THE
Heart of Dartmoor

THE LAND OF THE PURPLE HEATHER AND THE GOLDEN FURZE.

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Vicar of Morwenstow (Formerly Vicar of Sheepstor).

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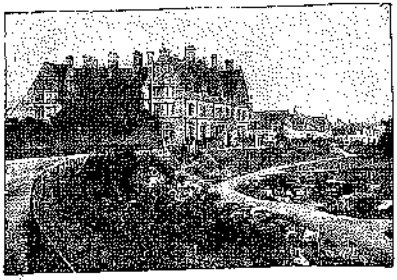

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Western Daily Mercury.

"One of the most interesting books on Dartmoor that we have seen for a long time. Its very simplicity and sincerity add greatly to its value. Mr. Breton has taken a small quarter of the moor, and dealt with it thoroughly in a most attractive way. His directions for reaching the principal points of interest, and especially the antiquities of the moor, are exceedingly precise. This chapter is the best thing of the kind in print. The general description of the moor and its features is brightly done, and picked out by some excellent stories. . . . A number of really good pictures add to the charm of these most delightful of Guide Books."

The Cornishman.

"The descriptions are delightful, and the style is breezy and vigorous. . . . New light is thrown on many out of the way and forgotten places, and the reading of the whole is distinctly refreshing. It is daintily illustrated, contains a good map, and should prove an acceptable souvenir to many a Cornishman across the seas."

The Cornish Times.

"A wealth of information by pen and camera that is surprisingly good, and must make them a welcome addition to the equipment of every tourist."

The Yorkshire Weekly Post.

"The little book will doubtless prove a very welcome guide to the antiquities of Dartmoor. It gives a lucid explanation of the principal stone monuments found on Dartmoor and other moorlands of England."

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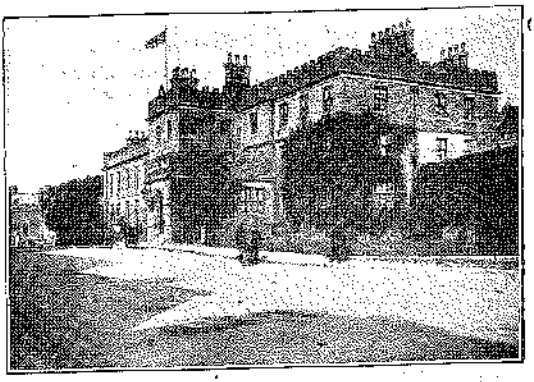

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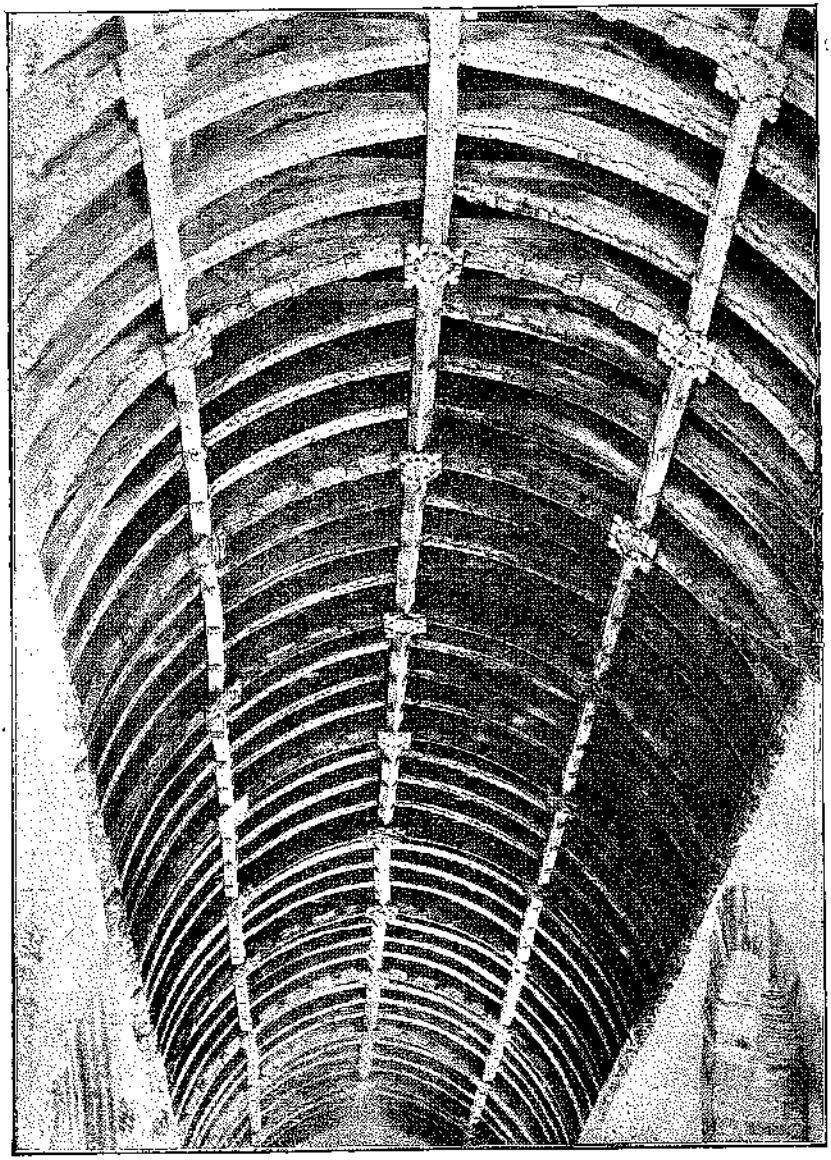

Photo by] MORWENSTOW CHURCH. [Dr. G. Granville Buckley

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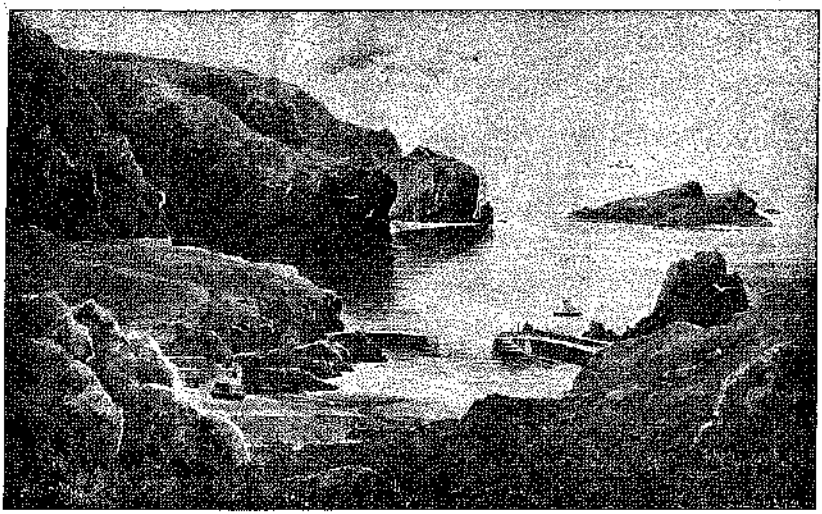

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Heart of Dartmoor

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By the Rev. H. HUGH BRETON, M.A.,

VICAR OF MORWENSTOW.

(Formerly Vicar of Sheepstor).

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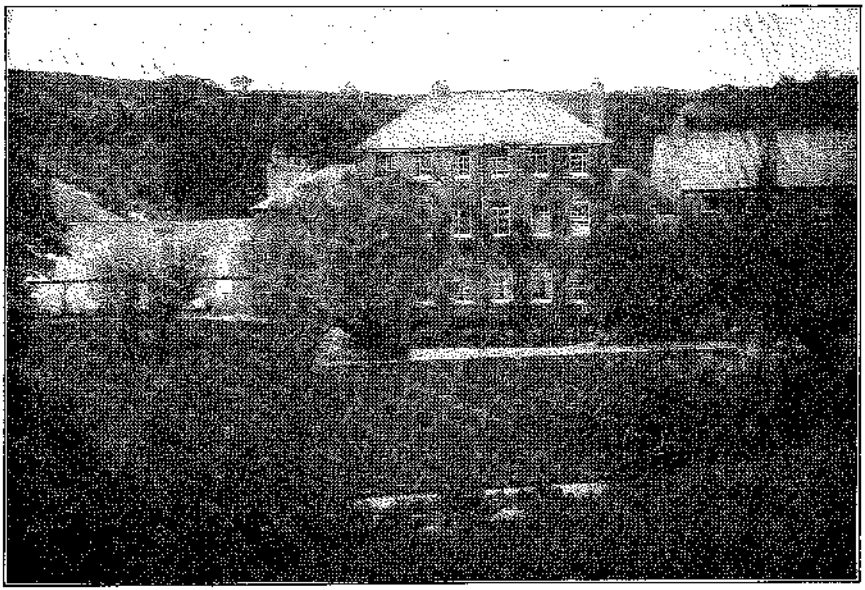

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PREFACE.

IN writing this series of Books, I make no attempt to supersede the excellent books already published on the localities with which they deal, but I have a three-fold purpose :—

(1) *To appeal to lovers of nature and to travellers, who in this restless age take long and expensive journeys to distant lands, before rushing abroad to come and see the beauties of their own country.*

Let them come into Devonshire and Cornwall, and see the rugged tors of Dartmoor, rising out of a purple sea of heather; and the miles of river scenery of the Dart, the Yealm, the Tamar and the Fal, which will compare favourably with the finest parts of the Rhine; and also the wild grandeur of the Cornish coast with its savage cliffs, and the incomparable glory of the Cornish sea.

(2) *To endeavour to awaken the public interest in the splendid antiquities in which the moors abound, and to show visitors how to find them.*

(3) *Last, but not least, to obtain some money for the* ***restoration of Morwenstow Church.***

The whole of the profits of these books will be devoted to that object.

I desire to thank my friend Mr. Chas. E. Brittan for so kindly designing the covers, and also for his charming sketches. And also Messrs. Chapman & Sons, of Dawlish, for allowing me to reproduce their excellent photographs.

The following books on Dartmoor will be found invaluable :—

Rev. S. Baring-Gould's books of "Dartmoor," "Devon," and "Cornwall."

Mr. William Crossing's "Guide to Dartmoor," "Gems in a Granite Setting."—Published by the *Western Morning News*, Plymouth.

Mr. Rowe's "Perambulations on Dartmoor."

Rev. S. Baring-Gould's "Sheepstor."

(See prospectus page in "Morwenstow.")

Excellent photographs may be purchased from Messrs. Chapman & Sons, Dawlish.

Every Dartmoor visitor should equip himself with an Ordnance Map (1 in. in scale).

H. HUGH BRETON.

MORWENSTOW VICARAGE, DEVONSHIRE,
July 1st, 1926.

The Vicar will be very glad to receive subscriptions towards the Morwenstow Church Restoration Fund.

These Guide Books can be procured from the Vicar of Morwenstow, or from Morwenstow Post Office, or from Booksellers in Plymouth, Chagford, Torquay, Exeter, and Bude. Price 1/-. Post 2d.

"The Heart of Dartmoor" is 1/6.

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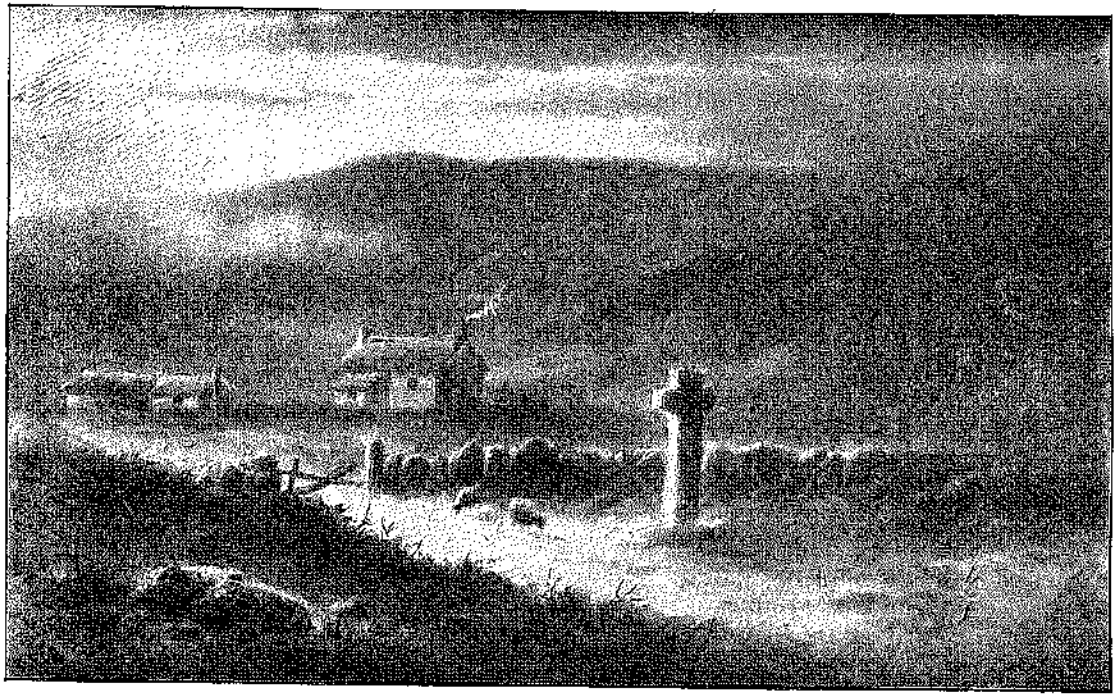


SIWARD'S CROSS, NEAR PRINCETOWN.

The Heart of Dartmoor.

CHAPTER I.

CRANMERE IN THE GREAT LONE LAND.

1—*Cranmere and the ways of reaching it.*
2—*Lost on the Moor.* 3—*The Dartmoor Winter.*

I.—1. **Cranmere.** If you want to spend a quiet day come to Dartmoor. A quiet day is something to look forward to in the rush and tear of the age in which we are living. Here you may enjoy one on the Devonshire Highlands. You may often tramp all day without meeting a soul. Here you have a vast expanse of waste and wild, relieved here and there with the rugged crests of the tors, over which reigns a silence often broken only by the sound of many waters, hurrying away over their rocky beds on their way to join the deep blue sea. Cranmere is set in the midst of vast stretches of sedge and bog in which nearly all the rivers, which give such charm to beautiful Devon, take their rise. The vast seas have their uses, for instance, they are the brewery of storms, which cleanse and purify the land; and the great desert on Dartmoor is in the economy of Nature the great storage of water for Devon.

"From Cranmere's fount the waters flow
In parted streams to vales below."

This high land acts as a great condenser of the moist air from the Atlantic, and rain falls in enormous quantities during the winter months—over 80 inches a year in places; the wettest place is said to be at the source of the Erme, where the average reaches about 83 inches. The great central bog which stretches about 10 m. in the Northern Quarter is like a huge

sponge, which soaks up the great volume of water precipitated on it annually and gives it out a little at a time, so that its rivers and streams are never dry even in the driest summers. Cranmere presents scenes of great loneliness and desolation; scarcely an animal or bird is to be seen, nothing but sedge and swamp. The Pool is now very small, but until it was drained some years ago it was 200 yds. in circumference and 5 ft. deep.

"Here solitude and silence reign
Sole tenants of the dreary plain."

Cranmere should be visited on a very fine day, and plenty of time should be allowed for the excursion, or the Dartmoor enthusiast may spend—

"All night in a waste land where no one comes."

There are several ways of reaching Cranmere. I will briefly describe each.

(1) **From Lydford.** Start from Dartmoor Inn. Cross the ford below Brae Tor marked on the Ordinance Map. Steer E., keeping Brae Tor on R. Then descend and cross Doe Tor Brook near its source. Pass over the shoulder of Great Links Tor near its base. Next cross the Rattle Brook and then descend again, leaving Green Tor on L. After crossing a small brook (a feeder of the Rattle Brook) ascend again, steering N.E., cross Amicombe Hill. Next strike the West Okement and follow if up after passing on your L. a very sharp bend of the river, which is here only a stream, strike N.E. leaving Great Kneeset on your R. After crossing a small brook which comes down from Great Kneeset keep near the West Okement Stream—on its South side—and then follow it up to its source. It will lead you to Cranmere, through which it flows near its source. (Time $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours).

(2) **From Okehampton.** Ascend the hill above the station to the military camp; here turn L. towards the Blackaven. At the fork in the road take the road R., which is military road. After crossing the Blackaven Brook, follow the road $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. On reaching Okement Hill, the road must be left and a course set across the

bogs for Cranmere. It is very easy to find. As it is approached, on the R. is the valley of the West Okement—here a small stream. Follow it up, for it flows through the Pool.

It was here at the head of the West Okement that I was fed in the desert by some generous folk in the summer of 1912. I was trudging across the bogs from Princetown to Okehampton with a friend, and after leaving the Pool, we were, like Bishop Bronscombe of long ago, well nigh starving with hunger, and we espied in the distance a man waving his arms in an excited manner. "We had better see what he wants,"

Photo by Cranmere Pool Chapman & Sons, Dawlish.

I said. On enquiring what he wanted, he told us that he would give us an excellent tea—and he did. He led us to a delightful spring, beside which we lit a fire and boiled the kettle, and then introduced us to his friends. After tea one turned to me and said, "Now, sir, we found you hungry and we fed you in the desert, and we shall expect you to pray for us for the rest of your life."

(3) **From Belstone** follow the Taw to its source, steering along the eastern slopes of Belstone Tors and keep on W. side of the river till just beyond Knack Mine.

Here cross the river and recross ½ m. before its source is reached (refer to Ordnance Map), and steer S.W. Cranmere will be found at the head of the West Okement. (Time, Belstone to Cranmere, 2 hours.)

(4) **From Chagford.** Go to Teignhead Farm and from there on to Whitehorse Hill (see (5) below). Those who cannot walk a long distance should ask Mr. Perrott to drive them to Whitehorse Hill, where the horse is tethered.

(5) **From Postbridge.** This and the route from Chagford are the easiest of all, as there is far less boggy ground to be negotiated. I did this route one day in the summer of 1912 without even getting my boots wet.

Take the rough track at Postbridge on the E. side of the river which leads to Hartland Tor. After passing the tor keep on the high ground and steer N. about 2¼ m. and visit the Grey Wethers, situated E. of Sittaford Tor.

At the Grey Wethers is a wall which runs up to Sittaford Tor (about ¼ m. S. of the tor is a fine ruined kistvaen). At the tor the wall turns and runs N. Follow this wall till it ascends the opposite hill. On ascending the hill, the wall must be left on your right and then steer N.N.W. The Quintius Man, a large cairn, is soon passed, 1 m. N.N.W. of which you reach Whitehorse Hill. ¼ m. after gaining the highest ground strike due W. The dip on the L. is Dart Head, that on R. Taw Head. In less than 1 m. the ground ahead falls away; this is the head of the West Okement, in which the Pool is situated.

—"'Mid heath and sedge and brooklets gay"—

Bad walkers can drive to Whitehorse Hill from Postbridge.

(6) **From Princetown**—a hideous journey which I should advise no one to attempt except those who have a mania for bog-trotting, unless it is a dry summer, under those conditions many of the bogs are safe. From Two Bridges set your course by Beardown and Lydford Tors to the Beardown Man. Here one's

troubles begin. Cranmere lies quite 7 m. N. of the Beardown Man. In crossing the sea of swamp, Cut Hill should be aimed at. About 2 m. N. of Cut Hill is a danger board which marks off the zone of fire which is raked by shell from the guns belonging to Okehampton Camp. ½ m. N. of this board is the Pool.

I took this route during the wet summer of 1912, and it took 4½ hours to reach the Pool from Princetown. I saw no signs of animal or bird life after passing the Beardown Man, except the footprints of foxes here and there.

(7) By following the East Dart from Postbridge (see IV. 7).

Visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to Cranmere on May 19th, 1921.—He and his party motored to Fernworthy and from there, leaving Hemstone Rocks on L., after crossing the Teign N. of Sittaford Tor by the Clapper Bridge, the ascent of Whitehorse Hill was begun. Here the magnificent view of the surrounding country was much admired, the atmosphere being very transparent, High Willhays and Yes Tor some miles away looked quite close. At Cranmere the Prince signed the Visitors' Book—Edward P., May 19th, 1921, 2-30 p.m. The Prince also stamped postcards with the "Cranmere" die and posted them.

The return journey was made across Great Kneeset, keeping S. of the West Okement, the party next ascended Amicombe Hill. Then on to the Duchy Peat Works at Rattlebrook. The Prince made a tour of the works, and then after some experience of Dartmoor Mist, the party were taken down the Peatworks tramway to Bridestowe Station.

II.—2. **Lost on the Moor.** There is no need to get lost on Dartmoor if visitors will only use common sense. In "Beautiful Dartmoor," Part I. I carefully explained dangers which exist on the moor, and which can be avoided if ordinary care is exercised. The one danger which besets all who wander on the moors is mist, which often comes on very suddenly. I have also explained in the same book the conditions under

which mist very readily forms. With the wind between S. and W. mists are very frequent, but with the wind between N. and E. they are comparatively rare, unless there are cross-currents in the higher regions of the atmosphere, the existence of which can usually be determined by observing the cirroform and alto-stratus clouds.

If one finds oneself lost, the easiest way out of the difficulty, although by no means the shortest, is to follow a stream down. This must bring you into civilization sooner or later. Another way is, if you

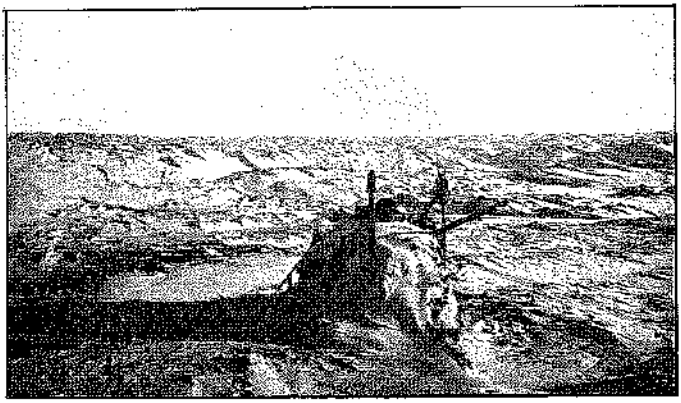


Photo by Wm. Stidston.

