

SOMERSET

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GUIDE TO

SOMERSET

EDITED BY

A. R. HOPE MONCRIEFF

LONDON
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
1899





PREFACE

SOMERSET is now for the first time added to our list of County Guides. This volume is arranged on the same principle as that for the neighbour county of Devon and others of the series. It is divided, for convenience, into sections, the contents of which are brought into connection by frequent cross references, along with the use of the maps and the index. We begin with Bath, as the point most in touch with London, thence work our way to the other end of the county, following the chief railways as our main clue, and taking the most frequented towns as centres from which to radiate out to places of interest in their vicinity. Space, as a rule, is given in proportion to the number of readers likely to profit by our indications. We have felt bound to include the great border city of Bristol, though this is independent of Somerset; and here and there our routes may carry us into some account of places across the county boundary. We are well aware that in a book meant for the pocket, everything has not been said that might be said; but so far as our limits allow, we have tried to point out to strangers what is best worth seeing in this most attractive corner of England.

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SOMERSET, COUNTY MAP in pocket at end.

INTRODUCTION

Somerser we all know on maps as one of the larger of the English counties, among which those who have visited it count this by no means the least lovely. Its area of over 70 miles long by about 40 at the broadest point, some 1640 square miles, may be, like Cæsar's Gaul, divided into three parts, roughly answering to the old parliamentary divisions of east, mid, and west Somerset. The first, which rather occupies the north-east corner, is the district sloping down to the Avon from the Mendip Hills, about 1000 feet high behind their more abrupt south-western face. The central tract is a large stretch of flat ground broken by banks of heights and island knolls that, even to the most uninstructed eye, suggest a retirement of the sea. The western part forms a strip of highlands, the wildest and highest of which, under the name of Exmoor, extend into Devonshire, after making a promontory along the edge of this county. The other bordering shires are Dorset on the south, Wilts on the east, and Gloucester on the northeast.

The river Avon, rising in Wilts, for some distance forms the boundary of east Somerset, and is the most considerable of its waters. On the other side of the Mendips, the Axe and the Brue have each their own estuary into the Bristol Channel. The central part is drained by several streams that unite in the Parrett to form the main duct of Sedgemoor, which has been reclaimed within historical times. Into this, too, flows the Tone, taking a devious course from the western hills; while most of the Exmoor waters run southwards by the Exe and its tributaries. At the south-east corner, also, are streams pouring themselves into the English Channel by the Stour; but the general slope of Somerset is towards the Severn estuary.

The sea coast is not Somerset's best aspect, being for the most part flat and shallow; but it has some pleasant spots, and at the western corner rises into picturesque grandeur. The inland features present much variety, and not a little beauty scattered over the different districts, the finest points chiefly concentrated at the western end, where the Exmoor corner of Devon and Somerset has been pronounced by some judges the cream of English scenery. The Mendips also, and the Quantock Hills, are, each in their own style, very admirable, as are, on the south ridge, the Blackdown range and the old Selwood Forest ridge above the valley of the Stour. As to the formation of the ground beneath these green woods and pastures, we venture to quote the Encyclopædia Britannica:—

"The diversified surface of the county is accounted for by the variety and complexity of its geological structure. The Old Red Sandstone, composed of sandbanks and mudbanks of a land-locked lake, is met with in the Mendip Hills and on the banks of the Avon, but presents no feature of importance. The Devonian rocks, after plunging beneath the Triassic strata of the low ground between Williton and Taunton, rise again to the surface in the well-wooded Quantock Hills. The Carboniferous strata occupy a considerable area between Bristol and the Mendip Hills, forming a portion of the Bristol and Somerset coalfield. The Carboniferous limestone, built up mainly of petrified shells and corals, forms a truncated arch in the Mendip Hills, which owe their steepness and rugged contours to its compact and jointed structure, and their ravines and caves to atmospheric influences and to streams acting on

the formation at and below the surface. It overlaps to the south the plain of Somerset, and plunges northwards under the coal measures and Triassic rocks, reappearing in isolated and picturesque masses. . . A large portion of the Carboniferous rocks are covered unconformably with the New Red Sandstone and Liassic and Oolitic strata. Triassic rocks prevail over the whole western area, from the Mendips to Exmoor. The highly fossiliferous Rhætic strata rest on the grey marls of the Trias, and constitute the lower part of the bold scarp of the Lias limestone and clays of the ranges from the sea to the Poldens. Plunging beneath the Oolitic strata, they occupy a large but scattered area in the east between Yeovil and Bath; and these in their turn pass under the Cretaceous strata of the serried Blackdown Hills. A large extent of the county is occupied by alluvial deposits. Caves are common in the body of the hills, among which the greatest are the bone cave near Banwell, the stalactite caves at Cheddar, and Wookey Hole."

The late Dr. Freeman, who, if not actually born in this county, was closely associated with it, took a special interest in its history and antiquities; and his ghost will haunt us if we call it Somersetshire, for, as he insisted, it was no division sheared off by Saxon kings, but a district older than England, the land of the Somersætan, for whose name has been suggested the explanation "settlers on the sea meres." What Freeman admits to be the "tempting derivation" of a summer land tickled old Camden's less critical mind, and Fuller follows him in his own whimsical style, "with whom we concur whilst they confine their etymologies to the air, dissent if they extend it to the earth, which in winter is as winterly, deep, and dirty as any in England." Camden, indeed, concludes that the county name "grew from Somerton," quoting Asser as always calling the county Somertunensis from this "famous town in ancient time, and of all others in the shire most frequented."

Modern historians are not so ready to take the name from Somerton, which, no doubt, was a chief place of the same people, but in historic times it does not appear ever

to have ranked as a county town. There is a little stream called the Somer below the Mendips, and one of its villages bears the name of Midsomer Norton. Somerton's neighbour, Ilchester, now a mere village, is also one of the oldest towns, and up to the present century retained some dignity, which it perhaps owed to its central situation as well as its Roman origin. Even now, Somerset is peculiar in having no distinct capital. By far the largest place is Bristol, which we have treated as belonging to it, and part of which stands within its limits, but this city has long been chartered as an independent county. Of towns undoubtedly belonging to Somerset, Bath makes much the largest and most important in wealth, fame, and dignity. Taunton usually bears the name of the county town, but shares the distinction of the Assize Courts alternately with Wells, the cathedral city of the diocese that is co-terminous with the county. Weston-super-Mare, a modern appendage of Bristol, is fast growing to rank with Taunton in population (about 20,000). Bridgwater, Yeovil, and Frome are boroughs of about half that size, thriving through various manufactures. Then Somerset has a goodly show of old market-towns, prospering more or less in a modest way, while others as old, and once more famous, have, like Ilchester and Somerton, fallen to the rank of villages.

In the first dawn of history, we find this district dominated by a tribe of Belgic invaders, to whom is attributed the Wansdyke, that long line of earthwork fortification still clearly traceable on the heights above Bath. Then came the Romans, who made a colonial Capua of Bath, and took most kindly to all of this western region, as attested by remains of stations, villas, and other proofs of their presence found in different parts. After their abandonment of the province falls a mist,

through which looms the shadowy figure of Arthur warring with heathen foes. In three great waves of conquest we more clearly see Somerset overwhelmed by the Saxon intruders. Towards the end of the 6th century Ceawlin, King of Wessex, mastered the corner containing Bath and Wells, which became the scene of fresh struggles between rival Saxon kings, while from the 7th century to the beginning of the 11th, the whole region was repeatedly exposed to ravages of the Danes. By the 8th century, King Ina had conquered as far as Taunton. In the next, Egbert could call himself King of England, all but the mountain or moorland fastnesses of the wild Welsh. Though so recently and so hardly brought under Saxon rule, our great Alfred found in the heart of Somerset an asylum against his Danish foes, whom in this neighbourhood he decisively overcame.

Throughout the Middle Ages Somerset makes no great figure in the general annals of the country, and for long its chief events seem rather to belong to natural history, as an earthquake in the 12th century, at the beginning of the 17th a great flood of the Severn, and the gradual draining of the marshlands on the northern river beds. In our Civil Wars Somerset comes into notice by several engagements and obstinate sieges. The gentry were in the main on the king's side, and had possession of most of the fortified towns and castles; but the popular sympathy seems to have been rather with the Parliament, and such prominent Roundheads as Blake, Pym, and Prynne came from the class of Somerset notables. In the next generation the same sentiments were strongly displayed in favour of Monmouth's expedition, which cost the West of England so dearly, and gave Somerset the fame of our last pitched battle.

Among other prominent natives of the county are

counted St. Dunstan, Gildas and William of Malmesbury the chroniclers, Roger Bacon, Bishop Hooper, Daniel the Poet Laureate, Cudworth the theologian, John Locke the philosopher, Bishop Ken, Hannah More, Fielding the novelist, Quekett the microscopist, Parry and Speke the explorers, and Kinglake the historian, besides others whom we may mention incidentally, and a list of local worthies named in connection with Bristol (p. 45), while the celebrities of Bath have been mostly strangers by birth.

Under the head of antiquities, Somerset is particularly rich in prehistoric camps. The moderately - elevated heights dotted over this county, many of them once cut off by streams and fens, naturally lent themselves to rude fortifications occupied in turn by British, Belgic, Roman, Saxon, and Danish warriors. In modern times these heights have often been crowned by conspicuous towers, either serving as mere ornaments or as monuments of local history. On prominent points of the moorlands many barrows and tumuli are still intact, but the wilder parts of the country show few of such stone monuments as may be traced on Dartmoor. Near the north-east end, however, at Stanton Drew, there is a renowned group of "Druidical" stones. The foundations of a remarkable "Lake Village" have in late years been unearthed in Godney Marsh, near Glastonbury. The Penselwood Pits, on the border of Dorset and Somerset, mark what was once taken for a large British village; but these excavations are now more commonly attributed to rude mining operations. Roman remains are met with here and there, the collection of them at Bath being far the most important. The shells of mediæval castles and religious houses have not always been well preserved, though some fine fragments still exist, as in the case of Cleeve

Abbey, Taunton Castle, and the famous ruins of Glaston-bury Abbey. Not a few fine Tudor halls and manor-houses are to be found dotted over the county, some sunk to the rank of farms or ruins, some still kept up as noble mansions, surrounded by the lordly parks which make a frequent feature of this well-wooded country. The quaint villages have often ancient dwellings to show for the delight of the artistic eye, and most of the towns still exhibit old hospitals, grammar schools, or market crosses, sometimes hinting at days of a bygone distinction that has shifted itself to more fortunate neighbours.

The chief boast of Somerset archæology is its churches. not so many of them, indeed, preserving notable relics of the remote past, but in countless instances displaying the best features of the Perpendicular period. Their most striking characteristic is well known to be the fine towers studding the county so thickly, that in a few hours' walk one seldom fails to pass half a dozen worth examination, while several are famous for their noble structure and richness of ornamentation, by canopied windows, parapets, pinnacles, turrets, buttresses, gargoyles, etc. "These very gorgeous towers," says Mr. J. H. Parker, "are chiefly found in Somersetshire," which he further declares to be "the richest county in the kingdom for old houses." Many of its churches are also notable for their old oak, in richly carved screens and quaint bench ends, and many contain noble monuments. A frequent feature of their churchyards is the remains of a sculptured cross, mouldering away among the more modern show of commonplace tombstones and curious epitaphs. We have been careful to call attention to such churches, where any way remarkable, while space has not always allowed us to give a detailed account of their archæological features, a kind of information, indeed,

apt to be thrown away upon readers who are not able to interpret for themselves the language of architecture.

Somerset is chiefly a pastoral county, in which what may be called the rustic flavour has been well preserved. among its inhabitants, though schools, railways, and other influences are here as elsewhere gradually destroying peculiarities of character and dialect. "At the very gate of Bridgwater," wrote Mr. Hepworth Dixon in 1868, "you plunge at a cost of sixpence into the Heptarchy. Saxon Somerset, was, I fancy, green and bright, with corn sheaves on these slopes; stone homesteads, snug with thatch, upon those knolls; with village towers and spires among the trees; with a slow but sturdy population, like these Spaxton and Charlinch hinds, in all her deens and combes. You low, dark line of Quantock hills, sombre with clumps of pine, and bright with breadths of pasture. cradled the sleepy and secluded hollow from the world." This is a little imaginative, and Saxon Somerset, to tell the truth, was more marshy and miry than the Victorian aspect of the county, where, during the last generation, cornsheaves have tended to go the way of the turnpike gate alluded to at the head of our quotation. As in other counties, pasture has been encroaching upon cornland, and the rich bottoms of Somerset are famous for their dairy products. The cultivation of orchards is another feature; and Somerset men stick to their native cider, which, rather too sharp for the taste of strangers, is accused of being a rheumatic beverage, but extolled as an antidote to other maladies.

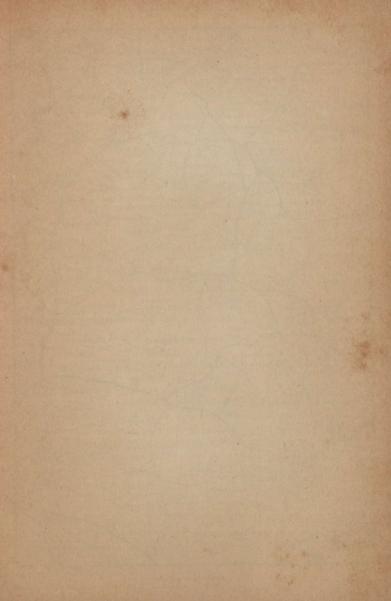
The population, at the last census, was close upon 485,000. Wages in this county, as in its neighbour Dorset, were once scandalously low, and are yet below the rate in other parts of the country. Cheapness of labour has helped to foster small textile industries, especially in the towns and villages on the south side.

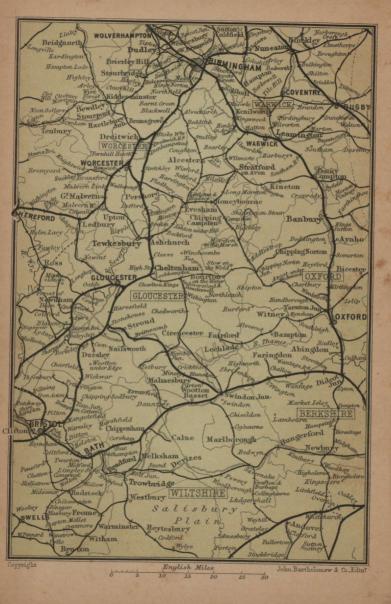
Yeovil and its neighbourhood have long been noted for glove-making. Frome has large woollen factories; Bath also keeps some connection with wool: but clothmaking seems no longer to thrive at the other end of the county, unless at Wellington, still noted for its serges. At Taunton and several places around it, have risen up manufactories of shirts and collars, machine lace, sailcloth, etc. Pottery or brick-works and paper-mills have been established here and there. The industries of Bristol are multitudinous. Coal-mining prospers on the Gloucestershire border; lead-mining struggles on at one or two places in the Mendip Hills; but the iron and copper getting of the western moors has been confessed a hopeless enterprise. No small part of the wealth of the county consists in its excellent stone quarries near Bath, on Ham Hill, at Doulting, Keinton Mandeville, etc., which supplied such a show of solid and stately churches.

Somerset is well provided with railways, the greater part of them belonging to the Great Western Company, which is about to run an important new line through the centre of the county. Along the southern side of it passes the main route of the South-Western Railway, at Templecombe Junction connecting with the Somerset and Dorset line, that, linked with the Midland system, traverses this county from south to north, and gives good through communication with Birmingham and the north, while it and its branches serve some parts of central Somerset, and would be of more service had it convenient junctions with the G.W.R. Several towns still depend upon omnibuses plying to their nearest station. From the seaports on the Bristol Channel, none of them considerable except the harbour and docks of Bristol, there is in summer a good deal of intercourse by steamboat with the great towns of South Wales opposite; but the Severn Tunnel is of course the main way of communication on this side, and by express trains to Bristol gives another good connection with the north.

As to tourist accommodations, it may be said that while first-class hotels of modern date are naturally to be sought for in the large cities and flourishing health or pleasure resorts, almost every small town, and many mere villages, of Somerset have more or less comfortable inns of the good old-fashioned kind, where not too exacting travellers will be sure of a welcome. Here and there these turn out to be large half-empty houses, monuments of the old coaching days, rescued from total decay mainly by the stir of cycling. Others in the western district flourish through the patronage of anglers and sportsmen as well as tourists.

For cycling, walking, or driving tours Somerset makes an excellent arena, even its out-of-the-way parts being seamed by fair roads running along the river valleys or on natural terraces of hill. The general characteristic of its scenery, as we have shown, is variety and relief. There are not many counties of England that have so few uninteresting stretches, and perhaps none with such a high level of pleasant aspects, often rising to marked picturesqueness, and sometimes to a loftier standard of the beautiful. Where shall one look for scenes finer in their way than the heights about Bath, the ridge above Penselwood, the gorge of Cheddar, the glens of the Quantocks, the wilds of Exmoor, and the cliffs between Minehead and Lynton? We have tried to avoid the superlative epithets that are the Delilah of guide-books: but our task will have been ill done if we do not tempt some readers to explore Somerset for themselves.





BATH

Hotels: Grand Pump-Room, York, Pulteney, near the baths; Lansdown Grove, above the town; Castle, Christopher, Angel, Royal Station, Full Moon Railway—(Temperance), Fernley, Clarence, etc. (The large Empire Hotel is expected to be open in 1902.)

Private Hotels and Boarding-Houses: Edgar, Pulteney Street; Francis', Harris', Waldron's, Queen's Square; Southbourne, South Parade; Fernleigh, Pulteney Gardens; Allen's, Johnson Street, near Pulteney Street; Pendennis, Pierrepont Street; Cullen's, Manvers Street, etc.

Railways: From London, Bath is a chief station on the Great Western main line, reached by express trains in little over two hours.

The Midland Railway (separate station) communicates with Birmingham and the north, and by the Somerset and Dorset line (practically part of the Midland system) with Bournemouth and other places in the south.

There are stands of cabs and Bath chairs all over the city. The fares are much the same as elsewhere (1s. a mile; chairs, 6d, half a mile, and so on), but both cabmen and chairmen expect extra pay for ascending the more difficult heights.

Standing on the verge of the county beneath and upon hillsides sloping up from the valley of the Avon, Bath is not only the chief town of Somerset, but the capital of English watering-places, the Bath as it used to be called—a type of such resorts, as Spa once was to Europe. Its palmy days as a city of provincial gaiety were the Georgian reigns that have left so characteristic an impress on its architecture. But even after it fell away from this pre-eminence, it remained a city of unusual attractions, through its admixture of foliage and green spaces with handsome stone buildings arranged in a pleasing variety of squares, crescents, terraces, and broad streets, on a most advantageous site. Hardly any houses are built of brick, even the humblest dwellings being of the oolite or freestone that takes its name from Bath, and

2 BATH

gives it an air of stateliness, often weathered by time to what might be called distinguished dinginess.

The solidity of construction here, and the steepness of some of the streets, have suggested a comparison with the New Town of Edinburgh. As in the case of Edinburgh, this sloping site lends itself to picturesqueness, most of the best quarters being not only well displayed but commanding beautiful views on the opposite heights and the valley of the Avon. It is to be feared that beasts of burden have no eye for the amenities of the steep ascents; and one need not be surprised to find "Bath chairs" still in frequent use among the many feeble folk who have to go up and down between the business streets and the more elevated residential quarters. Some of the most palatial squares and crescents stand high, enjoying an airier situation. Still higher rise the new suburbs, struggling to place themselves above that relaxing valley climate, which is the chief reproach against the old town.

In mediæval days Bath had a flourishing woollen industry, still surviving, after a sort, in one of the suburbs. Besides the Bath stone displayed in many of our large buildings, more than one local product or invention has made its name a household word over England. If Bath chairs are welcome to the feeble limbs of the old, Bath buns are not less dear to the dura ilia of the young. A more epicurean dainty is the "Bath Oliver" biscuits, introduced by a local confectioner; and in the days of our youth, at all events, there was a form of "sweetness long drawn out," known as "Bath pipe." "Bath chaps" are also known in the language of cookery, the delicacy so named having perhaps come down from the days of Bladud's pigs. But it does not appear why "Bath bricks" should take their name from this brickdespising city, whose main industry for two or three centuries has been the manufacture of health and pleasure, and the repair of bodily infirmities.

Before entering upon our task of practical guidance, let us present some general information as to the history of Bath, and the advantages which have made it so famous.

History and Antiquities .- For what may be called the prehistoric history of Bath, we can refer our reader to the Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club (chap. xxxvi.), where the subject is treated with due gravity. The story goes that, centuries before the Christian era, Lud Hudibras, king of the Britons, had a son named Bladud, who, afflicted with leprosy, was driven forth from the court to herd swine, then recovered by imitating their habit of wallowing in the warm salubrious mud of the Bath waters. At Carlsbad and other Spas, similar legends obtain of how a horse, a stag, or a heifer gave man the first hint of the healing properties offered by nature. No doubt the ancient Britons, unless when afraid of spoiling a new suit of woad, delighted to wallow in these warm springs, as the Maoris do to-day in their volcanic baths. The bold heights of the neighbourhood were easily fortified, and afforded such sites as would be chosen for the "courts" of our early "kings," like Mashona villages perched up out of the way of Matabele warriors. Still may be traced above it the Wansdyke, which, running through Wilts and Somerset, is believed to have been the fortified boundary of the Belgæ.

Then came the Romans, who knew how to avail themselves of this natural supply of hot water. Bath was one of the chief Roman stations on the road between England and Wales; and became a regular sanitorium for the sick and wounded legionaries. It was probably the Emperor Claudius who (A.D. 49) enclosed the city with walls of stone, about a mile in circumference, and gave it the name of Aquæ Solis, or Sulis from Sul, the presiding deity of the conquered inhabitants. Within these walls was a perfect system of baths, extending over an area estimated at from six to seven acres. The earliest baths of which there is any distinct evidence are Roman, built either by Vespasian, when he was in Britain, or by his son Titus. They were divided into two buildings by the Roman street that crossed the city from north to south, a hot spring being the centre of each establishment. The discovery of them has made modern Bath so rich in Roman remains of a time when there

was perhaps no more splendid resort out of Italy.

Five grand Roman baths have already been excavated, the first in 1755, and the remainder within our own day. The largest of these is the Grand Rectangular Bath (111 feet 4 inches long by 68 feet 6 inches wide, and about 6 feet 8 inches deep), which is now fully exposed to view, and takes a very high, if not the highest, place among the Roman remains in Britain. It is lined with lead (30 lbs. to the foot), on a layer of brick concrete, two inches thick, and this again on a layer of freestone a foot thick, bedded on rough stonework. Adjoining is the Round Bath, lined with concrete. Here may be seen the ground work of the artificial heating apparatus used

BATH

by those luxurious soldiers, the sluice for carrying off the waste water, and the pipe by which cold water was brought from a spring outside the city, showing that they practised the principle of our Turkish Baths. These arrangements, and others perhaps still to be unearthed, lie under the present baths; and, as we write, alterations are going on with the view of making the Roman Bath a lounging-place for the frequenters of the latter. Every now and again, some new piece of payement or wall is

turned up where it has lain covered for centuries.

Many of the fragments of Roman architecture and sculpture are remarkable for artistic work. Amongst them may be mentioned the pediment of a Temple, having in the centre a human face, the hair and beard intertwined with snakes, which has been variously interpreted. This is now in the vestibule of the Literary Institution, as well as the shaft and capital of one of the columns, 2 feet 8 inches in diameter, parts of a frieze, votive altars, and basso-relievo sculptures. One of the votive altars bears the inscription in Latin: "Sulinus, son of Maturus, having made a vow to dedicate a place to Minerva, has willingly and gratefully performed his vow." On another, likewise in Latin, is inscribed: "This religious place, insolently thrown down, Carius Severius Emeritus purified and restored, to the name and virtue of Augustus, in testimony of his gratitude." Another is erected by an officer of the eighth legion, as a grateful return to the deity who presided over the waters of Bath, for the salutary effects they had produced on his patron. Marcus Ausidius. The Emperor, Septimus Severus, who was in Britain about the year 208 A.D., having been obliged to march northwards to quell an insurrection of the Caledonians, left his son, Geta, in charge of South Britain during his absence. From the resemblance of the countenance of one of the equestrian statues to the face of Geta, as stamped on coins, it has been conjectured that he also must have spent some time in Bath. Numerous coins of the Emperors Nero. Adrian, Trajan, Antonine, and others, have also been found. These and many other relics of the Romans are exhibited in the Museum of the Literary and Scientific Institution. "Going through the vaults and passages of that building," says the writer of an admirable paper on Bath, "your coat brushes against votive altars wrought by the hands of this antique As you wander along the basement rooms, your eye catches mouldering fragments of drinking vessels, out of which the twentieth legion once pledged each other; and by stepping into the lecture-room you will see upon the mantelpiece, amid a crowd of modern ornaments, the gilt head of the Apollo Medicus-a fragment of the grand statue of the deity who watched over the city, and endued the springs with all their healing powers" (The Land we live in, vol. iii. p. 26).

The desolation of this favourite health resort of the Romans is the theme of a Saxon poet, as may still be read in a MS. in Exeter Cathedral, where Bishop Leofric deposited it in 1050. Our Saxon forefathers must have been a eupeptic people, more familiar in the rude surgery of slaughter than with medical matters; but in their day a great monastery and its church began to rise, built in part with the stones of the Roman temples of health that long served as a quarry. Bath now ranked as no mean city, the seat of a Mint and one of the most important places in the west of England, though the Domesday

Book gives its population as under a thousand.

During the Middle Ages it had a troubled life, like its neighbours; but we get occasional notices of it as a resort of sick persons from far and wide, also as a seat of woollen manufacture, a business in which Chaucer's Wife of Bath "passed them of Ypres and of Gaunt," so could well afford to go on pilgrimages for her soul's health. Its Abbey rose to give it a new dignity. Monks as yet flourished here rather than doctors of medicine; and for a time Bath was the seat of the bishopric to which it still gives half a name. John de Villula, indeed, Bishop under William Rufus, began life as a physician and used the waters in his practice. In 1560 Dean Turner, of Wells, published a book calling attention to their value.

The ecclesiastical glories of Bath suffered sorely from the Reformation; but under Elizabeth it became a corporation and extended its municipal boundaries. In the 16th century, increased security of travel had developed its character as a health resort. The Civil Wars made a serious interruption to this development, more than one fierce battle being fought in the neighbourhood. Charles I.'s queen had come to Bath as a patient. After the Restoration, Charles II. and James II. were among its visitors; and now it began to be established as a place of aristocratic rendezvous. In the King's Bath are still preserved some of the votive brass rings which cured patients were in the way of leaving to testify their gratitude. Garrulous Mr. Pepys came here, and has given us perhaps the first of a long series of glimpses into Bath life by well-known writers.

"Up at 4 o'clock, being by appointment called up to the Cross Bath, where we were carried one after another, myself and wife, and Betty Turner, Willet and W. Hewer. And by and by, though we designed to have done before company came, much company came; very fine ladies; and the manners pretty enough; only, methinks, it cannot be clean to go so many bodies together in the same water. Good conversation among them that are acquainted here and stay together. Strange to see how hot the water is; and in some places, though this is the most temperate bath, the springs are so hot as the feet are not able to endure. But strange to see, when

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women and men here, that live all the season in these waters, cannot be but parboiled, and look like the creatures of the bath. Carried away, wrapped in a sheet, and in a chair home; and then one after another thus carried, I staying above two hours in the water, home to bed, sweating for an hour; and by and by comes music to play to me, extraordinarily good, as ever I heard at London almost, or anywhere" (Penus's

Diary, 13th June 1668).

Macaulay, more suo, may have a little heightened his disparaging account of Bath at this period, but it seems, for all its royal patronage, to have been as yet sadly behindhand in the amenities of life. A writer, mentioned by him, who published an account of Bath sixty years after the Revolution, states that, in his younger days, gentlemen visiting the springs slept in rooms hardly as good as the garrets which he lived to see occupied by footmen. The chief amusements were walking in a sycamore grove (then the only promenade), or dancing upon the bowling-green to the music of a fiddle and a hauthov. The town was ill-built and uncleanly. "I never saw any place abroad that had more stinks and dirt in it," reports the Duchess of Marlborough in 1716; complaining also of "the noise that keeps one almost always awake." The arrangements for bathing were scandalous in their simplicity. The chairmen who carried half-naked patients from their lodgings were in the way of exacting exorbitant fares by refusing to let them out on their return, even opening the top of the box and leaving an obstinate invalid exposed to the rain. There was an almost complete want of refined public amusement. As at Spa, society was domineered over by bullies, gamesters, and adventurers. The reformation carried out in the next century was due to three men, who, each in his own way, may be regarded as the founders of modern Bath.

The most famous of these benefactors was Beau Nash, that adventurer of doubtful antecedents, who, early in the 18th century, established himself here as Master of Ceremonies, and bore rule with an effect beneficial on the whole. Nash was no model of the virtues, any more than the life of him, written as a piece of hack work by Oliver Goldsmith, is a pattern of accurate information; but he at least used his long unquestioned authority in the interests of decorum and refinement. and did much to make Bath a resort for good company. To him were due the Assembly Rooms. One of his most important decrees was against the wearing of swords in public places, which had frequently led to fatal quarrels; his predecessor, indeed, had been killed in a duel. In the carrying out of his fads and the enforcement of minor elegancies "the King of Bath" was not less zealous; and he took his royalty with imposing seriousness, frowning down the riding boots of

the gentlemen as the aprons of the ladies, and snubbing both great dignitaries of state and high ladies of fashion who rebelled against his rules. After half a century of social dictatorship he was pensioned off by the Corporation, and a few years later honoured with a public funeral. His successors in office, which he left important enough to cause a social war of disputed succession, could never gain the same authority; and it gradually died out, an attempt to revive its functions in

1875 proving a fiasco.

Contemporary with Nash's reign was that of Ralph Allen as Postmaster, Mayor, and local Mæcenas. This worthy, who is understood to have sat for the picture of Squire Allworthy in Tom Jones, and whom Pope has celebrated by name as doing good by stealth and blushing to find it fame, first distinguished himself by his improvements in the postal service, then, having made a large fortune through his enterprise in developing the Bath quarries, became supreme in municipal affairs, as also a generous patron of art and literature. At his mansion of Prior Park, he entertained Pope, Fielding, Richardson, Bishops Sherlock, Hurd, Warburton, and other writers who helped to spread the fame of his adopted city, for he was a native of Cornwall. The elder Pitt's connection with Bath, as city member, appears to have come about through Part of the year, in his latter days, he spent at Weymouth, where he is said to have introduced the bathingmachines so familiar at our watering-places, an invention also attributed to a quaker and to Margate.

The third renovator of Bath was a protégé of Allen's, James Wood, who has the credit of originating the more fanciful and varied style of street architecture that became a pattern for other watering-places. Beginning with Queen's Square, early in the reign of George II., he went on to construct the Parades, the Circus, Milsom Street, the Royal Crescent, and other blocks of buildings in a novel style which seemed then the height of elegance. By this architect and by his son, Bath was practically rebuilt, and before the end of the century had taken that aspect of solid and spacious dignity which still

characterises it.

"All the polite and the gallant, are either gone or preparing for the Bath," writes Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in 1738. A generation later, Smollett in Humphrey Chinker complains that all sorts of inferior persons had followed the fashion, each "cowkeeper of Tottenham," suddenly enriched nabob, or other upstart of fortune, welcomed, if he chose to pay for it, by the ringing of the Abbey bells or a serenade from the band. Serious curing of disease was quite overlaid by the racket of this miscellaneous society, which seems to have mixed together on terms of remarkable freedom. "Instead of that peace,

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tranquillity, and ease, so necessary to those who labour under bad health, weak nerves, and irregular spirits, here we have nothing but noise, tumult, and hurry, with the fatigue and slavery of maintaining a ceremonial, more stiff, formal, and oppressive than the etiquette of a German elector. A national hospital it may be; but one would imagine that none but lunatics are admitted; and, truly, I will give you leave to call me so, if I stay much longer at Bath," vows the splenetic Welsh Squire who represents Smollett's self more nearly than most of his heroes. But mere pleasure-seekers did not drive away those who came as real or imaginary invalids; nor did the vulgar herd drown that tone of good company which was the pride of Bath, and the marked flavour of literary and artistic taste, which enabled the author of the New Bath Guide to boast in the style of his period—

"The Muses haunt these hallowed groves,
And here their vigils keep;
Here teach fond swains their hapless loves
In gentle strains to weep."

Now came the golden age of Bath. In the middle of the century the population was about 9000. Fifty years later, it had nearly quadrupled. During this time, the list of Bath visitors included almost all the celebrities of England. Famous painters, Gainsborough and Lawrence, found it worth while to practise their art here. Good musicians gained support in such a fashionable home of the Muses. Popular novelists reflected the gay scene in which many of them cut a figure. from the days when Matthew Bramble was here "comfortably lodged for five guineas a week," to those when Mr. Pickwick "began to drink the waters with the utmost assiduity." The then new race of blue-stockings showed a particular affection. for Bath, with which are associated memories of Lady Miller, Madame Piozzi, Miss Burney, Mrs. Macaulay, Miss Fielding, Hannah More, Mrs. Ratcliffe, and Jane Austen. Sir Walter Scott, as a child, was taken to Bath, and went through an ineffectual course of treatment for his lameness. But indeed its eminent inhabitants or sojourners are too many to catalogue, the list coming down to Walter Savage Landor, almost in our own day, and to the late Lord Leighton, who spent part of his youth here. A recently deceased citizen of Bath was Sir Isaac Pitman, known all over the world by his system of phonetic shorthand.

Landor, in his robustious moods, was wont to declare that the Circus at Bath surpassed anything at Rome or elsewhere. "It is really a splendid city in a lovely, even a noble country," writes Edward Fitzgerald in 1854; but his enthusiasm was now out of the mode. In our century this long course of prosperity seemed to have received a decided check. In 1828 Prince Pückler-Moskau found Bath quite deserted by fashion, though still frequented by invalids and by such philosophic idlers as Mr. Pickwick. As the opening of the Continent by peace and improved means of travel brought foreign rivals into the field, Mr. John Bull developed a disposition to despise his own Abanas and Pharphars. Bath having lost its position as a provincial metropolis of gaiety, like other native watering-places, had to fall back upon more sober attractions as a place of comfortable residence. Anglo-Indians, retired officers, dowagers, and other fairly wellto-do folk found it a congenial home, not too expensive now. The Evangelical school of religion, flourishing here for a time, which indeed had made its influence felt even in Bath's gayest days, was an attraction to many. The educational facilities offered by the Bath College and other schools brought families to fill the roomy houses, deserted by health and pleasure seekers. So, for a generation or two, Bath lived on in the utmost respectability, upon the memory of its best days and the comfort of not much worse ones.

But our generation has brought marked revival of faith in the curative powers of our own waters; and Bath is rising anew upon this wave of public opinion. The authorities have shown due enterprise in developing its natural resources, especially by the introduction of the best foreign methods of balneolical treatment. In ten years, the numbers of persons using the baths had doubled; and so much benefit had been received that the medical profession once more rallied round Bath, which goes on multiplying its patients, and, though no longer standing so far above all competitors, may be said to flourish as much as ever through its various attractions. The population is nearly 50,000; there are no statistics to show the number of visitors residing in it for longer or shorter periods.

but these must make a considerable addition.

The Bath Waters.—The city has a daily supply of some half-million gallons of hot water, welling up at a high temperature through some fissure in the older rocks, and finding their way to the surface, as Sir Charles Lyall has remarked, near a junction of the Lias with the Upper Oolite formation. This water belongs to the class known as indifferent or earthy, slightly alkaline and more slightly chalybeate. The analysis, officially published, is by Professor Attfield.

			Grains per Imp. Gallor			
Carbonate of Calcium .					7.8402	
Sulphate of Calcium .					94.1080	
Nitrate of Calcium .						
Carbonate of Magnesium	1163				.5611	
Chloride of Magnesium					15.2433	
Chloride of Sodium .		3696	25.75		15.1555	

			Grains	pe	er Imp. Gallor
Sulphate of Sodium					23.1400
Sulphate of Potassium					6.7020
Nitrate of Potassium					1.0540
Carbonate of Iron					1.2173
Silica					2.7061
				-	68.2808

There are three springs in use, of which the hottest comes out at a temperature of 120° F., all of them above 100°. The water is almost colourless and tasteless; and but for the lukewarm state in which it comes to be sipped, would be unobjectionable

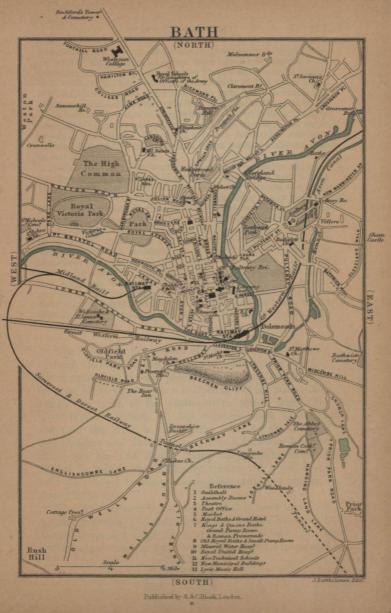
as a beverage.

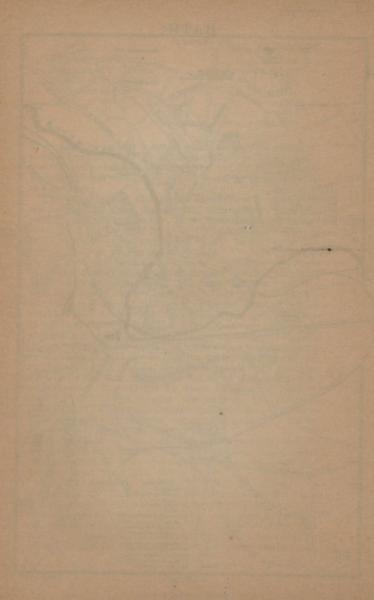
This water is used with success in the treatment of gout, rheumatism, the allied digestive and skin troubles, neuralgia, paralysis and other diseases. It is drunk, usually in limited quantities; but the chief use is by the unrivalled collection of baths in which vapour and spray, as well as hot water, are brought to bear on the peccant organs. The old system of simple immersion is now supplemented by all sorts of elaborate apparatus, in many cases borrowed from Continental spas, while, by the way, on some parts of the Continent what we call a Turkish is known as an "Irish" bath, and the alternate administration of hot and cold jets is a "Scotch douche." A few years ago the "Aix douches" were the height of medical fashion at this as at our other renovated spas. More recently the Bath physicians have had great success in the use of the "Nauheim treatment," where the water is charged with brine and aerated by the carbonic acid gas so wanting in our English mineral springs; this, strengthening the pulse and producing a sparkling warmth on the skin, makes the hot water more tolerable to weak hearts. The charges for these balneological luxuries seem rather high to invalids who have to pay them repeatedly; but though the demand is so great that baths have to be engaged beforehand in the crowded season, we are informed that there is a loss on the working.

The whole of the baths are Corporation property, and indirectly must bring no small gain to the citizens. The different establishments, all lying close together, will be mentioned par-

ticularly in our description of the city.

Climate.—On this head Bath cannot be unreservedly commended. "The bottom of the town a stewpot, the top a gridiron," is Mrs. Piozzi's blunt account of it; but this must be taken as a half-jocular sally. If the lower parts of the town, confined by heights, are too relaxing—"close," "stuffy," are epithets sometimes applied not without cause—a more bracing air can be enjoyed on the dry soil of the upper quarters, un-





fortunately too far from the baths to be convenient for patients. In winter the climate is rather mild; and the accusation of excessive summer heat is denied by Bath's advocates on statistical authority. Lansdown and other parts of the town stand 500 feet above the sea; and there one gets quite as much airy breeze as most delicate folk care for. Exposed to the west wind, Bath has its fair share of rain, which, however, will be rapidly drained off upon the well-paved slopes. The drainage and water supply are excellent. The death-rate is a favourable one, considering the number of elderly and infirm persons who come here

to end their days. Bath's reputation for warmth causes it to be rather shunned by strangers in the height of summer. The season may be said to last all the rest of the year, spring being perhaps the most crowded time. The balls in Easter week bring many visitors; then the races towards the end of May may be considered as a winding up of the season, after which those who visit Bath only for its beauties-as more might do if they knew how beautiful it is-would find them at their best, with the warmest of welcomes from the inhabitants. At all times, Bath makes a pleasant place of sojourn, in the centre of a district abounding with scenic, historic, antiquarian, and geological interest; and the American tourists, whom Nathaniel Hawthorne's recommendation and the spell of Shakespeare's name draw so often to Leamington, might thank us for the hint that Bath also would give them very striking and memorable aspects of the "old country."

The older and lower part of Bath stands on a tongue of land enclosed to the south and east by the bending Avon, crossed at several points by road and foot-bridges, on most of which there is a halfpenny toll for pedestrians. Beside the river, at the south-eastern corner stands the Great Western Station. A few minutes' walk westward, also near the river, is the station used by the Midland and Somerset and Dorset lines. About half-way between these two, the Old Bridge (below the remarkable Skew Bridge by which the G. W. Ry. crosses the river) opens into the central business thoroughfare running upwards through the city.

This thoroughfare is not so long that it need take such a series of names, Southgate Street, Stall Street, Union Street, Burton Street, Old Bond Street, and Milsom Street. At its lower end, coming up from the bridge, it is narrower and



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less pretentious. The higher part, Milsom Street, is the Regent Street of Bath, offering a fine show of shops, in summer gay with awnings shading the broad pavement known to so many generations of water-drinkers.

A tramway runs up from the bridge, diverging at Cheap Street round the Abbey Church into High Street, to follow the right bank of the Avon through Walcot, as far as the suburb of Grosvenor. A little way below Milsom Street, at the intersection of Upper Boro' Walls on the left, is a starting-place of suburban omnibuses. But before we have got so far up, the thoroughfare leads us into the focus of Bath life, where on one side (replacing the "White Hart" of Mr. Pickwick's days) stands the Grand Pump-Room Hotel beside the New Royal Baths; on the other, the Pump-Room beside the King's and Queen's Baths, in the opening beyond which is the Abbey Church. To the south of the Baths is the United Hospital (general); to the north the Mineral Water Hospital, founded by Ralph Allen, Nash, and others for the benefit of patients all over the kingdom.

THE BATHS

The Pump-Room, with its adjacent baths, stands above the centre of the old Roman city. Built at the end of the 18th century, it shows a classical façade 90 feet long. The entrances are at the two corners of the flagged space opening through a colonnade from the street. The waters are here dispensed by attendant Hebes in an alcove with stained-glass windows, beside an entrance to the King's Bath. Over the door is Pindar's well-worn aphorism, APISTON MEN $Y\Delta\Omega P$, in praise of water, said to have been suggested as a motto by Dr. Johnson. At one end is the gallery for the orchestra; at the other, in a niche, the statue of Beau Nash.¹

¹ We have stated in our Guide to Watering-places, Where to Go, that this statue was once flanked by "bustos" of Pope and Newton, driven from such a position by the epigram:—

There is also a cabinet of Roman antiquities; but changes about to be mentioned will probably lead to this being transferred elsewhere; and to the removal of the chairs which at present too much encumber the hall.

The Pump-Room is open week-days 8.30 A.M. to 6 P.M. (Sundays 12.30 to 2 P.M.) Admission free, except when the concerts are going on, when a charge of 6d. is made. Subscriptions may be taken for a year. The water is dispensed at 2d. a glass, or by coupons sold in books of 14 for 1s. 6d. The early morning drinking, common at continental spas, seems little in favour here, the forenoon being the usual time.

The small Hetling Pump-Room is in the Old Royal Baths, where the water may be had superheated. There is a free

fountain in the main street.

The concerts hitherto held in the Pump-Room were troubled by the coming and going of water drinkers. A large new Concert Room has now been added, to which the music is to be transferred. This Concert Room, by its galleries, will communicate with another new feature. The large Roman Bath (see p. 3) underneath, which since its discovery has been one of the sights of Bath, is now laid out as a Roman Promenade, where visitors may sit or stroll among the antiquities, with the modern

accompaniments of music and electric light.

The Baths and waters are Corporation property, worked together in separate establishments, all close to the Pump-Room. Opposite it is the Corporation Office, where tickets must be taken; and in the full season it is necessary to book baths in advance. There are said to be 40 miles of piping in the whole group of baths; and more than forty different kinds of treatment are given, the more elaborate only at the two Baths first mentioned, to which in recent years have been added a great number of new bathing-rooms and apparatus for local application of the waters, copied in some cases from those used at Aix-les-Bains, Vichy, Mont Dore, and elsewhere. Douche, sitz, spray, shower, and vapour baths can be had here in the most luxurious form; and there are arrangements for massage, inhalation, and other forms of treatment. It is this determination not to be left behind by foreign rivals that has given the Bath waters their new lease of prosperity. Crippled

"The statue placed these busts between,
Gives satire all its strength:
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length."

We are informed that it was a *picture* of Nash, in another place, which was the theme of this *jeu d'esprit*.

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invalids will even find a crane for placing them in and out of the water, and a lift for taking their bath-chairs from one story to the other. A card is supplied to visitors setting forth the charges and other particulars, and the choice of establishment will, no doubt, be dictated by the doctor; so we need only give a list of them, with some indication of their position.

The King's Bath adjoins the Pump-Room, and contains all the various modern appliances that have replaced the open basin where patients of both sexes used to bathe in flannels, as we learn from Anstey and other writers of last century. The Queen's Bath here is now only a name. The building was enlarged in 1889.

The New Royal Baths are part of the Grand Pump-Room Hotel building, whose guests have the advantage of being able to reach their bath without going into the open air. Attached to this is a large swimming bath (1s.: for ladies, Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays—for gentlemen, Tuesdays till 1 P.M., Thursdays, and Saturdays till 9 P.M., Sundays till 9.30 A.M.).

The Old Royal Baths are slightly cheaper, and not so complete. These and the Hetling Pump-Room are at the end of Bath Street, a short colonnaded street opposite the King's Bath. Through the opening on the south side is reached the Tepid Swimming Bath, rather smaller than the one at the New Royal Baths (open Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, 6d., with private dressing-room, 9d.; Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, 3d. and 6d.).

The Kingston Baths, just below the King's Bath, is a smaller and cheaper establishment, used chiefly by the townspeople (entrance by Church Street, a passage leading down

from south side of the Abbey).

The Cross Bath, standing out in the open space opposite the Old Royal Baths, is that in which Pepys bathed amid the best of company, now fallen from its high estate to be a swimming or dabbling place for youngsters who can afford no more than 1d. Open daily (Wednesdays excepted, Sundays till 9 A.M.). Thursdays reserved for females.

Bartholomew's Turkish Baths are in Edgar Buildings. There is an ordinary Swimming Bath (open in summer) in Brock Street; also the fresh-water Cleveland Bath by the river-side.

The Abbey Church.

On the east side of the Pump-Room rises this stately fane, overlooking an open space beyond which the Municipal Buildings complete the centre group of public institutions. Open 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. except during service hours. Week-days, 10 A.M., 4 P.M. Wednesdays, 8 P.M. Sundays, 8 A.M., 11 A.M., 3 P.M., 6.30 P.M.

The present Abbey Church is believed to occupy the spot on which King Osric in 676 A.D. built a nunnery, succeeded by the "Mira Fabrica" in which King Eadgar was crowned 973 A.D. The name Abbey has clung to it for centuries, though there has been no Abbot here since early Norman days. After sustaining various calamities from war, fire, and neglect, it fell into such a state of decay that an entire re-edification became necessary, and was begun by Bishop Oliver King, translated from Exeter in 1495, of whom the following story is told. While this prelate lay musing one night on his bed, he fancied he saw the Holy Trinity, with angels ascending and descending a ladder, near which was a crown of olive leaves, and heard a voice proclaim, "Let an Olive establish the crown, and a King restore the church"; which he interpreted as a command given from on high to rebuild the church. He died, however, before he got the walls raised to their proper height, and not till the 4th of October 1616 was the church completed, through the exertions of James Montague, then Bishop of Bath. The richly carved door in the grand or western entrance was given in 1617 by Sir Henry Montague, brother of the bishop. The sculpture on the façade is very much dilapidated, although it is still possible to make out on the two square towers part of the representation of Oliver King's vision, which so much dismayed the Presbyterian imagination of little Walter Scott, as he tells us in his autobiographical fragment.

The church was restored in 1874, under the direction of Sir Gilbert Scott, who also designed the reredos. It is 225 feet long from west to east, 124 feet broad at the transept, or from north to south; and the tower, an oblong square, is 162 feet high. It is lighted by fifty-two lofty windows, of which the greater number are stained glass, inserted as memorials at the expense of private individuals. The same symbolic design gave it seven entrance doors, four great pillars (to represent the four seasons) and twelve smaller ones (the months). From the number and great size of its windows it has been called "The Lantern of England," a title, however, shared with York Minster. The style is late Gothic, vertical tracery, handsome fascicled columns supporting elliptical arches, over which rises the roof covered with fan

groining.

The coup d'wil on entering and the effect of the stained glass windows in this spacious area is very fine, nor are its modern ecclesiastical decorations unworthy of such a church. That there is "snug lying in the Abbey," we know; and its walls are largely lined with monuments, many in the common-

place style of last century, but some displaying fine works of

art and recording more or less famous names.

In the Nave stands the altar tomb with recumbent effigy of Bishop Montague. On the south side of the Choir is Prior Birde's beautiful little Chantry Chapel, an isolated rectangular structure, about 10 feet broad by about 20 long, of which the walls are composed of mullion work with transoms, and the roof is covered with fan groining. Diaper mouldings with W's and figures of birds (the rebus of his name, W. Birde) run round the wall, the sculpture being of most chaste and delicate workmanship. At the end of the south transept is the handsome monument in black and white marble to Lady Jane Waller, "in graces great, in stature small," "wife to Sir William Waller, Knight," the parliamentary general. There is a tradition that King James II., passing through the church and casting his eye on Waller's obnoxious effigy, drew his sword and hacked off its nose, which somehow has suffered damage.

Among the less conspicuous memorials we may call attention to the monument to Lady Miller of Batheaston, and that to Bartholomew Barnes and wife (temp. James I.), which face each other from the sides of the altar. Near Prior Birde's Chapel are Chantrey's monuments to W. Hoare, the Bath artist, and to Sir R. Bickerton. The long inscription on the monument to Mary Frampton is by Dryden; that on the tomb of Quin, the actor, who spent his last days at Bath, by his rival Garrick. At the west corner of the south transept is the tomb of Beau Nash with an epitaph by Dr. Harington, a once well-known wit and worthy of Bath, who has a memorial of his own in another part of the church. A plain tablet to Malthus, the political economist, is just within the northern doorway of the main entrance. Another tablet commemorates Christopher Anstey (buried at Walcot Church), whose New Bath Guide delighted his own generation by its coarse wit, and may be compared, to the advantage of our own taste, with the work of a contemporary humorist of the same name.

In the vestry of the Abbey is the oldest collection of books in the city, begun by Bishop Lake, who died 1624. An original catalogue, beautifully written on large pages of vellum, contains the names of many standard books of the time, with those of their donors, among whom were the unfortunate Duchess of Monmouth, William Prynne, and the venerable Bishop Ken, who bequeathed his library to the Abbey, whither the books were conveyed from Longleat, seat of the Marquis

of Bath, whose guest he was during his deprivation.

The patronage of the Abbey was bought by the Simeon Trustees, who also held several other livings in the neighbourhood. For long, then, Bath was a stronghold of Evangelical doctrine; but all schools are now represented in its many churches and chapels, old and new. The two churches of Bathwick, St. John's and St. Mary's, seem at present to be recognised as going nearest the other extreme. Proprietary chapels, some of them still remaining, were at one time a leading feature in the religious life of the city. At such select places of worship, it is said that fine ladies occupied recesses like drawing-rooms, curtained and furnished with fireplaces and tables for light refreshments handed round by black pages before the sermon! The best known of these was the Octagon Chapel, where Herschel was organist, and the late Archbishop Magee minister for a time. Here Mrs. Piozzi saw a fashionable congregation packed like "seeds in a sunflower," so that she congratulated herself on getting safe away from such a press. The Octagon, reached by a passage opening on the right at the bottom of Milsom Street, is now degraded into a warehouse.

