Hunt, the essayist, was fond of his native town, considering it "a prime specimen of Middlesex," with the "sweet air of antiquity about it."

[E. J. Green.]

COUNTY MONAGHAN

ONE of the marked differences between England and Ireland is in the density of population, without, in comparing any two counties, bringing in on the English side the intensively industrialised areas. Monaghan is a reasonably representative Irish county, though one of the smaller ones. It is not given unduly to barren mountain or bog or lakes. The urban population is, of course, very small, but for the whole county the density of population figure is 1.13 heads per square mile; above the average for the whole country; really not a bad density, especially as compared with that of the province of Connaught, the five counties of Sligo, Roscommon, Leitrim, Mayo, and Galway, which is only 92 per square mile. Again compare Monaghan which we propose to call an average Irish county, with two English agricultural shires, whose acreage is fairly similar, Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire, both purely agricultural counties, of which the former has a considerable town, and the latter quite a large population of London bread-winners. The density figure for both these English counties is 436. Monaghan is mainly given over to agricultural pursuits. By simple spade husbandry a few crops are raised, oats, potatoes, and so on, and cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry are largely bred; in the last thirty



Photo by]

THE CATHEDRAL, MONAGHAN.

[W. Lawrence.

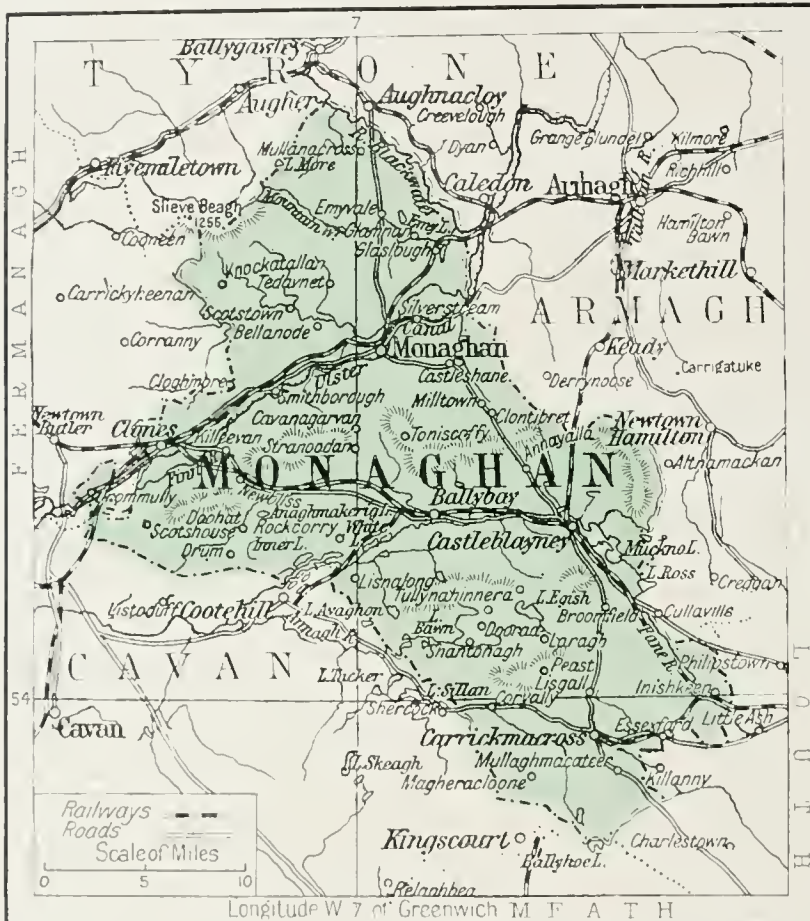
Monaghan was little more than a hamlet when James I granted it a charter, and for many years later it remained very small. It has now the usual public buildings of a county town, and the Roman Catholic Cathedral, built in the latter part of the nineteenth century, is the see of the Diocese of Clogher.

years they have increased. But the county is not industrial; a little quarrying, some slate, linen and lace, and, to all intents and purposes, all is told. The law of nature declares, with no uncertain voice, that where the natural resources of the soil cannot support a big family, the big family must seek "fresh woods and pastures new," where a subsistence can be obtained. County Monaghan has lost in population heavily by emigration. The drop, to take one period alone, from 1891 to 1901 was as much as 14 per cent.

Monaghan was originally known as Macmahon's Country, and was part of the district of Orgioi, but it became a shire in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The little town that gave the county its name is pretty well in the middle, and is one of those towns which guidebooks delight in describing as "clean and prosperous, but not offering to the traveller any interest sufficient to justify a prolonged visit." This may be so, and the guidebooks may be right; for what tweed-clad tourist can be found to wax enthusiastic over a little town of less than 4,000 people, with no show places in the form of fine old Gothic cathedrals or castles, or beautiful rivers? What tripper, complete with camera, will interest himself in little Monaghan, that was only a hamlet when King James the First graciously granted it a charter; and when the Lord Deputy arrived to arrange for the forfeited lands, on the Settlement of Ulster, was so very poor that no lodgings could be found for the King's Lieutenant?

Alas! these things arouse no enthusiasm in the tourist, nor provide pretty pictures for his camera. Yet, standing in the middle of the town, in the square called the "Diamond," one can think, putting aside guidebooks and cameras and railway tickets, of a tiny settlement of a few, only two or three, poor monks; the foundation of a monastery; and the gathering of a little town, indeed a very little town, round that monastery. And so we arrive at Monaghan—Muinechan, the Town of the Monks.

The historic interest of the county would find its centre of gravitation in Clones, the Meadow of Eos, *Chuain-Eois*. Its memories, like those of Monaghan, and, indeed, like those of most parts of this "Island of Saints," are ecclesiastical. It was an early bishopric, with St. Tigernach as its first bishop.



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MAP OF COUNTY MONAGHAN.

Caledon is on the River Blackwater, which rises on the borders of Tyrone and Fermanagh near the place rejoicing in the unromantic name of Fivemiletown—in a land of Romance how curiously unromantic some of the place-names are!—and after marking a few miles of the Monaghan-Tyrone border, performs a similar office for Tyrone and Armagh before it finds a home in Lough Neagh close to the River Bann. When Sir Phelim O'Neill was fighting the English in the years round about 1690, Caledon was known as Kennard. In the park of the Earls of Caledon an old ruined building is called the "Bone House," whose peculiarity was the facing of some of the arches and pillars—knucklebones of oxen, the remains of some of the rations of the army of Owen Roe O'Neill. The mentality of the architect who would decorate his house with the contents of the dustbin leave one puzzling.



Photo by]

[W. Lawrence.

MUCKNO LAKE, CASTLEBLANEY.

With its surface dotted with tiny islands and its indented shores making a pleasant variation of wood and pasture no part of Muckno can be called dreary. Castleblaney stands on the borders of the lake.



Photo by]

[W. Lawrence.

CASTLEBLANEY FROM CONABURY HILL.

The town takes its name from Sir E. Blayney, who was Governor of Monaghan during the reign of James I. It owes its present importance to several industries, of which the chief is flax.



Photo by

[W. Lawrence,

THE LAKE AND DEMESNE, CASTLEBLANEY.

Castleblaney has a well laid out demesne, which overlooks one of the prettiest parts of the lake, close to the town. The photograph shows a corner of the gardens of Hope Castle.



Photo by

[W. Lawrence,

WHITEHALL STREET, CLONES.

Clones, a little town close to the Fermanagh border, has an interesting ecclesiastical history. There are ruins of an abbey of the twelfth century, a round tower of rough undressed stone, and a cross, with the usual scriptural carving, though most of it is indecipherable. It is recorded that the first bishop, St. Tigernach, died at Clones in 548.



Photo by:

F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

MONNOW BRIDGE, MONMOUTH.

The county town of Monmouth stands on the west bank of the Wye, close to its junction with the Monnow. The thirteenth-century gatehouse on the bridge crossing the latter river is the only one of its kind in England.

MONMOUTHSHIRE

A CENTURY ago, the enthusiastic gentleman who wrote a description of this shire for *The Beauties of England and Wales* began his account with the bold statement that "The County of Monmouth, in point of fertility, picturesque scenery and historic remains is the most interesting district, in proportion to its size, of any in the kingdom."

A modern chronicler cannot go to such lengths with any approach to truth, and indeed anyone familiar with present-day Monmouthshire and unfamiliar with the enormous changes made in the countryside by the "Industrial Revolution" might be tempted to



Photo by:

F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

WOODEN BRIDGE OVER THE MONNOW, NEAR MONMOUTH.

From Pandy, where it enters the county, the Monnow flows several miles south-east along a beautiful valley, and forms the boundary between Herefordshire and Monmouthshire. This picturesque bend is close to Monmouth, round which the river makes a half-circle on its way to the Wye.

think that the writer of the audacious assertion quoted above must have been a literary Ananias. But there is no need to jump to so harsh a conclusion. In the first place it is only in the last century that the coal and iron industries have succeeded in blighting the scenery of the western half of the county; they existed, of course, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, but on a scale which did not seriously prejudice the natural beauties of the region. In the second place, if this industrial portion west of the Usk be excluded, the assertion in question would apply even to-day. For in the valley of the Wye, and to a lesser extent that of the Usk, Nature has been extraordinarily lavish with her charms, and even elsewhere beautiful and beautifully varied landscapes are furnished in plenty. While as for "historic remains," what area of similar size can show such an *embarras des richesses* as that which includes the glorious remains of Llanthony Priory and Tintern Abbey and quite a host of picturesque and instructive

medieval castles, not to mention the large number of good examples of domestic architecture of the days gone by? In fact, few who know the county well will deny Monmouthshire a high, a very high place on the list of regions in the British Isles which are still worth the most careful exploration and can still evoke the past in its most fascinating aspect.

A real peep into the attractive lost world of medieval Britain is afforded by the bridge over the Monnow, which is one of the few ancient relics in Monmouth, the county town. With its unusual and most attractive Norman gateway, set over one of the piers, it is one of the real archaeological "sights" of the kingdom, and as such very properly obtained a place among the selected illustrations which adorned the Introduction to this work.



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MAP OF MONMOUTHSHIRE.

This old bridge is particularly welcome because, though the town has a goodly number of old and elderly houses and generally wears an air the reverse of up-to-date, time has been particularly unkind to its castle, the ancient fortifications and gates, which once gave it a truly medieval *cachet* and a somewhat celebrated Benedictine Priory, while the "restorer" has been particularly hard on its old churches.

The castle, of which a few forlorn fragments still remain, had a very exciting history; it rose from its ashes more than once before figuring as a fortress (a very dilapidated one!) for the last time in the Commonwealth Wars. It was repeatedly besieged in the wars of Henry III's time before "Symon (Simon de Montfort) assailed, took, and raised it to the ground," to quote the garrulous Lambard, who adds: "Thus the glorie of Monmouth had elene perished, ne had it [had it not] pleased God longe after in that place to give life to the noble King Hen. V who of the same is called



Photo by

MONMOUTH CASTLE.

Besides the old gateway, there remains to bear witness to the mediæval importance of the town, portions of a fourteenth-century castle, built by John of Gaunt. It was here that Henry V was born in 1387, and the ruins of his birth-chamber may still be seen.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Henry of Monmouth." It need hardly be said that the birthplace of the victor of Agincourt is still pointed out!

Another Monmouth man of worldwide fame was the ecclesiastic and historian Geoffrey "of Monmouth." There seems little doubt that he was born in the Benedictine Priory, but it is equally certain that the attractive fifteenth-century window which was once part of the priory has no title to its local name of "Geoffrey's Window"—if only for the simple reason that the good man lived and died in the twelfth century!

Monmouth, at the junction of the Monnow and the Wye, owes half its popularity to its propinquity to the beautiful and celebrated scenery of those two rivers, particularly the latter. Superlatives are



Photo by

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.]

ROCKFIELD CHURCH AND LYCH-GATE.

Two miles from Monmouth, Rockfield is one of the pretty villages lying on the Monnow. The wooden belfry which crowns the church tower is not an uncommon feature of Monmouthshire churches. Several villages in Great Britain still retain their old lych-gates, which were built for the use of the coffin at a funeral.

vain, and no language, however dithyrambic, can hope to do justice to such a masterpiece of Nature's handiwork, so we will pass on to Tintern Abbey.

Here again, the written word—or at any rate prose—seems a halting and inadequate medium to convey any idea of the fascination of the ruins and above all of the scene in which they are set. Wordsworth, as everyone knows, wrote an ode on Tintern; but few would care to deny that even the delightful vision it conjures up is but a pale parody of the reality, apart from the fact that the abbey itself is not mentioned!

It must be admitted, too, that considerations of dates, styles, and even historic facts are somewhat of an intrusion into a picture which is meant to be contemplated, rather than dissected or reasoned



From the Painting by

CHEPSTOW CASTLE, MONMOUTH.

The original fortress at Chepstow was built soon after the Conquest by William FitzOsbern, Earl of Hereford, and, although the present building is chiefly fourteenth century, the Norman keep has been preserved much in its original state. Chepstow itself stands on the west bank of the Wye, 2 miles above its confluence with the Severn, and the most comprehensive view of the castle can be obtained from the river.

(Catherine Chamney.)

Catherine Chamney

about. But such things have their place, particularly in a work of this kind, which is more than a geographical picture-book.

The monastery was founded for Cistercian monks by Walter de Clare in 1131, but we know from the chronicler, William of Worcester, that the church was not used for purposes of worship until 1268, and it is extremely probable that then only the choir had been finished. But completion obviously was not long delayed, for the church throughout is in the Transitional Decorated or Decorated style. As an example of English church-building in those styles the edifice certainly has few rivals. Wherever one turns—arcades, windows, doorways—is exquisite and exquisitely careful work which is a monument to the high standard of artistic taste achieved in an age the unthinking are tempted to dub semi-barbarous.

The domestic buildings of the abbey have suffered much more severely than the church, but are still of considerable attraction and high interest. Altogether, Tintern Abbey makes good its claim to be considered the most beautiful ecclesiastical ruin in Britain.

The real charm and meaning of the Wye has to be seen from that celebrated view-point the

Wynd Cliff to be fully appreciated. Here it was that old Coxe ended his "historical tour" in Monmouthshire, and what he then said, in his eighteenth-century language, may be taken as an expression of thoughts which must rise in the mind of anyone who has had the privilege of following in his footsteps:



Photo by]

RAGLAN CASTLE.

F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

The present building was begun by William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, shortly before his execution in 1469, and ranks as among the most important castles in western England. It was valiantly defended for the King during the Civil War by the veteran Earl of Worcester

"As I stood on the brow of this precipice, I looked down upon the fertile peninsula of Lancut, surrounded with rocks and forests, contemplated the hanging woods, rich lawns, and romantic cliffs of Piercefield, the castle and town of Chepstow, and traced the Wye, sweeping in the true outline of beauty, from the Banagor crags to its junction with the Severn, which spreads into an æstuary, and is lost in the distant ocean. A boundless extent of country is seen in every direction, from this commanding eminence, comprehending not less than nine counties: in the midst of this expanse, I principally directed my attention to the subject of my Tour, which now drew to a conclusion; I traced with pleasing satisfaction, not unmixed with regret, the luxuriant vallies and romantic hills of this interesting county, which I had traversed in various directions; but I dwelt with peculiar



By permission of

[G.W. Railway.

TINTERN ABBEY, GENERAL VIEW.

Lying on the Wye, encircled by richly wooded hills, this famous abbey could hardly have a more romantic setting. Tintern was founded in 1131 by Walter de Clare, Lord of Striguill, but most of the present ruin dates from the late thirteenth century.

admiration on the majestic rampart which forms its boundary to the west, and extends in one grand and broken outline, from the banks of the Severn to the Black Mountain."

The Great War threatened to make Chepstow a place of some importance, and all lovers of the picturesque must rejoice that it did not last long enough for the threat to be translated into reality. For though it cannot be called a particularly attractive little town it has a castle which for the charm of its situation and the interest of its history has few superiors. It stands on a rock above the Wye, and few can doubt that Nature has done her part to make the stronghold established here almost impregnable.

It need hardly be said that its oldest part dates from Norman times, for the systematic fortification of the English border against Wales was originally the work of those followers of the Conqueror to



Photo by

[Bells Photo Co.]

SOUTH AISLE, LOOKING EAST, TINTERN ABBEY.

The cruciform church is in the Early Decorated style and is the most complete part of the buildings remaining. The abbey was dissolved in 1537, and for many years belonged to the Dukes of Beaufort. In 1900, however, it was bought by the Crown and extensively restored.



Photo by]

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

TINTERN VILLAGE.

It is difficult to imagine a more lovely position than that occupied by Tintern village, on one of the prettiest stretches of the Wye. Below Tintern the river follows such a tortuous course that it takes nearly 8 miles to cover the 4 to Chepstow.



Photo by]

[Bells Photo Co.

THE WYE VALLEY, CHEPSTOW.

"Its banks are a succession of nameless beauties." Thus does Gray describe the gorgeous scenery of the Wye Valley. The river is at its best above Chepstow, with its numerous bends and turns through a vale of wood and meadow.

whom he assigned large tracts of land in this region. In the time of Edward I it was enlarged and brought up-to-date, so that in its present state it offers a fairly adequate example of the type of stronghold "patented," if one may use the word, by that great soldier.

This is no place for any lengthy description of its interesting history; it has played its part in most of the wars that have afflicted our country, but, considering its strength and importance, made but a poor resistance to the Parliamentarians in the first Civil War. Appropriately enough, it is from a personality of that interesting period that it derives its chief "human" interest, for in the angle tower of the first court the regicide, Henry Marten, was confined for twenty years after the Restoration. Considering this unbending Puritan's stout affirmation of his political principles throughout his



By permission of

CHEPSTOW CASTLE, FROM THE RIVER.

[G.W. Railway.]

FitzOsbern chose this site for his castle on account of its commanding position at the head of the passage to the rich fertile districts of Wales. The fortress has been the prison of several men famous in history, including Jeremy Taylor, the divine, who was imprisoned here in 1655.

life, his treatment must be regarded as distinctly honourable, for he appears to have been given a considerable measure of liberty within the town. Even his gaolers seem to have regarded him as a worthy if "misguided" man.

An earlier occupant of this tower was the gentle divine, Jeremy Taylor.

Of the many interesting places in the vicinity of Chepstow, Caerwent is the chief, though the ordinary tripper would be disposed to quarrel with the award of such a distinction to a medley of foundations and "meaningless" stones. But those foundations and stones are the remains of a famous Roman city, Venta Silurum, and in their entirety give us perhaps the best idea we can hope to get of what such a city looked like. It has been quite possible to distinguish the public and private buildings of the place, and the relics of the walls show it to have been of considerable size.

In this southern region between Wye and Usk lie two more old castles, Caldicot and Pencoed, of which the former is a remarkably fine specimen, though recently modernised.

The fragmentary remains of another castle and a parish church of considerable interest to antiquaries, and not without interest to all lovers of beautiful things, is practically all that busy Newport can show which is worthy of special mention in this review.

It must also be said that there is nothing about Caerleon to account for the legendary magic of its name. The tripper would certainly style it a dull little town, and turn away contemptuously even if one told him that it is one of the most ancient and was once one of the most famous places in Britain—the "Isca Silurum" of the Romans.



Photo by,

MARTEN'S TOWER, CHEPSTOW CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The great Marten's or drum tower at the south-eastern corner of the castle was, for twenty years after the Restoration, the prison of Henry Marten, the regicide.

That Caerleon was of high interest to antiquaries even as early as the twelfth century appears clearly enough from the fact that it figures as worthy of a special visit in the *Itinerary Through Wales* of Giraldus Cambrensis; he writes:

"This city was of undoubted antiquity, and handsomely built of masonry, with courses of bricks, by the Romans. Many vestiges of its former splendour may yet be seen; immense palaces, formerly ornamented with gilded roofs, in imitation of Roman magnificence, inasmuch as they were first raised by the Roman princes, and embellished with splendid buildings; a tower of prodigious size, remarkable hot baths, relics of temples, and theatres, all inclosed within fine walls, parts of which remain standing. You will find on all sides, both within and without the circuit of the walls, subterraneous buildings, aqueducts, underground passages; and what I think worthy of notice, stoves contrived with wonderful art, to transmit the heat insensibly through narrow tubes passing up the side walls."

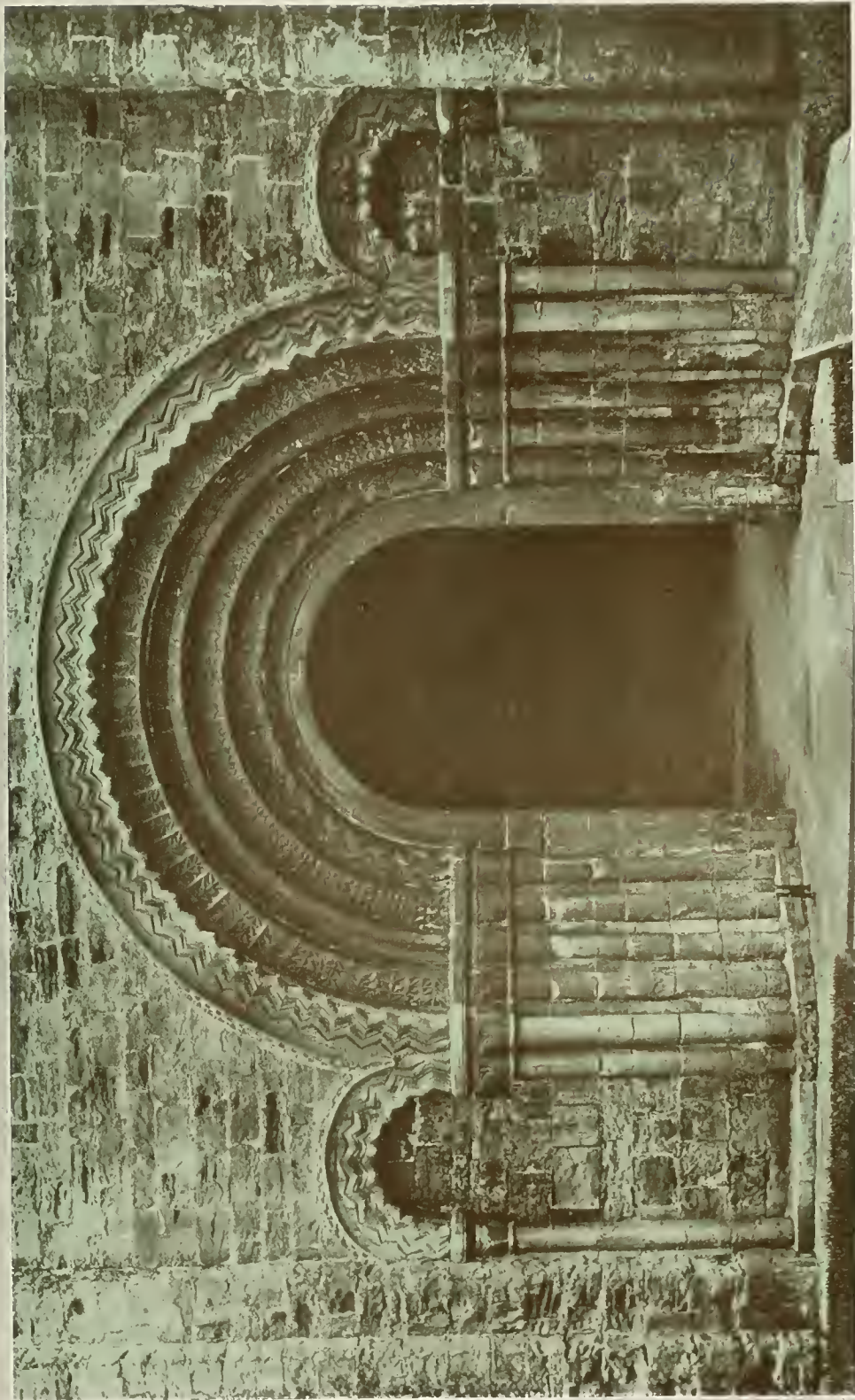


Photo by]

WEST PORCH, ST. MARY'S CHURCH, CHEPSTOW.

The priory church of St. Mary is one of the oldest ecclesiastical buildings in Monmouthshire. The great square Norman piers in the nave and the beautifully moulded western doorway bear witness to the imposing nature of the building in its original state. Up to the Dissolution, the church belonged to the Benedictine abbey of Cormeilles in Normandy.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd



Photo by

THE TOWN GATE, CHEPSTOW.

[Bells Photo Co.]

This interesting old gatehouse forms the south-western entrance to Chepstow, through the port wall, which, although it was built about the same time as the castle, is still in many parts perfect.

It need hardly be said that a modern Giraldus could not truthfully pen such a description; the existing remains *in situ* are of the slightest, and the old city has to be pieced together by the imagination from the objects carefully collected in a very interesting museum.

Old Llangibby Castle is practically nothing but some melancholy fragments of walls, but piteous though they are, they still conjure up a fleeting vision of that "Sir Trevor Williams, of Llangibby," whom Cromwell tells us (Letter to Saunders of June 17, 1648, reproduced by Carlyle) was "a man full of craft and subtlety; very bold and resolute; hath a House at Llangibby well stored with arms, and very strong," and who had been "very deep in the plot of betraying Chepstow Castle." To render this double-faced gentleman harmless—and still more his stronghold—Oliver had him promptly arrested, and he subsequently returned, a sadder and wiser man, or, in Carlyle's phrase, "in a diminished state and disappears from History."

If we proceed up the valley of the Usk—only less beautiful than that of the Wye—we shall soon have on our right hand the distinctly interesting area still occupied by what is left of the ancient Wentwood.

Whether as hunting-ground or as an element in a scheme of defence, no one can doubt the importance of this forest in ancient times, for in and around it were half a dozen castles, some of which have now completely disappeared. Of the survivors, perhaps the best



Photo by

ON THE CANAL, NEWPORT.

F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

Within the last century, Newport has risen to be one of the chief ports in western England, and the largest town in the county. The Monmouthshire canals were begun at the end of the eighteenth century and are still used for carrying the mineral products of the hills to Newport.

specimen is the ruined Pencoed, mainly because it illustrates the sixteenth-century tendency to convert these old strongholds into comfortable residences when their purely military functions became of secondary importance.

The little town of Usk has long lost any real importance it ever possessed, but fortunately it has not altogether lost that old-world air which makes these glorified villages of the Marches so delightful a contrast to the centres of population and industry elsewhere. Not that the place possesses anything of significance in the antiquarian line save its picturesque old castle; there is nothing to remind a visitor that here, in all probability, was once a Roman military post of considerable strategic importance.

The castle stands well and has become a romantic ruin, fitting subject for the fancy to play



Photo by

LADY LLANOVER'S CHURCH, ABERCARN.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Abercarn is an important mining village, 10 miles north-west of Newport. This church is named after Lady Llanover, whose seat was at Abercarn House.

upon. It must possess a goodly and motley-store of memories, for it played a manful part in the troublous history of the border, and its associations with the chivalrous Simon de Montfort and the restless Owen Glendower would alone make a picturesque and stirring chapter. Here again a characteristic Norman keep supplies the central feature to which the later work seems little more than an elaborate complement.

But of course the castle of castles in this castle-strewn county is Raglan, indubitably first in respect of beauty, antiquarian interest, and the romantic element in its history. The others figured in events which together make up the long and confused story of these border lands, but Raglan stepped out of mere local interest and assumed national importance on two occasions which are worthy of special mention. In the fifteenth century it became a place of ill-omen to the House of York when Henry of Richmond, the future King Henry VII, evaded the vigilance—such as it



Photo by

THE LAKE, GWYDDON VALLEY, ABERCARN.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd

Although situated in the heart of a mineral-producing mountain range, Abercarn is surrounded by much fine scenery, which differs from the landscape of chimneys and slag-heaps usually associated with a mining district.



Photo by,

SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN, ABERGAVENNY.

The ancient town of Abergavenny lies in the valley of the Usk, amid some beautiful hill scenery. The Sugar Loaf, a sandstone cone rising 1,955 feet, is the most outstanding mountain in the neighbourhood.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

was—of his warden, Lord Herbert, and effected an escape which was a prelude to Bosworth Field and the throne of England. Again, in the seventeenth century this grand old stronghold furnished an incident which is one of the most attractive in our annals, an incident which brought together two worthy antagonists, the octogenarian Marquis of Worcester and the great Fairfax. The former commanded the stout hearted garrison which kept the triumphant Parliamentarians at bay for nearly three months—a great achievement at a time when Cromwell had succeeded in producing siege artillery much too good for ordinary stones and mortar.

Even as an ivy-clad ruin, Raglan Castle is still remarkably impressive, exhibiting all the features of a feudal stronghold as appropriately modified to serve as the all but royal residence of a great and powerful family. The military and domestic elements are cunningly interwoven, and altogether a sufficient vision of



Photo by

HORSE AND JOCKEY INN, PONTYPOOL.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Pontypool owes its importance to the iron-works which were founded here by the Hanbury family. The town is pleasantly situated on the Afon Lwyd at the foot of Mynydd Maen. The Horse and Jockey Inn is a good example of picturesque domestic architecture.



Photo by

THE POND, PONTYPOOL PARK.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

The photograph shows a corner of the grounds of Pontypool Park, the residence of the Hanburys. The large park is situated on the opposite side of the river to the town and commands wide views of the surrounding country.

"high life" in the period between the twelfth and seventeenth centuries can be conjured up with the help of this beautiful relic.

Abergavenny, situated almost at the point where the Usk enters the county from Brecknockshire, has long enjoyed a certain renown as the "Gate of Wales," a "gate" ringed round with beautiful, if not particularly high mountains, and endowed by nature with a multitude of attractions of the less ambitious sort. In itself it is not particularly quaint or picturesque, judged by any exacting standard, but both its church and its ruined castle are not unworthy monuments of a past which is by no means negligible.

As regards the former, it unhappily betrays the effects of the iconoclastic attentions bestowed upon it by the Parliamentary soldiers in the Civil Wars of the seventeenth century; then, and previously at the Reformation, many beautiful features which savoured too strongly of "Popery" were



Photo by]

[P. Frith & Co., Ltd.

ABERGAVENNY CASTLE.

To the south-west of the town are the small ruins of an eleventh-century castle, founded by Hameline de Balun. The photograph shows the public terrace walk, which goes round the old walls.

ruthlessly destroyed or broken up, and it must be accounted as more or less of a miracle that there has survived a splendid and most interesting series of monuments.

Away in the curious tongue of this county which projects between Herefordshire and Brecknockshire—and therefore on the eastern side of the bleak and desolate Black Mountains—lies the famous Priory of Llanthony, or, rather, what is left of it.

The present ruins, picturesque enough in their actual mountain setting, comprise practically nothing more than the religious buildings of the priory and in themselves are barely worthy of the fervour and devotion which led to the foundation of first an oratory and then a priory in this deserted corner of the country, early in the twelfth century. How the monks eventually found both the climate and the neighbouring Welsh too inhospitable for further acquaintance, and transferred their affections to a new Llanthony just outside Gloucester, is an old story.



Photo by

LANTHONY PRIORY FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

Llanthony Priory or St. David's, in the Horddu Valley, was founded for Austin canons about 1107 by Henry de Lacy. The monks, however, disliking this isolated home, deserted the abbey in the reign of Stephen for another site near Gloucester. The ruins to-day are those of a church built a hundred years later. A farmhouse now occupies the place of the conventual buildings.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.



Photo by

GRAIG-Y-LLO WATERFALL, LLANDILOES.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

A market town of considerable antiquity, Llandiloes stands at the junction of the Clywedog with the Severn. Near the town, this pretty waterfall descends in a series of daring leaps over a rocky bed.

MONTGOMERYSHIRE

A GLANCE at the map will show that Montgomeryshire lies right across the middle of Wales, a belt, a sort of buffer between the rivalries, if any there be, of the north and south. It has the marcher county of Salop on one side, the east, and on the other the slightest nodding acquaintance with the sea. Its other neighbours are Merioneth and Denbigh to the north, with Cardigan and Radnor to the south. For those who have statistical inclinations the county boasts 510,111 acres, that is to say 797 square miles, and the density of the population per square mile is just under 70. During the Roman occupation the present Montgomeryshire was part of the



Photo by]

A STREET IN MONTGOMERY.

[E. Bastard.

Montgomery is one of the smallest and oldest county towns in Wales. It has a borough charter dating from 1486, and there is evidence of ancient British origin. The walls and the eleventh-century castle have disappeared, and the town seems to have quite forgotten its former importance.

territory of the OrdoVICES in Britannia Secunda. Then, about 420, came the Roman evacuation under Flavius Honorius, and not much history remains until, at the tri-partition of Wales, Montgomery was included in the principality of Powys, as Powys Gwenwynwyn. Then we hear of it as Swydd Tre' Faldwyn, the shire of the town of Baldwyn, a Norman knight who as William the Conqueror's man did homage for it. In Domesday it is shown as the fief of Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Arundel and Shrewsbury, and the town and castle were reckoned in Salop.

It must not be imagined that either Baldwyn or Roger de Montgomery enjoyed perfect peace in his fief. The men of Powys bitterly resented the invasion of the Normans, and after Roger's death in 1095 they stormed the castle and destroyed the garrison. Then Rufus swept into Wales

to conquer and ravage, and to teach those mutinous men of Powys a lesson. Gloriously the Red King swept into the country, and very ingloriously swept out again. Later monarchs were to find a similar difficulty when they essayed to tame the men of the mountain principality.

When Henry III incorporated the town of Montgomery, he restored and enlarged the castle, and made it impregnable against even the last of the warlike Llewellyns. Henry garrisoned it with seasoned troops, and placed it in the charge of Hubert de Burgh, granting him the honours and emoluments from the lordships of the Marches. Satisfied that the castle was now safe, and that the turbulent Welsh were sufficiently quelled, the king crossed the border with his forces.



Photo by

MONTGOMERY CASTLE.

E. Bastard.

The present castle stands on an almost inaccessible tongue of rock overlooking the town. It was probably built about 1223, and has had an eventful history, having been three times demolished and restored before it was finally dismantled at the end of the Civil War.

Immediately the Welsh rose, and, with their prince watching the retirement of the Crown forces, they surrounded the castle and demanded its immediate surrender. Apparently they did not know Hubert de Burgh. His fighting blood was up, and, leading his veteran garrison, he sallied forth to give battle. Feigning to be worsted, he led the Welsh on, caught them in the flank, and routed them with terrific slaughter. The scene was worthy of the pen of the writer of the *Ingoldsby Legends*. From the battlements the ladies of the castle watched the fray, surrounding the young and beautiful Countess de Burgh. Thomas Roscoe describes it: "The knowledge of being marked by the eyes of beauty sharpened the edge of Norman chivalry, and many a heart beat high and fair bosoms heaved with love and pride as the colours conferred on some favourite youth flew foremost in the frightful slaughter." A glorious and inspiring spectacle! Listen again how "the lovely Countess



Photo by

LLANIDLOES: THE SEVERN AT DOL-LLYS.

Dol-lys is about a mile north of Llanidloes on the main road to Trefeglwys. The Severn rises in a small lake to the east of Pllinimmon and flows with torrential force south-east to Llanidloes, where it is joined by the Clwyddog.

Photobrom Co., Ltd



Photo by

RHYDRONEN, LLANIDLOES.

Llanidloes is situated among the hills, 10 miles north-west of Newtown, not far from the lofty summit of Fflinimmon. The photograph shows a small stream winding its solitary way across the moorland.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

averted her gaze from the sight; nature and humanity triumphed, though she sought to disguise her tears and terror from her less scrupulous companions."

La guerre n'est qu'un jeu. We remember "Le Pas d'Armes du Roi Jean," with the fair Isabeau alone in the place of honour:

" Là bas seule
Force ayeules
Portant gueules
Sur azur."



Photo by]

A WATERSIDE SCENE NEAR NEWTOWN.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Newtown is a busy industrial town, lying in the beautiful upper valley of the Severn, about 7 miles south-west of Montgomery. It was here that Robert Owen, the founder of Socialism, was born and buried.

Incidentally a carping critic pointed out to Victor Hugo that gules on azure was shocking bad heraldry. However, we are travelling far from Montgomery and its castle.

The fertile lands of Powys were too good to be given away, and they became for centuries the battlefields of the rivals, not only marcher lords and barons, but of princes and kings. Baldwyn and Roger de Montgomery, Rufus and Henry III and Hubert de Burgh, all came and went, won and lost. So the struggle and counter-struggle went on, and no slight, no advantage won, however small, remained unavenged by Welsh or Normans. To-day a few stones crumbling on a wooded hill are all that remain to tell the wonderful tales of fierce contests and wild and daring feats of arms. The little town, too, of Montgomery lives forgotten. Of it a writer has said, "Montgomery makes a most creditable effort to look like a town, and only fails because there are really not buildings nor people to make it successful."

A word about Welshpool and Powys Castle. Welshpool is the biggest and only important town in Montgomery. It is the practical capital. The Assizes have been held there, and there was always a militia depot with barracks in the town. Going far back into history, a castle can be found on the hill occupied by the present splendid Powys Castle, or Castell Coch, the red castle, for it was the centre of old Powysland, and, as we have mentioned before here, the men of Powys were of a fiery and turbulent turn of mind, and brooked ill the overbearing of their Norman lords. Cadwgan started to build a castle in the beginning of the twelfth century, and later Owain ap Gruffydd held it under John.

Llanwddyn was a little village harbouring some five hundred souls, but now, just as the old barony of Culbin lies beneath the sand dunes, and the fair land of Gwaelod, the lost Cantrev of Arduwy, lies beneath the waves of Cardigan Bay, Llanwddyn is no more. It lies, whatever may be

left, beneath the waters of Lake Vyrnwy, the huge reservoir that supplies the City of Liverpool with pure water. No life could have been simpler or more remote than that of those five hundred souls of Llanwddyn. The village lay far from the communications of commercial civilisation. To these people, speaking practically no English, came the news one day that a great and distant city called Liverpool wanted pure water, and was going to collect it and store it in their valley of Vyrnwy. They were, one and all, turned out of their homes, and those who were sleeping peacefully under the green grass of the churchyard were



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reverently lifted and carried to a new resting-place up the hill. So everything was emptied, church and inn, the hospitable "Powys Arms," and cottages and all; and a great dam was built lower down the valley, and the water rose until the deserted village lay swamped and sunk beneath many fathoms. To the Welshman, with his intense patriotism and his passionate love for the home, the shock of this uprooting, the wholesale destruction and obliteration of everything so dear to him, cannot be adequately described. The *res angusta domi*, the everyday, unchanging life, sung, perhaps probably in monotone, the curfew's toll, the lowing herd, the ploughman, "all that Nature, all that wealth e'er gave," transcend every other station in life's journey. It is said that some of the old villagers died from the shock of this uprooting. This is very probable, for old people, especially in remote villages, become essentially a part of their village in a way that no town-dweller can.

Lake Vyrnwy is undoubtedly very beautiful, even though it is artificial, and the view from the hotel up its five-mile length is unsurpassed. Though the lake and many thousand acres of



Photo 101

A PEEP AT THE SEVERN NEAR NEWTOWN.

At Newtown the Severn loses its first fury and the valley begins to open out. The photograph shows a beautiful stretch of the river at Rock House.

Photogram Co., Ltd.



Photo by

THE DOVEY BRIDGE, MACHYNLETH.

The Dovey, or Dyfi, although not wholly a Montgomeryshire river, flows for about 15 miles within the county, and the good fishing to be obtained has made Machynlleth a favourite angling centre. Shortly after leaving the town, the Dovey opens out into a wide estuary for the last 7 miles of its course.

[Photachrom Co., Ltd.]

moorland and mountain around it are property of the Corporation of Liverpool, it is, fortunately, not a resort for tourists. Nor is it likely to become so, for, barring the hotel, which caters mainly for sportsmen, accommodation is practically non-existent, as the population on the lake shore is reduced to a minimum out of regard for the purity of the water. All round are the pastures that belonged to the old submerged Llanwddyn, and many beautiful trees have been planted, with rhododendrons and azaleas.

Mr. A. G. Bradley has described the scene vividly. ". . . it is in the intervals of a day's fishing, when out on the broad bosom of the lake, that you may best take in both the beauty and romance of the place. Then is the time, after straining your eyes for an hour or so at where you know your flies to be among the dancing ripples, then is the time to lie back and rest them on the silent crags, towering to the sky, on the emerald turf, fresh with mountain mists and warmed by the suns of May, that sweep upward to their feet. The middle heights, too, are all ablaze with golden gorse, and sprinkled thick with feathery



Photo by

IN OLD MACHYNLLETH.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Machynlieth is intimately associated with Owen Glyndwr, the patriot, who was crowned Prince of Wales here in 1402. The house where he held his parliament is still shown.



Photo by

OLD HOUSES AT MACHYNLLETH.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

This ancient town is situated on the River Dovey, amid a rich variety of mountain scenery. The view shows one of the several old buildings which lend an air of antiquity to its spacious streets.

birch trees. From the straggling woods of primitive oaks, hoary with trailing moss and waist-deep in bracken, that dip here and there to the water, comes at such times the note of the cuckoo, full and clear. . . . But perhaps after all it is at sunset, when the day's work is over, and the breeze is dead, and we are stealing slowly homeward down the lake, that the spell of its strange association is strongest." Tom Moore's lines of the fisherman who sees in Lough Neagh's waters

" The round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining "

are familiar to readers of BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL. At Vyrnwy they come quickly to the mind.

Farther down is Llangynog, a pretty village, with some old lead-mines. One of them, Craig-y-mwyn, was opened in 1692, and is very big. The place-name is from a fifth-century saint and



Photo by

NEAR LLANFYLLIN.

C. Reid.

The town of Llanfyllin occupies a lovely situation amid the wooded hills of the Cain Valley. The saying, "Old ale fills Llanfyllin with young widows" arose from the reputation it formerly had for strong ale.

martyr called Cynog. In the church of Pennant Melangell, the legend of St. Monacella is told on a very fine carved woodwork. She was the daughter of an Irish king, and was being pressed by her father to marry one of his lords. But she had made a vow of celibacy, and fled to Wales, where she lived for fifteen years without seeing a male face. The story tells how the Prince of Powys, Brochmel Yscythrog, was out hunting one day (what wonderful adventures you could have out hunting in the misty days!), and the hare that he and his hounds were chasing ran into a fair, open space among the trees, and sought refuge with a beautiful virgin who was sitting there. Then the hare turned and faced the baying hounds, and they dared not seize her; and so wondrous is the story—the huntsman's horn stuck to his mouth, so that he could neither blow nor take it away. It was the virgin Monacella, and Brochmel Yscythrog gave her land and a shrine; and she became the patron saint of hares, and no one would kill a hare in a parish. This superstition remained to yesterday, "and even later," according to Pennant, "when a hare was pursued by dogs, it was believed that if anyone cried, 'God and Saint Monacella be with thee!' it was sure to escape."



Photo by]

THE GARDENS, POWIS CASTLE, WELSHPOOL.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Powis Castle or Castell Coch is famous for its beautiful grounds, designed by "Capability" Brown, which contain the ruins of an old castle known as Lady's Mount, the predecessor of the present building. The photograph shows a row of statues, which are one of the ornamental features of the gardens.



Photo by]

POWIS CASTLE COURTYARD, WELSHPOOL.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

This stately edifice stands about a mile to the south of Welshpool. Although retaining much of its original aspect, the present building dates from the seventeenth century, with additions of 200 years later.



Photo by]

BREIDDIN HILLS AND RIVER SEVERN, WELSHPOOL.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Welshpool, an agricultural market town of considerable importance, is situated in the broad valley of the Upper Severn. Northwest of the town are the Breiddin Hills, a group of three peaks named after Breith Den, "the speckled camp." The tallest hill is crowned by an obelisk, erected to commemorate the defeat of the French off Dominica by Admiral Rodney.