Cranmere after the Blizzard of December 28th, 1907.

know the moor well and *the lay of the ground*, to use a compass and steer in the direction you want to go. The compass must be used constantly, or you will find yourself describing a circle. If you find yourself lost where there are trees—and there are few on Dartmoor, except on its borders—a tree that stands a little apart from others will have its bark harder, drier, and lighter in colour on its S. side. On the N. side it will be darker, and often at the roots it will have a clump of moss. The trunks of most of the trees on Dartmoor are clothed

with moss on their N. side. On the S. sides of evergreens, gum which oozes from the bark is hard and amber-coloured, on the N. side it is softer. Rocks are bare on the S. side and clad with moss on the N. The N. side of the hill is more noisy underfoot. On Dartmoor the N. side of a hill is often covered with a thick growth of heather and the S. side comparatively bare. On the N. side ferns and beautiful mosses grow.

If you are on the edge of a marsh the heather or small bushes will show which is their N. side. Their growth on that side will be more vigorous and their stems mossy. Almost all wild flowers turn their faces to the south.

If you should lose yourself on the wilds on a bright day the N. can easily be found. The method is well known. For those who are unacquainted with it I will explain with an illustration how it is done. Point the small hand of your watch in the exact direction of the sun; reckon the number of minutes between the minute on the dial to which the small hand points and the XII.; halve the number. The minute where the division falls is due S., and it will follow that the opposite quarter will be due N. For instance, supposing you experiment at 4 o'clock. The small hand points to IV., that is 20 minutes beyond the XII. On halving it the division comes at II., which is due S. Using, of course, Greenwich Mean Time.

A friend who was staying with me recently said, "Dartmoor in the sunshine is a dream, when the mists come down it is a nightmare." But the mists often lend to the landscape a degree of loveliness which defies reproduction either at the hands of the writer or the artist.

I.—3. **The Dartmoor Winter.** "A man never knows what he is in for when he gets married" was an oft-repeated saying of a friend of mine, and I can say a man never knows what he is in for in the way of winter when he settles on Dartmoor. Some winters are extremely mild, with a pleasant softness in the air, which is foreign to East Anglia; and on the other hand, some are very

rigorous. Severe frost of a protracted character on Dartmoor is an imported article, borne hither on the wings of a strong east wind, as in other parts of England, which comes off the snowy wastes of the Russian Steppes. As long as this wind blows the frost lasts, but it usually disappears a few days after the wind has ceased. Severe frost of brief duration on the moor is a hybrid, and is due partly to the great altitude of the moor and partly to a Polar current. The winter of 1911-12 was remarkably mild, except for a severe snap early in February. The lowest temperature during the winter at Sheepstor was recorded on February 3rd, when the readings were 11° in the screen and 1° on the grass.

A great deal of rain falls during the winter months; but during a very wet period, even in the depth of winter, the air is beautifully soft and warm. This warm soft atmosphere, which is the normal condition of things, is a very pleasant feature of the Dartmoor winter.

It is hoped that men of science will devise some methods of storing the vast quantities of water sent by beneficent Nature which are now utterly wasted.

The noblest aspects of the moor are seen on stormy days when sunshine and shower alternate, and—

> "God's glowing covenant
> Spans the sky."

Everyone who admires Dartmoor should see the moor in its wildest moods. You will rarely see it more charming than—

> "When full knee deep lies the winter's snow,
> And the winter winds are wearily sighing."

There is one phenomenon on Dartmoor sometimes seen in winter which is very beautiful—*the Ammil*. It consists of the formation of a casing of ice on every object exposed to the open air; the rocks, the trees and fences occasionally having a coating of ice half an inch thick. It is called in some parts of England *glazed frost*. There was a beautiful instance of it at the end of December, 1907. The sun shone brightly

on it for two or three days, and the tors on the sunny side appeared as though made of the most beautiful silver. In January, 1868, the Ammil lasted two nights and days, and at Princetown the trees presented a very remarkable spectacle. The Ammil is caused by a current of warm moist air with slight drizzling rain, and the objects it meets with being many degrees below freezing point, the moisture freezes immediately it is deposited.

With regard to the signs of the character of the approaching winter, here is one :—

> "A few red spots on a goose's breast
> Is the sign of a hard winter,
> And a few red spots on a man's nose
> Is the sign of a hard drinker."

I have never been able to verify in Devonshire the accuracy of the first couplet, but the second is as infallible as elsewhere.

Never fight shy of Dartmoor in winter—

> "'Tis always summer where the heart's content,
> Though wintry winds blow cold."

Winter hath its charms. There are—

> "The long glories of the wintry moon."

But one word of warning. If you come in winter, come in your fur-lined coats, come with your oilskin and sou'-wester, your Jaeger boots, your fur caps, your corduroy waistcoat and double thick nether garments; but one thing don't do—*don't buy false hair.* Ching Chang, Ping Pong and Wang Wo and their fellow Chinamen have cut off their pig-tails, and (thanks to the leniency of Free Trade) these sacred plaits from the Orient are being shipped to our shores to replace the falling locks of Britons, which time and the strain and stress of Western civilization are daily depleting. Human hair is a carrier of a fell disease—leprosy.

CHAPTER II.

PRINCETOWN.

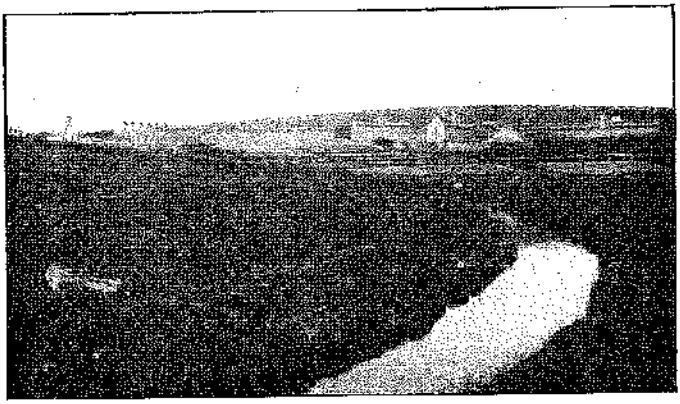
1—*Ingra Tor.* 2—*Merrivale.* 3—*Vixen Tor.* 4—*Staple and Cox Tors.* 5—*Great Mis and Fur Tors.* 6—*Swincombe Valley.* 7—*Sherberton.* 8—*Nun's Cross.* 9—*Fox Tor and Child's Tomb.* 10—*Crazywell Pool.* 11—*Nillacombe Valley.* 12—*Leather Tor.* 13—*Peak Hill Antiquities.* 14—*Meavy Valley.*

Princetown is the highest town in England and stands 1,400 ft. above sea level, near the base of North Hessary Tor. The air is very bracing and invigorating. It is a very good centre for exploring the moor, especially for motorists, as the roads are excellent.

The Prison. The great convict prison which our fellow-countrymen all over the land associate with Dartmoor was built very early in the nineteenth century. The foundation stone was laid on March 20th, 1806, and the buildings were very quickly erected. It was built for a military prison, and it was soon crowded to overflowing with prisoners of war, of whom the greater number were Frenchmen captured during the great war with Napoleon which closed with his defeat at Waterloo. The prisoners loudly complained about the severity of the Dartmoor winter. And no wonder, for many of them had the misfortune to be securely lodged in Dartmoor prison during the greatest frost England has experienced in modern times—which continued with great persistency during the first three months of 1814. Escapes are now rare. I describe several in "Beautiful Dartmoor," Part I. p. 16. One escaped in the autumn of 1911, and was at liberty for five days. He visited Ringmoor Cottage on Ringmoor Down and Lowery Cottage below Peak Hill. He was recaptured at Princetown.

II.—1. **To Peak Hill and Ingra Tor.** Take the Plymouth road. 2 m. from Princetown a very fine piece of

mountain scenery lies before you. The tors on L. of the road are Sheep's Tor, Leather Tor and Sharpitor. Approaching Peak Hill, L. is a road to Stanlake Farm in Meavy Valley. R. are some roadmen's stone quarries and heaps. Here turn R. and cross the moor for Leeden Tor. Either cross the tor or make your way along its western slopes for Ingra Tor. About 300 yds. E. of Ingra Tor is a fine kistvaen which has not been disturbed, except that a portion of the capstone has been broken off. This old monument is known to



Convict Prison, Princetown

very few people. It was originally covered by a mound, as so many are, a portion of which still remains.

Three men from the farm near by about 1910 tried to raise the capstone with crowbars, but they failed to move it; however, they broke off the piece that is broken.

From Ingra Tor the Walkham Valley is most picturesque. In the Autumn the foliage of the Walkham woods is gorgeous.

Cross the railway E. of Ingra Tor; then cross the little valley and pass over the railway crossing at the

foot of King Tor. Beyond the railway is a path which leads back to Princetown.

In a cairn S.W. of Leedon Tor a large urn 1 ft. high was found some years ago, about 6 in. under the surface of the calm ground which had a spout and a handle. The cairn was taken away by road menders and unfortunately the urn was broken up.

II.—2. **Merrivale Bridge** (3 m.) Either by the Tavistock road, or strike across the moor from the station, across the shoulder of N. Hessary Tor. It is a rough walk across the moor, as there is no track, but it is well worth the extra effort. A little stream with huge boulders in its course is struck 1½ m. from the tor. Thence ascend the rising ground and the Antiquities are in front of you.

Merrivale Bridge to Langstone Circle. Take road to Shillapark Farm. On reaching the gate turn L. and pass through the gate ahead. Then pass through the new-take, and after entering again upon the open moor the Circle is seen ahead on the skyline.

On gaining the open moor a leat (which supplies the stone quarries) will be your companion for some little way. 1 m. [All along here Great Mis Tor is seen to the greatest advantage and soars up above the Wallabrook, assuming the proportions of a mountain] and where it ends keep up well. After the Wallabrook bends and comes from eastward, on its N. bank is a large pound containing several hut circles. One near the centre of the pound is very interesting. It has the uprights of the doorway still standing and the jamb is lying beside the W. stone. The Circle lies a little further N.

To return to Merrivale Bridge from Langstone Circle take the grass track which runs S.W. to Peter Tavy. On reaching the place where the ground slopes away W. turn due S. and go to Roos Tor. It is a short and pleasant ascent from here to Great Staple Tor with its curious piles of weathered granite. Then go on to Middle Staple Tor and from there descend to the road.

Merrivale Bridge to Great Mis Tor. Ascending the Princetown Road about 100 yds. above the farm, on L. a wall runs away from the road N. It soon passes Over Tor, on which was formerly a logan rock, but it was overthrown by trippers. The wall after passing the tor

Merrivale Bridge.

crosses a deep gulley, and then climbs the hill passing just below Little Mis Tor. From here the ascent to the Tor is quite easy. This way is the best in misty weather, as keeping in touch with the wall will prevent you losing your way. After returning to the wall it runs due W. down to the Walla, and one can return to Merrivale Bridge by the river. The ground on the E. bank is a bit boggy in places on the E. side.

Merrivale Avenue consists of two long stone rows. They run E. and W. parallel to each other, 105 ft.

apart, the longest 1,143 ft. and the other nearly 800 ft. The former has the remains of a circle in the centre.

Merrivale Kistvaen is a very large one. The capstone was mutilated by a farmer in 1860, who cut a gate post out of the middle of it.

Merrivale Longstone is seen S.W. of the Avenues and is 12 ft. high. It is a conspicuous object in the distance. A smaller menhir is near by.

Merrivale Circle, a small circle with 8 stones, close to the Longstone. It formerly enclosed a kistvaen. Its diameter is 67 ft. These remains and others close by suffered severely when the new-take wall was built.

The Apple-crusher will be found among the hut circles. It is a circular stone cut out ready for use in the cider press, but it was never removed.

The Prehistoric Village lies between the road and the avenues. Many of the hut dwellings are large and well preserved. This group of hut circles is known locally as the *Plague Market.* Here, when Tavistock was being ravaged by the plague in 1625, in which year its mortality rose to 575, the farmers brought provisions and placed them for the people of Tavistock to take away, who left money in payment for the produce received at an appointed place. The same thing was done at Eyam in Derbyshire in 1665.

The huts were built by courses of stones placed one above another. The roof was formed by poles thatched over. At the point where the poles converged, a cap was fitted in made of a hollowed stone. Specimens of these stones have occasionally been found. The doorway was formed by two jambs with a lintel. The latter are frequently still in position.

As one descends the road towards the bridge, below the 5 milestone the road makes a bend. Here a foot-track cuts across the moor and rejoins the road below. This passes through the groups of hut circles. From the antiquities descend to the bridge.

Merrivale Bridge is comparatively new. The old clapper bridge was swept away in a great flood during a

thunderstorm in July, 1890. This storm caused freshets in several of the Dartmoor streams and carried away many bridges. There was a memorable flood at Peter Tavy on that occasion. A stroll up the Walkham is very pleasant. It is a fine trout stream. The fishing rights belong to the Dartmoor Angling Association.

II.—3. **Vixen Tor** is the fine pile of rocks on the L. above the Walkham Valley. It will be unwise to attempt to reach it by a short cut from the bridge, as the ground is very swampy.

Ascend the hill past the quarries. When the top of the hill has been gained, a footpath branches off to the L. towards the tor and runs parallel with a new-take wall.

The tor is the private property of Mr. Parsons, who lives in the house at the foot of the tor. It has been owned by his family for 200 years. He kindly allows visitors to visit the tor. Of late years so much trouble has been given by thoughtless people, who strew the ground around the tor with paper and broken bottles, that closing the tor to visitors and picnic parties has been under consideration.

The writer pleads with all sorts and conditions of visitors not to leave bottles and refuse about the tor, but to respect the owner's rights, so that no restriction on the present privileges the public enjoy may be necessary. Do as you would be done by.

Mr. "Punch" pillories as follows the vandals who defile the noble moor with the traces of their junketings: —

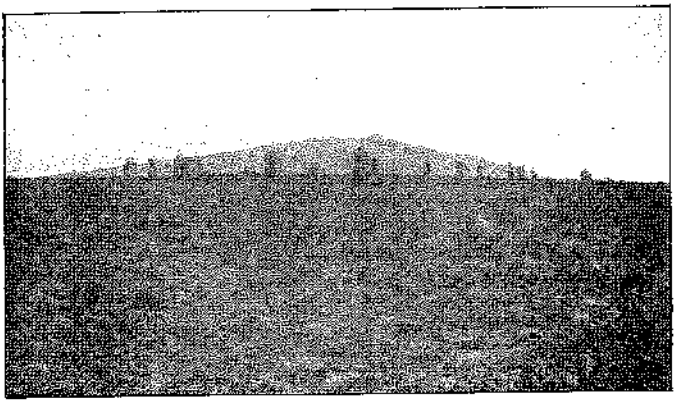
Greatly the high gods wrought this granite tor,
Bold, black, bluff-fronted, bending shaggy brows
On dappled hills where bees in heather drowse.
They set it there to stand for evermore,
With dimness of pale purple set before,
Steeped in the pomp of silence—not to house
Beef-bloated tourists in debased carouse
Upon its stony knees, its thymy floor.

They come by wagonette, a vandal brood;
They sprawl at leisure—"a great herd of swine
Feeding"; and having fed they strew around
Paper, smashed glass, and cardboard on the ground,
Leaving, where none but the gods might meetly dine,
Foul wrappings and the relics of their food.

II.—4. **Great Staple Tor.** There is a lane just above the inn which turns up to Shillapark Farm. Follow this a short distance, then strike across the moor for the tor. Or keep to the Tavistock road to the top of the hill and then branch off across the moor to the tors.

The first tor approached is **Little Staple Tor.** Next comes **Middle Staple Tor,** and about ½ m. further on is the **Great Staple Tor.** On Great Staple Tor the rocks have weathered into strange shapes. There is a tolmen on this tor.

At the W. end there is a long bare space like a drive,



Langstone Circle

flanked on each side by great piles of rock like the gateway leading into the drive of a country mansion.

The eminence westward across the boggy valley is **Cox Tor,** on which are several cairns. Nearly 440 yds. N. of the summit is a very large one. 220 yds. N.N.W. of this one are two very curious ring cairns; one has a diameter of 55 ft. and the other 27 ft. On the S. slope of the tor, 200 ft. below the summit, there is a cluster of small cairns.

Roos Tor formerly was crowned by a fine logan rock, which was mischievously destroyed by quarrymen a generation ago. Here are two poised stones.

From Roos Tor are two very pleasant routes for returning. *Either* steer N.W. and strike the delightful coombe of Peter Tavy, down which the Peter Tavy Brook rushes and babbles over its rocky bed as it hurries on its way to meet the Tavy.

About 1 m. from Roos Tor are clusters of prehistoric huts, which have formed quite a little town.

Or from the tor steer N.E. on to Langstone Moor, where **The Langstone** keeps its solitary watch over the plain. It is 12 ft. high. The Langstone was formerly the end of a stone row, composed of quite small stones,

Swincombe Farm.

running in a direction N. and S. from a pool that occupies the site of a destroyed cairn. Nearly parallel to it, and 60 yds. away, was another row. The stone is composed of local gabbro, and was formerly prostrate, but His Grace the Duke of Bedford has re-erected it in its original socket-hole. The old lych way ran from Whittenburrow to it, and then passed on to Cudlip Town.

Looking E. from the Langstone, about ½ m. distant will be seen the **Langstone Circle**, which is a fine specimen of this class of monument, which I have explained in my book on the Land's End (No. 5, pp. 89-91). It was

discovered as recently as 1894. Not a single stone was then standing, but fortunately none had been taken away or even mutilated. The Duke of Bedford kindly allowed the stones to be re-erected, and supplied the men to do the work, which was directed by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould and Mr. Robert Burnard. It has 16 stones, and its diameter is about 60 ft. There was originally another circle outside this one, of which only two or three stones remain.

From the circle one can cross the Walkham by Greenaball to Mis Tor, and from there return to Princetown.

II.—5. **Great Mis Tor** is a very easy excursion from Princetown. Take the Tavistock road to Rundlestone, then turn up the rough road to the R. by the cottages. Here a wall is your companion for some distance; when it parts company with you, strike for the tor. **Fice's Well**, which bears the date 1568, is close by, and now within the prison lands. On the E. side of the prison leat is the new-take wall of the prison farm, running N. and S. The well is over the wall in the corner, close to that portion of the wall which runs in an E. direction.

At Mis Tor is Mis Tor Pan, a large rock basin.

The northern slopes of Great Mis Tor, viewed from the W. side of the Walkham Valley, are as green and sleek as a tennis lawn.

It is only a short distance from Great Mis Tor to **Fur Tor** (1,877 ft.), an island of firm ground rising in the midst of a sea of almost impassable bogs, through which Fur Tor Cut passes, which is the way across the bogs used by moormen for removing their cattle.

> "Fur Tor near the centre stands,
> Looming above the dreary lands;
> Here heathery wastes, and there the mires
> Surround for miles the rocky spires."

From Mis Tor the Walla can be followed some way; it is a most desolate ravine.

II.—6. **Swincombe Valley.** Take the road to Tor Royal, which is the road which turns in to the R. beyond the Duchy Hotel. Soon after passing Tor

Royal you will pass a farm. Here enter upon the moor and steer S.E. In about ½ m. you will pass the first of two rifled kistvaens beside the path—the second is about 300 yards due S. As you approach the Swincombe Valley, the great stretches of marsh in front of you is the dreaded Fox Tor Mire, where ponies and men got stogged in days gone by. It has in late years been drained somewhat, and it is not so formidable now, but in places the ground quakes alarmingly as one passes over it. ¼ m. S.E. of Royal Hill is a ruined kistvaen, 150 yds. S.S.W. another, 270 yds. S.S.W. another (just above the head of a brook) they are practically in a line with each other. ½ m. further E. is a Newtake within which are some stones which have always been a puzzle to us. Near the W. end there is what appears to be a circle. At the E. end just above the river are 3 large monoliths in a row; do they form the end of a stone row, or are they part of a vanished linhay? Both the late Mr. Robert Burnard and Mr. R. Hansford Worth told me they did not know what they are, and neither do I. All we can say is the stones are there.

Swincombe Farm is a lonely place on the banks of the Swincombe. The little dip in the hills opposite is Deep Swincombe, where is a blowing-house with its mould stones. Cross the bridge at the farm and follow the course of the river; you soon come to the remains of an old furnace where the tin was smelted.

It is only 1 m. from Swincombe Farm to Sherberton Bridge.

II.—7. **Sherberton Farm** is seen to great advantage from the bridge. The limpid waters of the Swincombe, gliding among the boulders on their way to meet the Dart, form a charming foreground, and with the old thatched farmhouse on the hill above make a pleasing picture. The view of the Dart to the S.W. of Sherberton is very beautiful.

Sherberton Circle (½ m.) A lane leads W. from the farm on to the moor. Take this lane and follow the new-take wall on your left hand, which will be your

guide to the circle, which touches the wall near a gate. It was formerly a fine circle, but it has been mutilated to build the walls, and only seven stones now remain. Some of the stones are used as the gate posts, others are in the wall. The late Rev. S. Baring-Gould told me that he found, many years ago, the late Mr. Coaker's father (of Sherberton Farm) removing the stones of this circle. Mr. Baring-Gould explained to him the value of the circle, and not another stone was touched.