Besides popular orators of the Establishment, Bath has "sat under" such lights of Nonconformity as Wesley, Whitfield, and W. Jay, who preached at the Independent Chapel for more

than half a century.

Before resuming our perambulation of the city, let us warn the reader that his course must now be a little devious; but if he keep the Abbey in mind as a central point, and the main thoroughfare to the west of it, there

need be no fear of his going astray.

Opposite the east end of the church, from the Market Place opens northwards High Street, having at its corner a handsome block of Municipal Buildings, including the Markets and the City Technical School. The Guild Hall contains portraits of royal personages, benefactors to the town by their patronage, of Pitt, its member of Parliament in 1761, of Christopher Anstey, of Ralph Allen, and of other local worthies. This is at the Abbey end of the block; at the farther end has been built the new Art Gallery with which Bath chose to mark for itself the Diamond Jubilee of the lamented Queen Victoria, in a handsome structure that does credit to the city. There is also here a Public Library.

From High Street, round this block, we turn to the right for the *Pulteney Bridge*, which leads us unawares over the Avon and into *Great Pulteney Street*, perhaps the finest street of Bath, though really in the parish of *Bathwick*.

This runs broad and straight to the Sydney Gardens, a resort which has had some vicissitudes, and long offered a large unused building to tempt speculation, the turning of which into an hotel met with local opposition.

Above are the buildings of the Bath College, which takes a good position among public schools, and has overcome its chief disadvantage by the acquisition of a cricket field close at hand. On one of the opposite heights is the Hermitage, which may be called the chief among Bath's

many private schools.

We now return to the Abbey. Had we kept on from its east end in front of the Guild Hall, we should have passed through the opening known as Orange Grove, once a fashionable promenade, named from the obelisk erected by Beau Nash to commemorate the Prince of Orange's cure by the Bath waters, 1734. Bearing round to the right, we come thus to the Literary and Scientific Institution, its library and reading-rooms open at various rates of subscription, beginning with 2s. 6d. a week. was the site of the original Assembly Rooms. Adjoining is the Museum, with its large collection of Roman and other antiquities (admission 2d., Thursdays free). Institution is also the headquarters of several scientific and other societies. Lectures are given in the large hall. The Institution Gardens and the Recreation Ground across the river make a pleasant prospect from this corner.

Immediately beyond project the North and South Parades, with their side streets, which have lodged Burke and Sheridan, Wilberforce and Wordsworth, and have still rocms much at the service of future celebrities. To this remnant of old-fashioned dignity, Manvers Street leads straight—up from the G. W. Railway, by the tall spire of the Roman Catholic Church; and this would be the shortest line from the station to the Abbey, our

central point, to which let us again return.

The short High Street runs parallel with Union Street, at the head of the former rising the spire of St. Michael's Church. Between them is a narrow flagged alley of shops recalling the "Rows" of Yarmouth; and this is inter-

sected by a covered passage called the Corridor, connecting the two streets. High Street is continued by Broad Street, as Union Street by Milsom Street, both mounting up to George Street, which forms the top of a T, and may be said to divide the business from the residential quarter. In this broad short street, are the Post-Office, the York House Hotel, and the block called Edgar Buildings.

Before ascending to the upper part of the town, let us take a look at that lying to the west of the main thoroughfare. From it, above the Baths and Pump-Room, Westgate Street goes off to the left, through a somewhat decayed quarter still showing traces of days when beaux and wits were at home here. Through Kingsmead Square we get into James Street, presently passing the Midland Station, beyond which Bath again blossoms out into quiet gentility with the Green Park and other terraces. At the corner of Kingsmead Street and the rather triangular little Square of that name, the ornamented house was once Bishop Butler's of the Analogy.

In an opening a little higher up, reached from Union Street by turning along the *Upper Boro' Walk*, stands the *New Theatre Royal*, with a modern "Lyric" Hall opposite it. The ornate *Garrick's Head*, making part of the theatre front, was at one time Beau Nash's abode. The Theatre itself (rebuilt 1862) lies behind this. It is open nearly all the year, and will be often occupied by good companies.

North of this, to the left of Milsom Street is Queen's Square, which (built 1729) may be taken as the nucleus of modern Bath. Though a good deal given up to lodgings and private hotels, it retains its genteel dignity, and in the centre of its garden an obelisk erected by Beau Nash, 1737, to commemorate the patronage of Frederick, Prince of Wales. At the west corner of the north side (Nos. 21 and 22) is the Bath and County Club, the chief institution of the kind. Charles Street leads up to Queen's Square from the Midland Station. Charlotte Street, at the other corner, contains the Holburne Art Museum (open free).

From the north-east corner of this square, presently passing the west end of George Street, Gay Street mounts

steeply up to the Circus, now much inhabited by the doctors who carry on a keen rivalry here; but this ring of uniformly built houses had once illustrious residents in different walks of life. No. 7 was inhabited by the "Great Commoner," William Pitt; No. 14 by Lord Clive; No. 24 by Gainsborough, the painter; No. 35 by the unfortunate Major André. Mrs. Piozzi in her last years lived at No. 8 Gay Street.

Turning to the right from the Circus along Bennett Street, we find the Assembly Rooms, approached on either side by a flagged passage out of George Street. This large block is not the original Rooms of Beau Nash's reign, which were destroyed by fire; yet the same in which Catherine Morland and so many other heroines of Georgian romance have danced and taken tea. In their days there were both "Upper" and "Lower" Rooms, as we learn from Jane Austen's Northanger Abbey. that most amusing picture of Bath life a century ago. Dancing was then a regular amusement; at present the assemblies must be called occasional, now that the duties of invalids are taken more seriously. The Easter Monday fancy dress balls and others at this time attract many visitors. Concerts and entertainments are frequently given.

To the left from the Circus we turn by Brock Street to the Royal Crescent, behind which rises the fine spire of St. Andrew's Church standing in the Julian Road, which preserves the memory of the Roman Via Julia. This crescent is a remarkably stately one of thirty mansions, whose fronts, adorned with Ionic columns, look down over a sloping lawn upon the Royal Avenue, which leads to the Victoria Park, as does a wide walk above, both entered from the north-west corner of Queen's Square.

The Royal Victoria Park, with its avenue, makes a pretty bit of landscape gardening, enlivened by water and flower-beds, and containing specimens of almost every British tree, as well as many foreign ones, labelled with their names for public information. At the entrance of the Park proper stands an Obelisk to commemorate

the majority of Queen Victoria, its godmother. At the farther end, in the upper corner, is a Botanic Garden, open to the public, where a special collection of hardy herbaceous plants may be examined. Near this the "Shakespeare Dell" forms an attractive spot, distinguished by an altar in memory of the bard's tercentenary; and several vases and other memorials are dotted about the Park. The city band plays here and alternately in the other public gardens.

At the farther end of the Park are Lawn Tennis Courts; and beyond it, in Upper Weston, the Archery Ground for a pastime still kept up at Bath. Above the Park rises the High Common, a slope of green meadows intersected by walks, on the east side of which are St. James Square, Cavendish Crescent, and some more of the best residences in Bath. Mounting on this side to Sion Hill, we can turn to the right for Lansdown, or to the

left for Weston, beyond the High Common.

Several of the hillside lanes and passages so common in Bath lead up to the high-placed suburb of Lansdown, but it has as its main approach the steep line of street which, under the names of Belmont, Belvidere, and Lansdown Road, mounts from the east end of George Street. On the right-hand side goes off Camden Crescent, below which will be seen the entrance to the Hedgemead Park, where a piece of waste landslip has been turned into a pretty pleasure-ground, commanding a good view of the river valley and the opposite heights. Below here, is the river-side parish of Walcot, in whose church are buried Christopher Anstey and Madame d'Arblay (Fanny Burney). The tramway, bearing to the right from the end of High Street, runs through Walcot; and from the end of George Street Bladud Buildings and the crescent called the Paragon take a rather higher line that would lead us to the foot of Hedgemead Park.

Farther up the Lansdown Road comes the Lansdown Grove Hotel, and Lansdown Crescent opens on the left hand. We are now at a height of about 500 feet; but still Bath goes on spreading up this lofty slope, above

St. Stephen's Church, whose tower forms such a conspicuous landmark. Turning along Lansdown Crescent, we find a pretty walk striking down to the High Common quarter. The double house in this-crescent, joined by an archway, was the residence of Beckford, author of Vathek.

From the high grounds, we look down upon the lower suburbs, extending by the river in either direction along the line of the London and the Bristol roads respectively. Like other cities, Bath has shown a tendency to extend at its west end, in the suburbs of Upper and Lower Weston, opposite which, on the left bank of the Avon, lies the cloth manufacturing quarter of Twerton or Twiverton, once an independent village, where the author of Tom Jones lived in the corner house of a row called Fielding's Terrace. But Bath's most stately suburb is the eastern and transpontine one of Bathwick, opposite which, and round a fresh bend of the river up the right bank, sweep the quarters known as Walcot, Cleveland, and Grosvenor, overlooked by new crescents and terraces on the slopes of Beacon Hill.

Up the river beyond Bathwick is the Cleveland Swimming Bath of fresh water (open in summer 6 to 11 A.M.; 4 to 8 p.m.—6d. or by season ticket), which may be found by turning along the road beside the railway and canal from the Sydney Gardens. Close at hand is a Boating Station, from which a pleasant row may be taken for a mile or so upwards, and farther if the boat be lifted over Bathampton Weir. Boats may be hired lower down, at the north end of High Street; also at Twerton for the lower reaches of the river.

The trout fishing of the Avon and other streams of the neighbourhood is a matter of license (2s. 6d. for the season, 6d. a day, and so forth), to be obtained from the Clerk to the Conservators.

To get a general view of Bath, one cannot do better than what he might have done at first, ascend the Beechen Cliff, 400 feet, which just across the river rises abruptly opposite the city, "that noble hill," as Jane Austen says, "whose beautiful verdure and hanging coppice render it so striking an object from almost every opening in Bath." This makes a half-hour's stroll from the Pump-Room. Cross the Old Bridge, on the farther side of which a large sign-post indicates the roads here diverging. The brow of the cliff may be gained at either end. The easier ascent is by the road bearing a little to the right hand, when one has passed through the railway arch. (The Wells Road, turning directly to the right, would also take one round by a more gradual and circuitous route). Mounting through Holloway, look out for a path that strikes off opposite a little church, and beyond a watering trough. This path at once leads on to the western end of the cliff, from which the view is more uninterrupted. The other end is higher, but here the beeches interfere with the prospect. To get on to this end, turn left from the bridge under the railway, as far as the foot of Lyncombe Hill, a little up which take a turn to the right, and look out, after a few paces, for a path and long flight of stairs marked as the way to Beechen Cliff. The path runs along the whole edge, commanding a complete prospect of Bath, well displayed on its slopes with the Abbey Church standing out prominently in the centre.

Beacon Hill, 450 feet, one of the highest points of Bath, is another fine view-point on the opposite side, overlooking the upper bend of the Avon. It may be reached by going up the Lansdown Road, and taking the fork to the right at St. Stephen's Church, then a turn in the same direction. The pleasantest way for those who are not afraid of a stiff pull is to follow the steep broad lane that strikes up behind Camden Crescent. At the top, turn to the right by a road that brings one to the entrance of private grounds, where a board warns off all but foot passengers. A few paces farther along, a zigzag stair, known as "Jacob's Ladder," mounts the wooded bank, and takes us up to the brow of the hill, along which we must turn to the right for the highest point. A little farther on, from the end of Summerfield Road, the

high bank may be descended by another winding way through the woods, where one might hardly suppose oneself within the limits of a city.

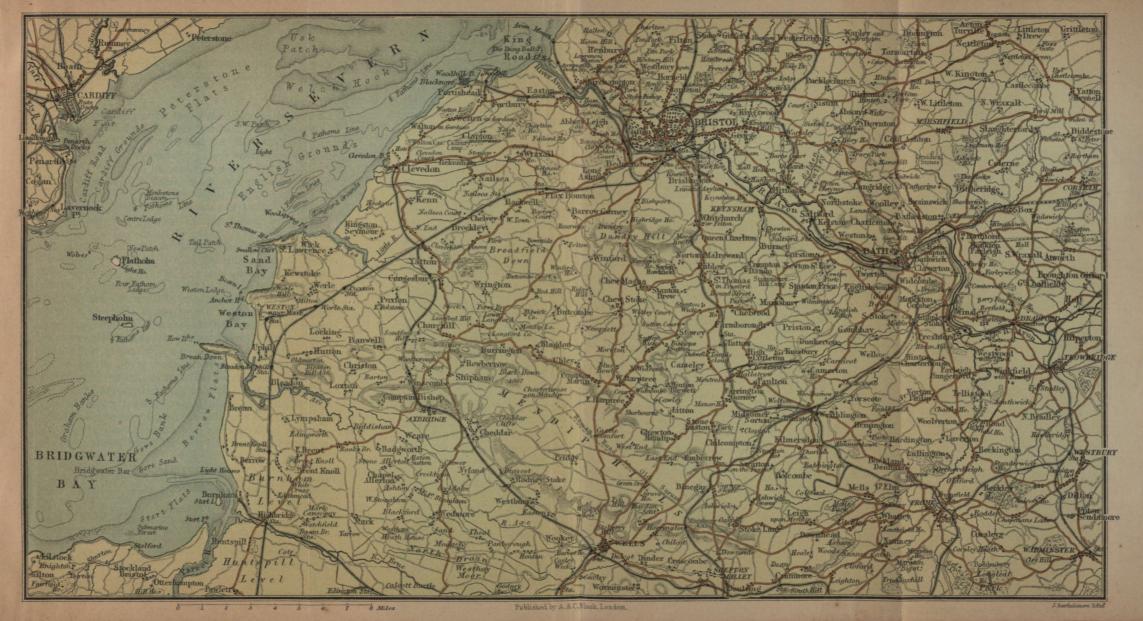
These are only two among the commanding heights about Bath. Before extending our survey, let us remind week-kneed strangers that they may get a good way up the steep ascents by help of rather antique omnibuses, which, from a corner of the main street, ply to the different suburbs and surrounding villages—to Twerton, Weston, Larkhall, Newton St. Lo, Combe Down, Batheaston, Bathford, the Wells Road, Prior Park Road, etc.

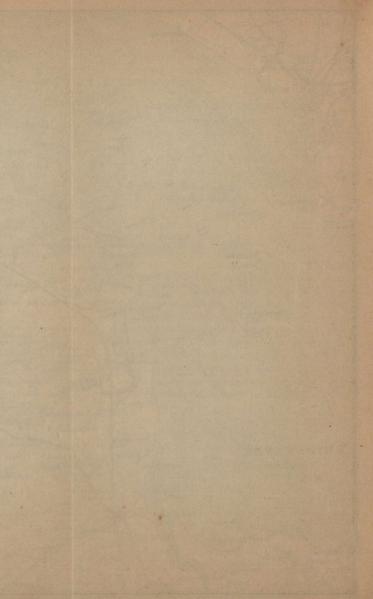
THE ENVIRONS OF BATH

The hill and valley scenery about Bath is bold as well as rich in a degree seldom found along with so many dwellings of men. Mansions, cottages, parks, factories, and large villages are thickly planted for miles around, on sites overlooking beautifully varied prospects. Uncompromising admirers of wild nature may regret this populousness, yet it seems not out of keeping with a fine style of rurality to which it supplies striking features in the general prospect, wherever the oolite stone of the district has cropped up to take shape in buildings half hidden by woods and gardens.

We will conduct the reader to the chief points of the neighbourhood, first picking out two or three which, by their nearness or notableness, may be recommended to those spending only a day or two here; then making roughly a circuit of radiation from the city, with some hint of how the walks in each direction may be combined or extended. There is no want of roads, lanes, and beautiful field-paths; and by keeping in mind the lie of the river valley, a stranger, even without a map, can hardly go wrong within half a dozen miles of Bath.

The Beechen Cliff has been mentioned as the best





point for a near view; and, to begin with, the visitor cannot do better than extend his rambles on the heights behind it.

Combe Down, at the top of these heights, is the most elevated quarter of Bath (over 500 feet), and lodgings may be had here by those who find the valley too relaxing. This height is honeycombed by the quarries out of which Bath was built, and Ralph Allen made his fortune. A little below its brow stands his famous mansion of Prior Park, looking down a deep combe which opens for it what is thought the finest prospect of Bath. There are various ways of getting up, all more or less steep, unless one makes a long circuit by road. It is suggestive that the omnibuses to Combe Down, like Alpine railways. charge more for going up than for coming down. From the Old Bridge, the direct line is to go out by the road up the river to the left, pass the foot of Lyncombe Hill and take the next opening to the right marked Prior Park Road. This leads us up to the Abbey Cemetery, where three roads diverge. That to the left bends round almost at once to Widcombe Church (see below). That on the right might presently be left by the first turning on the left, a pretty byway with a grim name, "Hangman's Lane," from the gallows that once stood here; this winds up round the cemetery to a view of Prior Park (on the left), and lands us on Combe Down. The central road going straight and steep up the hill leads past the gate of Prior Park, then gains the road running along the edge of Combe Down, where the lane just mentioned comes in to the right.

Prior Park, the magnificent mansion built by Wood for Ralph Allen, who delighted here to entertain wits and scholars, having been increased by two wings in the same Corinthian style, forms a crescent of classical buildings, now used as a great Roman Catholic school, where the Tom Jones and Blifils of this generation are no doubt brought up under better instructors than Thwackum and Square. Permission to go over it must be sought from the Principal; but we understand that on application strangers would at any convenient time be

allowed to pass through for the famous prospect from the colonnade in front. The Church also is worth visiting. In the dell below, towards Widcombe, is a pretty sheet of water, crossed by a *Palladian Bridge*, in one of the recesses of which Pope is said to have written his Essay on Man; a shady walk here is also associated with his memory.

Widcombe Church and Hall lie below Prior Park at the mouth of the combe. Ralph Allen is identified with Squire Allworthy, though the description of his house in Tom Jones only in part corresponds to the site of Prior Park; so Widcombe has been fancied the seat of Squire Western. Certainly such a home would be thrown away on that boozy Nimrod. Close to it stands the old Church, the oldest in Bath, with its picturesque ivycovered tower and the beautiful churchyard in which Landor wished to rest. This was the favourite goal of his walks when he lived in Bath. It may be reached from the Cemetery, as above mentioned, or from the height on the other side, where rises the new Church of Widcombe, close by.

Lyncombe Hill, a little farther to the west, may also be ascended by the end of Beechen Cliff. Most of the roads upwards more or less directly take us into that level one running along the edge of Combe Down.

The Sham Castle.—This battlemented erection, so prominent near the top of the eastern downs, is a mere shell of the "folly" order, but effective enough from below. It is much visited for the fine view, gained by a steep walk of half an hour. There are various ways of getting at it, up the slopes of Bathwick Hill. The simplest is to go out Great Pulteney Street, and by Sydney Place, in the last house of which Queen Charlotte lived while taking the waters. Here begins the Warminster Road, on which, crossing the railway, then the canal, one takes the first turn to the right, and looks out for a path mounting up from it marked Sham Castle Lane. This goes almost straight up; at one point where it crosses a high road, one must turn a little way to the right to

regain it beneath the castle. Or starting over the North Parade Bridge, pass the Recreation Ground, go under the railway, get on the canal bank, cross it by a foot-bridge a few paces to the right, go up by a path between orchards, till the second opening on the left communicates with the ascending Bathwick Road, where take Cleveland Walk on its left side, and this will soon strike Sham Castle Lane.

The view from Sham Castle looks almost due west, and is best seen in the morning, unless we get the panorama lit up by sunset tints. Behind it, the Warren Golf-course stretches over Bath Hampton or Bampton Down, across which, in a mile or so, we could strike north-eastward to the Hampton Rocks, or bear right into the road for Claverton. We are still on the same ridge as Combe Down, which has here turned north, forming a long promontory in the bend of the river.

On the top of the down (672 feet), near Sham Castle, are traces of a large British Camp, and along it ran east and west the *Wansdyke*, that far-reaching earthwork boundary of the Belgæ, whose fortified town here was probably the original Bath. North and south, this height was also crossed by the old *Fosse Way* road from Exeter to Lincoln, which may be plainly traced again

at the farther side of the valley.

The Hampton Rocks at the north end of these downs make one of the finest points about Bath, and may be reached in a short hour's walk. One way is by Sham Castle and over the golf-ground, as just mentioned. An easier way to find and follow takes us out by the gentle slope of the Warminster Road, with fine views over the valley to Batheaston and Little Solisbury. Half an hour brings us to where the road branches to the left for Bathampton, the main trunk bending round with the valley of the river. At the fork, a rough path is seen going up to the right through a wood. This soon leads us to the broken chaos of knolls, copses, and rocks with which the down here seems to tumble into the valley, a lovely scene for picnics, much visited also by the youth

of Bath in search of birds' eggs, nuts, and blackberries in their season. Round the corner a prominent rock called the *Devil's Table* makes a good view-point on the brow. Behind this is the narrow opening of a cave of unknown depth, miles at least according to local belief. Not long ago some youngsters who undertook to explore it lost themselves in its dark windings, and were reduced to eating their candles. When found after three days, it turned out that they were not far from the entrance.

The view is across the Avon Valley to the Bathford Quarries and the Monkton Farleigh prospect tower known as "Brown's Folly." To the left is the opening of the valley down which runs the line from London, over the farther side of which may be seen the lofty village of Colerne. The height opposite this is Box Hill, pierced by the famous tunnel of the G. W. R. To the right are the Wiltshire Downs, on which sometimes the White Horse near Westbury may be made out. Below, out of sight, is the village of Claverton, which might now be visited.

Following the track above the rocks at the end of the broken ground, one might strike over the down to Sham Castle. Or, by crossing a wall or two, one can keep on along the ridge above the valley of the Avon, past the open clump said to have been the scene of the last Bath duel. When a road is reached, taken to the right it would lead to the top of Bathwick Hill. Down to the left, through park-like pillars, it drops into Claverton. A middle road, winding above the side of the valley, leads on to Brassknocker Hill, by which we descend to the viaduct for Limpley Stoke.

But before going farther in this direction (for which see below under the heading Avon Valley) let us turn

to the other side of Bath.

Lansdown is the height behind the city, the top of which forms a tableland standing still higher than the Downs south and east. There are various ways of ascent, the main Lansdown road being that which goes up by Belmont from near the Post Office. At St. Stephen's Church, where the streets give place to opener views, we take the left fork, the right being the road to *Charlcombe*. There is a want of guide-posts on the road, so it seems well to mention where the side roads lead, by which

pedestrians might wish to make a round.

The main road mounts on, passing to its right the Royal School for the daughters of officers, and to the left, higher up, Kingswood, a well-known Wesleyan school. Above the latter comes in from the left a road which led up by St. Winifred's Lane from Sion Hill, passing to the right of a conspicuous square tower in private grounds, which might be ascended for the view by application at the lodge; there is also a path through fields, where pedestrians can hardly go wrong if they look out for Beckford's Tower at the top. Beyond Kingswood, the road keeps up by Lansdown Wood on the left (open as a public pleasure-ground), and just past the Hare and Hounds Inn, reaches the level table-land, a long mile beyond St. Stephen's Church. Here to the right goes off a road that, winding round the head of the combe and turning always to the right, would bring us to Charlcombe. The plateau before us bristles with erections which foreigners might take for gallows, but they are only football goals.

A little way ahead is seen the Cemetery, in which rises Beckford's Tower, lately repaired, commanding a wide view that takes in the Severn, the chimneys of Bristol, the Mendip Hills, and to the south Alfred's Tower at the head of the Dorset Vale of Blackmoor. The tower here was built by the author of Vathek to keep him in sight of his mushroom Abbey at Fonthill in the south of Wiltshire. His daughter gave the ground to the parish as a cemetery, in which the tomb of the eccentric millionaire is properly conspicuous. Bath is surrounded by pretty cemeteries, belonging to the different parishes, such as are certainly to be preferred to one large necropolis.

We are now at an elevation of about 750 feet, and the ground still rises a little northwards. A mile farther on, the

road reaches the Lansdown Race-Course, rivalling that of Goodwood in height. Just before it is reached, close to an inn, a rough road on the left leads down to Weston. Half a mile on, a road goes off to the right for Langridge and Swainswick, by which one might make a circuit into the valley of the Avon and the upper end of the city. The main road keeps on the high ground, passing near several ancient camps, and the site of Roman villas. About a mile beyond the race-course, it passes beside a somewhat dilapidated monument commemorating the desperate and indecisive battle (1643) in which Sir Bevil Grenville was slain by the parliamentary forces under Sir William Waller, who then held Bath.

Instead of going on to the monument, one might turn to the left over the race-course, passing the grand stand and keeping along the ridge towards the conspicuous wooded clump known as *Kelston Round Hill*, 712 feet. On the way, in a dip of the curving ridge, is Prospect Stile, looking over Bath on the one hand, Bristol on the other.

At that monument we are an hour's walk out of the city. The pedestrian who has kept the line of the ridge in mind would have no difficulty in finding his way home by more than one by-road which bears down to the lower valley of the Avon, and strikes into the high road coming into Bath by Weston. If he care to add another half dozen miles or so to his ramble, we advise him as follows. Keep on the road past the monument till this road forks in a wood. The left branch goes by Tracy Park to Wick (2 miles from monument) where a picturesquely verdured ravine, known as the Wick Rocks, is often the goal of a walk or drive from Bath.

The Wick Rocks keep their beauties blushing unseen for most passers on this road, where they lie to the right of the descent into Wick. Opposite the inn, a stone stile on the right shows a path that would lead, round a manorial-looking farm, to the Quarries, beyond which lies the deep wooded hollows into which one may thus get a glimpse. But notices to trespassers are so disturbing here that it may be as well to go down to the stream crossing the road, up which leads a by-road to

the ochre works that disfiguringly block up this glen. To the left, beside the first building, a path mounts, passing presently along the wall through which at the Rock House one gets legitimate admission, as well as refreshments.

The road runs on for Bristol by the telegraph poles. Between two and three miles beyond Wick it crosses the Midland Railway at Warmley Station, where we could take train either for Bath or for Bristol. At the top of the next ascent is struck the Kingswood Electric Tram that would carry us the remaining three or four miles into Bristol.

At Wick (5 miles from Bath) one might have turned aside to make a circuit by the Avon. Almost opposite the stile mentioned as leading to the Quarries, a path goes off before the inn, on the other side, and this in rather more than two miles would take us to Bitton Station. The stream of the Boyd, flowing down from the Wick Rocks through what is fondly called the Golden Valley, will be our guide to Bitton, which stands rather nearer Bath than its station, having a pretty lake to show and an old church. Round about, especially towards Lansdown, have been found several traces of Roman occupation.

At Bitton we are on the high road through Kelston (2 miles) and by Kelston Park. Here we might bend upwards to gain Kelston Round Hill, and thence take the

higher line of the old Roman road to Weston.

We can also return from Kelston (4 miles) by the pretty valley road, or strike the tow-path of the river not far below it, where is the regatta course of Bath, to which a boat could be taken from Twerton Weir. The church of Kelston has been rebuilt, but preserves some remarkable relics of Saxon antiquity, and several monuments of the Harington and Hawkins families. Kelston, as well as Bitton, is a station on the Midland line to Bath; and the adjacent village of Saltford (across the river) has one on the G. W. R.

Charlcombe has a pretty little church in a green hollow opening out to the Avon. The road, as already

mentioned, goes out to the right of St. Stephen's Church, beyond which it turns down to the right. But the hamlet may be reached on foot by half an hour's walk, easily found. Go up by the lane behind Camden Crescent (p. 23), passing below the first "Jacob's Ladder," and mounting the second flight of steps a little farther on. At the top of this follow Summerfield Road till a double V-shaped stile opens a field path that leads almost straight into the road a little way short of the church. By a path up the combe, or by following the road from the church, and bearing always upwards to the left, we can come out on the top of Lansdown. The church holds only a few score people, and summer evening congregations often worship in the churchyard. It is said to be the mother church of Bath

Langridge and Swainswick can be taken in a farther round, making a two hours' hilly drive, to be done almost as soon by a smart walker. Both villages have remarkable old churches; and Swainswick, which likes to call itself rather Swanswick, but by no means Swineswick, has been connected with the legend of Bladud and his pigs, while the name is also attributed to an early lord, Sweyn or Swain. It was more authentically the birthplace of William Prynne, the Puritan recorder and parliamentary representative of Bath. The road to Langridge leads round from Lansdown to the east of the race-course, then, through Swainswick, drops into the side valley, coming down, at the upper end of Bath, where we should have gone out by the Gloucester Road, near the tramway terminus. In the circuit thus made Charlcombe is enclosed.

Little Solsbury or Salisbury (618 feet) is the conspicuous bare hill to the right of the railway from London, about two miles out of Bath. It is of great interest to antiquarians from its clear traces of both British and Roman intrenchments. The simplest way is by the London Road, from which, at the end of the town, we take the Gloucester Road for Swainswick, and the way up Little Solsbury can easily be made out through the fields.

St. Catherine's is one of the prettiest spots near Bath (4 miles): a wooded glen reached by the road through Batheaston, on the other side of Little Solsbury. There is here a fine Elizabethan Court House with its old gardens, hitherto liberally opened by the proprietor, whose recent death prevents us from speaking with certainty on this point. The Norman church has been restored with due regard for its relics of antiquity. This, either as a walk or drive, is one of the excursions that should not be omitted, as it may be through lying a little secluded from main routes.

Batheaston and Bathampton are villages which have preserved a certain independence, facing each other about two miles up the Avon. The former, on the right bank, was, in last century, notable for Batheaston Villa, where Lady Miller held her court of the Muses, as Ralph Allen kept his lions on the other side of the city. The antique vase brought by her from Frascati, into which literary aspirants dropped their verses in hope to be crowned with a classic wreath of myrtle, is still preserved in the Victoria Park.

There are beautiful views on either side of the river. If we go out by Batheaston, the way is by the tram-line, past Grosvenor Bridge, a miniature of the suspension bridge at Clifton, then on a slope looking over the grounds of the Bath Horse Show and beyond to the Hampton Rocks and the opposite heights of Monkton Farleigh. We are now on the dusty London Road, from which a by-road drops down to another toll-bridge having a good view upon the Bathampton Mill and Weirs. From Bathampton we can return by the Warminster Road, under the Hampton Rocks, or along the banks of the canal.

To the Three Shire Stones makes a fine walk of about 5 miles, that may be extended in different directions. We go out by the London Road, passing the divergence of ways to Swainswick and St. Catherine's; then at the end of Batheaston, turn to the left by a steep road that

leads us up Bannerdown to the straight Roman Fosse Way. At a height of more than 600 feet we reach the borders of a wood, where, in an enclosed space on the left, are the stones marking the junction of Gloucester, Wilts, and Somerset.

Half a dozen miles of the same road, north-westward, take us on the line of a favourite drive from Bath to Castle Combe, with its ancient Church, Camp, Tudor Manor House, and fine prospects.

Other diversions may be made from this road as

follows :-

By the first turning on the right beyond the Shire Stones, a couple of miles through a prettily wooded country would carry us across the By Brook flowing down from Castle Combe to Box, where, beyond the station, we strike the London Road, five miles out of Bath, under the famous Bathford quarries on the edge of Kingsdown to the south. Great slabs of the Bath stone will be seen piled up at the station, and the height above is seamed by the tramways from the quarries. To the east is Box Hill, through which passes the not less famous Box Tunnel, nearly two miles long.

A short turn to the left, about half-way on the byroad mentioned at the head of the last paragraph, would have led to **Ditteridge**, a mile north-west of Box village, which is rather farther up the line than the station. Ditteridge has a small Norman Church of interest,

The high-perched village of Colerne stands half an hour's walk north of Ditteridge, through the fields, and might have been reached from the Three Shire Stones by taking the second turn right on the road northwards, then the first fork to the right.

Corsham.—These wanderings from the Three Shire Stones have led us back into the course of the London Road, where Corsham (station, 8 miles) may be taken as the limit of Bath excursions in this direction, and the nearer stations of Box and Bathampton might help us on the way. Corsham Court is a fine Elizabethan mansion

(a few minutes' walk from the *up* side of the station) noted for Lord Methuen's collection of paintings; but we are informed that this is not at present open to visitors.

The Avon Valley.—Two miles above Bath, the London Road and the Upper Valley of the river have parted company, the latter making a bold bend southward round the Hampton Rocks, accompanied by the Kennet and Avon Canal, the G. W. R. branch to Salisbury, and the roads to Bradford and Warminster. Roads, railway, river, and canal run together up this valley, all of them serving us in the excursions next to be mentioned.

This river, sometimes distinguished as the Lower Avon (from the Upper or Warwickshire Avon, also a tributary of the Severn) is of course only one of the several streams in Britain bearing the same Celtic name for water. It rises in Wiltshire, as does its other namesake falling into the English Channel at Christchurch. There is yet another Middle or Little Avon that flows through Gloucestershire into the Severn, near Berkeley.

Monkton Farleigh is a favourite drive from Bath. This takes us to the heights (600 feet) on the east side of the Avon valley, and the extensive quarries of Bath stone, above which the tower called Brown's Folly offers a good view point facing the Hampton Rocks on the opposite brow. On the top stretches Kingsdown, over which ran the old coach road to London, and not far from the tower a milestone may be found, marking 101 miles to Hyde Park Corner. Monkton Farleigh has an ancient Church, in which Bishop Jewel is said to have preached, and a fine avenue of trees leading from the Manor House westward towards South Wraxall, where there is another old Manor House of great interest, part of it dating from the 15th century.

The road (5 miles) to Farleigh leads out through the north suburbs of Bath, then by Batheaston, on the right side of the river, taking the circuitous course of its long bend. Round the corner, we make for Bathford with its conspicuous church tower. Here the road to Farleigh

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diverges to mount on the left; but if one held on the Bradford Road above the river, he could at more than one point strike up the heights from this side, making for the view tower on the brow.

Claverton is a trim and pleasant village under 4 miles on the right side of the Warminster Road, almost opposite Warleigh Manor, across the river, a fine mansion wreathed with Virginia creepers that make a bright show in autumn against the wooded bank along which runs the Bradford Road. A rather shorter, if steeper, way to Claverton is to mount Bathwick Hill to the top, where three roads diverge. That on the left, fitly known as the "Avenue," is the way mentioned (p. 28), which, through pillars, goes straight down to Claverton, reached thus a short way beyond the Church.

The Church stands back a little from the Warminster Road, and is approached through tall funereal hedges, opening into a pretty churchyard. The adjoining manor house was one of the residences of Ralph Allen, who lies buried beneath an ugly pyramid near the church door.

Claverton is too much of a model village to have an inn; but tea may be had at more than one of the cottages, or in a garden just across the ferry here. A path near the end of the village leads down over canal and railway, then one rings the ferryman's bell, if he be not in waiting. Thus one could be put across to gain the Bradford Road, and from it ascend the opposite height for the Monkton Farleigh view tower. The walk along the canal bank is another pleasant way home, a little longer than the road. Boats, once lifted over Bathampton Weir, can come up so far, though there is a bit of rapid below Claverton that makes ticklish navigation; and above it, the boat must be taken over another obstacle.

Limpley Stoke, a thriving village deep set in the Avon valley, is about 4 miles from Bath as the crow flies, and to be reached by several routes of varying length and steepness. It has a station on the line from Bath to Salisbury.

1. The longest and most level walk is by the canal bank, about 7 miles, near which runs the Warminster Road through

Claverton, not much shorter.

2. The usual driving road is to go up Bathwick Hill, take at the top the middle road of three, which presently leads down Brassknocker Hill-where cyclists are well warned to curb their fiery steeds-to the side valley up which goes the branch canal that would make a way to Midford. At the foot of the hill (Crown Inn) the mouth of this valley is crossed by a fine viaduct, carrying our road now united with the Warminster Road. A little way back on the latter, under the rocks and woods of Conkwell, the canal crossed the river by a striking aqueduct. The next turn brings us round to Limpley Stoke.

3. The shortest way to walk is to go up the steep hill by Prior's Park. From the top hold on over the ridge, taking the straightest line possible by various roads and fieldpaths to come down on the village of Monkton Combe, which stands above the branch canal already mentioned. This would be a guide to Limpley Stoke, or to the viaduct on the road. But the best walk is by crossing the canal and the stream near a school bathing-place, then a path leads up through beautiful woods and drops down upon Limpley Stoke in the farther hollow opening on the Avon. This walk is not much more than 4 miles: and if one stray a little, he will not complain.

Limpley Stoke may rank as a resort through its Hydropathic Establishment. This institution once had the name of being connected with the Plymouth Brethren sect; but it has largely extended its clientèle, while keeping its moderate terms and homely comforts. The only fault to be found with the place is the deep site, which implies a rather relaxing but sheltered climate. It is surrounded by fine heights and woods, and would make a centre for several farther excursions. Boats may be had on the canal, which here is quite a picturesque waterway.

The road from Bath through Limpley Stoke leads on to the pleasant village of Freshford, overlooking the windings of the Avon, here joined by the Frome, among fine scenery, rather too much intruded on by mills. Freshford was the home of Sir W. Napier while writing his history of the Peninsular War. About a mile farther come the ruins of Hinton Charterhouse, and 2 miles beyond, by a turn left, on an eminence near the river, those of Farleigh Castle, enclosing a chapel in which 38 ватн

are preserved a letter and other relics of Oliver Cromwell, besides tombs and arms of the Hungerford family. (Apply for admission at the inn close by.)

On the other side of the river, to the north, the heights are edged by the rocks and woods of Conkwell, to which a path leads upwards from the aqueduct. On this side, over the heights by Winsley, runs the road to Bradford-on-Avon (8 miles from Bath), to be pleasantly reached also by the canal bank. This is a grey old town with a fine Elizabethan Manor House, and a church with Norman relics, besides a little chapel of St. Lawrence, rescued from long desecration and pronounced by Freeman to be a perfect specimen of English architecture of its early date.

There are also beautiful walks over, into, and up the valley of the branch canal running from the viaduct, to which a mile of road or path carries us across the height (450 feet) west of Limpley Stoke.

Midford lies half an hour's walk up this branch canal, remarkable for the rare picturesqueness of its valley course and for the many locks by which it changes its level. Below it runs the Midford Brook.

Midford Castle, on the Bath side, is a modern building in beautifully-laid-out grounds, which may be visited by permission of the owner. The village, farther on, has a station of the Somerset and Dorset Railway.

To walk here direct from Bath, there are several ways which visitors should be able to make out for themselves after the indications we have given them. One simple route is out the Wells Road, and by Englishcombe, leading up the downs to the south-west, by relics of antiquity for which we must refer our readers to local guides; but the conical eminence on the right, so conspicuous from Bath, is believed to be a natural hill and not a tumulus, as its name, Barrow Hill, would imply. West and south of the village the Wansdyke is well seen.

On Odd Down the road turns south-east for Midford by the Cross Keys, where a path leads to the canal through the beautiful Horsecombe Vale behind Midford Castle. The road to the right at the Cross Keys fork leads to South Stoke, where there is a fine church with embattled tower and Norman doorway. This would be not much out of the way to Midford, and another path leads down from South Stoke to the canal.

The straightest way to come down into the Midford valley is over Lyncombe Hill or Combe Down, beyond which Midford lies about 4 miles due south from Bath. The Somerset and Dorset Railway crosses this height, giving fine peeps of its scenery, and reaching the valley, through a tunnel, near Midford Castle.

Stantonbury Hill (589 feet) with its camp, some half-dozen miles to the west of Bath, commands one of the most extensive views on the left side of the river. The road is by Newton St. Lo, with its fine park, and the village of Corston, a mile from Saltford station, looking over to Kelston. Here we are more than half-way to the prominent height of Stantonbury, towards which our road trends south-west.

From Stantonbury, one might push on by Compton Dando and the winding course of the river Chew to Stanton Drew (11 miles from Bath), noted for its Druidical circles in a field a little to the east of the church. This village lies about seven miles south of Bristol on a by-road connecting its two highways with Wells.

Bristol is some dozen miles down the Avon, on either side of which run high roads; and the G. W. R. expresses will take us there in twenty minutes or so, while the Midland line makes a rather longer bend by its Mangotsfield Junction. Pedestrians who are in no hurry might do well to follow the tow-path of the winding river for most of the way; or they may take a more airy road over Lansdown and by Wick (p. 30). The most important place on the valley route is Keynsham (G. W. R. station), with a large church containing monuments of the Brydges family, and memories of its ancient abbey. Here we seem already involved in the dingy

suburbs of Bristol, overlaying the legend that this was once the home of St. Keyna, who turned serpents into the stone ammonites found in the quarries about.

In conclusion we may remind our readers that these railways make distant excursions easy—to Gloucester, Cheltenham, Salisbury, Wells, Glastonbury, and other notable places to be dealt with under *Bristol*.

Coach trips do not flourish at Bath, though such may occasionally be organised in the summer months. Drives must be a matter of hiring; and a list of fares to some of the points mentioned above, which vary a little according to the route taken, is displayed at most of the Bath Hotels. We annex a few of these, as supplied to us by the carriage proprietors.

			S.	d.		8.	1
Grenville Monument					round by Swainswick		0
Prior Park and round							
Down						. 8	0
Wick Rocks .			10	0	(by Kelston)	17	6
Monkton Farleigh	an	d					
Brown's Folly			7	6	",	8	0
Claverton			4	0	,,	5	0
Limpley Stoke .			5	0	,,	8	0
Hinton Abbey .					,,	7	6
Farleigh Castle .		.]	15	6	(pair)	17	6
Bradford-on-Avon		. 1	10	0	,,	17	6
Castle Combe .		. 1	15	0	(pair)	30	0
Midford			6	0	(by Claverton)	8	0
St. Catherine's .			8	0	,,	15	0
Colerne					"	7	6
					AND DESCRIPTION OF THE PARTY OF		





BRISTOL AND CLIFTON

Hotels: Royal, College Green; Grand, Swan, Bank, Talbot, Cathedral, Colston Temperance, etc., central; Grosvenor, George, near station.

At Clifton: Clifton Down, St. Vincent Rocks, near the Suspension Bridge;

Queen's, central; Imperial, at Clifton Down Station, etc.

The best hotels, with the exception of the Royal, are at Clifton. Here also are many Boarding-Houses, of which we can give only a few names: Glendower, Strathmore, Pembroke Hall, Oaklands, The Mall,

Bourne Hall, Arlington House, Whiteladies Hall, etc.

Railways: Bristol is at present on the main line of the G. W. R. to Exeter, but a shortening of this route threatens to deprive the city of such an advantage. The station is shared by the Midland line from Birmingham, Cheltenham, Bath, etc. By the Severn Tunnel now run most of the G. W. R. fast trains to South Wales, stopping at Bristol or one of its suburban stations. Through the tunnel, leaving the South Wales line near Newport for Hereford, Shrewsbury, Crewe, etc., the G. W. R. and L. & N.-W. R. run a joint service of express trains to the north, by which Edinburgh and Glasgow can be reached in less than twelve hours from Bristol.

From the central joint station, branches run on the south side of the river to the docks at Portishead; on the north side through Clifton to those of Avonmouth. The Midland trains to and from Bath use the separate terminus of St. Philips, near Old Market Street, to the north of the

joint station.

There are regular steamers plying not only to places in the Bristol Channel, but to London, Penzance, Torquay, Padstow in Cornwall, Dublin, Belfast, and other Irish ports, Glasgow, Liverpool, Amsterdam. Rotterdam, Antwerp, etc.

Bristol lies on the Avon, here the boundary between Gloucester and Somerset, but legally it belongs to neither county, having, by a charter of Edward III., been granted a quasi-independence as the "City and County of Bristol." In spite of the half-dozen miles of narrow tidal river that wind between it and the Bristol Channel, it was long not only one of our greatest ports, but the second city in

England; and if it has now been surpassed by modern rivals, its falling away is relative rather than absolute. It still has a population of over 328,000, supported by a variety of trades and industries, tobacco and cocoa being perhaps the best known, now that its sugar trade has suffered so severely through foreign competition. Though much vulgarised by chimneys and works, it preserves points of its old dignity, few English cities being able to show so many quaint relics of the past scattered through winding streets and close-packed business quarters. A peculiar feature is the way in which the harbour runs up into the heart of the city, the ships coming "to roost, like ocean birds, beside the ancient churches," as J. A. Symonds says. The harbour is cut off from tidal influences, the river having been diverted to the south of it by a channel called the New Cut, below which this highway of commerce passes through one of the grandest gorges in England. The little tributary Frome, the second of that name received by the Avon, runs through the city from the north-east. Like Rome, Bristol is said to stand on seven hills, which, with their steps, paths, steep lanes, and green slopes, help to set off its somewhat grimy picturesqueness; then its suburbs spread over environing heights into scenes on at least one side rarely beautiful.

Clifton, the north-west suburb, has a name and fame of its own, as one of our English villes de plaisance, an elegant gathering of squares, crescents, terraces, and villas, with here and there a line of handsome shops running through its watering-place amenities. In the latter part of last century, the tepid "Hotwells" here came into great note, as we learn by the chronicles of Humphrey Clinker, and of Miss Burney's Evelina. Its prosperity as a Spa seems to have been an overflow from that of Bath; and its decline was even more marked, till it gained a fresh character as a place of healthy residence and of education. Now, stimulated by the revival of the Bath waters, an attempt is being made, in the form of a sumptuous bathing establishment, once more to recommend those of Clifton, which had dwindled to the rank

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of a curiosity. About the other attractions of the place there can be no question. Its high situation on a down, a few miles from the sea, gives it a climate at once mild and moderately bracing. A good deal of rain falls, but soon drains away on these slopes above limestone beds. At the very doors of dwellers in Clifton are many a pleasant, and one magnificent scene. So even if its waters do not again come into fashion, Clifton seems pretty sure of the prosperity deserved by what Miss Lydia Melford found a "charming romantic place." Smollett's description may still hold good in the main, though his 18th-century "mountains" are only a few hundred feet high.

"The air is so pure; the Downs so agreeable; the furze in full blossom; the ground enamelled with daisies, and primroses, and cowslips; all the trees bursting into leaves, and hedges already clothed with their vernal livery; the mountains covered with flocks of sheep, and tender bleating wanton lambkins playing, frisking, and skipping from side to side; the groves resound with the notes of the blackbird, thrush, and linnet; and all night long sweet Philomel pours forth her ravishingly delightful song. Then, for variety, we go down to the Nymph of Bristol Spring, where the company is assembled before dinner; so good-natured, so free, so easy; and there we drink the water so clear, so pure, so mild, so charmingly mawkish. There the sun is so cheerful and reviving; the weather so soft; the walk so agreeable; the prospect so amusing; and the ships and boats going up and down the river, close under the windows of the pump-room, afford such an enchanting variety of moving pictures, as require a much abler pen than mine to describe."

Miss Mitford goes so far as to say that "Bath leaves few and faint impressions. Bristol on the other hand is warm, glowing, picturesque." In some respects, like Bath, Bristol and Clifton will remind us of Edinburgh, made up as this is of two towns presenting contrasted features of interest, which might well detain many foreigners and other tourists, too apt to pass them by

without suspecting what lies hid behind the smoke of a great commercial city.

History of Bristol.-Many derivations of the name have been suggested, a probable one being that it is a corruption of Brigstow or "Bridge-place." There are few traces of occupation by the Romans, but some Roman coins were discovered during excavations made on the north side of the Cathedral. and several British forts around appear to have been occupied by them. The city is certainly one of great antiquity, early known as a fort. On two occasions Harold, afterwards King of England, sailed down the Avon to wage war against Griffith. King of Wales. Immediately after the Conquest, in 1069, Harding the Dane, unauthoritatively said to have been a younger son of the reigning King of Denmark, was constituted Prepositor or Chief Magistrate of Bristol. He died in 1115, and from him descend the renowned De Berkeleys, Lords of Berkeley, some of whom have played a not unimportant part in the affairs of the town. During his time we learn that Bristol was a great slave-market, able-bodied men, women, and children having been exposed for sale in large numbers, and transported to Ireland. The practice was arrested by the preaching of Wolstan, Bishop of Worcester; but in later days Bristol again became disgraced by a similar traffic. So late as the 18th century, not only were criminals transported hence to the "plantations," and unfortunates allowed to "indent" themselves for a term of service in our colonies, but young people would be not infrequently kidnapped or "spirited" away to brisk labour markets across the Atlantic, a barbaric atrocity for which Bristol and Aberdeen were at one time notorious, and which was not unknown in London, if all stories are true.

Upon the death of William the Conqueror, the Castle of Bristol was seized and held on behalf of William Rufus. This seems the first mention of a castle which in later years became famous for numerous sieges. What may have been the date of its foundation it is impossible to say, but in 1138 it was improved by Robert, Earl of Gloucester, who rendered it one of the strongest fortifications in England. It stood on the eastern side of the town, at the end of St. Peter's Street; the first and corner house of the present Castle Street, on the left hand as you enter that street, stands on the outward edge of the Castle-ditch, whence the fortress extended to the bottom of Castle Street, covering 6 acres of land, and, within the walls, measuring from east to west 180 yards, from north to south 100 vards. This massive structure was at last demolished by Cromwell, and so effectually that hardly a vestige can now be traced upon the site. Some fragments remain of the walls of the ancient city, occupying almost the centre of the present one.

Bristol was threatened by the forces of Monmouth, who had partisans within the city. His defeat, we know, was the last battle on English ground; and since then Bristol's commotions have been internal. It had long a bad name for riots, in which the rough colliers of the neighbourhood were seldom backward to take a hand, till civilised by Wesley's preaching and Hannah More's schools. The last and most celebrated of these riots broke out during the excitement caused by the Reform Bill in 1831, when an immense amount of property was destroyed, and many lives were lost, partly in the fires kindled by the drunken mob, and partly through the tardy action of the

military and municipal authorities.

At the end of the 15th century John Cabot, a Venetian in the service of Henry VII., sailed from Bristol to make the mainland of North America known to Europe. His son Sebastian, who shared and followed up his discoveries, is claimed as Bristol born. For three centuries Bristol took a lead in trade with the "West Indies"; and when the Harry Warringtons of Virginia came over to the "old country," they were like to land at this port, to which they consigned their tobacco, sugar, and other products. It was not, however, till the beginning of the 19th century that its present docks and warehouses were opened, supplemented more recently by those of Portishead and Avonmouth at the mouth of the river, which as yet can only be said to have done the city port some harm

without doing themselves much good.

Other more or less illustrious natives of Bristol have been Admiral Sir W. Penn; Edward Colston, its philanthropic benefactor; Chatterton, the boy poet; Southey, the literary veteran; Hannah More, born at Stapleton; Sir N. W. Wraxall, traveller and writer; the Rev. John Eagles, scholar, painter, and poet; E. H. Bailey, the sculptor; and the late J. A. Symonds, whom ill-health perhaps hindered from filling a larger niche in the temple of fame. Among well-known names that for a time have been connected with Bristol are Cecil. Lord Burleigh, Queen Elizabeth's Chancellor; Cromwell, Earl of Essex; Bishop Butler of the Analogy; Edmund Burke; David Hume; Coleridge the poet; John and Charles Wesley; Robert Hall and John Foster, the literary nonconformists; the sisters Porter, popular novelists; Hallam the historian; Sir Humphry Davy; Miss Mary Carpenter, and Samuel Morley, philanthropists; Ram Mohun Roy, the Indian reformer, who died here; Charles Kingsley, and Eugenie, ex-Empress of the French, who were both at school at Clifton.

We thus see how Bristol has all along had a remarkable connection with art and letters. The Lake School of poets may be said to have been cradled here. Perhaps its own first appearance in literature is as scene of a poem that deserves to be

remembered for truly pious sentiment embodied in the superstitions of the time. The "Childe of Bristowe," ascribed to John Lydgate in the first half of the 15th century, is given by the author as an old story. From the MS, in the British Museum, it has been reprinted by the Camden Society; but a short abridgment of it may prove novel to most readers.