Photo by]

WELSHPOOL.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

On account of its position close to the Shropshire border, Welshpool is a somewhat English-looking town, and little of the Welsh national language is spoken. Besides its many industries, it is the seat of the assizes and county courts.



Photo by

IN COOPER PARK, ELGIN.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The county town of Elgin is a royal burgh of great antiquity, situated in delightful scenery on the right bank of the Lussie. This handsome park was presented to the town in 1902 by Sir George Alexander Cooper.

MORAYSHIRE

FORMERLY Moray gave its name to a province reaching far into Inverness and Ross, and gradually its area was reduced, though as late as the nineteenth century the shire was scattered. This was, to a large extent, corrected in 1870. The Inverness and Elgin Boundaries Act transferred several parishes of Inverness to Moray, and vice versa. The final settlement of the county's boundaries was not arrived at until 1891. So to-day Morayshire lies compact, a 40-mile seaboard on the north, Nairn on the west, Banffshire on the east, and Inverness-shire on the south. Morayshire is not mountainous, as mountains go, but the southern part is hilly; Larig Hill is 1,783 feet high, Carn Ruigh 1,784, and Carn Kitty a little over 1,700. On the Banffshire border, right in the southern corner of the county, the Cromdale Hills are higher, topping the 2,000-foot line. The lower part, the seaboard plain, known as the "Laigh of Moray," is



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

THE CHOIR, LOOKING EAST, ELGIN CATHEDRAL.

In the whole of Scotland there have been few cathedrals surpassing in magnificence the one at Elgin. It was founded during the reign of Alexander II by the Bishop of Moray, but the church was continually being added to and rebuilt up to the fifteenth century.

low-lying and, generally speaking, productive. A seventeenth-century poet, Taylor, found the county to be "the most pleasant and plentiful country in all Scotland; being plaine land, that a coach may be driven more than foure and thirtie miles one way in it, alongst the sea-coast."

The Northern Picts, the early inhabitants of Moray—we can include the whole of the province of Moray as well as the modern county—apparently accepted Christianity in the sixth century, and for about a hundred and fifty years it flourished, until King Nectan expelled the Columban Church in 727. That finished the Irish Church in the North, and Christianity was probably but a dormant force until it was revived much later in the Roman form. Kenneth MacAlpin held sway over the country in the ninth century, and then the wild Norsemen came to plunder and ravage the land,



Photo by

ELGIN CATHEDRAL FROM THE LOSSIE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The decline of the cathedral started in 1538, when the Regent Murray stripped the building of its leaden roof to raise money to pay his troops. In 1640 the paintings and the roof-screen were destroyed, and seventy-one years later, on Easter Day, the great centre tower and spire fell for the second time, completely destroying the nave and transepts and leaving the ruin to be used as a quarry for over a century.

"killing . . . not only sheep and oxen, but priests and Levites, and choirs of monks and nuns." Thorstein the Red was the first in 874, just half a century after MacAlpin had gained the throne. Then came Sigurd, who conquered, the chronicle says, "Maerhaefui" and Ross, and built a "borg" on the southern side of "Maerhaefui." The struggle with these fierce visitors lasted for a hundred and fifty years, fortune wavering between the two parties, until 1040, when the Norse Thorfinn, Earl of Orkney and Shetland, defeated King Duncan's Scottish army, commanded by his general Macbeth. The rest of the story is well known; Shakespeare took it from Holinshed. Macbeth killed Duncan and seized the throne, and ruled well, for he was, without doubt, a capable enough fellow. At any rate he made peace with Thorfinn, and the Norsemen ceased to give trouble. In the end, Macbeth was defeated and killed by Malcolm Canmore, Duncan's son. This was in 1057, and



Photo by

PORCH OF CHAPTER HOUSE, ELGIN CATHEDRAL.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The beautiful decorations which may still be seen on the pillars and on the west porch of the chapter house are witness to the great excellence of the interior work of the cathedral. The chapter house, an octagonal building in the Pointed style, is the most complete part of the ruins.



Photo by:

GORDON CASTLE FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

Standing in a park of 1,300 acres, Gordon Castle is one of the largest mansions in the country. Since 1836, when the Gurdon title became extinct, the castle has been in the possession of the Dukes of Richmond. It dates from the eighteenth century and is built in the form of a large quadrangle of four stories. Surrounding the castle are some fine ornamental gardens.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd

Malcolm Canmore himself was killed some thirty odd years later; a sanguinary history, taking it all round. In the time of David I the battle of Stracathro was fought, and the Earl of Moray was killed. This finished the old Moray, and David rewarded the Norman Barons who had aided him in its subjection with territories. In 1138 the Moray men fought with David at the Battle of the Standard.

Although the Norse trouble was over, and the country settled and duly apportioned, no doubt to the satisfaction of the few, the inhabitants of the Laigh of Moray found themselves continually at the mercy of the savage men from the highlands in the south, and this chaotic state of affairs lasted until the influences of the Church as a vital force made themselves felt, on the one hand, and, on the other, the wars for independence waged by William Wallace and Robert the Bruce linked



Photo by]

THE SPEY BY MOONLIGHT.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Although the Spey has neither the beauty of the Earn nor the length of the Tay, and it takes but third place amongst Scotch salmon rivers, it has a combination of attractions almost unequalled by any other Scottish river. The stream is seen at its best below Spey Bridge, where the variety of landscapes and the wild mountain scenery are both striking and magnificent.

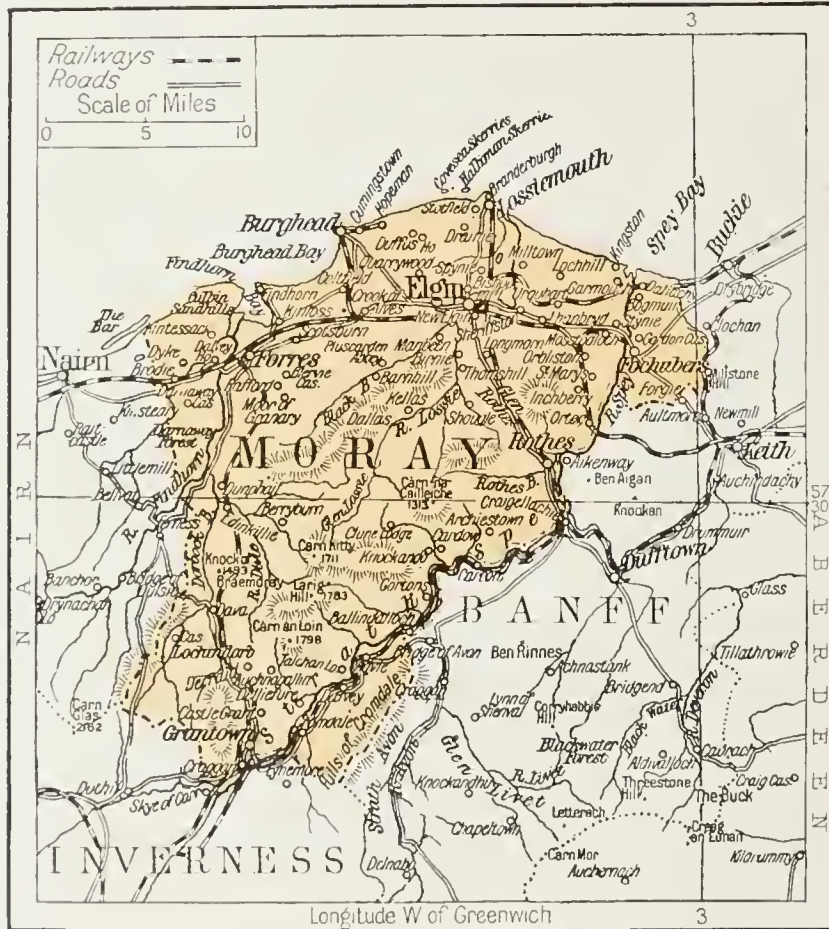
together in a common bond men of lowlands and highlands alike. Sir Andrew Moray was the stoutest of Wallace's supporters, but, unfortunately, lost his life at Stirling Bridge. After Bannockburn Bruce raised the Province of Moray to an Earldom, with a curious charter. According to this the Barons and tenants who had hitherto held in chief from the Crown, for the future were to hold from the Earl.

Coming to a much later period, we find Morayshire again ringing with the music of battle. In 1690 the Jacobite rebellion received a crushing blow at the battle of Cromdale, where Livingstone defeated Buchan, the Jacobite leader. Again, in 1746, just after the Pretender had sojourned in Elgin, the Duke of Cumberland—"Butcher Cumberland"—passed through and fought the battle of Drummoissie. But in the risings of the '15 and the '45, generally speaking, the men of Morayshire were loyal to the Hanoverians.

From very early times there have been stories of severe breaking up of the coastline of Morayshire by gales, and one of the greatest storms, certainly one which left a most lasting impression, was in 1694. The Barony of Culbin was a fertile stretch of land. Indeed, in 1654 the rental was valued at £913. In 1676 the sand started encroaching on it, and so continued year after year. Finally came the great storm in 1694. It broke suddenly. The ploughman deserted his plough in the middle of a furrow. "The reapers in the field of late barley had to leave without finishing their work. In a few hours the plough and the barley were buried beneath the sand. The drift, like a mighty river, came on steadily and ruthlessly, grasping field after field, and enshrouding every object in a mantle of sand. Everything which obstructed its progress speedily became the nucleus of a sand storm" So Sheriff Rampini describes the terrible scene. Everything

went, cottage and manor, orchard and lawn. In the morning the people, imprisoned and barred up in their cottages, struggled out and released what cattle and other live stock they could find. There was a lull in the storm, but it shortly afterwards broke anew with greater fury than ever. The sand blocked the mouth of the River Findhorn, and its waters, forced back, flooded the whole countryside. But beneath the sand lay the great estate of Culbin. And there it has lain ever since. At times the sands have shifted. Once a storm laid bare a chimney of the manor house. Then it was covered up again. Where the dunes are low the branches of a cherry-tree, in full bloom, have been seen in early spring-time. But for the rest, the Barony of Culbin is gone.

In the first days of August 1829 the rivers of Moray and Nairn were in



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MAP OF MORAYSHIRE.

flood, caused by a full gale and unexampled torrents of rain. The River Findhorn, at one place, rose 50 feet, and its tributary 40 feet. Near Forres, too, the Findhorn flooded 20 square miles. Near Elgin the waters of the Lossie were out on the low-lying plains for miles round. Bridges and houses were swept away, and the rushing waters washed out to the sea many acres of land. At Fochabers the Spey bridge, a fine one built only a few years before, was destroyed. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder described the terrible scene: "The noise was a distinct combination of two kinds of sound—one a uniformly continued roar, the other like rapidly repeated discharges of many cannons at once. . . . Above all this was heard the head-like shriek of the wind, yelling as if the demon of desolation had been riding upon its blast. . . . there was a peculiar and indescribable lurid or rather bronze-like hue, that pervaded the whole face of nature as if poison had been abroad in the air."



Photo by]

LORD HUNTLY'S CAVE, SPEYSIDE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Lord Huntly's Cave, situated in the Strathspey near Grantown, was the hiding-place of the Marquis of Huntly during Montrose's rebellion of 1644. The valley of the Spey in many parts contains natural forest land untouched by the hand of man.



Photo by

LIME TREE WALK, CASTLE GRANT, GRANTOWN-ON-SPEY.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Castle Grant, the seat of the Countess of Seafield, contains a unique collection of old Highland firearms. This stately avenue of limes is situated close to the house.

A great character was Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonstoun. The first Sir Robert was created a knight of Nova Scotia by Charles I, with a grant of 16,000 acres in that newly-formed colony. That the worthy man had to pay 3,000 marks, about £166, for the acres and the knighthood, goes without saying. The third Sir Robert was a wizard, and famous for it throughout the countryside. Hear what William Hay, a local poet, says about him in the "Lintie of Moray":

" Oh! wha hanna heard o' that man o' renown,
The wizard, Sir Robert of Gordonstoun?
The wisest o' warlocks, the Morayshire chiel,
The despot o' Duffus an' frien' o' the Deil!"



Photo by]

THE DEER PARK, CASTLE GRANT.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The old residence of the chief of the Clan of Grant stands about a mile to the east of Grantown-*nn*-Spey, surrounded by broad forests of Scotch firs. The herds of deer are an added attraction to the beautiful park.

Legends surrounded his name innumerable. At Gordonstoun, in a lower chamber he had fitted up a forge, and watched the glowing embers, and watched and watched for seven long years. And then—wonder of wonders!—there appeared a little salamander. After seven years! *Montes laborant et nascitur ridiculus mus*. Was it worth all the waiting? Let us hope that Sir Robert found it so. Still, he was a friend of the Devil. They were boon companions, these two, and travellers passing Gordonstoun late at night would hear sounds of a merry carousal going on within. When the hour was late, the master of iniquity turned himself into a black steed, and with Sir Robert mounted on his back would career, *ventre à terre*, to Birnie and join in the frolics of the witches of that village.

Undoubtedly Sir Robert of Gordonstoun had sold his soul to the Devil. For one day, when

the loch was frozen, he told his coachman to drive across it, and while on the ice not to look over his shoulder. So the coachman whipped up his horses, and off they went, though the ice was very thin, so thin, in fact, "that it maunna be pressed. For it yields to the wecht o' the water-fowl's breast." But, *mirabile dictu*, it held firm, and carriage and horses got safely to shore! Safely? Not quite, for the good coachman, yielding to an impulse similar to that which dominated Lot's wife, turned and looked. As he looked a big black corbie flew off the back of the carriage; the ice gave way, and in they all went.

Listen to the terrible story of Sir Robert's death. He had sold his soul to the Devil. That we all know. On the night in which his debt had to be paid, he was drinking with the parson of



[Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

THE SPEY AT GRANTOWN.

The Spey enters the county about 3 miles south-west of Grantown, and turns north-east through the picturesque valley of Strathspey. The fact that the river is one of the most rapid in Scotland, is largely due to the fall of the bed, which averages about 14 feet per mile from Lach Spey to Grantown.

Duffus, and as the hands of the clock crept relentlessly towards the midnight hour he put them back half an hour. When the Devil appeared to claim his man Sir Robert pointed to the clock, demanding half an hour's respite. So the Devil, grumbling doubtless, went off, and the moment he was gone Sir Robert slipped out of the back door and ran as fast as he could to gain the churchyard of Birnie, in which sanctuary, so his friend the parson of Duffus declared, the Evil One could not claim him. The parson of Birnie met him on the way, and shortly after, when Sir Robert, divesting himself of coat and waistcoat, had run off as fast as he could, the Devil appeared, mounted on a huge black horse, with two fierce bloodhounds guarding him. The Devil asked the parson if he had seen anyone go by, to which the parson said he had not. Away went the Devil, with his horse and hounds, and then shrieks were heard through the cold and silent air. Then the trembling parson saw the rider and the horse appear, and across the



Photo by

CULBIN SANDS FROM THE EAST.

Between two and three hundred years ago the 3,600 acres of country once known as the Garden of Moray were completely wiped out by the drifting of the Culbin sandhills. The large numbers of mediæval relics that are constantly being dug up in the sandhills of this desert waste are evidences of the former extensive habitation of the barony.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd

saddle-bow lay the dead body of Sir Robert, with a hound hanging to his throat and a hound hanging to his thigh.

But this is not the end of the story. The Devil was very cross. "So," he cried to the parson of Birnie, "you thought to deceive me, but I have not missed my game. Had you told me the truth, no harm would have befallen you. As you have lied to me, prepare for a similar hunt at the same hour to-morrow." Next night, as the clocks struck twelve, a bugle was heard, and in the morning the parson of Birnie was found dead in a ditch.

Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonstoun was, as a matter of fact, a most accomplished man. He had studied abroad in various seats of learning, and invented a pump to raise water on board ship. Pepys, as Secretary to the Admiralty, has something to say about it. However, the Admiralty



Photo by

THE HALL, ALTYRE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Altyre is a large, well-wooded estate stretching on either side of the Altyre burn, to the south of Forres. The fine mansion house, built in the Italian style, has a good collection of armoury.

authorities refused to buy the secret. The costs of the experiment were paid for by James II from his privy purse. This was in 1686.

Elgin, apart from the cathedral, is a most attractive place on the Lossie, surrounded by pretty woods. It gained in its early days tremendously by the transference of the seat of the Moray See, as the presence of the new and beautiful cathedral, and the ecclesiastical authorities, gave what today's slang would call a boost to the sleepy inclinations of the little town. Forres, another old town, is about half the size, so far as population goes, of Elgin. The Wolf of Badenoch, who destroyed so much of Elgin Cathedral, also descended fiercely on Forres. Near Forres is Sweno's Stone, a very wonderful piece of sculptured stone. On one side there are five divisions, showing men in council, an army on the march, with horse and foot, the battle itself, the captives bound, and the warriors rejoicing in their victory. There are one or two more small towns or large villages in the county—



By permission of Messrs. John Harrop & Son

GOLTISHALL LOCK, NORFOLK.

The Norfolk Broad consists of several shallow lakes joined to the rivers by dykes. Some of the most beautiful are to be found along the River Bure, which is navigable between Aylsham and Yarmouth. Below the former town, however, there are several locks to be passed through. Goltishall is one of the picturesque villages on the river, 8 miles from Norwich.

Duffus in the fertile "Heart of Morayshire," with a ruined castle, Fochabers on the Spey, and Lossiemouth, on the Firth, now quite a popular watering-place.

Morayshire was always a great whisky-distilling county. Before 1826, when by an Act of George IV private stills were made illegal without licence, every farm had its still. Whisky was the drink of the people, like the cider of Normandy and Somerset and Devon. Beer, claret, and brandy were drunk by those who aspired to be considered gentry.

We read of a farm of the better class, where the two daughters worked not only indoors at the usual household tasks, but at the plough and sheep-shearing, corn winnowing, and cutting and drying of peat. From their own wool they made their own underclothing and spun. From their father,



Photo by

KINLOSS ABBEY, NEAR FORRES.

Valentine & Son Ltd.

About 2 miles from Forres, near the head of Findhorn Bay, are the small ruins of Kinloss Abbey, which was founded in 1150 by David I. For many hundreds of years the site was used as a quarry for building the houses in the vicinity.

they received every year six bushels each of barley, and the use of the bothy for a week to convert the grain into whisky.

With the country folk the almanac of the year was marked by the feasts of the Church.

Eastern's E'en was Shrove Tuesday, and the great amusement on that night was baking the "sautie bannock." This was a thick cake of eggs and milk and oatmeal, and, like the Christmas pudding, was at times the receptacle for a collection of odd things. There was the ring, for a wedding, the halfpenny, the farthing, the button. The one who baked the bannock had to preserve a strict silence, in the face of every inducement to speak, or she had to yield up her place.

On Beltane Day, or May Day, there was a great feast. There was no garlanded maypole for the young men and maidens to dance round, but there were bannocks to eat, special Beltane bannocks. Then the young people climbed the hill and rolled rocks down. If the rock broke, its unfortunate



Photo by]

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

SWENO'S STONE, FORRES.

There is some confliction of opinion as to the reason for the erection of this stone. One authority states that it commemorates a victory won here by Sweno, son of Harold, King of Denmark. The cross is 23 feet high, and is elaborately carved with the figures of warriors and animals.

owner would die before next Beltane feast. It seems to have been tempting Providence rather on such a day of general rejoicing. Perhaps the rocks were too hard to break. Then the bannocks were eaten, and a bit was left on the ground for the cuckoo, and a bit taken home to be dreamed upon. Was not Bella's cake cut up and passed through the ring at that wonderful wedding at Dingley Dell, and did not the young ladies save pieces to put under their pillows to dream of their future husbands on?

There is probably no ecclesiastical ruin in the British Isles as beautiful as Elgin Cathedral, and few have undergone so much brutality from the hands of savage men. The See of Moray originated in the twelfth century, a foundation of Alexander I. The bishop's seat shifted about for a time. Then it was fixed at Spynie, then the Pope Honorius changed it to a spot near the River Lossie. In 1224 Bishop Andrew started building the cathedral, which was to become "the Lantern of the North." In 1270 it suffered from fire, and a hundred and ten years later the "Wolf of Badenoch," in revenge for his excommunication by the bishop, fell upon the cathedral with a company of wild marauders and destroyed it, or as much as he could. The Wolf was ordered to help in the reconstruction by the King. The cathedral was, probably, at its zenith during the century between 1460 and 1560. Then came the beginning of the end. In 1508 the lead was stripped from the roof by Moray to pay his troops, and in 1637 a violent storm blew away the rafters. Three years later, the General Assembly ordered the destruction of the painted screen. The greatest tragedy was on Easter Day, 1711, when the central tower fell down.

A reconstruction of the cathedral would show a big nave and aisles, with transepts, choir, and lady chapel; in the centre a high tower and spire, springing from the crossing of the nave and transepts, two towers in the west end, and two turrets in the east end. The chapter house was later than the cathedral proper, and an octagonal building detached from the main body, with a vaulted roof and central pillar like the Westminster Chapter House, was the only one of its kind in Scotland. One is sometimes inclined to wonder why such beautiful ruins are not restored.

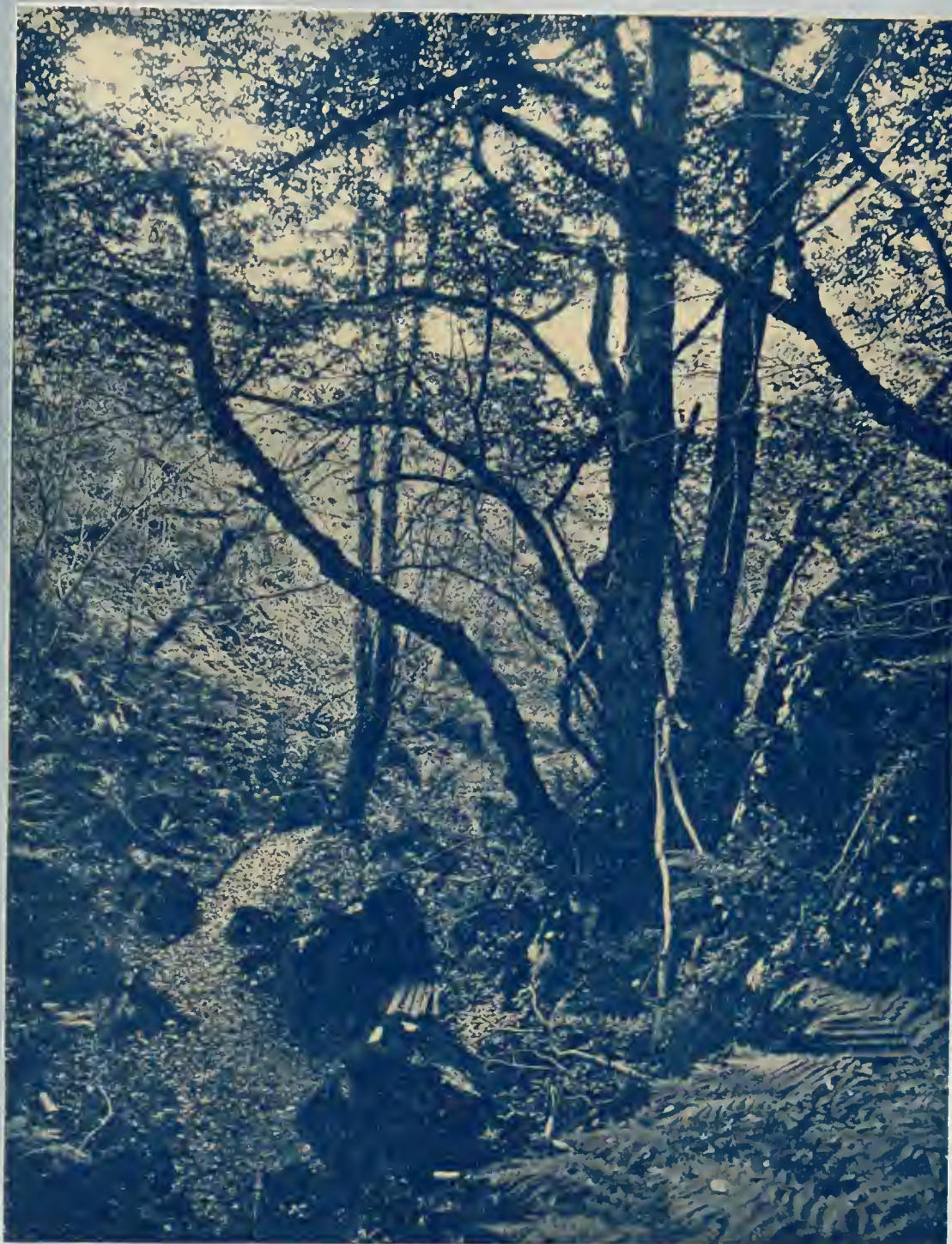


Photo by]

BEENIES HOLE, FORRES.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Forres gains a certain literary distinction from being the scene of part of one of Shakespeare's tragedies. It was on a "blasted" heath near the town that Macbeth and Banquo held intercourse with the three witches. The photograph shows a pretty woodland scene in the parish.



Photo by

RUINS OF CASTLE DUFFUS.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

A few broken walls are all that remain of the mediæval fortress of the Barons de Moravia. The ruins stand on an artificial mound on the north-west shore of the Loch of Spynie, 4 miles from Elgin. Originally the castle had a deep moat with a parapet and drawbridge.



Photo by

LOCH OF THE BLAIRS.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The sparsity of lakes in Morayshire is amply compensated for by the exceptional beauty of the few that are scattered over the county. This attractive little loch is situated 2½ miles south of Forres. The tall clump of firs forms a striking study in reflections.



Photo by]

A GENERAL VIEW OF NAIRN.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Commenting on the position of Nairn, exactly on the border-line between the Highlands and Lowlands, James VI avowed that he had "ae toon in Scotland, the toon o' Nairo, sac big that the inhabitants spake two different languages, and the folks at the ae end o't could not understand the folks at the ither."

NAIRNSHIRE

THE Gaelic original of the name Nairn is *uisge na-shearna*, meaning the water of alders, and the old name for the town was Invernarne, "inver" in Gaelic having the same meaning as "aber," that is to say, "at the mouth of" the River Nairn. In its earlier days it was part of the great province of Moray, as has been discussed in another article in *BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL*. So far as we are geographically concerned to-day, though William the Lion formed of it a definite sheriffdom, the final adjustment of Nairnshire's territories was made by the Boundary Commissioners in 1891, when the many anomalies of the detached portions of the shires of Nairn, Inverness, and Moray were put straight.

Nairn is a very small county, though not the smallest in Scotland, and the population is, proportionally, even smaller, only a little over 9,000. The density per square mile is 57, which is decidedly low when you consider that the density for the whole of Scotland is 150 per square mile. The climate is very mild, and there is not much snow. This mildness is, at first, surprising when you think



Photo by

ACHNEIM FALLS, NAIRN.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Although the parish of Nairn is mainly low and flat, as the photograph shows, it is not lacking in beauty spots. The capital of the county, Nairn, is a picturesque town on the Moray Firth at the mouth of a river of its own name.

how far north the county lies. The fact of the matter is that the prevailing winds are westerly, and these winds, usually associated with rain, before they reach the south coast of Moray Firth have lost a good deal of their moisture in their passage over the high hills. Their temperature, too, has increased owing to the condensation of vapour. These are what are called föhn winds. In the springtime there are, of course, frequent gales from the north-east, which play havoc with the new buds and early cereals.

You may divide Nairn into three portions. On the 9 miles of seaboard there is the sandy part.

Here the sand first cast up on the shore by the westward tidal drift became, as it dried, the plaything of the prevailing winds from the south-west, and was blown into large tracts of dunes, of which the Maviston Sand Hills near Lochloy are an interesting example. Within this sand-dune area is a fertile plain, and behind that the moors and mountains, typical Scottish Highland scenery, are reached. They are not great, these mountains, but of a good size. Carn Glas, the biggest, is 2,162 feet, and Carn nan trighearnan 2,013. With this great extent of moorland and forest it is not a matter for surprise that only 25 per cent. of the county is under cultivation, of which grass and clover form about two-fifths, and oats a very fair second. Barley, too, is largely cropped, and the farmers find a convenient local market in the distilleries.

Nairn, the county town, has not much to attract from an aesthetic interest. To-day a large part of its energies are directed to the entertainment of tourists. One particularly comprehensive guidebook describes it as "a favourite watering-place, having good sands, easily accessible, with bathing machines." The italics are our own. As the guidebook in question was published thirty years ago, it is to be hoped that the good burghesses of the royal borough of Nairn have swept these wheeled horrors of the mid-Victorian age into the limbo of things discreetly forgotten. Again, if Nairn appreciates as an honour the title of the "Brighton of the North," one can only murmur *quot homines tot sententia*. The golf links of Nairn are superb. Besides the principal eighteen-hole course, 3½ miles long, there are two nine-hole courses near the town. Golf is not exactly a new importation. In 1672 it was certainly played, and in 1797 a lease was granted by the local



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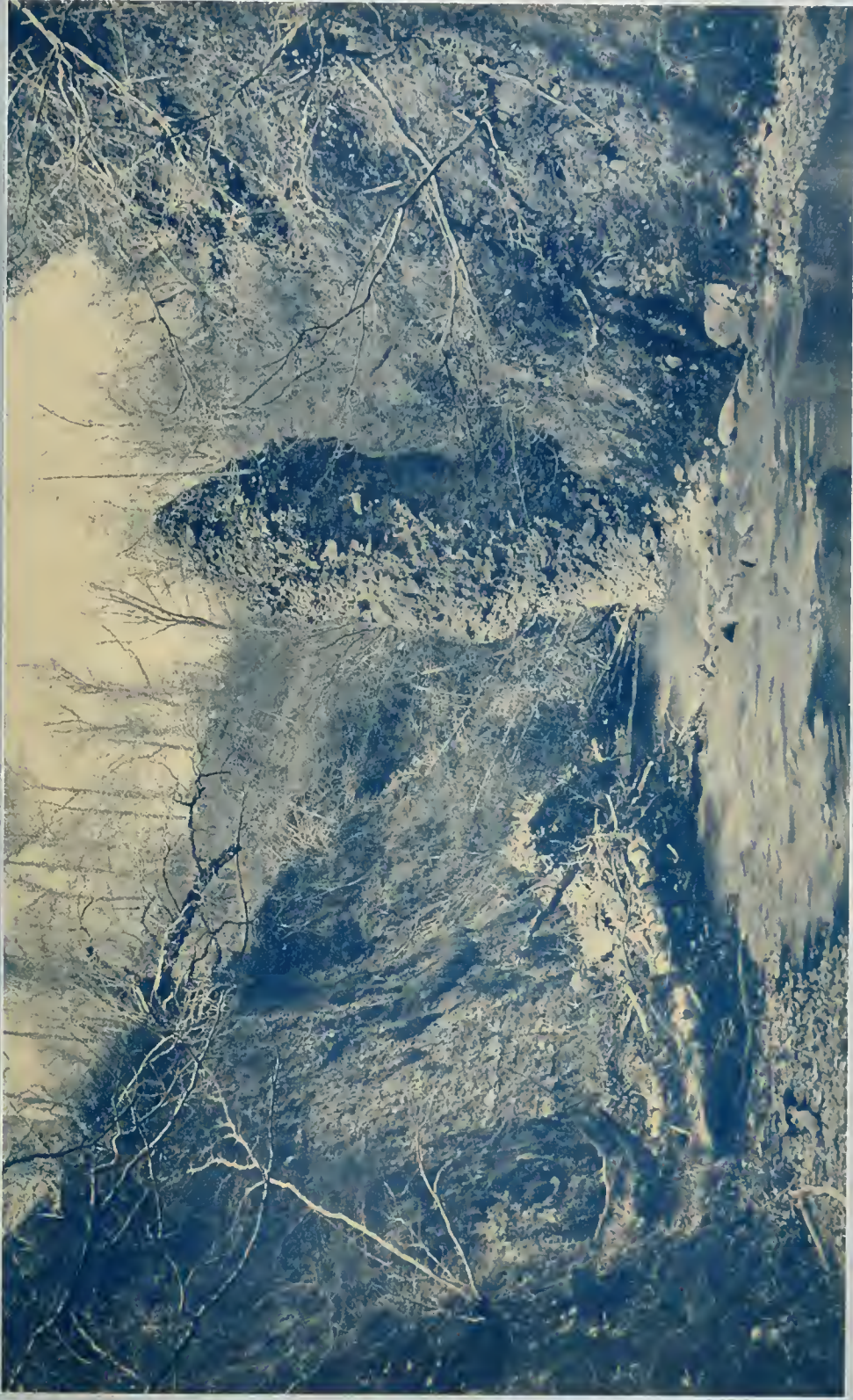


Photo by]

FAIRES' CASTLE, CAWDOR GLEN.

Some of the most romantic scenery in the county is to be found in the glen of the Cawdor or Calder, a picturesque affluent of the Nairn. This curious object is known locally as the Faires' Castle.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

DRAWBRIDGE, CAWDOR CASTLE.

The stately seat of the Earl of Cawdor, flanked by its great square tower, is rich with literary and historical associations. To quote Mr. Fraser Tytler, "The whole of Cawdor Castle is peculiarly calculated to impress the mind with a retrospect of past ages, feudal customs, and deeds of darkness. Its iron-grated doors, its ancient tapestry, hanging loosely over secret doors and hidden passages, its winding staircases, its rattling drawbridge, all inspire to excite the most gloomy imagery in the mind."

magistrates for grazing on the links, containing a condition that it was "not to prohibit gentlemen of the town or others from playing golf or walking on the whole links."

Forgetting the tourist element of Nairn and the bathing machines, which perhaps were only placed there to try us, let us gladly turn for a moment to the old Michaelmas Market. This was a special rejoicing for the children, who collected their fairings on Michaelmas Eve with a pretty song.

Cawdor Castle is magnificent, and, of course, well preserved. The present castle was built—the older parts, that is to say—in 1454, when James II of Scotland granted a royal licence to build to the Calders of Calder. There was, of course, an older building on the site, Calder Castle being mentioned in the Exchequer Rolls of 1308. To-day, with the many additions, there is the great



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

THE GATEWAY, CAWDOR CASTLE.

Besides its many historical associations the castle is also of great architectural interest. Almost untouched by any modern improvement, it remains to-day one of the finest specimens of a mediæval baronial mansion. It stands by the side of the Cawdor Burn and is surrounded on all sides by a mass of venerable oaks and other trees; hardly a more picturesque setting could have been chosen for this ancient fortress.

central keep, with battlements and towers, a moat and a drawbridge, and the gateway giving entrance to the small court is surmounted by a belfry. The Thane of Cawdor, when about to build his castle, was advised by the local wise man to load up a chest of gold on the back of an ass, and to drive to the first place where the ass should stop to rest, and there build his castle. So he did as the wise man advised, and built his castle round the stem of a hawthorn tree, and the tree, about 10 feet of it, remains in the lowest room in the tower.

In the older castle, of which, as has been said, nothing remains, Macbeth, Thane of Cawdor, murdered Duncan. This is a tradition carried into glorious perpetuity by Shakespeare, but there is no foundation of fact, nor is there any with the tradition that after the Battle of Culloden Moor,

8 or 9 miles away, old Lord Lovat concealed himself in Cawdor Castle. The old chief fled to Loch Morar in the extreme Western Highlands, and was taken in a little island of that lake.

Montrose shone at his brightest in Nairnshire, and at Aldearn, 4 miles from the town of Nairn, gained a brilliant victory over the Covenanters' army. Hurry, or Urry as the name has sometimes been spelt, was at Inverness with 3,500 foot and 400 sabres. Learning that Montrose was at Aldearn, Hurry marched his troops north and attacked on May 9, 1645. The fight was severe. Macdonell, against the orders of his chief, left his defences, and was in great risk of being completely routed by the Covenanting army. Montrose, quick to grasp a situation, and alert in his knowledge of men, cried to Lord Gordon, "What! Macdonell gaining the victory single-handed! Come, my



Photo by]

THE DUNGEON, CAWDOR CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The ancient tree seen growing out of this dungeon gives at least an appearance of truth to the interesting tradition that the founder was directed by a hermit to turn loose his ass with a chest of gold on its back and build his castle wherever it rested. After wandering about from thistle to thistle, the animal stopped under this very hawthorn, round which the tower of Cawdor was built.

Lord Gordon, is he to be allowed to carry all before him and leave no laurels for the house of Huntly?" Gordon waited no longer, dashed with a small party of horse to Macdonell's rescue, and turned the tide to victory.

A hundred years later Nairnshire was stirred by the final events of the Jacobite rising—the '45. The Duke of Cumberland gained Nairn on April 14, 1746. The Young Pretender's troops were on Culloden Moor, 12 miles south-west. The 15th was Cumberland's birthday, and, anticipating a night of revelry and slackening of discipline in the Royal army, the Jacobites embarked on a night march to catch the enemy unprepared. The attempt failed, the march was not completed, and Cumberland's troops were alert. The weary Highlanders retired to their old position on Culloden Moor. The result of the fight and the events following it are well known and do not belong to Nairnshire.



Photo by]

CAWDOR CASTLE FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Cawdor contests with Glamis and Inverness the claim to be the scene of the murder of Duncan by Macbeth, the Thane of Cawdor. That there is no historical foundation for this, as far as the present building at any rate is concerned, is proved by the age of the castle, which is in no part older than the fifteenth century.



By permission of

THE ERPINGHAM GATE, NORWICH.

Francis & Co., Norwich.

This handsome gateway was built by Sir Thomas Erpingham in 1420, and stands opposite the west front of the cathedral. In the moulding are thirty-eight statuettes in niches, and in a recess in the pointed arch is a kneeling figure supposed to be that of the builder.

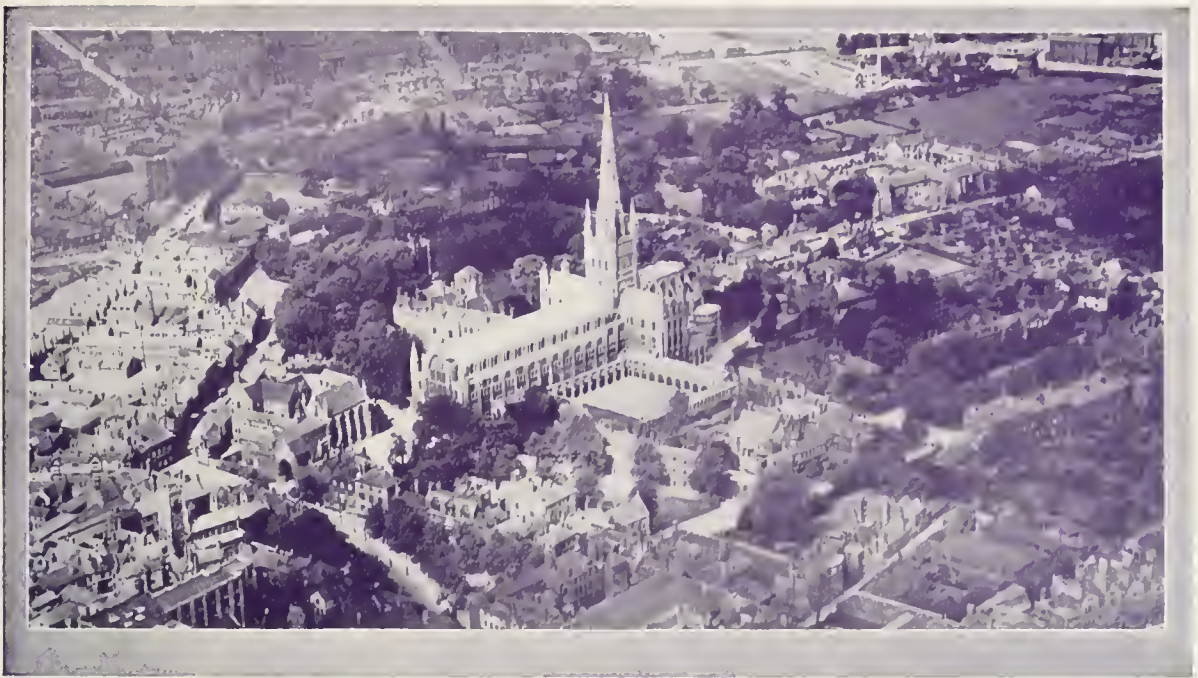


Photo by]

GENERAL VIEW OF NORWICH, SHOWING CATHEDRAL.

Aerofilms, Ltd.

Norwich is the capital of the county and a town of very great antiquity, having been one of the largest towns in the kingdom in Edward the Confessor's time. The beautiful cathedral was founded by Bishop de Lusinga in 1096, and its noble fourteenth-century spire is the loftiest of its period in England.

NORFOLK

IN a passage which has been quoted and re-quoted almost *ad nauseam*, but still retains all its truth and freshness, Fuller paid this county a compliment which was startling at the time it was written (seventeenth century), but now seems but a very appropriate advertisement :

"All England may be carved out of Norfolk, represented therein, not only to the kind, but degree thereof. Here are fens and heaths, and light and deep, and sand and clay ground, and meadow, and pasture, and arable, and woody, and (generally) woodless land, so grateful to this shire with the variety thereof. Thus, as in many men, though perchance this or that part may justly be cavilled at, yet all put together complete a proper person : so Norfolk collectively taken hath a sufficient result of pleasure and profit, that being supplied in one part which is defective in another."

More than a century ago the delights of Yarmouth were discovered as a "watering-place," and *David Copperfield* has made its features in the 'forties quite familiar to countless readers. But since then the time of summer invasion has swept up and round the coast, and the "Broads" have come to occupy a very special niche in the affections of holiday-makers. So in these times the county certainly cannot be regarded as despised or neglected, and this article will also



Photo by]

THE WEST CLOISTER, NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

S. T. Waters.

The fine cloisters were begun in 1297 by Ralph Walpole, but were not finally completed until many years later, by Bishop Alnwick. The beauty of the roof is enhanced by some exquisite groining, decorated with sculptured bosses.

hope to show what all the informed know already—that Norfolk has historical associations and archæological and architectural features of the highest general interest, and is a region full of entertainment for both the eye and mind of the ordinary Briton, whether in the purely holiday spirit or otherwise.

There are few more attractive towns in Great Britain, apart from its great architectural monuments, than Norwich, if only because it has preserved not a little of the appearance, and much of the atmosphere, of a mediæval town. Modern suburbs it has—or it would not play the important part it does in our economic life—but the ancient streets are still quaint, narrow, and tortuous, and there are enough old houses left to preserve an agreeable illustration of antiquity.



Photo by

THE STRANGERS' HALL, NORWICH.

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

The exact origin of this picturesque old building is unknown, but it dates from the fifteenth century, and has been in turn the residence of a merchant, a mayor, a judge, an Italian sculptor, and a banished priest. The rooms have now been preserved for the town and are filled with old English furniture.

An account of Norwich's historic monuments should certainly begin with the impressive Norman keep, which is the only substantial relic of the old castle. There can be little doubt that this massive structure was not the first stronghold on the site, though its predecessors were probably earthworks and natural fortifications rather than a "castle" in the ordinary sense of the word.

Externally this keep is a little disappointing, as a complete refacing has given it a glaringly modern appearance. Still, it is the mighty feudal structure which one of the Bigods erected, probably at the beginning of the twelfth century, and a splendid example of the military defensive art of the Normans. For two and a half centuries, though its story is on the whole uneventful, it performed the functions of a fortified residence, and then for more than five hundred years it was degraded to the purposes of a county gaol. A splendid museum is now housed both in the keep itself and the adjacent prison buildings.