Sherberton Firs is a delightful place, but it is private land. Mr. Coaker, who farms Sherberton, has a private

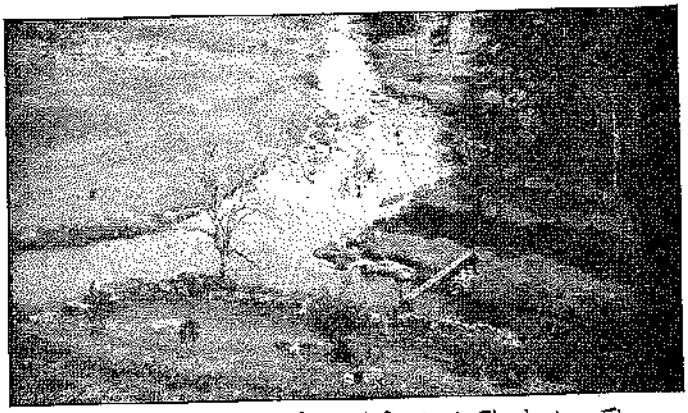
Sherberton Farm.

footpath which he has made from his house above the Swincombe to the Dart. The further end of this path looks down upon the junction of the Swincombe and the West Dart, with the fine cluster of firs across the river. The best way to return to Princetown is to cross the Dart by the bridge below Prince's Hall and join the Princetown road. From Prince's Hall Princetown is 3½ m.

II.—8. **Nun's Cross Farm.** *Either* take the road past Tor Royal and at the point where it turns L. to Whiteworks take the rough track which runs nearly due S.; *or* take the path behind the "Plume of Feathers"

which leads to South Hessary Tor, whence keep on the ridge which trends S.S.E. Nun's Cross will be found where this ridge ends. It is situated on a neck of land which separates the Nillacombe and Swincombe Valleys.

On the W. side of the new-take wall is Nun's Cross, which was one of a long line of crosses which marked the monk's trackway connecting Buckfastleigh with Buckland Abbey. It bears the inscriptions: *Crux Siwardi; Bocland.* The cross was thrown down and broken 80 years ago, but the late Sir Ralph Lopes in



Meeting of the Swincombe and Dart at Sherberton Firs.

1846 took compassion on the fractured and prostrate form of this symbol of the Faith and had it mended and re-erected.

One can proceed on to Eylesbarrow. From the cairns on the highest point is one of the finest views in the Southern Quarter. On reaching the ruined building of the old mine, turn to the R., follow the track, and return by Sheepstor to Dousland Station.

The distance from Princetown to Nun's Cross, Eylesbarrow, Sheepstor and Dousland is 11 m.

II.—9 **Fox Tor and Child's Tomb** (1 m. E. of Nun's Cross). Fox Tor is not a conspicuous tor. It crowns

a rugged elongated hill which stretches down to Fox Tor Mire, a very formidable swamp, where one of the few escapes from Princetown disappeared and was never heard of again. There is a safe path across the mire from Fox Tor to Whiteworks. The low bank which is seen winding across the flat ground from the white gate below the Tor marks it.

When I was approaching Child's Tomb one day in May, 1912, the largest fox that I have ever seen on Dartmoor sprang up out of the heather, and after leaping across the wall, it ran leisurely over the top of Fox Tor.

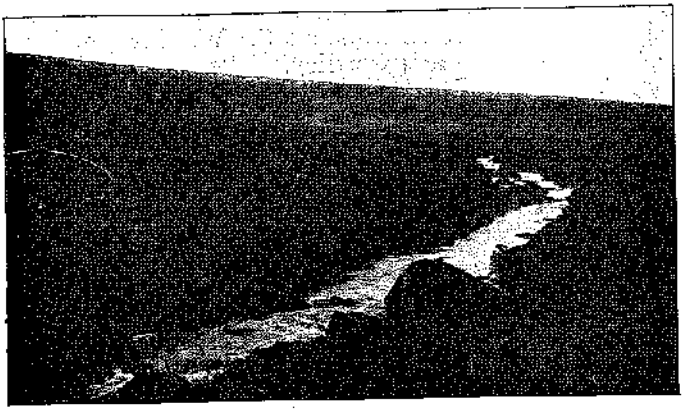
Fox Tor Brook is a delightful torrent which takes its rise in Cater's Beam and flows among the rocks on the highest ground of Fox Tor, and descends into the Swincombe Valley in a succession of small but charming cascades.

A Ruined Kistvaen. About 1 m. E. of Nun's Cross Farm, on the W. side of the dip formed by a lateral stream of the Strane (it is the the first valley at W. foot of Fox Tor) are the remains of this kistvaen. A block of white spa will be seen in the wall which is one's companion from Nun's Cross to Fox Tor. The kistvaen lies about 60 yds. S.E. of the white spa and about 45 yds. in a direct line from the wall, and 100 yds. E. of the stream.

Child's Tomb. Looking down from Fox Tor are two little depressions, through which flow streamlets—feeders of the Swincombe—which unite before reaching the latter. On the little ridge which separates these streams, about half-way between them, and a $\frac{1}{4}$ m. due N. of the Tor, is Child's Tomb. It is the ruin of a kistvaen on which a cross has been erected; some rascal a few years ago broke this cross off and threw it down. The large stones of the base of the original cross now form a bridge across the brook to E. of Child's Tomb. To the S.W. of Fox Tor stands the shaft of a cross, Mr. Hansford Worth told me he well remembers its fine head lying on the ground at the foot of the shaft. Next time he went it was gone, and he

has never been able to find it since. Connected with Child's Tomb is the well-known legend of Child the Hunter, who must have lived at Plymstock before the Norman Conquest, because in the Domesday Book the lands in Plymstock are recorded as belonging to the Abbey of Tavistock. The story probably refers to a much earlier legend, and is an instance of those strange legends which are sometimes met with. The Welsh legend of Llewellyn's hound is another instance, which finds its counterpart in other lands.

The story of Child is that his horse became stogged



Fox Tor Mire.

in Fox Tor Mire, and he was overtaken by a snowstorm and perished on the moor. Before he died, he killed his horse and crept inside the animal for warmth, and wrote his will with the animal's blood :

> "The first that finds and brings me to my grave,
> My lands in Plymstock they shall have."

The monks of Tavistock, greedy of gain, hearing of the last will and testament of Child, started at once for the moor and found his lifeless body. On returning to the town, they heard that the monks of Plymstock were waiting at a ford to intercept them. The wily monks changed their course and threw a bridge across

the river near the abbey, known to this day as Guile Bridge, and reached the abbey in safety, and gained possession of the lands in Plymstock.

II.—10. **Crazywell Pool** is 3 m. S. of Princetown (No. 1, V. 4). The most direct way is to go to Cramber Tor. There is a delightful walk from Cramber Tor to Down Tor, Deancombe, and the Drizzlecombe Antiquities—

"O'er the rills and the crags and the hills."

The course from Cramber should be set due S. The beautiful valleys of the Nillacombe and Dean are crossed. The pedestrian should return through Sheepstor to Dousland Station. From Cramber Tor the Pool is a short mile distant S.S.W. Keep well up because of the swampy valley. The Devonport leat runs above the Pool, and should be crossed by a foot-bridge which will be found quite near the Pool.

Another route, if one wants a longer walk, is to follow the rough road to Whiteworks, and then to take the rough cart track which branches off to R. and runs just above Kingset. On this mountain track one may often see—"A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after another."

In the valley below flows the Nillacombe, or Newley-combe. Through the combe beyond Down Tor is the Dean, which is mentioned in a charter of Isabella de Fortibus, dated 1291:

"Still glides the stream, and shall for ever glide;
The form remains, the function never dies."

II.—11. **The Nillacombe Valley.** From Norsworthy Bridge *either* take the green lane up to Kingset and from there descend into the valley, *or* follow up the Nillacombe, which joins the Meavy below the bridge. It is a rocky valley, but higher up the stream, beyond Kingset, are peeps of great beauty. All the way up the ground has been turned over and over by the tin-streamers, whose heaps of refuse are seen everywhere.

The Nillacombe takes its rise in quite a small spring at the head of the valley, but—

"Large streams from little fountains flow,"

and a little trickle soon expands into a brawling stream.

Vipers are very common in this valley, therefore be careful where you tread. One rarely hears of people being bitten. My grandfather was once bitten by a viper in a field near Eastbourne. In climbing over a bank, he placed his hand on one which was coiled up in the sun on the top of the bank. Being a man of more than ordinary nerve and resource, he quickly adopted effective measures to prevent serious consequences. After killing the adder, he walked down to a stream close by, then, taking his penknife, he cut his hand open where it had been bitten. He then sucked the wound and washed it thoroughly in the stream, and then rubbed into it the adder's fat, and he was none the worse for his adventure afterwards.

Photo by Chapman & Sons, Dawlish.

Falls on the Meavy below Black Tor.

If one has the nerve this is the best way to treat an adder's bite, but if one has not the good fortune to secure the adder, a strong dose of whiskey is, I believe, a good antidote.

II.—12. **Leather Tor and Nosworthy Bridge** (4½ m.). Take the Plymouth road to the point where the road goes down to Stanlake Farm. Here branch off across

the moor, keeping Leather Tor on your R. hand. There are some large and very perfect hut circles on the N. slopes of the tor. As one approaches the tor, the Devonport leat is struck. The leat becomes a fine mountain torrent as it flows below Leather Tor, and rushes over the boulders with great tumult. Leather Tor Bridge spans the Meavy below Leather Tor Farm, and the view from the W. side is very picturesque. Above the bridge, on the E. bank of the stream, are the remains of an old blowing house.

From Leather Tor Farm take the road which leads up the hill; it soon crosses the leat. Keep to the road till it turns sharply to the L., turn here. Here is Lowery Cross with its massive base. This lane will soon lead you to Nosworthy Bridge. Below the bridge the Meavy is joined by the Nillacombe, and it is rather a noisy meeting, especially after heavy rain. Further up the road towards Narrator the Dean comes down the valley and flows into the Meavy.

It is a land of streams just here. Very pleasant it is to listen to—

> "The brooks,
> Muttering along the stones, a busy noise
> By day, a quiet sound in silent night."

The view from Nosworthy Bridge, looking up stream, is one of extreme beauty. With the brawling river in the foreground and the cone of Leather Tor soaring up in the background, it assumes the proportions of real grandeur, and is, I believe, one of the finest pieces of real mountain scenery on the moor.

Among the trees on the R. are the ruins of Nosworthy Farm. On the E. bank of the river, about 100 yds. above the farm, where the path becomes narrow, you will come upon traces of the walls of an old shed. Here are nearly a dozen round hollows cut in the rocks, which were the old slag pounding hollows used by the tinners.

II.—13. **Dousland to Peak Hill Circle and Stone Rows.** Follow the Princetown road to the pond at the top of the hill.

The stone row, which starts from a cairn, passes through the south end of the pond, and terminates some distance below in a small circle of seven stones. About 320 yds. due east of the circle, and only 40 yds. from the road, is another stone row which has been mutilated. It is only about 30 yds. long, and starts from a ruined circle.

CHAPTER III.

TWO BRIDGES.

2—*Crockern Tor.* 3—*Wistman's Wood.*
4—*Longaford Tor.* 5—*Beardown Bridge.*
6—*Beardown Man.* 7—*Okery Clapper Bridge.*
8—*Dunnabridge Pound.* 9—*Cherrybrook.*

III.—1. Two Bridges is situated on the West Dart, 1½ m. E. of Princetown. It is a good centre for several delightful excursions in some of the wildest parts of the moor. There is a most comfortable hotel where the fisherman may linger in the very midst of the finest trout streams, and at the same time enjoy all the comforts of civilised life.

Roundhill Kistvaens. From Two Bridges take the Princetown Road up to Roundhill Cottage, turn in here and go down to the farm, and then down to the river. On the E. side of a long wall running N. and S. on to the Blackabrook close to the bank of the river is a semi-circle of ruined kistvaens; only at Willing's wall, above the Plym, is there anything like it on Dartmoor. It must at one time have been a remarkable monument, with its kistvaens set in a circle.

III.—2. **Crockern Tor** is ½ m. beyond the hotel, on the Moreton Road, on L. side of the road. Here the old stannary parliaments were held.

> "The granite pile of Crockern Tor,
> The council hall of peace and war."

The tor has ever been the abode of *Crockern, the old spirit of the moor*, who, so the moormen say, may be

seen on dark nights riding a skeleton horse rattling his bones over the stones ! !

III.—3. **Wistman's Wood** (1 m.) Enter the gate on the left just above the hotel and follow a footpath which will take you to a farm. After passing through the farm follow the peat track which runs N.E. on to the moor. It soon comes to an end. Here on your L. hand runs a new-take wall. As you turn and face the wall there are two gates; pass through the L. hand one and steer N. for the wood. In the distance will be seen another wall running E. and W. down to the Dart, in

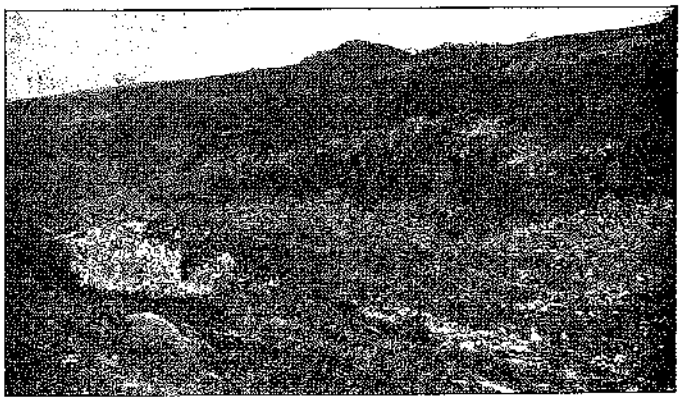


Photo by Wistman's Wood Chapman & Sons, Dawlish.

which is another gateway. Make for this (on the way are some hut circles). Pass through it and go on till the wood is reached. *Another way* is to leave the Princetown road ½ m. beyond the Two Bridges Hotel, just before reaching Crockern Tor. Enter a gate and go up a little pass in the hills, following the wall and entering the gate in it and then go on as before. It is one of the wonders of the moor. The trees are very short and stunted, and the limbs are twisted into all kinds of shapes twining in and out amongst the rocks.

"Low on the grey rocks waves the hanging wood."

Tradition says that it is the remains of a great forest of trees which once covered Dartmoor, but this is not true; Dartmoor never was covered with trees, but always was very much as it appears to-day.

From time immemorial this great upland has been known as Dartmoor Forest; but a forest is not necessarily a tract of land covered with trees, for the word is derived from the Latin fera—a wild beast—and the word means—a place or haunt of wild beasts.

Dartmoor had plenty of wild beasts in the early days, which were exterminated later than in many other parts of England.

In July, 1888, a fire broke out in the wood, whether by accident or by an incendiary never was known. A large patch was burnt, but it was extinguished before serious mischief had been done.

III.—4. **Longaford Tor** is the conical tor beyond Wistman's Wood, which is seen to great advantage from the road above Two Bridges, on the Princetown side, on a stormy day when its black cone, wearing a most threatening look, stands out among the clouds.

"When the tempest-driven clouds are crossing the sky."

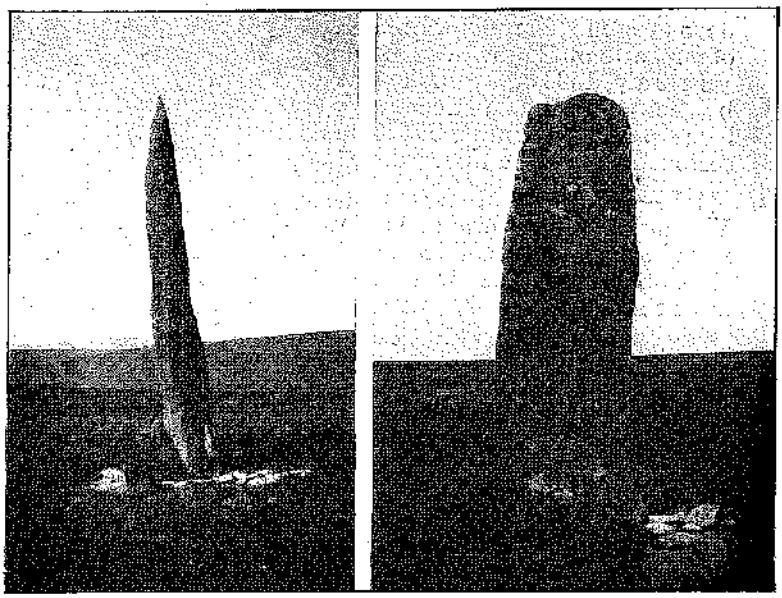
The view from the same spot is one of extreme beauty, when a very settled type of weather prevails with clear skies, and the moor is wearing a delicate veil of blue mountain haze.

Many years ago, near Longaford Tor, a native, living at Powder Mills Cottages, on passing under the tor on its E. side, after spending a pleasant evening at Postbridge, got lost in the snow, and his body was never seen again, although diligently sought for, until one day, a son of Mrs. Smith, of Powdermills Farm, whilst gathering in sheep, found the skull of a man lying just inside a fox's hole. This led to the further discovery of human bones near by. These were presumed to be the remains of the lost shepherd.

The superstition of the folks near by still prevents them from passing by this spot at night, for it is reported that during the week preceding Christmas phantom foxes can be seen, and their weird barking

heard during the night, and nothing would persuade any local folks to venture near these so-called man-killing foxes.

III.—5. **Beardown Bridge** is a fine clapper spanning the Cowsic below Beardown Farm. It has five openings, and is 37 ft. in length. It is a sweetly pretty spot, especially in May, when the trees overhanging the river look green and bright. The present bridge



Two aspects of the Beardown Man

is a restoration. The original structure was swept away in a great flood in 1873. It was rebuilt, but was swept away again in the great flood caused by the memorable thunderstorm of July, 1890.

III.—6. **Beardown Man** (4 m.) is a very fine menhir in a most lonely situation on Devil Tor. It presents

two strangely different aspects, as shown in the illustration. The easiest way to reach it is to take the Ordnance Map and steer for Devil Tor, keeping well to the R., as the highest part of the ridge from Lidford Tor is very rough and boggy. One passes a paved trackway which goes E. and W. not long before Devil Tor is reached. It would be difficult to find a more dreary spot.

Cowsic at Two Bridges.

"Wrapt in the veil of time's unbroken gloom,
Obscure as death, and silent as the tomb,
Where cold oblivion holds her dusky reign,
Frowns the dark stone on Dartmoor's dreary plain."

III.–7. **Okery Clapper Bridge** is on the road to Princetown, on the L. side of the road in front of Okery Cottage. It spans the Blackabrook. Here during the Napoleon wars French officers lived on parole.

III.–8. **Dunnabridge Pound** is situated on Dunnabridge Farm, on the L. side of the road, 3 m. from Two Bridges. It is the Duchy pound, where their ponies are pounded. A curious old seat, which was formerly the judge's chair on Crockern Tor, may still be seen there. It was formerly a cromlech, and was brought from Crockern Tor, and consists of two large stones supporting a capstone. The back is closed by

another wide slab. Inside this shelter is a stone seat.

Dartmeet is about 6 m. from Two Bridges on the Ashburton road. I describe the places of interest there in the Dartmeet chapter.

III.—9. **Cherrybrook.** There is a charming walk from Two Bridges to Cherrybrook Bridge, and then following the river up to the farm, Smith's Hill, thence to Bellever Tor, and rejoin the Princetown road by the Cherrybrook.

I remember making an excursion from Princetown to the Cherrybrook one day, when—

"A foggy mist had covered all the land,"

and the brawling stream emerged from nature's impenetrable veil and soon disappeared from view again.

Visitors to Two Bridges should make excursions to the places of interest and the beauty spots which I have described in my chapter on Princetown (Chap. 2).

CHAPTER IV.

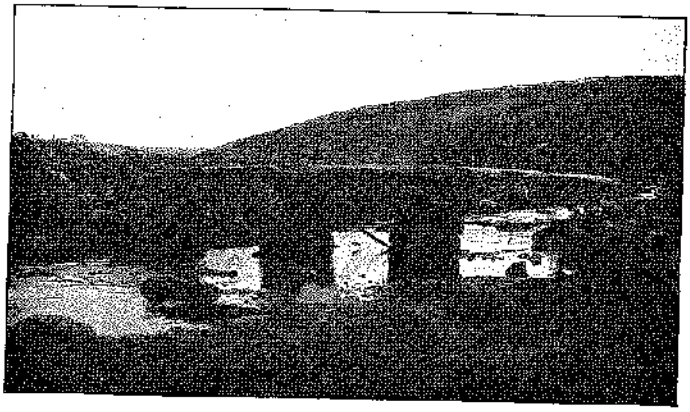
POSTBRIDGE.—The Heart of Dartmoor.

2—*Cherrybrook.* 3—*Lakehead Hill.* 4—*Bellever Tor.* 5—*Bellever Bridge.* 6—*Archerton Newtakes.* 7—*The East Dart.* 8—*Warren Inn, Soussons Common.* 9—*Challacombe Stone Rows.* 10—*Headland Warren.* 11—*Grimspound.* 12—*To Soussons Common.*

IV.—I. Postbridge and the little hamlet around it are 1,100 ft. above sea level, and may be well described as being situated in *the heart of Dartmoor.* It is a hamlet of very small proportions, but it offers very comfortable quarters for visitors. It is one of the pleasantest places on Dartmoor in which to spend a holiday, if one does not mind the distance which separates it from a railway station. It is 6 m. from Princetown and 8 m. from Moretonhampstead. The East Dart flows through the place, and is at this point

a considerable stream. The view of the Dart valley, both up and down the stream, is extremely beautiful from the cemetery. It has a very comfortable inn, a favourite resort of fishermen. It possesses the finest clapper bridge on the moor. These ancient bridges were used by the pack-horse, which was the only means of transit on the moor until 100 years ago. This bridge must have been very picturesque before the new bridge was built.

The pack-horse saddle was equipped with crooks, crubs and dung-pots, which before the introduction of



Postbridge.

carts in this rough and wild country were indispensable to farmers. Rev. Samuel Rowe says—"The *crooks* were formed of two poles about ten feet long, bent when green into the required curve, and when dried in that shape were connected with horizontal bars. A pair of crooks were slung over the pack-saddle to keep the balance true. They were used to carry sheaves of corn from the harvest field to the stack or the barn, or for the removal of furze or wood. The *crubs*, or short crooks, were slung in a similar manner. They were of stouter fabric and angular in shape, and were used

for carrying logs of wood and other heavy materials. The *dung-pots* were used for removing manure from the farmyard to the fields."