The "Childe," himself godly and virtuous, had a wicked father, who heaped up riches by oppressing the poor, and loved no one in the world but this only son. He would fain have the boy study law that he might learn to do wrong by crooked ways; but the honest Childe chose rather to be apprenticed for seven years to a merchant of Bristol, in whose service he bore himself faithfully, diligently, and courteously, as a good apprentice should. The father meantime went on increasing his ill-gotten gains, and earned such an evil name that when his time came to die, no one would consent to act as his executor. In our enlightened days such an unscrupulous knave might pass away in the odour of respectability, after making "corners" and floating "bubbles" to the admiration of the Stock Exchange; but it was not so in those rude times. Even the dutiful son shrank from administering that tainted estate, and consented only on a promise that his father's spirit should appear to him after a fortnight to tell whether it dwelt in weal or woe.

At his house, seven miles from Bristol, the wicked man died with such consolations as religion could give him; and the son spared nothing to save a soul for which no tears were shed but his. He hired a hundred priests to sing dirges over the body night and day; at the funeral he distributed doles to many widows and orphans; and all the money in his father's hoards he had given away to the poor before the fortnight was over.

On the day agreed, he entered into the death chamber. Then, as he knelt in prayer, there came a burst of thunder and lightning; the walls were torn open, and he saw a figure like his father's burning in flames and held by the foul fiend with a chain round his neck. To a hundred years of such torment, the writhing ghost had leave to tell, was he doomed for his falsehood and cruelty not yet purged away. The horrified youth made him promise to return in another fortnight, by which time he hoped to bring the poor soul into a better state.

At break of day he sped to his master at Bristol, whom he prayed to buy forthwith all the lands of his inheritance. The kindly merchant, in vain trying to dissuade him by offering a loan, in the end counted out a fair price and gave the apprentice a fortnight's further holiday. This he spent in calling together

all those whom the dead man had wronged, to whom he made full restitution with a charge to pray for his father's soul. By

the end of the fortnight all his money was gone.

Again, at the appointed time, the troubled spirit appeared to him, now freed from the chain, nor longer scorched by flames, but still black and writhing in torment, because, as was explained, of the tithes and offerings due to the Church, which in his life-time had been withheld. That neglect the Childe promised to make good, if he had to beg his bread.

Again he sought his master and with tears besought a loan. But the merchant refused, misjudging him that only by evil ways could he have spent so much money so soon; after

gambling it away, what more had he to sell or pledge?

"Mine own body will I sell to thee
For ever to be thy lad.
Bond to thee I will me bind
Me and all mine to the world's end,
To help me in this need."

To this bargain the merchant finally consented, and gave him forty pounds, whereas he had asked no more than forty marks.

With another fortnight's leave of absence, the noble Childe next repaired to all churches and shrines near which his father had lived at any time. Every penny he had raised was bestowed among them for the sake of a repentant sinner. As he turned homewards he met a naked beggar who declared his father owed him for a measure of corn. The Childe had nothing to give but his own clothes, which he stripped off to his shirt.

Again he knelt in the chamber, where at midnight his ears were filled with sweetest song, and he saw a wondrous blaze of light, and amid it his father's spirit, not now black and burning, but in the likeness of a naked child, led by angels into bliss. "Oh son," said the voice, "blessed be thou and all that shall come of thee, since thou hast not spared to sell thine

own body for the weal of my soul!"

Joyfully thanking heaven, the youth ran back to Bristol, bare-headed and bare-legged, and presented himself to be his master's bondman for life. "Benedicite!" cried that worthy citizen, amazed at seeing the gentle Childe in such scanty array. But this was no Shylock to stand on a hard bond. Questioning his penniless debtor till the truth came out, he could not but be warm in praise of so pious a son, whom henceforth he adopted as his own partner, heir and all. The good apprentice, as so many another has done in tale and history, did not fail to make a happy marriage, and by honest gains to become richer than ever he was. Now, at Bristol and elsewhere, may we all live in prosperity, yet so as to die in peace.

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And let us trust that the rich churches for which Bristol is remarkable do not owe their foundation, in any great degree, to the awakened consciences of men like the "Childe of Bristowe's" father.

The Temple Meads joint station of the Great Western and Midland railways stands on the south side of Bristol, close to the river Avon, where it is crossed by a bridge bringing in the Bath Road. Descending the long inclined plane which leads from the station to this thoroughfare, and turning to the right, we find at the bottom the terminus of a tramway which would lead us to Clifton and other suburbs through the centre of the city. By mainly following this line, we shall have no difficulty in guiding

a stranger to the most interesting points.

Beyond the railway arch of the Harbour Branch, the tram runs up the busy line of Victoria Street, where there are many small temperance inns and places of refreshment among handsome shops and frontages of varied style. A statue of Neptune, not much admired, will arrest us where, on the right, an opening beside the quaint Shakespeare Inn shows the Temple Church, one of the oldest in Bristol, believed to have been founded by the Knights Templar. The present building (dating from about A.D. 1400 and restored) is remarkable for its leaning tower and for brasses within. Here John Wesley preached; and his brother Charles, being repelled from the sacrament here, took the bold step of administering it himself to the Kingswood colliers.

A little farther on we come to Bristol Bridge, where a longer divagation may be made. The tram line to the right goes off for Old Market Street; that on the left leads to Bedminster by Redcliff Hill, soon passing St. Mary Redcliff, that magnificent parish church which in some respects surpasses the Cathedral. It stands open all day, except during the frequent service hours. There is daily early communion. The ordinary entrance for visitors is by

the South Porch.

St. Mary Redcliff, the pride of Bristol, is in architecture and dimensions imposing enough for a cathedral, and it has the

advantage over the venerable edifice on College Green, of being complete in its plan. A church existed at Redeliff as early as 1232, and it is supposed that the inner north porch and the lower part of the tower both formed a part of this ancient edifice. It seems to have been rebuilt by Simon de Burton at the close of the 13th century; but in its present form it owes its grandeur largely to the two William Canynges, grandfather and grandson, who were each mayor several times, the younger dying in 1474. It has been subjected to various alterations from time to time, and no less than £40,000 has been expended upon the restorations during the past few decades. The spire was completed 1872.

The church consists of Nave, with aisles; north and south

Transepts; Chancel, with aisles and Lady Chapel.

In a survey of the exterior the attention of the visitor will be specially arrested by the North Porch, an exquisite specimen of Early English and Decorated work, the foliage and other ornamentation being as elaborate and careful in its details as it is profuse in quantity. This porch was restored some years ago

through anonymous liberality.

The view of the interior from the west end of the Nave is very imposing, the eye being carried forward to the large east window with its fine stained glass. The Nave is separated from its aisles and from the transepts by very lofty pointed arches; and the bays in the chancel and transepts are of a similar character. The tall and finely-sculptured columns are much admired; so are the old oak carvings; and the roof is a piece of very elaborate and beautiful work. At the west end of the Nave there is a modern font of elegant design, and also an ancient font. Under the tower is a monument to Admiral Sir W. Penn, father of the famous Quaker, of whom is told the story that he originated our royal navy pennant by hoisting a whip to his mast-head in answer to the broom with which a Dutch admiral boasted that he had swept us from the seas. His armour is preserved here, now that it is ships and not sailors that wear iron mail.

Near this, beside the North Porch, are at present stored several fragments of the old building and a model of the church. Before leaving the Nave, visitors must by no means neglect to pass into the doorway of the North Porch, the

finest part of the whole structure.

There are several ancient monuments in the Transepts. One of these, under the centre window of the South Transept, is an altar tomb under a canopy, said and also denied to be that of William Canynges the younger and his wife Joan, whose recumbent effigies are laid on a slab close by; but these appear to have been removed from another part of the church. Canynges is in the garb of an ecclesiastic, in accordance with

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what is said of him in an old inscription on a board in this transept: he was "ye Richest Marchant of ye towne of Bristow. Afterwards chosen 5 times Mayor of ye said towne for ye good of ye Common Wealth of ye same. He was in order of Priesthood 7 years and afterwards Deane of Westbury, and died ye 7th of November 1474." In the west corner of this transept there is a curious recumbent effigy, much worn, and without inscription. The figure, from the scrip hanging by its side, seems to be that of a monk or pilgrim. A monkey-faced angel is on his right side, supporting the pillow on which his head rests. At his feet is a dog holding between its forefeet a human thigh-bone. The North Transept has in its east aisle the mutilated effigy of a warrior, believed to represent Lord Robert de Berkeley (d. 1221) and to be the oldest relic in the church.

The Chancel is mainly Perpendicular in style. The east window is of six lights, a fine example of this description of architecture. It is filled with beautiful painted glass representing the Adoration of the Shepherds and the Magi, in memory of Thomas Lucas, who died in 1856. There are other fine memorial windows, one, at the east end of the North Chancel Aisle, to Handel. In this aisle is a stately tomb in two compartments, both elaborately sculptured. The compartment on the eastern side is vacant; but it has a small brass fastened to the wall, with the engraved figures of a knight, his lady, and daughter praying to the Deity, who is represented in glory above. The other compartment contains a richly-sculptured double altar-tomb, to the memory of Thomas and Philip Mede, bearing the date of 1475. The Reredos has taken the place of Hogarth's altar pieces, now in the Fine Arts Academy at Clifton. Behind this is the well-decorated Lady Chapel, in which early services are held.

In the north-east corner of the churchyard (but upon unconsecrated ground) stands the monument, in the school dress of Colston's Hospital, of Chatterton, "The sleepless soul that perish'd in his pride." His father was sexton of the church; and it was in the muniment room over the North Porch that this "marvellous boy" professed to find the poems of "Rowley," which for a time imposed upon not a few critics. From the roof of this room there is a fine view over the city to the

Cathedral on the opposite height.

After this short digression, we return to Bristol Bridge, at the end of which stands a statue of Samuel Morley, M.P. for the city. Bristol is strong on statues to its public men. The central tram-line crosses the bridge; and takes its way by Baldwin Street on the left. But here we

may again temporarily abandon it to turn up the ascent of High Street opposite the bridge, which becomes Broad Street where this line is crossed by Wine Street to the right and Corn Street to the left. Here once stood the High Cross marking the centre of Old Bristol; and the short streets about are thickly set with public buildings, the Guildhall in Broad Street; the Council House, the Exchange, the Commercial Rooms, and a goodly show of Banks and Insurance Offices in Corn Street, running down from which towards the Quay is Small Street, in which the new Post Office will be found near the old one.

Wine Street and Bridge Street below it run towards Castle Street, whereabouts stood Bristol Castle, and still stand some relics of the old city worth sauntering among. Very remarkable is the effect of the quaint old fronts and weathered gables cropping up here and there among an incongruous show of modern signs and shop-fronts; but our limits do not allow us to particularise on the head of antiquities, as to which we may refer the leisured visitor to a handbook by the late City Librarian (How to see Bristol, J. F.

Nicholls, F.S.A.).

On the left of the tram-line, we can turn down through a quadrangular projection enclosed by the harbour, in which are some sights of interest, apt to be passed over by strangers through their peninsular position. The east edge of this promontory is called the Welsh Back, running down from the bridge. Near the other side the line of Marsh Street and Princes Street would carry us down to the Swing Bridge, by which, or by ferries, the harbour can be crossed. Between these two runs King Street, in which is one of the oldest of Theatre Royals with its classical front, also perhaps the oldest of Free Libraries (containing a chimney-piece carved by Grinling Gibbons, with some old paintings and manuscripts) which has branches in other quarters of the city. Not far off are the Hall and Almshouses of the Merchant Venturers' Company. Farther down, with an equestrian statue of William III. in its centre, is the spacious opening of Queen's Square, the focus of the Bristol 52 BRISTOL

riots in 1831. The quay front bears the now very inappropriate name of the *Grove*. This quarter generally has the air of having seen better days; and here and there through it will be found quaint timber-fronted houses scattered among mansions of the utmost Georgian

respectability.

Having passed on the right the grand tower of St. Stephen's Church, rebuilt in the 15th century, in part restored, and containing a notable west window and some ancient monuments, the tram crosses St. Augustine's Bridge, that replaces the old Drawbridge. On the farther side of this is the Tramway Centre, where cars communicate for all parts of the city. Here, close to College Green, let us tarry among a knot of the main sights of Bristol; but our goal being Clifton Down, we may note two lines of travel in that direction (1) the blue tram which goes off on the right to make a long curved ascent, presently bending round in the opposite direction to gain the top of Park Street by Park Row, where the Prince's Theatre is. and thence on to Redland. (2) The yellow tram which to the left takes a lower line through a humbler quarter, by the Hotwells Road, reaching the river side below the Suspension Bridge, where it communicates with the Cliff Rock railway, the Avonmouth railway station, and the starting-place of pleasure steamboats. In connection with the former route, omnibuses run to the Suspension Bridge. The application of electricity on the Bristol tram-lines is a great advantage in such a hilly place.

To the right of the Tramway Centre, goes off Colston Avenue, a public promenade adorned by statues of Edmund Burke, once M.P. for Bristol, and Edward Colston, its celebrated philanthropist. In Colston Street above, is the entrance to Colston Hall, once the site of the school founded by him, now containing a magnificent Concert Room and two smaller halls. Below, facing the Avenue, is the Grecian front of the Catholic Church of St. Mary, originally built for that modern body which styles itself "the Catholic and Apostolic Church." From Rupert Street, at the head of Colston Avenue, we gain on the left

the long flight of Christmas Steps, that intercept the bend

made by the tram in its ascent to Clifton.

On the left we mount up by the tram-line to College Green, where St. Augustine is said to have met the British monks to confute their Pelagian and other heresies. Passing the Parish Church of St. Augustine, then the Royal Hotel, we reach the Cathedral, beyond which is the Anglo-Norman gateway that alone remains of its Abbev, through which we may go down to Lower College Green on the left. College Green lies to the right, its entrance guarded by Boehm's Jubilee Statue of Queen Victoria, its centre occupied by the new High Cross, preserving the memory of that old one which the citizens of Bristol so unaccountably allowed to be removed to the park of Stourhead. On the farther side, opposite the Cathedral, is St. Mark's or the Mayor's Chapel, an ancient structure restored by Mr. J. L. Pearson, the interior of which is well worth a visit (open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays 11 to 3). It has some ancient effigies to show, besides a rich altar screen, and the beautiful Poyntz Chantry.

The Cathedral.

Services: Sundays, 8 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 3.30 p.m., 7 p.m.; Week-days, 10 a.m., 4 p.m. Visitors are expected to give some contribution to the maintenance and restoration of the fabric.

This is not among the grandest cathedrals in England, yet it has many noble and interesting features. It owes its crigin to Robert Fitz-Harding, Lord of Berkeley, who, about the year 1148, founded here the Abbey of Augustinian Black Canons; at a later period he joined the fraternity, and died a monk in 1170. Subsequent Lords of Berkeley enriched the brotherhood, and as reward got a resting-place within the church, with the due masses for their souls' peace when they died. In the 14th century this religious house was advanced to the dignity of a mitred abbey. Abbot Knowle is looked upon as the designer of the cathedral, whose plans were eventually carried out by Mr. Street. At the Reformation the abbey met the fate of similar establishments, but was erected into a bishopric, with a somewhat extensive jurisdiction. The most notable names

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in the list of the bishops of this see are those of Richard Fletcher (father of John Fletcher the dramatist); Sir John Trelawny, one of "the seven bishops," another of whom was Lake, his predecessor; and Joseph Butler, author of the famous

Analogy.

Much of the original structure long ago disappeared; and it was in part rebuilt in the 14th or 15th century. The original Nave was early demolished, not to be added till our own time, the troubles of the Reformation or some other cause having interfered with the completion of the plan. The older part presents specimens of the different orders of Gothic architecture. Norman, both in its earlier and its transition stages, may be observed in the transepts, the tower piers, the chapter-house, gateways, etc. The Lady Chapel is mostly Early English; the Choir Decorated; the Tower and vaulting of the transepts Perpendicular. In the course of the last generation successive restorations and additions have been made at large cost, while the subjection of the bishopric and the Low Church influences that long ruled here in some degree prevented this edifice from having full justice done to it. In 1877 was opened the new Nave, with its memorial towers to Bishop Butler and Colston, and its fine North Porch, through which is the usual entrance. Further restorations and embellishments have since been carried out.

On entering the Nave, one will be at once struck by the peculiarity of this minster, in the equal height of choir and aisles, which has been carried out in the new portion (123 feet long by 51 feet high). On either side are niches still to be filled with worthy names and monuments; one of them on the north side holds an effigy of the late Dean Gilbert Elliot (J. 1891).

Some of the old monuments in the transepts have now been removed to the cloisters. In the North Transept will be seen, among others, memorials to Mary Carpenter, the philanthropist, and to Mr. F. Fargus, better known as "Hugh Conway" by several novels which won great popularity. In the South Transept is a monument to Bishop Butler, with an inscription by Southey, whose own bust by Bailey is in the Choir.

The Chancel ends with a modern reredos, above which glows a fine Jesse Window, mostly of ancient glass, attributed, from the coats-of-arms in its tracery, to the early part of the 14th century. Sepulchral recesses show the tombs of Abbots Knowle and Newland; and between the choir and its north aisle is that of Bishop Bush (d. 1558), the first prelate of the diocese. Bishop Butler is buried here, near the altar.

The north aisle of the Choir opens into the *Elder Lady Chapel*, one of the oldest parts, recently restored. The architecture is interesting as a good specimen of its Early English

date. The sculptured ornamentation is remarkable for its grotesqueness, various animals being represented as playing on musical instruments. Beside the Lady Chapel, and in other parts of the choir, are several monuments and effigies of the Berkeley family. What is called the Berkeley Chapel, now used as a vestry, is at the east corner of the south aisle. The Newton Chapel, farther west in this aisle, has some 17th-century monuments to the Newton family and others.

From the South Transept we may pass into the Cloisters, to which, as stated above, several of the smaller monuments have been removed. Out of this, through a vestibule of Norman arches, opens the Chapter House, a fine specimen of the original structure. It contains a notable old sculpture of Christ saving a soul who clings to the foot of the Cross for refuge against the devil that would drag it down. This has been

supposed to be the oldest fragment of all.

To the west of the Cathedral opens the Norman Gateway of the old monastery, by which we pass to the Cathedral School below, and other buildings of the precinct. The old Bishop's Palace was destroyed in the riots of 1831. The See of Bristol has recently been separated from that of Gloucester, in which it had been merged for sixty years; and a new residence for the Bishop has been provided on Redlands Green.

In explanation of the name College Green, it should be known that College is, in this part of England, colloquially used for cathedral, as will be remembered by the readers of Mrs. Henry Wood's early novels, where Worcester College School figures so much. At Gloucester and Hereford, old folks used to talk of "going to College," meaning the Cathedral service.

From College Green, at the north corner of this almost triangular opening, we hold on to Clifton up Park Street, a steep highway of handsome shops and public buildings. On the right (in Unity Street) is passed the Merchant Venturers' School; on the left the Freemasons' Hall, notable for its interior artistic decoration. At No. 10 Park Street, Hannah More lived with her sister. She died 1834 at Windsor Terrace, above the Spa.

Near the head of Park Street, as we ascend, by more than one opening to the left may be gained the slopes of Brandon Hill, laid out as a popular pleasure-ground, from the top of which the view may be anticipated that awaits us on Clifton Down. Here has been built a stately tower in memory of Bristol's great navigator, Cabot. The lower edge of this park runs down to the Hotwells

Road tramway passing along the Harbour. The tramline to the upper part of Clifton rejoins our route at the top of Park Street, where another opening presents a fresh group of public institutions. The main feature here is the Venetian front of the Museum and Reference Library, open free.

The Museum is a large collection, occupying two spacious stories. In the Entrance Hall is the marble statue of "Eve at the Fountain" by E. H. Bailey, R.A., among casts of several celebrated sculptures. The Lower Hall contains in one room the Anthropological, in the other the Zoological Collection, the latter continued in the Upper Hall, where also are the Geological, Mineral, and Botanical Collections. The case of local minerals (opposite the suspended Ichthyosaurus) contains specimens of the crystals known as Bristol diamonds. Two cases in the middle of the Anthropological Room below show some original manuscripts of Chatterton, and others of interest. A good catalogue may be had for 1d.

Behind this are the buildings of the Bristol University College and Medical School; and beyond them again the new quarters and grounds of the Bristol Grammar School. These institutions mark the transition from Bristol to Clifton.

From the Museum we follow the tramway up Queen's Road, where to the left rises the spire of the Clifton Roman Catholic Cathedral. Soon is reached another opening, showing two stately buildings, to the left the Victoria Rooms, to the right the Fine Arts Academy, in which are the Art Schools, a small collection of paintings and 'occasional exhibitions. Here can be seen Hogarth's altar-pieces from St. Mary Redcliff Church, also portraits of General Washington and other noted Americans.

We now enter upon the quiet gentilities of Clifton, smart, trim, elegant, perhaps just a little monotonous in their suburban prettiness. The tramway up the long line of Whiteladies Road would lead us by Clifton Down Station and Redland to the edge of Durdham Down, the highest point of Clifton (over 300 feet). Following the bend of Queen's Road, or by Richmond Hill to the left, we could gain Pembroke Road, once the "Gallows Lane,"

which runs, with the College grounds near its left side, to a lower part of the Down, near the Zoological Gardens. On holding on to the end of Queen's Road, the pedestrian can take a bowery passage that cuts aslant through Victoria Square, then under a narrow arch gain the broad Clifton Road, and turn up it towards the tall spire of Christ Church, opposite which begins the first stretch of the Down, that soon leads in sight of the Suspension Bridge. To this point, as already mentioned, a red omnibus labours up from the centre of the city every quarter of an hour, at the top of the hill turning along Queen's Road and the Mall.

To the right of the Bridge entrance rises Observatory Hill, a broken eminence believed to have been the site of a Roman Camp. From the walks and seats here the view is magnificent, looking over the gorge of the St. Vincent's Rocks spanned by the Suspension Bridge, to the Leigh woods on the other side. To the south are fine glimpses of Bristol with the Dundry Hills, a spur of the Mendips, sloping up in the background; then to the left we may catch Kelston Round Hill and other features of the scenery about Bath; but even without this view the spot is a lovely one. The Observatory that crowns it (admission 6d.) affords a Camera obscura, and a passage to the Ghyston or Giant's Cave in the rock below, believed to have been an ancient chapel or hermitage. There is a legend of Vincent and his brother Goram, giants who cut out this gorge, in the course of which task one accidentally killed the other, but that appears no sufficient reason for the innocent Cain taking rank as St. Vincent.

On the left of the Bridge a slight descent leads down to the new buildings of the Spa and Hydropathic, adjoining the upper entrance of the Clifton Rocks Railway, on which cars lift one another up and down almost continuously (fare 2d. up, 1d. down). The Hotwells tram runs to the lower station, just beyond which a public fountain represents the old Spa, now done away with; and close by, under the Bridge, begins the zigzag road by which those who are afraid of the lift may "take the

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turns nor come to harm," mounting to the top of the Down. Farther on, a carriage road makes the same ascent more gradually. At the terminus of the tramway is the Hotwells Station (for Avonmouth), and a little way farther back the cars passed the Pontoon Bridge, from which the pleasure steamers start.

The Clifton Spa, transferred from the foot to the top of the cliff, now finds itself housed in a grand new establishment, including a sumptuous pump-room and hydropathic hotel, with Turkish, Russian, Electric, Pine, and other medical baths. The whole side of the cliff is taken up by the buildings and grounds. A separate house is provided for serious cases. The view alone from this spacious Kurhaus should be no small recommendation.

The Hotwells water, as we have already stated, is tepid rather than warm, issuing at about the temperature of 75° Fahrenheit, and has a delicate, soft, milky taste. Like most mineral waters, it is best at the spring, deteriorating if kept for any time. Dr. Granville considered this water serviceable in consumption; and it is, or once was, believed to be good for rheumatism and other diseases.

The following is an analysis of the contents of an imperial

gallon of the water :-

Carbonic Acid Gas .		8.75	cubic inches.
Nitrogen Gas		6.56	,,
Chloride of Magnesium			2.180 grains.
Nitrate of Magnesia			2.909 ,,
Chloride of Sodium .			5.891 ,,
Sulphate of Soda .			3.017 ,,
Sulphate of Magnesia			1.267 ,,
Carbonate of Lime .			17.700 ,,
Carbonate of Magnesia			.660
Carbonate of Iron .	54.501		103 ,,
Bitumen	W. 7-10		•150
Sulphate of Lime .			0.868
Silica			.970
			44.015 ,,

It is hoped that the new establishment will help to revive the use of the Clifton spring.

Baths.—While on this head, we may mention that there is a superior open-air swimming-bath (also a tepid one) in *Leigh Road*, near the Pembroke Road, Clifton; and that at several parts of the city the Corporation keep up popular baths with swimming-basins.

Below College Green are the *Turkish Baths* and *Hydropathic Establishment* carried on by the late Mr. Bartholomew, who started these baths in several towns.

The Clifton Suspension Bridge (1d. each way) is by all means to be crossed, if only for the grand prospect of the gorge it spans so gracefully,—the white and red rocks on one side ruggedly bare, on the other beautifully verdured. Below, a railway and a road occupy the bank on either hand, and at low tide the effect is not improved by the amount of mud displayed. Else, the gorge is a magnificent one, which has been compared to the Vale of Tempe.

This bridge is, of course, the lion of Clifton, and well worth a visit. In the year 1753 William Vick, wine merchant and alderman of Bristol, bequeathed a sum of £1000 to the Society of Merchants for the construction of a stone bridge, toll free, across the Avon. This sum, of course, was not sufficient for the purpose, so it was allowed to lie at interest. In about eighty years it had increased to £8000, and the people of Bristol had their attention again drawn to the scheme. A public subscription was started, which in 1836 had brought up the available funds to £45,000. This being about half the amount requisite, on the lowest estimate, for a stone bridge, an Act of Parliament was obtained granting powers to use iron instead. Plans were advertised for, and that of Mr. Brunel was adopted. The work was commenced 27th August 1836, and proceeded with till 1843, when it came to a pause for want of funds. Nothing further was accomplished till 1861, when, under the auspices of a limited liability company, operations were resumed. The ironwork of the old Hungerford Suspension Bridge was got at a good bargain, and adapted in carrying out the plan of this structure. It was completed and opened on 8th December 1864. The span of the bridge is 702 feet, and its height 245 feet above high water, 78 feet higher than the magnificent bridge at Fribourg. Its weight is 1500 tons; its theoretical strength 7000 tons, or about 9 tons per square inch. Unfortunately, this dizzy height has a fatal attraction for a certain class of disordered minds, and the bridge is grimly notable for suicides. More than thirty persons have destroyed themselves here, besides one, at least, who had the almost incredible experience of making the attempt in vain.

Beyond the bridge extend two fine parks; and the heights have been intruded on by favoured residences. 60 BRISTOL

A turn to the right would take us into the beautiful Leigh Woods, with their Nightingale Valley, where the public may expatiate for some way among green peeps of the Down opposite. To the left, by the grounds of Ashton Court, we can descend towards the ill-named Clifton Bridge Station of the line to Portishead, over which a footbridge leads towards the Bedminster Park. On the farther side of this, at Ashton Gate, is the terminus of the trams that run through Bedminster, by St. Mary Redeliff Church, to the Bristol Station.

Clifton Down.—We now turn back to this irregular diamond-shaped stretch of turf, some 450 acres in extent, which extends northwards for nearly 2 miles, and would make a walk of a couple of hours in circuit. The broken knolls, dotted by thorn-trees at the lower end, are known as Fairyland. At its upper end, where it is more level and open, the name Durdham Down applies. Few cities have such a lovely and airy play-ground. On the western side, overlooking the river, are the best views, especially from the Sea Walls at the farther end, where on a fine evening there will be a concourse of people like that at the bandstand of an Indian station, "gharries" being here replaced by bicycles.

Farther along this side, now incorporated in a castellated mansion, rises the ivied tower called *Cook's Folly*, with which is associated a legend not more than a couple of centuries old, yet restoring some familiar features of ancient romance—an heir's horoscope threatening danger before his majority, a tower built to shelter him from all accidents, a solitary life till the end of his twenty-first year, when a viper in a bundle of faggots fulfilled the astrological doom. The author of *Guy Mannering* spent a year's childhood at Bath, and may well have heard this story. The tower is not open to the public, but a path leads by it among the houses to another fine view-point.

By bearing round the east side, the Zoological Gardens are soon reached (admission 6d.). A few years ago, the present writer, visiting the Guikowar of Baroda's collec-

tion of tigers, was surprised to find the finest labelled "born at Bristol, England," which seemed an exporting of coals to Newcastle. The Clifton Gardens, like those at Dublin, are noted for the rearing of lions and tigers. Some stuffed specimens of this industry are exhibited at the Museum.

Beside the Zoological Gardens, College Road leads down by the buildings of Clifton College, which, though no older than 1862, has taken a high place among public schools, with a special reputation for hard work, first acquired under Dr. Percival, the present Bishop of Hereford.

Near the top of Durdham Down, where it is crossed by the Stoke Bishop Road, leading to the suburb of that name, and is edged by the road leading to Westbury, we may turn to the right through Redland, and a little way down the main road take the tram for the centre of the city. The unwearied pedestrian, however, might still fetch a compass round the heights to his left (now that he has turned back), on which Bristol spreads her population above the valley of the river, where the masts of shipping will always be a landmark to guide the return. At the edge of the Common, bearing a little to the left, one passes over Redland Green with its snug chapel, then can go downhill by the Redland station of the Clifton branch, and a fine elm avenue known as the Lovers' Walk, to the left of which line one strikes the tramway on the Gloucester Road. Those who cannot trust themselves to wander, may note that some of the trams from the Redland terminus in Whiteladies Road run to Old Market Street, where they would be near Castle Street (see p. 51), and whence another tram-line would carry or direct them to Victoria Street, at the farther end of which is the station.

ENVIRONS OF BRISTOL

The country about Bristol is in general less strongly featured than the environs of Bath, and more disfigured

by marks of industry, while indeed Bath has nothing to show like the Downs and Gorge at Clifton. There are several fine seats and parks near Bristol; but the vicinity of such a large population puts restrictions on access to them. Our space allows us only to indicate some of the best spots that may be sought out round the city in different directions; after which something must be said of more distant places that are favourite holiday resorts of the Bristol people.

Coach excursions, such as start regularly from popular watering-places, are here only occasional. Those who do not care to pay for private carriages will find help in the omnibuses and suburban tramways, as a motive power for which electricity is being introduced. These run (chiefly from the *Tramway Centre*) to the following destinations:—

Trams to Redland (north-west), Horfield and Ashley Hill (north), Eastville (north-east), Kingswood (east), Totterdown

(south), Ashton Gate (south-west), Hotwells (west).

Omnibuses to Ashton Gate, Brislington (south-east), Hanham and Longwell Green (up the river), Shirehampton (down the river), Westbury (beyond the Downs), Staple Hill (north-east).

The Leigh Woods, on the west side of the river, below the Suspension Bridge, have been already mentioned as a beautiful resort. Through them runs up the Nightingale Valley, between two ancient camps, opposite the third one now surmounted by the Observatory. Tradition goes that these heights were divided by an earthquake at the Crucifixion. To the west of the woods come the private grounds of Leigh Court, a modern mansion containing a fine collection of pictures, unfortunately no longer open to strangers. To the south of it we might visit Abbot's Leigh Church, and its beautiful churchyard and village green, from which there is a fine view. Hence we soon strike into the high road (about 3 miles out of Bristol) that runs between the Leigh Woods and Ashton Court grounds on the south (see p. 60).

The Avon.—The railway trip down the river is worth making for the pretty glimpses it gives of the gorge between bold cliffs rising to the height of 400 feet. The

distance to walk would be some half-dozen miles from below the Suspension Bridge. The best part is missed by taking the line from the main station, which, at Sea Mills, the old Roman port and mouth of the little tributary Trim, unites with that starting at the Hotwells Station. Then, on the united line, is reached Shirehampton, a place of tea-garden resort, where, at the old Lamplighter's Inn, a ferry may be taken across to Pill, a station of the line to Portishead on the south side. The wooded bank on that side still shows the huge rings and chains to which vessels used to moor while waiting for the tide. The next station on the north side is Avonmouth Dock, standing here in opposition to that of Portishead, neither of them very prosperous, as the greater number of ships, not more than 300 feet long, still go up to Bristol. A little farther on, the railway ends at Avonmouth, represented by two small hotels looking over a stretch of marshy flats from which the river mouth has been diverted for the benefit of the new dock. Here. before the making of the Severn Tunnel, was the railway ferry to North Wales; but now the shore is given up to a rifle range. A new branch from the tunnel is in view, that may bring more stir to this forlorn terminus, in favour of which as a spot to be visited, it can be urged that the train usually returns a few minutes after arriving with its light load of passengers. The view down the Severn to its islands and the green mass of Portishead, is rather pleasing; and the sight of large vessels working their way up so narrow a river is an unusual one.

From the ferry at Pill a good hour's walk would take us to Portishead, where the point crowned by an old camp stands out boldly above the Channel. Thence it is rather farther to *Clevedon*. The Portishead line would carry us back to the main Bristol station. Portbury, a little beyond Pill, is the chief station on this short line, the woods above which offer a pleasant walk and view.

If time, weather, and limbs allow, we should by all means advise a return on foot from *Shirehampton* by a choice of charming ways. A large village lies above the

railway, out of sight for those who turn down to the river. Going up from the ferry and station through this village, we come to a patch of green on the lordly high road presently leading through *Shirehampton Park*, by which it would be a walk of about half a dozen miles to Bristol. The byways, however, are still more delightful.

- (1) At a butcher's shop on the green turn to the right for a path that at first keeps near the river over the fine *Horseshoe Bend*, and ends on Durdham Down in about three miles. It is plain all the way, except at one point: where it crosses the little Trim, turn to the right by a group of houses, then hold up by a lane over the next small ridge, beyond which the path begins again on the right, leading up by *Stoke Bishop Church*, then by a bowery lane to another notably slender spire of a Congregational chapel above, which would be a landmark both for coming in this direction and for striking the way from the head of the Downs.
- (2) Before taking that path, one should at least turn up to Penpole Point, the green bank behind Shirehampton. A path leads from the top of the green in a few minutes to this remarkable terrace, where one turns to the left for the sea view from the seat at its point. Holding along it to the right, one gets into the high road running through Shirehampton Park; or hence can bear to the left along the edge of King's Weston Park, enclosing a mansion built by Sir John Vanbrugh (not open except on special occasions). By this latter route, crossing on an iron bridge the road to the village of King's Weston on the left, one could gain the wooded bank known as King's Weston Down and keep on to Henbury or Coombe Dingle.

Westbury, Henbury, Coombe Dingle.—Beyond the Downs, a lovely afternoon's round might be made. From the terminus of the Redland trams, a conveyance runs on every half-hour to Westbury by the road edging the top of Durdham Down. There are houses all the way; and the distance from the tram is not two miles.

Westbury-on-Trim possessed a Monastery, founded before 824, and rebuilt by William Canynges, that wealthy merchant and mayor, who became the first dean of the restored religious house. Wickliffe, the reformer, to whom Edward III. presented a prebend in the Collegiate Church of Westbury-on-Trim, is said to have preached at both Bristol and Westbury. The fine old Church has been restored.

A mile and a half north of Westbury, across a deep valley, we reach **Henbury**, which also has an ancient church, containing several monuments. A group of model cottages here is much admired, built by the proprietors of Blaise Castle, as a sort of almshouse of gentility. The village and the prospects about it are well worth seeing. Just as it is reached a lane turns to the left under the wall of Blaise Castle grounds, which leads up through a tunnel into the churchyard. The model cottages lie beyond south-west from Henbury, and close by

Blaise Castle occupies the summit of an eminence, which seems to have been a Roman fort, and perhaps previously a British one. Numerous Roman remains have been discovered in the course of excavations. The place takes its name from a chapel which once stood here, dedicated to St. Blaise, the patron of the wool-combers, on a site now occupied by a tower overlooking a famous prospect. The charmingly situated house contains fine pictures collected by the late J. S. Harford, Esq., D.C.L., author of Recollections of Wilberforce.

Unless by special permission the beautiful grounds are open only on Thursdays. It is necessary to write in advance to the head gardener; then the party will find themselves expected at the chief entrance on Henbury Hill (on the left of the road from Westbury). They may drive or walk through the Glen; then by a footpath a guide takes them to the tower, the gardens, etc., and carriages are regained at the other lodge on the King's

Weston Road. Bicycles are not admitted.

Turning round the grounds of Blaise Castle one may follow the high road to King's Weston, not two miles off. But after passing the lodge gate, a stile will presently be seen on the left, opening a path by which we advise a return through Coombe Dingle. This path leads over the wooded bank, where, on the right, one may mount to one of the old camps, below which to the left is gained a grand terraced walk overlooking a deep gulf of greenery that separates this height from that of Blaise. Through the woods the path descends into a meadow, thence into a lane, thence into a road. All the turns may be taken to the left for Westbury. To the right the lane leads to King's Weston and Shirehampton. Holding on in the direction of the path, one makes for the Stoke Bishop side

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of the Downs, where a slender spire peeping up through the trees will be a landmark. When the road at the bottom is reached and taken left for Westbury, as soon as one has crossed the Trim, a rough path may be scrambled up on the right which puts one in a road direct for the head of the Downs, passing by refreshment places that show what a popular holiday resort Coombe Dingle is. A guide post, higher up, makes the cross ways plain, where we still seem to be in open country, and field-paths offer themselves on either side, though the limits of the city have recently been extended on this side as far as Westbury.

The Gloucester Road goes out due north, winding a little at first from the top of Colston Avenue. The tram-line to Horfield would be a guide, passing through the street known as Stokes Croft, then to the left of Montpellier Station, where the suburbs begin. To the right of the road is Ashley Hill, with Ashley Hill Station behind, and the Gloucester County Cricket Ground below it. On this stands one of the best known among Bristol's many charitable institutions, Müller's Orphan Houses. (Strangers must not confound Ashley with Aston, on the other side of the city; nor Kingswood, to the east, with Kingsdown, the elevated quarter that rises on the left of Stokes Croft.)

The late Mr. George Müller began his benevolent enterprise as early as 1832, from which date to 1849 he took charge of 100 orphan children in Wilson Street, Bristol. Then he undertook operations on a greater scale at Ashley Down, and at intervals since that time enlarged his establishment. At present about 2000 orphan children are supported and educated here; and so useful a work is not likely to be let drop after the death of the founder at a great age, sixty-five years after its commencement. Mr. Müller all along depended on the free-will contributions of the public for the means of carrying it on. Each house is open to the inspection of visitors weekly as follows:—No. 1, Wednesday; No. 2, Tuesday; No. 3, Thursday; No. 4, Friday; No. 5, Saturday. Three parties of visitors are conducted over the houses. First party at 2.30 P.M., second, 3 P.M., third, 3.30 P.M. The oldest house, open on Wednesday, is the most interesting.

A mile or so beyond Ashley Hill is Horfield Common, where the Barracks are, a little way beyond the tramway terminus. Another mile on brings us to Filton, where about as far to the left of the road is Penpark Hole, the opening to an extraordinary cavern, now closed up. In this direction we might diverge either to Westbury or Henbury: and at Filton (4 miles), as at Patchway, 11 miles beyond, there are stations on the Severn Tunnel railway. But now we have got well into Gloucestershire; so it need only be said that the road goes on by Almondsbury, where there is a fine view of the Severn, and by the old Ridgeway road over Alveston Down. At Alveston, the best cycling route for Gloucester goes to the right by Stone; but one might hold on the left branch to Thornbury, about a dozen miles north of Bristol. This is a small market-town, with a fine restored Church, showing an ancient chancel and stately tower, and beside it the Castle begun by the Duke of Buckingham in Henry VIII.'s time, but never finished on the original ambitious scale; now in part restored as a modern residence. From Thornbury we can return to Bristol by a branch leaving the Midland line at Yate.

Our next road is that leaving the city to the northeast, which takes us, by Stapleton Road station, to East-ville Park, a large one, of popular resort. Beyond this, across the Frome, comes the prettily-situated village of Stapleton, the birthplace of Hannah More, now a place of suburban residence. The former Episcopal palace here has been adapted as home of Colston's School, another of the charitable foundations for which Bristol is so notable. An electric tramway runs within a few minutes' walk of the park, and is about to be extended to Fishponds.

The upper road to Bath, by St. Lawrence Hill and Kingswood Hill, is for nearly four miles travelled by an electric tramway, that takes us up some steep hills with no cruelty to animals. The cars marked "K" go out all the way in about half an hour. This is not the most

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elegant part of the city, but there are pleasant peeps on either side through the houses that line almost all the road. At the terminus, Warmley Hill, the Company has laid out a small pleasure-ground (admission by tram ticket) for enjoying a fine view, which, however, has been provokingly interrupted by the new tramway buildings. Here we are at Kingswood, looking over a valley towards Kelston Round Hill, Lansdown, and other landmarks about Bath. Wick (see p. 30) is about 3 miles farther on the road, and thence it is about 5 miles into Bath.

On the right of this road we might have turned down for Hanham and Longwell Green, thus to approach the winding Avon, crossed by more than one ferry, and navigable by boats, though its muddy current hardly invites this way of surveying the red cliffs on either side, to which nature has not grudged verdured beauties, but men have sadly obscured them by works of smoky and slimy industry.

The Bath Road, commonly so called, goes out by the station, leads along the left bank of the river, not very pleasant to more than one sense in its present state, and so comes to the pretty Arno's Vale Cemetery. Beyond, on the left, will be seen a curious building among trees, known as the Black Castle, built in the 18th century by one of those citizens who seek the fame of extraordinary erections. It is a "folly" of black slag, nicknamed by Horace Walpole "The Devil's Cathedral." Beside it has been set up one of the old city gates, adorned with ancient statues. One might turn a little way up the lane for a peep at this odd structure, which seems to be occupied as a farm.

The road goes on in a mile or so to Brislington, a snug suburban village, where the little Church shows the tomb of one Thomas Newman, whose name belies his repute, since he is said to have died, 1771, at the age of 153. Hence we could cut across to the highway next mentioned. But beyond the Cemetery we might turn

up to the left for St. Anne's Wood, a secluded dingle, the existence of which is hardly known to some Bristolians, though once it was famed for its chapel and well. The path leading to it seems at present obscured by building operations. The plainest way is to cross the railway by the lane marked To Sandy Park Road. At the top, turn left, and hold on till the winding road again crosses the G.W.R. Just beyond is the wooded hollow, into which we may presently descend by a path on the right, other access being forbiddingly closed. The path leads down to a ferry (½d.) by which the river may be crossed; then, mounting the opposite bank, and striking across a rather mean quarter, one gains the line of the Electric Tram to Kingswood. (The G.W.R. main line has a new suburban station, St. Anne's Park.)

From the Bath Road, at the end of the tramway, the Wells Road diverges up hill to the right, some three miles of which would carry us to Whitchurch, with its restored ancient church and pleasant lanes and field-paths not yet altogether swallowed up by the neighbouring town. Two miles south-west rises a height (654 feet) on which is Maesknoll Camp, one of the chief posts along the Wansdyke, overlooking a magnificent view.

A road going off to the right at Whitchurch leads close to Maesknoll, which is the eastern end of the long ridge known as Dundry Hill. Along this ridge the same road holds westward, in a couple of miles reaching **Dundry**, whose lofty church tower is so conspicuous a landmark from Bristol, having been built for that end, temp. Edward IV., by the Merchant Venturers' Company. Here again is a wide prospect, or from the height behind, rising to 765 feet. The direct road from Bristol to Dundry (3 miles) goes out through Bedminster, whence it may also be reached by field-path over a green country rather spoiled by shafts and mines.

From Whitchurch, Maesknoll, or Dundry, one might hold on to the course of the Chew, and to the antiquities of Stanton Drew (see p. 98), lying about two miles south 70 BRISTOI

of Maesknoll; then three miles further comes the neighbouring camp of Stantonbury.

The tram-line through Redcliff and Bedminster, Bristol's transpontine suburbs, leads to the pleasant public park at Ashton Gate, and beyond, by miles of beautiful scenery, to the western spurs of the Mendips, to be visited in our next section, where, and under the head of Wells, many other excursions will be suggested which are within reach of Bristol, not to speak of those to Berkeley Castle, to Chepstow, to the Forest of Dean, Lynmouth, Ilfracombe, etc., that would carry us into the neighbouring counties.

CLEVEDON AND WESTON

THESE two seaside towns—not to dwell on the nearer Portishead, which seems to be advancing as a pleasure resort—are the great breathing and bathing places of Bristol, with merits enough to attract visitors from every part of the country. Both are reached by excursion steamers, and by frequent G.W.R. trains from Bristol; but while Weston has a loop line of its own, one must usually change for the short Clevedon branch at Yatton. Clevedon, within a forenoon's walk of the city, is the quieter, and on the whole the prettier, of the two; Weston, much the larger and livelier. Both of them, besides their floating population, are almost residential suburbs of Bristol.

CLEVEDON.

Hotels: Royal Pier, Walton Park, Bristol, etc.

Pensions: Hydropathic, Towers Temperance Hotel, Glendale Boarding House, etc.

This town straggles roomily on and beneath heights overlooking the Bristol Channel, and has an agreeably informal aspect in its winding lines of villas and open terraces. The station lies a little way behind the town, towards which one strikes over Chapel Hill, bearing to the left for the Copse and the Green Beach Esplanade, to the right for the Pier, the smart shops, and the clift quarter known as Walton, at the Bristol end, where a sea walk leads along the edge to a nook called Ladye Bay. Over this side looks Dial Hill. At the other end, where the ground is flat and marshy, the little bay is shut in by the wooded bluff of Wain's Hill.

Behind the town are the beautiful grounds of Clevedon Court, open to visitors, leaving their cards, on Thursday afternoons. The mansion is one of famous antiquity, with modern additions, "the most valuable relic of early domestic architecture in England"; and fortunately its picturesque old features did not suffer much. There are other noticeable residences in and about the town. The ex-Royal Hotel has been adapted as a Franciscan Priory, to which is attached a conspicuously placed church. The old Parish Church, at the south end of the place, has been supplemented by several handsome modern ones. Though not much of a Margate, Clevedon makes a very pleasant resort, sheltered from cold winds by the bank of Dial Hill (300 feet), beyond which is reached a picturesque tract of pine woods that enliven a winter sojourn.

Clevedon is rich in literary associations. Myrtle Cottage, the honeymoon home of Coleridge, rented for £5 a year, and praised by him in song rather above its real charms, is in Old Church Road, for which turn to the left on leaving the station. (The house is No. 49 on the right side, easily known by two old firs in front.)

"Low was our pretty cot; our tallest rose Pecped at the chamber window."

At Clevedon Court, Thackeray is said to have written a great part of *Esmond*. The old Church on Clevedon Point contains the grave of Arthur Hallam; and this scene has been immortalised by Tennyson:—

"There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills."

In prosaic truth, the water of this sandy channel is not so very salt or sea-like, nor is the beach at Clevedon of the most tempting kind for bathing. The usual facilities, however, are found before the parade, and at Ladye Bay a good swim can be had when the tide is up.

Besides sea trips, very pleasant walks and drives may be taken about Clevedon. The coast northwards rises in a ridge dark with pines, through which it is a short stroll from Ladye Bay to the prominent shell of **Walton** Castle, a favourite point for picnic parties, by whom it is none the less admired that its records are rather vague.

Another ridge runs westward towards Portbury, rising at one point to a height of nearly 500 feet. Above the village of *Tickenham*, an hour's walk out the road by Clevedon Court, is **Cadbury**, a name recurring for Somerset camps, as we shall see presently, the derivation alternatively given as *Coed*, a wood, and *Cad*, a battle. This one is oval in shape, with a double rampart; and there is a fine prospect from its turf arena, reached from Bristol through *Portbury* (p. 63). On the northern side of the height, the road to *Clapton* is the direct way from Clevedon to *Portbury*. A good round may be taken by crossing Cadbury from Tickenham, and descending to the other road, or *vice versa*.

In the valley between these two ridges the road to Portishead (Royal Hotel) passes through the pleasant villages of Walton and Weston-in-Gordano. An omnibus runs several times a day from Clevedon Station to Portishead (6 miles), connecting with the trains and with the tramway from Weston. The woods on Portishead Point are a pleasant feature; and here we see the mouth of the Avon, with the rival docks on either side. The walk may be done also along the coast from Ladye Bay.

On the south side there is a short walk by the height of Wain's Hill; beyond, the coast becomes flat, cut up by streams and ditches, across which roads go tacking in a truly nautical manner. In this direction runs the new tram or light railway to Weston-super-Mare (8 miles), from which one has a prospect over a green level and peeps at its villages, Kingston Seymour, Wick St. Lawrence, with their outlying hamlets; then the line comes to bolder scenery under the south-eastern corner of Worle Hill, where the village of Worle stands out well against its rocky background crowned by a tower, of which more anon. The trip takes about half an hour (fare 1s. 2d.

return). The tramway station adjoins that of the G.W.R., and at Weston we are put out at the end of Milton Road, which leads almost straight to the end of High Street, near the railway station.

A proposal to extend this tramway in the other direction seems at present to meet with strong opposition.

From Clevedon to Weston, one can go also by the G. W. R., changing at Yatton. But before transferring our base to this centre, let us halt to visit one of the beauty spots of the county, which seems best known to Bristol excursionists, though it is within easy reach of Clevedon.

Yatton (Hotel at station) is a thriving-like village, just outside of which on the east side stands a solid tower, capped by the uncommon feature of a truncated spire, marking the Church, which contains a fine altar tomb and other monuments of the Newton family. The place lies near the base of Broadfield Down, an outlying patch of the Mendips, containing some fine bits of scenery. Above Yatton rises the height of Cadbury Camp (263 feet),—not that of the same name near Tickenham, a few miles to the north,—which may be ascended by a path from the road passing below its face.

The Broadfield Hills.—This Cadbury is a projecting eminence of a group of wooded hills to the north and east, themselves an outlying detachment of the Mendips. They seem to have no general name, though on some maps they are marked as the Broadfield Hills, and Broadfield Down is a name applied to their highest part. Cleeve Hill and Cleeve Toot are points a little to the northeast of Cadbury Camp; on the other side, near Wrington, the name Redhill has been suggested by the sandstone rocks cropping out among limestone. Before passing on to the Mendips proper, we will guide Clevedon and Weston visitors on a round of ten or a dozen miles through these hills, bringing in Wrington with its famous church tower, a village of such retiring disposition that when the new Bristol-Bridgwater road was made,

the Wrington people stipulated for its not passing within a mile of them.

From Yatton to Wrington is 4 miles by road passing round the foot of the hills. A pleasanter walk may be had by taking train to Congresbury (pronounced Coomsbury), the first station on the line to Wells, a village graced with a fine church spire that makes a conspicuous landmark. Our way hence is along the course of the little river Yeo, which could be struck by making for Congresbury Church.

From the station go up the village as far as the old cross which dignifies it, where turn left over the river, and at once take a field-path to the right. This keeps near the stream, at one part appearing to have been an old tow-path, and through lush meadows makes an easy 3 miles' walking to Wrington, whose tower soon comes in view as a beacon. Where a ruined mill seems to block the way, the stranger may be thrown out, but can regain the path by taking the other side of the stream for a little way to the next footbridge. If he turn up to the left, the worst that can happen to him will be coming into the road from Yatton.

Wrington is a little town of 1500 people, notable for the pinnacled tower of its Church, which is one of the finest, if not the finest, in this county of fine towers. The parish also boasts the residence in it of Hannah More, who, with her sisters, devoted herself during a great part of her life to founding schools among the mining population of the Mendips, neglected as they were by the regular clergy. Against much opposition, active and passive, for thirty years she persevered in a labour which came to be seconded by the efforts of Methodist preachers; and no one now would guess from what half-savagery she did so much to reclaim her poorer neighbours within a circuit of many miles.