Before the cathedral itself is dealt with, the two ancient gates which give access to its upper close deserve notice. One is named the Erpingham Gate, having been built by that valiant and worthy



Photo by]

THE CHOIR, NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

]. F. Frith & Co., Ltd

The choir was built chiefly by de Losinga and has some beautifully carved fifteenth-century stalls. In the south aisle of the presbytery are the tombs of Bishop Goldwell, Bishop Overall, and Sir William Boleyn, while in the centre is a slab marking the grave of the founder.



By permission of.

PULL'S FERRY, NORWICH.

The ancient water-gate known as Pull's Ferry is situated within the precincts of the cathedral, and originally formed part of the old wall that surrounded Norwich.

[Francis & Co., Norwich.

knight—a distinguished citizen of Norwich—Sir Thomas Erpingham. Some authorities assert that he erected it to purge his soul of the heinous “crime” of Lollardy, but it seems more probable that, with the honours of Agincourt still thick upon him, the knight merely desired to commemorate that astounding victory in worthy fashion.

The Ethelbert Gate is a century and a half older.

The cathedral is substantially a grand Norman church of the best period, though its most conspicuous feature, the lofty and beautiful spire, dates from the middle of the fourteenth century. But as it harmonises perfectly with the later work the admixture of styles may be said to be more effective than otherwise.



By permission of]

THE DOLPHIN INN, HEIGHAM, NEAR NORWICH.

[Francis & Co., Norwich

This picturesque old flint-faced house was formerly the residence of Bishop Hall, who died here in 1656. It has the date 1587 over the door, but parts of the building are much earlier.

Internally, the most impressive feature is the massive Norman nave, one of the best achievements of the reign of Henry I, and redeemed from any charge of excessive stolidity by a particularly elaborate and attractive Perpendicular roof. The choir and presbytery are of even earlier date than the nave, being the original work of Bishop Herbert de Losinga; but the appearance of the presbytery was greatly changed after the collapse of an earlier spire in 1362, when the work of restoration brought into existence an unusually beautiful clerestory in the Transitional Decorated style. An altogether exceptional feature of the choir is the magnificent series of Perpendicular stalls, among the very finest in the country.

The monuments are neither numerous nor, on the whole, of major interest, which is hardly surprising, seeing that the great church suffered very severely both at the time of the Reformation and during the First Civil War in the seventeenth century. But adjoining the cathedral is a tomb which could not be more hallowed even if it were in Westminster Abbey—the grave of the heroic Edith Cavell.

Before the other churches and civil monuments of the city are dealt with, it should be said that in mediæval times the city was famous for the number and splendour of the mansions of great county magnates.

But it may be said with every confidence that no other secular building of the city has ever equalled in magnificence that "old palace of the Dukes of Norfolk," over which Macaulay waxes so eloquent (see his *History*) in his description of Norwich in 1685. It was "in the heart of the city . . . and said to be the largest mansion in the kingdom out of London. In this mansion, to which were annexed a tennis-court, a bowling-green, and a wilderness stretching along the banks of the Wansum, the noble family of Howard frequently resided, and kept a state resembling that of petty sovereigns. Drink was served to guests in goblets of pure gold. The very tongs and shovels were of silver. Pictures



Photo by,

THE PULPIT, ST. NICHOLAS'S CHURCH, GREAT YARMOUTH.

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

St. Nicholas', which is nearly the largest parish church in England, was founded by Herbert de Losinga in 1101, on the site of an earlier Saxon church, but little of his building remains in the present edifice. The beautiful pulpit is an object of great admiration.

by Italian masters adorned the walls. Here, in the year 1671, Charles and his court were sumptuously entertained. Here, too, all comers were annually welcomed, from Christmas to Twelfth Night. Ale flowed in oceans for the populace. Three coaches, one of which had been built at a cost of five hundred pounds to contain fourteen persons, were sent every afternoon round the city to bring ladies to the festivities; and the dances were always followed by a luxurious banquet. When the Duke of Norfolk came to Norwich, he was greeted like a king returning to his capital. The bells of the Cathedral and of St. Peter Mancroft were rung; the guns of the castle were fired; and the Mayor and Aldermen waited on their illustrious fellow-citizen with complimentary addresses."

Among many churches of much architectural interest that of St. Peter Mancroft must be regarded as the chief; it is one of the finest in the country and a wonderful example of Perpendicular work on less than cathedral scale. Of ancient domestic buildings, too, there are several most interesting



By permission of

THE FISHERMEN'S REST, GREAT YARMOUTH.

In the eleventh century, the site of the present town of Yarmouth was nothing but a sandy islet at the mouth of the Yare; on it a few fishermen built their huts, and the settlement soon became a "greate store of sea farlinge men, as also of greate numbers of the fishermen of France, Flanders, and of Holland, Zealande, and of all the towne countries."

Francis & Co., Norwich.



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A MARSHLAND MILL NEAR GREAT YARMOUTH.

Yarmouth is one of the "gateways" to the Broads, and in its neighbourhood there is a wide expanse of marshland. The old-fashioned way of draining this land was with the aid of windmills, but the modern pumps are usually driven by steam and discharge the waters out of the marsh dykes into the rivers.

[Francis & Co., Norwich.

specimens, notably the Guildhall and St. Andrew's Hall, the latter particularly curious as being the nave of a monastic church which the good folk of Norwich bought from the king for civic purposes at the time of the Dissolution. Equally interesting in its way is the fifteenth-century "Strangers' Hall.

Norwich's "lung," Mousehold Heath (rather less "heath"-like since adorned with a barracks and gaol), is an area of great historical interest. For it was the "vallie called Dussin dale" here which witnessed the final scene of Robert Ket's tragic rebellion, the chief event of national importance in the history of the county. The story is told at great length, and most picturesquely, in Holinshed's *Chronicles*, and from it we will borrow the account of the climax on August 27, 1549. The "Earle of Warwike," with his force of "Almans" (German mercenaries), offered pardon to the rebels, which



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EVENING ON THE YARE.

[Francis & Co., Norwich.]

The Yare rises near Shipham and has a course of about 50 miles. It is connected by narrow channels with the Rockland and Surlingham Broads, and near Yarmouth it widens out into a fine estuary $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, known as Breydon Water. The photograph shows two typical Norfolk wherries, near Reedham.

they rejected, and "put themselves in order of battell, in such manner, that all the gentlemen which had been taken prisoners, and were kept in irons for starting awaie, were placed in the fore ranke of their battell, coupled two and two together, to the end they might be killed by their owne friends that came to seeke their deliverance: but yet as God would have it, the most part of them were saved. Miles, the maister gunner among the rebels, levying a piece of ordinance, shot it off, and stroke him that carried the Kings standard in the thigh, and the horsse through the shoulder.

"The earle of Warwike and others sore grieved therewith, caused a whole volie of artillerie to be shot off at the rebels: and herewith capteine Drurie with his owne band, and the Almans or lance-knights, whether ye list to call them, on foot, getting neere to the enimies, hailed them with their harquebut shot so sharplie, and thrust forward upon them with their pikes so stronglie, that they brake

them in sunder. The gentlemen, who (as we have said) were placed in the fore ranke, found meanes (as good hap was) to shrinke aside, and escaped the danger for the more part, although some indeed were slain by the Almans, and other that knew not what they were. The light horsmen of the kings part herewith gave in amongst them so roundlie, that the rebels not able to abide their valiant charge, were easilie put to flight, and with the foremost their grand capteine Robert Ket galloped awaie so fast as his horse would beare him. The horsmen following in chase, slue them downe on heapes, ever still as they overtooke them; so that the chase continuing for the space of three or foure miles, there were slaine to the number of three thousand five hundred at the least: beside a great multitude that were wounded as they fled here and there ech waie forth, as seemed best to serve their turne for their most speedie escape out of danger."



Photo by]

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

THE BREAKWATER, GORLESTON.

Gorleston is a seaside resort pleasantly situated at the mouth of the Yare, a little to the south of Yarmouth. The south breakwater protecting the harbour is used as a promenade.

Yarmouth, in the extreme south-east corner of the county, is, of course, so well known that, like a good wine, it needs no bush, whether you take it as the most popular of popular watering-places on the east coast, or as correspondingly famous as a fishing port. In both its characters Yarmouth deserves its fame. But let us consider another side of its character, and go back to the days when King John gave over the jurisdiction of the old borough to the Cinque Port barons. The seafaring men of the port at the mouth of the Yare objected to this Norman invasion of what they considered their rights, and gave their newly appointed overlords a welcome similar in nature to the welcome these same Normans had received and were to receive elsewhere in England and Wales, and "to a succession of bloody feuds fought out by sea and land when and wherever the seamen of Yarmouth and those of the south ports encountered, causing lamentable loss of life and destruction to shipping, and originating a continuous succession of lawsuits." So Nall describes it. Nominally, at any rate, the Cinque Ports carried on their job with more or less success, probably the latter, until the year 1662, when they



Photo by]

CAISTER CASTLE, NEAR YARMOUTH.

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

This old castle was founded by Sir John Fastolf, who died in 1459, leaving it to John Paston. The Duke of Norfolk asserted his rights to the fortress and, with might and bloodshed, threw out the Pastons. On the death of the Duke, six years later, they regained possession and lived in the castle until 1599, when Clement Paston built Oxnead Hall.



By permission of]

OLD MARKET CROSS, WYMONDHAM.

Wymondham is a busy, market town of about 5,000 inhabitants, 9 miles from Norwich. This curious wooden market cross was built in 1616. In 1863 it was restored and now serves as a public library.

[Francis & Co., Norwich.

apparently tired of the unequal struggle, and King Charles II permitted them to hand over their responsibilities, and leave the tough burghesses of Yarmouth to their very good selves.

In passing, it is worth noting that Yarmouth is entitled "Great" not from a puffed-out feeling of self-importance brought into being by swelled receipts in the way of pier tolls or bathing-machine profits, nor from any superior desire to distinguish itself from the modest, but charming, little sister in the Isle of Wight. Yarmouth's high-sounding title was due to none of these things, but was given in a charter from Henry III.

The town seems to have had a good strain of East Anglian tenacity, for they somewhat rashly got up against, in modern phrase, their powerful neighbour, Norwich. This, it appears, was due to the



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THE ABBEY CHURCH, WYMONDHAM.

Francis & Co., Norwich.

The fine double-towered church at Wymondham was originally part of a Benedictine priory founded in 1107 by William d'Albini, chief butler to Henry I. Of the original abbey, only the central tower—now the east—and part of the nave remain; the west tower having been added in the fifteenth century.

green-eyed monster. Norwich had been granted a wool staple, and Yarmouth had not; hence the jealousy. It did them no good in the end, and their efforts to put all difficulties in the way of Norwich enjoying the benefits of her staple were dropped. Yarmouth was a powerful stronghold. Glorious are the words of Thomas Nashe, himself an East Anglian, in describing the fortifications: ". . . sixteen towers upon them, mounts underponging and inflanking them, which have their thundering tools to compel Diego Spaniard to duck, and strike the wind cholic into his paunch, if he prance too near them, and will not veil to the Queen of England." Good stuff for the birthplace of men who played such a lusty part in driving the dago off the seas. Great and gallant words these, worthy of Harry of Monmouth on that famed St. Crispin's Day of undying memory. There were many staunch men of Yarmouth, and well commanded, who fought at Sluys, and many were the well-manned Yarmouth ships that sailed

from Yarmouth to the siege of Calais. Cromwell's able lieutenant, Ireton, commanded troops there at the beginning of the Civil War; Charles II and William of Orange both visited it, and after the great victory of the Nile, Horatio Nelson, most glorious of Norfolk men, landed. This was in 1800, on the 6th of November.

The ninety-mile semicircle of Norfolk's coastline, starting with Yarmouth in the south-east corner, rubbing shoulders with the neighbouring county of Suffolk, to the River Nene and Wingland Marsh and the sand-banked Wash, invite a peregrination that is somewhat irresistible. Speaking generally, this coastline, always interesting and always varied, can be divided into more or less clearly marked sections. First from the Yare to Happisburgh there are sand-dunes and low-lying country behind them, many



By permission of

OLD COTTAGES, EAST DEREHAM.

[Francis & Co., Norwich.

East Dereham is full of historic interest, and not least in attraction are these old cottages, dated 1502. George Borrow was born close by, and Cowper the poet died here, while in the bell tower, south of the church, built at the beginning of the fifteenth century, French prisoners were at one time lodged.

parts of it below spring-tide level, and liable to floods. At Happisburgh the cliffs start, rising to a considerable height at Trimmingham, but beyond Sheringham sloping down to the shingle and sand of the north coast, and then the mud flats of the west, on the Wash.

Caister is, of course, of Roman origin, though there is nothing save the name to indicate the fact. The old brick castle of Sir John Fastolf is in a very decent state, so far as ruins go. The circular tower remains and a good length of wall. The indications are of a quadrangle, with a wide moat. Sir John Fastolf was a gallant knight who fought at Agincourt, and lived, when in office, near the priory church of St. Mary Overie in Southwark, but retiring, went home to his Caister Castle, which he was then building. However, he only lived six years to enjoy it, and later on Caister passed to the Pastons. Then Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, held it, and afterwards the Pastons got it back.



By permission of]

THE PRIORY, CASTLE ACRE.

[The Underwood Press Service

From an archaeological point of view Castle Acre is undoubtedly one of the most interesting places in Norfolk. Of greater importance than the castle are these magnificent ruins of a Clunian priory, founded by William de Warrenne, Earl of Surrey, in 1085. This photograph of the south-west tower shows part of a fine arch and some good interlaced work.



Photo by

THE PRIORY HOUSE, CASTLE ACRE.

Herbert Felton.

This old building stands within the priory grounds, close to the old surrounding wall, the ruins of which can be seen in the photograph. Formerly the residence of the Prior, it is now inhabited by the caretaker.

Eventually it was sold to a Londoner—this would be well on in the seventeenth century—for £6,500, something in the neighbourhood of £40,000 in to-day's reckoning, so that, apart from the powerful castle, the manor must have been extensive.

Winterton is in our sand-duney area, with a tall lighthouse, for Winterton Ness has a bad name with seafaring folk. Defoe described how the farmers built their barns and stables with the "old planks, beams, wales, and timbers, etc., the wrecks of ships, and ruins of mariners' and merchants' fortunes." Eccles, some 10 miles farther up the coast, has suffered tremendously from coast erosion, having been reduced, it is said, from two thousand to two hundred acres.



Photo by

OXBOROUGH HALL.

[H. N. King.

Oxborough Hall, 3 miles east of Stoke Ferry, has been the seat of the Bedingfeld family since it was built in the fifteenth century, except for a short period during the Commonwealth, when the mansion was seized by the Parliament. The fine turreted gatehouse, which forms the entrance to the castle, is reached by a modern bridge across the mead

Happisburgh, or, as it is locally pronounced, Haseboro', has a fine church, rich in architectural and decorative ornament. The tower is a tall landmark. Jonathan Balls, a poisoner of some notoriety in his day, found a resting-place in the churchyard. His body was exhumed in the middle of last century for some reason or other, and a poker and a piece of cake, or the remains thereof, were found in his hands; a wish of his own, so the story runs. It is curious how the wish to be buried with *something*, whatever it may be, a ring, or some food and drink, has come down through the centuries. Our poisoner, Jonathan Balls, apparently wanted food and a weapon. On the reverse of the medal we can remember the Barbadian negro who, when in 1812 the island was buried in powdered lava from an eruption in a neighbouring island, and the inhabitants, intensely religious to a man, thought the day of judgment was come, had stolen a knife, and fearing to come before the Throne with it in his hand,



Photo by]

CASTLE RISING.

[A. H. Robinson.

The castle dates from 1176, and was probably built by William d'Albini. It has passed through many hands and was for long the property of the Crown, during which time Queen Isabella, widow of Edward II, was imprisoned here for 27 years. The roofless keep is said to be the finest remaining Norman fortress in the county.

crept into the sea and flung it far from him. The analogy is far drawn, but it is the same curious belief that worldly objects can be carried beyond the grave.

Mundesley, before the railway was extended from North Walsham, was a village with crumbling cliffs, and small accommodation for visitors, with the vivid memory to the present writer, at any rate, of a mill in whose dam fat perch fell an easy prey to a boy's line, and eels abounded. Now, with the railway, it has become glorified into Mundesley-on-Sea, and is popular, deservedly so, for the air blows fresh and pure from the cornfields, or invigoratingly salt from the sea. Children, too, are as happy



Photo by]

THE SOUTH GATE, KING'S LYNN.

[A. H. Robinson.

King's Lynn is the third largest town in Norfolk and was formerly a seaport town of considerable importance, owing to its position near the mouth of so many navigable rivers. This fine gate dates from 1440, and originally formed part of the wall that surrounded the town.

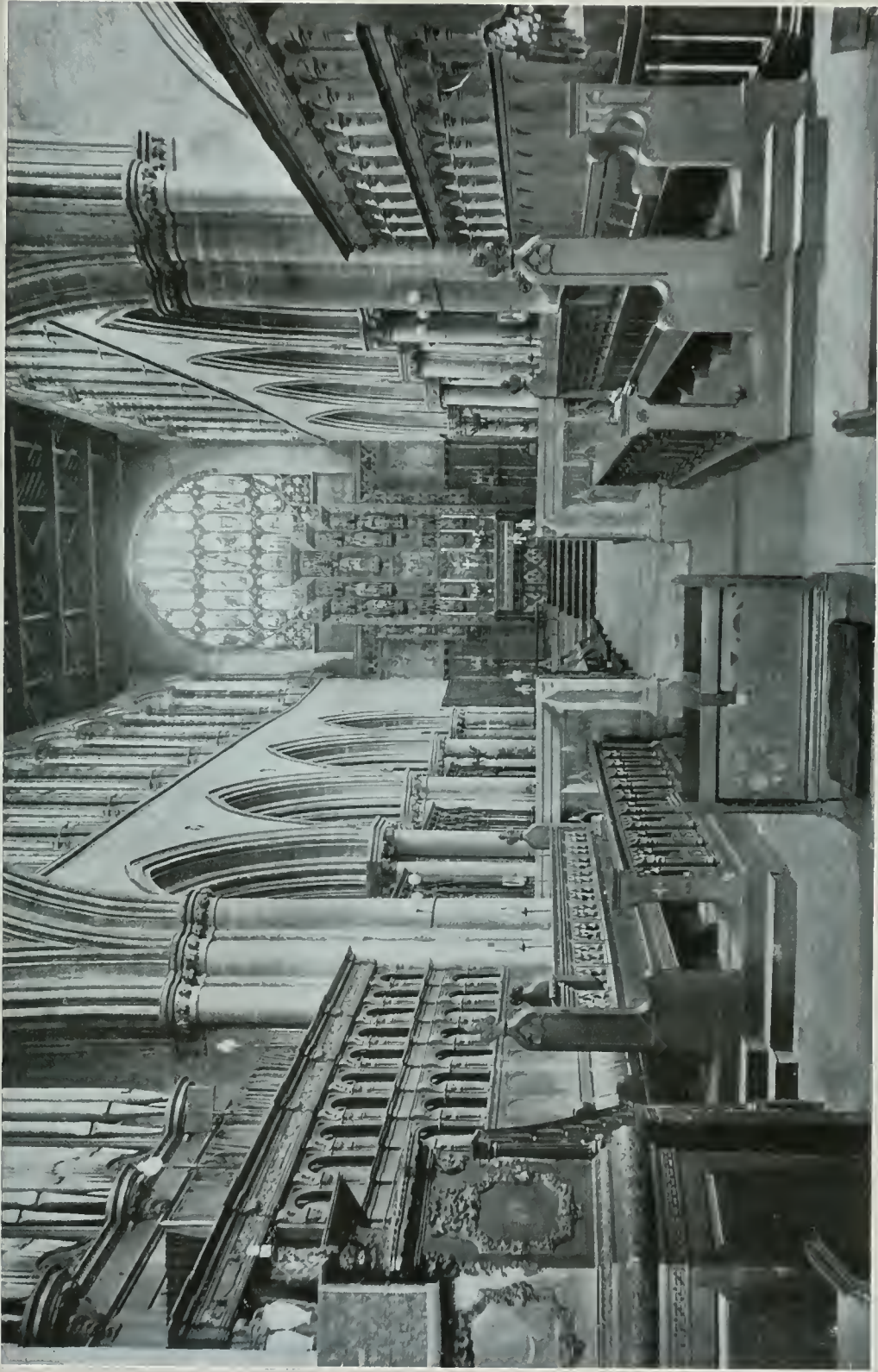


Photo by]

INTERIOR, ST MARGARET'S CHURCH, KING'S LYNN.

The church of St. Margaret was founded in the reign of William II by Herbert de Losinga, the Bishop of Norwich, and once belonged to a Benedictine priory, which stood to the south of it. In the south-west tower are the well-known brasses to Adam de Walsoken and Robert Braunche. The photograph shows the fine arcading of the Early English piers in the chancel.

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.



Photo by

SANDRINGHAM HOUSE.

[Aerofilms, Ltd.]

In 1861 Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, bought the Sandringham estate from the Hon. Spencer Cowper. The house, being unsuitable for a royal residence, was pulled down and the present building erected to the designs of Humbert. The beautiful estate embraces six parishes and covers an area of about 7,000 acres.



Photo by

THE CLIFFS AT HUNSTANTON.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Within the last forty years Hunstanton has risen to be one of the largest resorts in Norfolk. These tall cliffs are of great interest to the geologist on account of the different strata of chalk of which they are composed.

as happy children can be—beyond which there is no diviner Elysium—on the sands and in the shallows when shrimps most obligingly wriggle into small nets, and horrid jellyfish have the manners to absent themselves. The North Sea, remorseless and undeterred by piers and groynes, has worked its will on Mundesley. Particularly, of late years, in the winter of 1908, a storm destroyed one of the larger groynes, and attacking the low cliffs at their base threatened the church and the houses near the edge. Mundesley may be called the centre of a pleasing group of villages, nearly all of which can produce something to attract the visitor, whether he be on antiquities bent or seeking to pass a pleasant hour in bygone ways. At Bacton there are the ruins of Bromholm, a Cluniac priory of 1113 with William de Glanville as its founder, for a time under the spiritual wing of Castle Acre, 30 miles away to the west. Early stories tell of a piece of the True Cross stolen by an English chaplain of Baldwin from Constantinople. He offered it, at a price, to the Benedictines of St. Albans, who refused; perhaps they



Photo by]

ON THE RIVER AT FAKENHAM.

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

Fakenham is a small market town standing on the slope of a hill 12 miles north of East Dereham. The photograph shows a pretty stretch of the River Wensum, which passes through the town.

had their doubts as to its genuine origin. He succeeded at last in finding a purchaser in the Prior of Bromholm, and to this relic many and wonderful miracles were attributed, so that Bromholm acquired great fame. Then there is Paston, a little parish a couple of miles from Mundesley, with a station on the new North Walsham—Mundesley line, giving its name to the great Paston family. Other villages round Mundesley are catalogued in an old jingle. Like all rhymes of this sort, there are plenty of different versions:

“Trimingham, Gimingham, Knapton and Trunch,
Northrepps and Southrepps lie all in a bunch.”

The rows of winged angels decorating the hammer-beam roof of the church at Knapton, close to Bacton, are the principal, and a very strong, attraction to the discerning visitor; and a Greek inscription on the cover of the font, which, rendered into English, means, “Wash Thou, not only my face, but my

transgressions," is what the makers of puzzles call a palindrome, that is to say, a sentence that can be read literally forwards and backwards. Trunch has a church with a hammer-beam roof and a rather remarkable wooden baptistry, a detailed and careful account of which is given by Mr. Bryant in his volume on *Norfolk Churches*. Of the other villages named in our jingle Trimmingham deserves



Photo by

F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

THE FONT, ST. MARY'S CHURCH, WALSINGHAM.

The Perpendicular font in St. Mary's Church is beautifully carved with the Seven Sacraments and is the finest example of its kind in Norfolk. Before the Reformation, the shrine of "Our Lady of Walsingham" was visited by pilgrims from all over Europe. The shrine was a wooden chapel modelled on the Sancta Casa at Nazareth, and is said to have contained a flask of the Virgin's milk, a joint of one of St. Peter's fingers, and a jewel called a toadstone. After the Dissolution the Virgin's image was taken to Smithfield and burnt.

an honourable mention for its high cliffs, the highest in the county. On the rood-screen of the church are the figures of several saints, Cecilia and Clare, Petronilla and Edmund, and John the Baptist. There was a head of the Baptist in Trimmingham Church at one time, but it has disappeared in the passing years. To it much devotion was paid. Thus in the will of one Alice Cook of Horstead we can find the passage: "I wyll have a man to go a pilgrimage to S. John hys hede of Trymyngham."

Cromer speaks for itself, and little need be said for it here. It is undoubtedly as a watering-place that it shines, and it does that as well as, if not better than, any other place of its kind in the county. The coastline hereabouts veers to the west, and the few miles of cliff scenery between Cromer and Sheringham have gained the name of "Poppy Land."

"In my Garden of Sleep
Where the poppies
are bred,
I wait for the living
Alone with the dead."

Perhaps the words of the most popular song of the last century, or at least the latter half of it, are

sentimental in the extreme, perhaps in the matter-of-fact surroundings of to-day they may cloy; still, their remembrance has brought back to many a vision of blue sea at the foot of crumbling brown cliffs, and of yellow waving corn, with poppies, flashing, glinting, sparkling, scarlet-yellow in their midst.





Photo by

EAST WINDOW, WALSINGHAM ABBEY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

This photograph shows the ruins of the east window of the church of the Augustinian priory that formerly stood here. Besides portions of the refectory and a restored Early Decorated west window, traces of the old abbey also exist which are embodied in the modern building bearing its name.

Sheringham is like Cromer, a beautifully situated resort for tired men and happy holiday-making children, with famous golf-links for the former, and crystal pools full of the most delicious sea mysteries for the latter. There is a great advantage possessed by Cromer and Sheringham, and, indeed, all other places looking north, or in their particular case north-east, in that there is never any of that eye-straining glare on the sea from the sun that is the unenviable but inevitable companion of the places on the south coast. All who have had much experience of this dreadful sun glare rejoice in the softness to the eye of the sea on this part of the Norfolk coast.

At Sheringham, or a little beyond, what we may call the cliff section of the Norfolk coast ends, and slopes gradually down to the marshy coast, the salt and the "meal" marshes. Weybourn, Salthouse, and Cley are all interesting villages in this area. At Cley there were once a fair bay and a harbour, but the sea drove in the sand and blocked them up. A little farther, from Blakeney to Wells, there are long stretches of marsh—meal marsh it is called here—with little winding tidal creeks, sand hills, and sandy and shingle banks.

Wells-next-the-Sea is a nice little place, quite small, with its harbour for the berthing of small vessels loading the usual cargoes of corn; a fishing town, too, in a small way. There is a story of fourteen unfortunate people who came to Wells from Spain, who died at the hands, deliberately or not, of one Mother Gabley, "by the boyling, or rather labouring of certeyne eggs in a poyle full of colde water." Westward much land has



By permission of] **OVERY MILL, BURNHAM OVERY.** [Francis & Co., Norwich.
Burnham Overy is the name of a parish in the north-west of Norfolk, 1 mile east of Burnham Market. The cluster of villages in this district bearing similar names is popularly known as the "Seven Burnhams."



By permission of] **A CORNER OF THE HARBOUR AT BLAKENEY.** [Francis & Co., Norwich.

This pretty little village is situated on the coast, $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles north-west of Holt, close to a long stretch of salt marshes abounding in wildfowl. Its harbour is now only of sufficient depth to accommodate small coasting vessels, as it has become partly blocked by sandbanks.

been reclaimed from the sea, and from this northern coast of Norfolk have come four great sailors. Nelson was, as every schoolboy knows, born at Burnham Thorpe. His father was rector of the village, but the admiral's actual birthplace has been pulled down. Cockthorpe, on the east side of Wells, produced Sir Cloudesley Shovel and Sir John Narborough, and Sir Christopher Minns hailed from

Blakeney; at least, his name appears on the register of that parish, though Cockthorpe claims him as well. Sir Cloudesley Shovel had a great career of fighting, and ended his days on the Bishop rocks of the Scilly Islands, in the frigate *The Association*, in 1707, which foundered with eight hundred men.

Besides Burnham Thorpe, there are a group of Burnhams lying, like Trimmingham, Gimingham, and company, "all in a bunch," hovering round the skirts of the largest—Burnham Market. Burnham Overy, on a little tidal estuary, is Burnham Market's port. The "Overy" may be "of the ferry"; we get it in St. Mary Overy, now Southwark Cathedral. Burnham Deepdale is on another little estuary. Burnham Sutton is part of Burnham Market, as is Burnham Ulph. Burnham Norton once had a Carmelite



By permission of

[Francis & Co., Norwich.

THE PORCH, ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, CLEY.

Like Blakeney, Cley, its neighbour, has suffered from the incursions of the sea. The old church exhibits two distinct styles of architecture and has many features of great interest. In the south porch are the arms of Richard II impaling those of Anne of Bohemia. The moulding of the jambs is beautifully decorated with the Agnus Dei, and the arms of England and of several well-known Norfolk families.

friary, of which a gateway is left, and near Burnham Thorpe is Creake Abbey, a thirteenth-century Augustinian foundation. An interesting little family these Burnhams, and judging by their admirable churches inspired with a strong faith.

Hunstanton makes an appeal to the holiday-maker and the geologist. For the first there is the



Photo by]

THE ROAD TO PRETTY CORNER, NEAR SHERINGHAM.

Commanding a wide expanse of coastal scenery and having a background of woods and gorse-covered hills, it is not unnatural that Sheringham is considered one of the most picturesque seaside towns on the coast.

F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

new, or comparatively new, watering-place with *tout ce qu'il faut* for such amusement and entertainment as he craves. Naturally, it is all very new. For the geologist and antiquarian there is the chalk cliff in four layers. The oldest and, naturally, the lowest, is the Red Rock, then the Hard Chalk, and above them the Middle and Upper Chalks. In the Wash, and stretching over to Lincolnshire, is a submarine forest. This is not the only example on the Norfolk coast. It is considered, however, that the Cromer forest beds were not actual forests submerged by the sea, but masses of driftwood floating down some big river—an undoubted authority, Mr. F. W. Harmer, suggests the Rhine, when England was united with the mainland—and deposited on the broad muddy banks. To a geologist a million years are as the events of a week ago, but to the unlearned these things suggest at times the most vivid flights of



By permission of

THE NORFOLK COAST AT WEST RUNTON.

[The Underwood Press Service.

Unlike the northern part of East Anglia, most of the coast between Yarmouth and Sherlingham is bordered by sandhills and cliffs. To the west of Cromer the coast road passes through some of the finest upland scenery in the county. Two and a half miles away is the small village of West Runton, attractive in its quiet seclusion from the busy gaiety of the neighbouring town.

imagination. To most of us the history of the coast erosion, and the come and go of the Wash's sandbanks from the days of John's disastrous passage, is sufficient. Still, happy is the geologist who can say, "A million years ago England and Germany were one." And we weave romances on the lost Atlantis!

Lynn Regis, or King's Lynn as it is usually named to-day, is about 12 miles from the sea—the Wash, that is to say. An old-walled town, it was at one time encompassed by a deep trench, with four small rivers running through it, and many bridges. There was, too, a royal fortress on the north side, St. Anne's fort, whose lusty armament consisted a hundred years ago of twelve eight-pounder guns. A historian in the reign of the last George describes the tide as flowing more than 20 feet perpendicularly, and if at these times there happen to be a north-east wind, it brings the tide up with such rapidity "as



From the Painting by

LINDISFARNE, NORTHUMBERLAND.

Lindisfarne or Holy Island is an island only at high tide, when it is cut off from the mainland by a narrow channel. St. Aidan founded a monastery here in 635, but it was destroyed in the ninth century, and a Benedictine priory - of which the ruins remain to-day - was built on its site about 200 years later. There is also a small sixteenth-century castle, erected by Prior Castell of Durham.

to force the ships from their moorings, though they lie at ten miles distance from the ocean, and it has been known to flow a considerable way into the Tuesday's market place." A powerful flow that would appear to vie with the Parrett in Somerset, where the tidal wave carries all before it for some twenty miles.

The obvious origin of the name Lynn, written in Domesday as Leva and Lun, in the British Llyn. This is, curiously, disputed by one recognised authority, who traces it to the Saxon Len, a farm or tenure in fee. Whether the place is really of great antiquity is doubtful; at any rate, at the Conquest it was a prosperous town enough, with a valuable salt industry of no less than thirty pans. The town at the time of the Confessor enjoyed certain customs and duties, and, another proof that it was by no means a town of no consequence, a mint. Jews lived here in the days of Richard and John, and flourished financially, though they had, as was usual in those times, a pretty rough time. Still, they



Photo by]

EAST RUNTON.

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

This photograph shows the pretty village of East Runton, which lies to the west of Cromer. This neighbourhood has come to be known as Poppyland, owing to the large number of these red flowers which grow among the corn.

were allowed considerable privileges, for which, needless to say, they had to pay heavily. One can only imagine that it was worth their while. Certainly when we think of the wealthy Jews of romance—*Shylock*, the *Jew of York* in *Ivanhoe*, the *Jew of Malta* of Marlowe and others—we are inclined to wonder where it all came in.

Before the year 1741, St. Margaret's Church was one of the largest parish churches in the country. A storm blew down the tall spire in 1741 and destroyed the middle aisle. The old spire was 258 feet high. There are many monuments and inscriptions, and one, an epitaph on a stone in the churchyard ought not to be omitted. It is to the cook of the Corporation of Lynn, who died in 1684:

“Alas! alas! Will Scrivenor's dead, who by his art
Could make Death's skeleton edible in each part.

Mourn, squeamish stomachs, and ye curious palates,
 You've lost your dainty dishes, and your salades.
 Mourn for yourselves, but not for him i' th' least,
 He's gone to taste of a more heavenly feast."

Shades of Vatel and the glorious dinners at Fouquet's house at Vincennes! Could Vatel himself *secundum artem* "make Death's skeleton edible in each part!"

Norfolk, being a county of innumerable evenly distributed villages, it is not surprising that the religious activity of the early mediæval times was vigorous. The *Victoria Counties History* gives a list of 66 religious houses proper 41 hospitals, 7 colleges, and 9 alien houses. Of these Thetford, the seat of the ancient East Anglian diocese, had no fewer than 11 religious houses, Norwich 18, of which 14 were



Photo by

THE CLIFFS FROM GOLF LINKS, CROMER.

[J. H. Robinson.

On either side of Cromer the cliffs are constantly suffering from erosion, and it is not unusual for some hundreds of tons of earth to fall to the beach in the landslides which sometimes occur. Old Cromer and Shipden both disappeared in this way.

hospitals, mainly quite small, and 10 others, one of which was a curious and little frequented order. This was the order of the Friars of the Sack, or De Penitentia. It was a small order and never flourished, or, so far as one can gather, showed any sign of flourishing. On the suppression in France in 1203 the Monks of the Sack were forced to become Austin Friars, and in England the order ceased in 1317 and the members joined the mendicants. Another unusual order was that of the Premonstratensian Canons. The name is rather a mouthful, and there were three of these— at West Dereham, founded by Hubert Walter, later to be Archbishop of Canterbury, in the year 1188, at Langley, and Wendling. The founder of this order was Sir Robert FitzRoger Helke, Lord of Langley and Sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk in 1192.

Next to Norwich, Thetford is, without doubt, the most interesting town in the county, not merely ecclesiastically, but from the usual historical standpoints. In all probability it was in Roman times



Photo by

SUNK GARDEN, THE PLEASANCE, OVERSTRAND.

Overstrand is a small village resort a little to the south of Cromer. As at many of the coast towns in Norfolk, the sea has taken its toll, for during the reign of Richard II its church was swallowed up by the sea. This beautiful sunk garden is one of the finest of its kind in Norfolk.

F. Frith & Co., Ltd.



Photo by

THE HIGH STREET, CROMER.

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.]

Although Cromer is not so large as other of the East Anglian resorts, it has a greater charm to many on account of its beautiful surroundings. The photograph shows the picturesque old main street, dominated by the battlemented tower of a fine Perpendicular church.

the capital of the Iceni, and under the Saxons it was certainly the principal town of the eastern part of the heptarchy. The Danes, of course, attacked it, and a memorable battle was fought just outside the town between the Saxons and Danes, when the Saxon king was captured and killed with arrows. The town apparently flourished, and in 672 Theodorus, Archbishop of Canterbury, held a synod there to examine into every man's faith in the country, deposing such clergy as were not confirmed by the Papal authority, and also publishing Pope Vitellianus's ordinances of the Church "with permission of organs to make them merry. . . . If this was not the falling away, spoken of by St. Paul, where shall we look for any?" Thus the editor of an old *Complete History of Norfolk* laments. As for Thetford's ecclesiastical position, it became an episcopal see in 1070, when Bishop Arfast removed



By permission of]

EVENING ON SOUTH WALSHAM BROAD.

[Francis & Co., Norwich.

This broad has an area of about 50 acres and is situated about 9 miles north-east of Norwich, close to the River Bure, to which it is connected by the Fleet Dyke. It is private property, although there is a right of way to the south side.

from Elmham to Thetford. Domesday gave it seventy manors and twenty churches, with monasteries and other religious and charitable foundations. One of its twenty churches had an interesting relic. This was at St. Ethelred's, a little church, whose tithes were small, never more than ten pounds a year. However, the holy relic was a source of profit to the rector. Bacon's description can be quoted: "In Thetford, a Mayor Toune in Norfolke, there was a Parish Church which is now destroyed, called St. Audrice. In this church, among other reliques, was the Smock of St. Audrice, which was there kept as a great Jewell and pretious Relique. The virtue of this Smock was mighty and manifold, but specially in putting away the Toth ach, and the Swelling of the Throte, so that the Patient were fyrste of all shriven and herde masse, and did such Oblations as the Priest of the Church enjoyed."

Norfolk, taking the county as a whole, has been subject to much criticism, or rather has been at the mercy of wits, who, which is the way of wits, find it much easier to say pseudo-clever, nasty things than the reverse. There is no getting away from the fact that the county is flat and fairly plain; it bears a homely face, to tell the truth. Still, though Norfolk lacks the glorious wooded valleys and

moors of Devon, and the "pretty-pretty" characteristics of Kent, and the rolling weald of Sussex, it has a great deal of its own charm. It is so essentially country, English country, where there are no smoky manufacturing towns lurking round the corner, and where the villages and the market towns that are so evenly distributed over the county change very little, and march with slow and lingering steps behind the procession of Time. There is good company always at the tail of the procession far away from the shouts and hurly-burly of the youngsters who would sweep away our pleasant, dusty old cobwebs, and replace them with glittering electric wires. Of course, parts of Norfolk are well to the fore in the march, but they are on the outer fringe; the little fishing villages have developed first into quiet seaside resorts, and then into large popular ones.

The man with the golf club is, unintentionally, one of the worst offenders. He it is who hits upon a quiet, simple fishing village, and in virtue of its quiet simplicity declares it to be an ideal spot for a golf links. So he levels and turfs and rolls, and puts up a club-house. Then come the hotel, the bungalows, the shops, until in an incredibly short time the simple fishing village has blossomed out into a full-size watering place, promenade, pier, and pierrots complete, with a "by-the-sea" added to its name. This



Photo by,

BLICKLING HALL FROM THE MOAT.

W. N. King.

It is generally considered that Blickling Hall is one of the finest Jacobean mansions in the country. It dates from 1626 and is the seat of the Marquess of Lothian, into whose family it came by marriage in 1793. The photograph shows the entrance to the house and the beautiful double-arched bridge which crosses the moat.

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Photo by]

HORSTEAD MILL, NEAR COLTISHALL.

Herbert Felton.

Horstead is a small village on the River Bure, about 6 miles north-east of Norwich. This picturesque old mill attracts much attention on account of its quaint architecture.



Photo by

ON THE NORFOLK BROADS.

[J. T. Roberts.

Many volumes have been written on the attractions of these shallow lagoons. Not only are they a haven of rest in their quiet isolation, but the wildfowl shooting, the fishing, the quiet villages, and the magnificent sunsets have a unique appeal.

has, in fact, happened on the Norfolk coast, though the watering-places now made fortunately eschew the blatancy and vulgar to do that one generally connects with the name. The unchanging feature of Norfolk is the main inland part, the purely agricultural country.

It enjoys a great variety of soil, a greater variety than almost every other county in England. In the north and west it is chalky; there is the curious chalk cliff at Hunstanton spoken of elsewhere in this article. In the south-east, in the Yarmouth neighbourhood, and up the coast, there is plenty of sand, some of it a light blowing sand. The east generally and the centre of the county is loam, a useful loam in the main, but in some districts mixed with a chalky clay. Norfolk is a corn-growing county, with beans and peas, and the permanent pasturage is low, not more than a quarter of the total acreage. Another quarter of the total, or nearly, is taken up by roots and cabbages. There are plenty of orchards, though nothing like those of Middlesex on the West of London, or Somerset or Kent, but a large amount of small fruit bushes and ground fruit flourish, and are, granted good weather, profitable.

Norfolk is not industrial, except in a very quiet and detached way. Flemish weavers introduced the cloth trade, settling in Norwich and the vicinity. At Worstead, a village near North Walsham, they made a fine spun cloth that bore the name, and worsted to-day is still the same material. Norwich was granted a wool staple, which, as has already been described, displeased the citizens of Yarmouth. Bombazine was next brought into the country, and so prosperous was the industry that before the beginning of last century, at a time when the great industrial revolution was starting to grow up, over a hundred thousand people in Norfolk were connected with weaving. Now this very industrial revolution has drained not merely Norfolk of its weaving, but several other counties.

Flour-mills, of course, are all over the county, and there are several breweries. At Thetford agricultural machinery is made, and at Yarmouth, of course, there is the fishing trade, employing in the autumn season, with the annual importation of Scottish fishermen and curing women, many thousand souls. A seventeenth-century writer, Fuller, gave as his opinion that "Norfolk abounds in all good things, and especially rabbits, herrings, and worsted." We are reminded of the old Latin grammar tag of our youth, "*villa abundat lacte, gallina, porco, melle.*"

There is one Norfolk industry that must have a place. This is the mustard-growing. The mustard flour is made by crushing the seeds of the white and black mustards. Most of the mustard is grown in the Eastern Counties. Originally the industry was started at the beginning of the nineteenth century at Stoke Holy Cross, but it is now also carried on in Norwich.

There are no minerals in the accepted sense of the word, but the soil gives itself to commerce in the form of whiting and lime; these, of course, form the chalk in bricks and tiles, and in the fen lands the ground is cut for peat, while there are gravel and sand pits.

The Norfolk Broads are an ideal place whereon to spend a holiday. This is an oft repeated statement to which one subscribes readily, but with the proviso—granted good weather. This last is all important. For, if sailing, or fishing, is to be an unalloyed pleasure, the weather must be warm. A damp, chilly day spent in an open or semi-open boat is a hopeless proposition. You cannot get away from the cold into a room with a warm fire when you are overtaken by dirty weather in a small boat. The best holiday, on the Broads or anywhere else, is undoubtedly the most comfortable one, and for the Broads the wise man will sail in something with plenty of head room. Taken all round



By permission of

SUNSET AND RIPPLING WAVE, FILBY BROAD.

Francis & Co., Norwich.

The photograph shows a corner of the Filby Broad, which is one of three broads joined by a narrow channel, 6 miles north-east of Yarmouth. Muck Fleet Dyke, which connects them with the Bure, is unnavigable, and there is no waterway to enable yachts to sail up to them from the river.

the wherry is best. These boats, the sailing barges or wherries of the Norfolk Broads, must not be mixed up with the heavy-prowed, deep-drawing sailing barges of London or the Medway. They, the wherries of the Broads, are built on the lines of the old Viking ships, long boats and low. Described by Walter Rye, "they carry one enormous brown sail only, draw very little water, and sail nearer the wind than any yacht; while for speed they can go as fast as anything."