Ringhill Stones stand in a field E. of the farm. The two large ones are 15 ft. apart. The largest is nearly 5 ft. high. They were formerly part of stone rows which have been destroyed.

203 yds. N.E. of the stones close to the Stannon Brook is the site of a blowing house; just beyond is a stone hedge, built into it is a mould stone.

IV.—2. **The Cherrybrook** should be visited in June when the broom is in bloom. From the Bridge to the Powder Mills its banks are fringed with its golden sprays. It appears to like its moist surroundings as it blooms in great profusion, its golden boughs overhanging the brown peaty water of the stream, present pleasing blending of colours.

At the Powder Mills is a fine clapper bridge with two arches, built by the late George French of Postbridge.

The Cherrybrook Antiquities. The Cherrybrook should be followed up from the Bridge to the Powder Mills, and thence to its source. The upper reaches of the river are very picturesque. Above the Powder Mills a stone wall runs W. from the river. About 150 yds. W., and well up from the river is a perfect *kistvaen*. It is enclosed by a circle of stones which lie flat and are sunk in the ground. There is a gate in the wall, just above the gate the wall has a corner, get this corner and the chimney in a straight line, and about 150 yds. from the wall after passing some clitters of granite will be seen a small mound on which will be seen the cover stone of *a kistvaen*, 5 ft. 6 in. long.

About 80 yds. S.E. of this kistvaen are the remains of *another kistvaen*, nearer the corner of the wall. It is not nearly so perfect as the other. The cover-stone is missing. It is situated on a slight mound around which are two stones of the enclosing circle.

A few yards on S. side of this kistvaen is a small *stone circle*, 18 ft. diam., about 9 stones, several of

which are partly buried. The circle is easily detected as one stone is rather large and stands up prominently.

If the stream is followed up above these antiquities, in ½ m. there is a wall running N. and S. If this wall is followed E. (it runs to Archerton) in ¼ m. on N. side of wall is *a kistvaen*, around which is *a triple circle*, a very unusual feature.

Following the Cherrybrook up, one enters into a ravine with very steep sides. It is a very wild place. Just above where it comes to an end, the Cherrybrook emerges from its birth place among the bogs.

"Streams from airy mountains
Are draughts of life to me."

Lakehead Kistvaen, near Postbridge.

IV.—3. **Lakehead Hill.** Ascend Lakehead Hill by the quarry, before reaching the latter is the sight of a blowing house, on the left side of the path is a perfect *mould stone* in which the tin was moulded. Measurements 25 in. x 14 in. x 8½ in. There is *a second mould stone* at the back of shed inside. Through a shoot in the wall, the metal was apparently shot into the mould.

Lakehead Kistvaen (1 m. S.W.) is the most handsome monument of its kind on Dartmoor, and is very easily

reached from Postbridge. It stands on the top of Lakehead Hill. (Lakehead Hill once was covered with remains, but was cleared by a farmer some years ago to build his new take-walls).

It is quite a small cromlech, and is enclosed in a circle of 10 stones, a fragment of a stone row runs E., only 12 yds. of it remain. A little distance N.W. of the kistvaen is a well preserved fragment of *a stone row*, which terminates in a blocking stone—only 22 yds. remain. 100 yds. N. *is a small stone circle*—18 ft. diam.—11 stones.

A short distance to W. is *Lakehead Circle*, which is composed of substantial stones—diam. 18 ft.—10 stones.

A few yds. on its S. side is *a similar circle* enclosing a kistvaen—18 ft. diam.—10 stones.

Returning to the wall which bounds Lakehead Hill on the S., there is a gate through which one passes on one's way to Bellever Tor. Just before passing through the gate on the L. is *another kistvaen.*

IV.—4. **Bellever Tor** (2 m.) should be visited on Bellever Day, when all the countryside a-hunting go, and hold a huge picnic on Bellever Tor. The tor is very picturesque, and the lights on it one sees from Princetown are often exquisite.

> "With boulder upon boulder piled
> The frowning structure crowns the wild."

It is very imposing from several points of view, the finest view is obtained on the Princetown-Ashburton road at 10 m. stone in the month of June, when the bog cotton is out. Here, as I saw it one June evening, it soared up grandly above the great swamp. In the foreground the swamp was white with bog-cotton, and appeared like a white lake in the foreground, with the massive tor above it.

It is also seen to great advantage from the Cherrybrook, where it passes under the Princetown-Moreton road near the Powder Mills. Another good aspect is from Lakehead Hill. Through the clusters of rocks on the summit is a broadway cut through the rocks, just as though a tornado had passed through and

cleared the way. We noted (in II.—4) a similar broadway through the rocks on the summit of Great Staple Tor.

The tor below is Laughter Tor; on its E. slopes is Laughter Hole, a small farm which commands noble views of the Dart (see IV.—7, ii.)

IV.—5. **Bellever Bridge,** 1½ m. S. by Lakehead Hill, is another good specimen of the pack horse bridge. The stone in the centre is missing; it was thrown into the river by a mischievous boy 100 years ago.

IV.—6. **Archerton Newtakes.** Archerton, the residence of Sir Courtenay Bennett, is new. The pretty old thatched house was burnt down in January, 1917. While it was standing a gaunt ruin, in a wind there were weird sounds, which the timid would ascribe to ghosts. These strange noises were made by the cowls and the bells which survived the fire.

The circular plantation on L. side of the drive as one approaches Archerton is planted in a circular pound, and is the Heronry. The hut circles within were used to make the pound wall.

Archerton Kistvaen is at the W. end of the field between this plantation and the higher one. Its four sides are complete, the capstone is partly buried; it stands on a slight mound and has been enclosed by a circle of small stones which are nearly buried under the turf.

There is *another kistvaen* at the back of Archerton near the leat and between the back gate of Archerton and the leat going N.

About ½ m. above Postbridge, in a field opposite Hartland Tor, is one of the largest *kistvaens* on Dartmoor. After passing the second row of trees on the L. a field is crossed, and after passing through another gate the old monument stands near the wall on the R. It is probably the most perfect specimen on the moor as it has never been touched. It measures 9 ft. by 5 ft. 6 in. Two slabs form the capstone.

On Broad Down on L. above the Dart are a great

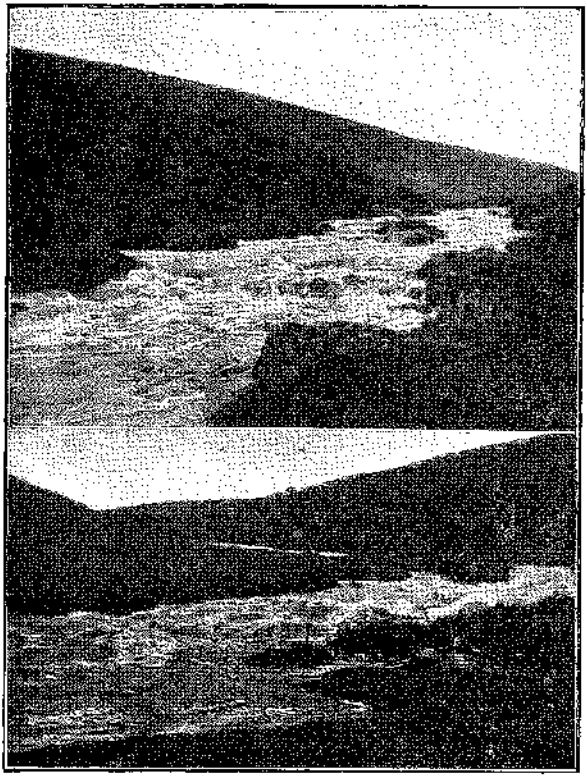
many hut circles. *Broad Un Ring* enclosed a number of these hut dwellings.

IV.—7. **The East Dart.** (i.)—**Up the East Dart** from Postbridge. Take foot path on E. side of Postbridge, go across the meadows on E. side of the Dart to Hartland Farm, then along the W. slopes of Hartland Tor, then on along the ridge and pass through a gate in the wall, which runs across the ridge E. and W. From here steer N. for the junction of Dart and Ladle Brook, ½ m. further on, keeping up well. There are cattle tracks which can be followed. At the point where the Ladle Brook joins the Dart cross the stream at the Ford. A few yards above this point on the E. side of the stream is **a beehive hut**, probably built by tinners. If the Dart is high it cannot be crossed here. In that case, the best way is to leave Postbridge by the path at the back of the P.O. and steer for Broad Down and keep along the path on W. side of Dart, which runs under Archerton and past the Hartland Kistvaen (IV. 6). Along this path is a fine view of Dart Valley with Hartland Tor in the background. It is best to cross Row Tor Brook, which comes down from L., high up, as the ground is very swampy as it approaches the Dart. (On opposite side of the valley is a large flat rock, bearing an inscription. A schoolmaster from the North was found dead here several years ago. He had lost his way—and his reason). Ascend Broad Down to Broad 'Un Ring, from here steer N., striking the Dart at the bend. From here ascend the gorge, which is very like Tavy Cleave on a small scale.

The Dart, which has been flowing N.E., makes a very abrupt turn S.E. At the angle the rock is worn away, and when the stream is low it is quite a small cliff. From the mound which forms the delta between the Dart and Ladle Brook is a good view of the Dart coming from the gorge.

Continuing on right bank, a small brook comes down from a swamp in the hills opposite. This stream from the down on E. side of the Dart on a bright summer's afternoon looks like a silver streak.

Just above the point where the stream joins the river on the opposite on the side of Broad Down, half way up the Down is a very fine view of the Dart, looking down stream. Following up the Ladle Brook, 1 m. further N. on the E. foot of Sittaford Tor are the



The Dart in Flood.

Grey Wethers Circles, which are the finest circles near Postbridge. The stones are large—diameters 105 ft. and 100 ft.

Following the Dart round the bend, in 1 m. you

come to **Winnie's Trough**, a good waterfall. (Here Vitifer Mine leat starts). Further on is **Sandy Hole**, above this for a short distance is quite a deep gorge. Here the river has been kept in its channel by a wall of huge slabs of granite built by the tin miners. Beyond the gorge cross the river to avoid a small swamp. In ½ m. on the N. side of the river is **Broad Marsh**; here is much evidence of the tinners' activities. Just above this, after passing some peat hummocks, is "**The Oak and the Ash**" which grow from the boulders—here is another cascade.

About 300 yds. further on a lateral stream comes down from the bogs, at this point cross to the N. side of the Dart. A little further on **The Cut Water** joins the Dart. Here I saw one fine summer's day a brood of black game. The grey hen defended her young in a remarkable way. She did not attack, but behaved just like a hen with a brood of chickens, and diverted attention from her brood with much fuss, while they each disappeared into the long heather, then she went away.

From here is the way, steering N.W., across hard ground to Cut Lane, which runs across Cut Hill through the central bogs, and is the track through which moormen move their cattle across the Great Central Bog,

"Where the black quag boils and wriths and coils."

There are remains of huts about here on each side of the Dart—old miners' buildings.

From here, keeping on the E. side of the Dart, is a safe way to Cranmere. About 1 m. up cross [Cranmere is only ¼ m. N.W. from the place you cross] to W. side of the Dart, just below its source.

"Where, oosing forth with gentle song,
Trickles the tiny Dart along."

IV.—7. (ii.)—**Down the East Dart** from Postbridge. Take the foot path (IV. 5) across the E. slopes of Bellever Farm (the house formerly had a granite staircase), new houses have been built there now by the Duchy, but the old house is still standing.

From Bellever Bridge is a delightful walk across to Pizwell Cottage Plantation, continue ½ m. E. across Cator Common, having a wall on your L. till you come to another wall running N. and S., here a foot path runs to N. back on to the Runnage road. In ½ m. on top of the hill is **Cator Circle,** which is a double circle enclosing a tumulus. The outer one is almost exactly the same size as Runnage Circle.

Runnage Circle, E. of Runnage from near the road, has 25 stones. OR from Pizwell Cottage to Wallabrook can be followed up on its W. bank to Pizwell and thence to Runnage Bridge.

From Bellever take to the rough Huccaby road to Laughter Hole. From here follow the road ½ m. and you come to **Laughter Man** and a double stone row running E., this is a huge menhir, which I found in June, 1913, lying on the ground. It was then 16 ft. long, but 4 ft. had been broken off. It was re-erected by the late Rev. S. Baring-Gould, with the Duchy appliances, and he told me that they could not join the two pieces, so he erected it as it now stands; it is 8½ ft. high, 2 ft. 6 in. wide, and 1½ ft. thick. The stone row runs E. 720 ft.

From here you can descend to the Dart, the plantation on R. ½ m. on, where the Dart bends sharply, Yar Tor soars up magnificently. From here you can go on down to Dartmeet (IV. 13, and XI).

IV.—8. **The Warren Inn and Soussons Common** is situated on L. side of the road before the 6 m. stone on the Moreton road. It is situated in a very wild bleak spot. 1¼ m. N.E. of the Inn on Hurston Ridge, is a fine double stone row 430 ft. long with a menhir at each end.

IV.—9. **Challacombe Stone Rows.** They occupy the ground which forms a col between Birch Tor and Challacombe Common. They are reached by the rough road that leads down to Headland Warren through Vitifer Mine. They were first noticed in 1828, and consist of three well-defined rows 500 ft. in length, terminating in a large menhir. The N. end

has been spoilt by restorers, it was formerly a circle, no doubt containing a cairn. This has been obliterated and several more rows started which never existed in the original monument.

Between the 5 m. on the Moreton Road to Bush Down is a deep valley; here on its E. slopes on the N. side of the road is a fine example of a hut settlement;

Photo by] [R. Hansford Worth.

Challacombe Stone Avenues

the stones are unusually large. Beyond at the fork of the road is Beetor Cross.

IV.—10. **Headland Warren** is a delightful old thatched farm house at the head of the Challacombe Valley. Close by runs a tinkling streamlet, which flows through a small but pretty dell above the farm house—a delightful spot. The dell through which it flows is full of large ferns, which thrive there.

At the farm are three very large monkey-puzzle trees bearing large cones of fruit, which show how warm the valley is. In the house is a large French pistol on which is inscribed "St. Etienne, 1781," which belonged to a French prisoner of war. There is a bee-hive hut at the back of the house in the field.

IV.—11. **Grimspound.** (From Widdecombe, see chapter

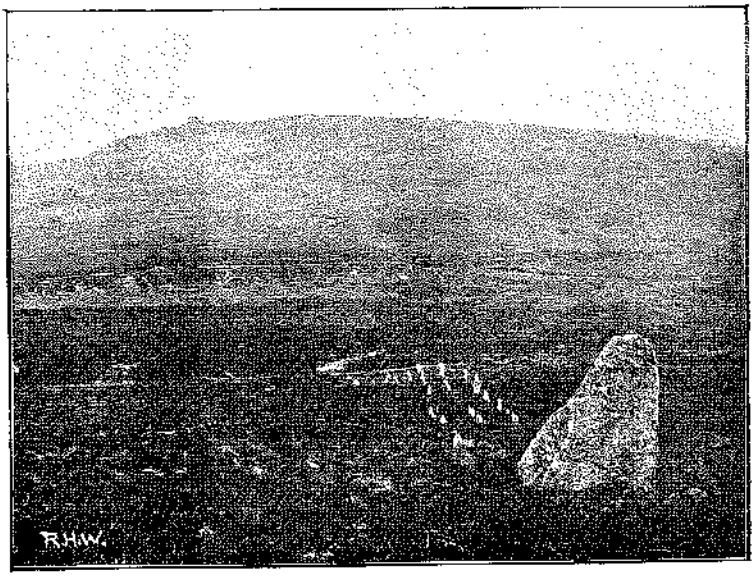


Photo by] [R. Hansford Worth

Challacombe Stone Avenues.

IX.). From Headland Warren Farm go down the road, and where the Grimslake runs under the road is a path running E., this leads up to the Pound.

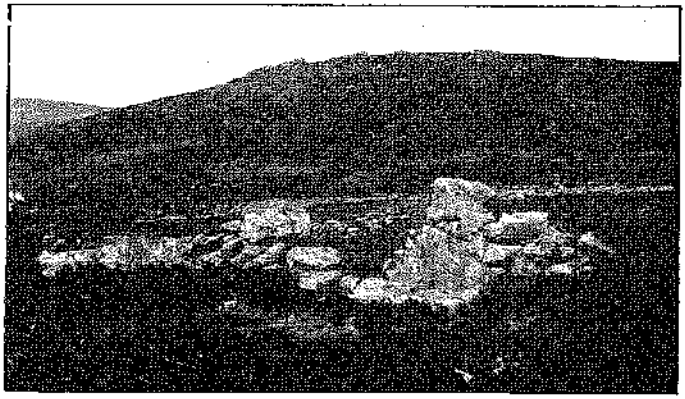
From Postbridge take the road to the R. which leads to Widdecombe. Keep to it for about 3 m. and then take a track to the left and set your course for the N. base of Hameldon Tor. The pound is just below this north end of Hameldon. It has a fine entrance.

It is fairly perfect, although the walls are dilapidated.

The wall which encloses the settlement consisted originally of two walls, with a space between them of 3 ft. 6 in. width. Small openings from the inside of the pound gave admission to the passage between the walls, which were erected to protect the aborigines and their flocks from the attacks of wolves. (See IX. 5.)

IV.—12. **Postbridge to Fernworthy.**

(i.)—Cross Merripit Hill and strike the new-take wall



Entrance to Grimspound

to the N., follow this till the Vitifer leat is reached, cross it by the clapper bridge. Then steer N.E. for the new-take wall to the N., pass through the gate, and the green roadway through the young trees leads straight to Fernworthy.

On the left side of this road, just a little to S. of the Assycombe Farm ruins, the Assycombe stone row, starting from a cairn and a circle, runs down the hillside.

(ii.)—Turn in the gate opposite the church and follow the track to Stannon Farm. On approaching

the farm, leave the track where it turns down to the farm and keep straight on N.N.E., cross a gully. On regaining the high ground a wall on R. will be seen. 300 yds. N. of the gully and 200 yds. W. of the wall is **Stannon Kistvaen**, 32 in. by 18 in., the capstone is nearly buried. Then keep straight N. till you come to a wall running E. and W. From this wall starts—

(iii.)—**Stannon Stone Avenue,** which runs up the hill terminating in a cairn. It has been sadly robbed to build the wall, but the upper part is still a good specimen of the double avenue. It is 260 yds. long; there are three stones on the S. side of the wall. From here cross the leat where it runs under the wall. Descend the valley, cross the Assycombe Brook, but avoid the mires near its source. Before you begin the descent you can see the Assycombe Stone Avenue running down the hill above the new-take walls of the farm-house. (See VII. 18.) From the ruins it is an easy walk down the valley to Fernworthy.

CHAPTER V.

OKEHAMPTON.

1—*The Castle Ruin.* 2—*The Camp.* 3—*The ascent of Yes Tor.* 4—*West Okement Valley.*

Okehampton as a tourist centre has the advantage of being on a railway with a fairly good service of trains.

There is nothing of much interest in the town, but there are some very beautiful walks in the neighbourhood for which the town is a good centre. The parish church, which stands on the hill outside the town, is modern. It was burnt down in 1842 and everything was destroyed.

OLD TIMES AT OKEHAMPTON.

HOW THE WORLD WENT IN 1651.

The following extracts from accounts kept by one John Ellacott, Warden and Receiver of the Borough of Okehampton, are interesting in so far as showing how money was spent in those days;—

EXPENDITURE, 1651.	s.	d.
For mending the cucking stool	0	3
For mending the gyves..	0	4
For mending the manacles	1	6
For chains and two staples	3	2
For a gallon of wine burnt; presented to the judges at the Lent Assizes, 1651	8	8
For a quart of sack for Mr. Codner at the Sheriff's turn ..	1	6
For a bottle of sack for him at the other turn ..	3	0
The like for the judges at Lammas Assizes	3	0
A quart of sack for Mr. Doidge, Recorder, and for beer and his horsemeat	2	4
For mending a hand-barrow borrowed and broken in carrying poor people to church	0	4

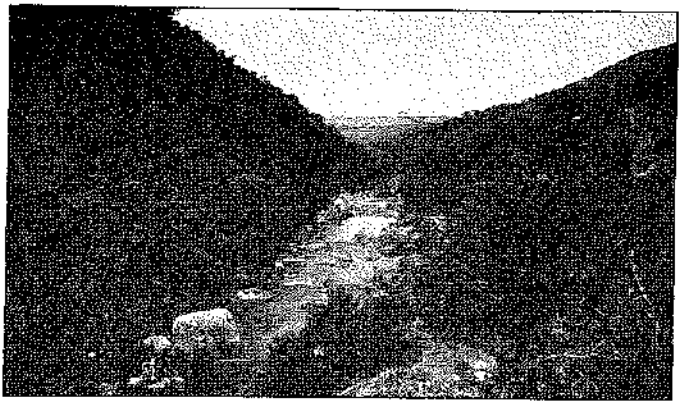
EXPENDITURE, 1656.	s.	d.
Poor seafaring man	0	6
Carrying a hue and cry to the next tithing by night ..	0	2
Entertaining a poor soldier carrying a certificate ..	1	0
Carrying a hue and cry by night to the next tithing ..	0	2
For a whip, and to Hamey for whipping three vagrant persons and for watching one of them in the stocks one night and for candles	2	3
William Medland for conducting them to Sticklepath ..	0	8

V.—1. **The Castle Ruin** (1 m.) is situated in the W. Okement valley, near the Launceston Road. The keep is probably Norman, and the remainder is of later date. It was dismantled by Henry VIII.