The Church may be entered by the lych-gate on the east side; and the south door will probably be found open, over which is a monument to the virtues of Hannah More, who, with her four sisters, lies buried under the yew tree at this side of the churchyard. On the other side, by the north gate, formerly stood a thatched cottage

in which John Locke was born, his mother, suddenly confined, having been taken from the Church to the nearest dwelling; but all now left of it is the stone recording this accidental honour.

Behind the village is some fine scenery, of which an obvious point is the wooded hill above. To reach the Goblin Combe and Brockley Combe, lions of this neighbourhood, hold on through the broad main street, which has so many diverging ways that we must be a little particular in indication. At the "Golden Lion" turn to the left, and almost at once to the right by a butcher's shop. This road takes us up hill to the meeting of ways at an old tree, on which some of Judge Jeffreys' victims are said to have been hung, and which has recently been enclosed by a white railing as the Jubilee Memorial of the village. The road to the right leads to Redhill Church, presently passing, on its left side, Barleywood, the home of Hannah More. The central road mounts to become a cart track crossing the head of the Goblin Combe; and this is the rightful way to Brockley Combe.

For the best part of the Goblin Combe, however, turn to the left, and at once up hill to the right on a road marked "To Nailsea." This road, bending to the left, gains a height of about 500 feet, from which is a fine view of the Mendips opposite, where a few trees on the sky line have suggested the outline of a "browsing horse." The road goes on between fine woods on its left hand, opened by walks, and on its right the grounds of Cleeve Court, closed without special permission. In a couple of miles or so it strikes the Bristol-Weston high road by the village of Cleeve, to which our ramble

may make a longer round, as follows :-

At the top of the ascent from Wrington, look out for the first lane to the right, which leads by some cottages down into the lower and finer part of the Goblin Combe. This is here a deep savage glen, edged by limestone cliffs and banks of screes, below which flourish oaks, firs, thorns, and dark groups of yew. A path leads down it, but at the bottom we should come into some controversy as to right of way. Mounting upwards we could strike the road mentioned as leading to Brockley Combe. Off this road we stray only on sufferance; but, keeping a slight foot-track, one would probably not be interfered with in mounting the steep further side of the Combe, in almost a straight line with the lane by which we came down into it, then crossing Wrington Warren, a bare moor nearly 500 feet high. The buildings which come in sight as we reach the top, are those of the Warren House, from beyond which a path leads down to Brockley Combe. So far makes about 3 miles from Wrington.

A slight turn to the left brings us on to the road traversing Brockley Combe, a well-wooded glen on whose steep banks Coleridge has described the yew tree bursting from fissures of naked rock, and mingling with the white blossoms of the may: "Enchanting spot! O were my Sara here!" A good many Saras find their way here in our generation, these erstwhile solitudes being much invaded by picnic parties and by troops of Bristol cyclists, who approach its upper end by turning off the Bridgwater road, 61 miles out, through Lulsgate Bottom. For a mile after we enter it from Wrington, the road drops through the woods, then puts us on the Bristol-Weston highway about 9 miles from Bristol, and under 4 miles from Yatton.

To finish our round we must follow this highway through the village of Cleeve, beyond which it is locally known as the "Roddy," from its descent of Rhodyate Hill above Congresbury (Star Inn), from which it goes on to Weston. Beyond Cleeve Church (second turning) and the "Nelson" inn, the Yatton Road goes off to the right (sign post), but the pedestrian may keep the high road for some 100 yards, then take a fieldpath on the right that winds pleasantly along the flank of Cadbury Hill, and drops into the side road just as the notable tower of Yatton comes in sight as a beacon for the station lying a few minutes' walk to the right of it. This round from Yatton, at the furthest, would be under 12 miles.

This might have been mentioned as an excursion from Bristol, in returning to which the cyclist has a straight road of 9 miles from the bottom of Brockley Combe, by the village of Backwell, a little to his right, then through Flax Bourton and the Ashton suburb. The pedestrian can save half a dozen miles' walk by turning down to Nailsea Station on the left of this road. The village of Nailsea, with its Perpendicular Church, a mile beyond the railway, is not far from Tickenham (p. 73), which would be another way back to Clevedon.

In this district we have not thought necessary to say much about every village, some of them a little sophisticated by the vicinity of large towns, most of them with either interesting old churches or handsome modern ones to show; and all thriving

of aspect as fortunate in situation.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

Hotels: Atlantic, Royal, Pier, Queen's, Imperial, Shaftesbury (Temperance). Boarding - Houses: Sandringham, Corfield, County, Hardelot, Francis', Macbeth's, etc.

Weston-super-Mud is a nickname which has been given to this resort, that seems fain to emphasise the fact of its

being on the sea, as if in anticipation of rude jests against its expanse of wet shallow at low tide. But the salt mud in itself is considered as contributing to the salubrious quality of the air, at once mild and tonic; while it is not so pervading but that stretches of firmer sand remain for the recreation of the crowds who on holiday afternoons muster thickly here from Bristol and other towns. are over two miles of sea front, behind which Weston mounts up the slopes of a wooded hill, protecting it from the north wind, with wide outlook over the Bristol Channel to the Holm Islands, and the coast of Wales. Another pleasant feature is the public gardens and parks enclosed within its bounds, not to speak of the woods behind, some 300 acres of which are available for rambles. On the whole, it may be said that few large places, not of the ruggedly grand order, have such an agreeable aspect as Weston, risen into prosperity within living memory, thanks mainly to its equable winter climate, little colder than Torquay, and more bracing. The chief complaint made against it is a want of popular entertainments and resorts for excursionists; but a great part of its 16,000 inhabitants belong to a class not much concerned to encourage excursionists.

The railway and the steamers land us at different parts of the town. The former, once a branch, is now a short loop on which many trains pass back to what is at present the main G.W.R. line to Exeter, soon to be superseded by a shorter route.

The new station is a little way from the old one, behind the south part of the town, where its chief recent growth seems to have been. To reach the town on foot, cross to the up side of the platform, and go down towards the prominent tower of the Town Hall, behind which a building looking like a schoolhouse (in the same enclosure as Emmanuel Church) is the Albert Memorial Hall, containing a small Museum that may be entered by careful search for the custodian and by paying 3d. A turn to the left, beyond the Town Hall, takes us to the centre of affairs, and by a straight line to the sea front, reached

about the middle of the promenade. To the south this extends for about a mile. The houses stand back behind pleasant lawns as far as the handsome buildings of the West of England Sanatorium and Convalescent Hospital, which marks the end of Weston in that direction, the golf-links coming beyond. The other prominent structure about half way along is the Atlantic Hotel. At this end, a little way back, lies Clarence Park, from which an omnibus runs to the Pier, at the further end of the town.

For the Pier, we may walk either by the front, or by the line of High Street running parallel with it, or between them, by a range of arcades that make a refuge in wet weather. At the end of High Street we find the Grove Park Gardens with their bandstand, and a pretty mansion adapted as the Free Library (a new one in view). Just before reaching this we have the Post Office on the left, and close to it the Assembly Rooms, holding a theatrical license, as does the Victoria Hall with its Winter Gardens, which lies up the Boulevard turning off to the right opposite the open meadow overlooked by the Royal Hotel. Beyond Grove Park comes the rebuilt Parish Church, which has been supplemented by several district churches, of which All Saints has the name of being the "highest," and Holy Trinity, at present, represents the other extreme.

The business part here ends, but for nearly a mile continues the sea front, above which a large quarter of terraces and villas rises on the slopes of Worle Hill. On the central rocky projection of *Knightstone*, reached by a causeway, are the *Baths*, including a tepid swimming basin, and an open air one available in summer. In the Royal Crescent above there are Turkish Baths. Bathing goes on from machines on the sands, from the end of the Pier in the morning, and in a rocky cove a little further on when the tide serves, but the sea recedes so far that this is not the strong point of Weston. Beyond the Baths, the Promenade soon becomes a shore walk, following the curves round *Anchor Point*, and at one point broken by a rocky bay, where youngsters

delight to watch the waves rush in and to be cut off on a shelf above, at high tide. Thus we come round to the *Pier*, which owes its remote situation to the favour of a small island serving as its head. Even this point of vantage did not carry it out far enough to meet the steamers at all states of the tide; but an extension is now made to secure a low-water landing. Above the Pier is another pretty public garden, one of the favourite "pitches" of the Town Band, and beyond it begins the shore drive through the Worle Woods.

So much for the town, which also runs back for some distance upon the southern slope of Worle Hill, along the line of Bristol Road. The *Boulevard* is the main opening in this direction. At the end of it a slight slant to the right brings one into *Milton Road*, out which is reached the terminus of the modestly named Tramway to Clevedon.

ENVIRONS OF WESTON.

Worle Hill is the wooded ridge, about 3 miles long, which makes the background of the town to the north, the point of it overlooking the Pier. It is traversed by walks and rough winding paths, all open, and the ridge is so narrow that one can hardly go astray upon it. The foot of it indeed is rather too well defended by a chevaux de frise of villa grounds; but entrance may be had at several points, by obvious turns off the Bristol Road, which skirts its south face, by a steep path up the side of the enormous quarry behind the Parish Church, or by a bit of road mounting opposite the crocketed spire of Trinity Church, a little further to the east.

The last way takes us up to Worlebury Camp, now a confusion of loose stones and overgrown mounds. This is believed to have been a British stronghold, occupied in turn no doubt by the other warlike races who intruded themselves here. An examination made in 1851 led to the discovery of some interesting remains, part of which are preserved in the Museum. A local paper gave this report of the result:—

"The entire area of the camp is dotted over with numerous circular depressions, 6 to 8 feet in diameter, which in some spots run in parallel lines, these depressions, numbering, it may be, as many as 200, being apparent amid the greensward, from being covered, in perhaps the majority of instances, with bleached, unshapen pieces of the mountain limestone, of 12 or 13 inches in thickness, mixed with smaller fragments. In the least disturbed of these depressions the stones slope from the margin to the centre, with a funnel-shaped appearance. The explorations were commenced by clearing out the stones and soil from some of these cavities, and soon resulted in the discovery of human remains in two of them. The one opened on the 18th ult. contained a single skeleton, the skull of which bore marks of very severe and extensive injuries, which had evidently been inflicted by some sharp-cutting instrument. In the posterior part, where by a provision of nature the skull is always thickest, it is found that the instrument used, of whatever description, has made in this instance more than one 'clean cut' quite through both tables of the skull, without causing any surrounding splinter or fissure—an evidence no less of the fine edge of the weapon employed than of the force of arm that must have been exerted in wielding it. The other cavity, opened on the succeeding Monday, contained the remains of three bodies. . . . Of these skeletons, one is evidently of almost gigantic stature, and the conformation of the skull in this case is such as bears a well-marked resemblance to the savage type of head, and would at once tend to indicate a distinct race, and to the inference of its extreme antiquity. Both the skull and other portions of the skeleton in this individual bear unequivocal traces of the formidable character of the fierce conflict in which he must have been engaged, and which must have terminated his existence—the skull being cleft completely through in more than one place. Immediately underlying the remains was a considerable quantity of wheat and barley in a partially decayed state and of a black colour as if charred, but considerable doubt has been expressed whether it had undergone the action of fire."

E. A. Freeman, whose childhood was spent at Weston, declared that the prospect from Worle Hill first excited his interest in geography, as the future historian might well be awakened by the memories of this region. The view from this end of the hill, however, is obstructed by the woods, rather tame for the most part, through which many shady walks are open. The ridge being a narrow one, we cannot easily lose our way; and by holding

along the top, about half way we emerge on open ground with wide outlook.

A road (6 miles) runs all round the foot of Worle Hill. One part of it, entered by a gate a little beyond the Pier, is private, and a small toll must be paid for all wheels, even those of a cycle or a perambulator. This makes one of the prettiest walks about Weston, for more than 11 miles skirting the low cliff fringed with gorse and trees, and on the other hand protected by a wooded slope that makes a sheltered lee when the south-west wind is roaring through the town. At the lodge gate at the further end the private road joins a rough broad footway that has cut across the hill, leaving the Bristol Road by the turn called Kew Road, and holding pretty straight and steep to the glade at the top, where it passes the Waterworks on the left, and strikes down, bearing right, as the shortest line to Kewstoke. From the open end of the hill one can descend (left) to Kewstoke, or (right) to Milton, and farther on at the Observatory Tower to the village of Worle below the landward end.

Kewstoke, with its pretty church, is the hamlet beginning just beyond the end of the private road, where the hill becomes bare and stony, offering wide views from the top. Turning up a lane opposite the Post Office (which would take us to Milton on the opposite side), we almost at once come across the mythical "St. Kew's" Steps, said to have originally numbered two hundred, leading from the ancient encampment above to the Norman doorway of the Church, that lies below the level of the road. Beyond the church, we look over a flat level to Swallow Cliff, ending the ridge of St. Thomas Head, underneath which, an hour's walk from Kewstoke by a devious road, a farmhouse now incorporates the tower and other remains of Woodspring Priory, said to have been founded by a relative of one of Thomas à Becket's murderers, in expiation of the crime.

The road round the hill goes on to the village of Worle, at its south-eastern end, from which there is a fine view towards the Mendips. A little beyond this is

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Worle Station, of the Weston loop line; or one might here catch the Clevedon Tramway to bring him round the more commonplace south side of Worle Hill. On the top of the hill the Observatory Tower, reached by a path opening through a gate behind Worle Church, has recently been opened as a picnic and tea-garden resort. Farther along comes the village of *Milton*, from which, by an upper or a lower road, are soon reached the spreading outskirts of Weston.

Along the coast southwards rises another prominent height, crowned by an old church. Uphill, said to have been a Roman station, is hardly a mile beyond the Sanatorium at the south end of the town. Half a mile of road, indeed, beside the golf-course, brings us to a patch of wood that makes a sheltering oasis after the often windy flat; then we reach the new Church, replacing that conspicuous old one, that stands above the straggling village to which Hannah More came for sea-bathing in 1793. Just before reaching the church the road divides: take the right branch (or a path by the church from the other), leading through the village, beyond which the old church appears on a green height, a spur of the Mendips, overlooking the mouth of the Axe and the wide flats beyond. The road to the left would lead to Uphill Station.

The old church, in part Norman, dedicated to St. Nicholas, patron saint of sailors, was no doubt intended as a sea mark, though the story goes about this, as about many other mediæval churches, that it was begun on another site, from which supernatural hands nightly removed the structure to its present commanding position. In its state of partial ruin, with a few tombs clustered about it, it makes a picturesque object, and should be visited at least for the view. The church has been repaired as a mortuary chapel. In the hill beneath, a bone cave was opened out many years ago; and recent discoveries of the same kind have been made.

Beyond is prominent the peninsular ridge of Brean Down, about 2 miles long, its shape suggesting that of a whale. To reach it, the muddy mouth of the Axe may be crossed by a ferry (6d.) at the end of the road below

the church. (N.B.—It is as well to inquire for the ferryman in passing through the village, though in the excursion season he will usually be on the look-out for customers.) On the other side is passed an ivied crag and a farmhouse, beyond which a path mounts to the top of the breezy height with its wide prospect. At the end, overlooking a reef of sharp-toothed rocks, is a small fort mounted with guns on the principle invented by Sir A. Moncrieff, K.C.B. The proposed harbour and railway which were to transform this rugged point seem to have been abandoned. Tradition makes here an early Phœnician port, and the last foothold of the Romans in Britain.

The Steep Holm and Flat Holm islands, lying off Brean Down, are similarly defended. On the latter is a lighthouse; and on the former an inn, which seems to be independent of the excise, as the island belongs to no particular county. These islands are often visited by vachts and boats from Weston, weather and tide permitting; and in the season steamers make the excursion. Across the Channel will be seen the islands off Barry, backed by the Welsh Hills.

Beyond Uphill, a walk of three hours through Bleadon and Loxton would carry us to Axbridge (p. 91), along the south side of the ridge, which might be ascended half way for the view from the conspicuous clump called Loxton Firs, whence, descending on the north side, we could walk back to Uphill through the embowered village of Hutton, near which bone caves were discovered in the 18th century; or direct to Weston, over the flat, by Locking (4 miles out), a pleasant village with a notable church.

The direct road from Weston to Axbridge (11 miles) passes by Locking and Banwell, the most notable point of this ridge, on which its tower is so conspicuous among the pines. Banwell is also reached on the other side. from the Sandford Station of the line to Wells. About a mile to the right of this line, beyond the wooded height on which was a Roman camp, lies the village, one of ancient dignity, with a Church, not only showing the imposing tower looked for in Somerset, but a noble structure throughout, warmly praised by Freeman. The Manor Court House preserves some remains of an episcopal palace that once stood here on the site of a monastery founded by King Alfred. Through the village, if coming from the railway, we must hold on along the hill towards Weston for the tower on Banwell Hill (300 feet), and the celebrated caves below it, in one of which was discovered an enormous quantity of bones, apparently collected here by beasts of prey. This is shown, for a small gratuity, on application at the coachman's house, an adjunct of the mansion called the Caves.

The neighbourhood was once further celebrated by the Rev. W. L. Bowles's poem "Banwell Hill, or Days Departed," a work which is in every gentleman's library, but hardly in Messrs. Smith's or Mudie's.

We have thus sketched the main points of interest round Weston; and the stranger, once he sees the lie of the land, will have no difficulty in making out further walks by road and paths. Cheap railway tickets are given by certain trains for excursions in different directions. The favourite of these is to the *Cheddar Cliffs*, dealt with in our next section. In the season, coaches from Weston make this trip (14 miles) for 2s. 6d. The following list gives the fares for private conveyances to the places we have mentioned, or are about to mention as we follow the railway southward.

Drives.

Round Worle Hill					£0	5	0	
Uphill by Hutton .				300	0	5	0	
Winscombe					0	8	0	
Lympsham					0	7	0	
East Brent		17.50		200	0	10	0	
Round Brent Knoll			100		0	12	0	
Cheddar					0	15	0	
Cheddar (two horses)					1	10	0	
Brockley ,, .	1				1	10	0	
Burnham ,, .	1	10.0	10000	1.0	1	10	0	

At the pier Messrs. Campbell's Bristol steamers call regularly in the season—daily to Cardiff, Newport, Lynmouth, Ilfracombe, and Clovelly, occasionally to Chepstow, Minehead, the Mumbles, Tenby, Lundy Island, etc.

WESTON TO BRENT AND BURNHAM.

Having thus disposed of the opening of the Mendips in which Weston lies, let us turn south to the next flat expanse of Somersetshire, stretching from the Uphill ridge to the Polden Hills, that separate the course of the Brue and of the Parrett. This "Level," as it is well called, will be found provokingly cut up by ditches and sluices, not to speak of the Axe at its north end; so that pedestrians should not lightly be tempted to leave the highroad (11 miles to Burnham, 8 miles to Brent). Brent Knoll, indeed, makes its own beacon on the left; and on the shore the Berrow lighthouse will be guide to the north end of Burnham. The journey is easily done by rail on the G.W.R. Bristol-Exeter route, rejoined in a couple of miles by the loop line that went off at Puxton to pass through Weston-super-Mare.

A deep railway cutting pierces the ridge ended by Uphill, and the first station is for Bleadon and Uphill. Crossing the Axe, the train takes its way due south over Burnham Level, a carpet of green meadows with dykes, water-course, and lines of pollard trees for pattern, gaily

spangled by buttercups in early summer.

Across this, on the left, there is a prospect of the Mendips, with the tower of Lympsham Church (a pretty Perpendicular one) in the foreground, about 2 miles off. On the right we look to the sea—here bordered by low sandhills, locally called "totts"—and have a parting view of Brean Down, some miles to the south of which rises the white tower of Berrow Lighthouse. Opposite, the plain suddenly swells up into the remarkable green rampart, below which is Brent Station.

Brent Knoll (457 feet), known of old as Mons Ranarum, "The Frog's Mount," is an island of terraced hill, at the end of a longer tableland ridge that forms a step to it.

It is cultivated to the flat top, which in its prominent isolation could hardly fail to show traces of an ancient encampment, and commands a magnificent view on all sides. The easy ascent may begin a few minutes' walk from the station (turn to right on reaching the village), by a path behind the "Red Cow" Inn, where tea and other refreshments can be had. Or, holding on to the chestnut avenue that turns up to the church, one would find a path (marked) leading up from the east end of the churchyard, about a mile from the station.

South Brent Church is a fine Perpendicular one, with older fragments, notable for a very curious monument to John Somerset (d. 1563) and for its old oak, especially the quaint bench ends thus described by Rutter. "The first of these remarkable specimens of ancient taste exhibits a fox hung by a goose, with two cubs yelping at the bottom of the gallows; the next, a monkey at prayers, with an owl perched on a branch over his head; and beneath this device is another monkey, holding a halberd. The following seat in the series is decorated with a fox, dressed in canonicals, with a mitre on his head and a crozier in his hand; the superior compartment displaying a young fox in chains, a bag of money in his right paw, and chattering geese and cranes on each side, representing the crime and the evidence on which he had been detected and arrested." Beyond the Church the Manor House has a commanding site on the hillside.

East Brent Church, on the other side of the hill, about 2 miles from the station, is not such a stately building, but a pretty village church ornamented with sacred paintings by a nephew of the late Archdeacon Denison. The place became well known through this militant member of the Anglican Church, to whose memory a tall cross has been raised near the porch.

A short run brings us to *Highbridge Junction*, where the G.W.R. crosses the Somerset and Dorset line, that has its terminus at *Burnham* close by, on the coast, while in the other direction this line would take us by *Glastonbury* (p. 110) to its *Templecombe Junction* with the L. & S.W.R.

Highbridge (Hotels: Railway, George) is in a brickmaking district, and offers a cheerful show of this product in the red roofs clustered brightly on the green level, over which rises the red spire of the Church that is such a striking and harmonising feature. This modern Church is one to be seen, if only for the rarity of its decoration, in which the lavish use of colour may be criticised. An ornament, unique in quite another way, is the puritanically plain clock tower to which Highbridge has treated itself as a Jubilee Memorial. To this we pass down from the station and find ourselves at the corner of the chief street. Beyond, the Brue makes a harbour for small vessels. Along the bank of this river it is half an hour's walk to Burnham, to which the train takes us in five minutes.

BURNHAM.

Hotels: Queen's, Clarence; The Vicarage Boarding House.

Here we have the terminus of the Somerset and Dorset Railway, with a landing-stage adjoining the station, where the Brue falls into the estuary of the Parrett opposite Stert Island and the sandy flats encompassing it. This pier serves for occasional excursion boats in summer, as well as for some small trade with the Welsh coast; but Burnham seems to flourish less as a harbour than as a quiet family watering-place, for which its safe sands well adapt it. The local guide-book is a little too superlative, especially by citing the poet's "soundless depths," which in this case runs to bathos indeed; but the place is healthy, with a pleasant aspect and such advantages as will recommend it to paterfamilias and his quiverful. And if our first impression be a little prosaic, Burnham boasts that from its beach Turner painted some of his finest skies and seas.

Behind the centre of the promenade stands the Church, with its heavy tower, that seems a little out of the perpendicular, but shows more severe simplicity than that of Pisa. There is an *Institute*, with reading-room, etc. But the chief attraction is the good golf-course among the sandhills at the north end, where the place

now extends itself into Berrow. On the road to Berrow there are tea gardens with a "Puzzle," a miniature edition of the Hampton Court Maze, past which we reach the danger-post of the Gore Sands, that lighthouse, 120 feet high, which is to Berrow what its Pharos was to Alexandria, and forms a conspicuous landmark over Burnham Level, as well as a sight for British excursionists.

Beyond, we can walk along the sandy coast to the village of *Brean*. Or, by turning inland, it is about an hour's walk to Brent Knoll opposite, for which one should be sure to take the right way, as it is ill going astray in these flat meadows, intersected by ditches as well as hedges.

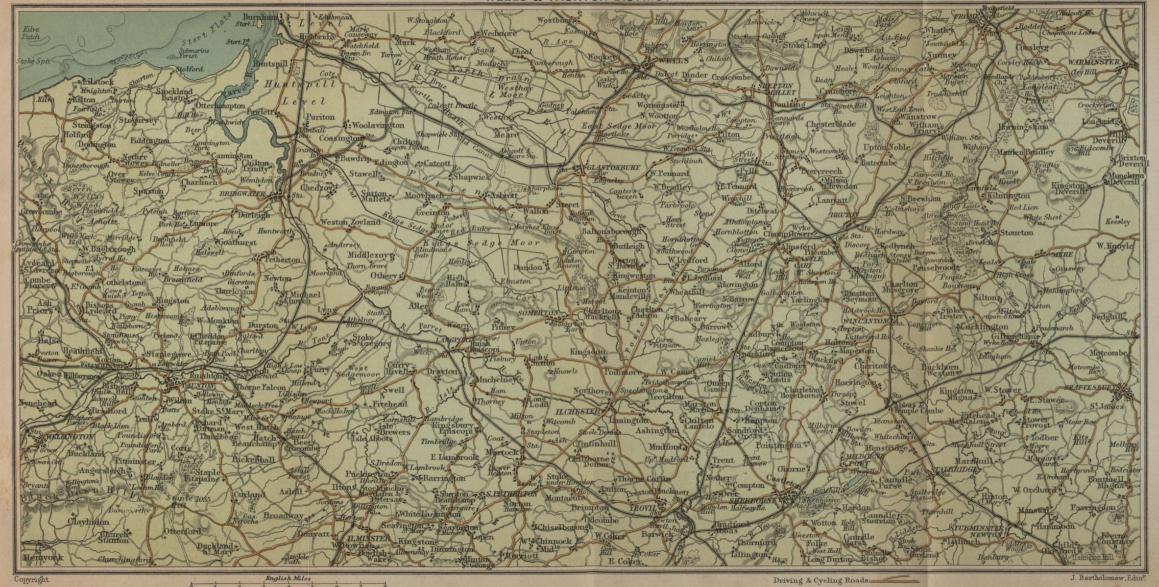
A road to Brent turns off opposite the Almshouses beside the Lighthouse, and a path from Burnham Church leads into it. On reaching a junction of ways near the railway, turn left for Brent Station. Turning right and crossing the line, it is a little longer to keep on to the first lane on the left, some hundred yards down which a stile shows a path to South Brent Church, full in view.

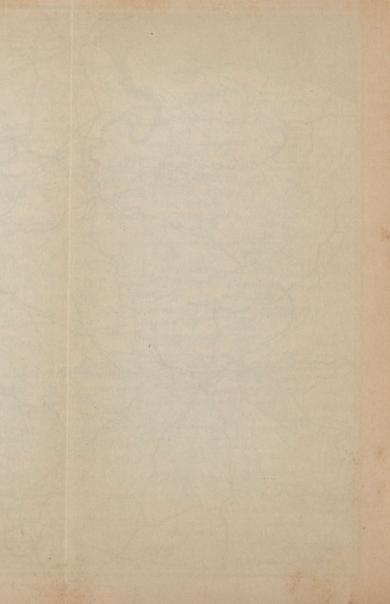
There is some talk of making a light railway from Berrow to Brent. The Somerset and Dorset line running towards Glastonbury by the marshy level of the Brue and the low line of Polden Hills, also the G. W. R. communicating with this line at Highbridge on its way to Bridgwater and Taunton, open out many farther excursions to sojourners at Burnham, for which our following sections may be consulted. By ferrying across the estuary, one can reach Stert Point, and the fine country described under Bridgwater (p. 159), as lying between that town and the Quantocks, round the sea end of which goes the road to Watchet.

Wells and its attractive neighbourhood might be more visited if it were not a little awkward of railway access from most sides. From Bristol, however, the way is plain enough by the G. W.R. line running from Yatton along the foot of the Mendips, and going on through Wells to Witham Junction, where it joins the line to Weymouth, that, by its branch from Witham, makes the shortest route for London. This connecting branch is much used by Weston and Clevedon visitors, as well as by Bristol inhabitants, for trips to Cheddar and other points of the Mendips reached on the way to Wells.

YATTON TO WELLS.

The Mendips proper stretch like an amphitheatre from Brean Down to Wells, their southern face bare and stony, a little featureless for the most part, but some of the lower elevations finely wooded. On the Bristol side these hills sink more gradually and brokenly into the plain, while on the other, they form a bold bank, rising at some points to 1000 feet or so, which shelters nooks of rich land noted for the growth of early potatoes and other vegetables; and the wide expanse of rich meadows below is largely given up to dairy farms, dappled by orchards and gardens, making a fine contrast with the bleak slopes that protect them from the north. Leadmining no longer flourishes as it once did, but some cottage cotton-spinning is carried on; and at Cheddar and elsewhere there are paper mills. The chief industry of the





neighbourhood, however, appears to be the making of cheese and the supply of milk to western towns.

From Yatton the branch runs south, and, crossing the Yeo River, in one and a half miles reaches Congresbury Station, the nearest to Wrington (see p. 75), which lies under the wooded hill behind. A mile or so off, on the same side of the line, farther south, and a little way back, is seen the tower of Churchill Church, from which the Marlborough family originated. Above this is Dolbury Camp, an extensive area of irregular shape and apparently prehistoric origin, enclosing a square stronghold attributed to the Romans. The height crowned by it makes a conspicuous corner of the Mendips, now entered at Sandford Station, to the right of which, by Banwell Hill (p. 85), extends the ridge to end in the sea at Brean Down (p. 83).

Winscombe is the next station, a scattered village, whose church tower is seen on the hillside to the right, below the outlying ridge of the Mendips called Wavering Down, which, nearly 700 feet high, gives grand views to the south. The churchyard, with its old yew, has also a fine outlook in the other direction. The line here passes through a tunnel, beyond which it runs along the open slope of the Mendips and now commands an open prospect over the green plain dotted with eminences. To the south-west we have a glimpse of Brent Knoll; to the south swells the broken ground about Wedmore, and beyond an isolated hillock to the south-east is seen the tower on Glastonbury Tor.

Running now west, the railway reaches Axbridge (Lamb Hotel), once the chief town of this neighbourhood, still having such dignity as petty sessions, workhouse, and two banks can give, but only 700 or 800 inhabitants. This ancient borough has some quaint old houses, and, close to the station on the right side, a stately Church containing some old monuments and other relics. The river Axe flows a little way below on the plain.

Two miles beyond, the line of the Mendips is seen to

be rent by the grand gorge that makes the lion of this route. Here we must halt for a diversion through the famous Cheddar Cliffs, to which so many excursionists flock in summer from far and wide, cheap tickets being given daily from the large towns of the district. There are good refreshment rooms at the station; and others in the village, chiefly of the tea-garden order, testify to the popularity of this holiday resort.

CHEDDAR.

The station is about a mile from the entrance of the gorge, for which conveyances (4d.) are usually in waiting. The Cliff Hotel, near the foot of the gorge, is the goal of driving excursions. There is no difficulty in finding one's way through the village, where the stream that comes down from a cavern in the cliffs will be a guide, expanding above into a pond, and below working the paper mills whose tall chimneys make a prosaic feature.

On the way, the first lion of the place is the ancient Market Oross, elaborately carved and surrounded by a hexagonal frame of arches and pillars. Here we may turn to the right for the Church, whose tall tower rises close by, not unworthy of the widespread parish to which it belongs.

This is a stately restored building of different dates, containing, among other ornaments, effigies and mutilated blazons of the Cheddar family. The Established Church is evidently here on another footing than in Hannah More's days, when the incumbent was non-resident, the curate lived at Wells, and the nearest parson is said to have been drunk six times a week, and sometimes kept out of the pulpit on the seventh by a couple of black eyes.

Ascending gradually, we reach the cliffs, guarded by a mass of rocks known as the "Lion." Higher up are the "Castle Rock," the "Pulpit," and others suggesting fantastic resemblances to the works of man. The limestone walls and pinnacles rise at several points to the height of between 400 and 500 feet above the road, sternly bare as a rule, but here and there fringed by

greenery and by cottage gardens blooming at the foot of the pass. There are paths leading upwards to commanding points; but only very young strangers need be told that caution is necessary in ascending those steep pre-

cipices, honeycombed with fissures and caverns.

The first impression one has is a suggestion of Derbyshire scenery: but we can remember none of the dales of the Peak country that mount so steeply upwards or with such sudden windings. After passing the Cliff Hotel we enter the pass, where the representatives of "Cox" and "Gough" lie in wait for us like Giants Pope and Pagan, inviting entrance to the rival caves that keenly compete for the patronage of pilgrims. Both are on the right hand of the road, Cox's the first passed, Gough's a little higher up. The charges at both are the same: 2s. for a single visitor, 1s. each for members of a party, with perhaps a further reduction on taking a large quantity. Both are lit up to display their stalactite wonders. Cox's is the "original" cave discovered 1837, and the smaller, with the more compact show of natural freaks, appealing to the ear as well as to the eye, for some of the stalactites are struck to give forth notes like musical glasses. Gough's, which also has musical charms, is rather a series of caves, opened up within our own generation, though indeed being up to date makes no advantage here. Both proprietors assure us that their caves are the best worth seeing in the kingdom. Cox boasts a visit from the Prince of Wales; but Gough retorts in emphatic italics that H.R.H. was then a youth-"Cox did his green unknowing youth engage!"-the implication being, he would know better now that he has a chance of choosing Box in his riper age. Cox cites the raptures of a Dean and Elihu Burritt, which Gough can trump with "five American bishops" and the prelate of the diocese. A strong card played by Cox is the preference of Baedeker. We, more cautious, will only say that both sights are well worth seeing. But, as Mr. Cox was first in the field, we may quote what Elihu Burritt says of his discovery:-

"You will be sure to visit one of Nature's curiosity shops, discovered by sheer accident about thirty years ago near the mouth of the great aperture in the Mendips. A Mr. Cox broke into this singular treasury one day while exploring out a hole in the wall opening upon the public road. In delicacy of execution, versatility of genius in works of fancy, its water sculpture far surpasses anything that I saw in the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. From the domestic character of the subjects here revealed it might be taken for one of the small back kitchens of nature, with a well-furnished pantry done in stone. Here are turkeys hanging by the legs as if just from or for the market, a good stout loaf of brown bread with the baker's thumb marks upon it, translucent curtains partly folded, a chime of bells with a sharp steely ring to them; in fact, a very pattern shop filled with prehistoric prototypes or models of human householdry of all shapes and uses, as well as of artistic sculpture for public galleries. But of all the exquisite work of the water-drops in this elaboratory nothing struck me so forcibly as the ticking and the telling of a little watch that Nature had wound up and set agoing here perhaps before Adam was created. It is a century glass made for Time to tick off the Earth's ages; and it keeps the reckoning with the precision that an astronomer would covet for his chronometer. In the plain, clear Saxon of boys' language, it is the dripping of an icicle of stone which freezes as it falls and forms another icicle pointing upward. Boys know how these point near each other until they join and make one column of ice from bottom to top. With this in their eyes they will see how this century glass works in the cave. From the fine tip of a stone icicle, called a stalactite, there falls once or twice in five minutes a tiny drop of water, which has a little dash of lime in it. Perhaps a pint of it may fall in the space of twenty-four hours. This continual dropping makes a good deal of wet on the rocky bottom for a considerable space around. I believe no one has tested the water, but perhaps what falls in a week contains a teaspoonful of lime sediment. This hardens into stone, looking like layers of candied sugar. Then gradually a little point arises out of the centre of a wide foundation of these layers. Every drop falls and splits on this sharp point, just moistening it anew, once a minute. . . . It is one of Nature's chronometers hung up in the thousand and one caverns of the earth, whose minute hand tells off her centuries. For myself I never before looked at a timepiece and heard it tick with such thoughts-in such contrast with the scant measurements of human life."

Beyond the caves comes the steepest and wildest part

of the gorge, shut in by the grandest shapes of crags, pyramids, and pinnacles, on which we might heap many epithets. Here even active pedestrians are disposed to "lead slowly through the pass's jaws," but about half an hour from the station should be enough to bring one as far as most visitors will care to go, where the solitude of the scene is broken by a quarry at the roadside. Still, however, the road goes on winding through its walls of rock, then with a gentler ascent, between opening slopes, continues to hollow its way among the heights that provokingly shut out the view on either side and hide any dwelling of man which may lie in their depressions.

At the top of the ascent, beyond a second quarry, a large wood covering the right-hand slope touches the roadside at a turn. Here a gate opens a path leading steeply through the wood to the edge of the hills, from which one gets the wide plain view to the south, and may descend by a lane to the village. On the left side of the gorge one might gain the bare slopes of turf that make pleasanter and airier walking. The road now runs almost level, and loses interest to those who have come from below, while travellers descending the pass will admire the gradual effect with which its features close upon them. Cyclists coming down should prepare to dismount on reaching the wood above mentioned; those coming up will need no hint on this head.

A few suggestions may help the pedestrian in exploring the Mendips from the top of the gorge, or, let us say, from the turn taken by the road round that wood on its right hand.

If we leave the road on the left here, and turn due north, in about 2 miles is reached Blagdon Beacon (1068 feet), the highest point of the Mendips. (Blackdown it is on the Ordnance Maps; but there are so many Black Downs in southwestern England that we willingly adopt the local spelling.) Hence holding west, one strikes a road that leads to Cheddar on one hand, and on the other to Burrington, a pretty village on the high road along the north of the Mendips. This side is more broken by ravines and hollows of greenery, one of the

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finest of which, Burrington Combe, bends up from the village towards the Beacon, and has two caves to show, in one of which, near the village, fifty skeletons were discovered in 1795. The Goatchurch Cave, on the east side of the lower of two ravines opening from the Combe, is called by Prof. Boyd Dawkins the largest cavern of the Mendips, but it appears to be a little difficult of access. A little to the east of Burrington is another glen called Rickford Combe, about half way on the road to the village of Blagdon (2 miles), from which it is rather farther by road to Charterhouse (see below). To the other hand, on the road through Burrington (the cyclists' highway from Bath to Weston), in 4 miles, below Dolbury Camp and by Churchill, is reached Sandford Station (see above).

Charterhouse on Mendip, half an hour's walk south-east of Blagdon Beacon, and about as far north-east from where we left the Cheddar Gorge road, is a hamlet that was once a Roman station. Above it can be traced a Roman camp, then to the north, over the "town field," in which Roman remains have been unearthed, is reached what seems a Roman amphitheatre on the hillside. To the east of the camp is struck the line of a Roman road, running south-eastward over the hills. The almost parallel modern road threads the undulating ground a little to the east of the straight Roman way, and in about 3 miles, at the "Castle of Comfort" Inn, joins a road leading

straight down to Wells (6 miles farther).

There were Roman lead works in the grounds of a mansion near Charterhouse, which has lately undergone a transformation of name and character. About half a mile to the east of the Roman Camp, between the Roman road and the actual road to Wells, under the name of Nordrach-upon-Mendip, has been established a Sanatorium for the cure of consumption on the principles carried out by Dr. Walther at Nordrach in the Black Forest, and here introduced by two English doctors who were themselves cured at that establishment. The house, sheltered by copses of beech and fir trees, stands 862 feet above the sea, surrounded by open moorland walks and entirely removed from contaminating influences, so as to give every prospect of success to a hardy mode of treatment which, however startling it may seem to our English notions, has proved very valuable in Germany.

The road winding on above the gorge, with turns from its left to Charterhouse, leads us in half a dozen miles to **Priddy**, an old centre of the lead-mining which has been revived here. The bleak hills about are not only pitted with the refuse of mines, but show several tumuli and remains of stone circles, notably one group called the *Nine Barrows*, about a mile to the east. From Priddy it is another half-dozen miles to Wells by road. A walk of a couple of miles south brings us to the *Ebber Rocks* (see p. 108).

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by which and through Wookey Hole (p. 108) is the pleasantest way of reaching Wells on foot. With a little enterprise one may be independent of the road, keeping from Cheddar Gorge along the outer edge of the Mendips as far as the smaller pass of the Ebber Rocks, or short of this point descending to the railway at Draycott or at Westbury.

An hour's walk to the south of Cheddar brings us to an island group of low-rising grounds between the levels of the Axe and the Brue. The capital of this district is the old Saxon borough of Wedmore (Swan Hotel), with its hamlets, a parish of some 3000 people, whose 14thcentury Church has curious monuments to show. The "Island of Wedmore" once belonged to King Alfred, who appears to have had a residence here, the foundations of which are claimed to have been discovered on Mudgley Hill, a mile southwards. The place has a name in English history, for here Alfred made peace with his great enemy Guthrum after the battle which rolled away the cloud of his adversity. Rambles, pleasant by contrast with the environing flats, may be taken among these eminences, which at more than one point rise over 200 feet. Wedmore is about 4 miles from Cheddar, and a mile or two farther from the Shapwick station of the S. & D. Railway to the south. Through Wedmore runs the high road from Burnham (10 miles) to Wells (8 miles).

From Cheddar the railway to Wells keeps on along the south side of the Mendips. On the right, close at hand, is seen the boldly isolated hill of Nyland (253 feet), whose very name recalls the time when the green flats around it were arms of the sea. Then come Draycott (station), with its quarries, the name of a modern parish formed out of Rodney Stoke, in whose Church, a little way to the south, are monuments of Admiral Rodney's family. Lodge Hill, the name of another outlying eminence, is given, for avoiding confusion, to the station of Westbury, a village with an ancient cross, church, and churchyard yew, above which the Mendips rise to almost 900 feet. The next station is Wookey, of which there is more to be said under Wells.

BRISTOL TO WELLS.

There are two high roads from Bristol, one a little under, the other a little over 20 miles, both passing over fine parts of the Mendips. The former, not recommended to cyclists, goes out by Bedminster Down, leaves on the right Dundry Hill (p. 69), passes by Chew Magna and Chew Stoke, villages taking their names from the river Chew, both of them with fine churches; then 10 miles out, reaches West Harptree, a mile from which, at East Harptree, a series of spacious caves have been opened out, and there are also to be seen some traces of Richmont Castle. At West Harptree the pedestrian might turn to the right to take a straighter but steeper road down to Wells, passing near the Barrows to the east of Priddy (p. 96). The cyclist holds left, by Litton, coming into the other main road at Chewton Mendip, $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles out of Wells.

The cyclist's preferred road from Bristol diverges from the Bath Road to the right (direction-board), and goes out by Totterdown and Whitchurch to Pensford (6 miles), following the line of the G.W.R. branch from Bristol to Frome, which here has a station and a fine viaduct, and the rebuilt Church is worth looking into. From Pensford Station, omnibuses run to Chew Magna on the other highway, a mile or so towards which, near the Chew, are the notable antiquities of Stanton Drew (see p. 39).

The Stanton Drew Stones were treated in our excursions from Bath somewhat too summarily, for among such remains in England they come next in importance to Stonehenge and Avebury. Scattered about for some distance, they are chiefly found grouped a little to the east of the church, on the south side of the little river, where they appear to have stood in three circles, one much larger than that of Stonehenge. The name might well suggest "Stonetown of the Druids"; but our knowledge of this silent temple is mere guesswork, and its very mystery makes the charm for imagination. It has been maintained that the stones were erected as monuments of a victory of King Arthur; and there is the usual popular legend of unbelievers turned into stone for impiety. One outlying block, across the river, to the south side of the road, is called "Hauteville's Quoit," from another popular tradition that it was

hurled by the Sir John de Hauteville whose tomb is in Chew Magna Church, and whose legendary castle was on Maesknoll. Those who would thoroughly explore the remains will find useful the small Guide by Mr. C. W. Dymond.

Another diversion between the two high roads, a little farther to the south, would take us to Sutton Court, a noble mansion, part of which dates back to Edward III., and "Bess of Hardwick" is said to have had a hand in it, that lady of as many houses as husbands, whose love of building has left such marks in Derbyshire.

Chewton Mendip, where the two roads from Bristol join, has another fine church, with a tower distinguished even in this land of towers; and half a mile to the south a fine seat of the Waldegrave family occupies the site of Chewton Priory. Thence the road mounts the Mendips in a pretty straight line, reaching its highest level (855 feet) under Pen Hill on the right, from which a rapid descent of more than two miles leads down into Wells, entered beside Stoberry Park and the Cathedral precincts.

BATH TO WELLS.

The direct road (20 miles) goes out as mentioned on p. 23, then by Dunkerton Hill on to Radstock, and for a time keeps near the S. & D. Railway, bending away from it to come down into Wells by Horrington Hill. Cyclists find it better to add a couple of miles to their route by taking one of the Bristol roads to Corston (p. 39), then turning to the left and getting into the Bristol-Wells Road about half-way between Pensford and Chewton Mendip.

The railway communications from Bath to its Cathedral city are very awkward. By G.W.R. one must take a roundabout route to *Trowbridge*, there changing to the Weymouth line, and again at Witham on to the Wells branch, which makes the shortest way from London. By S. & D.R. one has to go on to Evercreech Junction, then to Glastonbury, there doubling back to Wells.

These two lines intersect one another at Shepton Mallet, and it is often the shortest way to go so far by S. & D.R. and catch a train on the G.W.R. branch to Wells. (Stations a mile apart: 'bus 6d.; or walk through town, turning up to the left at Hare and Hounds Hotel.) On Saturdays in summer cheap tickets are issued at the Midland station for Maesbury, and this excursion is met in the afternoon by a conveyance from the Swan Hotel, taking one on the 4 miles to Wells.

The S. & D.R., practically the Midland route to the south, passes through fine scenery, beginning with the valley of *Midford* (p. 38). The first important place is **Radstock** (*Waldegrave Arms*), the natural beauties of which are rather obfuscated by the collieries flourishing about it. Here our line is crossed by the G.W.R. branch from Frome to Bristol, also passing through pretty scenery. The Church has some interesting remains.

Chilcompton, the next station but one, lies in the valley of the Somer, among some lovely scenes. Then the next, Binegar, with its conspicuous Church, brings us to the north side of the Mendips. At Maesbury the railway crosses their eastern end, where, to the left of the station rises Maesbury Castle (958 feet), an ancient earthwork, with a fosse and double ramparts, to the north of which runs the line of the old Roman road. This, with its prospect, is one of the lions of Wells, "so near and yet so far," for the S. & D.R. carries us on to the south-east, unless we can manage to exchange trains at Shepton Mallet.

Shepton Mallet (Hotels: George, Hare and Hounds, etc.) is an old town of nearly 6000 people, supported by textile manufactures, brewery, and other industries. It lies in a hollow to the south of the Mendips, grouped about the tower of its Church, which, among other fine features of the interior, has a celebrated roof of carved oak, with some old monuments. Near the church stands the restored Market Cross, one of much dignity and antiquity; and there are some fine old houses in and about the town; while its general aspect is of modern prosperity.

Two miles to the east, at the source of the little Sheppey, is Doulting, noted for the quarries (from which Wells Cathedral and many another stately fane have been built) of an oolite stone, said to be harder than that of Bath, and for which Doulting's own restored church makes a good advertisement. About as far to the west, on the way to Wells, Croscombe is a picturesque old village, with an interesting church. At Pilton, on the Glastonbury Road, is another very fine one, carefully restored, with several ancient ornaments, well worth the half-hour's walk, and close by the stately barn of a farm reminds us that it was once a seat of the Glastonbury Abbots.

We may now leave those who have Midland throughtickets to find their way round by Evercreech, and transfer ourselves here to the G.W.R. branch from Witham (see p. 125), which, passing over high ground, under the Cranmore Tower (p. 123) on the right, has its chief station at Shepton Mallet, then in 5 miles more carries us by the prettily wooded valley of the Sheppey to Wells, where it first runs through the S. & D.R. station to reach its own adjacent haven.

WELLS.

Hotels: Swan, Mitre, Star, etc.

The Cathedral seat of the diocese is shorn of half its importance, the assizes being held alternately here and at Taunton, which ranks as the county town, both of them overshadowed by the importance of Bath. Wells, a city of under 5000 inhabitants, wears a look of quiet dignity, as a place where ecclesiastical institutions take the lead; and, lying as it does at the foot of the Mendips, its surroundings are pleasantly picturesque, with points that approach a higher standard of the beautiful. Its archæological features are famous. "Nowhere else," says Mr. Freeman, "is so large a number of ancient buildings still applied to the purposes for which they were first designed."

The name appears to be derived from springs called St. Andrew's Wells, which during the Middle Ages were thought to have valuable curative properties. The municipality, consisting of a mayor, seven aldermen, and sixteen chief burgesses,

was incorporated by a charter granted by King John. During Saxon times Wells had been one of the most important towns of Wessex, and in 905 it was made the seat of a bishopric by King Edward the Elder. About the year 1091-92 Bishop John de Villula removed the See to Bath; and for some years Wells ceased to be an Episcopal city. After many struggles between the secular clergy of Wells and the regulars of Bath, it was finally arranged in 1139 that the Bishop should take the title of "Bishop of Bath and Wells," and should for the future be elected by delegates appointed partly by the monks of Bath and partly by the canons of Wells. The foundation attached to the cathedral church of Wells consisted of a college of secular canons of St. Augustine.

There are two stations close to each other, and within easy reach of the Cathedral, that stands out grandly over the little city, at the head of its chief street. The main entrance to the Cathedral Green is by the Penniless Porch at the left upper corner of the Market-place, where the old Cross will be noticed. On the right are the Town Hall and other public buildings, the Council Chambers having an exhibition of portraits and manuscripts. The gate facing us as we come up from the station leads to the Bishop's Palace. Here will be found the Post Office.

Wells Cathedral.

Admission to Choir 6d.
Services: 10 A.M., 3 P.M. Sunday: 11 A.M., 3 P.M.

The existing Cathedral, one of the most magnificent of all the secular churches of England, was begun by Bishop Josceline soon after his election to the episcopate in 1220; and the greater part of the building was completed before his death in 1244. According to the usual mediaval practice, the eastern part of the church was built first, and the Choir was consecrated for use long before the completion of the Nave, the western part of which, with the magnificent series of statues on the façade, came to be carried out during the second half of the 13th century, and probably finished about the year 1300. The upper half of the two western Towers has never been

built. The very noble and well-designed central Tower. 160 feet high, was built early in the 14th century; the beautiful octagonal Chapter-house on the north side, and the Lady Chapel at the extreme east, were the next important additions in the same century. The church is groined with stonework of various dates, from the Early English of the Choir to the fan vaulting of the central Tower. Its plan is a nave and aisles, with two short transepts, each with a western aisle and two eastern chapels. The Choir and its aisles are of unusual length, and behind the high altar are two smaller transepts, beyond which is the very richly decorated Lady Chapel, with an eastern semi-octagonal apse, one of the finest features of the structure. On the north of the Choir is the Chapter-house, the vaulting of which springs from a slender central shaft; as the church belonged to secular clergy, it was not necessary to place this in its usual position by the cloister on the southern wall.

Wells Cathedral is not distinguished by its size, the extreme length being under 400 feet. Its great glory, and that which makes it unique among the many splendid buildings of mediæval England, is the wonderful series of sculptured figures which decorate the exterior of the west front—the work, apparently, of English sculptors of the 13th century—a series which shows that at that time England was, as far as the plastic art is concerned, in no degree inferior to Germany and France, or even Italy, if we except the work done by Niccola, the soulptor of the wonderful baptistery pulpit at Pisa. The whole of the façade, 147 feet wide, including the two western towers, is completely covered with this magnificent series: there are nine tiers of single figures under canopies, originally hundreds in number, mostly large life-size, some as much as 8 feet in height, and other smaller statues; these represent angels, saints, prophets, kings and queens of the Saxon, Norman, and Plantagenet dynasties, and bishops and others who had been benefactors to the See, among them King Ina, believed to be the original founder of the collegiate church here. The identification of the figures, however, has often been a matter of controversy, as also the precise date of the workmanship. There are many reliefs with subjects from Bible history, and immense representations of the Last Judgment and the Resurrection, the latter alone containing about 150 figures. The whole composition is devised so as to present a comprehensive scheme of theology

and history, evidently thought out with much care and ingenuity. As works of art, these statues and reliefs are of very high merit; the faces are noble in type, the folds of the drapery very gracefully treated with true sculpturesque simplicity, and the pose of the figures remarkable for dignity. The main lines of the sculpture throughout are carefully arranged in a severely architectonic manner, so as to emphasise and harmonise with the chief features of the structure. Complete self-restraint is shown in the subordination of each part to the general effect of the whole-one of the great merits of English sculpture down to the 16th century. Of course a great variety of hands and much diversity of workmanship can be traced in this mass of sculpture, but in very few cases does the work fall conspicuously below the general level of excellence, and some of the best figures show the very flower of English plastic art, which was reaching its highest point about the time that the west front of Wells was completed.1 The stone used is from the neighbouring Doulting quarry; it was once decorated with gold and colour, traces of which still remain, applied on a ground of fine gesso in the usual way. The whole work was restored in our own time by Mr. B. Ferrey.