For working the cargoes the wherryman in the latter half of last century was paid eightpence in every shilling of freightage. This was, of course, an admirable method, for the more voyages with cargoes were made, more money man and master took. Another type of boat formerly seen on the Broads was known as the "keel." This boat has now practically passed away. It had a large square sail amidships, while the wherries have their sail right for'ard.



Photo by]

BROADLAND.

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

The lazy rivers that wind their way through the flat fenny country widen out into great reaches of water called Broads. The Bure is the most noteworthy river of Broadland, and these reed-fringed lakes, abundant with bird life, are an ever-increasing joy to those who would seek peace and rest in a sailing wherry.

Wroxham is an excellent place to start from, if you want to see the Broads under the best conditions. The river is the Bure, and sailing down stream, past beautifully wooded banks, the entrances to Wroxham Broads are reached. This is one of the principal of the Norfolk Broads, and is the most open, with fewest creeks. Its old "Water Frolic" used to be very popular for many miles around. Nowadays, there is, of course, a regatta. The Bure winds in and out among the Broads, passing the marshy banks with their little "pulks," or pools, and low islands, the haunts of pheasant and coot. Here, too, are to be found black-currant bushes. Whether they germinated from seeds carried by birds or are indigenous to the soil is a moot point. When thinking of the Broads, let not the reader of *BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL* who knows them not, picture in summer the beautiful expanses with here and there a lonely yacht, or a brown-sailed wherry, or, perhaps, a duck-boat creeping slowly over the water. If he thinks so, he will be beside the mark. Wroxham and its Broad will be found on a warm August day to be as gay, though not quite so crowded, as Moulsey Lock on a fine Ascot Sunday.



Photo by]

A WINDMILL ON FLEET DYKE.

[Herbert Felton.

One of the most prominent features of the Broads are these drainage mills, which pump the water out of the fenland causeways. Scattered all over the flat broadlands, they stand out like black sentinels by the side of the marsh dykes, and are visible over many miles of the country.

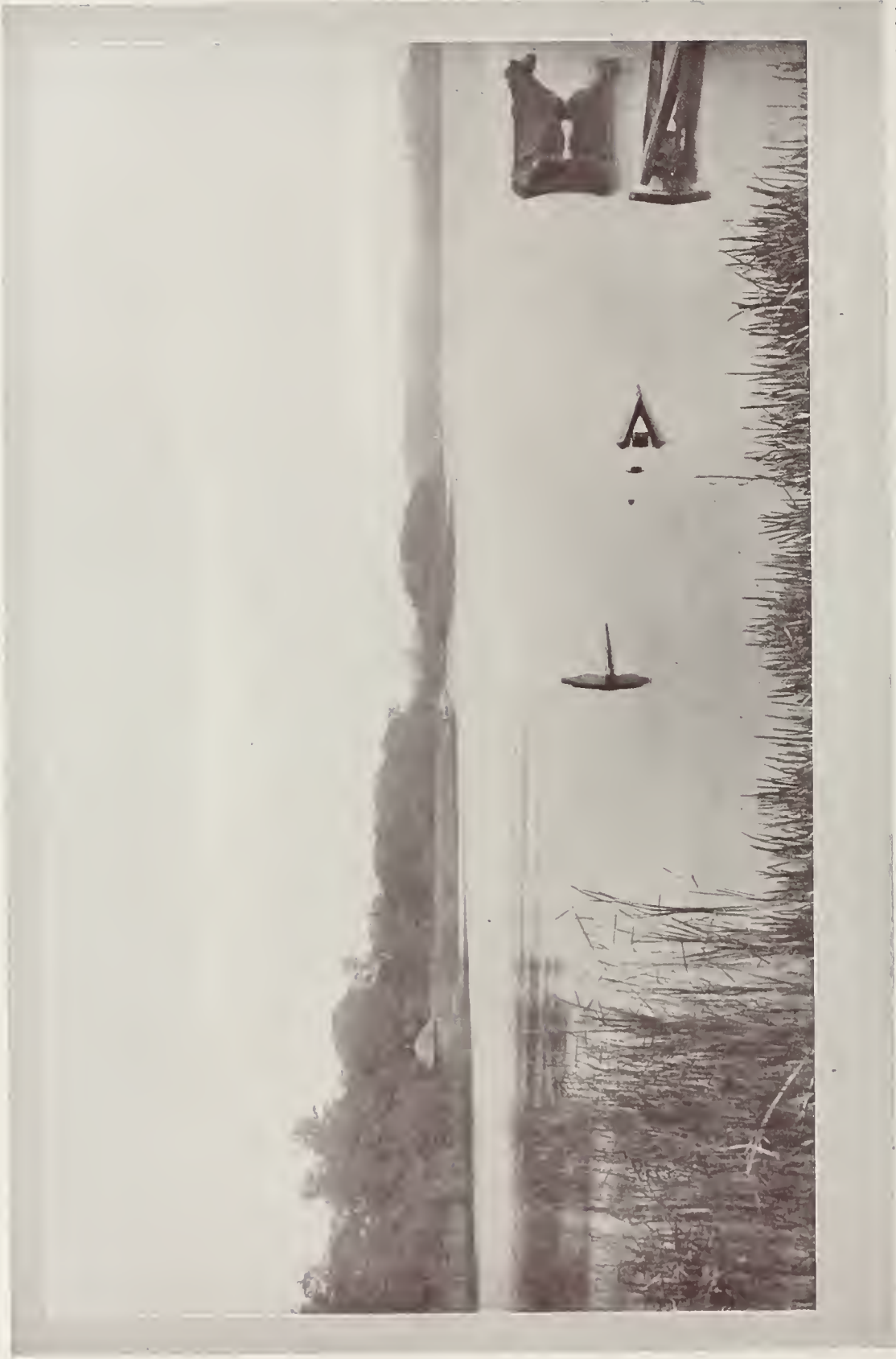


Photo by]

WROXHAM BROAD.

Wroxham Broad (120 acres) is one of the most delightful lakes on the River Bure. In the summer it is fascinating to watch the charming picture formed by the number of white-sailed yachts mirrored in its placid surface.

(F. Frith & Co., Ltd.



Photo by]

Photo. from Co., Ltd.

ABINGTON PARK, NORTHAMPTON.

Northampton, the county capital, is well provided with "lungs." Abington Park was acquired in 1897 and is one of the finest open spaces possessed by the town.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE is a county destitute of really striking and impressive features, but dear to the heart of all to whom the rural charms of England speak with a soft but ever insistent voice. It has enough upland to redeem it from a charge of uninteresting flatness, enough woodland to lend a most agreeable variety to its landscapes, enough relics of the past to spirit the visitor to its old-world villages out of the grimy realm of reality, and enough evidence of man's ability to create beautiful places to dwell and worship in to make the exploration of the county an unending delight to all with eyes to see.

The county town deserves pride of place in an article such as this, though it has no mighty cathedral like Peterborough, and, to speak frankly, is of much higher interest to the devout antiquarian than to the casual traveller with an enlightened



Photo by]

F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

NORMAN ARCH, ST PETER'S CHURCH, NORTHAMPTON.

This beautiful building is one of the finest specimens of a late Norman Church in the country. It was carefully restored to its original form in the middle of the nineteenth century by Sir Gilbert Scott and his son. The photograph shows the richly carved massive Norman arch between the nave and the tower.

curiosity but no specialised tastes. Those who do not know the difference between "Norman" and "Early English" or any other architectural style, will miss most of the fun to be derived from an examination of the town's exceptionally interesting churches. Time and Fate have been very unkind to the sort of ancient survival which has the widest and most popular appeal to the unlearned. Its castle was in hopeless ruin long before the Civil Wars of the seventeenth century, and in 1675 a grievous fire reduced old Northampton to ashes so that, with the somewhat miraculous exception of its best churches, there is hardly anything in the town of earlier date. By one man at least the disaster appears to have been regarded as a blessing in disguise, for Evelyn writes of "the ragged town of Northampton, since burnt and well rebuilt"!

Two of its churches are celebrated, and deservedly so. St. Sepulchre's is one of the four round



churches that still remain to us, and a good example, though greatly changed, the original "round" having been sandwiched in between later additions as well as subjected to substantial alterations in its upper portion. It was founded in 1100 by Simon de Senlis to commemorate his safe return from a crusade in the previous year.

St. Peter's is a particularly fine example of Norman architecture and much beloved of the antiquarian, who can read its stones like a book, and reconstruct its story from its appearance and a thousand and one details that escape the notice of the casual observer. It furnishes a very striking contrast to the Church of All Saints, a monument to the civic pride of the citizens and their industry in rebuilding the town after the great fire. Nothing is left of the earlier building save its Perpendicular tower. A conspicuous decorative feature of this church is a statue of King Charles II, which seems

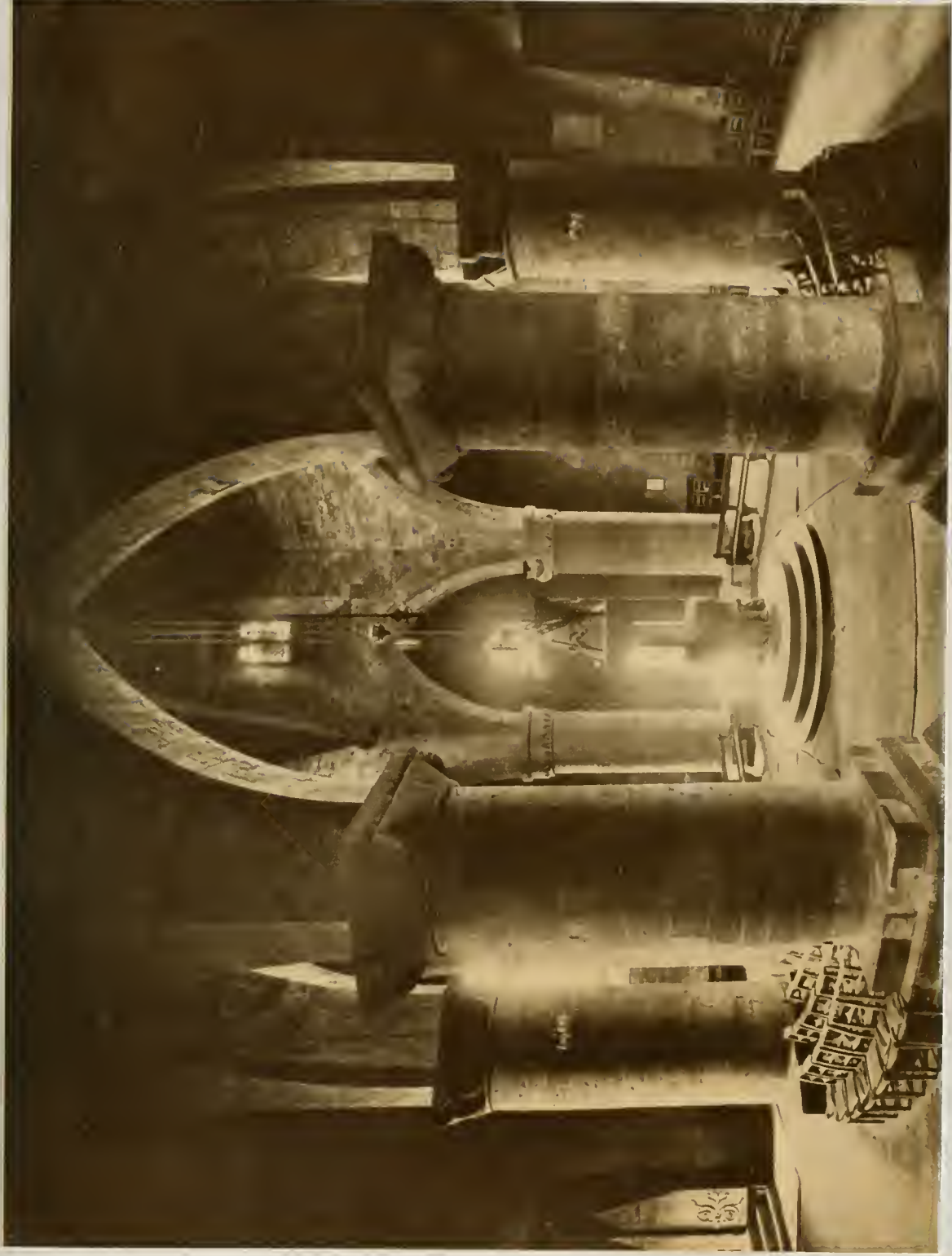


Photo by

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, NORTHAMPTON.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is one of the few remaining round churches in England. It was founded in 1100 by Simon de Senlis to commemorate his safe return from the Crusades. The beautiful interior exhibits many of the English Gothic styles.

F. Frith & Co., Ltd.



A COTTAGE AT GRAFTON REGIS, NEAR ROADE.

The little village of Grafton Regis, to which this typical Northampton cottage belongs, has interesting historical associations, as it was at the old mansion house there that Edward IV married Elizabeth Woodville. Part of the old building, which was sacked and burnt by the Parliamentarians in 1643, survives incorporated in a new building on the site.

to call for an explanation, seeing that the Merry Monarch expressed his dislike of the town (which had been very hostile to the cause of his unhappy father) by ordering the destruction of its walls and fortifications shortly after his accession. The fact is that Charles seems to have repented him of his vindictiveness, but whatever the reason he supplied *gratis* a large quantity of timber for the rebuilding, a piece of generosity rewarded by the citizens in this appropriate fashion.

Going a little farther afield, a walk of a mile or so brings one to the "Eleanor Cross" raised by King Edward I in affectionate remembrance at every place where his wife's body rested on its sad pilgrimage to London from Nottinghamshire, where she died. There are very few specimens left in England, and the beautiful Northampton example is perhaps the finest of them.

Still farther afield two great houses, one hardly more than a memory, the other a splendid reality, are well worth a pilgrimage. The latter is Althorp Park, the palace of the Spencers famous for itself, the renown of its owners, and its treasures.

Althorp was visited by John Evelyn both in 1675 and 1688. On the former occasion he found it "placed in a pretty open bottom, very



Photo by]

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

CURIOUS GATE, MOULTON.

Moulton is a large village on the road to Kettering, 4 miles north-east of Northampton. This quaint iron gate, modelled on twelve agricultural implements, is one of the striking features of the neighbourhood.

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Photo by]

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

ALTHORP PARK, NEAR NORTHAMPTON.

The seat of the Earl Spencer, Althorp Park was built by a member of his family at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The photograph shows the Church Avenue in the fine park of nearly 600 acres, which surrounds the mansion.

finely watered and flanked with stately woods and groves in a park, with a canal, but the water is not running, which is a defect. The house, a kind of modern building, of freestone, within most nobly furnished; the apartments very commodious, a gallery and noble hall; but the kitchen being in the body of the house, and chapel too small, were defects." During the interval between the diarist's first and second visits, the place had been enlarged and transformed (and had become substantially as we see it now), and he was immensely impressed: "The house, or rather palace, at Althorpe, is a noble uniform pile in form of a half H, built of brick and freestone, balustrad and *à la moderne*; the hall is well, the staircase excellent; the rooms of state, galleries, offices, and furniture, such as may become a great prince. It is situate in the midst of a garden, exquisitely planted and kept, and all this in a park walled in with hewn stone, planted with rows and walks of trees, canals and fishponds, and stored with game.



Photo by]

WATERFALL ON RIVER TOVE AT TOWCESTER.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

A town of considerable antiquity, Towcester, the *Towcestre* of Domesday, stands on the site of the Roman station at *Lactodorum*, 8 miles from Northampton. The photograph shows a pretty waterfall on the River Tove, which passes through the town on the way from its source near Sulgrave.

And what is above all this, governed by a lady, who without any show of solicitude, keeps everything in such admirable order, both within and without, from the garret to the cellar, that I do not believe there is any in this nation, or in any other, that exceeds her in such exact order, without ostentation, but substantially great and noble. . . ."

The house which is a memory is Holdenby, or Holmby, not the existing mansion but the veritable palace which Elizabeth's chancellor, the famous Sir Christopher Hatton, built for himself in 1580. The history of the place, though short, was of great brilliance. Queen Elizabeth paid it a visit, and her successor bought it shortly after his accession.

But the really great and certainly the most picturesque event in the story of Holdenby is the



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SULGRAVE MANOR.

[The Underwood Press Service.

In 1539 Lawrence Washington, the Mayor of Northampton, bought the Sulgrave estate from Henry VIII and built the Manor House, which was to be the home of his family until 1610. January 1914 saw the purchase of the house and grounds by the British Peace Centenary Committee for the celebration of the centenary of the Treaty of Ghent. Later, after a partial restoration, the Manor House was reopened and dedicated to the Sulgrave Institution for use as a Washington Museum.



Photo by]

[George Long.

VILLAGE GREEN, BADBY.

Badby gathers much of its reputation for beauty from its picturesque green. The village is situated in the heart of a well-known hunting country, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of Weedon.

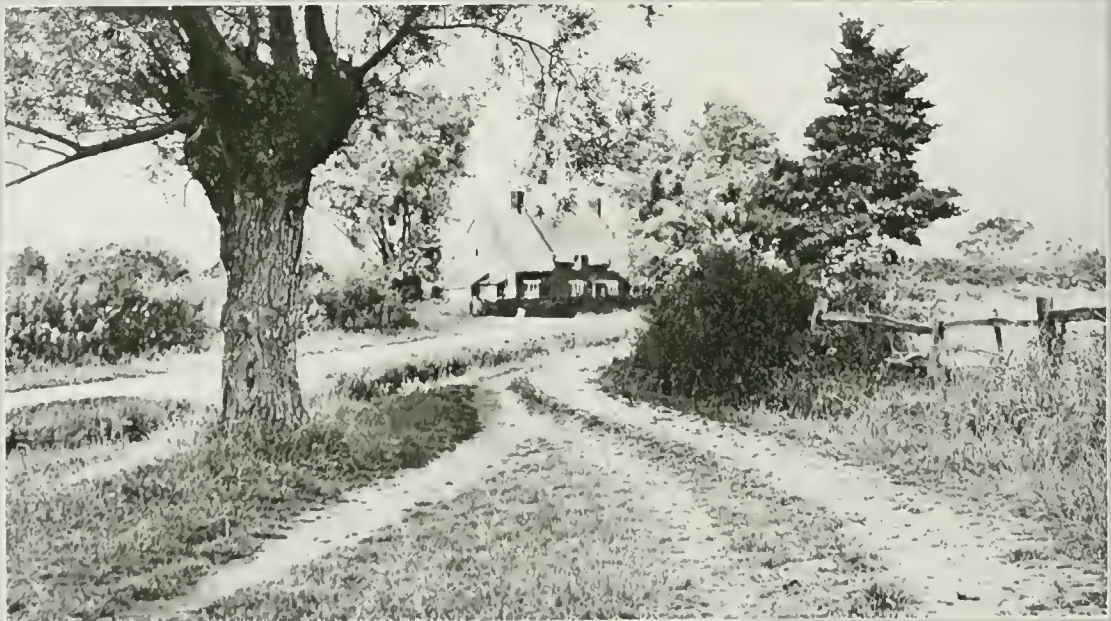


Photo by]

[H. J. Smith.

A BIT OF OLD NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Most of the old Northamptonshire cottages are built of stone, a material of which the county has a plentiful supply. The beautiful architecture of the earlier buildings can often be seen in the mullioned windows and curious gables which adorn many of the poorer dwellings.

forcible removal of the captive Charles I by Cornet Joyce on June 3, 1647. Hume tells the story thus :

" A party of five hundred horse appeared at Holdenby, conducted by one Joyce, who had once been a taylor by profession ; but was now advanced to the rank of cornet, and was an active agitator in the army. Without being opposed by the guard, whose affections were all on their side, Joyce came into the King's presence, armed with pistols, and told him, that he must immediately go along with him. *Whither?* said the King. *To the army;* replied Joyce. *By what warrant?* asked the King. Joyce pointed to the soldiers, whom he brought along ; tall, handsome and well accoutred. *Your warrant,* said Charles smiling, *is writ in fair characters, legible without spelling.* The parliamentary



Photo by]

THE DOWER HOUSE, FAWSLEY, NEAR DAVENTRY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The grand old ruin of the Dower House stands in a delightful situation in the wooded country between Badby and Fawsley. It was last inhabited in 1704 and belongs to the Knightleys, who have their home in a fine sixteenth-century mansion close by.

commissioners came into the room : They asked Joyce, whether he had any orders from the parliament ? he said, *No* : From the general ? *No* : By what authority he came ? He made the same reply as to the King : *They would write,* they said, *to the parliament to know their pleasure.* *You may do,* replied Joyce ; *but in the mean time the King must immediately go with me."*

Need it be said that the King went.

Shortly after this event the house was systematically pulled down by the victorious Parliamentarians, and practically the only relics are two interesting gateways, which look very forlorn.

A few miles south-east of Northampton lies Castle Ashby, another of the grand Elizabethan mansions for which the county is so deservedly famous. It is of particular interest because the additions made in the reign of James I were the work of Inigo Jones, and not less because it has a kind of parapet of letters above the house which compose the famous text :

"NISI DOMINUS ÆDIFICAVERIT DOMUM IN VANUM LABORAVERUNT QUI ÆDIFICANT EAM."

A wholesome sentiment which may have had some effect on Puritan iconoclasts.

Everyone who knows Northamptonshire at all knows that the stretch of country on its eastern border between the county capital and Peterborough is rich in natural beauties of a placid sort and fairly studded with points of interest to the archæologist and antiquarian. Nor will the ordinary lover of relics of old England find himself disappointed with this delectable region. Wellingborough may be more or less modernised, but Higham Ferrers still retains much that is as attractive as its name, which recalls a family ancient and renowned in our annals. But from a practical point of view, Higham Ferrers owes its interest not to any member of that family but to its most celebrated son, Henry Chichele, who was Archbishop of Canterbury under Henry V and Henry VI. He it was who



Photo by

GUNPOWDER PLOT ROOM: ASHBY ST. LEDGERS, NEAR DAVENTRY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This old gatehouse stands at the entrance to the church from the ancient manor house of the Gateshys. It was here that Winter, Percy, Rookwood, the Wrights and others are said to have met to hatch the Gunpowder Plot.

presented its grand church with its glorious stalls, founded the College, of which the gateway remains, and the hospital or "Bede-House," for a fixed number of aged poor, including one woman.

It is hardly possible to exaggerate the interest of the country lying between this little town and Peterborough, nor, in a quiet way, its attraction. Many of the county's finest churches and several of its most historic "spots" lie hereabouts, and anyone with a little sense of tradition and romance will find this region on the Huntingdonshire border a paradise and a perfect mine of delight. But space is limited and the grand Norman cathedral beckons imperiously, so the praise of very much worth praising must be left unsung, and two points alone can be rescued here from a totally undeserved obscurity. One is Oundle, still full of the charms that the old-world English town alone possesses, and having high claims to be considered among the most picturesque places in the county. Here the picturesque gabled houses in which our ancestors loved to dwell are not forlorn strangers in a company of eighteenth or nineteenth century horrors; a sense of pride and decency has saved them from falling victims to the modern jerry-builder, while their later colleagues, though destitute of their



Photo by

Gretton is a large village on the Rutland border, well known for the famous ruin of Kirby Hall, built by John Thorpe. The mansion was bought by Sir Christopher Hatton and inhabited by his family down to 1826. It was considerably altered by Inigo Jones, and, from the ruins, it is obvious it must have been a beautiful piece of Renaissance work.

H. J. Smith.



Photo by

THE OBELISK, NASEBY.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This obelisk was erected in 1823 to commemorate the defeat of the Royalists here in 1645. Traces of the graves of those who were killed in the battle may still be seen. Naseby village lies 11 miles north of Northampton.

own special charm, have a quiet picturesqueness of their own, and the whole makes an attractive spectacle. To the great credit of all concerned, be it also said, the ancient and famous school which is Oundle's other glory has managed to expand as modern necessities require without ruining the rural fascination of the town.

The other exception to a regrettable but necessary rule of selection is Fotheringhay.

Every schoolboy knows that in the hall of

Fotheringhay Castle Mary Queen of Scots met an ignominious death, whether deserved or not, by the headsman's axe on February 8, 1587. But, unfortunately, nothing remains from which that memorable and lamentable scene can be reconstructed but the mound on which the stronghold stood. Fate has seldom played a crueller trick on posterity, and the word "Fate" can be used advisedly, for notwithstanding constant reiteration there appears to be no foundation for the story that James I had the castle deliberately destroyed to remove the most painful memories of his mother's fate.

But Fotheringhay's mound has associations with other royal personages besides the unhappy Mary Stuart, and the glorious parish church, a splendid piece of developed Perpendicular work, has an additional claim to renown in being the burial-place of some of the most famous members of the House of York, including the father and mother of Edward IV and Richard III.

The commercial and industrial side of Peterborough has gained so enormously on the ecclesiastical and antiquarian in the last fifty years that it is impossible



Photo by]

ROCKINGHAM CASTLE.

[H. J. Smith.

The famous castle at Rockingham was built by William the Conqueror on an important site guarding a ford over the Welland. For many years it was a favourite residence of Plantagenet kings on account of the hunting in Rockingham Forest. The photograph was taken from the courtyard.



Photo by]

THE ANCIENT GATEWAY, ROCKINGHAM CASTLE.

[H. J. Smith.

Of the original building there remain a Norman keep, the foundations of the curtain wall—9 feet thick—and this great gateway, flanked by two bastion towers, and pierced for the use of bowmen.

to write of it in the mood in which one approaches Wells and Salisbury, for instance, or even Winchester. For the first centuries of its existence Peterborough was simply the great Abbey of Medehamstede and the various annexes that ministered to its wants. After the Dissolution it played much the same part towards the abbey church, which had become the cathedral. But for many decades



Photo by

[H. Walker.

WOTHORPE RUINS, NEAR STAMFORD.

Wothorpe, about a mile from Burghley House, was built by Thomas Cecil, the Earl of Exeter, as a place to retire to "when his great house of Burghley was a sweeping." In his "Worthies" Fuller describes it as "the least of noble houses and best of lodges."

now the god of the Iron Road has seized upon Peterborough and fashioned it after his strange and imperious heart. It has become essentially a railway "capital," and it would be idle to pretend that its new eminence has not been attained at the expense of its looks. Apart from the cathedral and some other remains of the abbey buildings, the city is somewhat of an intrusion in a Britain which is "beautiful."



Photo by

WANSFORD BRIDGE.

[Herbert Felton.

The small village of Wansford, well known in cranching days, stands on the Great North Road, which crosses the Nene here by a fine old ten-arched bridge, considered to be one of the most beautiful in England.



Photo by

[H. J. Smith.

DUDDINGTON MILL.

Duddington is one of the most charming old-world places in the country. With its thatched cottages, its ancient bridge, and its picturesque mill, the village offers a rich field to the artist.

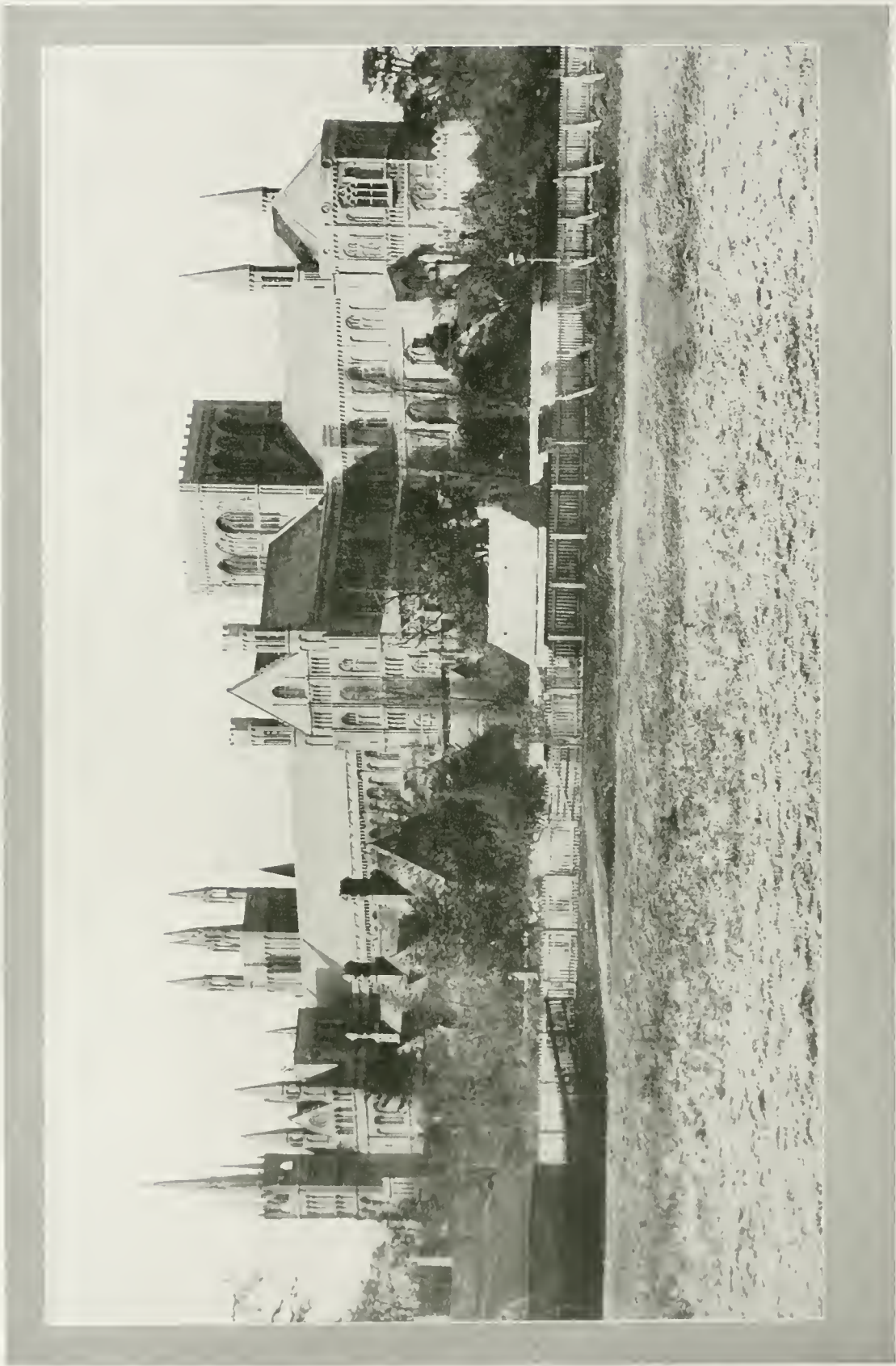


Photo by:

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL FROM THE SOUTH.

The first building on this site was a monastery, founded here by Saxulf in 655. The present church was begun in the twelfth century by Abbot John of Sals, and his work may be seen in the immense piers and round arches of the nave and choir. The church was raised to cathedral rank in 1541, when Abbot John Chambers was made the first bishop.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

The cathedral, however, amply atones for any shortcomings on the part of the town. In the minds of all who have ever seen it, it inevitably conjures up the vision of that amazing west front, with its three huge recessed arches—a vision unique in our Islands. To those who have not seen it, words are a futile substitute for the promptings of memory. This great western front dates from the first twenty years of the thirteenth century, and few will be found to quarrel with the conclusion that it represents English Gothic (in its first stage) at its simple and unaffected best.

What might be expected behind it is another nave of Wells—and who could want more? What is actually found is a Norman church in the grand manner—and who could want less? To say so much is to say enough to those familiar with the church-building work of a race of men who were also



Photo by]

WEST FRONT, PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

[A. H. Robinson.

By far the most striking feature of the exterior is the magnificent Early English west front, considered by many to be one of the finest in England. In niches in the gables—which are supported by three great arches—there are in all thirty figures; nine are of the Apostles and six represent the first English kings.

the greatest and most scientific soldiers of their day; it is to say that the glorious cathedrals of Durham and Ely have in Peterborough a worthy colleague in a most noble brotherhood.

It would be idle to pretend that all the changes made in the original structure by way of addition (subtraction, too), substitution, embellishment, or "restoration" have been to its advantage, and the havoc to its glass and monuments wrought by religious bigotry in the early years of the Civil War must be accounted an unmitigated disaster. Fierce, indeed, must be the passions of any visitor to Peterborough who cannot bring himself to regret the disappearance of the elaborate and beautiful tomb of Queen Catherine of Aragon, the unhappy lady who enjoyed after death a respect and recognition she seldom enjoyed in life. Equally poignant must be one's regret that vandalism equally misguided (and far more culpable because inspired by pure avarice) in the previous century has left us with not much more than memories of the domestic buildings of the old abbey.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

CARVING IN THE MANOR HOUSE, PETERBOROUGH.

The Manor House is one of the most interesting buildings in the neighbourhood of the city. The photograph shows a fine piece of carving over the fireplace in one of the rooms.

Northamptonshire can call itself fortunate in having annexed one of the most charming portions, Stamford Baron, of the attractive old-world town of Stamford, which is substantially Lincolnshire's property. Even if it were a far less picturesque quarter than is actually the case, Stamford Baron would be memorable if only for the church in which *the* Lord Burghley, Queen Elizabeth's right-hand man, sleeps his last sleep under a monument which is one of the artistic achievements of the age.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

THE CLOISTERS, PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

Within the precincts of the cathedral there are several interesting ruins of the Pre-Reformation buildings. The photograph shows a section of the great cloisters, which are in a fair state of preservation.



Photo by]

EAST END OF CHOIR. PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

The choir, the oldest part of the building, was completed in 1140 by Abbot John de Sais. Lying buried "as a Queen and daughter to a King" beneath the north choir aisle is Catherine of Arragon, first wife of Henry VIII.



Photo by]

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

THE STEPS, PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

This view shows one of the oldest parts of the buildings outside the cathedral. Among the more substantial relics of the original monastery are a large remnant of the infirmary and portions of the old refectory.

But it was not in death but in life that this eminent statesman brought great and enduring fame to this corner of the county. It is his magnificent palace, Burghley House, that remains its principal attraction.

This great house, the finest of the grand aristocratic residences in which the county is so rich, and indeed among the outstanding examples of ancient domestic architecture in the county, seems in itself to be a materialisation of the glories of the Elizabethan era. It stands for the achievements of that golden age and brings them to mind more vividly than the most rapturous descriptions of doughty deeds. Externally, the mansion remains substantially as it left the builder's hands in 1587, but within it has to some extent lost its Elizabethan character, changes of fashion in taste having exercised their inevitable influence on a family which was always anxious to be abreast of the artistic activities of



Photo by]

FOTHERINGHAY.

H. Walker.

From time immemorial Fotheringhay has been associated with royalty. Its castle was in the hands of the royal family from the time of Edward III whose son rebuilt the castle down to the reign of James II. By far the greatest event in its history was the execution of Mary Queen of Scots in the hall of the castle in 1587. To-day nothing remains of this historical building but a grass-grown mound on the bank of the River Nene. The photograph shows Fotheringhay Bridge, and beyond, the parish church, which has a fine octagonal lantern tower.

the times. To that tendency we no doubt owe the fact that in addition to treasures of Italian Renaissance painting (other and later schools are also well represented) the house can show some of the most beautiful examples of Grinling Gibbons's work, wonderful *objets d'art* of all kinds, and a series of portraits of the highest historical interest.

Rockingham Castle, many centuries older than Burghley, presents an interest of a somewhat different kind. Its history goes back to Norman times and includes many and variegated adventures, including the inevitable siege in the Civil War of the seventeenth century. But though its outward appearance must have greatly changed since its palmy days in the thirteenth century, it has, at any rate, fared better than its neighbour, Kirby Hall, a beautiful example of Renaissance domestic architecture, but a ruin! And remembering that it was probably designed by the same brain that conceived Burghley



Photo by] **NEWTON-IN-THE-WILLOWS.** [H. J. Smith.

Newton is a small village on the River Ise, 4 miles north of Kettering. The fine old church, restored in 1858, was formerly the private chapel of the Treshams, whose mansion stood close by.

saddler's shop, beer-shop, all in order; forming a kind of square, which leads off Southwards into two long streets: the old Church, with its graves, stands in the centre, the truncated spire finishing itself with a strange old Ball, held up by rods; a 'hollow copper Ball, which came from Boulogne in Henry the Eighth's time,' — which has, like Hudibras's breeches, 'been at the Siege of Bullen.' The ground is upland, moorland, though now growing corn. . . . It was on this high moor-ground, in the centre of England, that King Charles, on the 11th of June 1645, fought his last battle; dashed fiercely against the New-Model Army, which he had despised till then; and saw himself shivered utterly to ruin thereby. . . ."

House, and had Inigo Jones to bring it up to date in 1640, the destiny that doomed it to desertion and neglect a century ago must be pronounced an evil one.

Rushton Hall, near Rothwell, has been treated more kindly by fate, and remains a worthy monument of its famous Elizabethan creator, Sir Thomas Tresham, whose mania for building was almost equal to that of Bess of Hardwick. His house (finished by the Cockaynes in the seventeenth century) shows him in a thoroughly sane mood, but the same cannot be said with certainty of the "Triangular Lodge," in the grounds, an object less *beauteous* than odd. Another relic of this worthy's craze is the former "Market House" in ancient Rothwell.

A few miles west brings us to the scene of one of the most momentous events in our history, and a brief description of it shall be left to the vivid and original pen of Carlyle:

"The old Hamlet of Naseby stands yet, on its old hill-top, very much as it did in Saxon days, on the north-western border of Northamptonshire; some seven or eight miles from Market-Harborough in Leicestershire; nearly on a line, and nearly midway, between that Town and Daventry. A peaceable old Hamlet, of some eight-hundred souls; clay cottages for labourers, but neatly thatched and swept; smith's shop,



Photo by] **ELEANOR CROSS, GEDDINGTON.** [F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

Of the three remaining Eleanor Crosses, the one at Geddington is considered the finest specimen, having fortunately escaped restoration. It stands nearly 40 feet high and carries on its upper panels a shield with the arms of England, Castile, Leon, and Ponthico.



Photo by]

LYVEDEN, NEAR THRAPSTON.

H. J. Smith.

Lyveden is an ancient manor, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of the market town of Thrapston. The photograph shows the beautiful old staircase in the hall.



Photo by

H. J. Smith.

A FARM ROAD NEAR MEARS ASHBY.

The tiny country village of Mears Ashby is situated $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles south-west of Wellingborough. A large percentage of Northamptonshire is devoted to pasture land and a number of farms are engaged chiefly in the rearing of livestock.



Photo by

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

DELAPRÉ ABBEY.

This fine mansion stands on the site of the Cluniac Nunnery of St. Andrew, and was founded in the twelfth century by Simon de Liz. Thomas a Becket was among those who visited the old house soon after its foundation. The present edifice was formerly the seat of the Bonverles.

NORTHUMBERLAND

A NUMBER of causes have contributed to the undoubted result that Northumberland, singularly rich in nearly every feature calculated to please and interest all Britons of average intelligence, is comparatively neglected even by that type of tourist who goes about with his eyes open, whether for scenery, monuments of the past, or historical, literary, or romantic associations. No doubt a certain geographical remoteness is largely responsible for that result, but even so the injustice is particularly glaring. Granted that such a wondrous rarity as the remains of the "Roman Wall" tells its full story only to the initiated few, the grand old military buildings of the county should and would be appreciated by even the most unimaginative; the ecclesiastical antiquities, incidentally including such a gem as the monastery of Holy Island, are far more interesting and important than those brought up on southern Lincolnshire or Somersetshire would have us believe, the scenery is varied and at its best equal to anything of its kind in the country, while as an integral part of the "Border," Northumberland is simply steeped in that romance, three parts fact and one part fiction, which is immemorably associated with that delectable and exciting region.

It will be the purpose of this review, necessarily condensed, to attempt to kindle a flame of enthusiasm for this county of many-sided attractions.

Newcastle-on-Tyne is hardly a propitious birthplace for that flame, but it is the county capital



Photo by,

NEWCASTLE CATHEDRAL.

F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

Before St. Nicholas's was raised to cathedral rank in 1882, it was one of the largest parish churches in England. The photograph shows to advantage the striking fifteenth-century spire, which is supported by flying buttresses, and is the most perfect example of its kind in the British Isles.

and as such deserves to be the starting-point. Not that it is wholly devoid of architectural merits, much less of archæological or historic interest. Apart from portions of its mediæval walls—pathetic relics to be hunted for mainly among dismal surroundings—it possesses major “sights” in the



Photo by

“WOODEN DOLLIE,” NORTH SHIELDS.

[Photachrom Co., Ltd.]

North Shields is an important seaport town forming part of the borough of Tynemouth, on the north bank of the Tyne. The streets of the lower part of the town are old and narrow, and have been compared with those of Wapping. The photograph shows a curious figure, known as Wooden Dollie, which stands on the pavement in one of the ancient thoroughfares.

keep and other smaller portions of its twelfth-century castle and a cathedral which is not without beauty of a kind and full of points which have a real attraction for the antiquary. And apart from these evidences of a history which reaches back uninterruptedly to the Norman Conquest, the great smoke-begrimed city has that kind of queer fascination every hive of industry possesses to those who realise that distant posterity may be as curious about the appearance of a twentieth-century industrial centre as we are about that of a thirteenth-century townlet.

Still, “hives of industry” are not the concern of BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL, and the normal man will be grateful enough to get Newcastle and the adjacent mining and manufacturing district behind him; and to this not unnatural feeling is due the neglect from which the most picturesque and interesting remains of Tynemouth Priory suffer, at any rate so far as the outer world of visitors is concerned.

A number of points whose interest is “minor” only in a county with a positive surfeit of centres of attraction must unfortunately share the fate of Tynemouth Priory in

this article, for the writer feels an obligation to do justice to what is most worth seeing rather than attempt to compile what could only become a mere catalogue of everything worth seeing. So with a warning that the eastern area between the Tyne and the charming valley of the Coquet has much to



Photo by]

JESMOND DENE, NEWCASTLE.

[A. Logan.

This picturesque dell, laid out in ornamental gardens, was presented to the town by Lord Armstrong, and is situated 2 miles from Newcastle. A tiny rivulet known as the Ouseburn wends its course through the dene on its way to the Tyne.



Photo by

TYNEMOUTH PRIORY.

The striking ruin of Tynemouth Priory stands on a sea-girt rock in the castle grounds. The building was commenced by the monks of St. Albans at the end of the eleventh century on the site of an earlier foundation. The remains of the abbey church consist chiefly of an Early English presbytery and the tiny Percy Chapel the only part of the ruins still in a complete state of preservation.

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.



From the Painting by

MAGDALEN TOWER, OXFORD.

Magdalen is one of the oldest colleges in Oxford, and many would claim it as the most beautiful. It was founded in 1458 by William of Waynesfete, the great educationalist of Henry VI's reign. This painting was taken from the bridge over the Cherwell, and shows the noble Perpendicular tower, from the top of which a seventeenth-century hymn is sung by the choir at sunrise every May Day.

George F. Nicholls.

reward the diligent explorer, we must hasten on to look at some of the grand castles which are the most forcible reminder of what "the Border" stood for in the troublous centuries that preceded the union of Scotland and England.

Among these feudal strongholds Warkworth must certainly be given a very high place, for it is a distinguished example of the fortress-cum-residence which preceded the fortified residence of a later age. In other words its primary function was military, for it was designed to hold up the advance of invading hosts and act as a *point d'appui* for a field army: its duties as a "home" for its lord were only secondary, even though that lord was such a mighty person as a Percy.

Curiously enough, the strange but most impressive keep, which might be expected to be the oldest



[Photo by]

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

ST. MARY'S ISLAND, WHITLEY BAY.