V.—2. **The Camp** is situated on the hill above the station, up the steep sides of which the military road winds. On reaching the level ground Fitz Well is passed, by the side of which is the head of an old cross. An old paved road, probably Roman, crossed the

moor near here and passed near Belstone Tors. Nearer Belstone beside this road was found some years ago, hidden under a rock, a hoard of Roman coins. As they were of small value, it has been assumed that they were the hoard of a beggar, who at one time solicited alms on this ancient way. Possibly death separated him from the treasure on which he had set his heart, or memory tricked him out of his hard-gotten gains.

V.—3. **The Ascent of Yes Tor** (2,029 ft.). Yes Tor has a notable aspect from whichever side it is



East Okement below Belstone Common.

viewed. In winter there is a fine view of the tor with

"The streaks of virgin snow"

from the heights beyond the West Okement Valley.

The name is derived from the Anglo-Saxon Yst (storm). The ascent of the tor from the camp is very easy. High Willhayes (2,039 ft.), the highest point on Dartmoor, lies just beyond Yes Tor. A small swamp lies between Yes Tor and West Mill Tor, which should be avoided. There is a remarkable view from Yes Tor. To the southward the gloomy sedgy ridges of the great central bog stretch away for miles.

V.—4. **West Okement Valley.** From Meldon Valley one can see one of the most splendid views in England. The West Okement comes brawling down the valley from the bogs—a mountain torrent of great beauty—and is joined, just before Meldon Viaduct is reached, by the Redaven Brook, which comes out of the side of Yes Tor and pours down the valley in a series of cataracts. Alack! some granite works have recently been started at the entrance of the Redaven Gorge. God makes all things bright and beautiful, and man

On the East Okement.

spoils them. The view from the Viaduct is still one of the most beautiful in England. From here the Redaven Brook may be followed up and the ascent of Yes Tor be made. The ascent of the Redaven Valley is hardly surpassed for beauty on Dartmoor—a deep ravine with Yes Tor towering up in the sky in the background, as though set there to keep watch over the valley—the waters of the Redaven rushing noisily and foaming over the granite boulders, all combine to make the composition of this bit of mountain scenery as perfect as possible. Great care must be exercised while rambling over this part of the moor, as when the artillery are practising it is within the zone of

fire. Never touch *live* shell, occasionally to be seen lying on the moor. *Live* shell they may be, but they will speedily deal out death to meddlers.

If the West Okement Valley be followed up, one soon comes back upon **Black Tor Copse**, with its stunted oaks. It formerly covered a deal more ground than it does now, but many of the trees were felled and sold.

V.—5 **East Okement Valley.** On the town side of the station is a path leading on to the old mineral tramway, which runs for some distance parallel with the

Yes Tor.

railway. This way to the East Okement is the shortest. Keep to this path until you reach the railway arch which spans the East Okement. Here take to the river bank and follow the river. Higher up it is rough travelling, and rather boggy just below Belston. But perseverance and a little energy will bring you to **Cullever Steps,** nearly 3 m. from the railway arch. Here a lateral stream—the Blackaven Brook—comes dashing down over the boulders, forming a series of small cascades, which are very pretty after heavy rain.

The ford across the E. Okement at the point where that river is joined by the Blackaven Brook is called 'Chapel Ford.' On the hill to the W., above the confluence of these waters, stood in days of long ago the Chapel of St. Michael of Halstock. Nothing of it now remains but a few stones and a green sward marking the site.

Nearly 1 m. further on is East Okement Farm. The artillery now shell the whole of the new-take.

From the farm one can return to Okehampton either

Nine Maidens Circle, near Belstone.

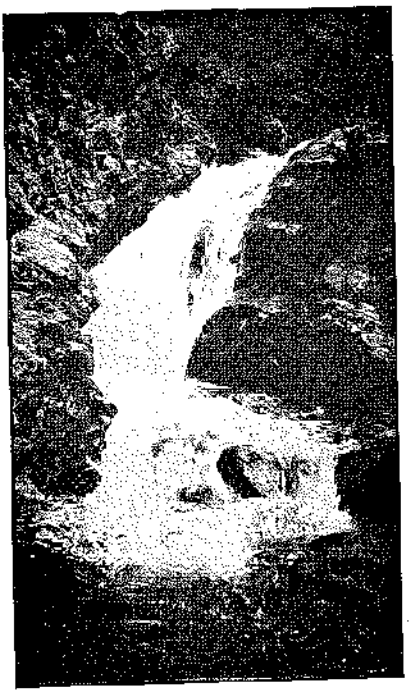
by a track which runs about $\frac{1}{4}$ m. on its W. side, which crosses the Blackaven Brook below Rough Tor; or another track back to the town may be struck by retracing one's steps past Culliver Steps and clambering up to Halstock Farm, above the W. bank of the river. Hence the way is easy; or instead of returning to Okehampton, cross the ridge of the Belstone Tor and descend into Taw Marsh and return by Belstone.

CHAPTER VI.

BELSTONE.

1—*Belstone Church.* 2—*Belstone Tors.* 3—*Taw Marsh.* 4—*White Moor Circle.* 5—*Belstone Cleave.* 6—*Stickle-path.* 7—*South Tawton.* 8—*South Zeal.* 9—*Cosdon or Cawsand.*

VI.—1. **Belstone** is situated above the Cleave and at the entrance of Taw Marsh. The church was rebuilt all but the tower in 1881. The prospect from the hill on which the church tower stands must once have been beautiful across the waters of the lake which formerly covered the Taw Marsh.



Cascade on East Okement.

VI.–2. **Belstone Tors** form the objective of a pleasant walk from the church. About ½ m. from the church, on the western slopes of the hills is a circle, known as *Nine Stones or Nine Maidens*, which are said to dance at noon on a summer's day.

VI.—3. **Taw Marsh** should be explored from Belstone. The Taw looks very weird as it winds through the hummocks and tufts of peat. As one wanders up the marsh, one finds some charming peeps of the winding

river with the pyramidical form of Steeperton Tor in the background.

VI.—4. **White Moor Circle.** Continuing the last walk, about 2 m. from Belstone the Taw is joined by a lateral stream, the **Small Brook,** which rises on the E. side of Metheral Hill. The circle is about ¼ m. S.E. of the source of this stream. There is a good deal of marshy ground about the Small Brook, so keep along the W. side of the Taw till nearer Steeperton Tor, then cross and keep under Metheral Hill.

The circle will be found in about ½ m., beside the old cart road, which was formerly used by Knack mine, at the back of Steeperton Tor. One can take this track and return to Sticklepath. The circle contains 13 stones, but formerly 19. Its diameter is 66 ft. It has been robbed in bygone years by farmers for gate posts. **White Moor Stone** close by is now a boundary stone, formerly belonged to the circle.

VI.—5. **Belstone Cleave** is passed through as one walks to Sticklepath.

VI.—6. **Sticklepath** (Stickle is Devonshire for Steep), is a hamlet on the main road, connecting Okehampton with Exeter. It has a Holy Well. By the roadside is an inscribed stone, a Christian monument of about the sixth century.

Formerly on the slopes of the moor just above Sticklepath stood a small circle of very large stones. George French, of Postbridge, told me he remembered it quite well, and he said it was destroyed many years ago.

VI.—7. **South Tawton** is about 1 m. N.E. of Sticklepath. The church was formerly a treasure house of art. It possessed a beautiful screen and very fine carved oak bench-ends. This fine work was done early in the sixteenth century. In the parish archives are records of excommunication of the faithful for refusing to destroy the rood loft in 1563. Alas! in 1822 the screen was most wickedly and wantonly destroyed. In the parish is the fine old Manor House—North Wyke, which for generations belonged to the Wyke or Weekes

family. There is a fine monument in the church dated 1591, to the memory of John Wyke.

VI.—8. **South Zeal** is a very quaint old village, in the midst of which stands its tall cross on a base with several steps, in a fine state of preservation, and a very graceful tapering shaft.

VI.—9. **Cosdon or Cawsand** viewed from Belstone is a formidable barrier to the prospect eastward. It is a huge rounded hill without anything of very special interest.

"On the wide level of the mountain's head"

are several tumuli and rifled kistvaens. ½ m. S.E. of the summit is **a triple stone row** starting from a kistvaen and running E. down the side of the hill. To the N. of it are clitters of rocks, a short distance to the S. a swamp in which a feeder of the Blackaton Brook rises. On its E. slopes are the remains of a stone row. It is about 2 m. walk to Throwleigh from Cosdon.

CHAPTER VII.

CHAGFORD.

2—*Fingle Bridge.* 3—*Drewsteignton.* 4—*Cromlech.* 5—*Bradford Pool.* 6—*Throwleigh.* 7—*Gidleigh.* 8—*Scorhill Circle.* 9—*The Tolmen* 10—*Wallabrook Clapper Bridge.* 11—*Leigh Bridge.* 12—*Roundy Pound.* 13—*Kes Tor.* 14—*Kes Tor Longstone.* 15—*Teignhead Farm and Grey Wethers.* 16—*Fernworthy.* 17—*Fernworthy Antiquities.* 18—*Assycombe and its Stone Rows.*

VII.—1. Chagford is a delightful place for a holiday and an excellent centre for excursions, and is reached by coach from Moretonhampstead Station. It owes its present importance in no little measure to the enterprise of its inhabitants. It was formerly a very old-world place. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould writes in his book on Dartmoor—"I recall the church before modern ideas had penetrated to Chagford. At that time the

clerk, who also led the orchestra, gave out the psalm from his seat under the reading desk, then *whistling* the tune he marched slowly to the nave, ascended to the gallery with leisure, and the performance began."

The church has new oak choir-stalls well carved, and also a new west door.

It has perfect waggon roofs. Nave, chancel, and aisles all retain their plaster, and the bosses are well carved. One in the chancel represents three rabbits with three ears between them, which all touch; this boss symbolises the Holy Trinity.

In the sacrarium is a very fine monument to Sir R. Whiddon, Kt.; the arms are brilliantly painted in scarlet, &c.

Both the *parclose screens* are complete; they are painted with red, blue and gold, and a little green.

The staircase and rood-loft doorway are in the N. wall. Both the arcades have passages cut through to enable people to walk from end to end along the rood loft.

A very fine rood screen is being built, and will be fixed in the autumn.

The Font is of Dartmoor granite.

Note the beautiful stone fanwork vaulting in the porch, something like Manaton. I think the latter is the older and better of the two.

Note also the late Saxon or Norman tombstone on N. side of the church near the path.

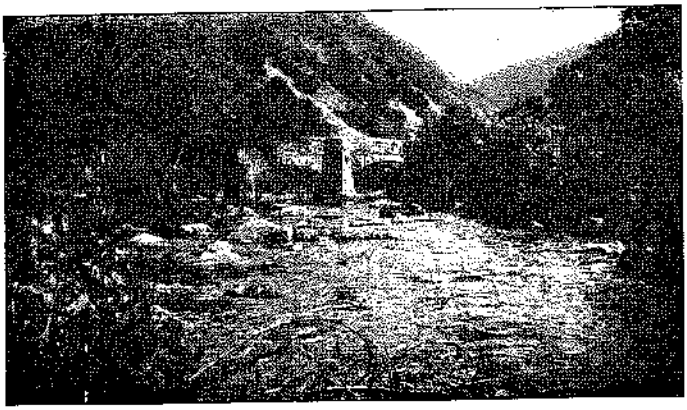
The church has now been carefully restored and is most lovingly cared for. The original church was built in 1261, but little of it remains. It was rebuilt in the fifteenth century. On Mattadon Hill is a fine old granite cross.

Fingle Bridge is in one of the fairest glens on Dartmoor, and is seen to great advantage as it spans the Teign, flanked by the lofty and precipitous hills of Cranbrook and Prestonbury, which have both been fortified. The trip between Chagford and Fingle Bridge presents river scenery of extreme beauty, whether viewed as one rambles along the river bank or from the footpath which winds up the heights from Fingle Bridge.

VII.—3. **Drewsteignton** (4 m.) From Sandypark branch off to the left, 1½ m. further on turn to the left again. The place is Dru's Teignton—Dru's Teign Town. Dru was a grandson of Richard of Normandy.

It is a quaint old village standing on high ground. The church is picturesquely situated at the head of the square.

VII.—4. **Drewsteignton Cromlech** (2½ m.) Take the road to Sandypark, there branch off to the left; in 1½ m. four roads meet, take the lane to R. up the hill. About



Fingle Bridge.

½ m. along the road over the hedge opposite the farm is the Cromlech. A gate leads into the field.

It is a very fine specimen of type I. of the cromlech described in "Beautiful Dartmoor," Part I., p. 10, and is of great antiquity.

> "The naked Briton here has paused to gaze,
> E'er bells were chimed,
> Or the thronged hamlet smoked with social fires."

On January 31st, 1862, the cromlech fell, but it was re-erected in the autumn of the same year.

VII.—5. **Bradford Pool** is on the opposite side of the road among the trees, and is worth a visit.

It cannot be said of any Dartmoor church I am acquainted with, as it was said of a North Devon church some years ago :—

"The neighbouring rustic enters here but thrice,
And of these visits all unconscious twice.
A helpless nurslíng first whom parents hold,
While water wins him to the Christian fold:
Then, in the prime and plentitude of life,
To ask a blessing on his chosen wife;
Last, borne in sleeping on his funeral bier,
He makes at length his final entrance here."

North Teign near Leigh Bridge.

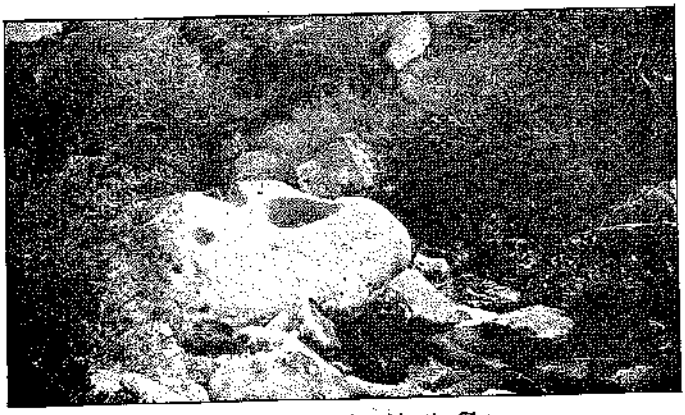
Throwleigh Circle. At the bottom of a small valley W. of Buttern Hill is one of the finest stone circles on Dartmoor, being remotely situated it is very little known. A cart track from Throwleigh leads to it. There are 36 stones, but only about half-a-dozen are still standing. Some are very large—the longest 6 ft. 9 in., and another 5 ft. 8 in., and others between 4 ft. and 5 ft. One of the standing stones has a curious top—much resembling the head and beak of a bird. The diameter of the circle is nearly 30 ft.

There are the remains of a small cairn about 6 yds. in from the southern side.

Throwleigh Circle is also famous for having a com-

panion a short distance on the slope to the Westward. The late Mr. R. N. Worth was the first to discover this circle. In Cornwall Merry Maidens formerly had a companion, Tregasceal has still, and at the Hurlers there are three large circles in a line with each other.

This *second Throwleigh Circle* has a diameter of 60 ft., and only about four stones are still standing. Within the circle is a fallen menhir, which must have stood 6 ft. high. Boscawen 'Un, near St. Buryan, has a tall menhir in the centre, so has Nine Stones Circle on Bodmin Moor.



The Tolmen on the North Teign.

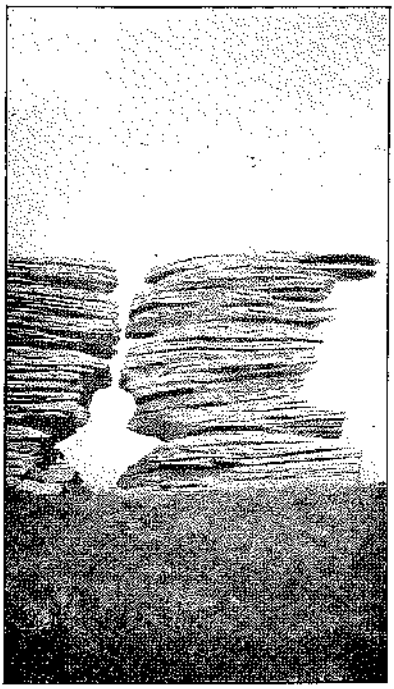
VII.—7. **Gidleigh** has a charming little church, with a fine screen fairly well preserved. It has no vaulting, but is painted with red and gold. Near the church is a fragment of the ruined castle in the valley of the Teign.

Gidleigh Park is about 1 m. from the village, and is exceedingly picturesque. It was for centuries the home of the Gidleigh family, one of the oldest of Devonshire families. Visitors to Gidleigh should walk on to Gidleigh Common, the following objects of interest should on no account be missed.

VII.—8. **Scorhill Circle** is across the common on the ground which slopes away towards the Wallabrook.

It is one of the largest circles on Dartmoor. It has 32 stones, the highest being 8 ft. The diameter of the circle is about 100 ft.

Passing the circle is a cart track which leads to a ford across the Teign, the track then continues to Batworthy and Chagford Common.



The Thirlstone, near Chagford.

VII.—9. **The Tolmen** is a huge holed boulder in the bed of the Teign, not far from the junction of the Teign with the Wallabrook. The explanation of its origin is quite simple. The river once ran at a higher level, and the stream wore a hole in a soft place in the great boulder. Into this a stone became lodged, and for ages was swirled round and round by the strong current, until it wore its way through the rock. The hole is 3 ft. in diameter, and one can crawl through. There is a second and smaller hole in the same slab.

VII.—10. **Wallabrook Clapper Bridge.** The Teign and Wallabrook join company with a good deal of commotion. After a good rain the water foaming over the rocks is very beautiful. The bridge is a short distance up the Wallabrook, and consists of one huge slab 16 ft. long which spans the stream.

In fairly dry weather one can walk across to the **Thirlstone** (Holed Stone), which is seen in the distance on Watern Tor, but there is swampy ground to be crossed. The rocks have weathered in a strange way.

Beyond the Thirlstone the ground

> "Sinks down a solitary glen
> Where there was never sound of mortal men."

Beyond is a scene of wild desolation, and the northern extremity of the ridge is well named—Wild Tor.

Cranmere is not more than 2 m. as the crow flies from Watern Tor, but as the visitor is not a crow, he will find the distance considerably more than 2 m. One can return to Chagford by Tincombe Lane.

Teign at Leigh Bridge.

VI.—11. **Leigh Bridge** is 1½ m. from Chagford. On the way the site of Holy Street Mill, which was burnt down many years ago, is passed.

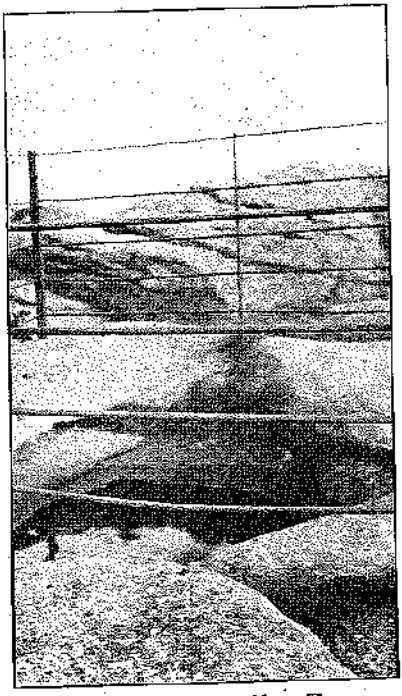
The N. and S. Teign meet at Leigh Bridge.

The pile of rock above the river, ¼ m. before Leigh Bridge is reached, is the Puggie Stone, which has a large rock basin on its summit. It is now within the grounds of a new house.

Then ascend Tincombe Lane, which leads on to the moor.

Before the days of County Councils it was a rough place—

"Tincombe Lane is all uphill,
Or down hill, as you take it,
You tumble up and crack your crown,
Or tumble down and break it."



Rock Basin on Kes Tor.

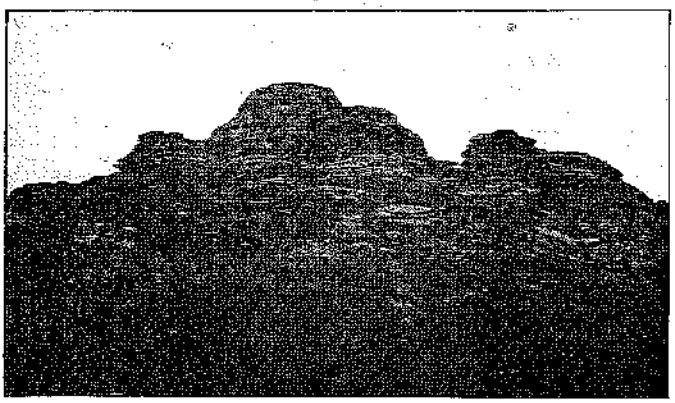
Rowe describes it as "nothing more than a gully between two hedges." The steep floor is bare granite, strewn with boulders and stones of the same material. It is well kept now, but it is a tiring walk. Once the moor is reached one's exertions are well rewarded.

VII.—12. **Roundy Pound.** There are several very perfect hut circles on N. and E. sides of Kestor. The most perfect is known as Roundy Pound.

VII.—13. **Kes Tor** is a conspicuous object on the western skyline from Chagford. Once Tincombe Lane has been negotiated it is very soon reached. On the tor is the largest rock-basin on Dartmoor, 7 ft. 6 ins. across and 2½ ft. deep. It is enclosed with railings to prevent sheep falling in and being drowned. The rock-basins were not cut out by the Druids for purposes of lustration, as certain quacks and faddists affirmed a generation or so ago, but they are of natural origin.

The rain-water lying on the surface of a granite rock finds out a soft place and disintegration sets in. A little pool is formed. Small fragments of quartz become detached and are swirled round and round in the pool by the wind. Time completes the work of forming a rock-basin.

VII.—14. $\frac{1}{8}$ m. W.S.W. of Kes Tor on Shovel Down is a group of four stone rows. **One** runs for 80 yds. N. from a cairn; to W. of this one is **another** running N. from a Triple Circle which formerly enclosed a kistvaen. To the W. is **another** running N.W. S. of



Kes Tor, near Chagford.

these is **still another** which starts from a kistvaen and runs N.W. past the Triple Circle. (visited July 20, 1925).