A peculiarity of the interior is the way in which the vista in the Nave is broken by the inverted arches supporting the central tower. This presents an interesting example of the skill with which mediæval builders could turn an unexpected constructional necessity into a novel and beautiful architectural feature. While it was being built the four piers of the great tower arches showed signs of failure, and therefore, in order to strengthen them, a second lower arch was placed below each main arch of the tower; and on this a third inverted arch was added. Thus the piers received a steady support along their whole height from top to bottom, and yet the opening of each archway was blocked up in the smallest possible degree. The contrasting lines of these three adjacent arches on each side of the tower have a very striking and graceful effect. The sculpture of the capitals in the Nave and Transepts is most admirable.

One of the principal curiosities here exhibited (in the North Transept) is the dial of the famous Glastonbury Clock, believed to be the work of a monk in the 14th century. Outside the Cathedral, almost opposite the Vicar's Close, are two armoured figures that strike the quarter hours. The original works, here

¹ See Cockerell, Iconography of Wells Cathedral, 1851; Reynolds, Wells Cathedral, 1881; and Britton, Wells Cathedral, 1821. The late E. A. Freeman has also, of course, much to say on the church architecture of his own county, and is specially lavish in praise of Wells Cathedral. J. H. Parker was another architectural authority who took much interest in Wells.

replaced by modern ones, are now to be seen in the South

Kensington Museum (Science Department).

Of the ancient tombs, some have not been satisfactorily identified. Among notable ones are those of William de la Marcia (South Transept); the coloured altar canopy of Bishop Beckington close by, whose tomb is in the South Choir Aisle, near that of Bishop W. Bytton; the tomb and effigy of Bishop Ralph of Shrewsbury (North Choir Aisle); and (near the entrance to the Chapter-house) the coloured tomb of Bishop Still, more curious than beautiful. Several modern memorials are to the south side of the Choir: Chantrey's statue of John Phelips of Montacute (retro-Choir); that of Dean Jenkyns and his wife, near the old tomb of his predecessor, Dean Gunthorpe (St. John's Chapel), and the effigy of the late Bishop Hervey. King Ina is believed to be buried under the Nave.

The East Window is famous for its beautiful 14th-century glass representing a Jesse tree of sacred chronology. There are other remains of old glass in the Lady Chapel, and elsewhere; and in the North Choir Aisle will be noticed the memorial window to Bishop Ken, author of the Morning and Evening Hymns which alone have made him most popularly famous among the prelates of Wells. The oak stall and bishop's throne in the Choir are fine examples of mediæval woodwork, still well preserved, though some of the decorations of the Cathedral were roughly handled by Monmouth's icono-

clastic rabble.

The octagonal Chapter-house, dating from the end of the 13th century, is one of the most beautiful works of its time. A peculiar feature is the covered gallery connecting it with the Vicar's Close on the other side of the street. The Undercroft or Crypt, of more ancient structure, contains some remarkable relics and fragments of carving.

Near the Penniless Porch is the entrance to a small *Museum* over the Cloisters, open on summer afternoons (3d.)

On the south side are the *Cloisters*, begun in the 13th century, cut off by a moat, said to be the largest in England, from what claims to be its finest Episcopal residence.

The Bishop's Palace is a stately moated building, originally built in the form of a quadrangle by Bishop Josceline (1205-1244), and surrounded by a lofty circuit wall. The Hall and Chapel are very beautiful structures, of rather later date, mostly of the 14th century. Part of

this Castle, as it should rather be called, now stands in picturesque ruins, which may be visited between 12 and 3 P.M. on application at the lodge beyond the drawbridge. The outer entrance is open, and strangers should at least walk round the moat. Behind, there is a glimpse of a little cascade that fills it from one of the deepest of the wells giving the city its name. This rises in the Bishop's Garden, to flow away through the moat by channels down the streets. In the Recreation Ground, beyond, will be noticed the old Bishop's Tithe Barn, now used as a hall for entertainments, etc.

On the other side of the Cathedral, joined to the Chapter-house by the *Chain Gate*, is the much-admired Vicar's Close, originally designed for a collegiate body with a Common Hall and Chapel, now mostly utilised by the students of the Theological College.

At the upper end has been restored for their use the little Chapel, with its fine roof, some old glass and modern gesso work. The Hall at the gateway has also been restored as a Freemasons' Hall, after its carved oak had long been buried under a coat of paint. Part of this building was also adapted as a dwelling-house, with medieval decorations, by the late Mr. J. H. Parker. This part cannot be seen without permission; but the Chapel stands open, and no visitor to Wells should leave without passing through this unique street of ecclesiastical residences. There is a narrow passage leading out at the upper end, beside the Chapel.

The most conspicuous of the prebendal residences is the 15th-century Deanery, on the north side of the Cathedral Green, towards the West Gate; here Henry VII. is said to have had his quarters at the time of Perkin Warbeck's rebellion. The Archdeaconry, near the Chain Gate, belongs to the same date, and has a noble Hall, now used as Library of the Theological College. Passing under the Chain Gate, a little way on to the left, one may admire the magnificent cedars of a private garden.

The archæological pilgrim to Wells will not depart without visiting St. Cuthbert's Church, whose tower

rises to the left of the way from the station, and would anywhere attract notice if not overshadowed by its still more stately neighbour. In its present form it makes a fine Perpendicular church; but the original structure seems to have belonged to the 13th century. Puritanic indifference, or hatred of idolatry, has dealt hardly with the two altars in the North and South Transepts, each having an elaborate sculptured Reredos, the remains of which show what they must have originally been. The Chancel Reredos, by Mr. J. Forsyth, a gift of the Freemasons of Somerset, represents the modern reaction of feeling in Church matters.

St. Thomas' Church was built by his widow (1856) as a memorial of Dean Jenkyns, better known as Master of Balliol, whose Fellows presented the stained-glass windows.

Near St. Cuthbert's is a group of quaint almshouses, founded by bishops and other benefactors. At Bishop Bubwith's are the Chapel and the former Guildhall (disused of the city, which is at present proposing to treat itself to new public buildings in the Market-place.

ENVIRONS OF WELLS.

We now turn to the country round Wells, in which many short rambles may be taken. The chief lion of the neighbourhood is Wookey Hole, on the south side of the Mendips, a couple of miles north-westward from Wells, and nearly as far from the village of Wookey, where, under the outlying height called Ben Knoll, lies Somerleaze, home of E. A. Freeman, the historian, who was a little troubled by the idea that it stood just beyond the bounds of Ceawlin's conquest, thus on "British," not early "English" ground.

Wookey Hole.—Wookey Station is the first on the line to Cheddar, Wookey lying a little to the south, and the village of Wookey Hole nearly a mile off on the other side. Paper mills make an obtrusive industry here. The road from Wells to Wookey Hole goes off by the "Mermaid" near the G.W. station, then presently

diverges to the right from that to Wookey; another way is by Ash Lane, leaving the Bristol Road to the left at the cross-roads just outside the town.

To walk, the pleasantest way is by a footpath over Milton Hill, which has two branches from the town: (a) leaving the Wookey Road by a stile on the right a little way past the "Mermaid," just before the divergence of the Wookey Hole Road; (b) leaving the Bristol Road by a narrow lane at a lamp-post a little below the row of stately trees in front of the Judges' Lodging, then first turn to the left from this lane (which also would take us up the hill by a small swimming-bath passed on the left). These two paths join to ascend Milton Hill. At the top, where open ground is reached, bear to the left side, keeping the wooded brow on the right hand, unless one chose to scramble up for the view over the city. There is hereabouts one recommended view-stand, called Arthur's Point, which we own to having missed. A straggling track leads on below the wood, till a lime-kiln is signal to strike to the right a little way beyond it, then the path drops down into the road through Wookey Hole. Keep up the hollow to a large paper-mill, in the ravine behind which the cave opens; and a board opposite shows where the key may be had (admission 1s.; reduction for parties).

Wookey Hole, through which flows out the River Axe, is 500 feet long, divided into three parts, the central one over 60 feet high. The entrance is wildly picturesque, and most of the interior, with its display of spar and stalactites and curious rock shapes, may be explored by the help of a guide, who will illuminate the recesses with fireworks, if desired. At one point the stream bars our passage; but the cavern is said to pierce the hill for some distance farther, perhaps as far as Priddy on the heights behind.

In a smaller cave close by, known as the *Hyœna Den*, have been discovered thousands of bones, principally of hyænas, but also of cave lions, bears, rhinoceroses, mammoths, elks, etc., along with human remains, as related in his well-known work, *Cave Hunting* (p. 295), by Prof. Boyd Dawkins, whose explorations here showed the co-existence of man with our extinct mammals.

The Ebber Rocks are above Wookey Hole, a deep wooded gorge like that of Cheddar on a smaller scale. There are at least two ways of getting up to them, following an ascent by the road in front of the mill, then

another axe min som.

taking the right branch "To Eastnor" in front of a large house.

(a) Just past this house on the right, a cart track, through a farmyard, winds up to the top of the hill, where by a stile one can keep on to another farm near the top of the gorge. (b) About a hundred yards farther on the road, beyond the houses, turn off through a white gate, and keep down on the left into the bottom of the gorge, or take the open path which climbs up towards a brow of rocks, beyond which the winding hollow would be struck. The bottom makes rough walking, and a peep down the sides might be enough. The easiest way to get this is to follow the track (a) till the stile at the top is reached, then turn along the wall to the left, and the hollow will soon open, where its sides can be descended without difficulty. Here it is like a dry Derbyshire dale, with limestone ribs peeping out through the thin turf. Lower down it becomes thickly wooded.

The stranger will note that these two tracks, leading to the top and the bottom respectively, leave the road close together, and that the brow of rocks visible on the hill above it is a little short of the twisting gorge. The inhabitants will cheerfully and civilly direct him to go over the fields by "Cox's Farm"; but we have thought well to be more particular in his interest. Beyond, to the north, in half an hour or so can

be reached Priddy (see p. 96).

A good walk from Wells is up the Bristol Road to Pen Hill (1000 feet), the highest point hereabouts. The road winds gradually upwards for over 2 miles, then at the end of the plantation on the left side a gate opens the way to the top of the hill, from which one might range farther along the crest of the Mendips.

As one leaves the town by this road, about 100 yards above the last house, two roads turn off on the left, and another a few paces farther on. The first of these is Ash Lane, which would lead to Wookey Hole. The second goes up the hill to Rookham, by which is the road to Priddy and the Cheddar Gorge. The third, a short lane, leads by the wall of private grounds to Walcombe Dairy, reached in a few minutes. Behind this wall is a very pretty combe, which strangers may pass through on Wednesdays, entering by the dairy and coming out of the grounds at the bottom through a gate which can be opened from the inside only.

The Tor Hill, behind the Bishop's Palace, makes a

pleasant ascent. From the moat cross the road leading by the east end of the Cathedral, turn on a lane for a few paces below the edge of the wood, then the path begins at a stone stile. The view is very extensive, and still more so from the farther height of Lyatt.

Looking south-westward hence one sees over the Bishop's Park, Dulcote Hill, then Dinder Hill and other heights along the road to Shepton Mallet, which might also be ascended. The highest point in this direction (4 miles) is Maesbury Castle (see p. 100), from which another good view can be had over Wells.

All around Wells the country is dotted with wooded knolls and bold eminences, from most of which is conspicuous to the south the conical tower-crowned Tor of Glastonbury. To this let us now shift our quarters, after quoting the "Swan's" charges for the chief drives about Wells:—

m ar i	Two Horses.	One Horse
To Maesbury (4 miles) .	12s. 0d.	8s. 0d.
" Shepton Mallet (5 miles)	15s. 0d.	10s. 6d.
" Pilton (6 miles)	17s. 6d.	11s. 6d.
" Chewton Mendip (6 miles)	17s. 6d.	11s. 6d.
,, Glastonbury (6 miles).	17s. 6d.	12s. 6d.

The road to Glastonbury goes out by the S. & D. station, keeping to the left of the line, and passing half-way the village of *Polesham*, where there is a station. Beyond this, the pedestrian might take the steep and straight Pilgrim's Road on the left; but the modern highway makes a bend round the height with the line from Evercreech, which, joining the Wells branch, has its station half a mile west of the town, serving also *Street*, a good mile away, on the other side of Weary-all Hill, that green ridge under which we enter Glastonbury.

GLASTONBURY.

Hotels: George, Crown, Abbey Temperance, etc.

The "Island Valley of Avilion," or Avalon, with its shadowy memories of Arthur and of Joseph of Arimathea,

claims to be the site of one of the oldest, if not the oldest, Christian church in Britain, after serving formerly as a seat of Druid mysteries. According to the legend, Joseph, exiled from his native land, settled here with companions to the sacred number of twelve, and built a little wattled church that became the nucleus of an anchorite community. Another story, of Saxon days. brings one Glaesting here in search of his lost sow, to settle on the pleasant height of Avalon and give it a new name, which has also been explained from the Celtic glaston, that is woad, growing abundantly in the neighbourhood so as to make it a scene of one of the earliest British industries; and the root glas has a vague meaning of bright colour which might have distinguished this green hill. How Avalon got its poetic repute for a cloudless climate, by no means characteristic of the west country, is not so clear, though it makes a fair show of blooming orchards; and the height, enclosing a sheltered valley, must have seemed dry and wholesome in contrast to the marshes of the Brue in which at one time it stood islanded.

In the 7th century there certainly flourished here an abbev, fostered, if not by King Arthur, as the story goes, by Ina, Edgar, Canute, and other sovereigns. With its early traditions are associated more or less historically the names of St. David, St. Patrick, St. Benedict, and St. Dunstan, Henry II. is said to have discovered here the grave and gigantic skeleton of King Arthur; while the romances which are our authority for that prince's career leave the place of his sepulture, as well as the scene of his life, somewhat "clouded by a doubt." Giraldus Cambrensis professes to have been an eye-witness of the disentombment; and these relics were again brought to light by Edward I. Leland declares that he saw the tomb, and the skulls of Arthur and Guinevere. More authentically, the Saxon Church was the burial-place of Edward, of Edgar, and of Edmund Ironside.

This sanctuary, destroyed by fire in 1184, was re-edified by Henry II. and his successors, so that the present ruins

date from the 12th and 13th centuries. The abbey prospered in mediæval times, and was a famous place of pilgrimage, as its ruins still are to tourists and photographers, and more devout spirits. In its palmy days it covered 40 acres, and lodged 500 monks, besides as many strangers and 400 scholars, forming, it is said, the largest monastic

foundation in England.

The town, built in the form of a cross, rises on an eminence overlooking rich pastures that were once marshes. From the station, it is entered by St. Benedict Street, under the church of that name, dating from A.D. 1520, to whose tower, it is recorded by an inscription, reached the great sea flood of 1606. Beyond this is reached the Market-place, with its modern Cross, replacing the ancient one, of which a fragment appears to remain in a curiously carved stone in the wall of one of the houses. On the farther side of this opening mounts the High Street, where almost at once, on the left, is passed the ornate face of the old Pilgrim's Inn, now the George Hotel, well preserving the mediæval features that make it a sight in itself. A few doors higher up is another ancient front of what was once the Tribunal, now a solicitor's office. Opposite this is the entrance to the main part of the Abbey Ruins (10-6 P.M., 6d.)

Glastonbury Abbey.-Near the entrance, within, will be seen a double-blossoming thorn, one of many scions of that which, according to tradition, budded forth from Joseph's staff, set up on Weary-all Hill, and ever afterwards had the miraculous property of flowering on Christmas Day. The original tree has long been destroyed by iconoclastic zeal, if not in the course of nature. Camden tells us that in the age of faith the sacred precincts contained a walnut tree that always broke into full leaf on St. Barnabas' day.

The ruins are, for the most part, mere roofless shells, chiefly representing the sacred buildings of the Abbey, which, in their perfect state, formed a cross nearly 600 feet long. The entrance opens upon St. Mary's, erroneously called St. Joseph's Chapel, as supposed to represent the legendary wattled shrine built here by Joseph of Arimathea. Freeman calls this "western Lady Chapel" the "Gem of late Romanesque," and the "loveliest building Glastonbury has to show."

The Chapel, with its Crypt and Well, came to be joined by a

later building to the large Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, nearly 400 feet long. These ruins have been still more hardly dealt with by time; but the skeleton arches and fragments of rich decoration show what a sumptuous fane was here begun by Henry II.

The Abbot's Kitchen stands in a field beyond the main part of the ruins, being a separate enclosure (admission 6d.), for which we must go back to the Market-place, and turn along to the left. (The key kept on the other side of the street, nearly opposite.) This remarkable octagonal building, crowned by a double lantern, is in much better preservation, so as to be used upon occasion. It is said to have been once strangely adapted as a Friends' Meeting House. The rest of the Abbey buildings can, for the most part, be only traced or conjectured.

Higher up High Street to the left, is passed St. John's, a restored 15th-century church, whose tall tower ranks with that of Wrington and of St. Cuthbert's, Wells, as among the finest in this county of fine towers. Besides its east window and its carved stone pulpit, it has some old tombs, one or two perhaps brought from the Abbey. At the south-west corner is the elaborate monument of one Camel, freely displaying his four-footed namesake in the style of canting heraldry, though the name no doubt comes from the crooked windings of the Cam, not far off.

For the Tor, a good half-hour's walk from the station, we hold up to the top of High Street, and there turn along to the right, passing a fine mediæval Barn of the Abbey, which is also to be gained by turning to the left beyond the entrance to the Abbot's Kitchen. A little way beyond the Barn, on the high road to Shepton Mallet, indicators show the way up, more gradual than from the other side, and for the most part over grass, not an advantage in wet weather.

Glastonbury Tor is 400 feet high, notable by the boldness of its outlines, especially to the north. On its summit stood an ancient church, dedicated to St. Michael, the strong tower of which still remains, with some quaint carvings upon the face towards the town: on one side a woman milking a cow, on the other a pair of scales in which the Devil seems to be vainly trying to weigh down a Bible or missal-book, or, as some inter-

pret, a human soul. The original church was destroyed by an earthquake towards the end of the 13th century, and rebuilt to perish, all but this fragment, which forms such a conspicuous landmark over half of Somerset. Here, or on the neighbouring height of Chalice Hill, was hanged Richard Whiting, the last Abbot of Glastonbury, for refusing to take the oath of

supremacy.

The view from the Tor is exceedingly fine. To the north are seen Wells and the Mendips; to the west the Channel and the hills of Wales. To the south lies a sea of green flats, over which a height bears aloft a monument to the memory of Sir Samuel Hood. Wirrall Hill stands up in the foreground, by which runs the road to the adjacent village of Street. To the right of this road, a couple of miles south-west from the Tor, is Sharpham, the birthplace of Henry Fielding, now a farmhouse. Beyond this runs the low line of the Polden Hills (p. 116), with the Quantocks rising behind in the distance.

Beside the Tor is Chalice Hill, so called from a legend that Joseph here buried the cup used at the Last Supper. In the hollow between this and the Tor, within the grounds of what is now a Roman Catholic School, rises a chalybeate well, which devout imagination has not failed to stain with holy blood. In old days it worked many miraculous cures; and possibly may still come to be exploited by the physicians of a more unbelieving age, so that Glastonbury might again erect itself as a rival to Bath.

Coming up from the station, one turns to the right of the Market-place for the Town Hall, part of it occupied by a Museum (10-6 P.M., 4d.), containing some remarkable antiquities, among them a boat 17 or 18 feet long, formed of a hollow trunk, which was discovered in the unearthing of the British village in Godney Marsh. It has been pointed out that boats of the same shape are still used on the Somerset marshes.

The Lake Village at Godney, the discovery of which in 1892 gives this Museum its chief value, will be visited by all students of prehistoric times. On excavating a group of mounds in a field here, Mr. Arthur Bulleid found them to cover the site of dwellings placed upon a floor of clay, and this upon wooden platforms elevating

them slightly above the level of the marsh. The tools and utensils turned up here and there show the inhabitants to have been raised above utter barbarism. Some of the woodwork, buried for many centuries, was in a remarkable state of preservation, but did not bear exposure to the air. The excavations are still going on, and may lead to further valuable discoveries. They are on the flat to the right of the line from Wells, about half an hour's walk out of Glastonbury. The way, bordered by ditches of scum, is not a very pleasant one, nor is the sight when reached a very attractive one to those uninstructed in such matters. (Admission 6d.)

From the station cross the line about 100 yards higher up, and follow this road, taking the turn marked Godney, and avoiding all sideways till the excavations are seen close to the

right of the road.

From the town the best way to walk is down Northload Street, out of the Market-place (by the "King William"), to a lane on the right going off where a fountain has been placed in the wall. Follow this lane across the next line of street, where it becomes a stony track leading over the railway, then a field-path taking the same direction to join the Godney Road at a fork, where take the left branch. In returning by this way to the town take to the fields by a plank bridge at the fork, and steer straight over rising ground for the tower of St. Benedict. In the flats of this district the ditches are always to be reckoned with.

The long ridge to the south of the town is popularly called Weary-all Hill, from the absurd legend that here Joseph and his companions sank down at the end of their long journey, crying "Weary all!" and even the Ordnance map accepts this orthography; but its real name appears to be Wirrall, which might mean "grass-hill" (in Celtic gwair-hal); it is spelt Werall in the most prosaically poetic life of "Joseph of Armathia," printed in 1520 by Pynson. The hill may be ascended by different ways, by a path, for instance, going off opposite the Police Station, on the road from the railway. From the crest there is a fine view, over Glastonbury at one end and Street at the other.

116 WELLS

Beside the Glastonbury Station is a brush factory, which seems to be the chief industry of the place, that must be flourishing in various ways, to judge from the number of new houses springing up, and its general aspect. On the other side, tall chimneys lead us on to **Street** (Bear Temperance), a place of nearly 4000 people, prospering through a large shoe factory and other industries.

Through Street goes the road $(7\frac{1}{2})$ miles) to Somerton (see p.129), crossing the end of the Polden Hills, and leaving to the left that eminence on which $Sir\ S$. Hood's monument overlooks the woodlands of **Butleigh**, inviting us to an hour's walk from Glastonbury Station. Then come the village of **Compton**, whose Church has a good screen, and on the right **Dundon Hill**, with its Camp and Beacon, from which there is another green prospect. So the road drops down to the valley of the Parrett, through which will soon run the new line of the G.W.R., as already does a branch from Yeovil to Durston.

The Polden Hills.—At Street the road to Bridgwater (15 miles) turns off along this low ridge between the valleys of the Brue and the Parrett, which at its eastern end is between 200 and 300 feet, sinking to a lower elevation farther on. This way, with its ups and downs, and prospects over Sedgemoor on the south, then across the level to the Mendips on the other side, makes a fine cycling run, joining the road from Weston and descending upon Sedgemoor to enter Bridgwater (p. 154). The highest point (323 feet) is above Edington, which would fain glorify itself as the scene of Alfred's great victory over the Danes; but this honour is also claimed by another Edington in Wiltshire.

To the north of these hills the Somerset and Dorset Railway runs on from Glastonbury to its terminus at Burnham (p. 88), following the Brue, through dreary peat moors alternated with reclaimed pastures, over the flats that made it easy to adapt as a canal this sluggish stream, very much glorified in Tennyson's imagination when he took it for channel of that mystic barge that carried

Arthur away to Avalon. The villages here lie a good way back from the line. The first is Ashcott, for a place of that name on the hills, and for Meare, over a mile to the north, where a once extensive lake was the heronry and fish preserve of the Glastonbury Abbots, and the remains of their seat on what was then an island may be visited. Close together are the Church, the Manor House, presenting some features of archæological interest, and the Abbot's Fish House of the 14th century, now fully a ruin, as its fine timber roof was destroyed by fire a few years ago. Then comes Shapwick Station, from which a longer walk takes us to the more "accidented" ground of Wedmore (see p. 97). Then, again, at Edington Junction, two miles from its village, a short branch goes off to Bridgwater. At Highbridge (p. 87) the line intersects the G.W.R. from Bristol, which goes on to Bridgwater by Dunball Station at the western end of the Poldens.

In the other direction the S. & D.R. takes us through pleasanter scenery, by West Pennard and Pyle to Evercreech, which has two stations, its own (New Evercreech) on the line from Bath, and Evercreech Junction, more than a mile to the south, where the two lines unite to make for Bournemouth by Templecombe Junction. Evercreech has a fine church tower of its own, with several interesting churches near it; and here we are close to Cole, Bruton, and other places to be described in the next section.

FROME AND YEOVIL

THE district we are about to visit, forming the southeastern corner of the county, is traversed by the G.W.R. line to Weymouth, and skirted on its south side by the L. & S.W.R. main line to Plymouth. Frome, on the former railway, is well served by the Weymouth trains, and seems likely before long to profit by a change in the Great Western system, which before long may throw our indications out of date.

That Company, finding itself handicapped in competition with its great rival for western traffic by the long bend it makes via Bath and Bristol, has obtained powers to shorten its route to Exeter. The alternative route, now in process of construction, will, we understand, follow the present branch from Reading towards Devizes, but at Stert is to take a new short cut to Westbury, there joining the Weymouth line. Beyond Frome, at Castle Cary, it will leave this line for a new one across the middle of Somerset, at Langport striking into the branch from Yeovil, and by it joining the old Exeter route between Bridgwater and Taunton. Exeter and other western towns will thus be brought 20 miles nearer London; and perhaps this new route may come to be looked on as the G.W.R. main line, unless that title settles upon the line to South Wales, through the Severn Tunnel, which is also being shortened.

Our present way to Frome turns off from the Bristol line a little beyond Chippenham, to pass through the Wiltshire towns of *Trowbridge* and *Westbury*. On the downs between them, to the left of the line, will be seen a gigantic White Horse cut out on the turf, in a somewhat giraffish pattern. This ancient monument, recently "restored," not for the first time, is understood to commemorate Alfred's victory over Guthrum; but, as we

have already mentioned, there is a rival Edington, in Somerset (see p. 116), which puts in a claim to the same honour.

Beyond Westbury, the junction of the Salisbury branch, we soon cross into Somerset, and a few minutes brings us to its first town, approached through green undulating country once covered by Selwood Forest, which gives this place its full style of *Frome Selwood*.

FROME.

Hotels: George, Bull's, Crown.

Frome has been called an ugly town, but Americans would find in it some of the points of picturesqueness which they prize as rare in their own country. It lies mainly in a deep valley of its sluggish and befouled river, the narrow streets mounting and winding uphill in quite Continental fashion, with many quaint corners and old buildings, forming an effective contrast to the tall chimneys of the woollen works and the pleasant villas built out of their prosperity. The town is surrounded by rich meadow scenery displayed over broken hills and vales; and though in hot weather this low-lying spot must be a little stuffy, it makes a good excuse for a day or two's break in one's journey.

From the station, on the eastern outskirts, above a bend of the river, we take an almost straight line to the Church, Frome's central point of interest. The way holds downwards a little after diverging from the broad line of the Radstock Road that mounts upwards to the left. Round the church, on either side, we come down into the Market-place, where the three chief hotels stand side by side. The Post Office is close to the church, in Bath Street, descending by its west entrance. Below, on the left, Stony Street—well named—leads steeply up to St. Catherine's Hill, where a narrow mounting line makes the longest thoroughfare of the business quarter.

The Church of St. John the Baptist, representing a Saxon monastery founded here by St. Adhelm, about A.D. 700, stands

always open (a contribution of 6d. expected from each visitor). Mainly of the Decorated and Perpendicular periods, with some fragments of Norman antiquity, its carefully restored architectural features have been supplemented by a profusion of modern embellishment which does not go without criticism as overdone, and as making this church more of a spectacle than a place of worship. Visitors are supplied with a leaflet calling their attention to the chief points of interest, so we need not enlarge on the beautiful Chantry Chapels, the rich Chancel, the images, the stained windows, and other ornaments of the interior. The Lady Chapel in the north transept is specially notable; and the adjoining Baptistery contains some remains of old glass. Most remarkable external features are the Via Crucis, with its sculptured scenes from the Passion, on the steps leading up from the Market-place; and the West Front, with its statues of the Evangelists; and the carvings over the other doors. At the east end is the quaint tomb of Bishop Ken, who found an asylum at Longleat, near Frome, and was buried here under a device that suggests St. Lawrence's gridiron, enclosed beneath a canopy. The Chapel of St. Andrew was restored to his memory; and among the treasures of the church is a silver chalice presented by him. The other tombs in the churchyard are for the most part modern crosses, conspicuous among them (near south end of Choir) a granite one to the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, to whom the adornment of this church was chiefly due in a long incumbency that much ruffled the Protestant feeling prevalent at Frome, since the days when its sons went forth to disaster on Sedgemoor.

The Radstock Road, crossing the top of Bath Street above the church, leads by *Christ Church*, a handsome modern one. On the high ground to the left is a pretty recreation ground and a cricket field. The other sights of Frome are its large factories.

WALKS FROM FROME.

This is the sort of town from which one can stray out in almost any direction, and be sure of presently finding pleasant bypaths to turn off the road. The way starting up the Frome, for instance (by the old Blue-Coat School below the Market-place), soon brings one into meadows where diverging paths invite strolling. That one following the stream leads round to the bathing-place opposite the station; above which we are told that the river could

be accompanied more or less closely for miles, rather less than more so, to judge by the forbidding notice-boards which seem to bar one's way here and there.

The special beauty of the neighbourhood is the deep green combes hollowed out by water-courses, several of which are within an hour's walk. The most renowned of these is Vallis Bottom, which makes a pleasant stroll, though somewhat spoiled by quarrying. For this go up Stony Street, and along Catherine Street to the "Ship" Inn, where turn right a few paces to the "Swan," The road forking on the left at the "Swan" takes us in about a mile to the top of the Vallis Bottom; as that on the right towards the lower end. A via media is the best. The latter road (to Radstock), marked "The Vallis Way," as soon as it gets clear of the houses gives off on the left a neat field-path, which, passing over high ground, and through a fine avenue of old trees, leads to Vallis Farm, overlooking the central part of the valley. The old buildings here belong to a Tudor manor-house, now fallen from its high estate.

A somewhat longer circuit in this direction may be indicated. Following the Radstock Road, we drop down into the valley, beyond which rise the wooded slopes of Orchardleigh, with the Mells River flowing below it to the Frome, that winds through the hollow on our right near the G.W.R. branch to Bristol. Where three roads diverge not far from the bottom of the descent, take that to the left, and hold on till it strikes the Mells at a mill. This stream may be followed upwards by a tram-line leading to the quarries below Vallis Farm. Here the Vallis Bottom diverges to the left up the course of the Nunney Brook.

If we follow the Mells River we must presently cross, and recross to the left bank, taking a lane that mounts upwards to the village of Great Elm, through which we pass on our way to Mells, a good mile farther on. The Church of Great Elm stands back to the right of the road, and on the green before it is preserved the Elm which age has shorn of its greatness. A little way beyond we see, half a mile off, on the right of the road, Newbury Hill Camp (477 feet), the highest ground in the neighbourhood, which may be reached by turning off at some cottages beyond the village. Opposite, on the other side of the stream, is Tedbury Camp, where the view has been obscured

by wood, but we might descend towards it over a stile on the road just beyond Great Elm Church. This path leads into a deep green hollow, where the stream is crossed by a footbridge. Over this bridge, or by the next one a little lower down, we can take the course of a tributary brook on the east of Tedbury Camp, along the side of which is soon struck another high road into Frome, crossing the brook at a dank deep hollow, most fitly named Murder Combe. Over a height of about 400 feet this road descends into the valley of the Nunney Brook, where Vallis Bottom opens to the left, as we return, and on the other hand, its upward course would lead us to Nunney (see below).

Either of the roads just mentioned, enclosing the course of the Mells stream, would lead us on to Mells (3 miles from Frome by the latter high road), a considerable village, whose stately 15th-century Church has some fine windows and other features of high interest. It is surrounded by ancient camps and woodlands. The park just beyond the village belongs to a family whose name is a household word in "Little Jack Horner," an ancestor of theirs appearing to have figured as the hero of this balladkin.

Nunney is under 3 miles by a road sloping up to the left from the Radstock Road, just beyond the right-angled turn marked Weymouth Road. It may also be reached from the top of the Vallis Bottom by Whatley. Another pleasant way is by the Bruton Road, which takes high ground along the north side of Marston Park, overlooking a wide green prospect; after the second milestone turn right, and presently the tower of Nunney Church comes in view, to be reached by more than one short cut. Near the church, commanding the village street from across the stream, stand the ivied ruins of the Castle.

Nunney Castle, one of the archæological lions of the district, was rather a fortified manor, belonging to the Delamere family, whose tombs are to be seen in the church. In the Civil War it was defended for the king by its owner, Colonel Prater. A day or two's bombardment proved enough to make the walls untenable; and they have since been allowed to lapse into picturesque decay. (Admission 3d.; key at corner cottage where one turns off to footbridge.)

Down the stream we could walk back to Frome by Whatley, which has an ancient Church with interesting features; and near it have been found the remains of a large Roman villa. Thence a round might be made down Vallis Bottom (see above).

Beyond Nunney one may go a few hundred yards by the road, holding up the left bank of the stream, then by a path turn down into **Holwell Combe**, one of the most unkempt of these hollows, but spoiled by quarries and by the mean ways of the stream. One might keep up it to *Holwell*, then regain the road (for Shepton Mallet). In 2 miles more is reached *Cranmore Park*, over which a way goes to the church and village of **Cranmore**, and beyond to *Cranmore* Station on the Witham-Wells line. Beyond the park, about a mile off on the right stands up **Cranmore Tower** (over 900 feet), a favourite point for picnics, which makes a conspicuous landmark in this region.

Marston Bigot, the seat of Lord Cork and Orrery, lies not much over a mile out of Frome on the road to Bruton, and about a mile eastward of Nunney. The Park, abounding in fine hawthorns, slopes down to the valley beyond which Longleat is seen. There is a public way through it to the church and village of Marston. The house, a modern one, contains the library of Robert Boyle, the famous 17th-century philosopher of this family, and the original "Orrery" constructed by him.

Longleat (Marquis of Bath) is of course the chief seat of the neighbourhood, lying mainly in Wilts, but part of it is in our county, the nearest corner, reached by road to Woodlands, being under 3 miles from Frome. Close to this entrance, on the left, is Roddenbury Camp (575 feet).

Through the woods, a remnant of the original Selwood Forest, we reach the inner Park, in which is the Shirevater Lake, near the stately mansion begun at the end of the 16th century, on the site of an Augustinian Priory. It contains a good collection of pictures. One may pass through at all times; the house shown Mondays, Thursdays, Saturdays, 10-1 P.M., 2-5 P.M. For the use of boats on the Lake, special appli-

cation must be made to the estate agent; but picnic parties are liberally granted the enjoyment of these beautiful scenes of wood and water.

The road to the pleasant Wiltshire town of Warminster (7 miles) makes a fine walk, touching the north side of the park about 4 miles out, where to the left of the road rises Cley Hill (800 feet) for a prospect over Somerset and Wilts

Orchardleigh, already mentioned, is a good mile out of Frome on the Radstock Road. We understand that the proprietor makes no objection to strangers passing through this beautiful park, with its lake and wooded heights. Near the entrance here, on Murtry Hill, are the Orchardleigh Stones, where appears to have been a cromlech.

Bearing to the right through the park, in some couple of miles one comes to Lullington at the north-east corner, more directly reached by road from Frome in about 3 miles. Lullington has a Church with a notable Norman

doorway (north side) and font.

Thence a path past the gateway of Orchardleigh crosses the Frome to Beckington, birthplace of Bishop Beckington, where there is another interesting church containing several brasses and monuments, among them one to "well-languaged Daniel," the once-admired poet of Shakespeare's time, who died here. The village has some picturesque old houses, one ivy-covered, gabled mansion going by the inappropriate name of Beckington Castle. This village also is about 3 miles direct from Frome, on the high road to Bath (14 miles).

The cyclist's best road to Bath is about a mile longer, through Limpley Stoke (p. 36), but on the other road, which turns to the left at Woolverton, 11 mile north of Beckington, in a couple of miles more one passes through Norton St. Philip, which has a church remarkable for its irregular features and its carved oak, also a fine 15th century hostel, the George, which claims to have had Cromwell and Monmouth as guests, after being originally a pilgrims' inn, like its namesake at Glastonbury. Hence

the road takes us by the ruins of *Hinton Charterhouse Abbey* (see p. 37), whence we could turn on the right into the other road, or continue our way to Bath by *Midford* (p. 38).

FROME TO YEOVIL.

From Frome the G.W.R. takes us on over the green country, to the east of which runs a ridge fringed with the Longleat woods, marking the boundary of Somerset and Wilts. The first station is Witham Junction, where only the name of the village, Witham Friary, preserves the memory of the oldest Carthusian house in England. Here goes off on the right the branch line through Shepton Mallet to Wells (p. 101), passing Cranmore Tower (p. 123).

On the ridge to our left hand now comes into sight the conspicuous tower crowning Kingsettle Hill, one of the best known landmarks in the South of England, for it can be seen from Bath in the north of the county, and from far down the Vale of Blackmoor in Dorset.

Bruton, the next station on our line, is the nearest one (for route see below) to the Tower, which can also be reached from Witham, from Gillingham, and from Wincanton.

King Alfred's Tower, a solid, triangular structure, 150 feet, standing on a height of 800 feet at the edge of Somerset, was erected in the 18th century by Mr. Henry Hoare to commemorate the raising of the Saxon hero's standard here in 879. It rises close to the high road, and is always accessible. (The key can be obtained at the lodges, a little way lower down the road, where tea, etc., would be supplied.) The view from the top is magnificent, down the valley of the Stour southwards, and over the hills and dales of Somerset to the north, where on the left hand Glastonbury Tor is a prominent feature, and on the right the rival tower of Cranmore. On the other side of the road a gate opens into the woods covering the camp called Jack's Castle, from which the northern part of this view is open. On the south side a road leads to Penselwood and Wincanton (p. 133).

Below the Tower, to the south-east, lies the celebrated Park of **Stourhead**, seat of the Hoare family, whose mansion, with the village of *Stourton*, is some 2 miles off on the borders of Wilts and Somerset, but mainly belonging to the former county.

The house contains a collection of pictures, but is not shown. Every week-day, except Tuesdays and Fridays, visitors are admitted to the lovely grounds, celebrated for their lake, cascade, the "Six Wells," which form the source of the Stour, and several remarkable architectural devices, including the ancient High Cross of Bristol, adorned with royal statues; one wonders how the good folk of Bristol were willing to part with such a relic. Mrs. Delany's correspondence tells us how these sights have been celebrated for more than a century.

To King Alfred's Tower from Bruton Station is not much over 4 miles by the road which goes up by the church, in half an hour's walking to join at Redlynch crossing the Hardway, leading straight to the Tower, full in view. This distance might perhaps be slightly abridged by cutting across fields in the

angle of the two roads.

A pleasant alternative, only a little longer, by field, path, and hedgerow most of the way, is to start on the Brewham Road, which goes by the other side of the river and railway (short cut from up end of station platform). About a mile from Bruton, at the top of a rise, just short of a farm, look out for a stile and path leading over the line towards a large wood on the opposite slope. Turn left to the corner of the wood, where is a footbridge, beyond which follow right-hand branch of path, passing before the ivied walls of Collingshays House, and keeping pretty straight on over high ground, with slight trend leftwards to South Brewham, over which the Tower rises as a beacon. At South Brewham Church, with its great yew tree (about half-way, 21 miles), the path strikes a descending road, on which take the first turning up to right. This lane in about a mile leads to a deserted farm, beyond which cross the fields to a new one, and thence mount the hill by a path which, bearing right, reaches the Hardway Road at a group of red roofs a little below the Tower on that side. Hence the final ascent of this road is a steep but beautifully embowered lane passing beside the Tower, beyond which it drops to the lodge, where the key is kept.

Bruton (Inns: Blue Ball, Wellington) is a pleasant little town, looking as if it had seen better days before the railway came by it. It lies along the Brue to the right of the line, where its Church stands out well just beyond the station. On the other side rises prominently a ruined tower, understood to be the columbarium of the ancient Benedictine Abbey, that afterwards became home of the Berkeleys of Stratton.

Almost as a matter of course a Somerset church has its stately tower; but Bruton has the peculiar feature of TON 127

a smaller side tower over the north porch. The building, not all of ancient date, has a good carved roof and other interesting features.

Beyond the church, down the same side of the stream, will be found a buttressed wall of the Abbey, some remains of which are now incorporated in the Vicarage. Beyond this again is the *King's School*, one of Edward VI.'s refoundations, retaining some picturesque old features, such as the little tower overlooking the Brue behind.

Between this Grammar School and the Parish School, the river is crossed by a quaint stone footbridge, known as Bruton Bow. A little higher up, by the church, is the road bridge from which we mount the main street, a high route for Weymouth, frequented by cyclists, who find Bruton a pleasant stopping-place. In this thoroughfare there are several old buildings, one on the left a Congregational Chapel, which has the air of a Town Hall. Farther, upon the same side, comes the Jacobean structure of Sexey's Hospital, in the courtyard of which appears an effigy of the founder. On the same foundation, a little way out of the town, towards Cole, is a notable modern Trades School, where boys are educated for country life somewhat on Mr. Squeers' principle: having learned to spell garden they are taught to dig in it, and so forth.

The chief excursion from Bruton is that to Alfred's Tower and the Park of Stourhead (see above). On the other side of the town Creech Hill rises to over 600 feet, its hollowed flanks to be explored by grassy lanes, and over it goes the road to Evercreech (p. 117), reaching the top in some couple of miles. For driving or cycling a more level if rather longer road from the foot of the town is preferred. Evercreech Junction is a main knot of the S. & D.R. system, where cyclists and pedestrians are

within easy reach of Wells and Glastonbury.

Half-way between Bruton and the next station, Castle Cary ($3\frac{1}{2}$ miles), the G. W. Railway passes under the Somerset and Dorset line (close to Cole Station), uniting the Midland system with that of the L. & S.W.R. at

Templecombe Junction (p. 132). There is no direct communication between this line and the G.W.R.; but *Cole* Station of the former is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile from Bruton, the connection being made hence by regular conveyances.

Castle Cary (George Hotel, etc.) lies a mile from its station over the hill to the left. The distance is a little longer by road (omnibus), but in walking one can follow a path straight up from the station, across the high road and on by a lane to the tower of Ansford Church, where the tall spire of Castle Cary comes into view, and more than one path leads to it across the fields. The road descends through the Market-place of this quiet little town to a quaint horse-pond, behind which will be found the outlines and a few stones of the old Castle that gave the full name, now locally abbreviated as Cary. This comes from the little river Cary rising here, which, instead of falling into the adjacent Brue, wanders away southward and westward in wilful windings to become another drain for the flats of Sedgemoor.

The rebuilt Church stands on a knoll, partly shut in by wood; but from the heights above there is a wide view over central Somerset, taking in Cadbury Camp, Glastonbury Tor, Brent Knoll, Cranmore Tower, and Alfred's Tower. Of the town it may be said that it seems to flourish in a modest way, with manufactures of horse hair and twine. Though the inhabitants are only about 2000 the place is lit by gas; but then so is Bruton, with a rather smaller population.

To Cole, on the Somerset and Dorset line, the distance is only $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, but Cary seems to prefer intercourse with Evercreech Junction, a little farther, to which a regular conveyance runs three or four times a day from

the Britannia Inn.

At Castle Cary the G.W.R. turns south to Weymouth; but here will diverge westward the new Exeter line, forming, as far as Langport, a chord of the arc we are about to take through Yeovil. A short digression may

here be given to the route of this line, though its exact course and the stations seem not quite settled.

CASTLE CARY TO LANGPORT.

The road from Castle Cary to Langport makes fifteen miles of green undulating country, at first between the valleys of the Brue and the Cary. In some couple of miles is reached Alford, where in the park of Alford House stands the fine Perpendicular Church, with monuments to the Thring and Harvey families, and a good show of old carving both in oak and stone. Not far off is the pretty modern Church of Hornblotton, built by Lord Thring, whose brother, born at Alford, was so well known as the "Arnold" of Uppingham School. East Lydford has a handsome modern Church, by which the road takes us on to Keinton Mandeville (4 miles from Alford), whose Church has been mainly rebuilt, preserving the ancient chancel. This parish claims, we understand, to be birthplace of Sir Henry Irving; and it has important quarries which will no doubt secure it a station on the new line. The quarries extend to Kingsweston, where a road goes off on the right that would take us by the Hood Monument to Street (p. 116). The next place of note (nearly 11 miles from Alford) is one fallen from its former estate, which may yet be revived by the new line, filling afresh the roomy hotel so much deserted since the old coaching days.

Somerton (Hotels: Red Lion, White Hart), from its name and its central position, has been sometimes spoken of as the old county capital; but it seems to have been only a chief town of the Somersætas. Its castle and walls have disappeared; while it still has to show its Church, with a notable carved roof and fine octagonal tower, close to which, in the square, are the Town Hall and the 17th-century Market Cross. The Hext Almshouses, of the same period, are on the way to Langport, a little over 4 miles by a pleasant road. This at present is

the nearest station (p. 145).

To the north of Somerton there is a fine walk of $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles over the Polden Hills to Street and Glastonbury (p. 116).

To the south-east, an hour's walk from Somerton, up the river Cary, and close to the western side of the Fosseway, is the picturesque manor-house of Lyte's Cary, dwelt on so lovingly by Mr. C. R. B. Barrett, who in his Somersetshire has sketched some of the fine features of this composite mansion, its oldest part dating from the 14th century. The family of Lyte, at present represented by Mr. H. Maxwell Lyte, C.B., has been distinguished by the antiquary of Elizabeth's time and by a well-known hymnwriter of our own century. From Lyte's Cary it is an hour's walk on to Ilchester (p. 137) by the straight Fosseway.

CASTLE CARY TO YEOVIL.

Resuming the railway route to Weymouth, 5 miles brings us to **Sparkford** Station, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile to the left of which rises *Cadbury Camp*, continued by a line of green heights, and having to its north the villages of *South Cadbury* and *North Cadbury*. This is the most celebrated of the Somerset Cadburys (see pp. 73, 74).

Cadbury (400 feet), one of the candidates to be King Arthur's Camelot, is a large Celtic fort, defended by four fosses and ramparts, commanding a wide view over the plains and heights of Somerset. A raised mound in the centre, which has been also claimed as a prætorium, is popularly known as "King Arthur's Palace," and a spring in the fourth fosse as "King Arthur's Well." From the relics and coins discovered here, it is evident that the Romans at one time occupied it. Camden, who names the height Camalet, supposes that at a later period King Arthur fought a battle with the Saxons in its vicinity, and the peasants of an age before School-boards still believe that the spirits of the great British hero and his knights haunt this hallowed ground. From the south-western entrance, an overgrown track known as King Arthur's Causeway leads towards Glastonbury, along which on stormy nights rustic imagination hears the sweep of the king's phantom hunt; and another German-like legend makes the inside of the hill a treasure-house of fairy gold.

King Alfred's name also is connected with this neighbour-hood, according to a pamphlet by Mr. W. B. Wildman of

Sherborne School, who maintains that in all likelihood the king's boyhood (860-866) was spent at Sherborne rather than at Winchester, as Dr. Kitchin supposes.

From Cadbury, a good walk of half a dozen miles southwards would take one by Corton Beacon (646 feet), with its wide view to Sherborne (p. 135). A slight digression on the right of this line would lead through Sandford Orcas, where, near the ancient Church, there is a fine old manor-house; then from this village, through Trent (see below), it would be under half a dozen miles to Yeovil.

The name Camelot can easily be accounted for here. Beyond Sparkford the line crosses the Cam, a tributary of the Yeo, whose ancient name marks its crooked course, and overflows into that of the Camel villages, East and West Camel. The former, better known as Queen Camel, has a noble Church on the Yeovil Road, on the right of the railway, a little south of Sparkford. A sulphurated spring in the parish was once in repute. West Camel is farther down the stream; and all around is the country described in Gentleman Upcott's Daughter, one of the tales in which Mr. Walter Raymond has dwelt lovingly upon Somerset life. Over Camel Hill from Sparkford, and through Podimore, one might walk across to the Cary, then by Lyte's Cary (see above) to Somerton, a matter of three hours or so.

The next station is Marston Magna, a place of mills, having the remains of an ancient moated building called the Court Garden, and an old Norman Church. More than two miles to the south, on the left of the line, comes Trent, where is a fine Church with the hereabouts unusual feature of a spire, and some remarkable ornaments, both old and modern; also Trent Manor House, in which is still shown Charles II.'s place of concealment after the battle of Worcester, as narrated in Harrison Ainsworth's romance, Boscobel. Other ancient buildings here are the Chantry House beside the church, and the Church Farm beyond, representing another manor-house.

The Trent brook runs into the Yeo, whose course is now reached by the railway, which, with Babylon Hill on

the left, runs by Yeovil, touching its eastern outskirts at *Pen Mill* Station. Beyond this the G.W.R. crosses the L. & S.W.R. and takes its further course through Dorset. There is no connection between the two lines at *Yeovil Junction* (see p. 136).

TO YEOVIL BY SALISBURY AND SHERBORNE.

Another route from London to Yeovil is by the L. & S.W. main line, which, passing through the heaths of Surrey and the chalk downs of Hants and Wilts, carries us in a couple of hours or so to Salisbury, having as its lions one of the most beautiful English Cathedrals, Old Sarum close at hand, and Stonehenge a few miles farther off, as described more fully in our Dorset Guide, to which readers must be referred for filling up these indications, since this volume can afford to deal at more length only with its own county.

By Wilton, Wardour Castle, Fonthill Abbey, and other fine seats, the line passes on near Shaftesbury, an ancient town standing high on the chalk heights to the left (Semley Station), and by Gillingham, the centre of a flourishing industrial district, from which, with a couple of hours' walk, could be reached Stourhead and King Alfred's Tower (see p. 125), that at more than one point of the journey shows on the ridge to our right. Gillingham is in a projecting point of Dorset; but, on crossing the little river Cale, we enter Somerset, and soon reach the important junction of Templecombe, where the L. & S.W. is intersected by the Somerset and Dorset line from Burnham (p. 88), which at Evercreech Junction has become also the highway of Midland expresses from Birmingham, Bristol, etc., to Bournemouth.

[SOMERSET AND DORSET LINE.

Here let us make a short digression to a notable town of Somerset, 5 miles to the north on this line, and half-way by road to *Bruton*, where we could connect with our former route.

Wincanton (Hotels: Greyhound, Bear), although a parish of little more than 2000 people, is still the most important place in this corner of the county, an old market-town, and once a centre of linen weaving. Here William of Orange's troops drew a little blood in the Revolution of 1688, which Mr. Freeman would fain celebrate as the last fight on English soil, forgetting what happened in 1745. The chief feature in Wincanton's domestic history has been a series of disastrous fires, the worst of them in 1707, which destroyed most of its antiquities, though one good Jacobean mansion, Balsam House, still stands in a partly modernised state. In the wars with Napoleon, the town was used as a depot for French prisoners of war, who seem to have made good friends with the inhabitants. These matters and others are chronicled in several brochures written and published by Mr. G. Sweetman, Market-place, as mémoires pour servir towards a history of a town where his family have been represented for centuries.

The Church is close to the station, rebuilt in our time, but preserving one relic of antiquity in the fragment of sculpture let into the north porch. In the churchyard the most prominent monument is one erected by a master builder (before his death in 1759) for himself and his family. The High Street hence mounts a long slope, on which the Clock Tower of the Market Hall marks the vicinity of the two chief hotels; and a little higher up is the Post Office. In the Market Hall is a photographed copy of the local worthy, Judge Dyer's picture, destroyed

by one of Wincanton's fires.