Whitley Bay is a modern watering-place, 3 miles north of the Tyne. St. Mary's Island, a little way along the sandy coast, was formerly a seat of a Chapel of Ease of Tynemouth Priory. The fine lighthouse, built in 1898, carries a light visible 17 miles, and is a prominent landmark. Until its installation, the island was witness to many a terrible shipping disaster.

portion, is practically the most recent; for when it was built in the fourteenth century the great curtain-wall with its towers and the purely domestic buildings in the south-west angle of the bailey had long been in existence. How long is a matter of some speculation, and even controversy, though the better opinion places the date of the curtain at the end of the twelfth century or the beginning of the thirteenth. Of anything beyond a bare outline of the history of the stronghold little is known beyond the fact that it early came into the possession of the House of Percy and remained as their habitation until it gradually went to ruin in the sixteenth century.

Before leaving the Coquet valley on a northward journey to Berwick, it should be said that the scenery of this beautiful stream is alone quite sufficient to give the lie to any suggestion that Northumberland is a dull county. Fishermen have long discovered its merits, but the ordinary lover

of beautiful country has yet to realise that the Coquet stands on the same eminence as the most attractive reaches of Tyne or Tweed, and indeed is not unworthy to be mentioned in the same breath as Tamar or Wye. And as if that were not enough, famous monuments such as Brinkburn Priory and the village and castle of Harbottle are placed in perhaps its most delightful reaches, while less renowned "antiquities" are thickly strewn within a short radius of its banks.

At least one famous traveller was disappointed with Alnwick and its celebrated castle. Pennant was here in 1769, and remarked of its surroundings that "You look in vain for any marks of the grandeur of the fendal age; for trophies won by a family eminent in our annals for military prowess and deeds of chivalry; for halls hung with helms and hauberks, or with the spoils of the



Photo by]

ROUGH SEA, WHITLEY BAY.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd

The bay is subject to the full force of the north-east gales which blow during the winter. So consistent is the wind that the cliff gardens have had to be protected by wooden screens from the sand lashed up by its biting fury. On a rough day it is a fascinating sight to watch the angry seas breaking over the rocks lying off the shore.

chance; for extensive forests and venerable oaks. You look in vain for the helmet on the tower the ancient signal of hospitality to the traveller, or the grey-headed porter to conduct him to the hall of entertainment. The numerous train, whose countenances gave welcome to him on his way, are now no more; and instead of the disinterested usher of the old times, he is attended by a valet eager to receive the fees of admittance." But our topographer had a kind word for the castle itself: "There is a vast grandeur in the appearance of the outside of the castle; the towers magnificent, but injured by the numbers of nude statues crowded on the battlements. The apartments are large, and lately finished in the Gothic style with a most incompatible elegance."

The changes of which Pennant writes were not destined to be the last stage in the history of the building, for about the middle of the eighteenth century more "restoration" was undertaken,

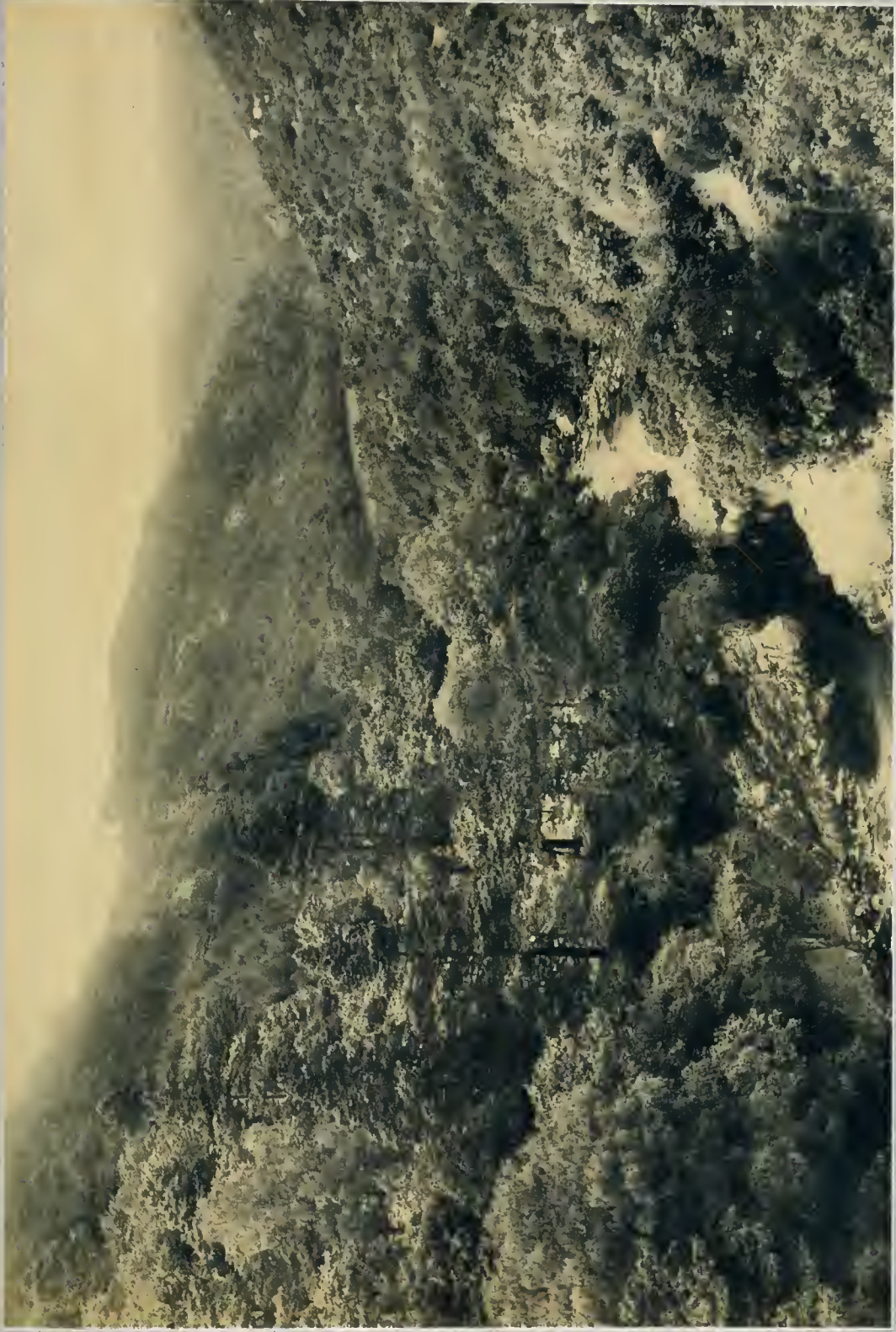


Photo by

AT STAWARD, ALLENDALE.

Along the valley in which the little Allen rivolet flows, there is to be found some of the most beautiful wood and hill scenery in Northumberland. Staward is 10 miles south-west of Hexham.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.



Photo by:

HEXHAM PRIORY CHURCH.

This magnificent Augustinian priory is by far the most interesting feature of a town that is particularly rich in mediæval and romantic associations. The first church to be erected on the site in 672 by St. Wilfrid has left some important remains in the building that succeeded it about the middle of the twelfth century. The present edifice, in spite of its drastic restoration in 1858, has been described as a "text-book of Early English architecture" and the finest church in the county.

(Photograph Co., Ltd.)



Photo by]

FRITH STOOL, HEXHAM PRIORY.

E. Hasard.

One of the most interesting objects in the church is this Saxon frith stool, placed between the stalls in the choir. It is believed to have been the bishop's seat in the early church when it was the cathedral of a Saxon bishopric. During the Middle Ages, however, it was used as a sanctuary seat.

marauding Scot), and one of the finest parish churches in the county, while close at hand is the splendid gate-house of Alnwick Abbey—its only substantial relic—and the most interesting remains of Hulne Priory.

Dunstanborough Castle, perched on its grand cliff, makes a glorious vision, but is otherwise of interest mainly to antiquarians; so to avoid an architectural disquisition we will cast our eyes over the sea to where the Farne Islands make a most effective group.

"There is a certain island called Farne," wrote the Venerable Bede, "in the middle of the sea, not made an island, like Lindisfarne, by the flow of the tide, which the Greeks call *rheuma*, and then restored to the mainland at its ebb, but lying off several miles to the

and the interior was remodelled on a scale and in a style which practically removed all traces of its mediæval character. But externally the castle, with all its modern accretions and substitutions, is still an eloquent lesson in the military defensive art of ancient days. The practised eye can readily pick out the earliest Norman portions and trace the processes by which the stronghold was kept abreast of the warlike requirements of the times while gradually assuming increasing importance as a private residence for its owner. The bulk of the older work dates from the beginning of the fourteenth century, when the fortress passed into the possession of the Percys, destined ultimately to become Dukes of Northumberland and retain their associations with the place to this day.

The castle by no means exhausts the interest of Alnwick; it still possesses one of its fifteenth-century gates (an agreeably grim reminder of the unruliness of the times and the ferocity of the



Photo by]

ST. WILFRID'S GATEWAY, HEXHAM.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Outside the church there are several remains of the monastic buildings. The photograph shows a curious double gateway of a type that is seldom seen.



Photo by]

HEXHAM BRIDGE.

[A. H. Robinson.

To see to advantage the romantic setting of Hexham town, there is no better place than this fine bridge, which crosses the river near the station. One mile from the town, the North and South Tyne unite and form one stream.

east, and, consequently, surrounded on all sides by the deep and boundless ocean. No one, before God's servant Cuthbert, had ever dared to inhabit this island alone, on account of the evil spirits which reside there: but when this servant of Christ came, armed with the helmet of salvation, the shield of faith and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, all the fiery darts of the wicked were extinguished, and that wicked enemy, with all his followers, were put to flight."

But even the great and saintly St. Cuthbert has to share the honours with Grace Darling, of heroic memory. The story of her rescue of survivors from the *Forfarshire* in September 1838 has often been told and need not be repeated here, but the outlines of the epic are perhaps better known than the facts that its scene was the Longstone and her father the keeper of the lighthouse.

The islands lie just opposite Bamburgh Castle, perched on a splendid rock, and still a magnificent vision of feudal pomp and power, though transformed by "restoration" into something very different from its original form. A long essay, bristling with facts, dates, and statistics, would be required to do full justice to this romantic stronghold, whose great Norman keep alone is worth many a Sabbath day's journey to see. But such matters lie outside the scope of this condensed article.

The first thought that occurs to anyone beholding Bamburgh is one of surprise that a fortress so apparently impregnable should ever have been captured. How that was effected—by guile rather than force of arms—by William Rufus, is told by Froissart in his picturesque fashion:

"When the King perceived it would be hard for him to win Banbourgh Castell (by reason of the great strength thereof) without famine, he builded up another castell or bastilion fast by it,



Photo by]

CILURNUM.

[A. H. Robinson.

Cilurnum is the second largest station on the Roman wall. It stands about a hundred yards from the Tyne in the park of the Chesters and its excavated remains cover an area of rather more than 5 acres. A museum close by possesses a large collection of antiquities that have been found along the wall.



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MAP OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

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Photo by.

ROMAN WALL NEAR HOUSESTEADS.

There is some doubt as to the origin of this wall, but in all probability it was built by either the Emperor Hadrian or the Emperor Severus in the second or third century. Extending for 74 miles across the breadth of England from Wallsend to Bowness, it was constructed of stone and stood 20 feet high with "mile castles" at regular intervals, having smaller towers between them and a series of larger stations at varying distances. Running parallel with the wall was a vallum or earthwork, consisting of a ditch and three smaller ramparts.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

calling the same Malvoisin, wherein he placed a great power of men, by whose means at length the earle was so narrowlie driven, that when he sought to have escaped by night, he was espied, and therewith pursued so closelic by the King's souldiers, that he was forced to take sanctuarie within the church of S. Oswins at Tinnouth. Notwithstanding, those that remained within the castell upon trust of the strength of that place, would not yeeld by any meanes ; but stood still to their tackling : whereupon the King caused the earle their maister to be brought foorth before the gates, and threatend that he should have his eies put out, if they within did not streightwaies give up the hold into his hands." Need one add that the threat had the effect desired !



Photo by]

FORD CASTLE, NEAR WOOLER.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

This stately old castle was first built in 1287 by Sir William Heron. The present edifice dates from the eighteenth century, and embodies the two great square towers which still remain of the original fortress. Formerly a place of great strength, it was the scene of many a battle during the Border warfare, and was seized by James IV of Scotland before the Battle of Flodden. Ford is a small village on the River Till, 7 miles north-west of Wooler.

Holy Island, or Lindisfarne, should have a high place in the affections of every Englishman, as it can certainly be said that it was the starting-point of the spiritual crusade which finally won the southern portion of Great Britain for Christianity. For investigation has shown that the great work of Augustine and his followers was practically undone two centuries after his arrival, so that the missionaries sent from Iona to Lindisfarne in the first half of the seventh century had to begin all over again. A vivid and indeed inspired account of that early community on the island (and of course its greatest spirit, St. Cuthbert) can be found in Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*. It must suffice here merely to allude to the famous incident of the removal of St. Cuthbert's body by the monks when a Danish descent was threatened, and the subsequent destruction of the monastery and its church by the marauders. But such was the fame and sanctity of the place that shortly after

the Conquest a fresh colony of monks was established, and in course of time a group of buildings came into existence, the most notable of which was the fine abbey church, now a most interesting and picturesque ruin. Its resemblance (except in point of size) to Durham Cathedral has often been noted, and the similarity can excite no surprise when it is remembered that Lindisfarne was colonised from the great Benedictine abbey of that city.

To turn from scenes of spiritual to those of civil struggle, Berwick-upon-Tweed, even in its present state, tells an eloquent tale of the feuds, rivalries, and open hostility that marked relations between England and Scotland for many centuries prior to the Act of Union. No English city has ever been so often taken and retaken by contending factions or had such long and varied experiences of warfare within its gates.



Photo by

COLLEGE GLEN, WOOLER.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Wooler is a small town standing on the Harthorpe Burn, a tributary of the Till, and, as the photograph shows, the neighbourhood is by no means lacking in picturesque scenery.

It bears all these exciting memories with a fitting dignity, secure in the knowledge that though it cannot be called a particularly picturesque town it will never be destitute of monuments worthy of its great past so long as it possesses its walls. For Berwick's walls are not as other walls. The thirteenth-century *enceinte* which some other English towns can boast have here largely given place to something unique, a system of fortifications devised and established in the days of Good Queen Bess. To the student of military art in the beginning of modern times they offer a most fascinating study, because they are the forerunner of the elaborate defences brought into being by the development of artillery, and of which defences such towns as Lille subsequently became brilliant examples. In other words, they represent the first stage of the system which held its own until superseded by the comparatively quite recent notion of the "ring of forts."

The famous Battle of Halidon Hill was fought within view of Berwick's walls, and that reminds one that, as might be expected, Northumberland is exceedingly rich in battlefields, while the sites

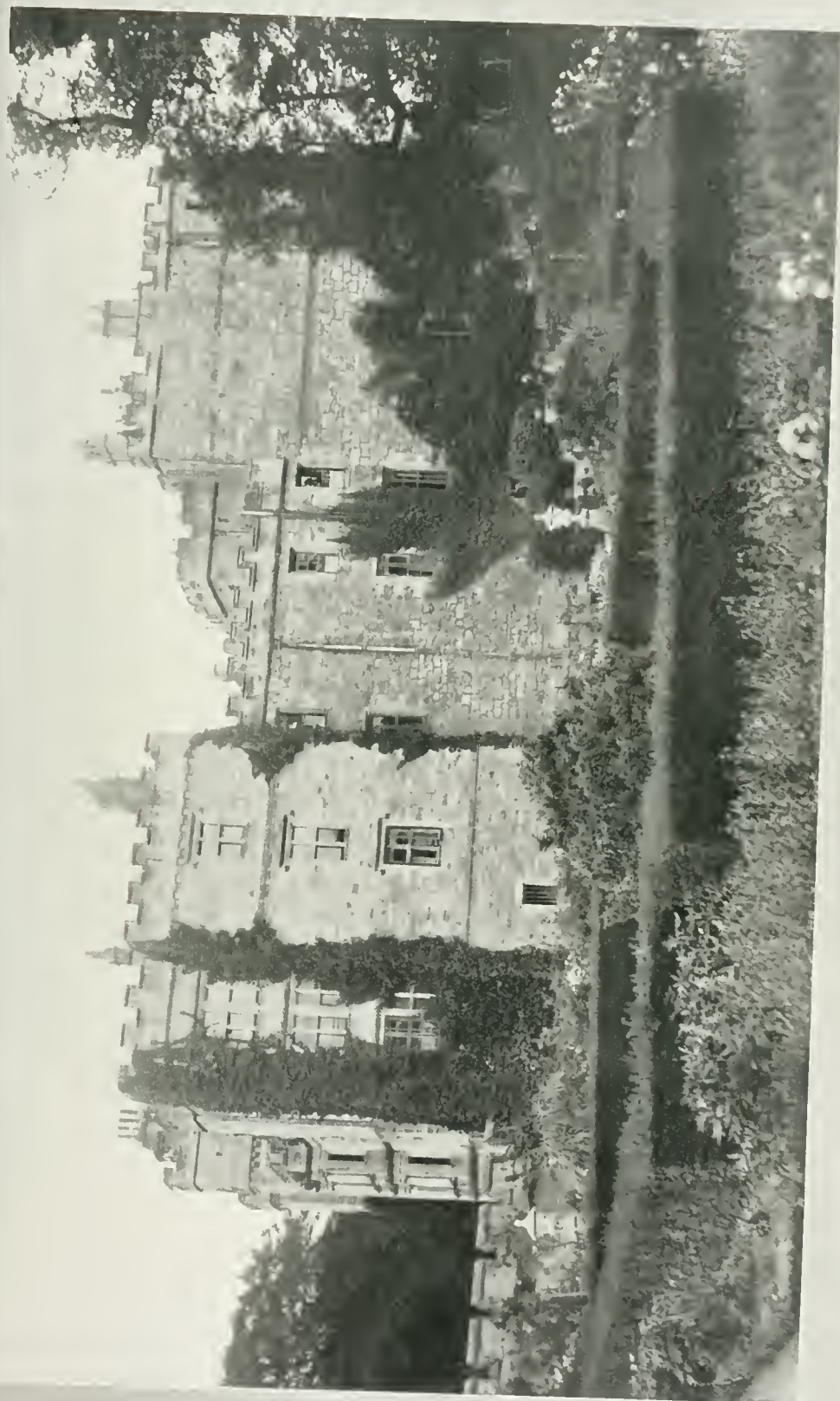


Photo by

CHILLINGHAM CASTLE.

Chillingham Castle was built about 1344 on the courtyard and corner tower plan, and is surrounded by a large park, famous for its beauty and variety of scenery. When the first owners, the Heccons, died out in 1406, the property came into the possession of the Greys. Since 1701, however, it has been the seat of the Earls of Tankerville.

[K. Bell Bolton.



[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

Photo by

HUMBLETON MILL, WOOLER.

The position of Wooler within 6 miles of the north-east edge of the Cheviot Hills makes it a convenient centre for their ascent. The mill that is placed in this romantic setting was probably named after Humbleton Heugh, a remarkable entrenchment connected with the Battle of Humbleton.



Photo by]

NORHAM CASTLE.

J. H. Robinson.

Standing in a position of great natural strength on the banks of the Tweed, Norham Castle was formerly a Border fortress of the Bishops Prince of Durham. The Norman keep, which is practically all that remains, was, it is believed, erected by Bishop Flambard. The building, however, will be best known to readers of Scott as one of the places mentioned in his "Marmion."

of minor encounters, with little or no claim to be styled "battles," are almost as numerous as the sands of the sea. It is a sore temptation to stray into the enticing and romantic region of warfare in this country, but there is no room here for more than a hasty visit to the scene of the most important and memorable action fought upon its soil.

The actual battlefield of Flodden lies nearer to the village of Braaxton than that of Flodden, for, as is well known, the chivalrous and romantic Scots King, James IV, abandoned his first and strong position on Flodden Hill in reply to the English commander's cool suggestion that he had taken an unfair advantage. A contemporary account gives a vivid description of the controversy that raged at James's headquarters before the fatal decision to give battle was reached.

Had James but listened to the advice of that "rough old soldier," Lord Lindsay of the Byres, Scotland would probably never have known so tragic a day. Pointing out that the effects of a Scottish defeat would be far more disastrous and far-reaching than those of an English, he said: "I compare your lordships to an honest merchant, who would, in his voyage, go to dice with a common hazarder, and there to jeopardy a rose-noble on a cast against a glead (*crooked*) halfpenny; which if this merchant wins, it will be counted but little, or else nought; but if he tynes, he tynes his honour with that piece of gold, which is of more value. So, my lords, ye may understand by this, ye shall be called the merchant, and your King a rose-noble, and England the common hazarder, who has



Photo by]

GENERAL VIEW OF BERWICK-ON-TWEED.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

The ancient town of Berwick-on-Tweed stands on the border between England and Scotland—a position that caused it to change hands no fewer than thirteen times before it was finally captured for England in the reign of Edward IV. As relics of its former importance in history, the modern town has little but the ruins of an old castle and part of an Elizabethan wall, built to replace an earlier one, of which only slight traces remain. The famous bridge of fifteen arches, completed in 1624, which crosses the Tweed, can be seen in the photograph.

nothing to jeopardy but a glead halfpenny, in comparison of your noble King and an old crooked carle lying in a chariot." But the King was so blind to his own destinies that he replied with a



Photo. b.

AN OLD STREET NEAR WALLACE GREEN, BERWICK.

A. R. Edwards.

The photograph shows an old street leading to Wallace Green, named after William Wallace, the famous Scottish national leader. He was executed on Tower Hill in 1305, and one of his quarters was set up in Berwick for all to see. In the background is the spire of Wallace Green Presbyterian Church.

threat to hang Lindsay at his own castle gate. How he paid for his rashness with his life, the destruction of a great army, and the flower of Scotland's nobility is too well known to be repeated. September 9, 1513, is a melancholy day in Scottish annals.

The great border fortresses on the western boundary of the county have suffered more severely than their brethren on the coastal side. Wark, one of the most famous of all, has completely disappeared, while the splendour of Norham has to be inferred mainly from its ruined but highly impressive Norman keep, one of the finest and most interesting in the country.

The Cheviots may not be particularly romantic or impressive in themselves, but no one can claim familiarity with every aspect of English scenery who has dared to neglect them. It has often been said that they are Scottish rather than English in character, but the real truth is that they have a character of their own, a character in which a great peace and a great loneliness are distinctive ingredients, and yet merely modern ingredients; for barely two hundred years have passed since peace was established over these

heights, and they ceased to be the happy hunting-ground of wild men on mischief bent.



Photo by

HOLY ISLAND.

A. H. Robinson.

Lindisfarne has been aptly named Holy Island, for it was one of the earliest centres of Christianity in this country. Its history began in 635, when St. Aidan arrived from Iona, founded a monastery, and became first bishop of the Northumbrian see, at the invitation of King Oswald. The importance of the island continued until 875, when the monks were driven out by the Danes. The picturesque ruins that still remain here are of a Benedictine priory.



Photo by

THE CASTLE, HOLY ISLAND.

This small castle stands on a prominent rock at the south-east end of the island. It was built about 1500 by Prior Castell, and was held for a short time by Charles I in 1643. The building has now been thoroughly restored and is used as a private residence.

[A. H. Robinson.



Photo by

LINDISFARNE ABBEY.

These interesting ruins belong to a priory founded in 1083. The most perfect parts of the remains are the west front, the north wall of the north aisle, and the east side of the south transept. The building on the left is the parish church of St. Mary.

A. H. Robinson.

Continuing in a south-westerly direction along the crest of the range, we soon arrive at the sources of the North Tyne and its tributaries. No Northumberland man needs telling that our country has to be ransacked to find river scenery superior to that of the North and South Tynes, and of the noble stream they form after their junction above Hexham. Upon all this region Nature has lavished her favours with unstinted hand, and man has left memories, thrilling, pathetic, and poignant, of his good and evil activities and monuments of his handiwork which remain among the most interesting the country possesses.

First and foremost among the latter must be placed that mightiest evidence of Roman power in Britain, Hadrian's Wall. To write "Hadrian's Wall" thus bluntly is to invite a torrent of



Photo by]

BAMBURGH CASTLE AND VILLAGE.

[R. Bell Belton.

In antiquity and historical associations, Bamburgh has hardly a rival in the county. The Saxon capital of Bernicia, it stands on the coast to the south of Holy Island and obtains its importance from the famous castle which crowns a bold cliff on the sea side of the town. Bamburgh Castle was for many years a favourite resort for English royalty, and, although its late owner, Lord Armstrong, was perhaps over-thorough in his restorations, the magnificent keep is still a fine piece of Norman architecture.

destructive criticism from those—and they do not lack numbers—who quarrel with the theory that this mighty work must be assigned to that Emperor. But fortunately these experts quarrel equally with each other's alternative theories, so that the plain man can be content to abide by the name that has clung to it for so long, and a theory which is at least based on a definite assertion by a respectable and competent Roman writer who lived in the third century. Everyone knows that famous ancient remains such as these exist to provide material for dissension, but a work like *BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL* has little or no concern with controversy, so others shall unravel the mystery of this mighty monument and leave us to say briefly what the "Wall" is. Let it be explained first then, that the wall proper was but one element of the system of fortifications. On the south of

it was the *vallum*, a line of earthworks comprising three terrace-like mounds with a ditch. The great military road ran between the stone wall and the *vallum*. The stone wall was strengthened by a ditch at its northern foot, the establishment of regular permanent camps at suitable spots, and the erection of turrets, or watch-towers, and what have been called "mile-castles" at intervals of a Roman mile.

As is well known, the whole "Wall" has suffered so enormously from the ravages of time and man that expert knowledge is required to reconstruct all these features from what can be seen at any particular point. But in an article on the present scale it would obviously be impossible to convey even the sketchiest impression of this ancient military masterpiece, and all that will be attempted here is a brief description of the famous station of Cilurnum, or Chesters.



Photo by

DUNSTANBOROUGH CASTLE.

[A. H. Robinson.

This stately old castle stands on a commanding rock among the sand-dunes, 4 miles east of Christonbank. It was begun by the Earl of Lancaster in 1313, but has probably been allowed to become ruinous since it was stormed by the Earl of Warwick in 1464. In the "View of the Castle of Dunstanburgh," in 1538, we read that it was "a very reynnus howsse and of smaylle strengthe." The photograph shows the great gatehouse.

It occupies a rectangle of rather more than 5 acres in area and is peculiar both in projecting for nearly half its length *beyond* the wall and in possessing six gates instead of four, the east and west sides having two each. The space within is divided up in the customary Roman geometrical fashion; there is a forum in the centre, adjacent to which can be found the remains of what was once the basilica, or court of law, and the *practorium*, the administrative and residential quarters of the officer in command of the station.

But though the Roman Wall is the greatest of the antiquities of southern Northumberland, the mediæval monuments of this region, castles, tower-houses, churches, manor-houses, are in many cases of much beauty of a somewhat local order, while most of them are of considerable architectural interest. One church at any rate, the Priory Church of Hexham, can only be described as a



Photo by

ALN WICK CASTLE.

The seat of the Duke of Northumberland, Alnwick Castle is a fine example of a medieval fortress, in spite of the extensive restorations undertaken in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It appears that a castle stood on this site before the Conquest, but the structure took its present form when it came into the possession of the Percys. The photograph was taken from the opposite bank of the Ayn near the Lion Bridge, and gives an idea of the great extent of the buildings, which are excelled only by Windsor and Bamburgh in magnificence.

J. F. Firth & Co., Ltd.



Photo by

[A. H. Robinson,

NEWMINSTER ABBEY.

These interesting old ruins stand in a romantic situation in the wooded valley of the Wansbeck, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of Morpeth. The abbey was founded by Ranulph de Merlay in 1137 for Cistercian monks, and has recently been excavated and in part restored.

historic national possession, while that ancient and delightful place is itself so rich in quaintness and associations that it must necessarily take a very high place on any itinerary of the county.

Dealing with the historical side first, Hexham first became famous when St. Wilfrid, Bishop of York, was sent here by Queen Etheldrida to establish a new bishopric towards the end of the seventh century. The church he then built shall be dealt with later. In 1464 the town came into national prominence again by reason of the bloody defeat of the Lancastrians close to the neighbourhood of Dipton Wood.

In Hexham there is much to be seen that is picturesque, quaint, or interesting, but the only ancient monument that can be called important (judged by the standard this work must adopt) is the priory, or to speak more accurately, the church of the former Augustinian priory, which has several wholly exceptional features.

In the first place it possesses in its crypt a relic of the cathedral church built by Wilfrid himself between 670 and 680. As there is only one other crypt of this date in the country, it is a structure of unusual interest, and doubly so because it is largely built of Roman material, brought it would seem, from the Roman station at Corbridge $\frac{1}{4}$ miles away. Oddly enough this Saxon crypt, now one of the most celebrated archaeological and architectural curiosities in the kingdom, was "rediscovered" only at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Hexham Priory's other rarities are the stone frith-stool or frid-stool, which was almost certainly the bishop's throne of the Saxon church, and an unusually interesting series of mediæval paintings, representing, *inter alia* figures of bishops and a "Dance of Death," but, in addition to these exceptional items, the church is replete with monuments and features which together make it one of the most interesting ecclesiastical museums in the country.

As regards the building itself, the nave is modern (the original post-Conquest nave is said to have been destroyed by the Scots in 1296), but the rest is Early English of a most elaborate character.

The neighbourhood of Hexham and the course of the Tyne towards Newcastle is exceedingly attractive and surrounded by a wealth of historical associations, but our journey has come to an end and more detailed treatment is impossible here.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE

A PART from "The Dukeries" district, which has what might be called a national clientele, the charms of this midland county are better known to itself and its immediate neighbours than to the world at large; for even though Sherwood Forest is a more or less familiar friend to every right-minded British schoolboy, the friendship is seldom based on personal acquaintance. But when it is added that in addition to these exceptional features Nottinghamshire possesses much beautiful scenery in many sections of the Trent Valley and elsewhere, it will be seen that the impulse which drives the average Briton to the sea or the mountains for recreation and recuperation is responsible for the neglect of a precious heritage in the very heart of England.

Nottingham, or to give it its proper and legal title, the "City and County of the City of Nottingham," has a continuous history of at least one thousand years, but possesses singularly little to remind us of the fact. Its "Castle," perched on an outstanding rock, is merely a nineteenth-century restoration of a nobleman's very late seventeenth-century mansion. Its art museum has many merits, but as a building it has none.

Its predecessor, however, was a notable feudal fortress which appears in history on many momentous occasions. But it apparently outlived its usefulness after the Wars of the Roses and was allowed to go to decay.

That the castle was in ruin even in the seventeenth century, when it cut a certain figure in the Civil War, is clear enough *inter alia* from Mrs. Hutchinson's interesting *Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson*, the Parliamentary Governor of the town, who seized it and held it throughout against the King:

"The castle was built upon a rock, and nature had made it capable of very strong fortification, but the buildings were very ruinous and uninhabitable, neither affording room to lodge soldiers nor provisions. The castle stands at one end of the town, upon such an eminence as commands the



Photo by

ROBIN HOOD'S CAVES, NOTTINGHAM.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The capital of the county, the ancient city of Nottingham stands on the slope of a rocky eminence by the side of the River Trent. Nottinghamshire is intimately associated with the exploits of Robin Hood, and many places have been named after that hero of legend, who is said to have robbed the rich and helped the poor in the reign, so says the account, of Richard I, whose adventures have enriched many books and ballads, including Scott's great romance "Ivanhoe."



Photo by,

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

THE PORCH, ST. MARY'S CHURCH, NOTTINGHAM.

St. Mary's Church is a handsome building in the Perpendicular style, and was erected during the reign of Henry VII. It was enlarged in 1835 and restored in 1867, and is now one of the finest churches in Nottingham.

our cross-Channel friends, has been mightily transformed; most of the old houses have vanished, and that impressive wall which divided the area into two portions, one for the English and the other for the French section of the community, is no more than an agreeable memory.

The modernising process which has deprived this market-place of any particularly antique flavour has also played havoc with the older buildings of the city elsewhere, and even the churches have suffered cruelly, with the brilliant exception of St. Mary's, a storehouse of interest to antiquaries and impressive enough to command the respect of even the most casual and unlearned visitor.

chief streets of the town. There had been enlargements made to this castle after the first building of it. There was a strong tower, which they called the old tower, built upon the top of all the rock, and this was that place where Queen Isabel, the mother of King Edward the Third, was surprised with her paramour Mortimer, who, by secret windings and hollows in the rock, came up into her chamber from the meadows lying under it. . . . Under that tower, which was the old castle, there was a larger castle, where there had been several towers and many noble rooms, but the most of them were down; the yard of that was pretty large, and without the gate there was a very large yard that had been walled, but the walls were all down, only it was situated upon an ascent of the rock, and so stood a pretty height above the streets; and there were the ruins of an old pair of gates, with turrets on each side."

After the Castle, perhaps the most historic spot in Nottingham is the vast market-place, which is claimed—and probably justly—to be the largest in the country. So far as the human side is concerned, no doubt the scenes witnessed here on busy days have not changed much in the last eight hundred years and more, allowing for the more decorative clothing and manner in which our ancestors did their bidding and bargaining. But the actual *décor*, to use a term beloved of



Photo by

NOTTINGHAM CASTLE.

[H. N. King.

The present castle stands on the site of a Norman fortress and was begun by the Duke of Newcastle in 1674. The only trace of the earlier building is an Edwardian gateway.



Photo by]

CLIFTON CHURCH.

Miss E. Warren.

Clifton is a small parish on the River Trent, 4 miles south-west of Nottingham. The ancient cruciform church stands in a beautiful situation close to the Hall from the grounds of which this photograph was taken. It contains a number of monuments and brasses to members of the Clifton family.



Photo by]

THE HALL, CLIFTON-WITH-GLAPTON.

Miss E. Warren.

For generations this picturesque old mansion has been the seat of the Clifton family. It is recorded that Sir Robert Clifton founded a college here for priests in the reign of Edward IV.

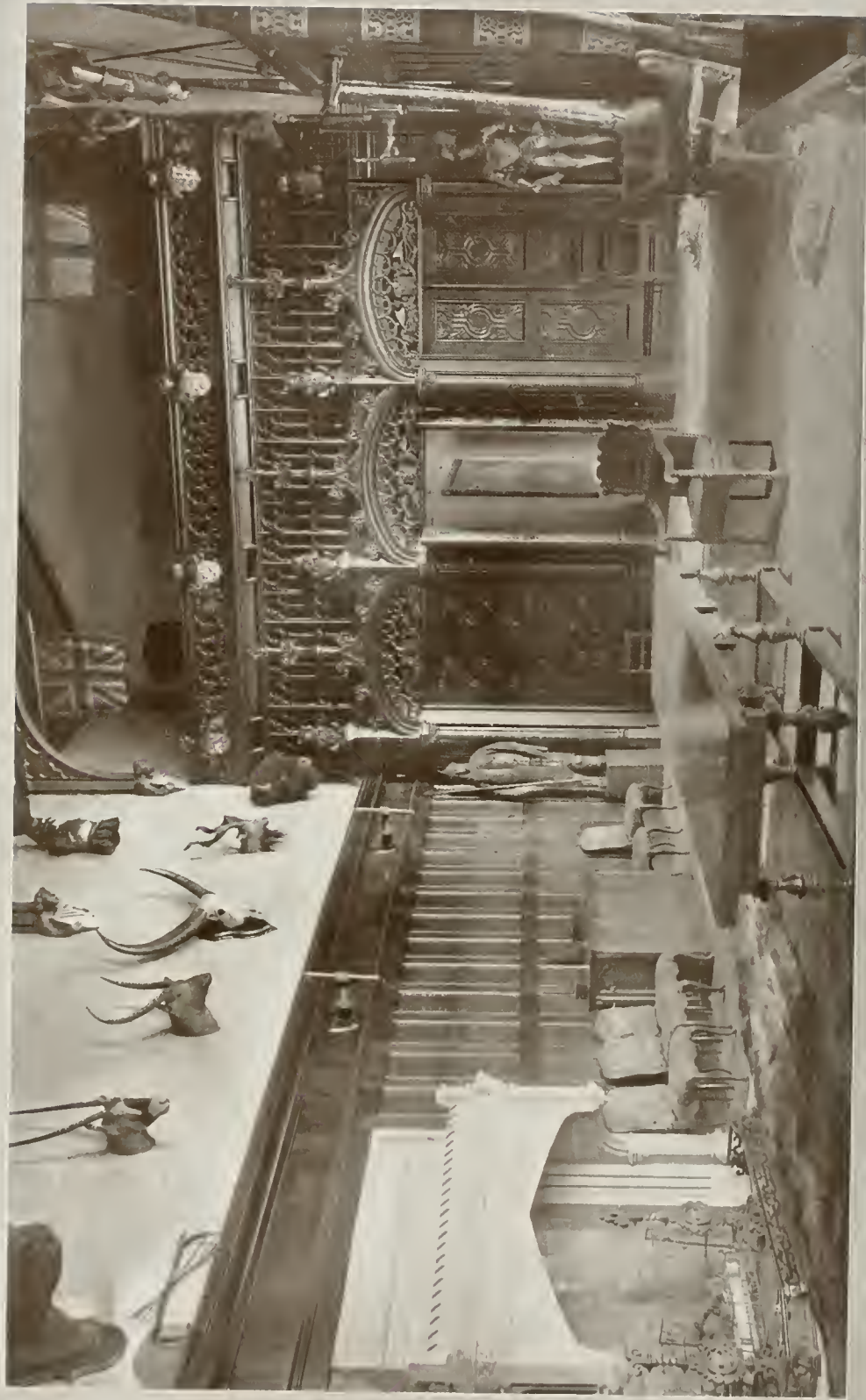


Photo by

D'NING-HALL, NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

The ancient home of Lord Byron, Newstead Abbey was founded as an Augustinian priory by Henry II, and was converted into a residence by Sir John Byron in 1540. The only part remaining of the church is the beautiful thirteenth-century west front. The old refectory is now used as the great dining-hall.

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Of the strip of country lying west of a line drawn from Mansfield to Nottingham it is perhaps kinder to say as little as possible. Old King Coal reigns here, and his breath black has done what might be expected with what was once a green and pleasing landscape. But in this grimy desert there are welcome oases.

Wollaton Hall, for instance, is as worthy of a pilgrimage as its celebrated colleague, Hardwick Hall in Derbyshire. It is a magnificent example of the private palace which was such an attractive product of building activity in the later years of Queen Elizabeth and the reign of her successor. But even Wollaton is overshadowed in historic interest by Newstead Abbey, with its most interesting remains of the church and domestic buildings of an Augustinian priory and its memories and relics of the



Photo by'

THE CLOISTERS, NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

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The abbey's chief interest lies in its connection with the poet Byron, whose bedroom, with a few relics, has been preserved. The old cloister square contains the refectory and chapter house. The latter building is Transition-Norman and has a beautiful groined roof supported by two pillars.

great but erratic Lord Byron. The poet lived here for some years, and he brought Newstead Abbey into *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* in lines which are still singularly apt :

“ The Mansion's self was vast and venerable,
 With more of the monastic than has been
 Elsewhere preserved : the cloisters still were stable,
 The cells, too, and Refectory, I ween :
 An exquisite small chapel had been able,
 Still unimpaired, to decorate the scene ;
 The rest had been reformed, replaced, or sunk,
 And spoke more of the baron than the monk.”



Photo by]

MAJOR OAK, SHERWOOD FOREST.

A. H. Robinson.

Until the end of the sixteenth century, Sherwood Forest covered an area of 100,000 acres and extended over nearly the whole of the western half of the county. Although it has now been largely deforested and disfigured by coal-mines, there still remains a district over 20 miles in length which is practically unspoilt. The Major Oak, near Edwinstowe, measures 60 feet in circumference, and is said to be over 1,400 years old.

Another great figure with whom Newstead has associations is a man of a very different stamp, the missionary-explorer Livingstone.

But Nottinghamshire can claim a greater interest in Byron than his ownership of Newstead Priory for a number of years. He died at Missolonghi, in far-away Greece, but his body was brought back to England and buried in the church of Hucknall Torkard, not far from his old home. The little town is dull and lies in an unlovely district, but the magic of the poet's name gives it an interest not justified by its intrinsic merits.

The Trent Valley between Nottingham and Newark has many beautiful reaches much beloved by natives of the county, and on either side of this fine stream there is pleasant country, well wooded in parts and in the main unspoiled. Perhaps the most historic spot on the southern side is East Stoke, where the last hopes of the Yorkists were shattered in the desperate action fought between Lambert Simnel's somewhat motley host and the royal forces of Henry VII on June 16, 1487. The pretender laboured under the disadvantage that, to use Bacon's words, "it was an odious thing to the people of England to have a king brought into them upon the shoulders of Irish and Dutch, of which their army was in substance compounded," and the aforesaid Irish suffered the further disadvantage that "being almost naked men, only armed with darts and skins, it was rather an execution than a fight upon them."



Photo

ROCK HOUSES, MANSFIELD.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Mansfield is an important industrial town on the River Maun, a little to the south of the Derbyshire boundary. These rock caves are said to have been inhabited by large colonies of Britons long before the coming of the Romans, owing to their convenient position near Sherwood Forest.



Photo by

RUFFORD ABBEY.

The seat of Lord Savile, Rufford Abbey is a beautiful old mansion built in the Elizabethan and Jacobean style. It occupies the site of a Cistercian monastery, founded in 1148 by Gilbert de Ghent, and incorporates part of the old refectory. The photograph shows a corner of the Roman garden.

M. N. King.



[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

BUDDBY CASTLE.

The ancient village of Buddby, which was known in Domesday as Buteby, is situated on the River Meden in the heart of "The Dukeries," 3 miles north-west of Ollerton. This old castle, of unusual design, stands in lovely surroundings, close to Thoresby Park.

[Photo by]

Southwell Minster is substantially a grand Norman church with a history extending centuries beyond that of any part of the existing buildings, and possibly to a time anterior to the coming of the Saxons. The story of the foundation prior to the Norman Conquest is not altogether clear, but it is certain that the Normans pulled down the Saxon church and built the existing nave at least before the middle of the eleventh century. But impressive though this nave is, it is generally agreed that their finest piece of work here is the north porch, with a living-room over it, and the plain but stately central tower.

A century or so after the Norman church was completed its choir was replaced by an early Gothic choir, which harmonises admirably with the earlier work, and a few years later the glorious Chapter House completed the edifice and supplied a feature which has been widely and generously praised even by those who are inclined to belittle English Gothic by comparison with Continental work in that style.

Newark possesses splendid relics of its important and picturesque past in the grand ruin of its Castle and its Church of St. Mary Magdalene. As becomes a stronghold which frequently figures in our history, the castle is a compound of various dates and styles from Norman times onwards. It would not be possible here to give even a sketchy outline of its vivid and romantic story, except to say that it was the scene of King John's death, and that in the Civil War of the seventeenth century it was a venomous thorn in the side of the Parliamentarians in these regions. Every reader of Colonel Hutchinson's *Memoirs* knows how that doughty warrior was systematically thwarted by its active garrison.

In addition to its noble parish church Newark possesses many ancient houses and other features giving it an old-world flavour much appreciated by those who regret the ravages of modernity among our old country towns.



Photo by

IN SHERWOOD FOREST.

C. G. Gosnell.

In the north part of the forest there is a large tract of woodland, known as the "Dukeries," that has been preserved in the great parks of Welbeck, Clumber, Thoresby, and Worksop. This photograph was taken in the evening near Edwinstowe, on the outskirts of the forest.

Continuing down the Trent, the curious little triangle of Nottinghamshire which projects into Lincolnshire is soon reached, and here in a remote corner lies Harby. For all there is to see in this secluded village, it might have enjoyed an honoured obscurity for all time; but it is of national note as the place in which Eleanor, the wife of the great Edward I, died in November 1290. Here stood

the first of those crosses he raised to her memory, but unhappily it has vanished like nearly all of its fellows.