Further S. is **Kes Tor Longstone**. This Longstone formerly stood about half-way in a double stone row over 1,000 ft. long; it has almost all been destroyed, but it can still be traced. At the S. end was a cromlech known as **The Three Boys**; of this only one support remains and that is still firmly fixed *in situ*. The rest of this monument was taken away and built into the new-take wall near by.

Teignhead Bridge.

VII.—15. **Teignhead Farm** (7 m.). From Kes Tor steer to S.W. and strike the Teign; where the river makes a bend is a small cascade. If the river be followed up, Teignhead Farm is reached in about 2 m. It is the most remote farm on the moor. A very fine clapper bridge spans the Teign near the farm.

Highland Cattle at Teignhead.

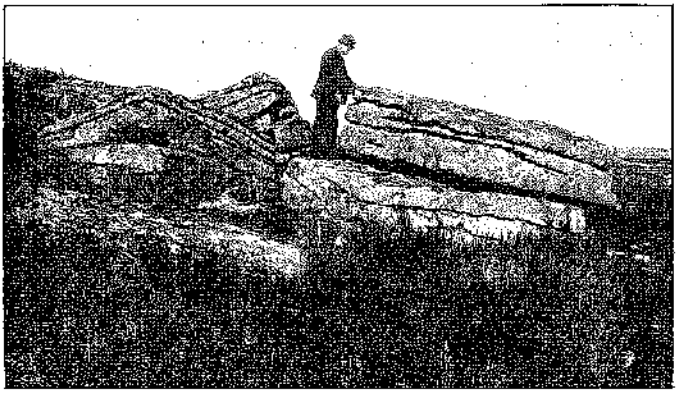
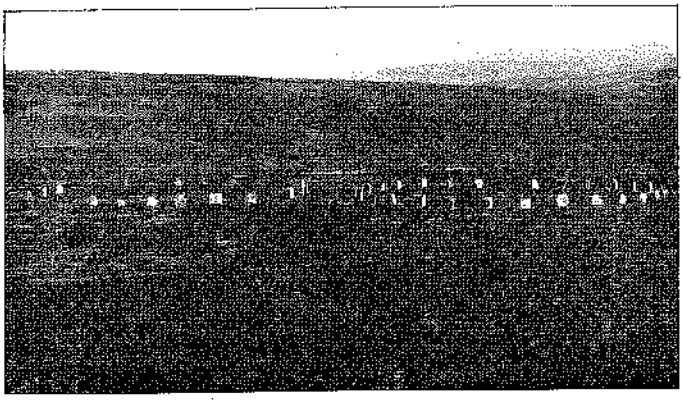


Photo by Chapman & Sons, Dawlish.

Logan Rock on Sittaford Tor.

The Grey Wethers—two fine circles—are situated about 1 m. S. of the farm and at the foot of Sittaford Tor on its E. side. They almost join; diameters 105 and 100 feet.



Grey Wethers.

VII.—16. **Fernworthy.** There is a very good road from Chagford by Waye Barton. The farm is an outlandish place, but Fernworthy is a most pleasant excursion for a summer's day.

Fernworthy Farm is in a most lovely situation. Here no less than five deep valleys converge. The beauty of this place on a fine summer's afternoon, with the Teign meandering through, is past belief. It is in a remote situation, but is linked up with civilisation by a good road, and with the news of the world with a wireless installation.

Fernworthy, near Chagford.

Many thousands of trees are planted now on many of the hillsides, and the Duchy has a nursery for these young trees here.

A rough road has been made across the moor to Postbridge across Assycombe Hill, at the further end of which, after passing through the gate, steer S.W. and strike the new-take wall of Stannon new-take; this can be followed down to the main road.

VII.—17. **Fernworthy Antiquities.** (i.) **Fernworthy Circle** is quite near the farm, on its N. side. It is a very

graceful monument. It is 64 ft. in diameter and consists of 27 stones. The highest stone is $3\frac{1}{2}$ ft. and the shortest 1 ft.

(ii.) About 300 yds. N. of the circle is **a double stone row** for a short distance, to the S. of the circle a cairn from which **a stone row** runs to the wall. On the side of this are a cairn, a kistvaen, and a short distance E. another cairn.

(iii.) In a field ($\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. of Fernworthy) which slopes sharply down to the S. Teign on the S. side of the

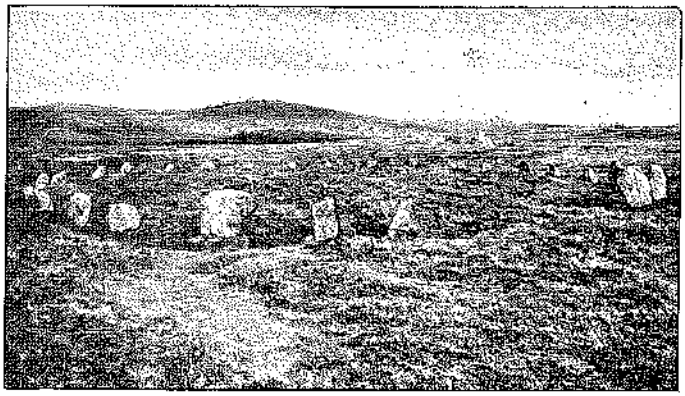


Photo by] [Chapman & Son, Dawlish.

Fernworthy Circle.

river is a **double stone row** 101 yds. long. The rows are unusually wide apart.

On the heath on the E. side of the road coming up from Fernworthy, just before reaching Metherall, is a large menhir known as "**the Heath Stone.**"

VII.—18. **Assycombe Farm ruins** are up the Assycombe Valley on the E. side. A fine granite fireplace survives. Further up the valley on the same side is **The Assycombe Stone Avenue.** It is a very fine specimen of the double avenue and very complete, and runs down a very steep

slope towards the Assycombe brook. It is about 410 ft. long, and its 1st stone is 6½ ft. high and the next 5 ft. It starts from a cairn which has been well rifled. The cairn is enclosed by a double circle of stones which is about 42 ft. in diameter. The avenue runs down a very steep hill and terminates in a blocking stone. Just before the row ends, on the S. side is a very large and perfect hut circle.

These remains are on the E. slopes of a lateral valley of the S. Teign. From the Stone Avenue, looking N., Fernworthy Farm New-take is seen among the trees. It is easily reached from here and is only about 1 m. down the valley. [See IV., 12 (iii.)].

CHAPTER VIII.

MANATON.

2—*Bowerman's Nose.* 3—*Hound Tor.* 4—*Becky Falls.* 5—*Lustleigh.* 6—*Lustleigh Cleave.* 7—*North Bovey.* 8—*Bovey Tracy.*

VIII.—1. Manaton is situated on the borders of the moor, 4 m. from Moretonhampstead. It has a very picturesque village green, with old almshouses facing it; the old oak beams are of the rudest description, simply trees laid across. There was formerly a fine churchyard cross, but it was broken up by a former rector because some of his flock regarded it with superstition. There is an armless cross in the churchyard, with small, deep, incised cross on both sides of the head. At funerals they used to carry the corpse thrice round the cross before interment. In the churchyard stands a large and venerable yew tree. The yew one always associates with churchyards, as did the poet when he wrote:

> "Trusty yew
> Cheerless, unsocial plant that loves to dwell
> 'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms."

These churchyard yews are frequently of great age and of considerable size. I give the girths of a few well-known specimens: Hampstead Marshall (Berks), 47 ft.; Church Green (Salop), 40 ft.; Llanerfyl (Montgom), 39 ft.; Crowhurst (Sussex), 37 ft.; Church Preen, 37 ft.; Darley Dale, 32 ft.; Stedham (Sussex), 33 ft. The Darley Dale yew is said to be nearly 2,000 years old. How slowly they grow is proved by instances in which their age is known. Here are two: at Basildon (Berks) two were planted 1726. In 1889 (163 years) one was 9 ft. 2 in., the other 9 ft. 6 in. At East Woodhay one was planted by Bishop Ken in 1660 (219 years in 1888, when it was 7 ft. 7 in.

Manaton Church has a very fine screen, restored about 30 years ago. It has 11 bays, 44 small panels, 28 of which retain their old paintings. Except at Lanreath in Cornwall, I have seen no screen so wickedly disfigured as this one. All the figures but *one* have had their faces obliterated, and apparently with the same instrument—a gouge. The paintings were well done. There is a staircase with rood-loft doorway, both on the N and S. side.

The uprights are rather elaborately carved, Italian work like Lustleigh, probably done by the same Italian workmen.

Visitors should note the beauty of the porch; it is finely vaulted in granite; note also the inner doorway is built, like many of the Dartmoor churches, with two huge uprights.

VIII.—2. **Bowerman's Nose,** 1 m. S.W. of Manaton, on Hayne Down, is a core of hard granite, bearing some resemblance to a human figure. The softer rock has been washed away. It illustrates the way in which the granite weathers, and how a hard core can defy the elements.

VIII.—3. **Hound Tor** (2 m.) Take the track below Bowerman's Nose. In 1 m. you strike the high road. Hound Tor now soars up in front of you. The rocks present some strange forms.

Viewed from the valley on the N. side they appear like hounds peering over the tor. On the S. slope of Hound Tor is a portion of a circle, enclosing a ruined kistvaen.

VIII.—4. **Becky Falls,** formed by the Becky Brook, are 1 m. from Manaton. They are quite imposing after heavy rain, but in a dry summer they are insignificant. The Becky Brook is well worth a visit, as it flows through one of the loveliest combes on the moor. The road at Becky Falls leads to Haytor Rocks and Haytor Vale, 3 m. further on.

Bowerman's Nose.

VIII.—5. **Lustleigh** is a very picturesque village. The church has a beautiful screen, which has some Italian work in the carving.

VIII.—6. **Lustleigh Cleave** (½ m. from the village) is a wild and rugged glen, which should be explored. It is so strewn with boulders that the river is lost to view for some distance.

The Bovey flows through the Cleave, which is about 1 m. long, and above hang some fine crags. Raven's Tor is a very fine one.

There is a good logan stone called the *Nutcrackers* on the E. side of the Cleave and near the S. end of the

ridge. Unless approached from Sharpitor side, it is not easy to reach, as the valley is so rough and trackless. The view from above the Nutcrackers is very pleasing.

VIII.—7. **North Bovey.** The village has an unusually picturesque and old-world appearance. Nearly all the houses are thatched around a pleasant village green, on which stands the village cross. The church has a 15th century screen; the E. side, like many Devon screens, is quite plain. It is 42 ft. long. The uprights are richly carved, after the Italian work at Lustleigh. The panels are plain—no painting. It has eight bays and two spaces for double doors. There are 39 bench-ends with plain panels. New pulpit richly carved. Old waggon roofs in N. and S. aisles and richly carved in chancel, rood-loft doorway and staircase in N. aisle. There is a logan rock, **The Whooping Rock**, on Easdon Tor, 2½ m. N.W. of Manaton.

North Bovey had the good fortune from 1866—1909 to have the late Rev. W. H. Thornton as vicar. He was an excellent parish clergyman, and his manly and good life set the parish a great example, and his ministry shows how much can be done to improve the lives of half-civilized people to be found in some of the moorland parishes. He writes of them, soon after going to Manaton: "My new parishioners were very turbulent people. The farmers, it is true, had recently given up the practice of fighting, in which they had formerly indulged—more especially on Saturday evenings; but the women were awful. The whole village was greatly demoralised, and much addicted to scandalous gossip of the worst description, and some young men, who had lately left the parish, had given much occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. These ungoverned and ungovernable natures were as generous as they were fierce, the descendants, I imagine, of the old residents on Dartmoor, who maintained small tribal wars with each other."

The life of this good man worked a remarkable

change, and when he laid down his charge, he left behind him a well-behaved and respectable parish.

"That good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace."

"O blessings on his kindly voice, and on his silver hair,
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there."

VIII.—8. **Bovey Tracy** is situated 5 m. N.W. of Newton Abbot. The church posseses a handsome screen with rood loft. In the lower panels are paintings of the prophets and the apostles. Bovey Heathfield was formerly a lake bed, but the water was drained away centuries ago. An old canoe was found there many years ago.

Ilsington Church (5 m. N. of Ashburton) has a good screen, some well-carved bosses in the roof, and a few well-carved poppy-heads on its remaining bench ends.

CHAPTER IX.

WIDDECOMBE IN THE MOOR.

1—*The Village.* 2—*The Church.* 3—*Grimspound.* 4—*Hound Tor.* 5—*Saddle Tor and Haytor Rocks.*

IX.—1. **The Village** is situated in a deep valley, and is shut in by lofty hills—on the E. by Bonehill Down, whose lofty ridge is crested with Honeybag, Chinkwell, Top and Pill Tors; on the W. by the great ridge which swells up into Hameldon. The East Webburn flows through the village, and its bed has been turned over and over by the tin-streamers.

The view of Widdecombe as one approaches it from S. is remarkable. The stately tower, standing like a sentinel in the valley, with Chinkwell and Honeybag Tors in the background. The valley should be followed up to Higher Natsworthy, it affords scenery of the most delightful description, especially in the autumn when the bracken has turned as red as a fox, and

"The bronze banner of autumn is trailing o'er the woods."

The Manor House was the home of the famous Lady Dark.

Note the old almshouses next the church, in front of which is the octagonal base of the village cross.

Note also the Saxon well near the inn.

IX.—2. **The Church.** Widdecombe possesses a noble church—the Cathedral of Dartmoor. It has a magnificent perpendicular tower. The church was built by the tinners—the nave in the latter part of the fifteenth century—on the site of a more ancient church, which is referred to in a deed dated 1283, which is still in the diocesan archives of Exeter.

Part of *each* pillar casing remains, very well carved. The base of the fifteenth century screen remains right across the church. Thirty small panels, twenty-nine painted. The paintings are in beautiful colours, but the faces have been scraped off. Good waggon roofs and bosses throughout.

Holes in the pillar of the chancel arch below the capitals were cut and pegs inserted, on which the farmers used to hang their hats and coats when they came to church. These Rev. Philip Carlyon, then Vicar of Widdecombe, removed. In those days the grotesque pictures of Moses and Aaron were hung on either side of the altar, but Mr. Carlyon removed them, and to avoid a parochial row, he astutely told his aggrieved parishioners that it was very Popish to place them there, and then they decided that they must certainly be removed. The people greatly venerated these paintings, frequently naming their children after them. A Moses now adorns the S. transept and Aaron the N.

Widdecombe is famous for its tragic thunderstorm. On October 21st, 1638, during the hours of divine service, a terrible thunderstorm burst over the valley, and after several brilliant flashes the church was struck by a discharge of globular lightning. A ball of fire came in at a window and passed through the church. Four people were killed and sixty-two injured, principally by a pinnacle which fell through the roof, while the stones were thrown down from the tower, says Prince, as fast as if it had been by a hundred men. Prince, in his "Worthies of Devon," tells the story.

The peasantry ascribed this calamity to the devil, and a wild tale was circulated that his satanic majesty, dressed in black and mounted on a black horse, called at the inn at Poundsgate for a drink. The woman who served him stated that it hissed as it passed down his throat. From there he rode on to Widdecombe, and as he sped on his errand of destruction his horse's hoofs struck fire.

Widdecombe in the Moor

Manaton Church was also seriously damaged by lightning on December 13th, 1779.

In the village is the fifteenth century *church house*, now a row of granite cottages, with a slate-roofed verandah.

As one approaches the village from Ashburton, the fine old farm-house of Chittleford is passed. It is one of the old tenements of the moor, with a courtyard enclosed with a high wall, which is entered through a gate.

At Blackaton Farm is a wind-strew at the back of the barn—a circular platform. Its age is doubtful. A stone in the ground at the hinge end of the entrance gate to the farm is an old mortar stone, one hollow only. There is a delightful walk to Widdecombe from Blackaton Farm by the rough road up the hill. As one descends the view is very

beautiful. As one goes down the lane, the view of the valley from two Gates on the right is extremely fine, especially on a windy summer's day, when the cloud shadows are chasing one another over hill and dale.

IX.—3. **The Rugglestone,** a huge logan stone weighing 110 tons is not far from the village, in a field about 300 yds. from the road.

IX.—4. It was to *Widdecombe Fair* that Tom Pearce's grey mare was taken. The famous ballad is preserved by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould in his "Garland of West Country Song." I give a few verses :—

"Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me thy grey mare,
All along, down along, out along lee,
For I want to go to Widdecombe Fair,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davey,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all."

"And when shall I see again my grey mare?
All along, down along, out along lee,"
"By Friday soon, or Saturday noon,
Wi' Will Brewer" &c.

Then Friday came and Saturday noon,
All along, down along, out along lee,
But Tom Pearce's old mare had not trotted home,
Wi' Will Brewer, &c,

So Tom Pearce he got up to the top of the hill,
All along, down along, out along lee,
And he seed his old mare down a-making her will,
Wi' Will Brewer, &c.

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night,
All along, down along, out along lee,
Tom Pearce's old mare doth appear ghastly white,
Wi' Will Brewer, &c.

And all the long night he heard skirling and groans,
All along, down along, out along lee,
From Tom Pearce's old mare in her rattling bones,
Wi' Will Brewer, &c.

There are some delightful walks around Widdecombe, several of which I give below.

IX.—5. **Grimspound** (4½ m.) Two ways: (i.) *across the moor*, take the lane which branches off westward opposite the church. Ascend the down and keep on northward along the top of the ridge of Hameldon. At the further end the heather is often very long, and it is heavy walking. I remember passing a solitary cross at about 1 m. before reaching Hameldon Tor. I once found a very fine specimen of stag's horn moss on Hameldon. Grimspound lies at the foot of Hameldon Tor. (See IV., 11.)

Or (ii.) *by road*, take the road up the valley to Nats-

Hound Tor.

worthy Farm. Here branch off N.W. across the moor past Berry Pound, and keep along under the steep bluff of Hameldon Tor, at the N. end of which Grimspound lies. After leaving Widdecombe, the tors on the R. are Chinkwell Tor and Honeybag Tor—

"Proudly ramparted with rocks,"

IX.—6. **Hound Tor.** Take the road that runs E. from the church. In 1½ m. turn L. Then next turn to R. This road will lead you on to Hound Tor Down. Here leave the road and examine the fine kistvaen on the slope of the tor. Half of the enclosing circle is gone.

Next examine the splendid rocks of Hound Tor, which have very curious shapes. One bears some resemblance to the head of a man with a very long nose. Descending the tor down its northern slopes, several have the appearance of hounds peering over a rugged wall of a primitive castle. The farm which lies before one in the valley, among the sycamores, is Hound Tor Farm. The walk from the farm to Becky Falls and on to Manaton is an easy one. (Chapter VIII).

IX.—7. **Saddle Tor and Haytor Rocks.** Take the road from Widdecombe E. of the church, and instead of

East Webburn at Widdecombe in the Moor.

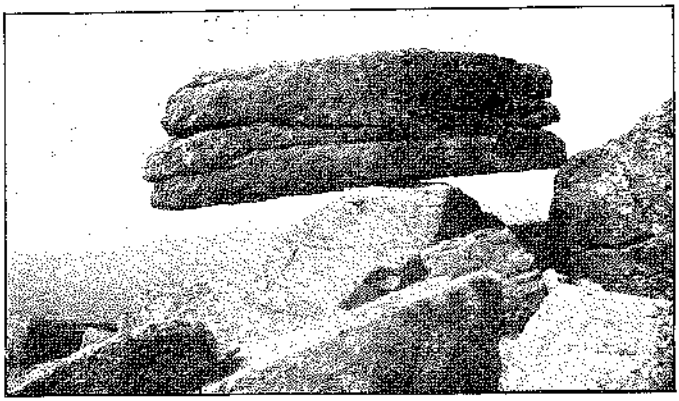
turning L. as to Hound Tor, keep straight on, and in about ½ m. turn L. All the way along this road are magnificent stretches of moorland. The whole aspect of the country is very mountainous. The road across the moor towards Saddle Tor reminds one very much of the long winding road across the Derbyshire moors from Buxton to the Cat and Fiddle Inn, on a very wild and remote part of those beautiful moors.

Hay Tor Rocks are two huge masses of rock. This part of the moor is decidedly one of the wildest parts

of Dartmoor, and lovers of Nature will receive impressions which are not likely to be forgotten.

Retracing one's steps to Saddle Tor, strike across the moor to **Rippon Tor** (1,564 ft.), which has the most picturesque logan on the moor. It is so delicately poised that it seems as if it must slip off. Thence one can return to Widdecombe by the road below the tor.

IX.—9. Below Pill Tor is a group of hut circles known as **Foale's Arrishes.** It was formerly surrounded by an enclosing wall almost as fine as Grimspound.



Logan Rock on Rippon Tor.

Road-menders have destroyed it, together with several of the hut circles.

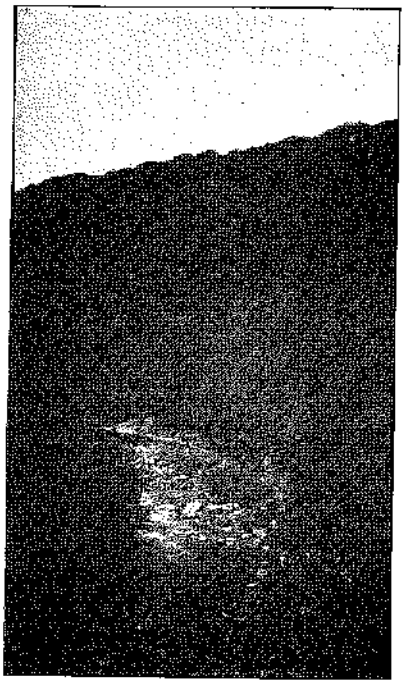
CHAPTER X.

BUCKLAND IN THE MOOR.