The High Street goes out as the road to *Penselwood*, on which, in honour of the Jubilee 1897, Wincanton has put seats at a point where there is no view to speak of; a few guide-posts would have been a more conspicuous and useful memorial. Strangers walking in this direction might, at the head of the ascent, turn off the road by a path going through a gate on the left. This would lead up by Allotment gardens to the top of *Bayford Hill*, from which a prospect opens including

Alfred's Tower; then they could bear round into the road again at the village of *Bayford*, thus escaping a dull and dusty bit of way.

By this road there is a fine walk of under 7 miles through *Penselwood* to King Alfred's Tower (p. 125), for which rather a shorter way is through **Stavordale**, where the remains of a Priory have been degraded into a farm, showing still one fine apartment and some bits of sculpture; and an old cross marks the place of a fair once held here.

Penselwood, familiarly known as Pen, is a notable place in various ways, standing 600 feet high, surrounded by fine wooded scenery, by elevated camps, and by the traditional scenes of more than one "battle long ago" that raged in Selwood Forest. At the south-east corner of the parish the "Three Shire Stone" marks the meeting-place of Wilts, Dorset, and Somerset.

On the same side of the Church, chiefly, are those famous "Pen Pits" which have afforded a hot battle-ground to antiquaries. They were once taken to have been the remains of a "British Village," but this notion seems now giving way to the explanation that they were made by quarrying in the sandstone for millstones or grindstones: possibly they may have served both as quarries and as dwellings; but on this head we must refer our readers to General Pitt Rivers and other writers able to pronounce with authority. The excavations are said to have at one time been counted by thousands, extending over hundreds of acres; but as the land came more into cultivation, most of them have become levelled, though there are still enough left to reward a visit. To the east of the main group rises the camp of Castle Orchard; and to the west of the village is another height called Ballana's Castle, which is taken for a Saxon barrow.

North-westward from Wincanton the S. & D.R. goes on to Cole (p. 128), through pretty country. To the left of this line are the villages of Bratton Seymour and Shepton Montague, with interesting churches and churchyards. To the right of it runs the road to Bruton (5 miles) by Redlynch Park (Earl of Ilchester), where one might turn off on the "Hardway" (p. 126) to King

Alfred's Tower, and, coming back by Stavordale or Penselwood, make a fine round from Wincanton.

To the south of Templecombe the S. & D.R. runs down the course of the Stour and the valley of Blackmoor, famed by the Rev. W. Barnes and by Mr. T. Hardy. The first station, on the edge of Somerset, is **Henstridge**, where the rebuilt Church retains some fine fragments of antiquity, and the *Virginia Inn* has its name from a legend—not peculiar to Henstridge—that in it Sir Walter Raleigh smoked one of the first pipes of tobacco enjoyed in England, whereupon his servant made haste to throw over him a jug of water, or beer as some versions of the well-worn tale have it. *Henstridge Ash* is a meeting-place of four roads, well known to cyclists, from which distances are, to Wincanton 7 miles, Blandford 15, Shaftesbury 10, Yeovil 12.]

TEMPLECOMBE TO YEOVIL.

The L. & S.W.R., holding on westward from *Temple-combe*, has as its next station **Milborne Port**, more than a mile north of the little town so named, once a Parliamentary borough, still flourishing in a small way through glove-making. Besides an ancient *Guildhall*, it has a stately towered *Church*, in part rebuilt and adorned with monuments and benefactions of the Medlycott family, whose seat, *Ven House*, adjoins the town.

Hence the railway cuts across another promontory of Dorset, passing through the venerable border town of **Sherborne** (Hotels: *Digby, Antelope*, etc.), the place best worth stopping at between Salisbury and Exeter, with its historic memories, its noble Abbey Church, its flourishing Public School, and the Park and Castle of the Digbys, who seem to have broken the spell that doomed famous former owners to misfortune. A full account of this place is given in our *Dorset Guide*.

Crossing the Yeo, 4 miles beyond Sherborne, the line re-enters Somerset at Yeovil Junction, whence a short 136 YEOVIL

branch goes off to Yeovil by the winding course of the river.

As the name Yeovil Junction constantly gives rise to confusion, it must be explained that there is no connection between the G.W.R. and the L. & S.W.R. which here cross each other. The junction is only for the L. & S.W. branch, which has its station in the town, the G.W.R. station being a mile off at Pen Mill on the road to Sherborne. Some of the G.W.R. trains on the Durston branch go through the other station, so far a joint one; else passengers have to find their way across the town from one station to the other, a hitch that often hinders their journey.

YEOVIL.

Hotels: Three Choughs, Mermaid, Pen Mill, etc.

This ancient town, its name formerly pronounced as *Ivel* or *Evil*, seems fortunate in having no history to speak of. A place of nearly 12,000 people, it has long been noted as centre of the glove manufacture, which extends over the district. It has no great repute as a tourist halting-place; but the country about is very pleasant, and strangers might do worse than make a day or two's stay here.

The town is mainly built on the side of a rising ground, up which Middle Street leads us from outside of the L. & S.W.R. station. In this thoroughfare are seen some old buildings, notably the Castle and George Inns over against each other, the latter of which seems to stultify itself by aping the modern title of "hotel." Prominent direction-boards point the way to the Baths, which on discovery turn out hardly to warrant such bold advertisement. At the top this line of street leads into a transverse one, where are the Post Office, the chief hotels, and some of the best shops.

Below the brow of the hill, to the right of the street leading up from the station, stands the 14th-century Church, a noble and harmonious structure with an embattled tower, containing brasses and monuments of interest, and adorned with modern stained glass. A new Church, St. Michael's, with a fine tower, appears on the high ground above Pen Mill, which is reached by turning in the other direction from the Central Station.

Above this station rises Summerhouse or Newton Hill, from which a good view of the town may be had by an easy ascent (go round the gas-works for a bridge across the railway). Below the hill, on the banks of the Yeo, stands Newton House, an interesting Jacobean mansion representing a much older one.

Yeovil is environed by other handsome seats and pleasant suburbs, through which many agreeable rambles may be taken. A fine walk of 5 miles, by Pen Mill and up the long slope of Babylon Hill, leads to Sherborne. To the left of this line lies Trent (p. 131), an hour's walk out of Yeovil by road. The banks of the Yeo near the town are too much taken up by private grounds; but from Trent a path leads down the river to Mudford, whence, through Ashington and Limington, where, in the north transept of the Church, are remarkable monuments of the De Gyverney family, one could walk on to Ilchester (5 miles from Yeovil by direct road).

Ilchester (Dolphin), "the camp on the Ivel," is one of the oldest places in Somerset, and one that has seen much better days; a Roman station, a Saxon town, up to 1832 seat of the county elections, and still later that of the county jail, but it has now come down to a village of under 600 inhabitants, with few traces of its walls, and none of its priory and nunnery, while of its five churches only one remains. The main points of its past history are sieges in the days of William Rufus and of the Civil War; and it claims to have been the birthplace of Roger Bacon. Its nearest station at present is Martock, on the Durston branch (4 miles), but the new line from Castle Cary to Langport will probably be a convenience to this stranded place. It stands on the old Roman Fosseway, here still a straight high road, connecting Ilminster (p. 172) and Shepton Mallet (p. 100).

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Down the river a pretty walk is to Newton Copse and Barwick Park. Barwick Church, a good specimen of Perpendicular for its size, is noted for its carved bench ends and the poetical inscriptions in the churchyard. One can go on to Sutton Bingham (31 miles), the first station on the main line westward. The Church here, on a hill beyond the station, though small, has some remarkable features, exhibiting Norman, Early English, and Decorated architecture. Hence we could walk back by Coker (p. 148). Or turning east from Barwick, we could cross the rail at Yeovil Junction, to visit near it the remnant of Clifton Maybank, an old seat of the Horsey family, and a mile or so on, south of the line, the Dorsetshire Church of Bradford Abbas, with its grand tower and some good internal features. A little east of this a fine mediæval Barn may be seen at Wyke Farm, once country seat of the Sherborne Abbots, from which an hour's walk by road on the north of the railway would take us back to Veovil

A pleasant short stroll is to the *Nine Springs*, a scene of miniature waterfalls in private grounds, open by courtesy of the proprietor, a few minutes' walk from Yeovil on the Exeter Road.

YEOVIL TO DURSTON.

By far the most interesting excursion from Yeovil is along the line of the G.W.R. branch to Durston, on which comes a rare succession of architectural and antiquarian interest. Brympton and Montacute are the nearest points, within a walk of Yeovil. The high road goes out through Preston. One could also take the longer old road over the hills, which goes out by the quarter called Hendford, and a round of under a dozen miles might be made by these roads on either side of the line. Brympton is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of Yeovil through Preston; and Montacute some 2 miles farther, close to the station of its name.

Brympton, or in full, Brympton D'Evercy, is a charming little village containing several interesting features. Chief among these is Brympton House (Sir Ponsonby Fane, G.C.M.G.), one of the famous mansions of the county, originally seat of the Sydenham family.

The stately west front, 130 feet long in its north wing, dates from Henry VIII. The work is said by Horace Walpole to have been continued by Inigo Jones. The Hall seems Elizabethan. The south side has been altered in an Italian style. The incongruities and irregularities of the various periods of structure may be criticised by connoisseurs, but the general effect is charming. The north-west side has a number of oriel windows divided by turrets and crowned by picturesque chimneys. The rooms are decorated with wainscotting and tapestry, and there are some good portraits by Lely.

The Church is a small cruciform building, originally of the Decorated period, but contains many later additions which are not considered very harmonious. On the western gable is a large and curious belfry, altogether out of proportion to the building. It contains a stone rood screen and some remarkable tombs in the Chantry Chapels. An old structure known as the Chantry House, between the church and the mansion, dates from the early 16th century, interesting for its octagonal turret, and for the conjectures of puzzled antiquaries as to its purpose.

Half a mile west of Brympton is the village of Odcombe, having a loftily situated Perpendicular Church

with a central tower.

Old inhabitants of this village remember (or pretend to remember), a pair of shoes which used to hang in the church. These belonged to Tom Coryat, "the Odcombian Legstretcher" (as he called himself), born in 1577, son of a rector of the parish. In 1608 he went for a tour in Europe, and in the summer of that year he covered 1975 miles, to a great extent on foot. This early "record maker" is known as author of a book, entitled "Crudities hastily gobled up in 5 Months travells, *** newly digested in the hungry air of Odcombe, *** and now dispersed to be the nourishment of the travelling Members of this Kingdom." He afterwards wandered to the East, and died in India; yet he declares his native Odcombe "so deare unto me that I preferre the very smoak thereof before the fire

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of all other places under the Sunne." Eccentric buffoon as he was, his "observations" are often shrewd enough; and he has the credit of introducing the Italian refinement of forks to the English dinner-table.

From Odcombe it is about a mile to the foot of the Montacute Hills, on the farther side of which is Montacute Station. The village of Montacute nestles below these three bold conical summits, covered with wood, which form such a conspicuous landmark far and wide. They are locally known as Mile's Hill, Primrose Hill, and the Hedgecock; but the eastern and highest point, crowned with a tower, bears the more dignified title of St. Michael's Mount, in addition to its original style as Mons Acutus. The height is believed to have been a Roman camp, and on it legend places the discovery, in Canute's days, of a Holy Rood, which was removed to become the core of Waltham Abbey. On the top a strong castle was built by Robert of Mortain, the Conqueror's brother. There afterwards stood here a Chapel of St. Michael, now replaced by the View Tower, access to which is open.

Below once flourished a Cluniac Priory, the gateway of which still remains in tolerable preservation, close to the Church, its earliest part Norman, containing several tombs of doubtful ascription, and in the churchyard the shaft of an old cross. In the village are several ancient houses built from the adjacent quarries of Ham Hill, and others which have imitated their arched doors and mullioned windows. From the Market-place open the gates of *Montacute House*, that ranks among the noblest mansions in Somerset, long the seat of the Phelips family, one of its most ancient stocks.

Montacute House was built at the end of Elizabeth's reign by John Thorpe of Padua, who was also the architect of Longleat and of Burleigh. It is described by Horace Walpole as "in the bastard style, which intervened between Gothic and Grecian architecture." The front looking on to the gardens, with their quaint adornments, is Thorpe's original work, adorned with statues of the "Nine Worthies." The western front has been ornamented by a stone screen brought from Clifton Maybank in Dorsetshire (near Yeovil Junction), bearing the arms of the Horsey family, one of whom was the notorious Captain of the Isle of Wight in Elizabeth's time. A remarkable feature is the Gallery, running along nearly the whole of the top floor. The finest room is the Library, with its collection of family portraits and show of heraldic glass displaying the arms of many Somersetshire houses. In the Great Hall, a bas-relief represents the custom of riding "Skimmington," a popular mockery of henpecked husbands, mentioned in Hudibras, and not yet extinct, it would appear, in Somerset, as only this year it was carried out in the streets of Highbridge. The whole mansion is full of beauty and interest, from the portals over which stands the hospitable motto:—

"Through this wide-opening gate
None come too early, none return too late."

The hospitality is not so extensive at the present time, but admission to look over the house may generally be obtained on presentation of a card; and the same may be said of other show places in the vicinity.

There is a very pretty walk through the woods to Ham Hill. The pedestrian from Montacute Station will find a broad cartway on the left of the high road to Stoke. This gradually narrows and becomes a steep lane between an avenue of trees, running along the brow of Primrose Hill and finally leading on to the summit of Ham Hill, a bare, flat-topped eminence continuing this ridge on the westward, in part covered by smooth turf, in part quarried into precipices. This is a height by all means to be visited by those who have the opportunity.

Ham Hill as it is generally called, or Hamdon more formally (400 feet), was fortified by ancient earthworks enclosing 200 acres. These were utilised by the Romans, to whom is attributed the amphitheatre hollow at the northern end, known as the "Frying Pan," its narrow entrance suggesting the handle of that implement. Many Roman relies and tools of Neolithic man have been unearthed here. The highest point seems to be the rampart at the north-west end; but from almost any part of the hill a magnificent view may be had, sweeping from Cadbury on the right, to the Mendips, the Quantocks, the Wellington Monument on Blackdown, and round southwards to Creech Barrow on the Purbeck Downs. "You can look down upon the country and read it like a map," says Mr. Walter Raymond in an interesting account of Ham Hill, and

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he relates the time-honoured quip that hence one sees "Seven Hundred churches," i.e. the churches of Seven Hundreds.

This hill has long been famous for its quarries, which yield a handsome building stone of a yellowish colour, from which many of the churches and houses in this district have been built. Permission must be obtained from the overseer to inspect the shafts and sawmills on the crest of the hill. The stone from the quarries is planed and hewn into shape on the spot, and whole buildings are constructed piece by piece here, each stone being numbered and ready to be fitted together like a Chinese puzzle when they reach their destination. At the top is a public-house (*Prince of Wales*), which lays itself out for excursionists. Past this house, a path leads down to Stokesub-Hamdon or Stoke-under-Ham at the north end of the ridge.

Stoke (Fleur-de-Lis Inn) is a little town, busy with glove-making, in which half the population are employed; and the new factories make a contrast to thatched cottages still to be seen here and there. It has a cruciform Church with a tower over the north transept. The body of the church is Norman with later additions, the tower and transepts Early English, the east window Perpendicular and the west window Decorated. There is a curious carving over the north door, and the church contains other relics of antiquity in the Norman front, the double piscina, the screen dividing the chancel from the north transept, and the tomb of Matthew de Gournay, one of the Black Prince's warriors. Turning down Lower Street in West Stoke, opposite Southcombe's Glove Factory, one finds a remnant of an ancient Chantry House, founded by Hugh de Gournay for the repose of the soul of his father, one of the murderers of Edward II.

A pleasant walk of nearly 2 miles leads from Stoke to Martock. The pedestrian can either go down Lower Street to Cart Gate crossing the Fosseway, or over a stile next to the Vicarage, through a field called Rickson, also leading to the Fosseway. This very ancient road, which even before Roman times led from the north-east to the south-west of Britain, still forms the highway between Ilminster and Shepton Mallet, and at this part of its course runs broad and straight to Ilchester, crossed by the railway about half-way between Montacute and

Marstock Stations, the former of which is rather nearer to Stoke. (For Ilchester, see p. 137).

About a mile to the north of the line, on the right of the Fosseway is the village of **Tintinhull** (pronounced "Tingle," and locally known by the name of "Charming Tingle"), whose small aisleless Church contains some elaborate bench ends, and two brasses of 15th-century priests, not to speak of the curiosity of a pair of stocks in a field close by.

Two miles south-west of Stoke, a little to the west of the Fosseway, is South Petherton, which has a Cruciform Church with an octagonal tower. Close to the church is an old manor-house, popularly called "King Ina's Palace," though there is no reason to suppose that the Saxon King, Ina, ever had a mansion on this site. Besides the Hall, with its timber roof and oak wain-scottings, a fine feature is the Perpendicular bay window which looks over the lawn. One of the windows bears a coat-of-arms and the date 1480, probably that of the building, which has been carefully restored in our time.

As this neighbourhood is much sought by lovers of old churches, we must mention that another restored Perpendicular one is to be seen at Norton-under-Hamdon, below the south-west end of Ham Hill, by which, and the adjacent Odcombe, a pedestrian who had walked round the north side of these heights might now find his way back to Yeovil.

We hold on north-westward, with the railway as backbone of our route.

Martock (White Hart) is a picturesque little place, with some fine old houses of Elizabethan style. The Church, highly praised by Freeman, is a fine specimen of Perpendicular architecture, with an arcaded nave and a rich oak roof. On each side of the chancel, which seems of earlier date than the nave, is a beautiful Perpendicular

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chapel. In 1896 a heavy gale damaged the roof and the tower, but they have been skilfully repaired. Opposite the church stands a charming specimen of 14th-century domestic architecture, approached by a crumbling stone archway covered in ivy. The hall of this little manor-house, now used as a workshop, has a fine old timber ceiling and Perpendicular windows. There is also to be seen not far off the moat of a vanished manor-house, said to have been bestowed upon Lord Monteagle as a reward for the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot.

There is no station between Martock and Langport (5 miles), and roads run deviously on either side of the line, to places of high interest, for which one must walk or drive. An hour's walk from Martock, on the banks of the Parrett, to the left of the line, comes **Kingsbury Episcopi**, whose restored Church has a noble tower, giving a foretaste of that at Huish Episcopi farther on.

Hence, across the river and the railway, it is about as far farther to Muchelney ("the great island,") an embowered village on a low-lying marshland which, in the rainy seasons, is frequently surrounded by water. It has a good Perpendicular Church with some interesting features, such as the stoup and canopy at the west door, and a richly panelled roof and arch in the south chapel. Opposite the church is a very interesting example of a priest's presbytery of the 15th century, used as a village museum and containing relics of an abbey which formerly stood here. Of the dignity of this establishment, founded by Athelstan in 939, there is still some proof in a chapel of the north transept, enshrining the remains of an altar and the mutilated effigy of an abbot; fragments of the abbot's house and cloisters; and the panelled walls of the domestic chapel leading to a little chamber beautifully wainscotted, with a groined roof supported by corbels.

A mile beyond Muchelney, crossing the Yeo close to its confluence with the Parrett, the road into Langport brings us through Huish Episcopi, notable for one of the most graceful and elaborate of the pinnacled Perpendicular towers in which this county is so rich. The nave, dating

from the 14th century, seems not worthy of such a grand tower; and part of the church belongs to modern times.

Langport (Langport Arms, Dolphin, etc.) is a little old town that may rise into fresh note through the new G.W.R. line passing through it, which will hence follow the former branch on to Durston. The station is to the south-west of the town, which stands well displayed on a height overlooking the confluence of the Parrett and the Yeo. Over the buildings rises the tower of the Church, which, imposing as it is, seems metaphorically thrown into the shade by that of Huish Episcopi, seen close at hand to the right, on lower ground. There are some remains of the old walls, notably the so-called "Hanging Chapel" over the gate towards Huish. The name is attributed to one of Judge Jeffreys' executions, and the building was formerly used as a school, of which the microscopist Quekett's father was once master. Langport has note in history as scene of a considerable engagement in 1645, in which Cromwell routed the cavaliers of Somerset.

Langport makes a good centre for a district abounding in remarkable churches, some of which have been already mentioned. About two miles to the north-west is that of Aller, birthplace of Ralph Cudworth, the 17th-century divine, where an ancient font has been believed to be the very one in which Guthrum was baptized. Under the hill was once the lair of a devastating dragon, slain by a local hero, and if this be doubted, the spear with which he did the doughty deed is, or was, preserved in the neighbourhood.

About as far farther in the same direction is the fine tower of Othery Church, beyond which lies the battle-field of Sedgemoor (p. 156). Othery and Aller are on the edge of a group of hills and woods north of Langport, among which High Ham, an hour's walk, has a church with a fine screen.

To the east there are roads (4 miles in each case) to Somerton (p. 129) and to Long Sutton, whose Church 146 YEOVIL

also has a high tower and an ancient carved screen and pulpit well worth seeing; hence it is about as far to *Ilchester* (p. 137).

South-west the road to Taunton (13 miles) runs along a ridge of low hills, diverging at Curry Rivell (where is another good church) for Ilminster (10 miles). Beyond this village rises the Pynsent Monument, erected by the elder Pitt to the memory of Sir W. Pynsent, who left him his estate here. A little off the left of the way to Ilminster (between 6 and 7 miles, just before the village of Pucklington is reached) lies Barrington, notable for its fine Tudor mansion, Barrington Court, which has been allowed to fall into decay, but all the more makes a delight for lovers of the picturesque past. The village also, as others in this out-of-the-way neighbourhood, is rich in old houses.

The line of hills towards Taunton, on which the Pynsent Monument is conspicuous, with those other heights to the north of Langport, make a pleasant contrast to the levels of Sedgemoor, on which the railway now enters. In wet weather the roads over these low grounds are sometimes flooded; and even trains have been brought to a standstill.

By the course of the Parrett, the G.W.R. line runs westward to its next station, a scene of famous history. Before we reach Athelney, a couple of miles to the north is seen a prominent knoll rising from the flats, crowned by the ruins of a church, which dates no farther back than the 18th century, but probably replaced an older chapel of St. Michael, whose shrines are so often found on high places. Boroughbridge, which perhaps takes its name from a barrow, was fortified up to the time of the Civil Wars, when the Royalist garrison surrendered it after the fight at Langport; and this has been conjectured the site of Alfred's stronghold rather than the lower height of Athelney. From the top there is a fine view towards Glastonbury. At its foot is the confluence of the Parrett and the Tone.

Athelney Station lies on flat ground, where to the right we must seek that low protuberance said to have been the refuge of King Alfred. A small monument marks the site of the abbey which he here erected in thanksgiving for his deliverance; but we cannot endorse an enthusiastic visitor, who professed to have lit on the very cottage in which the hero made such a bad baker. Lyng, the village whose church tower appears on the flats beyond, is believed to preserve the name of Atheling (noble); and this end of Sedgemoor has the alias Lyng Moor.

Athelney, "the Isle of Nobles," once a veritable islet among the fens of the Parrett, is a mere plot of ground rising little above the level of the surrounding pastures; but, inconspicuous as it now seems, this made the Ararat on which rested the fortunes of England, when, towards the end of the 9th century, it lay inundated under the flood of Danish invasion. Matthew of Westminster tells us how "it is surrounded by marshes, and so inaccessible that no one can get to it but by a small vessel. It has a great wood of alders, which contains stags and goats, and many animals of that kind. Its solid earth is scarcely two acres in breadth. Alfred having left the few fellow-soldiers whom he had, that he might be concealed from his enemies. sought this place alone, where, seeing the hut of an unknown person, he turned to it, asked and received shelter." Here the king was soon joined by faithful followers, who constructed a causeway to the almost impenetrable morass, and defended it by a fort "of very great strength and most beautiful construction." From this isle of refuge Alfred and his little band made a series of harassing sorties upon his enemies, attacking them when they were off their guard, and rapidly retiring as soon as the blow was struck. These successes put heart into Alfred's Saxon subjects, who began to rally round him in large numbers till he could openly set up his standard on Kingsettle Hill (p. 125), above Penselwood, after a year's lurking in the marshes. Whether or not it be true that he ventured into Guthrum's camp disguised as a minstrel, and learnt the Danish chief's position and numbers, it is certain that he at length gathered head for a decisive battle, in which the Danes were defeated at Ethandune, either the Wiltshire Edington near Westbury (p. 119), or its namesake on the Polden Hills above Sedgemoor (p. 116). Guthrum was made prisoner, and forced to accept baptism, at Aller, close to Athelney, as tradition has it, which would seem to support the Somersetshire scene of the battle; but Mr. Green pronounces for Wiltshire. The christening

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feast was kept at Wedmore (p. 97), where peace came to be concluded.

To a modern engineer it would appear as if the bold height of Boroughbridge, a mile to the north, would have made a better citadel, which indeed bears the traditional name of "King Alfred's Fort." But the king himself ought to know best where he found an asylum in misfortune; and on Athelney he expressed his gratitude for deliverance by erecting a Benedictine Abbey, the site of which can be fixed by a few relics of it here. The monument which now marks this memorable episode of English history was put up, as its inscription relates, at the beginning of the 19th century by the then lord of the manor. The reviving interest in our early history had already been shown by the more commanding tower on Kingsettle Hill; and the approaching celebration of the great Saxon king should give fresh interest to these scenes.

The Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, possesses the famous

The Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, possesses the famous Alfred Jewel discovered at Newton Park, near Athelney, a polished crystal set in a gold case, on one side of which is a portrait of Alfred, and round the jewel is worked the following inscription, Elfred mec heht geogram, "Alfred had me made."

At Athelney the railway crosses the Tone, falling into the Parrett a mile below; and over the flats and "rhines" of Sedgemoor it carries us at **Durston Junction** into the line from Bristol and Bridgwater to Taunton, which has long been familiar to travellers as the G.W.R. high road to Exeter, but seems likely soon to be set aside in favour of the shorter line from Castle Cary through Langport.

YEOVIL TO CHARD JUNCTION.

The L. & S.W.R. runs on from Yeovil Junction through a green valley where pasture has taken the place of cornland. The first station is Sutton Bingham, a hamlet whose little Church shows well on an eminence to the left (see p. 138). A mile on the right lies the larger village of East Coker, with its Church and Park. Here Roman remains have been found, and here was born Dampier, the circumnavigator. Coker Court and the old Manor House at West Coker are interesting buildings; the tower of the church is modern.

The railway then approaches the boundary line of

Dorset, marked by the heights on the left side. On the right side presently appears, stranded on a knoll, the quaint Church of **Pendomer**, which has a Knight Templar's monument to show any one who might find his way to it. Crossing the head waters of the Parrett, we see *Crewkerne* on high ground a mile to the right.

The road from Yeovil to Crewkerne (9 miles), highway to Exeter, well marked by telegraph wires, is a pleasant one of ups and downs, passing first through West Coker, then, half-way, through East Chinnock (Portman Arms), a village prospering by glove-making, and lying on the sunny side of a low sandy ridge, up which there are pleasant lanes and paths. West Chinnock and Middle Chinnock are not far off on the right of the road; and along the ridge in a couple of miles one could walk to Chiselborough, the Church of which has a remarkable bell. The people here are afflicted with goître from the confined position of their village. Thence it is a mile to Ham Hill, or another mile to Montacute (p. 140).

Pedestrians might from Yeovil have taken the slightly longer old road that passes over high ground by Odcombe (p. 139), and comes down by a deep lane into the new road at East Chinnock Church. All these villages, whose names show such poverty of invention, have towered churches, but we have nothing else to say of them unless that at Coker began the manufactory of sailcloth now

flourishing at Crewkerne.

The high road goes on by the village of Haselbury on its left, whose Church is said to have been once a place of pilgrimage as the tomb of St. Wulfric, but shows now no sign of this renown. Crossing a tributary of the Parrett, inappropriately named the "Broad River," then the young Parrett itself, it descends into Crewkerne, by the Cemetery and the new Grammar School which are so conspicuous from the station below. From the cemetery, or from the path running at its edge, there is a good view of the valley in which the railway runs.

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CREWKERNE.

Hotels: George, Swan, etc.

A mile north of the railway, above the Vale of Parrett, stands this ancient town, which, after being perhaps a Roman station, in Saxon days had a mint and a rich church, and now supports its 5000 or so of inhabitants by the manufacture of sailcloth, shirts and collars, etc. Its straggling streets meet in the central Market-place. To the right of this, as one comes up from the station, the Yeovil Road goes out by East Street, where is the Post Office. On the other side Church Street mounts to the restored Perpendicular Church, which has a good central tower, and a remarkably fine west front, compared by Freeman with that of Bath Abbey, to the disadvantage of the latter. The transepts also are admirable, and the south porch, over which is a statue of the patron St. Bartholomew. The interior is not so striking.

Across the Churchyard is the old Grammar School, dating from 1499, a structure still in good repair, though its functions have been transferred to a new school which, on the Yeovil Road, makes the most conspicuous building above the town.

There are some other old houses in Crewkerne, which on the whole has a neat and thriving air as it rambles up the slope of *Broadshoard Hill*, over which goes out a road leading in about 6 miles to the *Fosseway* (p. 142) between Ilchester and Ilminster.

From this road presently diverges, on the left, one by which it is 6 miles to Stoke-under-Ham (p. 142), and about twice as far to Langport (p. 145). This passes a little to the left of South Petherton (p. 143), then through Kingsbury Episcopi, Muchelney, and Huish Episcopi. Lopen Head, which chiefly consists of the Poulett Arms Inn, about 4 miles from Crewkerne, is a notable crossing-point, where on the left goes off one road to Ilminster (4 miles), con-

tinued on the right by the hence almost straight line of the Fosseway to Ilchester (8 miles),

Though Crewkerne is not much of a tourist halting-place, it might well be more visited for the scenery of the Parrett, and the fine heights around. To the south, in Dorsetshire, which begins a little beyond the station, a beautiful walk may be taken on the high road to Dorchester (21 miles), where in an hour is reached the view-point of Wynyard's Gap. Or by Seaborough Hill, with its Camp and fine old Tudor Manor House, a couple of hours would bring us to the Dorset town of Beaminster, to which a conveyance goes once a day from Crewkerne Station, and on to Bridport.

The chief seat of the neighbourhood is *Hinton St. George*, about 3 miles from Crewkerne to the north-west, lying a little off the left of the road to Lopen Head, and on the right of the road to Chard mentioned below. As the ownership of this place is at present in dispute, we can say nothing about admission, which was at one time granted.

Hinton St. George is the seat of the Poulett or Paulett family, whose monuments adorn the Church, from which a cedar walk leads to the mansion in its lordly park. Begun by Sir Amyas Poulett in Henry VIII.'s time, and extended at various dates, this is indeed a residence fit for a prince, in which are distinguished the apartments, with their furniture, prepared for the reception of Queen Anne, though she never came to occupy them. The spacious interior, with its galleries, oak staircases, panelled walls, and carved ceilings, is rich in works of art, chief among them the famous collection of Tapestries, believed to be unsurpassed. There are nearly a score of these, belonging to the Elizabethan age, illustrating Scriptural and classical subjects, from designs by Paul Veronese and other masters. Their average value is put at £1000, but some of them are worth much more, and though offered for sale they have failed to find a purchaser. The late owner of this noble demesne, estimated at £600,000, managed to reduce himself to a state of chronic impecuniosity; and at his death has been raised an awkward question of heirship, one claimant, son of the Earl's first wife, having made himself somewhat notorious by earning his livelihood as an organ-grinder, under the sign and title of Viscount Hinton, while his rival is a much younger son of the third wife, whom the father acknowledged as his heir.

The finest road from Crewkerne is that going westward over high ground to Chard (8 miles) by the hamlet of Roundham, where it gains a range forming the watershed of the Channels on either hand. Hinton St. George lies on the right, by a turning half a mile beyond Roundham. where the road is nearly 500 feet high. By the west side of the park, at Warren Hill (721 feet), turns off the way to Ilminster (7 miles). A mile past this turning the road ascends Windwhistle Hill (733 feet), its highest point, where there is an inn, and to the left the park of Cricket St. Thomas, formerly seat of Lord Bridport, who is Duke of Bronte in Italy, and cultivates extensive vineyards on Mount Etna; the place now belongs to one of the Fry family, whose name is a household word as connected with a non-intoxicating beverage. To the south rise Pillsdon and Lewesdon, those most eminent heights of Dorsetshire popularly known as the "Cow" and the "Calf." Hence our way drops to Chard, lying at the foot of the Blackdown Hills.

Chard, which comes better into our Taunton section (p. 173), is not on the main L. & S.W. line, but on a branch turning off at Chard Junction near the meeting-point of Somerset, Dorset, and Devon, where we take our leave of this railway.

To the left of the line, about a mile short of Chard Junction, on the Dorset bank of the Axe, we have a glimpse of **Ford Abbey** (Knap Inn), a fine monastic foundation of the 12th century converted into a modern dwelling-house.

The present buildings display various styles of architecture, ranging from the transition Norman to modern classicalities, but they form a fine and striking group; and some of the apartments with their decorations, notably the famous tapestry of Raphael's cartoons presented to the owner by Queen Anne, are among the sights of the county, open to visitors on Thurs-

days in the summer months. The oldest part is the Chapel and Monks' Walk, a 13th-century cloister. The Grecian Porch is one of the incongruities of Inigo Jones, the architect employed to secularise this structure.

To the north of Chard Junction rise the Blackdown Hills, beyond which lie Taunton and the scenes of our next section. On the west comes a projecting corner of Dorset, through which the L. & S.W.R. soon runs into Devonshire, reaching Axminster, where one turns off a few miles southwards for the beautiful coast scenery of Lyme Regis and Charmouth, about to be made more accessible by a light railway.

TAUNTON

When the new G.W.R. line from Castle Cary is finished it will be the shortest way from London to Taunton, and even to Bridgwater, a little to the north of the junction (at Durston) with the old line. At present this railway's route is round by Bristol and Highbridge (p. 87), from which latter place Bridgwater is a run of a few miles over flat country, with one station at Dunball, where the line passes the low Polden Hills to enter the valley of the Parrett. The L. & S.W.R.'s ally, the Somerset and Dorset line to Burnham, throws off at Edington (p. 117) a short branch to Bridgwater, where the two stations are distinct.

BRIDGWATER.

Hotels: Royal Clarence, Bristol Arms, Railway, etc.

This town has its name spelt in two ways, but we prefer, with Bradshaw and other solid authorities, to dock it of the e, by way of marking the fact that it is not so called from its bridge, but probably as the burgh of one Walter de Douay, to whom it was granted by the Conqueror. It had been a place of note in Saxon days; and a castle was built here under the Norman kings; but it makes small appearance in history till the Civil War, when it sustained a hot siege, standing out for the king under Colonel Wyndham, whose wife is said to have fired a shot that narrowly missed cutting short Cromwell's career. After the surrender, the castle was demolished, like so many others that withstood the Parliamentary

forces. Whether or no Bridgwater was Royalist at heart, it gave birth to one of the leaders on the other side, that amphibious commander, Admiral Blake; and in the next generation the town showed popular sympathies, welcoming Monmouth with an enthusiasm for which it suffered sorely after his defeat close at hand. Since then it has had a quiet life, its population of 12,000 supported by the trade of the tidal river, and by various industries, among which a unique one is the manufacture of the so-called "Bath bricks," made from the slime of the Parrett.

Up to Bridgwater, and farther, the Parrett is navigable for vessels of considerable size; and if at low tide it has a somewhat mean aspect, when the "Bore" bursts up its muddy channel it can rage in a manner disturbing to the craft that else lie so snugly at the quays. The river divides the main part of the town from the suburban quarter of Eastover, where the G.W.R. station is, with that of the S. & D.R. not far off.

From the station it is about a mile to the bridge, through Eastover, by a rather dull thoroughfare, to the right of which is seen the tower of St. John's, a handsome modern church, well endowed with stained glass and carved oak. Beyond the bridge, on the western quay, was the site of the Castle, of which only an archway remains: but its name is preserved by Castle Street, and it also covered the Square, in which are some buildings of respectable age. Leaving these to the right, straight on from the bridge, Fore Street leads up to Cornhill and the classical Market Hall, behind which rises the tall spire of the Church, and to the right is the new Post Office, from which runs on High Street, with the chief hotels and the Public Buildings. In many Somerset towns it will be noticed how their High Streets are duly continued by Fore Streets, as in this case.

From the top of Fore Street, turning left along George Street, then by another bit of street in the same direction, near the end one reaches a white house on the left (next the Art School, and almost opposite the Excise Warehouse), which is shown as the birthplace of Robert Blake,

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Taunton's most famous townsman, a statue of whom is now to be erected in the central opening, by the Church. The Market Cross which once stood here was destroyed by some 19th-century iconoclasts, as an obstruction.

The Parish Church differs from most of Somerset churches in being crowned by a tall spire, the highest in the county, that makes a landmark far over the flat country of the Parrett. This handsome edifice, Perpendicular and Decorated, restored about half a century ago, possesses a valuable altar-piece, "The Descent from the Cross," by an unknown painter; taken on board a French privateer, it was presented to the town by its member, the Hon. Anne Poulett, whose Christian name does not record any advanced triumph of woman's rights, but the fact that his godmother was Queen Anne. Other notable features of the interior are the Kingsmill monument in the chancel, the old oak pew of the Corporation in the south transept, and the modern oak roof. The old screen has been divided and put to different uses.

In the Churchyard is the tomb of John Oldmixon, the historian, whose boyish recollections of Sedgemoor coloured his

view of the Stuart kings recorded by his caustic pen.

Sedgemoor.—The chief excursion made from Bridgwater is to the scene of Monmouth's defeat, about three miles off, on the other side of the Parrett. The name Sedgemoor expresses the nature of this flat valley as it was then; and earlier still it had been a stretch of undrained morasses over which stood up the islands denoted by the affix zoy of the three villages, Chedzoy, Weston Zoyland, and Middlezoy, each of them with its stout church tower. In and about these villages the royal troops were quartered before Bridgwater, the central one, Weston Zoyland, being the headquarters, around which was the hottest of the battle, 4 miles on the road to Langport. The story is familiar to most readers from Macaulay's account. From Middlezov it is a short walk on to the tower of Othery (p. 145), where one could turn off the Langport Road, an hour's walk southward to Boroughbridge and Athelney Station (p. 146), thus taking in two famous scenes of English history. From Athelney, by roads near the Parrett, it would be a good two hours' walk back to Bridgwater.

Monmouth, landing at Lyme Regis in June 1685, and wandering uncertainly for three weeks through the west country, soon realised the difficulties of his enterprise, for he was soldier enough to understand that the enthusiasm of his followers did not make up for their want of arms and discipline. Failing to master Bath and Bristol, he fell back upon Bridgwater, where he had been welcomed with special warmth. Here the king's troops gathered against him, nominally under command of Feversham, but the real guiding spirit was Churchill, that born soldier, who would become famous as Duke of Marlborough. The carelessness that appeared to reign in the royal camp encouraged Monmouth to attempt a night attack, which might, indeed, have been successful but for one unlucky hitch. Through the night of Sunday, 5th July, his troops stole silently out upon the moor, intersected by the broad ditches called rhines with which a pedestrian has still to reckon in this country. One was safely crossed, but in the fog the guide did not at once hit upon his way to the causeway over the second, and there followed some confusion and delay, during which a pistol went off, by accident or by treachery, setting the royal sentinels on the alert. Then, this rhine in turn passed, Monmouth found himself checked by another of which he had not been informed. On the farther side of it Feversham's troops were now beating to arms, and by early dawn a musketry fight began across the ditch. Monmouth's horse ran away at the outset; the foot made a gallant stand, but could do little against regular soldiers when drawn into rank and led to the attack by the growing daylight. The royal cannon came up to end the uneven fight; the rebels, short of ammunition and already deserted by their leader, took to flight with the loss of over a thousand men.

"So ended the last fight, deserving the name of battle, that has been fought on English ground. The impression left on the simple inhabitants of the neighbourhood was deep and lasting. That impression, indeed, has been frequently renewed. For even in our own time, the plough and spade have not seldom turned up ghastly memorials of the slaughter-skulls and thigh-bones, and strange weapons made out of implements of husbandry. Old peasants related very recently that, in their childhood, they were accustomed to play on the moor at the fight between King James's men and King Monmouth's men, and that King Monmouth's men-always raised the cry of 'Soho.'" This had been given out as the rallying-cry of the rebels, suggested by Monmouth's mansion in Soho Fields. "Little is now to be learned by visiting the field of battle," concludes Macaulay, "for the face of the country has been greatly changed; and the old Bussex Rhine, on the banks of which the great struggle took place, has long disappeared."

Green mounds towards Chedzoy mark the graves of the slain. The Church of Middlezoy has a brass in memory of a French chevalier killed on the king's side. Into the long nave of Weston Zoyland Church hundreds of prisoners were penned, some of them dying of their wounds, and many being hanged next day on a line of gibbets along the road to Bridgwater. The cruelties which followed this battle are notorious. It was believed that Colonel Kirke executed a hundred prisoners without trial in cold blood. Then came Jeffreys to do the congenial work that has left his name blackened by such infamy, which a recent attempt has been made to whitewash, without much success. More than three hundred victims he hanged, and twice as many he transported to the plantations. Bridgwater, which had so heartily declared for Monmouth, suffered its full share of the brutal chastisement.

On the north Sedgemoor is backed by the low line of the Polden Hills (see p. 116). Three miles of high road to the north-east of the town would lead to their nearest point, mounted by the tower at Knowle, where one has a wide view over the flats on either side. To the left of this, in a mile or so, one descends to Dunball Station of the G.W.R. Or, turning to the right at Knowle, a good mile brings us to Cossington, a pretty village with an interesting old Church, where there is a station on the S. & D.R. that would bring us back to Bridgwater, unless we chose to go on to Edington (see p. 116), a couple of miles farther, and as far from its own station; or keeping along the ridge for 2 or 3 miles one might descend to Sedgemoor. On the ridge, about a mile short of Edington, is Chilton Priory, a whimsical structure intended for a museum: but we understand that its contents were dispersed after the death of the owner. Along the range in this direction there is a fine walk or cycling run to Street (p. 116), and Glastonbury (p. 110).

On the west side of Bridgwater, a prettier country dotted with parks, villages, and church towers rises to the Quantock Hills, a few miles off, which will be best dealt with under Taunton. A conveyance runs every afternoon to Nether Stowey (8 miles), at the foot of these hills, and there is also one to Kilve (12 miles), under their

northern end, where a road passes round them by the sea, the chain hence extending south almost to Taunton. There are several fine old mansions and farmhouses in this neighbourhood, to be sought out by the lover of such; but Bridgwater has not so many visitors that we can afford space to mention them in much detail.

Cannington, on the way to either of these places, 3 or 4 miles to the north-west of Bridgwater, had a Priory founded by the De Courcys, and still has a lofty Parish Church. The old Manor House was turned by Lord Clifford into an industrial school. A mile to the north, in Cannington Park, is a camp, believed to have figured in the wars between Saxon and Dane. On the west side, in another fine park, is Brymore, the birthplace of John Pym, the famous Parliamentary leader of Charles I.'s time; and Cannington is said to have also given birth to Fair Rosamond, daughter of Lord Clifford, who had a manorhouse here, perhaps that now become Street Farm, about a mile off; but this frail beauty seems dubiously associated with too many places all over the country.

Nether Stowey lies pleasantly at the foot of the Quantock Hills, and is chiefly notable for its associations with Coleridge and his friends. When his day-dreams of "Pantisocracy" had faded away, the poet settled here for a time, invited by his admirer Poole, a worthy and enlightened man, who carried on the prosaic business of a tanner. At Nether Stowey he was visited by Lamb, and had Charles Lloyd as an inmate; then Wordsworth came to settle in the neighbourhood at Alfoxton, to be near his brother bard. This poetical settlement was soon broken up by the visit to Germany, which had such an influence on Coleridge's development; but here he did his best work, and some of his most familiar verses have consecrated this district. The poor house where he lived is marked by an inscription. There is talk of a movement for acquiring it as a public memorial, and erecting a monument in the Church, most of which has been rebuilt since his time.

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Over Stowey is more than a mile to the south, at the very base of the hills, here penetrated by a fine glen called the Seven Wells, continued by Quantock Combe to the other side (p. 183). The park and mansion of Quantock Lodge is a fine feature here, to the south of the village, whose Church has been enriched with two windows by Sir E. Burne-Jones, to Lord Taunton; and it contains other fine memorials of this family.

Westward from Nether Stowey, 2 miles, comes Dodington, which has a handsome Church and a very fine old Manor House, well known to archeologists. This lies a little off to the right of the road along the edge of the Quantocks, on which comes the Castle of Comfort temperance inn, a base for ascending Dowsborough or Danesborough Camp (see p. 183), one of their boldest points.

Holford, 1 mile beyond, is close to Alfoxton, or Allfoxden, Wordsworth's residence, which has been much improved since his time. Here open beautiful combes both upwards and down towards Kilve. Thus the northern end of the Quantocks might be crossed : or the road goes on round them in about 6 miles to Williton on the Minehead Railway (see p. 185).

From Holford, an hour's walk north takes one to Kilve -"Kilve by the green sea"-which is chiefly interesting from its mention by Wordsworth; and strangers may satisfy themselves as to whether "there is no weathercock" on its little church. The whole round through Nether Stowey and Kilve, back to Bridgwater by another road

as far as Cannington, would be over 25 miles.

Three miles short of Kilve lies the little town of Stogursey (Stoke de Courcy), where the De Courcys had a castle; the Church shows relics of its old Norman state, and tombs of the Verney family. In the vicinity is a tumulus which has been taken for that of Hubba the Dane; but the scene of his disaster is also claimed by Appledore, at the mouth of the Taw. Stogursey is near the base of Stert Point, the flat promontory that, on the west, encloses the mouth of the Parrett opposite Burnham (p. 88), to which one can cross by ferry.

Spaxton, 3 miles to the south-east of Nether Stowey by devious cross-roads, 5 miles west of Bridgwater, is notable for the buildings of the Agapemone, a quasi-religious institution which raised scandal among sound churchmen so long ago that the death of its chief, Mr. Prince, only the other day, at a great old age, came as a surprise to the public. Originally a Church of England clergyman, he founded his luxurious convent in the sixties; and the sect, though obscure, had rich adherents, through whom a costly church was erected in London. Its nucleus had been a band of enthusiastic Lampeter students, who converted the incumbent of Charlinch, the parish adjoining Spaxton, and settled here, as related in Mr. Hepworth Dixon's Sparinual Wives.

Above Spaxton, Cockercombe makes a beautiful crossing of the Quantocks (see p. 169), and a mile to the south of this opening is the charmingly-situated village of Aisholt, below Lydeard Hill, another fine point of the

range (1200 feet).

Turning south from Spaxton one might come round the park of Enmore, where a modern mansion has replaced the castle, and so back to Bridgwater through Durleigh, unless one strayed a mile to the south through Goathurst, where a pretty church preserves two striking monuments of owners of Halswell, the fine hilly park adjoining, the drives and view-points of which have a wide outlook. From Enmore or Goathurst, a walk of 3 or 4 hours would take one by Broomfield (p. 170) over the southern end of the Quantocks, and down to Taunton.

From Bridgwater it is 11 miles to Taunton by direct road through the villages of North Petherton—at which Chaucer is said to have held the office of forester—and Thurloxton, with their towered churches. These stand well back from the railway, that keeps near the line of the Bridgwater and Taunton Canal. Durston is the only station on the way, where the line from Langport comes in; then soon is reached the rich valley of the Tone, famed as Taunton Deane. Near a wooded eminence

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on the left, Creech St. Michael takes its name from the crook of the river, here turning north towards the Parrett; this village has a 12th-century church, restored and still containing some curious relics (see p. 172).

TAUNTON.

Hotels: Castle, London, Clarke's, King Alfred's Temperance, etc. Near Station: Great Western—Temperance, Ashton, Drayton.

We have mentioned the anomalous position of Somerset as having no town which, in all ways, takes the chief rank. Taunton, a place of nearly 20,000 people, "one of the eyes of this shire" in Camden's day, is so far its capital as to be the headquarters of county business, and the seat of the Assize Courts alternately with Wells. Lying on the Tone, among the rich meadow lands of Taunton Deane, this pleasant and healthy town has just enough industry to give it a stir of business, and not enough to cramp the air of roomy ease with which its spacious streets and roads straggle into the green country. The woollen manufactures for which it was once well known have disappeared, and the main industry now is the making of shirts and collars. What with this and other trades, and as centre of an agricultural district, Taunton appears to flourish as becomes its dignity. Its old historic memories do not prevent it from keeping up with the times; and this boasts itself one of the first towns in England to make public provision of electric light. For tourists, it has the importance of being a meeting-place of railway lines, by which they can easily visit any part of west Somerset; and this importance will not be lessened by the new G.W.R. line bringing it 20 miles nearer London.

Taunton's history dates back at least twelve centuries, to the days of King Ina, who here made a frontier fortress to guard his conquests from the British. On the site of this the Normans built a strong castle, of which there are still interesting remains, though the practical spirit of the 18th century has

rather defaced its character as a picturesque antiquity. It belonged to the Bishops of Winchester, who held the lordship of the manor, and its mediæval records are not remarkable. First coming into modern notice as taken by Perkin Warbeck's followers, its chief fame belongs to the Civil Wars, when Blake held it and the town so gallantly for the Parliament, and reduced to the utmost straits by famine, was relieved in the nick of time, after a year's defence, one of the stoutest of that period. Charles II. ordered its dismantling, but he could not destroy the spirit of the townsmen, shown, in the next reign, by the active part they took in Monmouth's enterprise. For this Taunton suffered sorely when Jeffreys came to hold his "Bloody Assize": one of its episodes was that of the "Maids of Taunton," a troop of schoolgirls who had presented Monmouth with a flag and a Bible, then at the day of reckoning these children. as many of them were, escaped worse punishment by a fine, while their schoolmistress, thrown into prison, died there of the smallpox that proved as fatal as the gallows.

Such brutality had its usual result in heightening the feeling it sought to repress; and Taunton long continued to be a stronghold of Nonconformity. Colleges connected with the Independent and Wesleyan bodies are among its institutions, now balanced by a school belonging to Canon Woodard's Church of England propaganda, and by more than one Roman Catholic convent. Among celebrated dissenting divines connected with Taunton have been Joseph Alleine, Henry Grove, and Dr. Toulmin, author of the History of Taunton. If all stories are true, the renowned Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, was also a native of this neighbourhood, as more certainly were "Well-Languaged Daniel," the poet laureate,

and Kinglake, the historian of the Crimean War.

Taunton straggles over an amount of space unusual in proportion to its size. The station, on the north side, is a mile from the centre of the town, which extends still farther north beyond the railway. From the station, the stream of cabs and omnibuses follows the winding course of Station Road to Bridge Street, where on the right one may turn by Stapelgrove Road for the Recreation Ground, in which a new bathing-place has been enclosed on the banks of the Tone. To the left, Bridge Street leads to the river, across which it becomes North Street, taking us up to the central opening of the Market-place, with its triangular Parade, its central arcades, and a monument commemorating the gallant part played by the Somerset

Regiment in the Burmese War. The sides of the Marketplace are known as *Fore Street*. On the right side is the entrance to the Castle, by *Clarke's Hotel*, incorporated in

the old buildings.

Taunton Castle has now passed into the hands of the Somerset Archæological and Natural History Society, for the Museum of which it makes a fitting home (admission 2d., catalogue 2d.) Over the embattled inner gateway may be made out the arms of Henry VII. and of the Bishops of Winchester, its former masters. Across the inner Court is reached the Great Hall, where was held Jeffreys' terrible assize.

The Museum is particularly rich in Roman, British, and prehistoric remains of the county, which are distinguished by a green label. There is a good collection of bones found in the Mendip Caves; also relics of Monmouth's enterprise, an extensive series of local coins and tokens, besides a fair show of general antiquities, ethnological and natural history specimens, etc. Visitors have an opportunity of examining the Great Hall, the lower and upper chambers of the Norman Keep, and the Round Tower, in which the collections are arranged.

To the south of Castle Green, facing Corporation Street, is the old Grammar School, once part of the Castle enclosure, and now adapted as the Municipal Buildings, a very picturesque and interesting structure.