Sherwood Forest, though but a shadow of its ancient self, is still the first among the natural attractions of the county. It is inseparably associated with the magic name of Robin Hood and his merry men, but just as commerce and self-interest have played havoc with the earlier glories of the forest, so scepticism and "historical research" have more than cast a doubt on the stories, and even the existence, of that picturesque outlaw. It seems a pity that the modern passion for destruction should lay rude hands even on ancient lore and tradition, but fortunately the ordinary rambler in this beautiful region cares nothing for Dr. Dryasdust and his "discoveries" and everything for the memories and legends of Robin Hood. The learned may write until the world's supply of ink gives out,



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MAP OF NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

but Robin and Maid Marian were married in Edwinstowe Church, and if *that* is an accepted fact all the rest follows.

Apart from its wilder beauties, Sherwood Forest has gained wide interest through the coming into existence of those noble parks and mansions which are styled "The Dukeries." Welbeck Abbey, Clumber House, Thoresby Hall, and Rufford Abbey all stand for a status and dignity little less than



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Photo by]

CHIMNEYPIECE, THORESBY HOUSE.

This stately mansion was begun in 1864 to the design of Salvin and is now the seat of the Earl of Manvers. An earlier building at Thoresby was the birthplace of the Duke of Kingston, and his daughter is represented in a notable painting in the great hall. The beautifully carved chimneypiece here shown has few rivals in the country.



Photo by

DEER IN WELBECK PARK.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Although Welbeck Park is not the largest estate in the Dukeries, it is one of the most attractive. Embracing as it does a part of the ancient Sherwood Forest, there are a number of very old oak-trees and some fine forest scenery. There are also large gardens, a riding school, and a beautiful lake of 93 acres. The photograph shows a small herd of deer that seem to have overcome their traditional shyness.



Photo by

THE TERRACE, WELBECK ABBEY.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

The seat of the Duke of Portland, Welbeck Abbey, dates from the seventeenth century, and was built on the site of an abbey founded in the reign of Henry II. After a serious fire in 1900, the building was considerably altered and enlarged. A curious feature is the extraordinary number of tunnels and underground rooms constructed by the eccentric fifth Duke.



Photo by]

CLUMBER HOUSE AND LAKE.

[A. H. Robinson.

Clumber House is largely a modern residence, having been almost rebuilt in 1879 after a fire. The owner, the Duke of Newcastle, possesses many priceless paintings and a fine collection of china. One of the best views of the house may be obtained from the bridge over the lake in the south of the park. The spire in the background is that of the church of St. Mary, built for the Duke in 1889.

royal, and their art treasures must be counted among the national possessions. But though Welbeck dates back to the early part of the seventeenth century, the others are substantially edifices of the eighteenth or nineteenth century, and in an architectural sense none of them possesses a title of the interest of Wollaton and Hardwicke, or many of the other great Elizabethan mansions in which the midland counties are so rich.

Not far from these Meccas of the British aristocracy lies that Mecca of English Nonconformity, Scrooby. Scrooby's claim to fame is as the home of William Brewster, whose house still stands and attracts vast numbers of Americans to this northern corner of the county every year. For it was in this modest dwelling that those who were to become the "Pilgrim Fathers" gathered together for many years before emigrating to Holland, destined to be but a stepping-stone to the New World.

Worksop has remains of ancient quaintness to show the visitor, and something more illuminating in the grand gatehouse of its Priory of Austin Canons, which was founded in the twelfth century. It is of special interest, because it was obviously used as a residence as well as a "lodge," and the supposition is that guests to the priory were here accommodated, in accordance with the hospitable notions of the times. It is a remarkably complete and noble example of fourteenth-century work, its beautiful simplicity being relieved by the addition of an elaborate porch, carved and decorated in the true Perpendicular manner.

The wolds of the south-western corner of the county yield plenty of interest to those who can be satisfied with anything less than cathedrals and castles. Most of the churches have features worthy of study, and one at least, that of East Leake, possesses a remarkable rarity in the shape of a "shawm"



Photo by]

GREYHOUND GATES, CLUMBER.

[A. H. Robinson.

With its fine lake and beautiful woodlands, Clumber Park is one of the most picturesque in "The Dukeries." It has a circuit of about 11 miles and contains a famous avenue of lime-trees, which forms the approach from the Worksop Road.

(the word is now seldom met with outside the Bible) or trumpet, which on extension reaches the formidable length of nearly 8 feet !

But whereas the fame of most of the villages hereabouts does not extend beyond the county's borders, that of Gotham is national, if not international. Who has not heard of the "Wise Men" of Gotham? But how many know that "Wise Men" is merely a pleasant sarcasm for "Fools," or rather "Simpletons"? One village idiot is by no means uncommon, but a whole colony of them is a somewhat exceptional phenomenon; if history is right it was actually an *intentional* phenomenon, designed to frustrate the schemes of wicked King John. The story goes that that monarch proposed to build himself a hunting-lodge in the neighbourhood. Gotham was anything but pleased, as it foresaw



Photo by

[H. Walker.

THE PRIORY GATE, WORKSOP.

Worksop is a country town at the north end of "The Dukeries" and close to an important coalfield. An Augustinian priory was founded here in 1103, and has left some remains in the Norman nave of the present church, the ruined thirteenth-century Lady Chapel, and this fourteenth-century gatehouse. The large manor to the south-west of the town was rebuilt by the Duke of Norfolk after a fire in 1761, and is now the seat of Sir John Robinson.

a constant succession of requisitions, paid for with promises. The inhabitants accordingly took counsel together; and as a result of their communing they proceeded to behave like harmless but bewildering maniacs. On hearing that the villagers were hopeless imbeciles, John resolved to build his house elsewhere. The "Wise Men" thereupon commented that "We ween there are more fools pass through Gotham than remain in it."

But the King had his revenge, at any rate posthumously. For the self-imposed reputation for "simplicity" stuck to the village, and in course of time all England laughed over the "Merrie Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham," and especially that triumphant one of how the villagers made a ring round a bush in which a cuckoo was singing, so that they could prevent its escape and make it sing all the year round!



Photo by]

CHAPTER HOUSE DOOR, SOUTHWELL CATHEDRAL.

H. N. King.

The parish church at Southwell became the cathedral of the new diocese in 1884, and is a restored twelfth-century building standing on the site of the old church of Paulinus. The chapter house was built between 1285 and 1300, and is notable for the beauty of its foliage capitals.



Photo by

SARACEN'S HEAD COURTYARD, SOUTHWELL.

This picturesque old street was seen, made famous by its connection with Charles I. It was here that that unhappy monarch surrendered to the Scottish Commissioners in 1646. Southwell is a place of great historical interest, largely owing to its magnificent cathedral.

[Photachrom Co., Ltd.]



Photo by

Thomas Kent.

ON A HILLSIDE FARM AT ORKNEY.

Agriculture is the staple industry of the Orkneys, and over 100,000 acres, or nearly half the total area of the islands, are under crop or permanent pasture. The photograph shows a mixed team tilling the land on a hillside farm.

ORKNEY ISLANDS

EVER since Scapa Flow served as the invisible headquarters of the "Silent Navy" in the Great War and the German fleet committed suicide there in such dramatic fashion, the Orkney Islands have been assured of an important place in world history. Their remoteness and the turbulence of the seas that separate them from the Scottish mainland can no longer be relied upon to keep them safe from the prying eyes of those who would visit the scene of such great happenings. With the eye of faith these inquisitive ones will see this all but landlocked roadstead black with ships and alive with the bustle of martial preparations; and if they are wise they will take with them Admiral Jellicoe's *The Grand Fleet*, 1914-16, and keep the map of Scapa Flow spread out before them. For those magic words: "Anchorage for the Fleet," "Inner Patrolled Area," "Trawlers and Drifters Base," and so forth, cannot, alas, be engraved in letters of gold on the ever-shifting waves.

Bounded on the north by the Mainland, or Pomona, the roadstead is shut in on the west by the islands of Hoy and Graemsay and the east by those of Burray and South Ronaldshay, each of them having a number of smaller satellites.

Hoy has indubitable claims to possess the finest



Photo by

Thomas Kent.

FISHING-BOATS RETURNING, ORKNEY.

Of the thirty inhabited islands in the Orkney group, Stonsay is the chief fishing centre. In the summer, Whitehall on the north-western side has a herring fishery with an annual catch exceeded only by three other ports in Scotland. One of the most striking features of the 500 miles or so of coastline is the loftiness and beauty of colouring of the rocky cliffs.

scenery of the Orkney Islands. The grand cliffs on its western coast have few rivals in the British Isles, and the views from its hills embrace a marvellous panorama of sea, land, and sky. But the great curiosity of Hoy is the Dwarfie Stone, about which "I was chiefly fond to linger," says Norna the witch in Scott's *The Pirate*. The same authority describes it as "a huge fragment of a rock, which lies in a broken and rude valley, full of stones and precipices, in the recesses of the Ward Hill of Hoy. The inside of the rock has two couches, hewn by no earthly hand, and having a small passage between them. The doorway is now open to the weather: but beside it lies a large stone, which, adapted to grooves still visible in the entrance, once had served to open and to close this extraordinary dwelling, which Trolld, a dwarf famous in the northern Sagas, is said to have framed for his favourite residence. The lonely shepherd avoids the place, for at sunrise, high noon, or sunset, the misshapen



Photo by

A FARM KITCHEN, ORKNEY.

(Thomas Kent.

The somewhat primitive character of the domestic dwellings in the Orkneys is revealed in this photograph of a picturesque old farm kitchen. In the foreground will be noticed the simple method of cooking adopted by the Islanders.

form of the necromantic owner may sometimes still be seen sitting by the Dwarfie Stone. . . . Often when watching by the Stone, with mine eyes fixed on the Ward Hill, which rises above that gloomy valley, I have distinguished, among the dark rocks, that wonderful carbuncle, which gleams ruddy as a furnace to them who view it from beneath, but has ever become invisible to him whose daring foot has scaled the precipices from which it darts its splendour."

Mainland possesses an almost unique example of a "wasp" waist, on the northern side of which stands the capital of the group, Kirkwall, a place of Norse origin and great antiquity, which has managed to modernise itself to some extent without sacrificing all evidences of its former greatness.

Among its ancient monuments pride of place must be given to the Cathedral of St. Magnus, a worthy church worthily named after the "good" Yarl (or Earl) Magnus, who was brutally murdered by his



Photo by:

CLOUD STUDY ON THE ORKNEY COAST.

The Orcadian who takes an evening walk along the rugged cliffs of these northern islands is often rewarded with an impressive effect from the sun setting behind a bank of dark rain-clouds. The rock-girt coasts of the Orkneys are subject to the full force of the frequent Atlantic gales, generally accompanied by rain.

[Thomas Kent,

cousin in 1110 and canonised twenty-five years later. As he "was of blameless life, victorious in battle, wise, eloquent, strong-minded, liberal and magnanimous, sagacious in counsel, and more beloved than any other man" (see *The Orkneys and Shetland*, by J. R. Tudor), the honour must be regarded as having been deserved.

The church too is not unworthy of the saint. Its merit lies in a certain massive simplicity, achieved



Photo by

A WOODED LANE, ORKNEY.

Thomas Keir

The pleasing warmth of this leafy lane is very refreshing in a land that is generally considered to be a "bleak and treeless moor." But the cool summer, high winds, and other meteorological conditions seem to have all conspired to induce the woodless character of the country.

which anyone seeing the church from the outside will no doubt regard as an almost unmitigated disaster.

Of the ancient castle nothing remains. Much Orcadian history was made within its rude and stern walls, and it played so important a part in the rebellion of Robert Stewart in 1614 that it was destroyed

by modest means and notably a strong sense of proportion. Though one of the smallest cathedrals in the British Isles, internally at least it produces the impression of a more than respectable size. The existing church was probably not the first on the site. It is mainly Romanesque in character and appears to date in its earliest part from the first half of the twelfth century. From a decorative point of view it savours of the stern and unemotional North; but the fact is probably due less to design than the accidents of history and the barbarism of man. The work of restoration carried out in Victorian times was marked by the poorest taste and an almost fatuous disregard of the purpose and intentions of the mediæval builders. But long before that, the soldiers of the Parliamentary army had used the church as a barrack and stable.

The central tower is the sixteenth-century work of Bishop Maxwell. The existing short steeple is the successor of a fairly lofty steeple which was occasionally used as a refuge in times of stress. It perished by fire a circumstance



From the Tenby of 1711, Bathleigh Bristol

TENBY CASTLE AND THE HARBOUR.

The Castle of Tenby, the walls, and the church were all built in the twelfth century for the protection and comfort of the colony of Flemish weavers which had been planted there, and who were continually subjected to the attacks of the Welsh. Tenby has now, and has always had, a fishing industry, the old fish-ribs giving it the Welsh name of "Dybych y Pysgod."

By Pen and Ink of the artist, Messrs. B. J. J. & Co., London.

by the orders of James VI of Scotland and I of England. Fifty years earlier Mary Stuart's third husband, the Earl of Bothwell, fleeing from the south, had been frustrated in an attempt to possess himself of it and thus secure a *point d'appui* for future operations on his wife's behalf.

The Earl's Palace, an early seventeenth-century baronial mansion built by Earl Patrick Stuart, is made by Scott the scene of "the pirate Cleveland's" conference with the stranger, "the expression of whose countenance was lively, with a cast of effrontery," and the author took the opportunity of describing the *locus in quo* at some length :

"The Earl's Palace forms three sides of an oblong square, and has, even in its ruins, the air of an elegant yet massive structure, uniting, as was usual in the residence of feudal princes, the character of a



Photo by]

Thomas Kent.

A TRANQUIL EVENING AT KIRKWALL, ORKNEY.

The ancient town of Kirkwall stands on the northern end of a peninsula dividing the Mainland in two. It has been the capital of the islands since 1137, when a cathedral was founded here. There are two harbours ; that to the north being used for general traffic, and the one on Scapa Bay as the port of call for the daily mail steamer to Caithness.

palace and of a castle. A great banqueting-hall, communicating with several large rounds or projecting turret-rooms, and having at either end an immense chimney, testifies the ancient Northern hospitality of the Earls of Orkney, and communicates, almost in the modern fashion, with a gallery, or withdrawing-room, of corresponding dimensions, and having, like the hall, its projecting turrets. The lordly hall itself is lighted by a fine Gothic window of shafted stone at one end, and is entered by a spacious and elegant staircase, consisting of three flights of stone steps. The exterior ornaments and proportions of the ancient building are also very handsome, but, being totally unprotected, this remnant of the pomp and grandeur of Earls, who assumed the licence as well as the dignity of petty sovereigns, is now fast crumbling to decay and has suffered considerably since the date of our story."

Many of the smaller houses of the capital are old and interesting, notably Tankerness House, which has been formed in the course of centuries out of a number of residences of ecclesiastics connected with the Cathedral.

It seems hardly fitting, in this land of tale and legend, to leave Kirkwall without a reference to the well-vouched story told in Martin (*A Brief Description of the Isles of Orkney and Shetland*, 1716) of Dr. Graham, the Bishop of Orkney, and his young nephew, William Garioch. The year was the ninth of His Gracious Majesty Charles I. The uncle, for all his garb, was wickedness itself; for he coveted the "some acres of land, and some cattle" left to his nephew by "his father deceased." In his wickedness he devised a diabolical plan. He kept the young man so short of food that the latter, in his despair, "stole a setten of barley, which is about twenty-eight pound weight, from his uncle." Uncle set the



Photo by

ST. MAGNUS'S CATHEDRAL, KIRKWALL.

[Thomas Kent.

When Magnus-Jarl of Orkney was foully murdered on Egilsay in 1115 by his cousin, Hakon-Jarl, his nephew, St. Rognvald, vowed he would build a church in commemoration of his martyred uncle. Twenty-two years later the church was begun, and although it was not completed until four centuries afterwards the general effect is quite harmonious.

criminal law in motion; nephew was sentenced to suffer the extreme penalty. But "going up the ladder to be hanged, he prayed earnestly that God would inflict some visible judgment on his uncle, who out of covetousness had procured his death. The uncle happened after this to be walking in the churchyard of Kirkwall, and as he stood upon the young man's grave, the *bishop's dog* run at him all of a sudden, and tore out his throat; and so he became a monument of God's wrath against such covetous wretches."

There are other ancient buildings, both ecclesiastical and secular, in the islands which deserve special mention.

On the little island of Egilsay is the very old church which also bears the name of St. Magnus, who was murdered in or near it. But it is certain that the building was in existence centuries before that event; in fact, it is probably contemporaneous with some of the earliest Irish churches, and point is



Photo by]

IN OLD ST. MAGNUS'S, KIRKWALL.

[Thomas Kent.

One cannot fail to be impressed with the beautiful east window and the fine carved doorways of the east and south transept, which are said to be "probably the finest examples in Great Britain of the use of stones of different colours in patterns." In the north transept is a monument to William Balfour Bilkie, the explorer of the Niger. A few years ago the town council started a much needed restoration of the old fabric.



Photo by

CLIFFS NEAR YESNABY.

A. Sillar.

At Yesnaby, on the west coast of the Mainland, the tops of the cliffs, which are in places several hundred feet high, are bare for a considerable distance inland except for broken stones smashed up by the winter gales. Near this spot there are two solitary pillars of stacks, known respectively as North Gaulton Castle and the Castle of Yeskenaby.

added to the supposition by the fact that it possesses a round tower of the Irish pattern, one of the three to be found in Scotland.

Another highly exceptional church is that of Ophir, where there exists the chancel of a round church, similar to the four specimens in England, built on the model of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem.

Of ancient secular buildings the Castle of Noltland in the island of Westray affords a splendid example, and it shows that even so far north as the Orkneys a "castle" was a thing of beauty as well as utility. Though a ruin, it is exceedingly impressive, its finest feature being a wonderful stone staircase which has few rivals in Scotland.

Apart from these civilised memorials, the Orkneys are deservedly famous for their prehistoric antiquities, notably the Stone Circle of



Photo by

BALFOUR CASTLE.

[Thomas Kent.]

Situated on the Isle of Shapinsay, Balfour Castle is considered one of the best examples of a Scottish baronial mansion. It was built to the designs of David Bryce in 1847 and is the seat of Colonel Balfour. The house is surrounded by fine gardens and plantations.



Photo by

BANQUETING HALL, EARL'S PALACE, KIRKWALL.

[Thomas Kent.]

This magnificent old palace has been described as "a superb specimen of Scottish seventeenth-century architecture, its oriel windows and turrets being unsurpassed by anything on the mainland." The building was erected by Patrick Stewart, Earl of Orkney, about 1600, and is almost intact except for the roof.

Heness and that mighty tunnelled mound, Maeshowe, which was either a burial-ground or the home of a colony of primitive but not unskilled human beings. Like Stonehenge, it has been the subject of continuous and lively speculation and controversy, which lies somewhat outside the scope of this review.

A special article might well be written on the "view-points" of the islands and the views they disclose, but there is no room here for a reference to more than one.

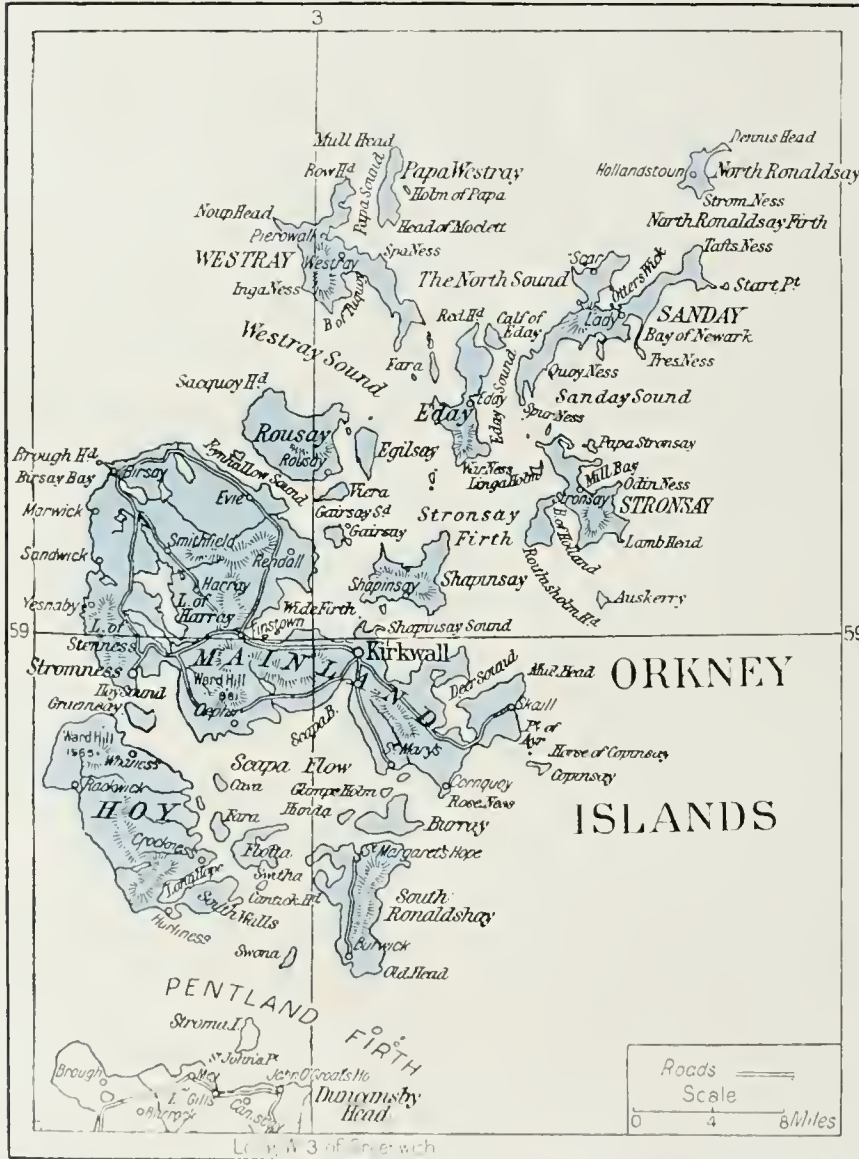
Wideford Hill is the scene of the Lammas Fair, that annual jollification which Scott weaves into the Pirate's story. But the author is careful to point out that Scottish rowdiness is far more sober than

in England. "In merry England, now, you would have seen, on such an occasion, two or three bands of strollers, as many fire-eaters and conjurers, as many shows of wild beasts; but amongst these grave folks, there is nothing but what savours of business and of commodity—no, not so much as a single squall from my merry gossip Punch and his rib Joan." But if Bacchus was sleepy, Cupid was active enough:

"Ye gallanty Lambmas lads, appear,
And bring your Lambmas sisters here."

So one can understand Scott's comment that "it is easy to conceive that the exclusive familiarity arising out of this custom was liable to abuse, the rather that it is said little scandal was attached to the indiscretions which it occasioned."

It need hardly be said that the group of islands exhibits almost innumerable traces of the currents of history which at various times have



MAP OF ORKNEY ISLANDS.

passed over it. The ecclesiastical phase, if the term may be used, is well represented in those islands which bear the curious prefix of "Papa," pointing to a time when they were the residence and headquarters of some Scottish or Celtic missionary. The Norse period in turn has set its seal upon the place-names, and the appearance, customs, manners, and even the language of the inhabitants. In fact, Denmark might claim, in the opinion of some lawyers, that on payment of the sum granted as dowry to James III, the sovereignty of the Orkneys would revert to her.



Photo by]

EVENING SPLENDOUR, SCAPA FLOW.

Thomas Kent.

During the Great War, Scapa Flow, an inland sea about 150 square miles in extent, became famous as the chief base of the Grand Fleet. In 1918 the surrendered German ships were interned here, but seven months later the greater number were scuttled by their officers and crews.



Photo by]

PREHISTORIC MOUND, NEAR STENNESS.

Thomas Kent.

Maeshowe or Maidens' Mound, which is of uncertain age and origin, is 36 feet high, and has a central chamber 15 feet square, reached by a low passage 54 yards long. Runic characters are inscribed on the walls within, some of which testify to the belief that the place was broken into by the pilgrims who went with St. Rognvald to Jerusalem in 1152.



Photo by]

[Thomas Kent.

A QUAIN STREET IN STROMNESS.

Stromness is a busy little seaport carrying on a considerable trade on the west coast of Pomona or the Mainland. It consists of one very narrow main street with branches leading up a sheltering hill at the back and down to the extensive harbour jetties.

OXFORDSHIRE

IN one of his essays the late Sir Walter Besant described two celebrations or commemorations at which he was present. One was at Harvard, and the other at his old college, of Christ's, Cambridge. At Harvard the speeches dwelt on the future, the lives that lay before the students, their duties of citizenship. At Christ's they spoke of the glories of their past, of the great scholars who had sojourned in the old college on their way to the larger world, or who had lived their lives of learning on the banks of the Cam. So with Oxford. The two English Universities do not say to the schoolboy, "Come to us and we will prepare you for your future career," but rather do they say, "Come to us, for your father was here before you; come and, if you will, join with us in our efforts to keep up the great tradition of the past." It is the past, not the future, that calls the young man from his school to Oxford and Cambridge.

Speaking fairly broadly, we may say that Oxford as a university was started in the reign of Henry II. That is to say, that from the reign of Henry II the learning of the country was centred in the two universities, where it has ever since remained. Prior to this, though centralisation was in sight, learning was vaguely disseminated by wandering teachers, and any cathedral town or big monastery could serve as a nucleus of students. In 1167 a royal order expelled all the English

students from the Sorbonne at Paris, an edict which received a swift answer from Henry II, who forbade clerks to go abroad for study. This ordinance reacted naturally in favour of Oxford, and when Gerald de Barri decided to read his new *Topography of Ireland* to the students of Oxford—this was in 1185—he did so because at Oxford "more clerks were to be found there, and they more clerkly." That the worthy man secured bumper audiences from his generous entertainments of the poor, the



Photo by]

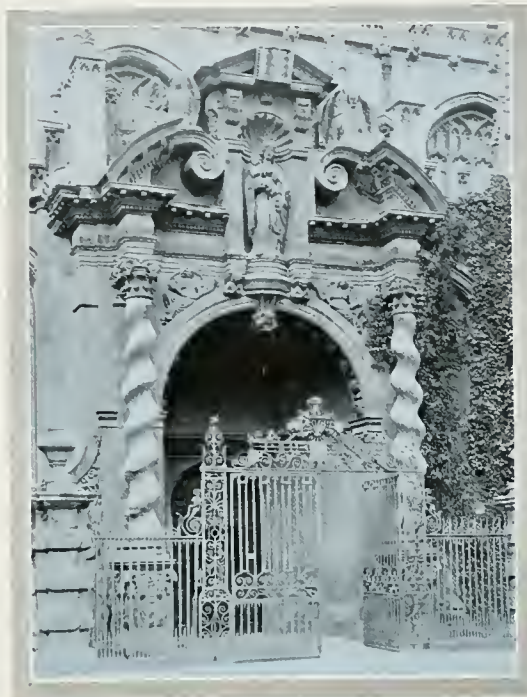
MARTYRS' MEMORIAL, OXFORD.

[Rev. W. Mann, M.A.

This monument was erected in St. Giles' Street in 1841 to the memory of Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley. It is modelled on the style of the Queen Eleanor Crosses, and in the niches are statues of the three martyrs.

students and the doctors of faculties, need not take away from his good opinion of the University. By this time the general organisation of the faculties was being developed, and from a vague rabble of hungry students a definite curriculum was formed.

Both the Universities were inclined politically, Oxford especially so. This would probably be explained by its geographical position. As a town it had a great strategic importance. But apart from this, politics was a subject largely taught by English teachers. The foreign element at both Universities, though they



ITALIAN PILLARS, ST. MARY'S CHURCH, OXFORD.
This handsome church was founded in the reign of Edward II, and the beautiful Italian porch added later.

enjoyed a European fame, was small. The attitude of the University towards the Church was hostile, although a large proportion of the students were reading theology. The Chancellor, as the deputy of the Bishop of Lincoln, in which diocese Oxford was at that time (thirteenth century), was responsible for the intellectual discipline. But, generally speaking, this high official was largely occupied with maintaining the university status against the pretensions of the municipality. The inevitable result was that the guiding hand of the helmsman being absent, the ship wandered at will, blown by the winds of



BROAD STREET, OXFORD.

(H. N. King.)

The round building in the centre of the photograph is the Sheldonian Theatre, modelled on the theatre of Marcellus at Rome. On the right is the Old Ashmolean Museum and on the left the Clarendon Building.



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GEOGRAPHIA L^o FLEET STREET LOND^o E.C.4

MAP OF OXFORDSHIRE.



By permission of

RADCLIFFE CAMERA, OXFORD.

(Underwood Press Service.)

Taken from the grounds of Exeter College, this view shows the massive dome of the Radcliffe Camera rising above the trees of the square. The rotunda was founded by Dr. Radcliffe, the court-physician in the eighteenth century, and is one of James Gibbs's masterpieces. Since 1861 it has been used as a reading-room of the Bodleian Library.

each and every teacher's individual bent. Then, too, the student, though his course was set for him, from which he could not deviate, chose his own master, and whether he read theology or law or philosophy the result was usually the same, a feeling strongly combatant to the Church.

The Chancellor, we have said, employed himself with fights against the municipality. From the earliest times in the history of the University, town and gown have been at variance. The students complained of the extortionate charges for food and accommodation, and in the early part of the thirteenth century the Government appeared on the scene with fixed charges for lodgings in both Universities. It is probably very true that the townsmen were sorely tried by the advantage taken of their privileges by the students, and that the frequent town and gown clashes were fought out with a vigour inspired by real antipathy rather than the more sporting revelling in battle. Still, the University prospered, and in time the colleges began to appear. In the first century of its existence Oxford was



Photo by

A CORNER OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

Trinity College stands on the site of Old Durham College and was founded by Sir Thomas Pope during the reign of Henry VIII. On the south side there is a number of picturesque old cottages, once used by the students.

filled with a collection of poor students living literally from hand to mouth, in many cases frankly on charity. Walter de Merton founded the first college in 1274, collecting a group of students under one roof, with their own orders and organisations, the college holding its own land and using a common seal. Then Merton was followed by other foundations, and so ended the old free University, and Oxford organised and disciplined, started on a new phase, its house cleansed internally, but waiting for the new learning that the great Renaissance was to bring to all who held out their hands for it. Merton was the first *actual* college in the modern sense, but University and Balliol have foundations of a little earlier date. University was founded by William of Durham in 1249. For many years the college claimed Alfred the Great as its founder. This fallacy apparently started in 1387, when the college, involved in a lawsuit, appealed to the King. Documents, duly sealed, came to light, and received the credit of being genuine; undoubtedly it was a Royal foundation, and

henceforward was recognised as such. A King's Bench judgment in 1726 confirmed the story, the Fellows of the college declaring that it would be a terrible scandal to the Church if the courts came to a decision that "a succession of clergymen had returned thanks for so many years for an idol, a mere nothing." Thus the good Alfred was established as founder, and a hundred and fifty years later we come to a Chancellor of the Exchequer insisting, with legal gravity, on the old fiction. This was Robert Lowe, later Lord Sherbrooke. But the true founder was William of Durham, and the fellowships were until 1854 mainly restricted to men from Yorkshire and Durham. So much for the Alfred story of University.



Photo by]

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

OXFORD CASTLE FROM THE RIVER.

The remains of Oxford Castle stand on the west side of the town by the Isis, and consist only of a keep, the piers of a Norman crypt, and a vaulted room. During her war with Stephen, Matilda was besieged in the Castle, but escaped by night across the snow by dressing herself in white.

Balliol's foundation was more romantic. John de Balliol got into trouble over some churches in the North, and was severely punished, a public scourging and a penance being his portion. This was in 1260, and he endowed four students at Oxford. Devorguilla, his widow, was his co-founder, and their shields are linked, azure, a lion rampant argent, crowned or, langued and armed gules, impaling gules an orb argent.

The Oxford colleges are well grouped, better so in some ways than at Cambridge. By the Cathedral are Christ Church and Corpus, with Merton, Oriel rubbing shoulders with Corpus. St. John's, Balliol, and Trinity form another group north of Broad Street, while the main



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MAGDALEN TOWER FROM THE CHERWELL.

[Underwood Press Service.

The most beautiful and imposing building in the famous High Street is Magdalen College, which was founded in 1448 by William of Waynflete. The oldest part of the present edifice, however, was not completed until 1480. The fine Perpendicular tower, seen in the photograph, is the bell tower of the college and stands 145 feet high.



By permission of]

THE HALL, WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD.

[The Underwood Press Service.

Wadham College was founded by Nicholas Wadham of Somerset and built by his widow on the site of an Augustinian priory in 1610. In addition to a large number of portraits, the Hall is notable for its fine hammer-beam roof and Jacobean oak screen.



Photo.

TOM TOWER, CHRISTCHURCH COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Rev. W. Mann, M. A.

Commonly known as "The House," Christchurch was founded in 1546 and is the largest college in Oxford. The Tom Tower was built in 1682 over Wolsey's Gateway by Sir Christopher Wren, and contains "Great Tom" a bell weighing 7 tons, which is sounded at 9.5 every evening as a signal for the closing of all college gates. The building on the right is Pembroke College, and on the left can be seen a portion of St. Aldate's Church.

forces are congregated in the middle of the town guarding the Radcliffe and Bodleian Libraries and the Church of St. Mary. Here, on one side, are Hertford, All Souls, New College, and Queen's, and on the other side Exeter, Brasenose—B.N.C., of course, to Oxford men—Lincoln, and Jesus. As outlying pickets at the cardinal points are Worcester away to the west, Keble and Pembroke north and south respectively, and Magdalen in the east. A little point worth noting is the spelling of Queen's and Magdalen at Oxford and Queens' and Magdalene at Cambridge.

Queen's was founded by Robert Eglesfield, a priest from the North, a chaplain to Queen Philippa. The founder's wishes were elaborately laid down. The college was to be religious; all the Fellows to be in holy orders. Twelve Fellows there were to be, corresponding, with their Provost, to Christ and the twelve Apostles. Questions of discipline were carefully dealt with, and a barber was among the list of college servants to wash the students' heads. Dogs in college, bows and arrows, and musical instruments were forbidden to the Fellows. (O wise founder! especially for the last *verboden*.) The college, too,



VIEW ON THE RIVER CHERWELL, OXFORD.

After the Thames, the most important river in Oxfordshire is the Cherwell. Rising in Northamptonshire, it enters the county near Wardlington and flows south to the Isis or Upper Thames at the lower end of Christchurch Meadows. The photograph was taken looking up the beautiful reach above New College Cut.

has its customs; the presenting of needle and thread to the guests on January 1, *aiguille et fil* punning with Edglesfield, the name of the founder, and the Christmas Day dinner of the boar's head with the carol:

“The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedeked with bays and rosemary.”

Jesus College—we are rambling with no fixed programme—is much later, a post-Reformation foundation, and a Welsh one at that. Hugh Price was its founder, Queen Elizabeth granting him a charter in 1571. All the early Principals were Welsh, and the college has never lost its nationality. It possesses with justifiable pride a punch-bowl over 5 feet round. Sir Watkin Williams Wynn gave this in 1732. The cup will, or they say it will, be given to the man who can embrace it with his arms—this, of course, has been done—and drink it full of punch. Alas! ten gallons of good punch wants a deal of shifting. There were two celebrated men of the name of Nash intimately

connected with this college. Beau Nash was up sometime in the seventeenth century, later to be the reigning spirit at Bath in the heyday of her extravagant fashion. The other was Nash the architect of poor old Regent Street crumbling beneath the housebreaker's pick. He was a Welshman, was this Nash, and did a good deal of work for Jesus College, but refused any fees, stipulating only that his portrait should hang in the hall. Sir Thomas Lawrence surpassed himself in this portrait of Nash. There are portraits, too, of Charles II and Judge Jeffreys, neither of them Jesus men, and there is considerable doubt about the latter portrait.

Wadham is a West Country college, and always has been. Admiral Blake, a Somerset man from Bridgwater, was here in 1617. In the Civil War Wadham gave practically the whole of the college plate, a wonderful collection, for the Royalist war chest, and later the Warden and many of the Fellows were turned out. In 1652 John Wilkins was made Warden. A brother-in-law of the Lord Protector,

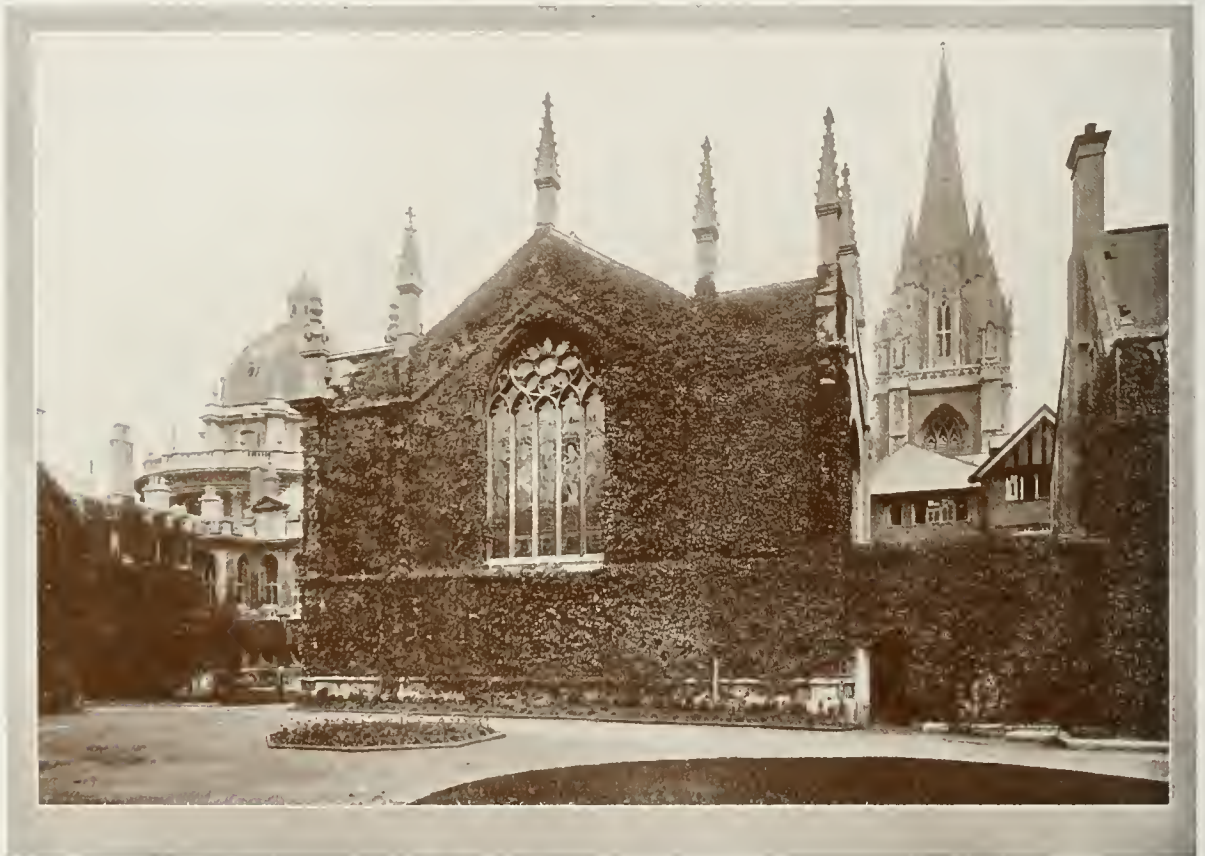


Photo by,

BRASENOSE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.]

Brasenose College, which stands on the west side of Radcliffe Square, was founded by William Smyth, Bishop of Lincoln, in 1509, and is said to derive its curious name either from the medieval brazen knocker which is kept in the Hall, or from a "brascenhús" or brewery which once occupied its site. In this view the Sheldonian Theatre can be seen on the left and the beautiful spire of St. Mary's on the right.

Wilkins was a most learned man, later to become Bishop of Chester, a promotion given him by Charles II. The first Professor of Poetry was a Wadham man called Trapp, and to him, what time the college was very Whig, are attributed the lines:

" The King, observing with judicious eyes
The state of both his Universities,
To Oxford sent a troop of horse; and why?
That learned body wanted loyalty.
To Cambridge books he sent, as well discerning,
How much that loyal body wanted learning."

The sentiment has been expressed in other ways by, presumably, other versifiers.



Photo by]

MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD.

H. N. King.

Although it was endowed after both University and Balliol Colleges, Merton has some of the oldest buildings of any college in the city. By far the most interesting room is the mediæval library, which was built in 1377 and contains a number of chained books. William of Ockham, Thomas Carew, and Lord Randolph Churchill were among Merton's famous members.

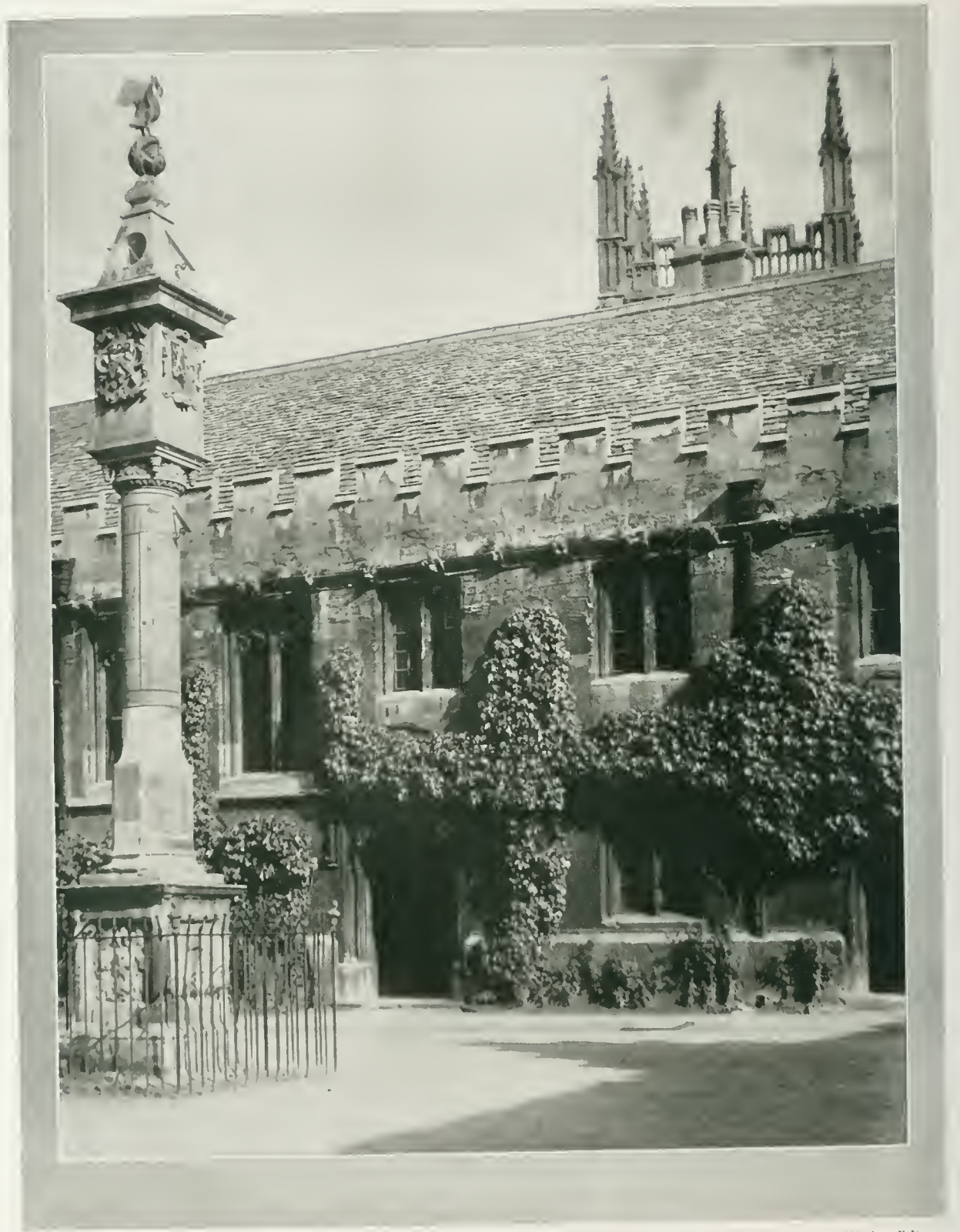


Photo by

SUNDIAL, CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Herbert Felton.