1—*The Church.* 2—*Buckland Drives and Holne Chase.* 3—*Leusdon.*

X.—1. **Buckland in the Moor** (4 m. from Ashburton) is extremely picturesque, and has surroundings of great charm. The Church, which has undergone some

restoration in recent years, stands among the trees inside the park, near the road. It has the remains of its ancient screen. Some of the carving is very good, and there are still traces of the figures of saints on the panels.



Lover's Leap in Holne Chase.

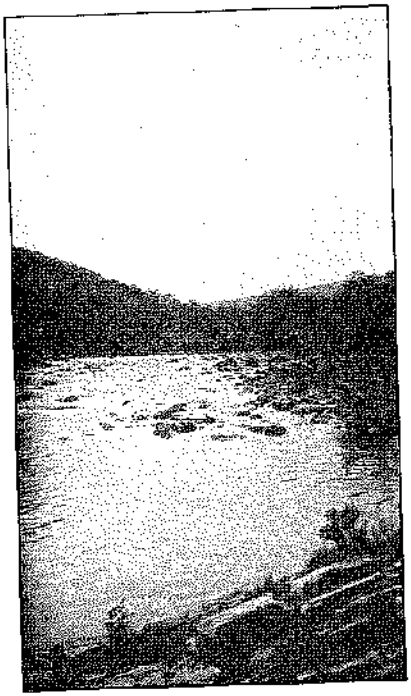
X.—2. **Buckland Drives and Holne Chase.** To go through the drives it is necessary to obtain permission at the estate office. Many years ago the public were allowed access to the drives, but the privilege was abused by people deficient in good form, who tore up the rare ferns growing in the woods.

The drive turns into the park by the church, and in 1 m. the road descends to the banks of the Dart. The house on the opposite side of the valley is Spitchwick, the seat of the late Lord Ashburton. If the river is followed up about 200 yds., the Webburn glides gracefully down the valley and meets the Dart; and it is a very charming and graceful meeting. The trees overhanging the waters meet and lend much sweetness to the scene.

Here one may cross the Webburn and proceed to New Bridge, which spans the Dart at the beginning of

Holne Chase. The church on the hillside above is Leusdon, a modern building.

Continuing one's walk down the drives, we see the real charms of the Dart, as it winds its way through the lovely woods of Holne Chase.



Meeting of the Webburn and Dart.

The moorman says of the Dart :—

"The Dart, the Dart, the cruel Dart,
Every year it claims a heart."

There is unfortunately a deal of truth in these lines. The Dart may have its terrors, but it has also its charms, and it is seen at its best as it winds its way through Holne Chase.

Lover's Leap, some way down the drives, is extremely beautiful. The road comes out at Holne Bridge, which is very picturesque. From here it is only about 2 m. on to Ashburton.

X.–3. **Leusdon Church,** on the W. side of the Dart, on the hill opposite Buckland Church, should be visited to look down from there on the marvellous panorama of the vast woods with the Dart winding through. This is one of the grandest pieces of woodland scenery in England.

CHAPTER XI.

DARTMEET.

1—Huccaby and Hexworthy. 2—Sherberton and Swincombe. 3—Holne and New Bridge. 4—Up the Dart. 5—Sherrill. 6—Babeny. 7—Huccaby Tor.

The East and West Dart, after flowing through some of the wildest parts of the forest, unite at Dartmeet. The place is described, though it is given no name, in the Forest Perambulation of 1240, and in a return made of the boundaries of the moor in 1609. The scenery at Dartmeet is neither romantic nor picturesque, but the visitor at Dartmeet is in very close touch with some of the most attractive scenery on the moor. You cannot travel far along the Dart without meeting scenes of great beauty. At Dartmeet are the remains of an old clapper bridge used by the pack-horse in days gone by.

XI.—1. Let us first go to **Huccaby and Hexworthy.** Huccaby is a tiny hamlet on the banks of the West Dart, 1 m. from Dartmeet. Huccaby House is in a very pleasant situation on the fringe of the Dart, and was for many years the residence of the late Robert Burnard, Esq., the well-known antiquary and authority on Dartmoor, who was president of the Devonshire Association in 1911. The Forest Inn at Hexworthy, on the opposite side of the river, is a very favourite resort of the angler and sportsman. The inn was added to several years ago, but the original building is still intact and forms the back part of the inn. I don't think I was ever more thankful for shelter than I was on one occasion at the Forest Inn. One day early in June, 1903, I drove to Dartmeet from Widdecombe, where I was staying. The morning had been cold and threatening, with a strong N.E. wind. As we approached Dartmeet there was an ominous hush—a silence that could be felt—and the sky rapidly became blackened, and there were rumbles of distant thunder. It soon became evident that a thunderstorm of considerable violence was about to burst over the valley of the Dart.

The driver proposed to return to Widdecombe, but I said that was impossible, as we should drive straight into the coming storm. There was only one thing to be done, and that was to whip up the horse and get over to the Forest Inn 1 m. away as quickly as possible. We covered that mile with a speed, though not with an action, that would have been a credit to a winner of the Derby.

As we reached the door of the inn, the storm burst with great fury. The thunder-peals were terrific, and the moor seemed to shudder under the repeated shocks. The storm seemed to be locked in the valleys, and as the thunder crashed, "Deep answered to deep." After this terrific cannonade had continued for two hours—

> "The storm passed on—the earth had drunk her fill—
> The sun shone brightly over all the hill."

When I left the Forest Inn the storm was still muttering in the direction of Okehampton, but it was no longer a centre of violent action, but a spent force. Through the greater part of the storm a man, apparently a commercial traveller, slept soundly on the sofa, quite undisturbed. Whether his unconcern was due to exhaustion from travelling on the moor, or an overdose of Devonshire cider, did not transpire.

XI.—2. **Sherberton and Swincombe.** From Hexworthy Inn proceed 100 yds. and then turn sharply to R. This road leads to Sherberton Bridge (II. 7).

XI.—3. **Holne and New Bridge** (6 m.) After passing Hexworthy Inn keep straight on; the road goes direct to Holne. From Holne ascend the river, but it is a rough scramble in places.

Holne Church has a fine screen, with painted figures of saints on its panels, and a splendidly carved pulpit.

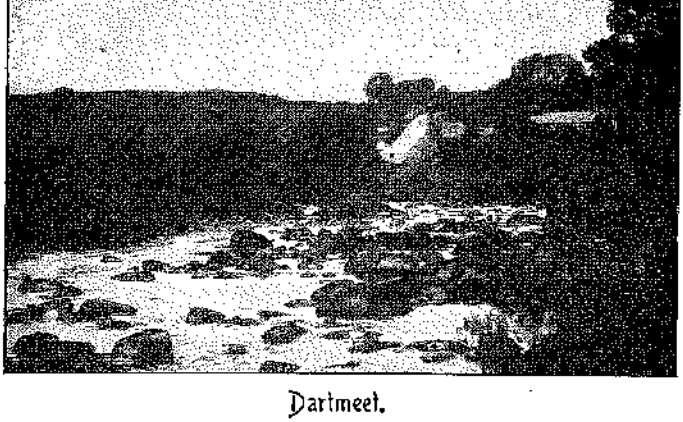
From the vicarage garden is a very fine view of the Dart as it winds through Holne Chase. Charles Kingsley was born in the vicarage.

Holne offers great facilities for an exploration of the beautiful Dart in Holne Chase.

XI.—4. **Ascend the Dart** from Dartmeet Bridge by passing through a wicket above Dartmeet Cottage,

then descend to the river and take the fisherman's path. The tenement up the hill to the L. is **Brimpt's,** which is one of the old tenements of the moor. It is mentioned in a deed bearing the date 1307. Rather more than a century ago the plantation covered a much larger area, but many of the oaks were cut down during the war with Napoleon for the purpose of building ships. Tradition says that they never reached the shipbuilding yards.

As you ascend the ground above the bend of the river the scenery is really exquisite. The walk should



Dartmeet.

be continued to Laughter Hole, a solitary farm. Ascend Laughter Tor. From the tor strike out S.W. and rejoin the road at Brownberry. Soon after leaving the tor a stone row is passed. (See IV. 7., ii.)

XI.—5. **Coffin Stone.** Ascend the hill on the Ashburton road. As one gains the high ground, the conical form of Sharp Tor is seen to great advantage, with the Dart winding through the valley below. On the tor is a small rock basin. On the side of the hill, near the road, is the Coffin Stone, on which are cut five crosses, and which is cleft in two. Tradition says it was split

by lightning. On this stone it has been the custom to rest the dead body of a moorman as he was borne from his home on the moor to his last resting-place in Widdecombe Churchyard. Some little distance further on take the road which turns sharply to the L. This will bring you to Yar Tor, a little away along this road on L. will be seen **Yar Tor Circle and Stone Row.** It is a fine triple row, about 400 yds. long, which terminates in another circle. It is very good, and in places perfect. Near N. end a bank has robbed the monument of its stones.

XI.—6. Descend to **Sherrill,** which has a pretty thatched roof. Continue along the road, cross the Wallabrook to Babeny, then follow a track along the Wallabrook to its junction with the Dart. Here is a view of real grandeur. In the foreground is the brawling Dart, and the stately form of Yar Tor soars up above the river.

XI.—7. **Babeny** is one of the old tenements of the moor; in the field on W. side of the house is a *bee-hive hut.* It is circular, 6 ft. in diameter, with a domed roof with stones laid one over the other; it is 4½ ft. high in the centre.

Below the farm near the stream are three curious moulds.

I had the pleasure of visiting this glorious corner of the Dart on Midsummer Day, 1919. The river was low but the scenery was grand. Above Brimpts the trees have all been cut down, except a belt of pines or larch on W. side. The river here is quite spoilt, formerly it was a very fine piece of the Dart. Brimpts has been cut down by Portuguese woodmen for war purposes. The aerial railway is not finished, and none of the trees have been removed, but they lay rotting. (Written 1919).

XI.—8. **Huccaby Tor** was honoured with a royal visit on June 10th, 1909. King George V. and Queen Mary, then Prince and Princess of Wales, spent the day watching the Huccaby races.

There are several quaint farms by the roadside in this neighbourhood. There is a scheme for the construction of a road across the moor near the tor to Post Bridge. It would be a short cut to Postbridge. It has been completed as far as Bellever.

CHAPTER XII.

BUCKFASTLEIGH.

1—*Village.* 2—*Ashburton.* 3—*Holne Chase.* 4—*Dean Prior.*

XII.—1. **Buckfastleigh** is a large valley situated in a coombe which has been formed by a lateral stream which flows into the Dart below the church. It has long been famous for its manufacture of Devon serge. The church is perched on the top of a hill, and overlooks the valley of the Dart. The tower and chancel are early England and the nave Perpendicular.

Visitors will find comfortable quarters at the King's Arms Hotel.

One mile N. of the village, on the banks of the Dart, is the Abbey of Buckfast. The buildings are new, and when complete will be a striking witness of faith, industry and perseverance. There was a religious house here long before the Conquest, possibly as early as the eighth century.

The abbey was founded in the reign of Henry II. by Ethelward de Pomeroy. It was long the richest Cistercian monastery in Devonshire. It received a visit from Edward I. in 1297. After the dissolution it fell into decay, and very little of its ruins remained. During the last few years strenuous efforts have been made by the Benedictines to rebuild it. A fine bell tower has been built by the monks themselves.

The feature of the new abbey which will probably interest visitors most is the splendid peal of fourteen bells, the munificent gift of Sir Robt. Harvey, in mem-

ory of his wife. They were dedicated on September 30th, 1910. The peal is the largest in Devonshire; the next is that of Exeter Cathedral, which has ten.

Buckfastleigh has most charming surroundings, of which the principal feature is the glorious Dart. Several of its feeders in the neighbourhood flow through lovely wooded combes.

Dart in Holne Chase.

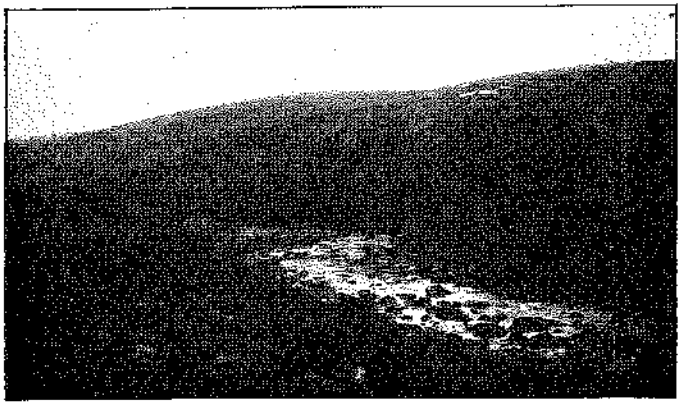
XII.—2. **Ashburton** (3 m. by train) was one of the old stannary towns. It has a very fine church, which will repay a visit. It suffered much at the hands of the eighteenth century spoilers, but genuine efforts have been made to restore it. There are still the fine old bosses in the roof of the N. aisle. There was formerly a stone bearing the following epitaph, but it has been destroyed:

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

Ashburton is the gate to the S.E. quarter of the moor, and an excellent road leads from the town to the Buckland Drives and the Dart Valley.

It is a very pleasant walk by road from Ashburton to Buckland in the Moor.

XII.—3. **Holne Chase,** 6 m. from Buckfastleigh, is a very pleasant walk. After crossing the brook in the town, take the second turning to the L. Cross the Holy Brook 1½ m. further on, and then, on ascending the opposite hill, the road passes by Hembury Castle, an ancient camp. In 2¼ m. from here you enter the Chase. After seeing some of its beauties, one can return by Holne, which is about 4 m. from Buckfast-



Dart below Dartmeet.

leigh. This walk or drive makes a very pleasant day. (See X., 2.)

XII.—4. **Dean Prior** (2 m.) In about 1 m. you get a peep of Dean Combe, where the Dean Burn comes rushing down from the wild moors, forming more than one cascade. William Crossing, in his *Gems in a Granite Setting*,† describes this valley with great charm of language. He says:—"The characteristics of this glen are truly expressed in its name. Here is

† Published by the *Western Morning News*, Plymouth.

the *dene*, the leafy wood; the *burn*, the rippling stream. And each comes lovingly to the other. The brook hastens down from the bare heights to hide itself beneath the trees; the trees press forward to welcome it, and fling their veils of green over its silent pools and broken waters." You pass Dean Court, and all about here the wild moor meets civilization. Doubtless a good deal of the land originally formed part of the moor, but has been reclaimed.

Dean Prior formerly belonged to the Prior of Plympton. The little place was rendered famous in the seventeenth century by the poet Herrick, who held the living. Herrick, though he lived in a lovely country, disliked the uncultured tastes and uncouth manners of his parishioners. He was ejected from the living by the Puritans in 1648, and from the joy he gave expression to on the occasion, it is evident that he hated his surroundings. Herrick was one of those people who somehow seem to fail to grasp that environment is one of the master-influences of the organic world, and one must adapt one's self to one's environment. Herrick lived to learn the lesson, and he admitted that his environment had in no small way contributed to the development of his poetic genius.

"I must confess
I ne'er have written such
Ennobled numbers for the press
Than where I loathed so much."

At the Restoration Herrick was very glad to return to his living, and he died there in 1674 and was buried in the churchyard.

In these fine lines Herrick refers to the Processions at Rogationtide

—"Dearest, bury me
Under that Holy Oak, or Gospel Tree,
Where (tho' thou see'st not) thou mayest think upon me,
When thou yearly goest in procession."

MEGALITHIC CIRCLES ON YELLOWMEAD DOWN, SHEEPSTOR.

RE-ERECTION OF BURIED STONES AT SHEEPSTOR.

A DARTMOOR STONEHENGE.

(By the Rev. H. H. Breton.)

The existence of the fine prehistoric stone monument which the megalithic circles on Yellowmead Down, near Sheepstor, form, was unknown until quite recently and is the greatest discovery of recent years on Dartmoor. The honour of the discovery rests with Mr. R. Hansford Worth, whose skilled eye noted the humps formed by the stones which were lying prostrate under the turf, which formed the outer circle, of which only one large stone and one small one were visible, and he expressed the opinion that it was probably a double circle.

That they had escaped detection so long was due in some measure to the fact that they had for many years been covered with a very high growth of heather; this was burnt a year or so before Mr. Worth made his discovery. Owing to the prolonged drought of the summer of 1921, I noticed that there were many patches of whortleberry scrubs and grass, which were burnt up inside the large circle, which indicated the presence of stones buried not far under the surface.

Four Concentric Circles.

Last autumn, on behalf of the Dartmoor Preservation Society, Mr. William Manning, of Yellowmead Farm, close by, and I, with the assistance of others, took in hand the task of unearthing these buried stones and

re-erecting them in their old socket holes. It proved a formidable task, for we found instead of one circle that there were four concentric circles.

Of these four circles *the outer circle* is composed of large stones, many of them slabs about 4 ft. by 4 ft. It is very incomplete, as some of the stones have been taken away and built into the newtake wall of Yellowmead Farm, about 100 yards to the W. The depressions in the ground show that large stones have evidently been removed from the N.E. arc; these have probably been removed to form the small bridge across the streamlet in the gully 200 yds. N.W. of the circle. The three stones which form this bridge have such a strong likeness to the other slabs, which form the outer circle that their origin can hardly be doubted. This outer circle consists now of 24 stones, and has a diameter of 63 ft. Some of the small stones in the W. arc may be only triggers of much larger stones which have been taken away to build the wall. The largest stone in the S.E. arc was 5 ft. 6 in. as it lay on the ground, but now is 4 ft. 3 in. high. It has on its top two depressions which have the appearance of cup markings, but in this case I think they are due only to the weathering of the granite. It bears remarkable resemblance to the largest stone in the Brisworthy Circle; its height is the same, and its girth near the bottom is also of the same measurement.

The second circle consists of 28 stones, and has a diameter of 48 feet. It is composed of smaller stones, which are placed with marked regularity on the E. and S. sides.

The third circle consists of 31 small stones, and has a diameter of 37 feet.

The fourth and innermost circle consists of 21 stones, and has a diameter of 20 feet. It is composed of thick ponderous stones. This enclosed either a kistvaen, of which no trace remains, or a large cairn, of which there are still indications. It encircled the burial place of some King or powerful chief of pre-historic times. The Dartmoor Preservation Society intends to

excavate this inner platform in the hope of finding an urn.

These four concentric circles are, therefore, composed of no less than 104 stones, and the whole monument consists of 118 stones, including the stones referred to below.

THE OUTSTANDING STONES.

On the W. side are 14 stones, which have formed the beginnings of probably as many as eight or nine stone rows running parallel in a westerly direction. These have all been destroyed to build the new-take wall, although on the way they are still traceable. The largest of these stones close to the circle is trigged up by a large natural boulder which is buried underground. About 40 yds. E. of the circle are the remains of a small barrow which has been contained by a small circle of stones, four of which remain, and which has a diameter of 10 ft.

About 80 yds. further E. is a large slab about 5½ ft. square. Connected with it are two or three stones which have formerly stood erect. About 130 yds. N.E. of these circles is a fallen menhir, 6 ft. 3 in. long; connected with it are three stones running in a S.E. direction.

HOW TO REACH THE CIRCLES.

After passing through Sheepstor, turn to the left and go up the lane towards the tor. After passing through the gate on to the open moor follow the road until you come to another gate. Enter this and follow the green lane until you come to the open moor again; here turn to the R. towards the fir trees; the circles are on the E. side of these. As you cross the gully on to the open moor, the three stones spanning the streamlet of which I have spoken will be crossed.

The leat-course which runs along the W. side of the circles discharged itself into the gully about 50 yds. above this bridge for the purpose of turning the water-wheel of a blowing-house which formerly stood there, of which now not a single trace remains, except the leat.

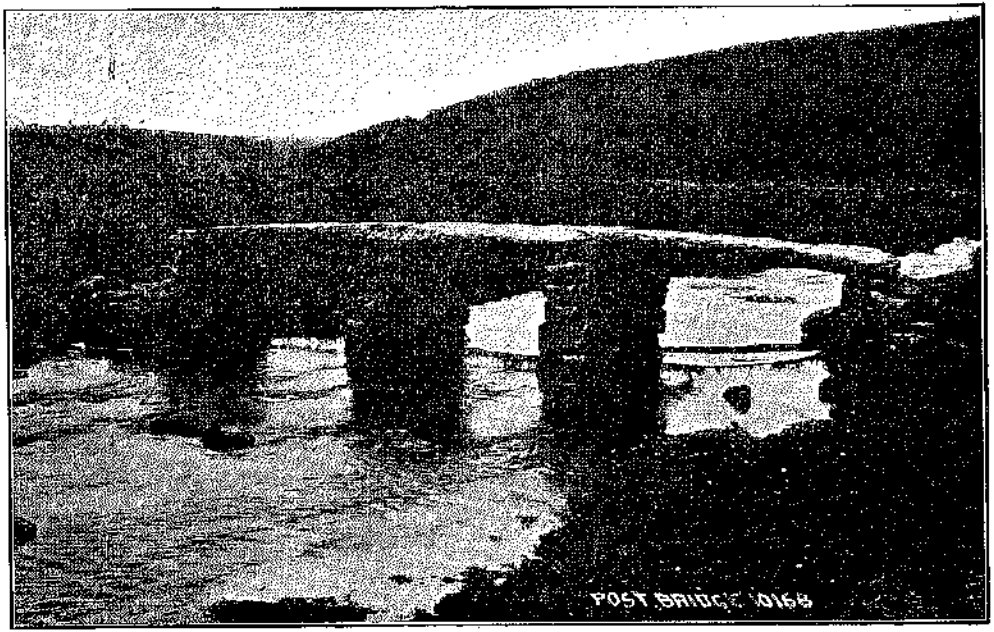
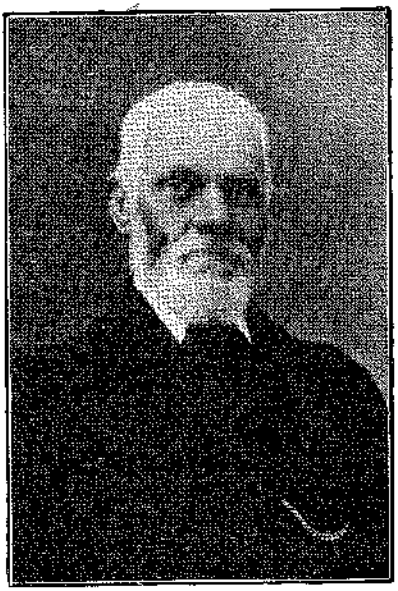


Photo by] [Chapman & Sons, Dawlish

Postbridge—The Heart of Dartmoor.