On the left of the Market-place, by Hammet Street, at the end of which is the Post Office, we turn along to the noble Parish Church, that makes Taunton's chief pride.

The Church of St. Mary Magdalene has as its main feature the Tower, about 160 feet high, believed to have been originally erected at the beginning of the 16th century, but taken down and rebuilt in our time. The body of the church seems a century older than the tower. The interior is remarkable for its double aisles, and for the oak roof of the Nave. Some old sculpture and fragments of ancient glass remain; but most of the handsome ornamentation is modern. The east window was a memorial of the first jubilee of Queen Victoria. An effigy on the north side commemorates Robert Gray, a local benefactor, and in the south chapel is a brass to Joseph Alleine, author of an Alarm to the Unconverted, who was curate of Taunton till ejected for Nonconformity.

Other notable churches of Taunton are :-

St. James's, near the bridge, has a stately tower, also rebuilt, which would attract more attention if it were not dwarfed by the loftier one of its mother church. In it are a finely carved

ancient font and several later monuments.

St. George's, in the parish of Wilton, near the Vivary Park, has also some ancient features and good modern ornaments. The east window is to Sir B. Hammet (d. 1800), a distinguished citizen, of whom one of the chief streets is also a memorial, constructed by and named after him; and in this churchyard is a prominent tomb of his family.

St. John's Church, behind the Shire Hall, is a modern one, built by Sir G. G. Scott, and having the distinction of a spire.

In Middle Street, south of St. James Street, is the Octagon Chapel, inaugurated by John Wesley, now used by the Plymouth Brethren. The Temple Chapel, in Upper High Street, was originally built by the eccentric London bookseller, Lackington, and contains some ornaments not common among the older school of Methodists. Paul Street, turning off on the right near the London Hotel, has a meeting-house originally built by the ejected Nonconformists of 1662, to which in its restored form has been added a Memorial Hall.

Beyond St. James's Church, *Priory Lane* preserves the name of the 12th-century Priory, which has now disappeared, all but a barn that made part of the buildings. Near this, on the river bank, is the *County Cricket Ground*.

The Almshouses beside the Parish Church and St. James's have been rebuilt. Turning out of the Market-place by East Street, on the left side of which some quaint old courts run down towards the church, we soon reach on the right, at the corner of Silver Street, a group of 17th-century Almshouses, separate foundations, the interior of which is interesting, with their curious chapel and narrow passages. Here was one of the hottest points of the siege.

In the continuation of East Street, known as East Reach, stands the modern Hospital, with its adjacent Nursing Institute, built respectively to commemorate the jubilees of George III. and Queen Victoria.

At the very end of the town, on this side, will be found a notable relic of antiquity in the little Almshouse, which was once the "Lepers' Hospital," founded in very early days, and rebuilt in the time of Henry VIII.

The sides of the Market-place have now been mostly modernised, but there is still one patch of gabled and half-timbered houses at the south-west corner, where we pass on to the short *High Street* continuing Fore Street; and this leads straight to the gates of the *Vivary Park*, a pretty public pleasure-ground, overlooked on the left by the Barracks. This, once the property of the Kinglake family, has lately been acquired by the town.

Turning right from its gates, by *Upper High Street*, we reach the rather out-of-the-way *Shire Hall*, its entrance halls showing a collection of busts of "Somerset worthies," due chiefly to the late Mr. R. A. Kinglake, who under this title published an account of the celebrities so commemorated. This brochure may be had from Messrs. Barnicott and Pearce, Fore Street, who also publish a

useful shilling guide to the town, with maps.

ENVIRONS OF TAUNTON.

The environs of Taunton are very attractive, the town lying in a rich vale shut in by the Blackdown Hills a few miles to the south, and the nearer Quantocks on the north, with scattered eminences swelling up here and there closer at hand. We will first indicate a few walks of an hour or two, with hints for their extension, then pass on to longer excursions by the railways diverging here. There are also paths winding by the river.

Stoke St. Mary, with its wooded hill, lies 2 miles to the south-east of Taunton, and would be goal for a pleasant walk, which would take us on, without much divagation, to the road for *Ilminster* (see below). The road goes out by *Silver Street*, and turns to the left a few minutes past King's College; or this junction might be reached by the *Mountway* from the Barracks.

To **Trull** is a pleasant walk of a couple of miles from the southern outskirts. At the end of the Vivary Park a path goes on by the football field, up the course of a brook, to the foot of Cotlake Hill, round which it diverges to the right. (Keeping to the left here, by a path not to be lightly taken in wet weather, one could pass over the top of the hill, where there is a good view of the surrounding heights, and the tower of Trull Church appears beyond on the right.) Those distrustful of paths — which in this district are apt to be sticky after rain—may go up the Honiton Road, past the Shire Hall, then, beyond the tower of Queen's College, turn to the left by the road marked for Pitminster. This soon brings one to Trull, whose Church is notable for its old glass and carved oak in the screen, bench ends, and fine pulpit. Under a yew tree, north-west from the church, is the white marble tomb of Mrs. Ewing, the famous writer for children, lying side by side with her husband.

The high road by Trull goes straight on to the *Blackdown Hills*, reached in some 3 miles more, near the source of the *Culm*, which flows into Devon.

From Trull Church, a winding by-road leads on in an hour to Pitminster, passing Barton Grange, a fine park at the foot of the hills, which was once a seat of the Priors of Taunton. Pitminster Church has some old carving, as well as altar-tombs and other ornaments. Having come so far one might return through Corfe, on the other side of Barton Grange (see below).

The main road going south out by Silver Street leads in 3 miles from the outskirts to Corfe, where there is a handsome restored Church. Behind the village opens the combe up which the fugitives in Sir W. Besant's For Faith and Freedom sought shelter after Sedgemoor. By this might be ascended the Blackdown Hills; or the road takes us to the crest in about 3 miles, passing a little to the west of Staple Hill (1035 feet), the highest point, and crossing here a road which runs loftily along the range.

A road diverging left from that to Corfe, 2 miles out of Taunton, takes us in 7 miles, by Staple Fitzpaine and Curland, to Castle Neroche (900 feet), a famous viewpoint, at the eastern corner of the Blackdown Hills. This has been an extensive British camp, occupied by the Romans. It has three lines of earthworks, and in the centre rises a mound known as the Beacon, which was probably the citadel. The eminence has been partly cleared of wood in recent years; and from it may be seen almost all the heights of Somerset. On the high road below will be found an inn for refreshment.

The road hither is naturally "against collar" on the Taunton side; but it now descends to Chard (p. 173), 13 miles this way, from which one can return to Taunton by rail. To the right of this road, 2 miles beyond Castle Neroche, will be seen the conspicuous and handsome modern Church of Buckland St. Mary, the way to which turns off at Buckland Hill, where we are at a height of about 900 feet.

From Castle Neroche it is about 5 miles east to Ilminster, another station on the Chard line (p. 172).

The Blackdown Hills of Somerset, which have too many namesakes in England, more than one with the same alias of Blagdon, extend for about 10 miles from Castle Neroche to the monument above Wellington. On the south side their slope is more broken and gentle; but on the north they form a bold ridge looking over the valley of the Tone. As mentioned above, a road runs along this edge, at a height of from 800 to 1000 feet; and cross-roads lead over it into the valleys of the Otter and the Culm, and other beautiful scenes of Devonshire. This is fine ground for the pedestrian, for the cyclist also, once he has surmounted the ascent; but the district seems so neglected by tourists that we must content ourselves with indicating the chief points. The hills are thinly populated, and only roadside inns will be found. Wellington (see p. 175) is the nearest station on the north side, under 3 miles; but Taunton lies only about twice as far from the ridge, some lower heights of which approach still closer to the town.

The Quantock Hills are more accessible than the Blackdowns, their southern end coming within an hour's walk of Taunton, then for more than a dozen miles they run north-westward with a breadth of two or three miles. The highest elevation, half-way on the west side, is Will's Neck (1261 feet), which, like other points on this side, may be gained from the railway line to Watchet (see below). We have already touched on some of the beauties of the other side; and if they were passed by somewhat hurriedly, it is because our rule, "the greatest good of the greatest number," obliges us thus to treat a district so much out of the way of tourist resort. Yet here, as far as we have gone, is almost the cream of Somerset scenery, surpassed only on Exmoor.

Says Mrs. Sandford in her pleasant book, Thomas Poole and his Friends: "If it be true that the very name of Quantock signifies in Celtic 'many openings,' this is a very good instance of the happy gift in the naming of natural features, which seems to have distinguished the ancient inhabitants of these islands, for it is a chief characteristic of these delightful hills that they are thus broken up into the loveliest glens and dells, each the special home of some brook or brooklet, green nests where nothing is to be heard but woodland murmurs, and nothing to be seen but branches against the sky. Coleridge's Fears in Solitude was evidently written in the bottom of a coomb-Cockercoomb, perhaps, or Seven Wells-whence ascending by the green sheep-track, up the heathy hill' (for 'the hills are heathy'), except that here and there the eye is caught by the sunny splendour of some

> 'Swelling slope, Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on. All golden with the never bloomless furze,'

anyone may see, as Coleridge saw long since, the wonderful 'burst of prospect.'

> 'Here the shadowy main Dim tinted, there the mighty majesty Of that huge amphitheatre of rich And elmy fields." And elmy fields.

Geologically, these hills are composed of red and other sandstone series, traversed by bands of limestone and with a protusion of syenite at Hestercombe.

Hestercombe, a fine demesne at the foot of the hills. once the property of Glastonbury Abbey, is the nearest point to Taunton. For this go out by Rowbarton, the suburb beyond the station, then almost at once, opposite the little Rowbarton Post Office, turn right by the Cheddon Road. This, in 21 miles, leads to Hestercombe, the mansion being seen ahead half-way. The road till lately passed by the Park, with its lake and fine woods; but this has now been closed, and there is no admission, unless by special favour. The new road made to the west of the Park would lead up, in about as far farther to Broomfield, where the Tudor Church contains its original bench ends, and the churchyard has an old cross and some fine vews. A mile to the north-west is Broomfield Hill (953 feet), over which, turning south, one might come down over Buncombe Hill to Kingston.

But having thus gained the southern height of the Quantocks, one might now visit other points about the road to Bridgwater, to which indeed there is a choice of ways from Broomfield, through the villages mentioned on p. 161. On the north-east side of Broomfield Hill, about a mile north of the village, a fir plantation marks Ruborough Camp, which has been pronounced undoubtedly a Roman one. To the west of this, near the "Traveller's Rest" Inn on the Bridgwater Road, lies Holwell Cave, a tunnel in the slate 60 yards long, the spars and stalagmite masses of which may be explored with some difficulty. Turning back here, a mile out of the way south-westward would take one over Cothelstone Beacon, the highest point hereabouts (see below).

We may here give some further indications for exploring this end of the Quantocks; the rest of the ridge will be traced from the railway line below its west side (p. 180).

Kingston is a mile to the west of Hestercombe, along the foot of the hills, 3 miles from Taunton by the road leading straight out through Rowbarton. The stately Church Tower will be a beacon, well situated on a knoll to the right of the road, and in the Church will be found an altar-tomb and finely carved bench ends. In and about this village, which has a name for cider, are three or four fine residences, among them the Grange, restored by Sir G. G. Scott, where, as at Tetton House, to the west, the grounds have a notable show of conifers. At the bridge a road turns northwards for Broomfield (about 2 miles), then a little farther on, beside the inn, another road in the same direction leads up Buncombe Hill, passing between Broomfield Hill on the right and Cothelstone Beacon on the left.

An active walker might take this opportunity to visit Cothelstone (locally pronounced Culliston). The top of the beacon (1088 feet) is under 3 miles north-west of Kingston; and its position at the corner of the range gives it a magnificent view. Descending on the south side, at the foot we should find Cothelstone Church, with its tombs of the Stawells and its old glass, close to which is the Manor House, mainly restored after the rough handling it had in the Civil War, but preserving a fine old gateway. The ruined tower on the hillside above is a more modern antique. Hence it is a couple of miles to Bishop's Lydeard Station (see below), and some 5 miles farther by road to Taunton, through Norton Fitzwarren.

Norton Fitzwarren, 2 miles west from Taunton, best known to travellers as junction of the lines to Exeter and to Exmoor, is believed to have been a Roman station. Its old Church has an embattled tower and a fine oak screen, carved and coloured. On the hill behind the church is a circular camp, for which some claim that it occupied to Taunton the same relation as Old Sarum to Salisbury. A depression on the north side of the hillside has been taken for a Roman amphitheatre.

In walking, one might here turn a mile southwards,

crossing the railway and the river to Bishop's Hull, the parish in which part of Taunton stands, where the small Church has some monuments and bench ends worth seeing. Opposite it will be noticed the Court House, a gabled and mullioned Elizabethan mansion. Hence it is about a mile back to Taunton, entered by the Shire Hall.

So much for rambles about Taunton. It is also an excellent centre for longer excursions, being practically the crossing-point of half a dozen lines leading to different quarters. Two of these, joining at *Durston* (p. 148), brought us here; the others may be traced as follows.

TAUNTON TO CHARD.

A G.W.R. branch runs round the east end of the Blackdown Hills to *Chard*, where it connects with a short line joining the L. & S.W.R. at Chard Junction. As the line turns southwards are seen patches of an abandoned canal; but there has been question of making a greater waterway through this country that, starting near the east corner of Devon, would connect the English and the Bristol Channels; this was an old project of Telford's.

The road to Ilminster (11 miles) goes out by East Reach, and keeps pretty near the railway as far as Hatch (6 miles), where and at Thorne (3 miles) there are stations. Beyond Thorne, behind a wooded knoll, is Creech St. Michael (p. 162). At Hatch we have on the left of the road the hilly and wooded park of Hatch Beauchamp, in which there is a pretty Church, and on the right Hatch Park, another pleasant demesne; then opposite the inn is Beauchamp Lodge, a thickly ivied house that would alone keep up the character of the village. The road hence bends away westwards of the railway, passing by Jordans, home of Captain Speke, the explorer. Beyond this, it holds on for Chard; and one must turn off left for Ilminster, the chief station on the way.

Ilminster (Hotels: George, Swan). This straggling little town supports a population of 4000 or so by the local industry of collar-making and others; and it is a

place of ancient dignity which has lost some of its old features through fire, while it still preserves a most stately Church. This lies nearly a mile to the east of the station, on the way from which one first mounts, then trends a little down to the right for the main street and central opening of the place, whose name comes from the river Isle, rising to the south and flowing round the west side of Ilminster to join the Parrett near *Muchelney*.

Ilminster Church, with its fine central tower and its warmlooking stone, makes a characteristic show of Somerset Perpendicular architecture. The Nave has been rebuilt, and seems less admirable. Its chief pride is the Wadham Chapel (north transept), where a Jacobean oak screen encloses tombs of the family who founded Wadham College at Oxford, and their ancestors. The opposite transept contains tombs of the Walrond family, with interesting heraldic devices. The details of the exterior are also warmly praised. Mr. Barrett declares the tower one of the noblest he has seen in his Somerset wanderings.

Above the church, across the churchyard, the sign of a sundial marks the old building of the Grammar School, founded

under Edward VI.

The chief street mounts to a hill-top from which there is a fine view, as from the Beacon Hill to the north (338 feet). All round is inviting country, the sights of which on one side have been already indicated (pp. 146, 150, 152) as we followed the roads from Langport and Crewkerne. To the west, some 5 miles up hill from the station would take us to the Blackdowns at Castle Neroche (p. 168). To the south, it is about the same distance by road and rail to Chard.

CHARD.

Hotels: George, Crown, Victoria, Cornelius' Temperance, etc.

Chard, at the south-western corner of Somerset, is a very ancient town, once a manor of the Bishops of Bath and Wells, and farther back a Roman station, as appears from the remains of villas, pavements, etc., found at several points in the neighbourhood. Like some of its neighbours it has suffered from fire, but still preserves a

show of good old buildings. Of late years it has prospered by the manufacture of machine lace, and, having extended its boundaries in 1892, must now contain a population of 6000 or 7000. It has two railway stations, the *Town*, serving as terminus of the L. & S.W. branch from the main line at Chard Junction, 3 miles south; and the *Joint* (a little way off by Victoria Road), where these trains connect with those of the G.W.R. from Taunton.

From the Town Station, the long main thoroughfare leads up a gentle slope of the Blackdown Hills. As so often in Somerset, this is divided between the names of Fore Street and High Street. Passing up a bit of newer road from the station, at the right corner of Fore Street, we find the Grammar School, of Jacobean date, a fine building strangely pieced out by a temporary erection of most modern character. Some way higher up, nearly opposite the Town Hall, and close to the chief hotels, is reached on the same side a group of old buildings, supposed to have been the Manor House, now turned into shops, the occupants of which are quite accustomed to strangers seeking admission to their old features. In Waterloo House, now a milliner's, there is a room with ornamented plaster ceiling; and a peep should be taken up the court beside it. Behind the next shop (Mr. Norrington, Ironmonger's) is a large Hall, with mullioned windows and decorated ceiling, in which some say that Jeffreys held his Bloody Assize; but that tragedy was probably enacted in the Town Hall.

Beyond this, the street turning off to the left at the Post Office leads to the *Church*, which is a respectable one, with some noticeable gargoyles, but not distinguished among the towered churches of Somerset.

Keeping up High Street, one passes on the right Harvey's Hospital, rebuilt 1842 after the original structure of 1663. Thence the street mounts on to the open country, where the road continuing it climbs up the height known as Snowdon (700 feet), from which wide prospects may be had, extending sometimes, it is said, to either Channel.

On the side of Snowdon, to the right, are sandstone quarries, and the openings called the *Chard Caves*, which appear to have been artificial workings,

Lying as it does at the foot of the Blackdown Hills, Chard has fine airy walks in several directions behind it to the north; while to the south is soon reached a beautiful hill country of Dorset and Devon. The way to Castle Neroche has already been mentioned (p. 168). A nearer point of note is Whitestaunton (3 miles), reached by the road over Snowdon, where will be found a beautifully-situated old Church with good internal features, and a Manor House, in part of the 15th century, containing among other relics a collection of objects found on the site of the adjacent Roman Villa, unearthed in our generation. The owner, Mr. C. I. Elton, Q.C., is himself a well-known archæologist, who would no doubt welcome those of kindred tastes, though there is no general admission of strangers. Whitestaunton is highly praised in Mr. Barrett's book on Somerset; and he also admired Weston Farm, a 16th-century house about a mile off, a little to the south of the road

TAUNTON TO WELLINGTON.

The main line of the G.W.R. takes us by the course of the Tone to Wellington (7 miles), a little beyond which it passes into Devonshire. The only station on the way is Norton Fitzwarren (p. 171), where it gives off its branches to Barnstaple and to Minehead.

WELLINGTON.

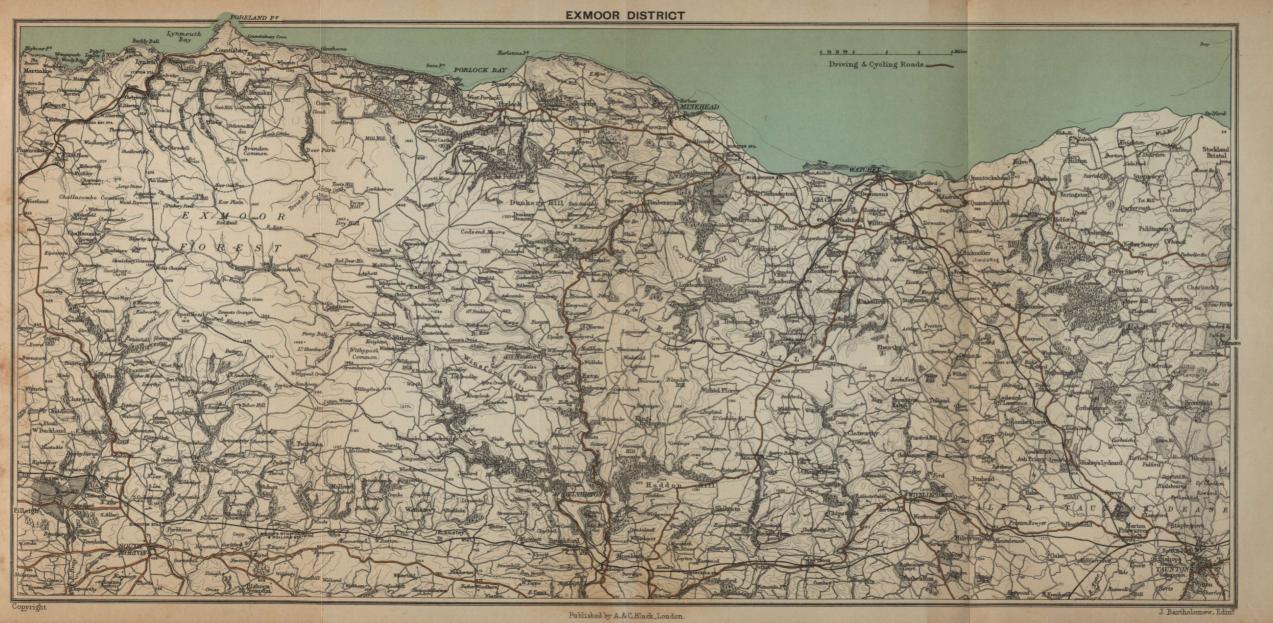
Hotels: Squirrel, King's Arms, etc.

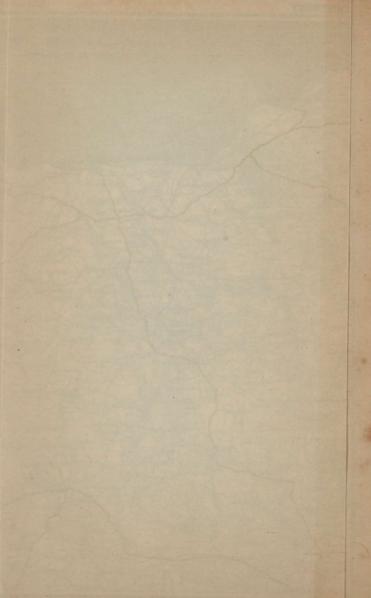
This is a town that has earned vicarious fame through the great warrior who took his title from it; but on its own account it is not one to be passed over, a smartlooking place of some 6000 people, thriving principally on the serge manufactures also associated with its name.

The station is some way to the north of the town, approached by the appropriately-named Waterloo Road, one of neat newness. This takes us in about a quarter of an hour to the central meeting of ways where the Town Hall, the Post Office, and the Market cluster together. Fore Street to the right leads past the Squirrel Hotel to become the Exeter Road, which 3 miles out would enter Devonshire at White Ball Hill, High Street, to the left, takes us to the Parish Church, a large one with a lofty embattled tower, and in the south chapel an altar-tomb to Sir John Popham (Lord Chief Justice, d. 1607) and his wife. This worthy gave the town a Hospital for old people, and other benefactions. South Street, the fourth arm of the cross, leads out to what is the chief lion of Wellington, that tall monument on the nearest point of the Blackdown Hills, not quite 3 miles off.

The Wellington Monument, erected by subscription 1817. is an obelisk 175 feet high, standing at the height of 900 feet. It is so conspicuous that there is little danger of missing the way. The road goes out by South Street, presently turning off to the right, but soon resuming its course. On coming before the hill, pedestrians might turn to the right, then by a lane strike up to a farm under the monument; but the carriage road leads to the top. (There is more than one way over the fields, going out through the yard of the "Three Cups," or farther down-opposite a tavern with the sign of a ship-on the same side of the road leading out through Fore Street; but these paths are not very clear, nor very clean in bad weather.) The key of the monument is kept at a house not far off; but in tourist time the keeper will usually be on the look-out for customers; and sometimes there is quite an assemblage of vehicles at this fine picnic ground. Refreshments may be had at a farm below, if not on the ground. The view is of course a grand one, looking towards Exmoor on the north, southwards to the cliff-edged coast of Devon, and westward across the valley of the Exe to the heights of Dartmoor, while eastward the line of the Blackdowns leads the eye to Taunton and the end of the Quantocks.

Keeping south, one almost at once enters Devonshire, and might in a couple of miles descend into the valley of the Culm, the scenes of Mr. Blackmore's novel *Perlycross*. Turning down this river one comes to *Culmstock*, a station on the branch line





to Tiverton, that has its terminus a little higher up at Helmstock, where are to be seen some ivy-shrouded ruins of a castle that played its part in our Civil War. Hence about 10 miles' walk would take one south to Honiton, or back over the Blackdown ridge to Taunton. From the monument, there is a road all along the ridge to Castle Neroche (p. 168), with the choice of descending at various points. Lastly, one might hold on a mile or so west to Sampford Point (869 feet), the end of the ridge, from which the way back to Wellington will be plain.

North of Wellington, also, there is pretty scenery, on the way to *Milverton* (5 miles), a station on the Barnstaple branch (see p. 178). Beyond the main line this road passes to the west of **Nynehead**, in the park of which the Tone has been tamed to form a sheet of water with cascades; whence, keeping down its banks, or on byroads near the railway, one could steer for *Norton Fitzwarren*,

to vary a walk back to Taunton.

On its upward course, about 3 miles west of Wellington, the Tone takes a wilful bend to the south, touching the Devon border, then doubling back to what seems its natural direction from the Brendon Hills on the north. In this crook is the parish of **Kittisford**, the Church of which has been rebuilt, but it has a fine piece of antiquity in Cothay Manor House, with its ruined gateway and hall. Crossing the river south of Kittisford, then the Exeter Road and the railway, one might make an airy round by the end of the Blackdown Hills, where the Wellington Monument will be a landmark.

The stranger who can find his own way will hardly ramble anywhere without coming on the Devonshire beauties of broken ground, deep-set lanes, luxuriant hedges and tangled woods, from which we must turn

away to scenes that have gained wider renown.

TAUNTON TO DULVERTON.

By road or rail a trip of over 20 miles may be taken westwards to Dulverton, along the richly varied border scenery of Devon and Somerset. The railway is the G. W. R. branch to Barnstaple, which leaves the main line



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at Norton Fitzwarren. The next two stations are in Somerset.

Milverton (White Hart, George, etc.), 8 miles from Taunton, on the left of the line, is a small town or large village, which had once some name as a place of woollen manufacture. It is somewhat hidden away, but on a height above appears one of St. Michael's many loftily-placed churches, from which there is a fine view over hill and vale. This ancient church, restored, has some good bench ends, an ornament almost as invariable as the tower, hereabouts. The place possesses an old market cross, and a house said to have been once a residence of Cardinal Wolsey.

To the south, by Chipley Park, there is a particularly pretty

walk of 5 miles to Wellington (see above).

To the north, longer walks would take one over high ground to various points of the Brendon and the Quantock Hills, to be touched upon presently; and the railway running between these two ridges would be a help home to Taunton. This corner of the county we hardly do justice to, but it has many fine nooks, and some picturesque hamlets with old churches to be sought out.

Wivelscombe (White Hart, Bull's Temperance, etc.) comes 3 miles farther west, on the other side of the line, which here makes a bend southwards, leaving the road that has hitherto accompanied it. This is another old market-town, having a large rebuilt church with a tall red tower, and traditions of former importance as a residence of the Bishops of Wells, if not as a Roman station. Tempting alliteration has dubbed it "Wicked Wivelscombe"; and if to be environed by tempting charms of nature implies wickedness, this is one of the most offending places alive-not that Wivelscombe is so very much alive either, even with tourist traffic, as it well might be. It stands upon the slope of wooded hills, between the green-mantled inclines of the red sandstone, and the sterner features of slate rocks behind, which have been quarried for a fine quality of slate. There is good fishing in the

neighbourhood; and a stranger might well fix himself here who asked for no better amusement than the scenes of a lovely countryside, both highland and lowland, well seen from the high road onwards, that climbs a long hill to a good view-point, over 700 feet high.

A little to the east of the town, on the north side of the line is Castle Hill (500 feet), a fine camp, one of several in the district which have the same name and the like vague traditions of having been occupied by Danish, Saxon, Roman, as well as British warriors. Northwards from this goes a road which, passing between Tolland and Brompton Ralph, then to the left of the tower on Willett Hill, would, in a couple of hours walk, take one up to Elworthy, at the east end of the Brendon Hills (see p. 190).

The high road westward, above mentioned, crosses the hill to Waterrow (Inn), a pretty hamlet, where (3 miles) it strikes the wooded gorge of the Tone. Up this runs a road, between the heights of Main Down on the right and Heydon Hill on the left, both over a thousand feet; then by the villages of Huish Champflower and Clatworthy, both with old churches, and the latter overlooked by a possibly Roman camp (900 feet), one could find a way to Elworthy (see above), or taking another road north-westwards strike the Brendon ridge at the deserted ironworks (p. 190). Leaving high roads about half-way, one might follow the course of the Tone to its source near this latter point; or a tributary coming down on its east side would guide him up Tripp Bottom, under Tripp Barrow (1225 feet) on the left, to Raleigh's Cross (see p. 190). So long as he keeps upwards and northwards, he is bound to strike the road running east and west along the top of the Brendon Hills, about 7 miles, as the crow flies, from Waterrow.

Down the Tone, one might follow it on a more sober course; but this proves a wandering guide, making a bend of several miles through an outlying corner of Somerset till it approaches the western spurs of the Blackdown Hills, and brings one, at its southern crook, within an hour or so's walk of Wellington Station on the main G.W.R. line (p. 175). The way to either railway might be shortened by various cuts across this bend, as by Bathealton, from which it is 5 miles to Wellington and 3 to Wivelscombe. In any case the leisurely stranger will hardly complain of losing his way a little in this pleasant country, where there is no want of villages, inns, and farms, besides guide-posts to direct him.

The next two stations on the Barnstaple line, Venn Cross

and Morebath, are in Devon, whose scenery here melts so effectively into that of the neighbour county. Then at a projecting edge of Somerset, close to the confluence of the Exe and the Barle, is reached Dulverton Station, junction of the Exe Valley line from Exeter. The town is 2 miles off on the right. This, as one of the entrances to Exmoor, will be dealt with in our next section (p. 221).

TAUNTON TO WATCHET.

This branch, diverging as well as the Barnstaple one from the main line at *Norton Fitzwarren*, goes on to *Minehead*; but on reaching the sea at *Watchet* (17 miles) we begin another section, that will deal separately with Exmoor and its outskirts.

The Minehead line passes along the western side of the Quantocks. More or less close to it winds the road that, leaving Taunton by Bridge Street and Stapelgrove Road, passes the Independent College, then gives a fine farewell view over Taunton, and keeps on between Staple Grove and Norton Fitzwarren, with the railway on its left hand. We shall mark the distances by this road from Taunton for the benefit of pedestrians and of that class of tourists, foreseen by Wordsworth in a spirit of prophecy, who—

"Glance along Rapid and gay, as if the earth were air, And they were butterflies to wheel about Long as the summer lasted,"

In small print we shall outline divagations to be made on the hills, with the help of some good map (e.g. the O.S., 1-inch scale, sheet 295). In this valley between the Quantocks and the Brendon Hills are, of course, many other up and down roads, which may be taken with no danger but that of going two or three miles out of the least crooked way and almost certainly stumbling upon pretty nooks unknown to fame.

The line of the railway, which runs fairly straight, will always come in as a guide. The high road we follow

keeps most of the way between it and the Quantocks. The stations, rather far apart, and lying a mile or so from the villages that name them, are Bishop's Lydeard, Crowcombe, Stogumber, and Williton.

Bishop's Lydeard (5 miles) is noted for its battlemented, four-storied church tower, of the true Somerset Perpendicular style, surpassed in the neighbourhood only by that of Taunton, and by some judged to be unsurpassed in the county. It is well seen on the right of the railway, the red stone of which the church is built giving it relief against its background of wooded hill. The interior has a grand coloured screen and carved Jacobean pulpit, and other ornaments, many coloured windows. and a specially good show of old bench ends, in which the churches hereabouts are so rich. In the churchvard is a fine old octagonal cross, in part restored, and the disfigured fragment of a village cross that must have been a noble one in its day. A brass (south aisle) forms a monument to Nicholas Grobham, founder of the almshouses beyond the church. The Gore Inn here has an abandoned fives court, hint of former dignity, when travellers did not hurry by so breathlessly.

From Bishop's Lydeard one can ascend the southern end of the Quantocks in an hour's walk, passing by Cothelstone (p. 171), then winding round again towards Taunton. The road to Bridgwater makes the ascent through beech woods. A beautiful way by a combe at the back of the Vicarage makes the shortest cut, leading up through the woods upon the open top, and its tower. Hence Taunton will show itself about 6 miles to the south; to strike into the plainest road through Kingston, one must hold nearly a mile eastwards.

A mile north-west of Cothelstone Hill comes Lydeard Hill, with its tumulus (1200 feet), from which one might descend to Aisholt (p. 161), a mile to the north-east, or turning south-

westward regain our road through Bagborough.

Beyond Bishop's Lydeard, the road grows less admirable for cyclists than for pedestrians. In about a mile this touches the railway, and the village of Combe Florey on its west side, the Rectory of which was the haven of

Sydney Smith's latter days, and the little Church has a memorial window to him in the chancel. In the next parish off our road, on the left hand of the railway, half an hour's walk from Crowcombe Station, is the ancient Church of Lydeard St. Lawrence, looking across to the Quantocks. Through this is the nearest way to Willett Hill, Stogumber, and other places on the west side of the valley.

From Combe Florey, the main road makes towards the Quantocks. Where it resumes its general direction, one might turn up to **Bagborough**, the church of which has some good bench ends; and in the churchyard is the tomb of Mr. Fenwick Bisset of Bagborough House, the adjoining mansion, who was long so popular as master of the Exmoor Staghounds.

Keeping up Bayborough Hill to the north-west, it is about a mile to the top of Will's Neck (1261), the highest ridge of the Quantocks, its highest point marked by a tumulus and cairn. North of this a road is struck, that on one hand would lead in half an hour or so to Crowcombé, and on the other crosses the ridge, about as far, to Aisholt (p. 161).

The high road below keeps on by Seven Ash Inn, then in $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Taunton reaches Crowcombe. The station for this village is more than a mile off, farther back and on the left of the road, near the outlying part called Crowcombe Heathfield.

Crowcombe (Carew Arms Inn) is a village, too little known in the tourist world, which would make an excellent centre for visiting the Quantocks. Between 400 and 500 feet high, it lies nestled on the rise of a wooded spur, a picturesque show of thatched and whitewashed cottages clustering among rich orchards. Though now a place of hardly 500 people, it has been a markettown in its day, as testified to by the tall cross that stands on the roadside, at a turning to the court stables.

The Church, on the right-hand side, near the entrance of the road, is, like that at Bishop's Lydeard, remarkable for its reddish stone, forming such a pleasant contrast to the green leafage. Its tower, which has some rich details, was once crowned by a spire destroyed by lightning. Some of the interior ornaments are modern, but the church preserves bench ends of the 16th century. The beautiful white reredos is a monument to the wife of the late rector, the Rev. T. Boles of Rhyll Court, Exmouth. Beside the porch is a 14th-century octagonal cross sculptured in relief.

Beyond the church will be seen on the hillside Crow-combe Court, a red brick mansion of the Carew family, in fine grounds, now by marriage the property of the Hon. R. C. Trollope. It contains a collection of pictures, among them several Vandycks, with works by Rubens, Rembrandt, Holbein, and other famous artists; but on these we need not enlarge, nor on the hanging woods, the artificial ruins, and other attractions of the grounds, as they are not usually open to strangers.

From Crowcombe, one gets at once upon the Quantocks (as, for instance, by a delightful stroll up the combe at the back of the Rectory), and can cross the range by several glens, along the very tracks where Coleridge wandered daily in the spring-time of his genius, taking poetic notes which caused him and Wordsworth to be suspected by their rustic neighbours for French spies, while Coleridge was only incubating a poem, to be named the "Brook," but this never got itself hatched in his dreamy irresolution. Over Stowey and Nether Stowey are straight across the ridge, the former only 3 miles, as the crow flies, from Crowcombe, the road being rather longer; then at Nether Stowey we get upon the high road to Bridgwater, 12 miles in all. Ramscombe, Quantock Combe, and Cockercombe are natural passages, the two former leading up from Crowcombe to descend by the glen of the Seven Wells (p. 160), while Cockercombe opens out to the north of Aisholt. To the south it is an hour's stiff walk to the top of Will's Neck, which one can climb up to from the road to Aisholt, or take a lane from Crowcombe to Triscombe Stone, a little way north-west of the top.

Two or three miles north rises Dowsborough, alias Danesborough (nearly 1100 feet), a fine wooded hill crowned by a camp, British, and perhaps Roman also, enclosing some 10 acres in its vallum and fosse. At the north end is a mound which has been taken for a tumulus; and another point is marked by a flagstaff. Here opens a wide eastern view, while

to the west Dunkery Beacon can still be seen over the intervening heights. From the top it is 2 miles or so down to Nether Stowey at the base, eastward, or keeping rather to the north one could sooner come down to the Castle of Comfort Inn on the road near Dodington (p. 160). Below the west side is struck the Holford Combe, which in half an hour would lead us down to Holford (p. 160), where Wordsworth made the prelude of his long devotion to the Lake country.

A mile north-west of Crowcombe rises Hurley Beacon (1141 feet), with a large barrow on the top and other tumuli near. Hence a track along the bare top of the range would, in about 4 miles, lead down to the road round its northern end, near

St. Audries (see below).

On the other side of the valley, under 3 miles west of the railway, is Willett Hill (900 feet) an outlying wooded height, to which the way could easily be shown from Crowcombe Station. There is a view-tower here, looking on one side to the Quantocks, on the other along the Brendon Hills (see p. 189) and on to Dunkery Beacon, the highest point in Somerset.

A mile beyond Crowcombe, the road passes by Halsway, an old house on the hillside said to have been built by Cardinal Beaufort and at one time to have been the home of Jack Cade's family. Less than 2 miles farther we come below the pretty village of Bicknoller (13 miles), shown against a steep face of the hills. The Church, though small and restored, has the characteristic features of an ornate tower, carved bench ends, and a particularly fine screen. In the churchyard is a venerable yew and the shaft of an old cross. Bicknoller has been taken as once a Roman station, but this seems doubtful.

Behind the village, Bicknoller Combe makes a lovely opening into the Cotswolds. On the south side are Trendle Ring, an oval camp overlooking the valley, and farther back, Thorncombe Barrow, nearly 200 feet in circumference. Not far beyond the latter is the ridgeway track that in a good mile takes us to the pole on the top of Fire Beacon Hill (1000 feet), from which half an hour's walk straight on would lead to the end of the ridge. Turning east, in about as far we come down to the lowland country by Alfoxton (p. 160). On the west side the beautiful Weacombe glen opens down towards Williton.

On the other side of the railway, not quite so far

north as Bicknoller, lies Stogumber (Stoke Gomer), a little town noted for the brewing of ale, which is said to owe its merit to the supposed medicinal properties of a spring used; but the title of "hygienic" claimed for this beverage is perhaps no more than many another "excuse for the glass." Standing nearly a mile from its station, and out of the road usually taken by cyclists. Stogumber seems little visited, as it might be, if only for its fine church, with rebuilt and ornate chancel, containing a monument to Sir George Sydenham and his two wives. Combe Sydenham, the seat of this family, from whom Sir Francis Drake took his bride, is a quaint Elizabethan mansion, a couple of miles to the west, by which a shady glen leads up to the Brendon Hills. At the back of Stogumber is some fine upland scenery. From Stogumber it is nearly 3 miles on to Williton, and not quite so far by the road from Bicknoller, which joins the other, crossing the railway by the village of Sampford Brett, which preserves the name of Le Bret, one of the murderers of Archbishop Becket, and a monument in the church vestry is shown as his.

Williton (Egremont Hotel) was once terminus of the West Somerset line, its station half a mile to the east of the straggling village that stands a couple of miles back from the sea. Village as it may seem now, it is an ancient place, which still retains the district dignity given it by the Union and the meeting of Petty Sessions. Its rebuilt church is said to have been originally a chapel founded by a brother of Reginald Fitzurse, another of Becket's murderers. Here there is a stump of an old cross, and another on the road beside the hotel. There are several points of interest about Williton.

Two miles east, the end of the Quantock range is seen sloping down to the sea. From the station a clump of trees on the horizon marks the position of St. Audries, the beautiful park of Sir A. A. Hood, so much admired by Washington Irving, which fills the space between the wild hills and the shore. The modern mansion contains a valuable collection of antiquarian relies of the neighbourhood. Till recently, this

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park was open to the public, but the mischief done by excursionists of the baser sort has led to its being closed, except on Thursdays and Saturdays, and then only by permit, for which application must be made beforehand to the owner, which is as good as prohibition to flying tourists. A walk so far might however be taken between trains, if only for a sight of the Church of West Quantoxhead, a beautiful piece of modern Gothic, with marble columns, erected by the Hood family. This church stands in the grounds below the road, and the keys may be had at the Rectory of what is commonly called St. Audries, though it figures on maps as West Quantoxhead. East Quantoxhead, with its Elizabethan manor-house of the Luttrells, and an altar-tomb to one of this old family in the church, is near the sea-shore, a short hour's walk farther on the left of the high road which goes on to Bridgwater (17 miles from Williton; see p. 160). Its sweep round the foot of the Quantocks at St. Audries is too much shut in by the park wall to give a view of the sea, except down the hollow where the church and mansion stand. Opposite this, one might mount on the open slopes for a free prospect of the coast region on which we now enter; or the pedestrian, turning south, might pass along the top of the range, to descend on either side by any of the points already mentioned.

Close to the west of Williton is the wooded park and manor of Orchard Wyndham, seat of the Wyndhams, Earls of Egremont. Near this passes the road to Dunster, turning off at the Egremont Hotel, by which one might double the short distance to Watchet, keeping on for a couple of miles to Washford to visit Cleeve Abbey (see below), then turning back. The direct road is now on the west side of the railway, that has not two miles to go before reaching the shore at Watchet.

WATCHET.

(West Somerset Hotel.)

This is a place of about 3000 people, who come in the census returns under St. Decuman's, the name of the Parish Church standing out so well on the height above the station. Below it will be seen large paper-mills, which we understand to be the main industry of the town, now that its harbour is rather starved by the failure of the Brendon Hills ironworks. Watchet sets

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up to be a bathing-place also, but in this capacity seems neither venerably picturesque nor smartly elegant enough, running rather to narrow straggling streets than to terraces of gentility. On the east side, however, beyond its harbour, it has a patch of park laid out on a low cliff, and beyond this again is a little bay for bathing. The harbour enables visitors to put out to sea, which is a great point on this shallow coast. The neighbourhood has many points of interest and beauty that would make it worth a stranger's while to halt here, though the hotel accommodation does not bespeak much concourse of visitors.

St. Decuman's is a large Perpendicular church (part of chancel Early English), named after a Welsh saint whom legend represents as martyred here. It is notable for its numerous brasses and other monuments of the Wyndhams, whose seat we passed at Williton. In the north aisle is a modern tomb to the Earl of Egremont with whom this title expired in the family, the well-known art patron, whose collection is still the pride of Petworth, Sussex. In the churchyard, besides a restored cross, are several curious epitaphs.

We have observed nothing else of interest in the town. A mile to the east is reached *Doniford*, where a brook falls into the sea at the foot of the Quantocks. Hence, skirting St. Audries Park, one soon joins the road from Williton that passes round these hills.

On the other side a remarkable series of striated cliffs, from which white and pink alabaster is worked—as it is, or was, on the opposite side of the Bristol Channel—extends for 2 miles to Blue Anchor, where the shore becomes flat. Caution is necessary in passing under these cliffs at high tide, lest the perilous scene of Scott's Antiquary be re-enacted. Another danger was shown lately by an enormous landslip; and yet another exists in a volunteer rifle range at the farther end, not to speak of the rubbish thrown down by the alabaster workers. But one can always walk by the road behind, which passes up by some lime-kilns, where the edge may be gained for a view. This way makes an easy hour's walk to Blue Anchor, a

little hamlet at the end of the cliffs, where there is a homely hotel of that ilk. This name, which also belongs to the bay opening here, seems a little mysterious; it has been explained by the blue clay of the soil giving good anchorage. The geological features of the soil are very interesting. Blue Anchor Station comes nearly a mile farther along, where the railway regains the coast, having made a bend inland by Washford, to which there is a pleasant walk of a couple of miles south from the end of the cliffs over the height where Old Cleeve stands with its interesting Church. In part this may be made past the church by an ancient causeway known as the Monk's Path, which used to lead to Cleeve Abbey.

Washford, a couple of miles inland from Watchet, and the first station on the line to Minehead, is chiefly notable for the ruins of Cleeve Abbey, the archæological lion of the district. This is a few minutes to the south of the station, on the road up the left bank of the little stream, where the remains stand out well among orchards and daisied turf, part of them veiled by ancient walnut and sycamore trees, which may have been planted by the monks. (Admission 1s., parties 6d. Not open on Sundays.)

Cleeve Abbey was a Cistercian House, founded at the end of the 12th century by William de Romara, of the Earl of Lincoln's family, on this pleasant spot, which fitly bore the name of Vallis Florida. Entering by the fine arch of the Gatchouse, one makes across the turf to the farm-house within the enclosure, where the custodian may be summoned by a bell. The chief features still standing are the Hall or Refectory, the Dormitory, part of the western side of the Cloisters, the south wall of the Church, the Sacristy, the Chapter House, and some more fragmentary portions. The Refectory is a fine apartment, 51 feet long, with a carved walnut roof very well preserved, and at the east end traces of a fresco-painting of the Crucifixion. The Dormitory, approached by another staircase, is larger, lit by narrow lancet windows. Beyond the Dormitory was the Church, whose site only is to be seen. Some encaustic tiles have been discovered, bearing the arms of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and other benefactors.

These ruins, rescued from desecration in our time and cleared

of rubbish, are a beautiful spectacle even for those indifferent to their architectural details. The Latin inscription over the entrance declares it open to every honest man, which is hardly the case now; but the fee charged goes to a Cottage Hospital in the district. A small guide (6d.), by Prebendary Walcott, is sold, which will fill out our brief outline.

Up the valley from Washford may be reached in an hour's walk the foot of the *Brendon Hills*, which share only a name with *Brendon* on the other side of Exmoor.

The Brendon Hills (or Brendon Hill) run for about 10 miles as a broad, flat, and generally somewhat featureless ridge, a few miles back from the sea, forming as it were an elevated road to Exmoor. It is for the most part cultivated, or at least supplies pasture; but there are some wild nooks on the top, and beautiful wooded combes on the flanks. Iron seems to have been worked here by the Romans, an enterprise carried on in our own day, but now abandoned as unprofitable.

The Brendon Hills Railway shares the depression of the industry that fed its traffic. Its proprietors are understood to be most willing to give it up as a bad job; in the meanwhile only one train a day each way has been jolting-for rolling is hardly the word to apply to its stock-and that only as far as Combe Row (about 6 miles) at the foot of the hills, with stations at Washford and Roadwater. The desolate-looking station is near the shore at Watchet. (From the G.W.R. station go down the main street and turn to the left.) Our difficulty was to find out when the one train started, which proved to be an inconveniently early hour; then it came back almost at once, and finished its labours for the day before noon. It is worth while, however, making this trip up the valley, if only for the sake of the walk down, on which Cleeve Abbey might be taken. About a mile to the south of Roadwater Station is Leighland Chapel, which once belonged to the Abbey, and a little beyond this, near Nettlecombe Park, could be gained the high road from Watchet to Raleigh's Cross mentioned

below.

From Combe Row, trucks are still hauled by a stationary engine up a very steep inclined plane which, we fancy, must be a patriarch among such contrivances; but the line does not carry passengers farther on its lofty course of a few miles. If a truck happens to be going up, one should ask for a lift to the top, where it is over 1200 feet; else one can climb steeply to the road above, and turn along it about half a mile eastwards

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to Raleigh's Cross, which makes a point of direction here. At a small bridge, a little to the right of the railway at the top of the incline, is a curious stone called "The Naked Boy," which people here declare to mark the highest point. But this seems a mistake. On the O.S. map 1894 some points of the road westward are marked as being over 1300 feet. We have reason to believe, however, that the Ordnance Surveyors have rectified their calculation, and now make the highest point Elworthy Barrows at the east end (see below).

With this railway we have to deal as one that may any day vanish like a poet's dream, and strangers must make inquiry before depending on it. From Watchet a road of some 6 or 7 miles leads up to the Brendon Hills by the park and Tudor manor-house of Nettlecombe, seat of the Trevelyans, once of the Raleighs, who have left monuments in the church. road comes into that traversing the ridge at Raleigh's Cross, so called from a mutilated cross before an inn that has the look of having seen better days. The main road runs south towards Devonshire, passing over a country that anywhere else would be called tourist-worthy, but seems unknown even to the C.T.C. Handbook. The road along the ridge, representing an old trackway, deserves to be pointed out to active wanderers. About 3 miles east of Raleigh's Cross it may be gained from Stogumber or Willett Hill. At this end rise Elworthy Barrows (1290 feet), a circle of mounds that appear to have enclosed a camp. Keeping westward, the road does not pass many prominent points, and sometimes only the keen air makes one guess at being so high above the sea, 1200 feet or so on an average, varying but little for most of the way. Less than a mile beyond Raleigh's Cross come the abandoned ironworks, with their "deserted village," and the inclined plane of the railway. On the left of the road turning south a little short of this is the source of the Tone, which adventurous pedestrians might try to track down to Wellington, and a little farther west, the Batherm river accompanies the road towards Bampton.

On the ridge road, a little beyond the ironworks, one can descend to *Treborough*, or some 2 miles on by **Leather Burrow**, one of the highest eminences, to *Luxborough*, from which latter village it is an hour's walk to Dunster (see p. 194). Two miles south of Leather Burrow lies the old Church of **Withiel Florey**, and to the west of it another of Somerset's *Blagdon Hills*, below which a road by *King's Brompton* (p. 224) makes an airy way to Dulverton. More than one byway from the Brendon ridge leads to this road. On the ridge road, less than 2 miles beyond Leather Burrow comes **Cutcombe Barrow**, where was the original end of the railway. (*Quo discrimine* "barrow" and "burrow" we leave to the Ordnance Survey:

the words seem used indifferently here.) The village of Cutcombe lies some miles off to the north-west, in the dip over which rise Dunkery Beacon and other heights of Exmoor. A mile farther, our lofty road passes on its right Lype Hill, on which is another protuberant barrow. Below this, at Heath Poult Cross (Inn) turns off north the straightest way to Dunster (6 miles) by Timberscombe, in the other direction going to Dulverton. The way westward along the now dropping ridge in a couple of miles more takes us into the more frequented Exeter-Minehead high road, by which it is again some 6 miles to Dunster, and nearly twice as far to Dulverton Station, from either of which one could return to Taunton by train.

But the sight of Dunkery Beacon reminds us that we have got beyond Taunton's centre of gravity into the district whose capital is Minehead. It seems a moot point whether or no the Brendon Hills count as part of Exmoor; but here we may begin our last section dealing with that wildest stretch of Somerset scenery.

In this concluding section we propose to skirt the western promontory of Somerset, turning aside by the roads across Exmoor that connect points of the railways about it. Chiefly, we must dwell on the beauties about a string of favourite resorts lying along the coast, strung out for a distance of some twenty miles. We shall not attempt to guide strangers far off unbeaten tracks, to be recommended only to those who have some knowledge of the country, or a good idea of steering their course by the help of compass and O.S. map (1-inch scale, sheets Nos. 261, 262 for the coast, 278 for the inland portion).

Exmoor.—It is a little difficult to fix the bounds of this tract of upland country, whose characteristics are shared more or less by all the western end of Somerset.