This curious sundial with its perpetual calendar was erected in 1581, 65 years after the foundation of the college by Bishop Richard Fox. The pinnacles of the fifteenth-century tower of Merton College Chapel may be seen above the roof of the quadrangle.

Wadham has, of course, a long list of personalities, impossible, for obvious reasons, to reproduce here. Three moderns should be mentioned, brilliant men in their spheres, and all up in the first years of the '90's. These are Lord Birkenhead (then F. E. Smith), Sir John Simon, and C. B. Fry, probably the most famous of Oxford's athletes.

"... Delectable as the banks of Eurotas, where Apollo himself was wont to walk." Thus the enthusiastic Anthony Wood speaks of Magdalen. William of Waynflete was successively head master of Winchester and Eton, the latter then newly founded. Incidentally the Eton lilies are seen in the Magdalen Arms, three silver lilies, "stalked and seeded or." One of the innovations in Waynflete's foundation was the introduction of "gentlemen commoners." Elsewhere there had been not infrequent cases of young men lodging in the colleges, enjoying, it is to be hoped, the luxury of the wealth of



Photo by]

CHAPEL AND LIBRARY, BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.]

In order to escape being scourged at Durham Cathedral, Sir John de Balliol, a baron in Simon de Montfort's army, promised to found a college for Durham students. Devorguilla, his widow, afterwards carried out his wishes and established the college in 1263. The buildings, however, are nearly all modern except for the reading-room and library.

learning surrounding them, but they remained merely lodgers or visitors. Waynflete authorised the presence of twenty well-born young men, definitely insisting that they should be educated in college, and not be merely, as hitherto, lodgers under the college roof. Magdalen, owing to Waynflete's personal position, was always an aristocratic college, and more than once visited by the sovereign. Edward IV stayed there, riding over from Woodstock, and a couple of years later, in 1481, Richard of Gloucester was entertained by a debate or dispute. The humpbacked king was apparently pleased, for he gave a generous present to the college, five marks to buy wine and five bucks. These were not the only two sovereigns who patronised Magdalen. Henry VIII's brother Prince Arthur went there, and James I sent up his eldest son Prince Henry, and Charles I's nephew Rupert, the dashing cavalry soldier, was there.

The organ in Magdalen chapel has had some wanderings. The Puritan soldiers had destroyed some

of the decorations in the chapel, and the organ was taken down and carried to Hampton Court, then occupied by the Protector. Later on it came back to Oxford, but not for long. A newer and bigger instrument was required, and so the old college organ was once more cut adrift from its moorings and eventually found a peaceful haven in glorious Tewkesbury Abbey. Magdalen, with the rest of Oxford, had always been loyal adherents to the House of Stuart. James II, however, appeared to have forgotten past services, and endeavoured to force on the college a president not to their liking. This was one Antony Farmer, a bad character already sent down from Trinity, Cambridge. The Fellows elected their own man Hough, and were, for this enormity, hailed in front of Judge Jeffreys, and came in for the usual bullying from this gifted but irascible individual. The King himself came to Oxford, but made no



Photo by,

THE QUADRANGLE, ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

[H. N. King.

Originally called St. Mary's, Oriel College was founded by Adam de Brome, one of Edward II's almoners, and in all probability took its present name from an old house called "La Orleole" which formerly stood on the site. The front quadrangle containing the Hall and chapel was built between 1619 and 1642. Over the porch are statues of Edward II and Charles I, with the Virgin above.

attempts to coerce the Fellows into electing the disreputable Farmer. The new Royal nominee, Dr. Parker, was a man of good character, but not qualified; he had never been a Fellow of the college. This was the plea of the Fellows, and the King expelled them, offering their fellowships to the demies, who, it is creditable to learn, refused them. In the end—though this was a year later—James II changed his mind and restored the Fellows and their President, but the mischief could not be undone, and the trust in the Stuarts that had been so staunchly upheld was severely shaken.

It was Wolsey who came to Oxford gloriously to found "Cardinal College," magnificently to endow it from the wealth of the suppressed houses. His intentions caused a genuine commotion; for, as Fuller put it, would not the King finish by felling the oaks, when the Cardinal had begun by clearing



Photo by]

THE ENTRANCE, NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

William of Wykeham is said to have founded New College in order that his students at Winchester might complete their education. Some of the buildings are over 500 years old, having been little altered since the foundation of the college.



Photo by,

OLD CITY WALL, NEW COLLEGE GARDENS, OXFORD.

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.]

The old city wall originally had a circuit of about 2 miles. It underwent restorations at various times during the reigns of Henry III, Richard II, and Charles I. A large section of the wall, pierced by a small gate and dating from the thirteenth century, has been preserved in the New College Gardens.



Photo by

ADDISON'S WALK, MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.]

The extensive grounds connected with Magdalen Hall along the banks of the Cherwell and contain a number of walks and avenues, known as "water walks," some of which are on raised dykes. This elm-bordered path was named after the poet-statesman, Addison, who was a student at the college.

the brushwood—which was exactly what that bold monarch proceeded to do. The new college had a turbulent start in life. Wolsey spent generously, but the King stopped the work, and refounded the college under his own name in 1532. Wolsey's great constructional work had been carried out in 1528 and 1529. But the college could not yet settle down, for in 1546 Henry VIII joined it to the new bishopric of Oxford, which had previously been seated at Osney. The college could now go ahead, and work out its own destiny in peace. In spite of the severe mauling it had undergone from the King, Christ Church was a noble foundation, a Dean and eight canons, eight chaplains, sixty scholars and forty children, plus, of course, the organist, choir, and servants. One of Christ Church's most famous Deans was, on the Restoration, Dr. John Fell. He was not popular, and the reason is simple. An examination, in his opinion, should be an examination and not a mere formality. If the examiners



Photo by]

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE GARDENS, OXFORD.

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

In 1555 Thomas White, then Lord Mayor of London, founded St. John's College on the site of the Cistercian College of St. Bernard, built by Archbishop Chichele. Two sides of the present first quadrangle are remnants of the old edifice. The beautiful gardens, planned by "Capability" Brown, are said to be among the finest in the University.

refused to do their duty, he would take on the job himself "to the pulling down of many." He was tremendously keen on the University Press, and spent considerably from his own resources to improve not only the classical output, but the plant of the Press itself.

Still, Fell was very unpopular. During his régime as Vice-Chancellor, and generally throughout his career at Christ Church, popular opinion decided that there was a little too much Fell in Oxford. So we may as well quote, though everybody knows the quotation:

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell.
But only this I know full well,
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell."

Oxford is a cathedral town, though as such, of modern origin. We have said that Wolsey's Cardinal College was joined to the cathedral on the transfer of the See from Osney. The original church—probably eighth century—was, of course, monastic. The convent of St. Frideswyde was one of the earliest churches in the county, a wooden structure, destroyed on St. Brice's Day in 1002. It was rebuilt, of stone this time, but, naturally, rude Saxon work, rude and clumsy, if one may judge by the remains in one of the walls of Christ Church Cathedral. This church seems to have had a strenuous life of additions and rebuildings. The upper part of the tower and spire were built in the thirteenth century, and about the same time the Chapter House and the Lady Chapel were added. In the next century a new north choir aisle came into being, forming the Latin Chapel, where lectured the Regius Professor of Divinity. It has beautiful fourteenth-century windows, and one modern one by Burne-Jones telling the legend of



Photo by

THE COTTAGES, WORCESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD.

[Herbert Felton.

The college was founded in 1714 by Sir Thomas Cookes, on the site of a thirteenth-century episcopal palace known as Gloucester Hall. The photograph shows a range of old monastic houses, known as the "Cottages," which once formed part of this building.

St. Frideswyde; this last has been severely criticised for its colouring. Next, in the fifteenth century, a "watching chamber" was built, for a guard on the treasure of the shrine. The fan roof was probably Wolsey's, and the cloister was built in the 1490's. Wolsey made some sweeping alterations at the dissolution of the Priory in 1524. Like many other churches, Christ Church Cathedral suffered in the years following the Reformation, but in modern times the restoration was placed in the capable hands of Sir Gilbert Scott.

Duke Humphrey of Gloucester founded the Bodleian Library, presenting the University with a great collection of manuscripts, numbering six hundred. This was between 1437 and 1446, and later he helped towards the building, though it was finished years after his death. But, though the original building



Photo by]

THE TROUT INN, GODSTOW.

[Herbert Felton.

Godstow, a small village 3 miles north-west of Oxford, is famous for the remains of a nunnery, founded in 1138, at which the "Fair Rosamond" is said to have been educated. The photograph shows the old Trout Inn and an interesting thirteenth-century bridge over the Isis.



Photo by]

BLenheim PALACE, WOODSTOCK.

[Central Aerophoto Co., Ltd.

As a reward for his victory at Blenheim in 1704, the Duke of Marlborough was presented with the Woodstock estate and a large sum of money, to build the palace which bears the name of the little village on the Danube. The building, designed by Sir John Vanbrugh, is a massive edifice in the Classical style and is surrounded by a deer park nearly 3,000 acres in extent.



Photo by]

OLD KITCHEN, STANTON HARCOURT.

[Herbert Felton,

The village of Stanton Harcourt, situated 6 miles west of Oxford, is one of the most interesting places outside that city. The manor was long the seat of the Harcourt family, but when they left for Nuneham Courtney in 1711 it went to ruin and was completely dismantled sixty-nine years later. There still remain, however, the Pope's Tower, the gatehouse, and the kitchen. The latter, a square tower with a conical tiled roof, is entirely without chimneys.

of the middle period of the fifteenth century still remains, Duke Humphrey's books are scattered. They were declared to be "Popish" by the commissioners of Edward VI. So empty was the library that the shelves themselves were actually sold. However, Sir Thomas Bodley came along and endowed the library and filled it with books. James, of New College, Rector of St. Aldate's Church, was the first Librarian. He was remarkable for being the only unmarried Librarian until 1813, when this limitation was altered by Statute. Bodley wisely established a big register for the names of all benefactors, thus encouraging the man who hides not his light under a bushel, but prefers to see his charities blazoned as near the housetops as possible. There is preserved there an exercise-book of Queen Elizabeth and her brother Edward, also a translation that Elizabeth made when 11 years old of "the miroir of the synnefull soule." The Bodleian is full of good things. The Cromwellian General



Photo by]

NEWBRIDGE-ON-THAMES.

E. Eastard.

Newbridge competes with Radcot for the distinction of having the oldest bridge over the Thames. It dates from about 1200 and crosses the river 10 miles south-west of Oxford, at its junction with the Windrush.

Sir Thomas Fairfax, at the occupation by the Parliamentary army, protected the Bodleian against the misplaced zeal of some of his men.

Woodstock lies north-west of Oxford, some 7 miles, and is a small place of sixteen hundred souls on the little River Glyme. There was a time when Woodstock gloves were justly famed, but now the industry is a small one. It is far back in history that Woodstock's claim to celebrity lies. As a home of royalty it has few rivals. Alfred the Great is supposed to have written when at Woodstock his translation of *Boetius de Consolatione*; this is, however, a legend with little, if any, foundation. Later, Æthelred the Unready, or Redeless as modern historians prefer, certainly was connected with the place. However, we come to bricks and mortar with Henry I, who actually did build a palace there, enclosing with a stone wall a large and generous park. It is not likely, though, that he destroyed the village to get materials for this new palace, though no doubt the story is still believed.



Photo by

BUTTER CROSS, WITNEY.

[G. Long.]

Well known for its famous blanket industry, Witney is a thriving industrial town, 11 miles west of Oxford. This handsome butter cross was erected in 1683 and is supported on thirteen pillars.

Then Mary I imprisoned her sister Elizabeth there, in the charge of Sir Henry Beddingfield. Every schoolboy knows the story of England's future queen lamenting her temporary fate in song, envying the milkmaid singing outside as she went about her tasks. So she wrote on her window:

" Much suspected, of me
Nothing proved can be,
Quoth Elizabeth, Prisoner."

However, in due time she was released—Mary, her sister, was a sour-tempered woman if ever there was one—and Elizabeth returned many times afterwards in the glorious days of her spacious reign.

Sir Walter Scott chose Woodstock for a romance, the novel of that name, making good telling of the pranks of Jo Collins, "the Merry Devil of Woodstock,"

Legends do die hard, like the stories of the Fair Rosamond, who, they say, died and was buried close by at Godstow. St. Hugh of Lincoln found that she had been buried in the church and had the body thrown out. Saints have been very unchristian from time to time, and the energetic Bishop of Lincoln was no exception. The Fair Rosamond story, the poisoned bowl and so on, are very legendary. That she was the daughter of one Walter de Clifford, and mistress of Henry II, we know. But the trouble that the somewhat wrathful Queen Eleanor gave seems to have been stopped peremptorily by the King by shutting his consort up. Henry II never was a fool. St. Hugh of Lincoln, besides being rude to the memory and relics of the King's mistress, was not very polite to the King, hinting, on one occasion, when Henry was not paying as much attention to the churchman's discourse as he might have done, that His Majesty's occupation—Henry was playing about with a piece of rag—was worthy of the offspring of a tanner of Falaise.

Many kings followed Henry II at Woodstock—Angevins and Plantagenets, Lancastrians and Yorkists, Tudors and Stuarts. Edward III's two sons, the Black Prince, hero of the glorious fights of Poitiers and Crecy, later to die during the Black Death, and Thomas of Woodstock, Earl of Gloucester. The palace was repaired by Henry Tudor, and the great Gatehouse was then rebuilt.



Photo by

OLD MILL, COKETHORPE.

[G. Long.]

This small village is situated on the Windrush stream, 2½ miles south-east of Witney. Besides this quaint old Gothic mill, there is a Queen Anne mansion, built by Sir Simon Harcourt.



Photo by]

THE THAMES AT SHIFFORD.

Herbert Felton.

Shifford is a picturesque little hamlet on the Upper Thames, 12 miles from Oxford. It was here that Alfred the Great is said to have held a Parliament in 890. According to the Cottonian MS. "There sate at Shifford many thanes, many bishops, wise earls and awful knights; there was Alfred, England's herdsman, England's darling."



Photo by

DOVECOT, MANOR FARM, MINSTER LOVELL.

[H. J. Smith.]

The ruins of the old manor house at Minster Lovell are a picturesque feature of the village. From the Conquest to the end of the fifteenth century the building was the seat of the Lovell family, but only a portion of the old mansion now remains. This quaint old dovecot stands a little to the north of the ruins.



Photo by

THE CHURCH, MINSTER LOVELL.

[H. J. Smith.]

The parish church stands at a short distance from the ruined manor house. The square central tower has internal vaulting and rests on square piers arranged in a curious way. In the south transept is the tomb of William Lord Lovell, the founder.

who frightened away the seven Parliamentary Commissioners in 1649. It is a most imaginative work, with all the historical facts scrupulously incorrect throughout.

But the end of Woodstock was shortly to come. In 1651 it was pretty well destroyed, Henry Tudor's great Gatehouse alone remaining, and by the beginning of the eighteenth century the buildings were merely a collection of ruins. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* The old palace was gone, and a new and far more pretentious one sprang virtually from its ruins.

It was in 1701 when the Royal Manor of Woodstock was granted to the Duke of Marlborough. Together with this was included a sum of £500,000, wherewith to build himself a palace worthy of that great soldier. Incidentally, not more than half of this generous grant, well over a million



Photo by

OLD HOUSE IN BURFORD.

[H. J. Smith.]

A market town of great antiquity, Burford has an interesting history extending back as far as Saxon times, when King Æthelred of Mercia and Archbishop Theobald held a concourse here to decide on a date for Easter. It has been visited by many English monarchs and was the scene of several skirmishes during Cromwell's regime. The town has its full share of mediæval houses, which, with their mullioned windows and ancient gables, line the steep old-world high street on either side.

in to-day's value, was paid by the Treasury. Sir John Vanbrugh was the architect, and reared his unattractive pile amid the ceaseless wranglings of Churchill's lively if tempestuous Duchess. "Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer," Pope declared, which was probably true. The intimate friend of good Queen Anne had a tongue, if nothing else. Horace Walpole enjoyed himself at her expense over the bridge, an absurd affair crying out for water. However, "Capability" Brown came on the scene, dammed the River Glyme, and formed a fine lake. The great Blenheim Palace is on the side of this lake, opposite to the site of the old Royal Palace of Henry I. Vanbrugh's work took nearly twenty years to finish, which was after Churchill had joined the majority. The cost far exceeded the sum actually given by Parliament. It is not a beautiful piece of work, and the interior is a mass of state rooms, ponderous like the period,

with the most elaborate decoration. Pope again has something to say on the subject, this time modelling himself on Martial :

“ Thanks, sir,” cried I, “ ’tis very fine,
But where d’ye sleep or where d’ye dine ?
I find, by all you have been telling,
That ’tis a house, but not a dwelling.”

Martial’s epigram is the couplet, hexameter and pentameter, beginning “ *Atria longa patent.*”

Banbury, the second town in Oxfordshire, with a population of 14,000, is up in the northern



Photo by]

BANBURY CROSS AND SOUTH BAR.

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

Formerly this town was famous for its cross, its castle, and its fine church. The well-known Banbury Cross immortalised in nursery rhyme was destroyed in 1602, and its place at the cross roads taken by a modern one erected in 1858. The twelfth-century castle was pulled down after the Civil War, and the beautiful church was blown up with gunpowder in 1790, presumably to avoid the expense that would have been incurred by its repair.

extremity, quite near the triple borders of Oxfordshire, Northamptonshire, and Warwickshire. It is in the upper reaches of the River Cherwell, which, as we know, runs into the Thames at Oxford. Banbury is famous, apart from its other and, doubtless, more solid merits, for its cakes, something in the jam-tart-mince-pie line, dried-up memories of which retailed in the old Swindon Station in the broad-gauge days are not likely to die. Banbury, too, is noted for its Puritans, who, incidentally, destroyed in 1662 the Cross, famous for the fine lady and her white horse in the nursery rhyme. Can we not remember Ben Jonson’s *Bartholomew Fair*, with the baker from Banbury, Zeal-of-the-land Busy, who, because such delicacies were “ served at bridals and other profane feasts,” refused to make any more cakes? Again, what of the other good Puritan of the town who was seen

“ Hanging of his cat on Monday
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.”



Photo by]

THE CHOIR, ST. MARY'S CHURCH, BANBURY.

F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

The large parish church at Banbury, which was built to replace the one destroyed in the eighteenth century, is said to have cost more than it would have taken to repair the old structure, and, externally at any rate, it is rather disappointing from an architectural point of view.



[H. N. King.]

THE OLD DINING-ROOM, BROUGHTON CASTLE.

The old dining-room belongs to the Decorated period and is probably the work of the original owner, De Broughton. The linen panelling on the walls dates from the Tudor period. A fine vaulted passage traverses three sides of the floor, which also contains King James's bedroom and the workshop.

Photo by

The castle of Banbury is now no more, but it had a stirring history in its day. Alexander, Bishop of Lincoln, one of the predecessors of St. Hugh, built it in 1125. In the Civil War, it was garrisoned strongly by Royalist troops after Edgehill, and was twice besieged. The first siege lasted for thirteen weeks, and in the end the garrison were relieved by Sir Henry Gage; this in 1644, in October. It was again besieged eighteen months later. But the inhabitants of Banbury were tired of war and the presence of the army there had been a troublesome and very expensive luxury. So they petitioned to have the castle destroyed, and Parliament at once agreed. So that was the end of Bishop Alexander's stormy castle, and there is nothing left of it but a scrap of wall on one side of a house rejoicing in the name of Castle Cottage.

Dorchester is on the little river Thame, but close to Culham and to the confluence of Thame and



Photo by

MOAT AND TOWER, BROUGHTON CASTLE.

[George Long.

Broughton Castle, 3 miles south-west of Banbury, is one of the most interesting buildings in the county. Originally the seat of the De Broughtons, it passed first to the Wykeham family and finally, in the fifteenth century, to the Fiennes (Lord Saye and Sele). The structure is the work of several periods, and was built between the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries. The broad deep moat, which is connected to the Sor Brook, is apparently the only defence to the castle.

Thames. It is a very small village, but with a very big history. For once it was one of England's most important cities. It was undoubtedly a Roman town, though its actual Roman name is unknown, the one often given, Dorocina, being without foundation, as it emanated from Richard of Cirencester's discredited *Itinerary*. But Dorchester was Roman, and there are still grassy traces of the old Roman road connecting it with the other Roman town of Alchester, just south of Bicester. The West Saxons made Dorchester a cathedral town for the whole of Wessex, which included the country covered to-day by Hampshire, Wiltshire, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Dorset, and Somerset, with parts of Devon. This was in the days of the Apostle of Wessex, St. Birinus. However, Winchester was made the See in 707, but Dorchester rose to fame and regained its lost honour when the energetic King Offa, having brought all the country down to the Thames into the kingdom of Mercia, it was

once more made the cathedral town—this time of Mercia, of course. Once again, this time for good, its honour was taken away from it, for, under Remigius, the See was transferred to Lincoln. This was in 1085. But it did not lose so much, for the cathedral was turned into an abbey church when in 1140 Alexander, Bishop of Lincoln, founded an Augustinian priory. Fortunately for Dorchester and its Augustinians, most of the old diocesan possessions remained. The end of all things was at the Dissolution of the Religious Houses, when the abbey was sold to one Richard Beauforest for £140. The splendid old abbey church remains, of course, an object for many a pilgrimage to-day.

Oxfordshire, being purely agricultural, has, naturally, very few towns of any size, especially in the south. Thame, close to the border of Buckinghamshire, and on the little river of that name, half-way on its course from the Vale of Aylesbury to Dorchester and the greater Thames, has a history and a personality. The former is interesting, ecclesiastically and otherwise, the latter is John Hampden. Here he was educated at the little grammar school in the old town. Here, after the battle fought at



Photo by:

ROMAN ROAD NEAR GARSINGTON.

[H. Binney.

The small village of Garsington is prettily situated at one end of a long hill, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles south-east of Oxford. Although Oxfordshire was not inhabited by the Romans to any great extent, the county had a number of fine Roman villas and there were stations at Alchester and Dorchester. The photograph shows a road near Garsington that is said to have been made at this period.

Chalgrove Field, he returned, mortally wounded, to die. On the transfer of the See of Dorchester to Lincoln, of which we shall speak later, Thame became a prebend to Lincoln Cathedral, and benefited considerably from this by the work of Bishop Grossetête. Lord Williams was a commissioner at the Dissolution of the Monastic Houses, and looked after himself well, for he managed to secure the title-deeds of some of the best estates in the county. Wherein he showed a remarkable acumen and foresight, though possibly his honesty may have been a shade at fault. He founded the Grammar School at Thame, from which, doubtless, he has acquired fame.

Reverting to Chalgrove: the map shows it to be 10 miles south-east of Oxford, on the River Thame, and about the same crow's flight, or a touch less, from the little town of Thame itself. The battle of Chalgrove Field is, of course, its main historic interest. It was in the June of 1643 and Prince Rupert, seeking a convoy, was returning to Oxford with prisoners and booty early in the morning. The enemy attacked, hoping to hold him till Essex should reinforce them from Thame. Rupert, nothing daunted, turned and charged, and Rupert successfully continued his retirement.

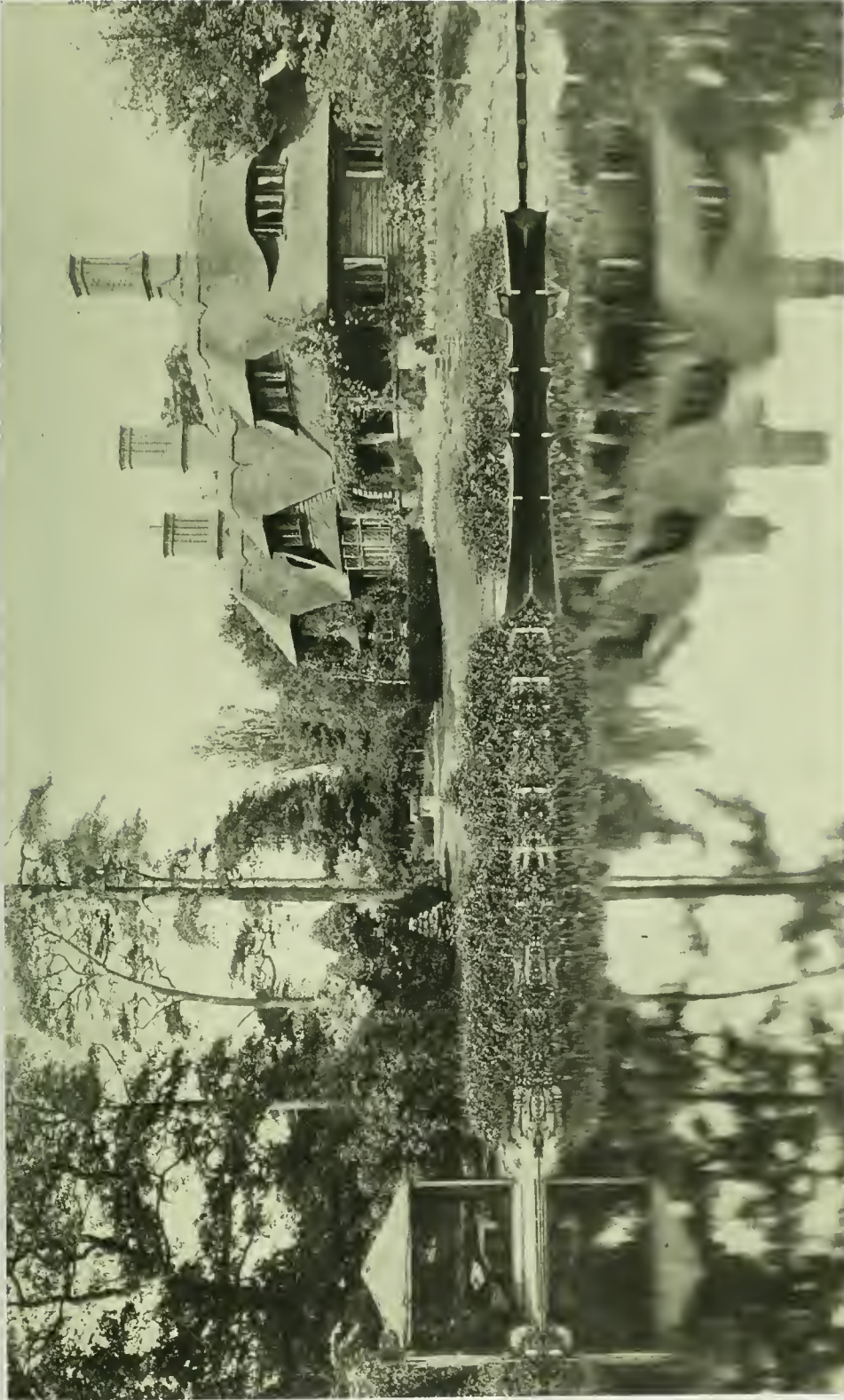


Photo by

BOLNEY COTTAGE, NEAR HENLEY.

Bolney is a small hamlet, 2 miles south of Henley, and is the ancient seat of the Maynes. Bolney Cottage is one of the many picturesque residences along the banks of the Thames in this neighbourhood.

H. N. King.

Hampden, who had volunteered for the first regiment he came across, was wounded early in the fight, a bullet wound in his shoulder. He rode away, hoping to reach Pyrton, where his father-in-law lived, but, unable to make it, turned to Thame. Six days later he died.

Further north, between Oxford and Buckingham—the latter is close to the Oxfordshire border—is Bicester. Its present fame is as a hunting centre, and a well-deserved fame it is, too. There is no reason to believe that it was a Roman town because of the "castra" part of the name. Domesday Book describes it as "Berencestra." This suggests as its patron St. Birinus, intimately connected with Dorchester, whence his body was in 707 removed, on the transfer of the See, to Winchester. The Norman church at Bicester contains some of the earlier Saxon work, and has quite a lot to attract the student, and some poor restoration work.



Photo by

MAPLEDURHAM MILL.

(Herbert Felton.

Mapledurham is situated 4 miles above Reading on the county boundary and is one of the prettiest villages on this part of the Thames. This picturesque old mill was built in the reign of Henry VIII and is still used for grinding corn. Near by close to the church is the large manor house that has been the home of the Blounts for over 400 years.

Taking the county generally, Oxford may be formally summed up as "agricultural and well-watered," the latter remarkably so. In fact, the assertion of Dr. Plot, writing in 1677, that Oxford is the best watered county in England, "though I dare not with too much confidence assert, yet am induced to believe there are few better," is undoubtedly true. Let us consider the watercourses, keeping the map in front of us. The shape of the county is, of course, freakish in the extreme, a head with a narrow neck, or, as some people compare it, like to a lute; somewhat far-fetched this last. The Thames flows the whole length of the meandering southern border, the Berkshire side, and into it run a series of streams, large and small, each stream in its turn fed by a hundred smaller ones, making the country a veritable network of waterways. The worthy Dr. Plot, in his enthusiasm, declares that



W. J. J.

ON THE TETH NEAR CALLANDER, PERTHSHIRE.

For the greater part of its rapid course, the River Teth flows through the beautiful scenery of the lowland district of Callander, connecting up several of the most picturesque lakes in Perthshire. This painting was taken not far from the well-known Falls of Leny and shows the great peak of Ben Ledi (2,875 ft.) in the background.

the streams are so quick and clear of stagnation that "few vappid and stinking exhalations can ascend from them to corrupt the air." He further rejoices that ague, coughs, and catarrh find no encouragement in standing pools and marshes. This is as it may be. The rivers are not all swift, some of them rather the other way.

The Thames receives, from Oxfordshire, that is, the left or north bank, the River Evenlode, the Cherwell, and the Thame as what one may call major tributaries, with others, such as the Windrush and the Ock. Of these the Cherwell is naturally the most important. It runs from north to south, through thirty miles of the county, collecting several important streams on its way, the Sorbrook and the Swere just below King's Sutton, and several others of lesser note. The Thame rises in Buckinghamshire, and



Photo by

WHITCHURCH-ON-THAMES.

Herbert Felton.

Whitchurch is a pretty village on the left bank of the Thames, right opposite Pangbourne on the Berkshire side, to which it is connected by an old wooden toll-bridge. In contrast to its neighbour, Whitchurch has escaped the hands of the modern builder and still retains much of its old-world charm.

joins the Thames below Dorchester. All these streams, it will be seen, come from the north and flow into the Thames, or join forces with other streams that do so.

The original inhabitants of the county, i.e. those immediately before the Roman occupation, of whom there is a definite history, were a Celtic tribe called the Dobuni, continually at war, we gather, with their neighbours, the Catnelauni. Of the Roman regime under Aulus Plautius and those who followed him history is silent. The early history of this country has several blanks that sometimes cannot be easily accounted for, such as the hiatus in London's history what time the Romans had departed and the Angles and Saxons had settled down in the East of England and the South. The Celtic traces are found in some of the name-places. The rivers Thames, Cherwell, and Evenlode (which is the same as Avonlode) are of course of Celtic origin, and Dorchester, though later a Roman town, does

not necessarily owe its suffix to the Latin. The Celt called it the town of the dwellers by the water, of the Dur-otriges.

Then the Saxons came and Oxfordshire was sandwiched between Wessex and Mercia. At the battle of Burford Bridge in 752, the men of Wessex were triumphant; while in 777 at Benson the redoubtable Offa scored all along the line, and from that time Mercia and its lords swayed the country right down to the Thames. Ethelred the Unready's connection with Woodstock has been mentioned. He had, also, palaces at Islip and Headington, 2 miles from Oxford. At Islip Ethelred's son, Edward the Confessor, was born in 1004. He gave the place to Westminster Abbey. "I have given," he wrote in his deed, "to Christ and St. Peter at Westminster this small village, wherein



Photo by]

THE ABBEY, DORCHESTER.

[Herbert Felton.

If one were to judge by appearances alone, it would be hard to believe that the little village of Dorchester represents one of the oldest cities in England. In the seventh century it was for some time the Cathedral-city of Wessex, and again from 869 to 1085 it was the head of the See of Mercia. The present church was the minister of an Augustinian priory founded in 1140 by Alexander, Bishop of Lincoln. The church is chiefly in the Decorated style, but the nave and the west end of the choir show remains of the Transition edifice.

I was born, by name Githslepe." One is justified in saying a little more about Islip. It is on a little tributary of the Cherwell, the Ray, and has seen plenty of fighting. In 1643 Essex, for the Parliamentarians, attacked it. He was not successful, and the next year was again at Islip, combining with Waller to attack Charles, who, with a sufficiently strong force, was at Oxford. Again Essex was unsuccessful. The next year, however, in April 1645, the Earl of Northampton was attacked at Islip by a far more dangerous rival. Cromwell, with 1,500 horse, easily routed the Royalists, and the next day rounded up the fugitives, who had taken refuge a mile or so north in Bletchington.



Photo by]

THE CLOISTERS, EWELME.

H. J. Smith.

Ewelme is a picturesque village of the Chiltern Hills, 14 miles south-east of Oxford. At the top of a hill by the town are a cluster of fifteenth-century buildings, consisting of the church, free school, and almshouse, erected by William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, in 1436. The almshouse or hospital is constructed of timber and brick and forms a cloister round the small quadrangle.



Photo by

THE CHURCH, CLIFDEN HAMPDEN.

Herbert Jelton.

Hardly a more beautiful setting could have been chosen for Clifden Hampden church than in this sylvan spot above the Thames. The building belongs to the Transition period, but has many Decorated additions and was carefully restored in 1844. The small spire is a comparatively modern improvement.

PEEBLESHIRE

SOUTH of the county of Midlothian there is, triangular-shaped and very mountainous, the county of Peebles. On the western side of this triangle is the extensive and important Lanarkshire, south-east is Selkirk, and due south, a short eight-mile frontier, is the county of Dumfries. From west to east across the county the Tweed runs, to traverse Roxburgh, and so, marking the Berwick and Northumberland frontier, to the sea. This gives us the earlier name for the county, Tweeddale, which is shown in Blau's Atlas of 1654, when the two counties, generally, then as now, linked together, Peebles and Selkirk, were described as: "Twee-Dail with the Sherifdome of Ettrick Forest, called also Selkirk." So far as the present name, Peebles, is concerned, we may take it to be a British word *pebwill*, meaning a tented encampment. Incidentally, the Tweed rises in the extreme south-western



Photo by]

THE TWEED NEAR NEIDPATH CASTLE.

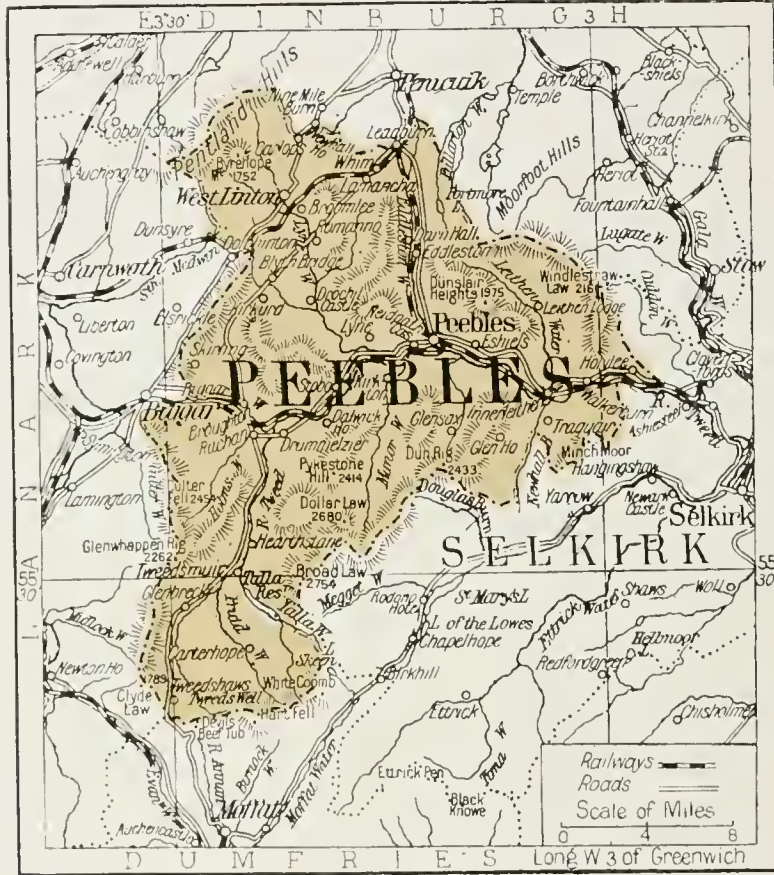
A. R. Edwards.

The Tweed rises on the south-west border of the parish of Tweedsmuir and flows north and east through the county for over a third of its course of 103 miles. It ranks fourth in size among Scottish rivers and is well known for its salmon-fishing. About a mile above Peebles it enters the beautiful pass of Neidpath, dominated by its mediaeval castle.

corner of the county. If readers of *BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL* are interested in figures, they will be glad to know that Peeblesshire possesses 222,240 acres, that is to say, 347 square miles. A comparison, too, is quite striking in regard to the size of counties in Scotland, where they vary in a great degree. Inverness-shire will take twelve of Peebles easily, and Peebles will take six of the baby, Clackmannan. Like many other Scottish counties, Peebles was at one time woefully scattered, many parishes being in whole or in part in Selkirk, and vice versa. Similarly, only on a much smaller scale, with the neighbouring Lanarkshire. However, in 1892, the Boundary Commission which sat on the Scottish counties corrected most of these anomalies.

Eliminating the Roman intrusion into the Southern Uplands of Scotland, which did not affect the actual population, there have been several races mingled in the formation of the Southern Scot. First the Iberian Celts, followed by two other branches of the race, the Goidels and Brythous; later the

Angles and Danes. The old languages have left their trace in the place-names. "Drum" and "Cnoc" are Gaelic—the "cnoc" you get considerably in Ireland. The Cymric or British roots are "pen" and "tor," "tra" and "caer," smooth, melodious names, such as you would get in Cornwall, which is not surprising, the roots being identical; an old verse contains the line "Penvenna, Penvalla, Trahenna, Traquair." The English roots are found in place-names with such parts as "cote," "stead," "worth," "law," "edge," and the Norse or Danish "scaur," "myre," and "holm." The general accent of Peeblesshire is different from that of the sister county of Selkirk, due possibly to the influences of the capital city of Edinburgh in the case of Peebles, whereas Selkirk is remote, hidden behind its mountains, and subject more to the Northumbrian intonation.



MAP OF PEEBLES SHIRE.

In the far ages Peeblesshire, or rather, to be exact, its upper part, was one high, smooth, rolling plateau. But the waters began to run, and to cut furrows, little ones at first, until, as century succeeded century, the great valleys were formed. The stream cut deep and possibly quickly—we are speaking in thousands of years, be it understood—for the banks and the slopes seem to close round each other and overlap. Naturally, the hills drop down first to the foot-hills, then to the low-lying ground running north to the Firth of Forth.

The mountains rise to their highest in the south-western corner. Broad Law on the Selkirk border is 2,723 feet high; Culter Fell, touching Lanarkshire, is 2,454 feet; and Hart Fell, 2,651 feet, is on the Dumfriesshire border. The range of hills dividing the valleys of the Manor Water and the young Tweed, and terminating where the Lyne Water joins the Tweed, contains summits of a considerable altitude.

Of the county town, Peebles, a little should be said. It is quite small, little over six thousand inhabitants, lying, originally, north of the Tweed. However, fire settled the destinies of the old place, and during the sixteenth century a new town came into being. In its early days Peebles was a favourite of the Scottish kings. It received charters from the first two Davids. Later it became a popular place of residence for the gentry, who deserted it to enjoy the more exotic amenities of London and the Court of St. James's. Then, with slow but steady pace, came fustian-clad Commerce, than whom no more welcome guest could be entertained.

A mile or so from Peebles, overlooking the winding Tweed, is Neidpath, a strikingly placed castle on a hill. Originally, no doubt, it was one of the twelfth or thirteenth century peel towers. The word peel is derived from *palus*, the Latin stake. There were many such—small and easily built strongholds on the Scottish borders. The form of the old peels was interesting. A stockade, or fortification, surrounded a building. This enclosure was called a *barmkyn*. The building in this *barmkyn* was generally—invariably, in the earlier times—built of wood, but protected by turfs. The timbers were built leaning inwards, to preserve the surrounding turf wall from



Photo by]

ON THE ESK AT CARLOPS.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Carlops is a little village standing on the north bank of the Esk, close to the county boundary. A place called "Habbie's Howe" nearby was the scene of Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd."

tumbling down; thus the general shape became pyramidal. These *barmkyns* and towers or peels became compulsory early in the sixteenth century for every freeholder on the Borders of a hundred pounds' worth of land. Of course, by this time wood and turf had been replaced by stone.

To revert to Neidpath Castle. The older peel on the site belonged to the Frasers, and later passed over to the Hay family. Lambert besieged it in 1650, at which time it was a powerful stronghold, with



Photo by

NEIDPATH CASTLE, NEAR PEEBLES.

[W. Reid.

The castle was probably founded in the twelfth century and then belonged to the Fraser family. From them it passed to the Hays, later the Earls of Tweeddale. After receiving a severe battering during the Civil War, the fortress was bought by the Duke of Queensberry, from whom it came to the Earl of Wemyss.

walls 11 feet thick in parts, and a great hall some 40 feet long.

Stobo, a little village west of Peebles, deserves two words on account of its old church, one of the original "mother churches," Norman in structure, but tremendously altered; the old Peebles Burgh Records spoke of it as "Saint Mungoy's Kirk of Stobo." William Dunbar pleasantly laments a certain Stobo notary, John Reid, whom Death has taken—"Gud gentill Stobo et Quintyne Schaw of guham all wichtis has pete."



Photo by

WINTER AT BROUGHTON.

C. Reid.

At Broughton the Tweed sweeps round in the direction of Peebles after its northerly course from Tweedsmuir. The hardy sheep, for which this county is famous, appear to be little affected by the severe climatic conditions.



Photo by]

PEMBROKE TOWN AND RIVER.

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

The capital of the county, the ancient town of Pembroke is situated at the south-western corner of Wales on a branch of Milford Haven. Two miles to the north-west is the naval dockyard which gives the place its importance.

PEMBROKESHIRE

BELONGING geographically, and perhaps sentimentally, to the Principality, Pembrokeshire is none the less associated historically with England. It is the "Little England beyond Wales," colonised largely by Englishmen and Flemings in the Middle Ages; and to that fact it owes much of its character and interest.

Having said so much, the wrath of Welshmen must be appeased by the statement that its scenery is typically Welsh, and that in the northern half of the county at least Welsh place-names outnumber the English by quite ten to one.

A step over the Carmarthenshire border brings one to Narberth, not unpicturesquely placed on a hill, and boasting—somewhat half-heartedly—of the sketchy remains of its castle. Like so many of the Pembrokeshire strongholds it defied Cromwell's fortress artillery and was speedily reduced and "slighted."