Portrait of

The late George French, J.P.,

The Grand Old Man of Postbridge.

A MEMOIR OF GEORGE FRENCH, J.P.,

OF POSTBRIDGE.

His Birth. This remarkable man was born and bred on Dartmoor. He was born in 1852 at Greyhound Farm, and died in the same house as that in which he was born, in February, 1925. He had no schooling, as the nearest school in those days was at Widecombe, six miles away. The little education he had he gained at evening classes held at Postbridge by the late Mr. Matthew Rowse, for over fifty years Wesleyan Minister at Postbridge. George had a wonderful desire for knowledge, and never lost an opportunity of gaining information on every kind of subject, by reading newspapers and any books he could obtain; so he was not one of those people who know nothing, and who have no ambition to know anything. As nature's compensation for the utter lack of opportunity of gaining a good education at a village school, he was endowed with an enquiring mind, which sought information on every occasion and gained it, and what he acquired he retained, as he had a very retentive memory. So he was a self-taught man, and his general knowledge was remarkable.

His Family. He was one of a large family, so he started in life without education and without hope of advancement.

He married in 1878, at the age of twenty-six, Jane Ann Arscott, of Archerton Farm, and settled down at Greyhound Farm, near the famous clapper bridge, where he spent the remainder of his life. He had three sons and two daughters, of whom one son and two daughters survive. The eldest son died of wounds in the war, and the second dropped dead on the road from heart failure near his farm at Widdecombe. He was a fine young man, and his sudden and unexpected death was a great blow to his father.

His Character. George was a man of sterling character and he had strong convictions, but of wide outlook and charitable disposition. He had a wonderfully honest mind, which showed itself in the work he did.

His Work. He started work with his father at Greyhound Farm at the age of ten; afterwards he worked as a miner at Vitifer mine for sixpence a day. He for many years had charge of some miles of the road from Two Bridges through Postbridge and eastward. I can testify from personal knowledge of the conscientious work he did on this long stretch of road, the care with which he watched the appearance of defects and remedied them. For eighteen years I drove a good Dartmoor pony, and I was always glad when I got on to George French's section of the road, as it was always so admirably kept. I often used to think that on that stretch of road the man's character was tested, and stood the test. He was indeed an expert road-mender. It is a lonely, desolate bit of road, exposed to wind and rain and mountain mist, with hardly a scrap of shelter, except low walls pierced with holes, through which the mountain winds whistle and keep the shelterer cold and wet.

There is a French proverb :—

"No flowery road leads to glory."

There can be no doubt that this bleak, cheerless, storm-swept road was George's training ground for the glory of the unseen world. It is indeed "no flowery road," but the hardships of the work on such a road built up the character of this virile son of the forest of Dartmoor, and prepared his great soul for the land

"Where pure, heavenly calm knows no storm,"

and where

"The mists of earth will have dispersed before the glory of Eternal Day."

Another valuable work George did was to help by his manual labour the late Rev. S. Baring-Gould and

the late Robert Burnard in preserving so many of the pre-historic stone remains around Postbridge. They together re-erected so many of the fallen stones of these ancient monuments, for instance on Lakehead Hill. Probably the greatest and most outstanding work George did was the re-erecting of the **Grey Wethers,** two large circles near the base of Sittaford Tor (See VII. 15). To give readers some idea of the magnitude of that task, Mr. Robt. Burnard told me that he had had carted there twenty-six cartloads of stone to help trig up the stones they erected. As all the old buried triggers would also be used, we may be sure that not less than fifty cartloads of stone were used in re-erecting and making secure the large stones, which form these two grand circles, which almost touch each other, so close are they placed together.

George French also built a number of the seemingly endless stone newtake walls, which were built to enclose the forest lands, so that cattle might be grazed in areas of prescribed limits. He told me that he built the long wall that runs from Archerton along at the back of Arch Tor on to the Cherrybrook, and he was instructed not to touch the triple circle which encloses a kistvaen on the N. side of the wall, just before the ground slopes away to the Cherrybrook valley.

He was a child of nature and a true son of the desert, who loved Dartmoor as few have done. He had an unrivalled knowledge of his part of Dartmoor.

> "And now to cross the eastern Dart
> Needs steady eye and practised art;
> For sixty winters, aye, and more,
> George French had crossed from shore to shore;
> By night or day, in frost or wet,
> His foot had never failed him yet."

His Public Life. In public life he was very active, rendering very useful service as Chairman of the Parish Council for twenty years, a member of the Board of Guardians, and a Justice of the Peace for Devon. In his interest

in public service, and in his activities in this sphere he was truly

"A guardian of his forest home."

It was indeed an honour to him to become a J.P. in 1912.

At the Duchy Audit Dinner held annually at Princetown he used to make a remarkably good speech, filled with common sense, whose opinions merited respect.

He was truly a godly and God-fearing man; here lay the secret of his strength and the self-devotion, with which he so faithfully through life served God and his fellow men.

One fault only have I to find with this very worthy man—he was not a Churchman; but one can but admire his zeal and devotion to the service of God as a member of the Wesleyan body.

He regularly supported the chapel services and was also a local preacher.

Let us hope that the 72 winters he lived among the mists and the wilds of the rugged Dartmoor will be followed by summers of eternal rest and sunshine.

His Meetings with Royalty. When in 1910, the then Prince and Princess of Wales (now King George and Queen Mary) attended Huccaby races, their Royal Highnesses expressed a desire to be introduced to a typical man of the moor. George French was introduced to them, and had a long talk with the Royal Visitors.

In 1921, when the present Prince of Wales visited Dartmoor, George was invited to join the Prince of Wales' party when His Royal Highness visited the Royal Cornwall Show at Truro. George described it as the greatest day of his life.

Next day fell to him the honour of piloting the Prince and his party over the moors from Postbridge to Fernworthy, where the Prince visited his tree nurseries.

On the way George said to the Prince: "Sir, I have all my life thought it a fine thing to be a king or a prince, but after all I saw you go through yesterday, I have come to the conclusion I would rather be George French." (The Prince had had a very strenuous day speechmaking and meeting hosts of people). During this memorable walk George was able to tell the Prince a good deal about Dartmoor. At another stage of the journey the Prince offered George a cigarette; this he declined, as he was a non-smoker. The Prince observed that he must be a strange sort of man if he did not smoke. George replied that he believed, like Billy Bray, that if men were meant to smoke they would have a chimney at the back of their heads.

At the close of the day the Prince and his party honoured Mr. French and his family with their presence at tea.

His Cranmere Journeys. George for many years used to take visitors to Cranmere Pool, Fur Tor, and other remote spots in the wilds. I and a party went with him one day in June, 1912. It was certainly an easy way to this remote spot. We went all of us seated in the bottom of a cart, which conveyed us over rocks, ruts, leat beds, and other obstacles to cosy transport. We passed close by Great Wethers Circles and along the foot of the northern slopes of Sittaford Tor, then crossed the head waters of the North Teign and ascended White Horse Hill, on the top of which the horse was taken out of the cart, but the precaution was taken to tether the animal, or we should have seen it no more that day, perhaps never again, as the Dartmoor stables might have given the animal shelter.

From here George took us straight across the bogs to the Pool, which we reached without wetting our boots that day.

As we went on he pointed out to me the head of the Dart—

> "Where oozing forth with gentle song
> Trickles the tiny Dart along."

It was a wonderful sight we saw, as we looked around us on that beautiful day. In the distance in all directions the tors

> "The monarchs of the lonely plain,"

were the striking landmarks—

> "With boulder upon boulder piled
> The frowning structures crown the wild."

We returned as we came—at the bottom of George's cart, bumped, shaken and bruised, but overjoyed at having had such an unforgettable day.

One day he took a party of Londoners to Cranmere, who had no idea of the rough walk over bog and fen before them—7 long miles of hill-climbing, and were most unsuitably dressed for such an excursion. The consequence was that one of the ladies reached the Pool in a state of collapse, and was quite unable to walk any further, so George French gallantly undertook to carry her on his back all the way home to Postbridge—which feat of endurance he accomplished safely. I believe the lady's husband sent him a present afterwards.

His Knowledge of Dartmoor

was well illustrated in an interview he had with a representative of the *Western Morning News* on the proposals of the Dartmoor Hydro-Electric Supply Scheme with Mr. George French, J.P., of Postbridge, who, as a magistrate, farmer, and one of the oldest of the Duchy tenants, had a knowledge of the moor, its advantages, and its people that entitles his views to be treated with respect.

Mr. French expressed opposition to the scheme under two heads—that it would be a failure, and that if carried out it would be a serious matter for the people on the moor in general. He expressed the emphatic opinion that with a storm of snow the whole thing would collapse. Snow would drift in the leats and freeze like a block of ice. That would necessarily stop the power until there was a thaw. When Devon-

port was dependent on the Devonport leat for its water supply, he had known hundreds of men engaged in clearing the leat to get the water through as quickly as possible, and that was a small matter compared with the numerous leats and reservoirs which were proposed in the scheme.

Reiterating that he was only trying to safeguard the rights and privileges that they as Dartmoor men possessed. Mr. French argued that the scheme would greatly affect the venville men who have grazing rights and the right to take away peat, &c. The reservoirs and channels would deprive them of a certain amount of the grazing, and would also be a source of danger to the stock. They would also interfere very much with the peat-beds. He went on to explain that when there was a flood or storm they got the water down very much quicker now than it came years ago, and it also subsided very much quicker. He contended—and it was not a new idea—that the great cause of the change in the rise and subsiding was natural drainage. He knew scores of places which when he was a boy they could not go near with a horse, and to-day that was "galloping" ground. As the channels broadened and deepened the peat-beds were drained, and that applied to thousands of acres. His view was that for the scheme to be successful, a continual supply of water must be assured, and his opinion was that the scheme must fail; because in summer the rivers were not bringing down the amount of water that they formerly did, and the summer supply would not be sufficient. With the flooding the moorland dweller would never be able to get near a peat-bed, and they relied on peat a great deal for winter fuel. The channels it was proposed to cut would be a great source of danger to cattle and sheep, while the overflowing would be a danger to roads and the land in general. Illustrating this point, Mr. French said that in the first week of last November they had a fall of snow, and a little leat from Fox Tor Mire, where it was proposed to have a reservoir, overflowed and washed away a road that it was calculated

would take years to put back in the same condition. That was only one small leat, and with the channels that were proposed he fully believed that kind of thing would happen all over the moor. Many of the venville men, who had a right to graze in any part of the forest, were owners of their farms, and he considered that the scheme would deteriorate the value of their grazing and would be an injustice to hundreds of men who had rights which dated back into the mists of antiquity.

Asked his opinion as to whether the scheme would interfere with the beauty of the moor, Mr. French referred to his own locality, Postbridge. He did not know that it would interfere with the beauty of Postbridge exactly, although it would interfere with the beauty of the moor as a whole. If a reservoir was constructed, as proposed, at Broadmarsh, he believed its proximity would keep many visitors away from Postbridge. There was an idea that the scheme would provide work and bring a lot of money on the moor. No doubt that would be so while the works were being constructed, but eventually it would be to the detriment of the moor financially. On Dartmoor nearly every farmhouse had a room or two for visitors, and if the chance of letting them was stopped, the little money that would come in while the works were in course of execution would not make up for the ultimate losses in the other direction. The inhabitants needed to be guarded against the threatened invasion of the moor that would do away with its attraction for visitors. (Written in 1920).

I shall never forget sitting with old George over his peat fire one winter's night, talking to him on this subject, and he was saying that it was impossible for the promoters of this electric scheme to adequately compensate him for the land they would flood. All at once his honest face became poppy red, his eyes flashed like fire, and boiling with indignation, he said: "Why sir, we should be robbed again just as we was in the old days." He evidently had some very bitter experiences of byegone years in his memory.

His Associates. George French was associated so much with the fine men, who were the moving spirits of quickening a live interest in Dartmoor, and in safeguarding and preserving the pre-historic monuments of Dartmoor in our generation. Let me name them: Rev. S. Baring-Gould, Rector of Lew Trenchard, the great pioneer of intelligent investigation of the pre-historic stone monuments of Dartmoor; Rev. I. K. Anderson, Rector of Mary Tavy; John Duke Pode, the virile, kindly, and hospitable Squire of Cornwood, who loved Dartmoor more than tongue can tell, and who owned parts of the moor above Cornwood; Robert Burnard, of Huccaby House, who did so much to explore the hut-circles and re-erect fallen stones of the monuments. He, with Mr. Baring-Gould and George French, explored and made records of the results of their investigations of the group of hut-circles on Broad Down, known as Broad-un and Broad-un Ring. Also these keen men re-erected the Grey Wethers. Last, but not least, George French, whose muscle did so much of the spadework which had to be done.

All these fine men have now passed out of the sight of men. All were my friends, whom I loved and trusted in bygone years. It seems so sad to think that they have left us. This may sound like a sad dirge—but there it is. They are gone, and Dartmoor will see them no more.

> "Britons remote, but Britons rare,
> Such men as these we cannot spare."

As we look back on the years that are past and gone, and recall the many happy days we have spent together, and the many a laugh we have had on Dartmoor, we raise our souls heavenwards, and with heartfelt praise—

"We also bless Thy Holy Name for these Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear, beseeching Thee to give us grace so as to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of Thy Heavenly Kingdom: Grant this, O Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our only Mediator and Advocate."

APPENDIX.

Additional Notes to those in the Chagford Chapter on Throwleigh and Gidleigh.

Throwleigh Notes. July 6th, 1926.

There are some very pretty thatched cottages at Throwleigh. At Forder is a lovely thatched cottage on W. side of the road, roof pink with stone crop, the hedge outside hanging with beautiful bright pink flowers—like pink curtains.

On the opposite side of the road at the entrance to the farmyard a granite stone projects about 1 ft. from the corner of the building. In the lower side of this is a fine specimen of an old granite gate socket; the circular hole is 5 ins. in diameter, and 8 ins. deep. This stone is *in situ*. There was a lower one on the ground level. The rounded ends of the gate fitted in these and swung; they were in use before the invention of the iron hinge.

To the right is the fine old manor house of Wanson with its entrance flanked by an imposing granite gateway.

At Throwleigh are more pretty thatched cottages. The pond, when we were there, was overhung with beautiful white flowers, a mass of bloom.

In the centre of the road are the original steps of the village cross. A new cross was fixed in there and the whole restored to commemorate the Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

As one enters the churchyard, on R. is the old Church House with mullioned windows. Inside the churchyard is a tall churchyard cross erected in memory of those who fell in the War. On S. side of the church is a fine carved granite doorway entering into the chancel. The S. entrance is by a plain granite hooded doorway.

Above, a slate sundial inscribed "Carolus Secundus, 1663" (*might this not have been erected to commemorate the Restoration*) "O beata solitudino, O sola beatitudino."

The church has these nice features: an elaborately carved waggon roof in the chancel, with fine bosses and the old plaster retained, with a carved oak frieze, supported on either side by an angel as an enrichment over the rood screen; all that remains of the screen is a somewhat poor base with shallow carving. Along the top are poppy heads, placed there at some time to

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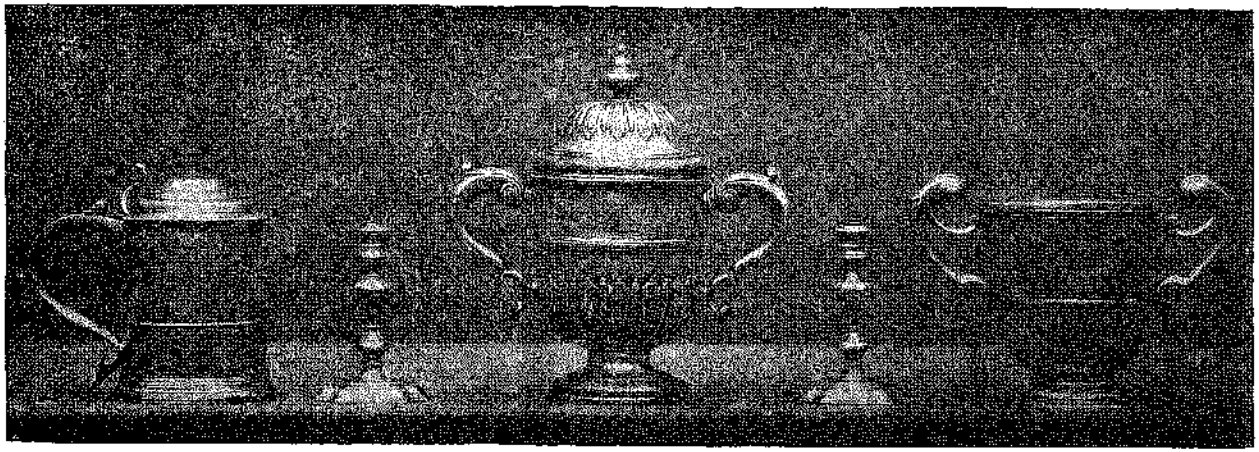

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make good the loss of the bays and the rood loft, but it is a poor effort to do this.

The waggon roof in N. aisle survives, with plain ribs but very good bosses, the older plaster retained.

An Easter sepulchre S. chancel well carved. A red granite grave slab is there in the floor, dated 1735.

Visitors to Throwleigh should see these stone circles:

South Tawton Common Circle, situated on moor, ½ m. N.W. of Shilley Pool, and about 300 yds. W. of the Newtake Wall. It is on the top of the hill on a plateau. It has a diameter of 120 ft., five stones only are standing. The rest are buried or gone. A long stone is buried near the centre, which may have been a central menhir.

Buttern Circle is at the foot of Buttern Hill on low ground, about ¼ m. S.W. of the southern group of rocks of Buttern Tor. It has been sadly mutilated. There are still above and below ground 30 stones, of these only 5 are standing, and those are not large stones. The largest stones are on the W. side. Two are about 7 ft. long, three more 6ft., and five more 4½ to 5½ ft. in length. Probably the circle originally had quite fifty stones, but it has been badly robbed. The diameter, N. and S., 82ft., E. and W., 78ft., mean 80ft. It is about the same size as Brisworthy Circle, Sheepstor.

Kennon Circle. About 200 yds. W. of Buttern Circle on the southern slope of Kennon Hill, on the highest point of the slope this circle will be found. It was originally about 120ft. in diameter. It has been dreadfully pillaged, not in recent years, but the ruts made by the cart may still be seen on its E. side, where it was backed to take the stones away. Nineteen stones only now remain, only six are standing, many are nearly buried. About 24ft. inside the circle from the W. side is a large block, beside it is another. I don't think either was a menhir as it has been usually thought to be, but the remains of a small cromlech or large kistvaen. A stone row runs N.N.E. from the circle for about 100 yards.

The tor just below to the S.W. is Hound Tor; on its W. side is a cart track running N.E. to South Zeal; ¾ m. on this track after passing the Tor, **White Moor Circle** is reached. It, like its neighbours on Kennon and Buttern Hill, has been grievously robbed. Only thirteen stones remain, none really large ones. Near by is a menhir—the White Moor Stone.

In the valleys about here are rather bad swamps which should be avoided in a wet season. In one of these, on July 8th, 1926, I found a very large stump of the trunk of **a bog-oak tree,** the piece of trunk left was nearly 10ft. in circumference and was no doubt much greater before it had decayed. The great roots also stretched out in all directions. Such an oak tree could never grow at such an altitude on Dartmoor with its present climate. At Sheepstor a moorman told me he found a similar tree, the peat tye, in the bogs near Broad Rock, but until to-day I always thought it was a myth. I find these bog-oak trees are fairly common about here.

On **Cosdon, or Cawsand,** in addition to the triple stone row at the foot of its E. slope I have mentioned, are two large tumuli, and between them, about 150 yds. N.E. of the southern one, is a stone circle about 50 ft. in diameter, which has enclosed two kistvaens.

The small circle of very large stones which formerly stood on the N. slope of Cosdon above Ford which, as I have already mentioned, George French told me he remembered being destroyed, I am told it was known as the *Eight Rocks*, and children were told that when the *Eight Rocks* heard South Tawton bells they would be seen to dance.

Visited, July 7th, 1926, **Scorhill Circle,** 32 stones present, 23 standing, 9 down. Diameter 30 paces. It formerly had 60 stones.

Taking a course in line with the W. wall from Scorhill Farm enclosure takes one in S.W. direction across the highest ground of this moor (1,323 ft.) and continue till you reach the circle. The distance from this corner of the wall to the circle is not quite 600 yards.

The site of the circle is on low-lying ground on N. side of N. Teign and only about 300 yds. from the well-known Wallabrook Clapper Bridge—a cart-track crosses the river at the Ford a few yds. W. of the bridge. This cart-track passes right through the circle. This track goes on to Creaber Farm.

All visitors to the E. part of Dartmoor should drive from Moreton to Bovey through the beautiful Wray Valley with its fine woods.

Lustleigh is in a very lovely situation surrounded by wooded hills, and on the W. sky-line Dartmoor towers up like a huge wall.

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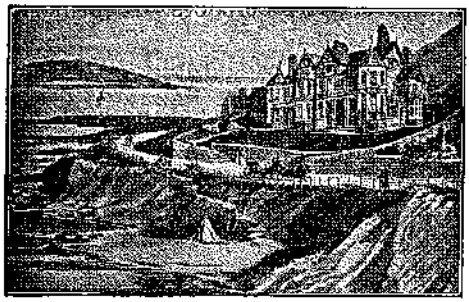

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