The same fate overtook the castle of Tenby, which in its old and honourable, but decrepit and fragmentary age, serves as a museum. Of more interest are the remains of the



Photo by

THE GATE TOWER, PEMBROKE CASTLE.

F. Deauville Walker.

The outstanding feature of the town is the mediæval castle, which occupies a small peninsula in the creek. History tells us that the first castle to stand here was built by Arnulph de Montgomery in the eleventh century, but the oldest parts of the present structure date from the reign of Richard I. The photograph shows the inner side of the gate tower.

old town walls, which give a most excellent idea of the fortifications of a mediæval borough and show—what is indeed the fact—that in earlier days the town was of far greater importance than it now possesses. Indeed, modern Tenby may be said to be the outcome of the passion for sea-bathing which began to flutter the well-to-do classes at the beginning of the last century.

Quite the worthiest memorial of the town's great days is the parish church of St. Mary, a large and fine edifice with splendid tombs of local merchants, tombs which show that even by the end of the fifteenth century the money-bag had become greater than the sword.

The coastline east of Tenby is full of interesting and attractive features, among which a high place is taken by Caldey Island, described by George Owen as "very fertile and yeeldeth plenty of corne; all their plowes goe with horses, for oxen the inhabitants dare not keepe, fearing the purveyors of the pirattes. . . ." Its ancient monuments include a very early church, important remains of the small



Photo by

F. Frith & Co., Ltd

PEMBROKE CASTLE.

This view from across the tidal creek gives a good idea of the commanding position of the castle, and shows the circular keep, which rises 75 feet high and has walls 20 feet thick at the base. The surrounding path at the foot of the outer wall gives access to a large cave extending underneath the bulldog. The birthplace of Henry VII, the fortress saw some fighting during the Civil War, having been held for both Parliament and the King and besieged by Cromwell in 1648.

but once famous priory, and various articles (if an article can properly be termed a "monument") that were made by human hands in prehistoric and Roman times.

Manorbier Castle is one of the finest and most impressive examples of a feudal fortress in the country. It inspired a celebrated passage in the *Itinerary through Wales* of Giraldus Cambrensis, who was born here in 1147:

"The castle called Maenor Pyrr, that is, the mansion of Pyrrus . . . is distant about three miles from Penbroch. It is excellently well defended by turrets and bulwarks, and is situated on the summit of a hill extending on the western side towards the sea-port, having on the northern and southern sides a fine fish-pond under its walls, as conspicuous for its grand appearance as for the depth of its waters, and a beautiful orchard on the same side, inclosed on one part by a vineyard, and on the other by a wood, remarkable for the projection of its rocks, and the height of its hazel trees. . . ."

And there is more to similar effect, winding up with the proud conclusion that: "It is evident,



F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

Photo by]

CASTLE HILL, TENBY.

Apart from the charm of its situation and its attraction as a resort, Tenby has a very ancient and interesting history. It first became prosperous on account of the wool factories established here by the early English and Flemish settlers. The remains of the castle date from the thirteenth century and consist of part of the keep, one of the bastions, and the entrance gateway.



Photo by

CAVE ON ST. CATHERINE'S ROCK, TENBY.

F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

The picturesque character of the coast at Tenby is enhanced by the number of islets that fringe the shore. St. Catherine's Island is connected with the mainland at low water and is crowned by an old fort. In several places the limestone rocks have been eaten away by the sea, forming large caverns.

therefore, that Maenor Pirr is the pleasantest spot in Wales, and the author may be pardoned for thus having extolled his native soil, his genial territory, with a profusion of praise and admiration."

The first fortress raised on this site was unquestionably Norman, but it is doubtful whether more than a very small portion of it is incorporated in the present buildings, which date in the main from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. They comprise domestic and residential portions as well as purely defensive works, and show well enough how important it was that such a stronghold should be as nearly as possible self-contained.

At no great distance is the equally impressive ruin of Carew Castle, another of the great military structures which bring home to the visitor the full meaning of the phrase "Little England beyond Wales." The successful Norman invaders had to keep their foot upon the necks of a hostile, proud, and warlike race, and that could only be done by erecting fortresses impregnable to all existing siege



Photo by]

IN THE HARBOUR, TENBY.

[F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

The main industry of Tenby is fishing and a neat little harbour on the north side of the promontory is nearly always occupied with trawlers. The origin of its name is thought to be a corruption of the Celtic *Dynbych-y-pyscod*, "the little town of fish."

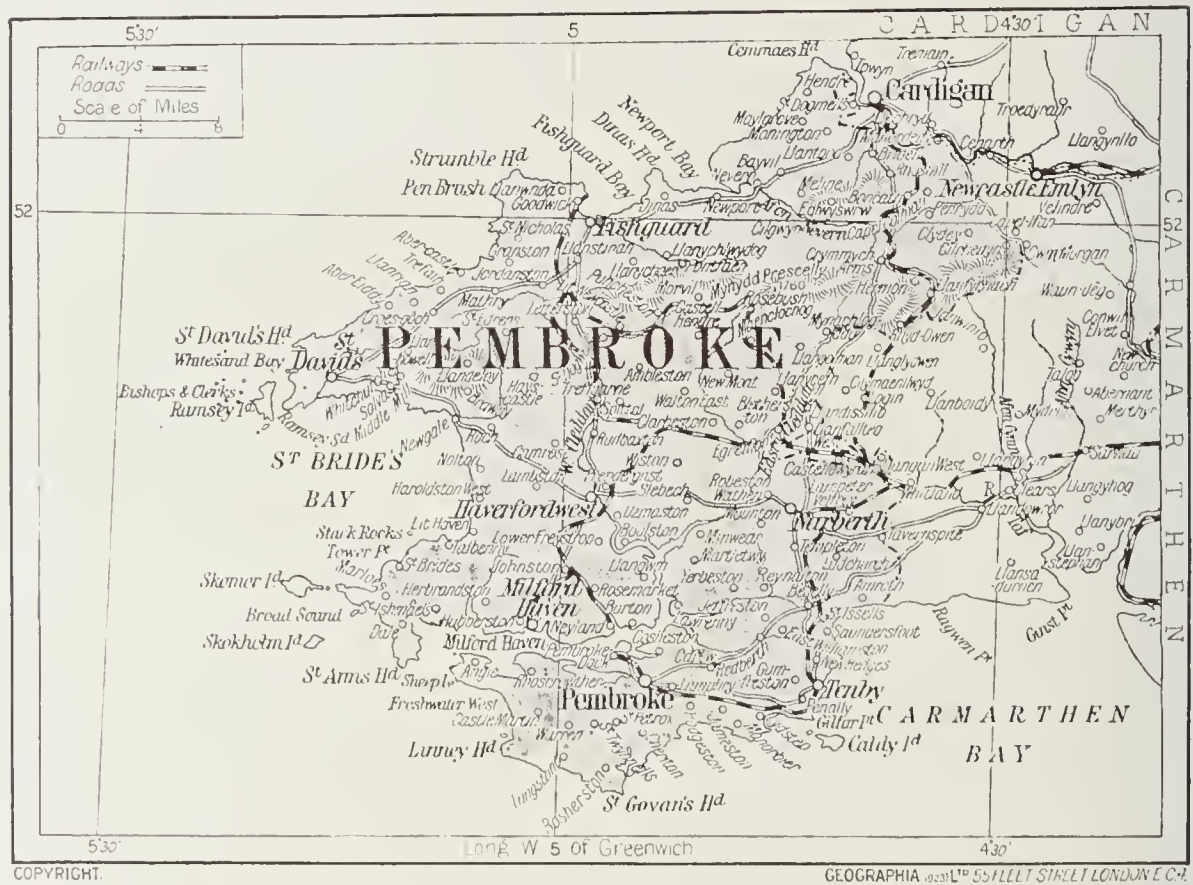
weapons of the times. It would be monotonous and serve no useful purpose to account the adventures of Carew. Perhaps the most interesting portion of the castle to those unversed in the intricacies of mediæval warfare is the "residential" quarter built in Tudor times by that stalwart supporter of King Henry VII, Sir Rhys ap Thomas. The castle had its "Golden Age" in his time, for he was a man of big ideas and a deep purse. Few events made a greater impression on contemporary Britain than the great fête he organised here to celebrate the bestowal of the Order of the Garter upon him. "This meeting," concludes a long account of the festivities published in the *Cambrian Register*, "was for some years after called by the name of St. George his pilgrimage to St. David's, where one thing is note-worthy, that for the space of five days among a thousand people (for soe manie at least were thought to be assembled at that time) there was not one quarrell, crosse word, or unkinde look that happened between them."

Pembroke, the county capital, is an ancient place, but with little of antiquity about it save a portion

of its walls and its great castle, a most romantic ruin crowning the tongue of land which divides the Pembroke River into two branches.

Of the castle in Henry VIII's time we have a brief account in Leland's *Itinerary*: "The Castel standith hard by the waul on a hard rokke, and is veri larg and strong, being doble warded. In the utter ward I saw the chaumbre wher King Henri the VII was borne, in knowledge whereof a chymmeney is now made with the armes and badges of King Henri the VII. In the botom of the great stronge round tower in the inner ward is a marvelous vault caullid the *Hogan*. The toppe of this round towr is gatherid with a rofe of stone almost *in conum*, the top whereof is keverid with a flat mille stone."

Though there was some sort of stronghold existing here shortly after the Norman Conquest, it seems tolerably certain that the earliest portion of the structure now visible is the splendid keep which was built by William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, in 1200. It is probable that the whole work was



completed in its present form during the next century. But for all its prominence and the importance of the town in mediæval times, it makes no conspicuous appearance in history until the Civil Wars of the seventeenth century.

The castle's stout resistance under Colonel Poyer to Cromwell in the summer of 1648 is well known. We get a glimpse of its toughness in the Protector's letter of June 14 in that year:

"Last night, we got two little guns planted, which in Twenty-four hours will take away their mills; and then, as Poyer himself confesses, they are all undone. We made an attempt to storm him about ten days since; but our ladders were too short, and the breach so as men could not get over. . . . I question not, but within a fortnight we shall have the Town, and Poyer hath engaged himself to the Officers of the Town, not to keep the *Castle* longer than the Town can hold out. Neither indeed can he; for we can take away his water in two days, by beating down a staircase, which goes into a cellar where he hath a well."



Photo by]

AT GUMFRESTON.

F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

Situated 2 miles west of Tenby, Gumfreston is one of the several pretty villages that lie scattered round that town. There is an interesting parish church, parts of which date from Norman times.



Photo by

LYDSTEP HEAD.

F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

At Lydstep, about 5 miles south-west of Tenby, along the much indented coast, are to be found a number of large caverns, gouged out from the rocky cliffs by the sea.

Lovers of fine coast scenery will certainly not neglect the neighbourhood of St. Govan's Head, the extreme southerly point of the county, and that is saying much in a shire with a coast not greatly inferior to anything to be found in the British Isles. It is a fine, bold headland, famous in another sphere for its chapel or hermitage, which has kept legend, tradition, and hosts of pilgrims busy for many a century. If only half the wondrous tales associated with it are true, the reason for the pilgrimage is not far to seek. Is there not a marvellous cavity, shaped in the form of a human body, which opened of itself to receive the corpse of the martyred saint when it

was drawn from the sea? And is not the old biographer of the county, Fenton, right when he tells us that the cavity "is of so accommodating a nature as to admit of the largest as well as the smallest man, contracting or dilating to fit the inhabitants, and if you frame a wish whilst in it, and do not change your mind during the operation of turning about, you will certainly obtain it"?

Milford Haven lies on the north side of the inlet of the same name. The freaks of fortune alone have prevented it from climbing the dizzy pinnacle of greatness, for the natural advantages of its fjord are many and cumulative. Just over a century ago the British world expected Milford to become



Photo by'

(F. Deaville Walker.

INTERIOR OF DOVECOT, MANORBIER CASTLE.

The little village of Manorbier stands on the coast, 5 miles from Tenby, and is famous for its magnificent castle and old church, which stand on either side of a small valley running up from the sea. The photograph shows the interior of a curious Norman dovecot near the castle.



By permission of]

MANORBIER CASTLE.

G.W. Railway.

The castle was built by a Norman knight, Gerald de Barri, and is a large irregular building, surrounded by a deep moat. To the right of the old entrance gateway is the room where Giraldus Cambrensis, grandson of the founder, was born in 1146.

another Portsmouth: the French war was at its height, and Charles Greville, nephew of that Sir William Hamilton whose wife was making considerable stir in social circles, began to build the town and dock-yards, not to mention a church for the spiritual needs of the inhabitants. That the latter were of highly moral character may be gathered from a note to be found in *The Beauties of England and Wales*:

"In the church is a curious vase of red Porphyry, brought from Egypt. It is rumoured that this was placed here by Lady H—— with the view of being converted into a baptysmal font: but the pious prelate, who then held the see, refusing to consecrate it to that use, dreading no doubt that its former application to heathen rites might contaminate the element it would have to contain, and vitiate the holy ordinance, it was found necessary to supply its place by a vase from the purer marble of Derbyshire."

Perhaps the "pious prelate" was also influenced by the reflection that the unholy reputation of the donor might further "contaminate the element."



Photo by,

EPISCOPAL PALACE, LAMPHEY.

[F. Deaville Walker.

Once the residence of the Bishops of St. Davids, the ivy-clad ruins of Llan-Fydd, standing at the bottom of a wooded valley, are one of the most interesting antiquities in the neighbourhood of Pembrokeshire. The larger part of the palace was erected by Bishop Gower in 1335 and, on becoming Crown property in the reign of Henry VIII, was given to Devereux, Viscount Hereford.

However, the end of the French wars reduced Milford to the ranks of the unemployed, and in spite of fitful efforts it has never attained the position its geographical position would warrant.

The most prominent object in the old town of Haverfordwest is another memorial of mediæval Pembrokeshire, the inevitable castle, a building of less structural interest than its many neighbours, but with much the same history, ending of course with "slighting" in the Second Civil War. Since its military days it has performed the humble but necessary office of county gaol, police court, and so forth—a somewhat harsh fate for a proud and ancient stronghold.

Roch Castle, though restored, is a highly interesting example of what is undoubtedly a rarity south of the border counties—a "tower-house," i.e. a single tower divided into stories; purely military in outward appearance, but fashioned within to furnish a certain degree of comfort and what the old books call "elegance." The tradition of its origin is one that might apply to all fortified residences.



Photo by

CAREW CASTLE.

F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

Carew Castle overlooks a creek of Milford Haven and is one of the most imposing ruins in South Wales. Originally built in the time of the Welsh princes, it was greatly enlarged during the reign of Henry VII, and in 1507 the first great tournament to be held in Wales took place here. Although it has been uninhabited since the end of the seventeenth century, most of the walls are still standing.

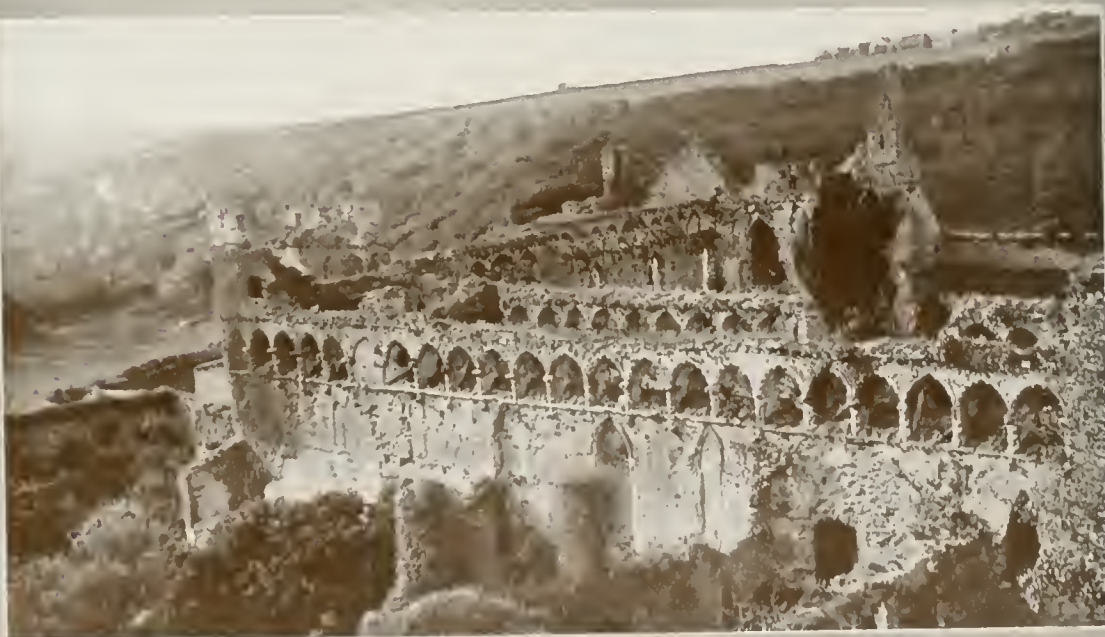


Photo by,

F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

TREFGARNE ROCKS.

One of the most remarkable features of the Pembrokeshire coastline is these curious jagged cliffs, situated near the village of Trefgarne, 5 miles north of Haverfordwest.



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Spott & General.

BISHOP'S PALACE, ST. DAVIDS.

The great palace at St. Davids was built by Bishop Gower in 1342. The ruins surround an enclosure on three sides, the north side being only bounded by a wall. Among the chief rooms in the main building are two chapels, the great hall, and a room believed to have been the bishop's study.

It is solemnly said that its first builder (who may or may not have been Adam de Rupe) was warned in a dream that he would die of the bite of a viper. The only method of averting so dire a calamity which presented itself to his mind was to build this mediæval safe and shut himself up within it. But when Fate has her eye on a man she is not to be thus defied. A viper got into the castle concealed in a bundle of faggots, and, the obstacle of an introduction having been thus surmounted, had no difficulty in carrying out its allotted task. There are some occasions on which it is to be regretted that "stone walls do not a prison make."

Before describing St. David's Cathedral it would only be proper to say something of the patron saint of Wales himself.

Shorn of its trimmings, his history appears to be that he was born of noble parentage in the sixth century and soon acquired fame for his learning and austerity. Of the community he founded, an ancient



Photo by

THE ALTAR, ST DAVID'S CATHEDRAL.

J. F. Frith & Co., Ltd.

The first monastic church founded here by St. David was burnt down in 645, and the building that replaced suffered a similar fate from the Danes four centuries later. The present building was begun by Bishop Peter de Leia in 1180, and his work may be seen to-day in the arcading of the nave, the piers of the presbytery, and other places. In 1220 the tower of the church fell down, causing serious damage to the structure.

record tells us that "their food was bread with roots or herbs seasoned with salt, and their thirst they quenched with a mixture of water and milk. . . . As long as they were in the church, it was not permitted to any to slumber, or sneeze, or cast forth spittle." In due course he became Archbishop of Caerleon, but was not canonised until more than five centuries after his death (at the somewhat advanced age of 147!).

It need hardly be said that no part of the existing church is of his time. The earliest work is the Transitional Norman nave, built towards the close of the twelfth century.

St. David's shrine (of which the base still remains) was a popular object of pilgrimage throughout the Middle Ages, a notable list being headed by at least three sovereigns of England—William I, Henry II, and Edward I.

The cathedral is by no means the only antiquity of St. Davids. Of St. Mary's College, founded by Bishop Houghton in 1361, there are some rather piteous relics, but the saddest ruin of all is the

Bishop's Palace, saddest because its dismal plight is mainly the work, not of religious fanaticism, but of a bishop of the see, who had no excuse for such vandalism. Barlow wrought its undoing about 1540 by stripping the lead from its roof. A charitable version of the motive for his action is that he found the cost of maintaining the palace too much for his revenues and was anxious to have some excuse for not residing at St. Davids. Another, and well-authenticated, version is that the proceeds of the sale of the lead went in dowries on his five daughters! Whatever the cause, the effect was utterly disastrous to a building which Fenton described as "worthy of a crowned instead of a mitred head," and even in decay is a noble memorial of its builder, Bishop Gower.

Fishguard and its splendid bay calls for more notice than can well be given it here, if only for that flash from the lantern of Fame which made it the most conspicuous spot in the British Empire on the



By permission of

THE RAM'S NOSE, ST. DAVIDS.

[Sport & General.]

The scenery on the rugged coastline near St. Davids is very wild and picturesque, and there are many delightful walks to be had exploring the rocky cliffs. Off the shore there are several tiny islands inhabited by innumerable sea birds. This narrow promontory is known as the Ram's Nose.

22nd February, 1797. On that day, the troops of Republican France had the unparalleled impertinence to land on the sacred shores of Wales, and for one brief moment the kingdom thought itself faced with a second Norman Conquest. How the motley troop surrendered at the sight of Lord Cawdor's impressive uniform (they seem to have taken him for a Field-Marshal at least and not the mere commander of a handful of yeomanry) is part of history. Part of history, too, is the superb episode of the body of Welsh ladies, clad in scarlet cloaks and high black hats, manœuvring on a neighbouring hill to induce the enemy to believe that they were British soldiers.

On the very edge of Cardiganshire lie two other relics of the Pembrokeshire of old. At St. Dogmael's are some remains of a celebrated abbey said to have been founded by Martin of Tours, one of the companions of the Conqueror, and on a rock above the Teifi is the picturesque ruin of Kilgerran Castle. Of its real history little is known, and that little is of no particular note.



Underwood Press Service.

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THE CHOIR, ST. DAVID'S CATHEDRAL.

Judging from the isolated position of the cathedral, it was evidently built as a place of retirement and must have assumed its present important rank at a later date. The beautiful road-screen, through which this photograph was taken, was built in the fourteenth century by Bishop Gower.



[Realistic Travels.

Photo by]

CILGERGAN CASTLE.

The village of Cilgerran has the remains of a castle standing on a high rock above the River Teify. Built by William Marshall on the site of a Norman fortress, it was severely damaged during the Civil War and has long been allowed to go to ruin. Turner made this scene the subject of one of his paintings.



Photo by]

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ELCHO CASTLE, NEAR PERTH.

Although there is no record of the date of its erection, Elcho Castle is undoubtedly of great antiquity. It stands about 4 miles from the county town and overlooks the River Tay. It was here that William Wallace stopped before his brave effort to recapture Perth from the English in 1296.

PERTHSHIRE

IT was on the 6th of September, in the year of grace 1842—day of glorious memory to the good burgesses of Perth, most loyal of cities—that Queen Victoria, with her Royal Consort and their suite, left Dalkeith Palace for a stately and comprehensive tour of the North. The cavalcade entered Perthshire north of Kinross on the mail road, and passed, among the Ochil Hills, down the gentle descent of Glenfarg. Here was the edge of the Highlands, but the character as such subdued, Highland in feeling, but Lowland in tone. Thus was the twenty-three-year-old Queen to be introduced gently to the wild Highlands that she loved so much in later life. Her first day's drive was to Dupplin Castle, and thence to Perth. It is described by a chronicler of the time in the customary flowing and rounded periods. Let us hear what he says when the royal party—"cortège" is his usual expression—ascended the glory of Scotland, Moncrieff Hill:

"The panoramic scene,—the gorgeous expanse of landscape,—the vast museum of all territorial



Photo by,

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"FAIR MAID OF PERTH'S HOUSE," PERTH.

This old house stands at the corner of Blackfriars Wynd and Curfew Row, and in it is said to have resided Simon Glover, burgess of the city and father of Catherine, the "Fair Maid of Perth" of Sir Walter Scott's fourteenth-century romance.

things,—which bursts almost instantaneously on the tourist's eye on gaining the summit of this hill, is well known as probably the richest in Britain, and has fired the enthusiasm of all Scotland's tasteful children who have seen it, from the sequestered poet who wastes his lyrics on the idle breeze, up to our late great national novelist, the master of descriptive song, 'the mighty magician of the North.' . . .



Photo by

DRUMMOND CASTLE, NEAR CRIEFF.

(H. N. King.

The ancient seat of the Drummond family and later of the Earl of Ancaster, Drummond Castle was first built in 1491. The building was badly damaged during the Civil War and again during the eighteenth century, so that the square tower is practically the only old part of the present modern building. The beautiful gardens are laid out in a series of natural terraces, and the fountains, statues, clipped hedges, and variety of trees make them one of the finest in the county.

attendant batteries, a "sea of people roared their plaudits in a mimic tempest of sounds." Peace officers, with white gloves, lined the roads; trade corporations, in their due order, were there, with operatives, a thousand of them, bearing white wands, not to omit Odd Fellows in their bright uniforms. At the east end of the bridge there was a triumphal arch, Gothic and pinnacled, with Flora scattering

At the moment of the Queen's coming in view of this noblest of panoramas, the bright sun, sinking in the far west, cast his mellowed rays at a gentle angle, and produced a perfection of light and shade on the hills and plains; the first touch of Autumn had enriched the foliage of the woods with auburn hues; an ample flood-tide filled the bed of the noble Tay, the monarch in both beauty and greatness of the rivers of Scotland . . ." and so on; veritably this writer found in the scene a feast of beauty and a flow of soul, to garble Dickens. Still, allowing for the hyperbole with which he rejoiced his loyal heart, it is good writing. The sun casting "his mellowed rays at a gentle angle"—O thoughtful and kindly Phœbus!—and the first touch of autumn enriching "the foliage of the woods with auburn hues," capture the imagination, and, better still, stir the memory.

And so our good Queen came to Perth, where, amid the reverberations of a salute of guns from the



Photo by

FALLS OF TURRET, CRIEFF.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The neighbourhood of Crieff is famous for the romantic scenery of Strath Earn and Strath Allan. These beautiful falls are situated about 3 miles from the town, in the heart of a wood, on a stream descending from the Turret Water.



[H. N. King.]

Photo by:

OLD COTTAGES AT MONZIE.

This photograph shows a typical old-world peasant cottage in the heart of the Highlands near Crieff. On account of the scarcity of suitable building materials in this part of the country, the houses are of the simplest construction, and the finished work that can be accomplished with sandstone is not often seen.



[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Photo by:

CASTLE MENZIES.

With its small entrance and thick walls, Castle Menzies is a good example of a Scottish sixteenth-century baronial mansion. The castle is situated in the village of Wern and is surrounded by a fine park, containing a number of trees of remarkable girth. Among the celebrities who have stayed here are Mary Queen of Scots, General Mackay, and Prince Charlie.

flowers, Flora, who, if we are to believe Ovid, should be called Chloris—sweet, verdant Chloris. However, in Perth they called her Flora. Still, the whole affair must have been superb . . . "all odiferous and bosky with evergreens, heaths, and flowering shrubs,—the contributions of many a garden throughout the country's balmy vales and slopes of horticulture." Thus, beneath a Gothic and bosky arch, did Queen Victoria come to Perth.

Scotland is rich in towns of beauty and historic interest, and amongst them Perth is no small fry. The position of the town lends itself admirably. Lying, for the most part—we are speaking of the older town as distinct from the modern environs—by the river with the meadows on each side of it, Perth has the Hill of Moncrieff to the south, an abrupt ascent, and across the River Tay the Hill of Kin-



Photo by

GLEN ALMOND.

H. N. King.

This wild and romantic glen is situated within the parish of Menzies and contains the Almond Water, which wends its rapid way along a stony bed to the open country below. At the top of this narrow pass stands a large boulder, 8 feet high, that, having become displaced, revealed an underground chamber containing a number of human bones.

noull, this latter cultivated, with many attractive villas built thereon. Perth was, of course, a walled and fortified town, the walls dating back a long way, and there was a deep fosse surrounding them, watered by an aqueduct from the little river Almond. Cromwell captured the town in 1651, and the walls gradually decayed. To-day there is a little left, but not much. Perth contains the usual equipment of a county town in the form of admirably designed municipal buildings, with some remarkably fine stained glass in the council-chamber windows. These are in the Tudor style, while those responsible for their city's architecture have rung the changes with a Parthenon model county building, and a baronial museum and theatre. All these are, of course, modern, though the county buildings have passed their hundredth birthday. Amongst the older houses is the "Fair Maid of Perth's" house. The city glovers' corporation used to meet here, and their patron, St. Bartholomew, was enriched in a corner of the house.

Perthshire, in shape, is curiously circular. If you were to place the point of a pair of compasses on the moors just 5 miles south-west—or sou'-sou'-west, to be more exact—of Kenmore at the head of Loch Tay, and draw a circle with a 28-mile radius, with a very little pushing in and smoothing out of frayed edges, you could fit the county into your circle quite neatly. By a little simple arithmetic, multiplying the square of the radius by π , or 22 over 7, you arrive at an area of 2,464 square miles, which is not very far out. The exact figure, according to the book, is 2,493 square miles. The north-western part of the county is highland, rising to the Grampian Hills on the north-east, while the southern portion is lowland, though the south-west corner from Loch Earn to Loch Katrine is very hilly. Ben More is 3,843 feet high and Ben Laoigh 3,708 feet, with Ben Odhar a capital third, just missing the three thousand line by a few feet. Loch Tay cuts a short diagonal gash in the mountains,



Photo by,

TURNPIKE ROAD, ST. FILLANS.

[H. N. King.

Its lovely situation on Loch Earn makes St. Fillans one of the most attractive villages in the Highlands. A conical-shaped hill nearby, called Dunfillan, is said to have been visited by St. Fillan when he gave his blessing to the surrounding country.

and on its north-west side, between the Loch and Glen Lyon, is Perthshire's highest mountain, Ben Lawers, which could do with just 16 feet more to top the four thousand mark. On this ridge there are two, the lofty Meall Garbh and Meall nan Tarmachan. It is a great temptation to catalogue all the splendid heights of Perthshire, but space does not permit. Let it be sufficient to add to those already mentioned Schiehallion, between Loch Tay and the valley of the Tummel as it meets Loch Rannoch, Ben Alder, in the north-west, with Ben Creachan and Ben Heasgarnich a few miles farther south near the little Loch Lyon on the borders of Argyllshire.

The greater part of Perthshire, obviously from the presence of so many lofty mountains, is moorland and forest. Of deer forests there are six, totalling close on a hundred and fifty square miles, of which the largest is Atholl, thirty-five thousand acres. However, down in the corner is the rich Carse of



Photo by]

WATERFALL IN GLEN OGLE, LOCHEARNHEAD.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

In his "Journey through Parts of North Britain" Campbell says that "This glen is narrow, and a mountain stream, collected from a hundred more which in times of heavy rain run down the furrowed steep of the glen, brawls along through a deep chasm till the lake receives it."



Photo by

C. Reid.

GLEN BUCKIE.

Glen Buckie is bounded by the parish of Balquhider and extends north-east about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles to a conjunction of several glens at the foot of Loch Voil.



Photo by

C. Reid.

THE RIVER TEITH, NEAR CALLANDER.

The position of Callander close to the Trussachs and Lochs Achray, Vennachar, and Katrine has made it the best centre for enjoying the scenery of this famous district. The Teith rises at Loch Lomond and has a sinuous course of 23 miles, during which it connects the largest of the Perthshire lakes.

Gowrie, running from Perth on the left bank of the Tay to Invergowrie, five or six miles west of Dundee. Broad cornfields and orchards are here the order of the day, all lying low, practically never more than fifty feet above the sea-level.

The Scots are proud of the River Tay, for which they are not to be blamed. It is a very noble river. Leaving Loch Tay at Kenmore, the river cuts transversely through the mountains, and, joined by the River Tummel, itself bearing the waters of the Garry, leaves the Highlands at Dunkeld for the Strathmore valley, and so pleasantly winding to Perth. Here on Moncrieff Hill the Romans saw it, and cried, "Ecce Tiber! Ecce Campus Martius!" The little Tiber must have grown in the imagination of the gallant Roman legionaries. The Scotsman, in simple phrase, puts his money on the Tay every time



Photo by]

THE LIBRARY, KEIR HOUSE, BRIDGE OF ALLAN.

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Formerly the seat of Sir Stirling Maxwell, Keir House stands on the Doune Road, a little to the north of Bridge of Allan. The house contains a fine collection of paintings, among them being a number of Spanish masters. The lofty library is a magnificent apartment which is panelled with cedar-wood, and the cornice adorned with mottoes in various languages.

and romps home. Anybody who has seen both rivers will side with the Scotsman and his champion Sir Walter.

“ Behold the Tiber ! ” the vain Roman cried,
Viewing the ample Tay from Baighe’s side .
But where’s the Scot that would the vaunt repay,
And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay ? ”

The great sweep of the Tay, as seen from Kinnoull Hill, is simply magnificent. There is no other word for it.

There are many fine castles in Perthshire, some in a good state of preservation, others, of course,



Photo by

LOCH KATRINE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE TROSSACHS. [F. M. Duthie

Loch Katrine has a length of 8 miles and stretches from Glengyle—the birthplace of Rob Roy—south-east to the Trossachs. Sir Walter Scott in his "Lady of the Lake" has endowed this enchanted spot with an atmosphere of romance. He suggests that it was named after the caterans or robbers who used to infest its shores.



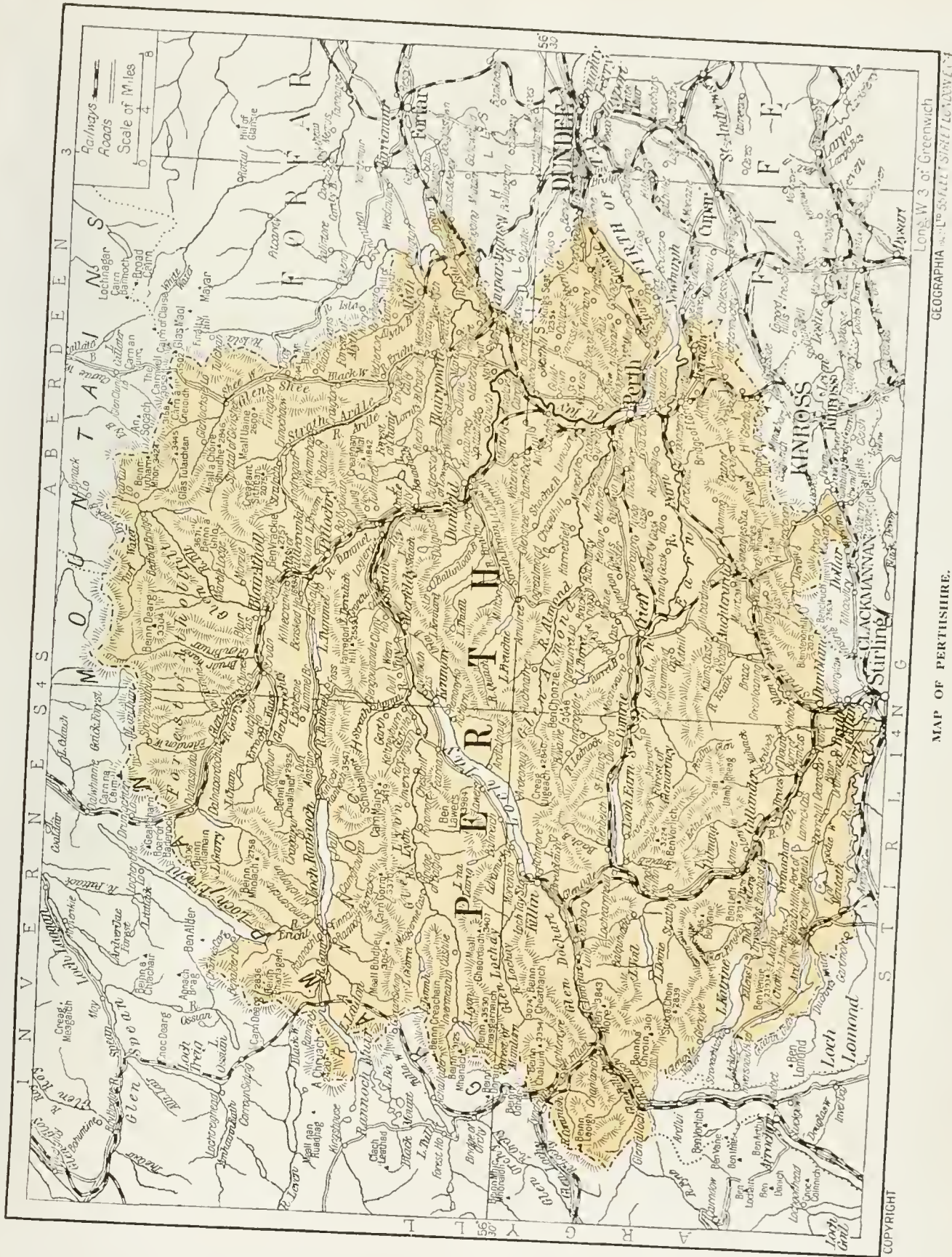
Photo by

LOCH KATRINE AND BEN VENUE,

[F. M. Duthie,

The finest scenery on Loch Katrine is to be found at the south-eastern end near the Trossachs, where the mighty Ben Venue towers above the lake. This great mountain rises into peaks, 2,393 and 2,386 feet high, a quarter of a mile apart. There are several ways of climbing to the summit, but the easiest ascents can be made by the Pass of Bealach-nam-Bo to the north and by the Pass of Achray.

very ruinous. The oldest homes of the Scottish chieftains were purely and simply strong places, safe retreats for their people and live stock in the time of war. One of the oldest remains, for it is not even a ruin, is on Dunsinane Hill, the old stronghold of Macbeth, if we are to credit Shakespeare. Though little is left on top, there was an underground chamber and a doorway found in the middle of the last century. Ruthven Castle now goes by the name of Huntingtower, and is quite near to Perth, two miles and a half on the road to Crieff. In the days of the famous Raid of Ruthven—this was in 1582—it belonged to the Earls of Gowrie. Across the nine-foot space between the two big towers the first earl's daughter leapt, when she was just about to be caught with her lover by the countess. At least so runs the romantic tale. In the Carse of Gowrie, the low-lying arable country already mentioned here, stands, a great landmark, Castle Huntly. A fifteenth-century stronghold, this castle was restored a hundred and fifty years ago or so, with the addition of wings and corner turrets and embattlements. The castle is really remarkable for its strength,



MAP OF PERTHSHIRE.

Long. W 3 of Greenwich
GEOGRAPHIA



Photo by

ELLEN'S ISLE, LOCH KATRINE.

Long ago the picturesque island at the east end of the lake was used as a cattle-pen and lair of the Macgregor Clan, who guarded the island against invaders by a fleet of boats. It was also used by the Highlanders as a place of refuge from Cromwell's army.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

and is as fine an example of the old baronial hall as can be found anywhere. The rock dungeon, a gruesome affair, is well worth seeing.

A dozen miles or thereabouts north of Perth, where the Isla joins the Tay, is Kinclaven Castle. Malcolm Canmore, they say, built it in the eleventh century. It passed into English hands, but changed again when, just at the end of the thirteenth century, William Wallace captured it. The garrison, under Sir James Butler, was about to be augmented from Perth. Wallace, hearing of this, anticipated the arrival of the reinforcements, captured the castle, and slew the garrison. Henry the Minstrel described the fight, and the slaughter of the garrison as they fled to the shelter of their castle, occupied by women and priests:

" Few men of senss was left that place to kepe,
Wemen and preistis upon the wall can wepe."



Photo by

BRIDGE OVER THE DOCHART.

F. M. Duthie.

This tiny burn flows out from the east end of Loch Dochart 10 miles east to the Lochy. Just above the Bridge of Allan the stream makes a pretty leap over some falls.

Elcho Castle was visited by Wallace at the same time as the capture of Kinclaven, 1296. It is a great ruin of real antiquity, probably succeeding a former stronghold, and is on the right bank of the Tay below Perth.

Reliable evidence has not yet brought to light any traces of an inhabitation of Perthshire at an early date. Of the Palæolithic man nothing is known, but the Neolithic dweller in the Highlands has left his traces, the usual bones and so forth of his period; so that we may start our historical ideas of Scotland about seven or eight thousand years ago. Then, gradually, of course, came the stranger, pushing his way into fresh fields. First, a tall, powerful fellow arrived on the scene, of Arvan type, a Goidel, the father of the Gaelic-speaking folk of the north end of Ireland. Following the Goidel, came the Briton, a Celt with a different language. We are by now, of course, entering the realms of history,



Photo by

BLAIR CASTLE AND VALLEY OF THE TILT.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The seat of the Duke of Atholl, Blair Castle is a fine four-storied castellated building, situated close to the mouth of Glen Tilt. The building was gradually erected round the original edifice, called Cumins Tower, built in the thirteenth century by a grandson of Macduff, the sixth Earl of Fife. It was visited at various times by James V, Mary Queen of Scots, Montrose, Dundee, and the Young Pretender, and was the scene of much warfare during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

conjecture being left behind with the early Goidel and the stocky Iberian Neolithic. Our generalisations on races are now over, and we can speak with reasonable surety of the Damnonii and Vacomagi, Celtic tribes in Perthshire during the second century, and later of the Picts, one division of whom occupied Perthshire. Then came the Teuton, and, as with England, the native Celts were driven to the hills. In the hills the old Celts remained, preserving their language, while English was the tongue of the Lowlands. The vernacular is still in use to-day, the percentage of Gaelic-speaking population in Scotland being about ten.

In regard to population, Perthshire has not progressed. Just a hundred years ago it was practically what it is to-day. Then it rose a little, reaching its high-water mark in the thirties of the last century.



Photo by

LOCH TUMMEL.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Loch Tummel, in the parish of Blair Atholl, is one of the most beautiful little lakes in the county. In appearance its shores are a picturesque variety of little creeks and headlands, sprinkled with lovely trees that cast their shadows over the shining waters, flanked on either side by lofty mountains.



Photo by]

PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE.

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Until the construction of roads, this famous pass on the River Garry was the most dangerous and difficult means of access to the mountain region. The Battle of Killiecrankie between the Covenanters under General Mackay and the Jacobites was fought at the northern end of this narrow gorge and resulted in a large number of casualties and the death of Dundee, "the bloody Clavers."



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

DUNKELD CATHEDRAL, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

The first ecclesiastical building at Dunkeld was a Culdee church founded just before the Scottish kings succeeded to the Pictish throne. A Roman bishopric was established here in the twelfth century and the present building was begun about 1320. Most of the structure is now in ruins, but since the Reformation the choir has been preserved as the parish church.



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

OLD ROMAN BRIDGE, MEIGLE.

All over the county there is evidence of the former existence of Roman roads, and at Meigle there are traces of an ancient great highway between Coupar and Battle Dykes. This old village stands on the Meigle close to the eastern boundary of Perthshire. It is safe to say that practically no existing bridge has authenticated claims to be Roman work.

After that it dropped slowly, but steadily. The reasons for this drop in population are the usual ones applicable to practically any other county; industrialisation—elsewhere, drawing the young people from the moorland fireside to the life of the town; emigration, under the urge of hardship and the spirit of adventure, the love of the unknown. Then, perhaps, the sportsman has made Perthshire his glorious hunting-ground, and the crofter is not wanted. This may have something to do with it, though we are not entering into such a knotty and controversial field. Probably the industrialisation of the mineral-bearing neighbourhoods has had a great deal to do with it. Lanarkshire's gain, numerically, has no doubt been at, amongst others, Perthshire's expense.

Let us consider early historical events in which Perthshire has been concerned. We find that we are chiefly centred for our main chain on Perth itself. The mountain fastnesses preserve their own secrets and local tales of vendetta and fight. All early history is a chronicle of battle. The Scottish Galgacus was routed in 84 A.D. by Agricola at Mons Graupius, and this place was probably in Perthshire, but that is not certain, as any exact chronicle of the Roman occupation is fragmentary. One may say, with reason, that the

kingdom centralised itself in a large way on Perth when Dunkeld became the home of Christianity, earlier at Iona, and Scone, the traditional crowning-place of Scottish kings.



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