The wild moor proper, Forest as it used to be, consists of about 20,000 acres lying to the south of the coast between Porlock and Lynton, the western end of it projecting into Devonshire, where Chapman Barrows marks a limit at this end, as Dunkery Beacon, the highest point, at the other. This is an open expanse of elevated undulating moors, not quite so high as the general level of Dartmoor, and wanting its bolder features of sharp tors and prominent rocks. Treeless as for the most part it appears, its chief beauties are in the wooded combes hidden away, especially on the outskirts, and in the rapid water-courses by which it is seamed; then in the high coast-line that makes the grandest scenery of Somerset. There are here and there old traces of mining operations for gold and other

minerals; but these seem to have been unsuccessful; and the waste shows no such tall chimney-stalks as disfigure Dartmoor. The moor and its outskirts, with patches of bog and heather, are mainly covered by coarse grass which gives pasturage to hardy cattle and a breed of horned sheep, also to the once well-known ponies whose native wildness appears to be dying out. On its streams are the few and small villages, offering quarters to the anglers who find themselves here in an airy paradise. Staghunting is another sport, this country and the adjacent Quantocks being still a stronghold of the wild red deer. Visitors to the bordering sea-side places are chiefly given up to hunting after the picturesque, revealed in a style that would not command full admiration in Dr. Syntax's day, but is keenly appreciated by our generation.

The best book on the district we know is Mr. J. L. W. Page's Exploration of Exmoor (Seeley & Co.), to which we have to acknowledge various obligations. Mr. Blackmore's Lorna Doone hardly needs advertisement, as this book has gone far to make Exmoor's fortune as a tourist-ground. Another novel dealing with it, that deserves

not to be forgotten, is Whyte-Melville's Katerfelto.

Dunster is the first place that, on the favourite tourist route, may count as clearly one of the purlieus of Exmoor. For this the railway from Watchet comes by Washford and Blue Anchor Stations, then by a flat strip of shore passes Dunster Station, and in a few minutes more reaches its terminus at Minehead.

The road from Williton to Dunster keeps a little farther back, passing through Carhampton, a village that gives its name to the Hundred; this has an old restored church with a new tower, and a very fine screen, the modern colouring of which makes a question of taste. Thence it goes round Dunster Park and Castle, and for the town one must turn up the road leading from the station. The most direct way from Watchet (about 6 miles) is by the road along the coast, as far as Blue Anchor Station, unless one thence keep on by the

shore and across to Dunster Station, but the sea-side here is not very attractive.

DUNSTER.

Luttrell Arms Hotel; Forester's Arms Inn.

Dunster, the "Tower on the Hill," is but a small place, yet so rich in sights and memories and in beautiful surroundings that it deserves special mention. It lies in a nook of wooded heights, dominated by the old castle of the Luttrells, in the hands of which family and the De Mohuns this demesne has been since the Conquest, before which there appears to have been here a stronghold of Saxon lords; and such a site could not fail to have been fortified by their Celtic foregoers. Dunster is said to have been once a port; but it is now separated from the sea by a flat stretch, through which the Avill stream dribbles itself away.

The station, as already said, lies a little way off on the flat. From this we pass up a road that bends slightly left to merge with the Minehead highway, then turns up to the town skirting the base of a wooded hill, crowned by a tower, to which one may ascend (p. 198). This way bends round into the main street, one of dignified width and venerable repose. On the left here is the Luttrell Arms, believed to have been a religious house, and retaining some old features of architecture and ornament that make it one of the sights of the place. In the centre of the street will be at once noticed the quaint octagonal Yarn Market, built in 1609, when this little town had still a name for the kerseymeres known as "Dunsters." More than one relic of quaint antiquity will be seen in the houses upon and off this street, at the foot of which is the entrance to the Castle.

The grounds of the Castle are at present open Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10-4 p.m. A charge of 6d. is made, which goes to the funds of the Cottage Hospital. Tickets of Mrs. Locke, confectioner, a little below the hotel. (The name over the door is, or was, Hawker.)

Dunster Castle is a beautiful pile, in the main of Elizabethan date, though the inner gatehouse seems to be still older: it has been restored and enlarged in our own time. The great eventin its history was its defence for Charles I. by Colonel Wyndham against Blake, who, as we have seen, had some experience of being besieged and starved out on his own account. The Castle was relieved, but Blake returned to the attack, and it finally had to surrender. The roof of the Yarn Market below still shows the damage done by a cannon ball. A year or two later, William Prynne, the Roundhead (see p. 32), was confined here by Cromwell in turn, after suffering imprisonment and worse at the hands of the king's government.

The principal features of the interior are the stately Hall and carved Staircase; the bedroom occupied by Charles II .. with its secret chamber, which has given rise to a vain legend of the prince having been concealed here on his escape from Worcester; the painted leather hangings, telling the tale of Antony and Cleopatra; and some pictures by Vandyck,

Reynolds, and other artists.

These sights are not shown to all comers; but strangers will be taken over the beautiful gardens and grounds, where the lemon trees are a rare spectacle. A noble view is commanded from the winding walks and terraces of the Tor, and especially from the Bowling Green on the top, where is believed to have been the keep of the ancient Castle.

Towards the southern end of the Park is a fine camp, said to be Roman, and known as Bat's Castle, whose ramparts are almost 200 feet high. On the west side is a smaller circular camp, overlooking the valley of the Avill, which runs behind the Castle. To see these implies a walk almost all round the grandly situated and picturesquely broken Park; and we are not sure that this privilege is extended to ordinary visitors; but no doubt any one interested in archæology could obtain permission.

Turning round to the right at the Castle Gate, we pass down another street to the Church. Near it will be noticed a tall, gabled, 15th-century building known as the "Nunnery," which perhaps made part of the authentic Priory, whose slight remains, a barn and a dovecote, are behind the churchyard, below the pretty grounds of the Vicarage. From the street, the church is approached by an ancient half-timbered house, where the key of the eastern portion may be had, the west standing open.

Dunster Church, the finest in this district, is a cruciform one mainly of the 15th century, with the peculiarity of a

division into two parts, the nave forming the Parish Church, and chancel end, the old Church of the Priory, being nominally the chapel of the Luttrell family. The separation is marked by a very fine rood screen. The eastern end, long neglected, is now restored to its position as the most sacred part of the church, and daily prayers are held here. In this part and its Chantry Chapels are the old monuments of the lords of the Castle, and some modern stained glass. Most of the benchends are copies from a few ancient ones preserved; and the emblazoned tiles of the chapel flooring have been copied from some found at Cleeve Abbey and elsewhere in the neighbourhood. The whole building was restored by Mr. Street. The tower is about 90 feet high. In the churchyard is a fragment of a very ancient cross.

Dunster is at close quarters with the outskirts of Exmoor, and many beautiful walks may be taken by the hills and valleys behind. The street beyond the church goes out as the high road to Exeter (a little over 40 miles), passing up the wooded glen of the Avill. In about 2 miles is reached Timberscombe, and in 3 miles more Cutcombe, villages of which we have nothing particular to say but that they both have old restored churches, and are situated so as to be the goal of pleasant walks from all sides. At Timberscombe goes off to the left the old road which, keeping high ground, leads to the Exe at Hele Bridge, and thus to Dulverton in about a dozen miles. The road preferred by carriages and cyclists is through Cutcombe, then the tributary Quarme guides it to the windings of the Exe. Just beyond Cutcombe, at Wheddon Cross, 6 miles from Dunster, is a "Rest-andbe-Thankful" Inn, where one might stop to consider whether he will descend onwards into the Exe Valley, or turn right to Dunkery Beacon, now within an hour's walk, or left up the Brendon Hills ridge (p. 191), or come back to Dunster, steering his way, if on foot, over Croydon Hill, for a change.

Croydon Hill (1250 feet) is the open ridge behind Dunster Park, by the western side of which a lane ascends to it. This is the highest point above Dunster. On the south side of it one descends to Luxborough, a

village notable mainly for the sequestered beauty of its surroundings, beyond which are the lovely grounds of Chargot Lodge; then one can ascend the furrowed side of Brendon Hill. One fine way up is to keep on half an hour south-eastwards to Treborough, whose deserted slate quarries match the lonely ironworks above, that may be gained by a deep combe showing a pretty cascade. Another pleasant road wanders on eastward through the wellwooded bottom in an hour or so to strike the railway at Roadwater (see p. 189. But N.B.—this line from Watchet is of little use to travellers unless as a guide.) Or a road round the east end of Croydon Hill would take one in about the same distance north to Withycombe, where is a small Church with a good screen and some old monuments. Above the village is its Beacon Hill (617 feet), and below it, a mile off, Carhampton (p. 193), by which one would come back to Dunster after a fine round.

Grabhurst (or Grabbist) is the long ridge, its sides dark with woods, that rises to the west of the village, running parallel with the shore opposite Minehead and beyond. One path over it goes by the cemetery and the allotment fields behind the church, another turns up through the wood on the south side, beginning a few paces beyond the last houses on the valley road up the Avill. Above the belt of wood is gained an open moor, seamed with turf roads, on which one can ride or walk for miles, descending on either side. The ridge presently curves in a narrow edge, finely overlooking Dunster Park on the one side, and on the other giving a good view of Minehead, towards which, a mile or so west of Dunster, we can come down through a large wooded combe behind the village of Alcombe.

Those who find the 700 or 800 feet of this height too steep a climb, can pass round its end by a lane leading up from the church by the old Butter Cross of Dunster, and strike the high road at **Alcombe**, which some day perhaps will be part of Minehead, at present separated from it by a mile of road.

Another footway to Minehead is to turn off on the left of the chief street by a little green at the top, beyond the Hotel, and thus strike across the back of Conygar Hill, which with its tower overlooks the station. This name, occurring not infrequently in Somerset, means "rabbit warren." The field-path cuts across into the high road, but one might take the opportunity of ascending the wooded hill for a prospect of Minehead lying under its hill promontory some 2 miles to the west, and for a last look at Dunster. The tower is a whim of last century. Mr. Page states that a series of them was designed for the most prominent heights of the district, but only this one got itself accomplished.

MINEHEAD.

Hotels: Metropole, Beach, Plume of Feathers, Wellington Temperance, etc.

The name of this place is of recondite antiquarian origin, and has nothing to do with industrial activity: probably it is connected with the De Mohuns, the old lords of the manor, Munheved appearing to be an early form. There was a day, indeed, when Minehead flourished as a port, but the tide of time has left its little harbour rather stranded, unless at high-water. Long known as one of the beauty spots of the Somerset coast, since the railway came here it has developed greatly as a tourist resort and watering-place, its natural advantages being much superior to those of Weston-super-Mare, and only second in this district to those of Lynton and Lynmouth. Fired by the example of that twin resort, Minehead, at present the end of railway travelling, begins to covet a light line to be continued along the coast; but that boon has for the present been denied it. Another project is a pier to defy the receding tide, a doubtful improvement that might increase the quantity of visitors at the expense of quality, while it is questionable if the Welsh miners who would thus be landed in shoals are likely to appreciate the beauties of such a quiet nook. The population in 1891 was about 2000, but it must be

largely increasing, to judge by the building that goes on. Of the three chief hotels, the first named, that has recently altered its name, is a large one on the Esplanade; the second, close to the station, seems to lay itself out mainly for sportsmen; and the third, in the square, is the good old-fashioned hostelry of the place, so renovated as to be as much "up to date" as any, unless perhaps in the matter of expensiveness.

The old Quay Town straggles round under the corner of the hill, on which the Church lifts its tower from the higher quarter that still keeps the aspect of a clustered village, broken upon by more than one assuming mansion and cottages of gentility. Below grows the new part, of shops and lodging-houses, its backbone the shaded Avenue, in which is the Public Hall. This runs from the station on the beach to Wellington Square, the chief opening and parting of ways, where below a new Church stands an alabaster statue of Queen Anne, at first sight likely to be mistaken for the town's Jubilee Memorial, but that takes the form of a fountain at the other end of the Avenue. This statue has been removed from the old Church, one remarkable for its own features as well as for its conspicuous situation on the hillside, where it is approached by winding lanes and picturesque old dwellings.

The Parish Church, dedicated to St. Michael, like so many others on a hill, is a very ancient one, part of it older than the tower, that appears to date from about 1500, and shows some remarkable sculptures on its east and south sides, the design of the former being explained as St. Michael weighing souls against the Devil, which may remind us of a similar one on the chapel of Glastonbury Tor (p. 113). There is no "structural chancel," the east end being cut off from the nave by a fine screen resembling that at Dunster, and believed to be from the same hand. The rood-stair is singular in its size and in the large window of the turret above, which, it is conjectured, may have served as a beacon to sailors. Another peculiar feature is the wooden arch in the south aisle. There is one remarkable ancient monument with a recumbent figure that has been taken to be that of Judge Henry de Bracton, a famous lawyer of the 13th century, who was born near Minehead, but it has been shown that he was buried in Exeter Cathedral; and the recumbent figure is clad in sacerdotal

rather than judicial robes. The statue of Queen Anne, which still figures in a local guide-book, has been transferred to the Square since the restoration of the church. Among its contents are also a mutilated font, and some chained books of the 15th and 16th centuries. An oft-told legend has it that this church was originally to be built on the shore, but that the materials were supernaturally removed through the night to its present site.

While on the head of Minehead's antiquities, let us mention the old May-day custom of the Hobby-Horse, which seems a flourishing survival in this corner of Somerset, as reported in a local paper :- "Robin Hood and Maid Marian have long since vanished, but the hobby-horse still plays at Minehead the grotesque pranks that once amused our forefathers. It made its appearance this year, as usual, on the eve of May, but May-day falling on a Sunday, the following three days were, according to custom, appropriated by the players, and on each day the quaint horse, carried on stalwart shoulders by a masked man, and gaily bedecked with ribbons, might be seen in the streets, accompanied by an attendant with a drum. On May-day morning a journey is taken to a certain cross-road outside the town at six o'clock, and on the third evening at ten o'clock a similar perambulation is made to another point outside the town, the sailors, who are chiefly concerned in keeping up the custom, believing that it is legal so long as those two requirements are observed. No interference is made so long as the practice is orderly carried out, but, as the chief object in preserving the custom is the levying of 'largesse,' a great many of the inhabitants of Minehead look upon it with disfavour. There is, however, no likelihood of a custom which has survived so many years being yet discontinued."

Furthermore, Minehead has, or had, a celebrated ghost of its own, in the person, if that be the proper word, of Mrs. Leakey—mentioned by Sir W. Scott in the notes to Rokeby—who, or which, was gravely "sat upon" by a commission in the days of Charles I., and might now make a holiday exercise for the Psychical Society. A neighbourhood of such features could not fail to be well off for apparitions, at all events before the days of school-boards. There is the ghost of Sir George Sydenham that rides nightly down his patrimonial glen. There is the spectral coach with four black horses that plied at midnight on the road between Cutcombe and Timberscombe, till replaced by the silent whiz of the cyclist. There was the Porlock ghost, so obdurate that it took a round dozen of parsons to lay him. These are commonplace spooks on more or less familiar models. But the Minehead ghost, as Sir

Walter, always keen on the scent of a good old story, rather goes out of his way to tell us, had a peculiar distinction in the

shadowy world.

"The most formidable whistler that I remember to have met with was the apparition of a certain Mrs. Leakey, who about 1636 resided, as we are told, at Mynehead, in Somerset, where her only son drove a considerable trade between that port and Waterford, and was owner of several vessels. This old gentlewoman was of a social disposition, and so acceptable to her friends that they used to say to her and to each other, it were pity such an excellent, good-natured old lady should die; to which she was wont to reply, that whatever pleasure they might find in her company just now, they would not greatly like to see or converse with her after death, which nevertheless she was apt to think might happen. Accordingly, after her death and funeral, she began to appear to various persons by night and by noon-day, in her own house, in the town and fields, at sea and upon shore. So far had she departed from her former urbanity, that she is recorded to have kicked a doctor of medicine for his impolite negligence in omitting to hand her over a stile. It was also her humour to appear upon the quay, and call for a boat. But especially so soon as any of her son's ships approached the harbour, 'this ghost would appear in the same garb and likeness as when she was alive, and, standing at the mainmast, would blow with a whistle, and though it were never so great a calm, yet immediately there would arise a most dreadful storm, that would break, wreck, and drown ship and goods.' When she had thus proceeded until her son had neither credit to freight a vessel, nor could have procured men to sail in it, she began to attack the persons of his family, and actually strangled their only child in the cradle. The rest of her story, showing how the spectre looked over the shoulder of her daughter-inlaw while dressing her hair at a looking-glass, and how Mrs. Leakey the younger took courage to address her, and how the beldam despatched her to an Irish prelate, famous for his crimes and misfortunes, to exhort him to repentance, and to apprise him that otherwise he would be hanged, and how the bishop was satisfied with replying, that if he was born to be hanged, he should not be drowned:-all these, with many more particulars, may be found at the end of one of John Dunton's publications, called Athenianism, London, 1710, where the tale is engrossed under the title of 'The Apparition Evidence."

Beyond the station are the sands, on which bathing goes on when machines can get within range of the

waves, sullen and discoloured as they are apt to be down the Bristol Channel. The best we can say of the bathing here is that it is safe, and not so bad as on some points of this shallow coast. Farther on in the same direction the shore becomes rather uninteresting; but the "Warren" is turned to account for the golf-links, which make one of the main factors in Minehead's prosperity, the climate being another, mild and equable, a little damp at times, but often kept dry by hills that catch the showers.

Sport is a strong string in its bow. Fishing, indeed, is not easy to get, but more than one pack of foxhounds hunt within easy reach, besides harriers and the famous staghounds of Exmoor. For those who desire to kill nothing but time, a sufficient resource is the beauties of the neighbourhood, rich in open hillsides and wooded combes, up which mount red lanes deeply embowered in green. The geraniums and myrtles, the creepers covering cottage fronts, the early blossoms in sheltered spots, the rare ferns that flourish in sheltered nooks, bear witness to the mildness of the climate, which, as well as the scenery, may be characterised as Devonian. Close at hand are several lovely villages and hamlets; and at several points in the district are found commanding camps, quaint old dwellings, and broken roadside crosses, not to speak of the interesting churches within easy reach.

As yet, Minehead has hardly developed to the point of regular excursions, except those to Porlock in the season, on which route run three or four conveyances. At the hotels, however, driving parties are easily organised, one favourite round being by Blue Anchor, Cleeve Abbey, and Dunster; another by Wootton Courteney inland; another to Luccombe and Horner and the environs of Dunkery Beacon. Till the new pier fetters the sea, steam-boat excursions on the Channel must depend on waves and tide. But the pedestrian will be at no loss how to spend his time in rambles, of which we here outline those most recommendable to sojourners for a few days, beyond Dunster and its surroundings, already mentioned, which are within an easy hour's walk by various ways.

The North Hill, with its winding drives, its zigzag paths, its pinewood shade, and its wide views over the Bristol Channel and the heights of Exmoor, would alone be enough to make the fortune of any watering-place. This is no mere eminence, but an isolated ridge about 4 miles long, running on to overlook Porlock Bay. The walks may be entered from the old church or by passing the quay and mounting upwards from the stony beach. Round the corner is reached Greenaleigh Point, above which is a farm where rustic refreshments can be had: this should be a cool spot in summer, as for three months of the year it is said to be shadowed from the sun. Hence a path leads on to a ravine known as Burgundy, a name attributed to an old religious edifice that can still be traced here. On the opposite side one can descend by Woodcombe, or farther on by other hollows, sheltering prosperous-looking farms, gay with orchards and slopes

of gorse.

One of the ravines called Grixy, leading down by East Myne Farm, is particularly wild and beautiful, but hard to find and still more to explore. The track on the top of the ridge comes in an hour's walk to the highest point, Bossington Beacon (1000 feet), from which there is a grand view landward and seaward. North-westward one may descend for another mile to Hurlstone Point, the rugged extremity, or by a path to the left of this line, to the pretty village of Bossington at the corner of Porlock Bay (see below). A little south of the Beacon is a Memorial Hut, erected for Sir T. D. Acland, and below this, on the edge of the hill, a British camp called Bury Castle. Thence, by the "Agnes Fountain," a path through the woods leads down to Selworthy (see below), about 4 miles from Minehead on the road that skirts the inland side of North Hill. Between this road and the shore the ridge is some couple of miles broad, and as its top and the sea-flank are open ground, there is no danger of going far wrong as to direction, though here and there the tempting paths are not to be rashly taken by all feet.

Grabhurst (see p. 197) is the height on the other side of the valley; beyond Minehead it has the aliases of Perriton Hill, Knowle Hill, and Headon Wood, but it also forms a ridge on which one can hardly miss one's way, though for a little, perhaps, lost in the beautiful winding combes that penetrate its heathery flanks. Wooded enclosures here make the only difficulty. One way of mounting Grabhurst is by the glen behind Alcombe, a mile on the road to Dunster, which, as already shown, may be finely approached along this ridge. The road goes out from the Square by Friday Street. Soon after passing a tall red chimney, turn up through the village, and into the hollow opening to the right, from which numerous paths ascend the ridge.

Another opening, a little farther to the west, is reached by a field-path to the right from the (present) top of Bampton Street. The path leads to a large white house on the upper Porlock Road, behind which we soon mount the hillside. Keeping pretty straight on over this part of Grabhurst, we come to a meeting of four ways, by which we can cross to the village of Timberscombe (see p. 196) by fine moorland scenery, or turn left along the ridge for Dunster (p. 194), or in the other direction keep the high ground for an extensive view of Minehead and Porlock Bays.

Half a mile farther along the Porlock Road, at the hamlet of Perriton, one can again turn up over the ridge, crossed here at its highest point (960 feet), to the pretty village of Wootton Courteney, that has a restored Church, with some old features and modern memorials. There is a Temperance Hotel here (Fernlea House), at which cyclists find quarters. Hence a road winds along the south foot of the hill to Dunster (about 3 miles), or one might turn round its wooded western end, by Tivington, into the Minehead-Porlock road, struck thus about halfway. In either case the round would be some 10 miles. From Wootton Courteney, Dunkery Beacon to the southwest could be ascended in an hour; and close at hand are other fine scenes presently to be mentioned under Porlock.

In the valley between the North Hill and Grabhurst goes out the road to Porlock (under 7 miles), the Minehead branch presently bending into the main road from This high road, with its shaded reaches, makes a pleasant walk, but a still pleasanter, and at least no longer one, may be had along the byroad keeping closer to the foot of the North Hill, from the crest of which adventurous pedestrians might descend into it at several points. This road leaves the other about 2 mile out of the town, at a triangular patch of firs on the right. It passes on the right Woodcombe, a farm and hamlet where lodgings can sometimes be had, then Bratton Court, a farmhouse with some ancient features, which is said to have been the birthplace of Judge de Bracton. About half-way, at the farm buildings in a deep combe, it turns up on the left to pass round a spur of the hill. A mile more brings us to the truly model village of Selworthy, whose church tower stands high, overlooking the vale. In the churchyard is the common feature hereabouts of an ancient cross, and the interior is worth looking into for its pillars, and the carving and emblazonment of the roof. Other ornaments of this ancient Church are understood to have suffered in the Civil War.

Just beyond the church, a gate and wicket open the way down to what is the feature of this village, Selworthy Green, a group of most picturesque almshouses, built by the Acland family, whose seat, Holnicote, lies by the high road in the valley below. Many epithets have been spent on this home of retirement, but we will only advise visitors not to pass by without looking into its precincts.

By paths through the woods above one can ascend up to Bury Castle and Bossington Beacon, or by the middle and most obvious path to Hurlstone Point, or by a lower line to Bossington village, which is not far from Allerford on our present road. Any one who has come so far by road should be familiar enough with the lie of the North Hill ridge to find his way back over it to Minehead.

The road or lane through Selworthy takes us on in half an hour's walk to a small stone bridge crossing a

stream beside the hamlet of Allerford, where we join the highway to Porlock at its branch to Bossington, and might now return thus to Minehead in a round of not much over 10 miles.

Porlock is under 2 miles farther, and we descend to it by a slope well marked "Dangerous" to cyclists. Besides the coaches to Lynton, through Porlock, in connection with the railway, there are humbler conveyances plying from Minehead as far as Porlock Weir.

PORLOCK.

Hotels: Ship, Castle, Lorna Doone. At Porlock Weir: Anchor, Ship.

Did we speak of Minehead as the beauty spot of Somerset? If so, on reaching Porlock, we have to change our mind, as at Lynton again we should find a superlative, if Lynton were not in Devon, where another standard of beauty applies to the coast. There are some who will not allow Porlock to be inferior to any resort on English shores; and the artistic as well as the sporting world was moved to loud indignation by a recent proposal to vulgarise it through the modern convenience of a light railway, that would scar the rich slopes behind and scare away the shy deer. This proposal has for the moment been knocked on the head; but it may prove that Exmoor farmers set a means of getting to market over their hilly country above the most enthusiastic admiration of it by strangers.

Above a bay sheltered by wooded hills stands this flowery, straggling old village of some 1000 people, only too much modernised to make room for a good many visitors in the summer. It cherishes ancient traditions of invasion, as by Harold, son of Godwin, in his days of outlawry; and at one time it may have stood on the sea, now a mile away. It has still a little harbour at Porlock Weir, nearly two miles on, at the western horn of the bay, a nook still quainter and flowerier than the main village, and they are linked together by the group of

houses at West Porlock about half-way. The name is said to mean an enclosed port. Of the village itself the only lion is the restored Church at a central point on the left of the road through it. The feature that will strike all passers-by is its extraordinary truncated spire, in spite of which this is a church worth examination.

St. Dubritius, a Welsh missionary like St. Decuman at Watchet, was the patron saint of Porlock. The building is Perpendicular, with an Early English east window. It contains, among others, one very remarkable monument, that on the south side of the nave, with canopy and effigies, to Lord Harington and his wife, which has had the distinction of having published on it a quarto volume with sumptuous illustrations (Description of the Monument in Porlock Church, by Maria Halliday, Torquay, 1882). Another, near the south door, is the effigy of a Crusader, probably Sir Simon Fitz Roges, lord of Porlock in the time of Richard I. Below the tower will be seen some quaint pictorial memorials. The churchyard has an old cross, and some quaint epitaphs. The shingled spire has been said to owe its deformity to a storm; but another theory is that we have here the architect's original idea, almost repeated at Culbone (see below).

To describe in detail all the walks from Porlock would take up too much space. Suffice it to say, in a somewhat well-worn phrase, that the stranger, turning in any direction, can hardly go wrong for scenes of varied beauty.

The principal points are as follows:-

Going back half an hour's walk on the road from Minehead, as far as the bridge at Allerford, and there turning seawards down the stream, passing an ancient little chapel restored for services, one soon reaches the lovely village of Bossington, with its thatched and timbered cottages, and its grand walnut trees shading a peaceful green. To this spot, so much admired of artists, a more direct way (about a mile) goes out from the end of the village, forming the third side of a triangle with the road through Allerford; and there is more than one by-track to experiment upon. Bossington lies near the east corner of Porlock Bay, and a few minutes' walk takes one on to the shore and the rocks of Hurlstone Point. Or behind, one can climb the steep slopes of Bossington

Beacon, and make one's way along the North Hill (p. 203). to Minehead

On the south of the Minehead turnpike, presently turns off a road up the Horner Water, and into the famed Horner Woods, where some visitors are content to spend days, photographing on their mind's eye a scene of beauty to be a joy for ever. No English woodland, perhaps, can in its way surpass this hilly and leafy glen, where the waters "roll musically down," as Southey noted.

A lane from the village makes a shorter cut to this scene. In about a mile, at the mouth of the wooded glen, is reached the hamlet of Horner, where artists would be lucky who could find quarters. The road here bending to the left, in a mile more reaches Luccombe, another pretty village of creeper-covered cottages with a fine old Church, in the chancel of which is buried a former rector, Dr. Byam, the devoted loyalist of Rebellion times, whose name in this neighbourhood balances memories of Roundheads like Prynne and Pym. (A claim to be the latter's birthplace, in opposition to Brymore, see p. 159, is made for Cutcombe.) The church contains also a monument to a later rector, and an old altar-tomb; the churchyard has an ancient cross and a show of cypresses. The tributary of the Horner, flowing through the village, would be a guide upwards to Dunkery Beacon, at the foot of which Luccombe lies in its valley.

On the other side of the main stream, a little way above Horner, Ley Hill rises to over 1000 feet. A mile or so up the glen comes an open sward, much in favour for picnics. Above this the stream divides, the path keeping by the main branch. Crossing by a "clam" bridge, we now mount the steep sides of Cloutsham Ball, scene of the opening meet of the staghounds in August, which serious Nimrods frown on as more a matter of show than sport. The view hence is exquisite; so is the cream provided, with other refreshments, at the farmhouse.

The Exmoor Stag Hunt is a good old institution, restored in our day, and flourishing rather than otherwise through the

railways, which were denounced as likely to scare away its grand game. Here alone in England the chase of the wild red deer gives a much keener excitement than the turning out of a carted stag, such as still apes a survival of baronial pastime in our more cultivated counties. Under the renowned mastership of Mr. Bisset of Bagborough, his own Quantock country was brought into the bounds of the hunt. Only "warrantable" deer are hunted, those having their "rights" in the shape of antlers, which before the meet are duly tracked down by the "harbourer." The runs sometimes extend over twenty or thirty miles of difficult country; and there are stories told of stags escaping by swimming out to sea, or meeting their death by being dashed to pieces over a cliff. The kennels are at Exford, to the south of Dunkery. The meets are held at various points all over Exmoor, bringing good custom to some of the hotels on its outskirts. The season lasts from early in August to April, during the first part of it stags alone being hunted, after which hinds have their turn. For the history of the hunt, with its mysteries and traditions, and accounts of famous runs, see the books on stag-hunting by Dr. C. P. Collyns and the Hon. J. W. Fortescue, also the latter's pretty Story of a Red Deer, which will whet the ordinary visitor's desire to catch sight of one of these shy monarchs of the wild, as he may chance to do among the hills and woods behind The true stag-hunter will not admit that there is any more noble sport; but on a relation of its incidents before us, we observe that a reader of a different temper has pencilled the comment, What devilry! and this is not a solitary indignant protest made against the hunting of hinds in their breeding season.

Dunkery Beacon rises close to the south of Cloutsham Ball, to the west of which, sheltered by a hill of over 1200 feet, are the quaint little church and hamlet of **Stoke Pero**, whence in the same direction one may hold on to Lucott Hill (p. 211), and round down to Porlock. This is one of a trio of churches in the vicinity about which all guide-books seem bound to quote a local rhyme, alluding to the poverty that denied them the privilege of a resident incumbent—

"To Culbone, Oare, and Stoke Pero Parishes three, no parson'll go."

Dunkery Beacon (1709 feet), the highest ground in the south-west of England, except Dartmoor, stands about 4 miles south of Porlock, and may be ascended by Horner, Luccombe, or Stoke Pero. The straightest way on foot is up the Horner stream; carriages go round by Luccombe. The climb is easy, the open heathery slopes being of gradual rise, and ponies may be used. The top is marked by a pile of stones, near which will be seen traces of the beacons lit here in old days, as when, Mr. Blackmore relates, "a giant beard of fire streamed throughout the darkness" to show the wild Doones their way home. The view from this commanding point, Mr. Page well pronounces unsurpassed in the south and west of England, and we cannot do better than quote his survey of "a panorama embracing an area of 100 miles," which takes in part of sixteen counties.

"Looking north, we have beneath us a sea of foliage, the woods filling the combes of the Horner and its tributaries. In the middle distance is a scrap of the fertile country fringing Porlock Bay, and stretching along the base of the North Hill towards Minehead. Then comes the sea, and even as we look, a steamer vanishes behind the rugged promontory of Hurlstone. The whole south coast of Wales is visible; the humps of the Brecon Beacons rising high above the Glamorganshire mountains, nearly 3000 feet into the air. In an easterly direction, Croydon Hill appears quite close, while at no great distance beyond are the Brendons and Quantocks. Farther off are the Mendips, and the flattened cone of Brent Knoll. On a clear day the watering-places of Burnham, Weston, and Clevedon are distinctly visible, and not unfrequently the scattered villas of Portishead. Minehead and Dunster are both beneath their hills. Turning westward, we have the whole sweep of Exmoor, from Chapman Barrows to Span Head-both of which are visible-to Anstey's Hill, near Dulverton. And what are those faint specks against the south-western horizon? They are the Cornish heights of Row Tor, Brown Willy, and Kilmar High Rock, the nearest some sixty miles distant as the crow flies. To their left, and therefore nearly south, rises the grand outline of Dartmoor. . . . Such is the view under ordinary circumstances, but after rain the Malvern Hills, in Worcestershire, are visible, and eyes clearer than mine claim to have discerned Inkpen Beacon, in Hampshire, and the high ground about Plymouth."

About 3 miles southwards, one can descend into the

valley of the Exe, where the tower of its conspicuously-placed church would be a beacon for Exford (p. 220).

Lucott Hill, over 1500 feet, is a stretch of high ground to the west of Dunkery, rising not quite so far south of Porlock, from which a road goes over it to Exford, a branch of the Lynton Road, 3 or 4 miles up its steep turns, near two blocks of stone fabled to have been hurled by the Devil from Hurlstone Point, a tale which might be called canting legendry. About half-way to Exford comes the highest point (1528 feet) of this by-road, at Lucott Cross (cross-ways), beyond which, on the right, are Alderman's Barrow (1450 feet), and on the left Bendel's Barrow (1520 feet), from which latter, by the line of Rowbarrow and other tumuli, a walk of an hour almost due east would take one to the top of Dunkery. On the other side the stranger will find himself wandering over the wildest part of Exmoor, with no dwelling in sight unless he come upon a shepherd's hut nestling in one of the "goyals" of the barren wilderness, down which rush little streams on their way to form the greater ones that must often be his guide. A couple of miles to the south of Alderman's Barrow he would strike the valley of the Exe. Nearer, to the west, he can hit on the sources of Badgworthy Water, which, flowing northward towards Oare, forms here the boundary between Devon and Somerset.

The redoubtable Porlock Hill is really the side of Lucott. Before taking the high road over this, we will deal with the footpath along the shore to Lynton.

At the western end of the bay, above Porlock Weir, is prominent Ashley Lodge, with its grounds and Italian gardens, no longer, we understand, open to visitors. Past it by the road going off near the Anchor Hotel is reached Culbone, some two miles on, for which one can follow the road as far as the gate of Ashley Combe, about half-way, then take the path along the cliffs. This is little more than a Church, celebrated not only as one of the many

"smallest churches in England" (33 feet long), but from its exquisite situation in an opening 400 feet above the sea, backed by rocks and rocky woods three times as high, which so overshadow it, that for three months in the year the few inhabitants are said never to see the sun. We could fill a page with adjectives and epithets on this delightful nook, but will only say that it is one of the points no Porlock visitor should miss. Culbone has its tragical legend, of young lovers riding through the woods, of the lady's horse taking fright at a deer, of its drawing itself up on the very edge of the precipice with such a start that its less fortunate rider was unseated and flung on to the beach below.

From Culbone, by devious ways, one can ascend to the high road more than a mile above. A good hour's walk, by path winding along the wooded cliffs, brings us to Glenthorne (see below).

Porlock to Lynmouth.—This is one of the famous drives of England, continuing the coach route in connection with the G.W.R. trains to Minehead. The distance makes little over a dozen miles, but such miles! The coach road goes up from the Ship Hotel, in a series of zigzags ascending Porlock Hill, a proverb for steepness in the west country, up which all passengers who can are expected to walk. Near the highest point (a little over 4 miles) comes in a new road that, opening through a white gate beyond the hotel, takes the ascent in a series of gentler but rather longer curves. This latter, open to cyclists, is recommended in the C.T.C. Road Book; but its lately published "Companion" does not agree with the preference, very truly remarking that neither way is rideable, up or down, while the old road gives the more open views.

A little beyond the junction of roads, almost at the highest point (about 1400 feet), is Oare Post, where a road turns off on the left for Oare. The high road runs, still at a lofty eminence, along heathery moors, seamed by water-courses, dotted by tumuli, here and there in sight a struggling

patch of trees. On the seaward side, over the broken and wooded cliff-edge is a grand prospect of the Welsh coast. On the left are hidden away Oare and the Badgworthy Valley. From the top of Porlock Hill to Lynmouth is about 8 miles. Nearly half-way, at the County Gate, we enter Devon, and hold on past Countisbury down another long and formidable hill to the beauty spot of that county. Before going farther, however, let us halt near the county boundary to indicate notable points on either side.

Glenthorne, on the shore below, is a mansion celebrated for its beautiful grounds and woods, which by the proprietor's liberality have long been open to strangers. So steep is the descent of about a straight mile that the drive makes 3 miles of bending, more than half of which may be abridged by a footpath cutting off the zigzags. The entrance is by a white gate on the main road near the county boundary.

This demesne may also be reached by path along the cliffs from Porlock (p. 212), and the shore may be followed on foot to Lynmouth round Foreland Point, a high projection (724 feet) that implies a detour, but one might reduce the distance to about 7 miles by cutting across the back of this point, to join the high road at Countisbury Church, or here regaining the cliff path above the Sillery Sands.

Near the County Gate, on the other side is Malmsmead Bridge, whence a short mile of road leads to Oare, that might also have been reached by more than one road and path from the high road running not far above. Oare is visited for its little church in a wood, celebrated by the experiences of "John Ridd." The Snowe family mentioned in the novel and commemorated in the church still flourishes here, as it has done from almost immemorial days, and Mr. Blackmore seems to have had their house in his eye for the giant hero's.

Lorna Doone would not be such a charming story but for its author's imagination; some of its incidents, however, have a foundation in fact. The feats of "great John Ridd" are

vaguely traditional in the district; and in the grounds of Oare House are the lower limbs of an ash tree said to have been bent down by his strength. The Doone Valley on Badgworthy Water (pron. Badgery) is often sought out by visitors, who are apt to be disappointed by what they find here, after the heightened picture of the romance. It lies under Badgworthy Hill, an hour's walk above Malmsmead Bridge, on the left side of the stream. A refreshment house on the way is called Lorna's Bower. One keeps up the stream to a wood of oak trees, beside which a tributary tumbles down a glen over a series of tiny falls. This is John Ridd's "Waterslide," which can be more easily tracked upwards than in his case. Crossing it by a bridge the path leads on for about a mile; then one turns on the right by another brook into a side combe where a single cottage looks down on the Doone Houses, that at no time can have been anything but hovels, and are now little more than a trace of ruined enclosures. It is easy to get out upon the moor beyond. By a tale-teller's license, Mr. Blackmore has made the difficulty of egress and ingress worthy of his hero; but tourists disappointed after toilsome search are apt to use language worthy of Carver Doone.

The Doones were a family of reckless outlaws who from this Adullam infested Exmoor about two centuries ago, and were not got rid of till, by a peculiarly barbarous murder at Exford, they drove the country-folk to exasperation. Another sinister adventurer of this wild region, also figuring, rather too favourably, we fear, in Lorna Doone, was Tom Faggus, the highwayman, who still lives dimly in popular memory as a kind of cross between Dick Turpin and Robin Hood. The Lydford Glen, on the outskirts of Exmoor, was once haunt of the Gubbins, a clan of outlaws who, still earlier, played much the same part as the Doones on the Somerset border.

From Malmsmead Bridge, in 6 or 7 miles, the stream may be followed down to Lynmouth by Brendon and the famed scenes of the Watersmeet, which from the Doone Valley might be more directly struck by steering northwestward across the moors.

LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH.

Hotels-Lynton: Castle, Valley of Rocks, Lynton Cottage, Kensington, Crown, Globe, etc. Lynmouth: Lyndale, Tors, Bath, Llyn Valley. Lynmouth Private Hotel, etc.

Here we have got out of Somerset; but so many tourists in that county come on to the adjacent corner containing the very Devonshire cream of western scenery, that our Guide would be incomplete without some slight account of these two famous villages, separated by a steep ascent of 500 feet, Lynton clustering on the edge above, Lynmouth lying snug beneath its sheltering cliff. This district has been called the Switzerland of England, but can well afford to refuse all such comparisons. It joins together, as in a bouquet, the moors of Scotland, the downs of Surrey, the sweet ravines of Wales, the ragged gorges of sub-Alpine heights, all richly clad in the leafage of Devon, with rare blendings of form and colour, which make it like nothing but itself. Perhaps the most peculiar feature is that so much wealth of woodland scenery should be poured out at the very edge of the sea. Southey spoke of Lynmouth as the "finest spot, except Cintra and Arrabida," he ever saw. The Lake poets had nearly settled in this neighbourhood, whose popularity could not have failed, in that case, to come half a century sooner.

For long the freshness of this corner of Devon was protected by the rugged country around, which does not lend itself to railway-making. By twenty miles of picturesque but trying road, crowded coaches arrived in the season from the four nearest stations—Ilfracombe, Minehead, Barnstaple, and Dulverton. But now a light railway is open from Barnstaple, while another from Minehead has been scotched for the present by hot opposition. A regular pier is in view to supplant the small jetty, where steamers from Bristol and Swansea put out their passengers by small boats, weather permitting. The coaches still ply in either direction along the coast, from Easter to October, but those to Dulverton and Barnstaple have been given up.

Its improved communications with the outside world will no doubt go far to enlarge the place, which has already grown out of all approval of some old admirers, who loudly complain of its being spoilt by popularity. Within the last few years, indeed, it has much changed for the better, or the worse. Even before the opening of the railway, the capacity of the two villages was often

tried to the utmost by the number of visitors arriving in the holiday season; and building may be expected to go on apace at what has long been the chief Exmoor rendezvous of picturesque-hunters, apart from sportsmen.

The beauties of nature, however, must still be one's main amusement here. The beach is not good for bathing, unless in bays a mile or two off, where caution will always be needful against the strongly outgoing tide. Cyclists had better go elsewhere than to the breakneck roads of this neighbourhood; but there has been found room for golf-links in the vicinity, as for cricket and tennis. Some visitors, who would be more at home in Margate, complain that there is nothing to do of an evening. A public hall is now being built that should help to remove this reproach. Other more congenial spirits are rather inclined to cry out against the too rapid march of progress threatening to ruin the simple innocence of these retreats. Unsophisticated as they yet are, Lynmouth and Lynton boast the pride of electric lighting, and have been joined together, like Glion and Montreux, by a cliff railway or "lift," a welcome aid to the rheumatic and short-winded, but a sore offence to some who, in every ominous placard offering eligible building sites, foresee the day when their beloved solitude will be overwhelmed by bricks and stone, and more and more invaded by exacting strangers.

In our *Devonshire Guide* we have done more justice to this choice neighbourhood. Here we must only hint at its attractions, with the well-worn apology, never more in place, that the stranger can hardly wander wrong for a surfeit of varied loveliness. On either hand the heights here, rising 1000 feet above the Bristol Channel, have beauties only equalled by those opened up

on almost every road or path leading inland.

On the Somerset side a grand coast line extends from Glenthorne, above which the high road entered Devonshire, and by road, cliff-edge, or moorland tracks one has a choice of beautiful rambles. Still finer is the scenery of the other side, where a lofty walk runs along the cliffs

outside of the fantastically picturesque Valley of Rocks, that begins just beyond Lynton; then an hour's ramble brings us to Wooda Bay, with its two hotels, beyond which, at Heddon's Mouth, a grand gorge leads up to the Hunter's Inn and the village of Paracombe. Behind are those wooded glens through which the sister Lyns make such a short and merry life of it, tumbling their eager way to the sea in a succession of cataracts. The Watersmeet, 21 miles up the East Lyn, is the most famous of many points within an hour or so's walk; and above this one can pass on to Badgworthy Water and the wild uplands of Exmoor. The course of the West Lyn, in private grounds behind Lynmouth, is open to visitors at a small charge, and abounds in beautiful nooks and rushing rapids leading up to a waterfall, below which the stream falls several hundred feet in half a mile. Summerhouse Hill, under which the East and West Lyns join; Brendon Church, high placed above the East Lyn valley; Brendon Common, and other moors to the south of this (about 1300 feet), dotted with tumuli and traces of hut circles; Roborough Castle, up the course of the Hoaroak Water, due south from Lynton; Barbrook Mill, and the ridge beyond, up the West Lyn; Martinhoe Common and Paracombe Common, the latter leading on to Chapman Barrows (p. 219): these are only some of the lofty view-points looking down into those beautifully wooded water-courses that make the main characteristic of the district, seen perhaps at its best when robed in the tender green of spring or the glorious tints of autumn, yet not wholly obscured by the shadow of a commonly mild winter.

Still less can we afford space to take our readers along the grand features of the north Devonshire coast. The one long excursion we must indicate here is that by the well-known highway across Exmoor, which completes our journeys over Somerset ground. In small print we shall outline divagations from this road, for the most part by rough byways or tracks on the moor.

LYNTON TO DULVERTON.

The road to Dulverton (26 miles) goes out from Lynmouth by the valley of the Lyn, passing near the Watersmeet. In about 6 miles, at Brendon Two Gates, it enters Somerset, and runs high over the wildest part of Exmoor. Three miles farther, in the valley of the Barle, comes the village which may be called the capital of this

huge parish.

Simonsbath (Rufus Hotel) is a pleasantly and loftily situated village, well known to anglers. The name is said to come from an outlaw, some prehistoric Tom Faggus, who is supposed to have swum in the deep pool above the bridge of the Barle; but a more recondite derivation connects it with Sigmund the dragon-slayer. The place has less dim memories of Tom Faggus himself, that dubious hero of the district. Among its lines of beech trees reared against the moorland blasts, it makes an oasis of shade and green, testifying to efforts at improvement made by the Knight family, the proprietors of Exmoor; but their unfinished mansion, which is the principal building, hints at a confession of failure. The Church is a modern one, built by this family, who bought the whole moor nearly a hundred years ago, and have spent large sums in trying to reclaim it, seldom even with such success as appears about this village. Simonsbath would be a good centre for exploring the most characteristic scenery of Exmoor. We will merely mention the main points within a radius of some half dozen miles.

A mile or two to the north may be gained the Exe, which would lead down to Exford (see below).

North-westward lies the boggy tract known as the Chains, from which drain the sources of the Exe and the Barle. On the west and north sides of it runs the fence called the County Wall, making a right angle by which one might regain the high road at Two Gates, about a mile to the west of which is the source known as Exe Head. Outside of the angle, a little to the west of the County Wall, are reached Chapman Barrows (about 1600 feet) in the Devonshire corner of the moor, here dotted with tumuli and other signs of antiquity, such as the *Longstone*, a pillar 9 feet high, whose history is unknown. Beyond, one could come down to Paracombe, on the Lynton-Barnstaple road.

West from Simonsbath a road leads in about 4 miles to Showlsborough Castle, a Roman camp, guarding this side of the moor, with another fine view over Devonshire, whose first village, Challacombe, lies beyond. A little to the right of this road, on the Simonsbath side of the camp, lies Pinkworthy Pond, an artificial piece of water, notable as the only thing like a lake on Exmoor. On the other side, below the camp, is Mole's Chamber, where a house marks the now drained bog into which a perhaps mythical farmer, Mole by name, is said to have ridden his horse for a wager, or, according to another version, was swallowed up in it unawares, in either case, no doubt, when returning home in the condition known to rustics as "market pert."

Showlsborough is one point of a ridge along this side of the moor. About 3 miles south, the ridge swells again into a prominence, Five Barrows or Span Head (over 1600 feet), from which can be had another grand prospect of Devon and Somerset. This point can be gained more directly by another road from Simonsbath, leading to Barnstaple. The heights hence trend south-eastward by the Devon border as North Molton Ridge, Molland Down, and Anstey Common, to Dulverton. Turning east from Span Head, over Two Barrow Down and Shear Down, one comes back upon the course of the

Barle.

To the south are beautiful rambles down the valley of the Barle. In an hour's walk, on the left bank, is reached a group of three heights, the central one, known as Cow Castle, crowned by a circular camp. Hence one might trace the White Water stream up to the high road, reached at the boggy spot where John Ridd at length had his will of the murderous Carver Doone. An hour or so more down the winding Barle should bring one to the Landacre Bridge, from which again there is an ascent to the high road that makes the backbone of our present journey. Or one might hold on, about as far farther, to Withypool (Royal Oak), another haunt of anglers, from which also the road preferred by cyclists may be regained. A mile south is Withypool Hill (about 1300 feet), with its tumulus, below which a road goes on down the course of the Barle, and thus by Hawkridge (p. 223), or keeping more or less closely to the bends of the river, there is another grand walk to Dulverton.

The main road to Dulverton keeps high ground between the valleys of the Exe and the Barle. Beyond Simonsbath, the "Red Deer" made once a well-known stage, but is no longer an inn. In a little over 4 miles, at White Cross, comes a turning on the left for Exford, about a mile off, gained also by another turning at Chibbet Cross, a mile farther on the high road. The "Cross" occurring so often hereabouts refers to a crossing of roads.

Exford (Hotels: White Horse, Crown) is a notable point of this district, and if we put it into small print, this is only to mark its lying a little off our present route. It is a great rendezvous of sportsmen, the kennels of the staghounds being here, and the Exe and its tributaries having a character which we have seen described in a German hotel prospectus as "very fishy." The restored Church is a good one, containing a monument of Robert Baker, who in 1730 founded a charity for his fellow-parishioners. Edgoott is an outlying part, which accounts for the name of the hotel that lately was the chief one here; but we are sorry to hear of it as now given up. This building was at one time the residence of the Master of the Hounds.

"Here," Lorna Doone tells us, "all danger of the moor is past"; but Exford is still over 800 feet above the sea, and surrounded by beautiful scenery, where the bare upland heights border the fine valley of the Exe. A road to Cutcombe (p. 196) would in half a dozen miles take us eastwards into the highway between Minehead and Dulverton. South eastwards it is nearly as far down the Exe to Winsford (see below). Northwards it is some 10 miles by the road over Lucott Hill (p. 211) to Porlock. On this side, the wary pedestrian could steer his course over some of the highest points of the moor, taking Dunkery as a landmark on the right hand.

A couple of miles beyond Chibbet Cross, at Comer's Cross, another road goes off by the south side of the Exe Valley to Winsford (3 miles), reached also along the other side of the river by a road from Exford. Our road now ascends Winsford Hill, an outlying ridge separated from Exmoor by the Exe. The highest point (about 1400 feet) is gained in a couple of miles from Comer's Cross, then to the left lies a deep hollow, known, like others of its kind, as the Devil's Punch-bowl. More than one turning on this side would take us down to Winsford, a

couple of miles below. At the cross-roads about a mile beyond the Punch-bowl, known as Spire Cross, there is also a way down to Hawkridge (p. 223) on the other side, from which one can track the devious course of the Barle to Dulverton, only 5 miles off now by the high road. Near Spire Cross, on the way to Winsford, is an inscribed stone about $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, one of the rare antiquities of Exmoor, pronounced to be a monument to a member of Caractacus, the British patriot's family, whose memory has thus survived the "drums and tramplings of three conquests."

Winsford, lying about an equal distance between this road and that from Dulverton to Minehead, is a place too often left unseen through its sequestered site. The conspicuous tower of the church, the old thatched inn (Royal Oak), in keeping with its weathered cottages and tiny bridges, and its lovely setting of hill and valley, make it, in Mr. Page's opinion, "the prettiest village anywhere near the moorlands"; and it is within walking reach of most of the scenes we have passed since leaving Minehead, as well as those in the radius of Dulverton (9 miles). Like the other Exmoor villages, it is perhaps best known to anglers in the abundant streams around, or to the more adventurous sportsmen whose hap may be to follow the wild red deer so near the edge of the moorlands. But it is only half an hour's walk off the Dulverton-Minehead road up the Exe; and both cyclists and pedestrians would do well to turn aside for a peep at it.

From Winsford Hill, our road descends to the Barle, approaching the town by a valley of fine park-like scenery. The station is nearly 2 miles beyond the town, still down the course of the Barle. Here we come on the G.W.R. line from Taunton to Barnstaple (p. 177), joined at Dulverton by the Exe Valley branch from Exeter.

DULVERTON.

Hotels: Carnarvon Arms (at station); Red Lion, Lamb, etc. (in town).

This is our last Somerset town, one of which we have left too little room to speak, for it is a notable one by its delightful situation at the foot of wooded hills, where the 222 EXMOOR

valley of the Barle opens out from a wilder gorge, and by its importance as one of the gates of Exmoor travel. It is also a great resort of sportsmen, one of the quarters of the renowned stag-hunt, also of fox, hare, and otter hunting, and within reach of angling waters which, if not free, can often be opened by the hotel proprietors. The wild scenery of its background is tamed by several parks and fortunate residences; and here, descending from the heights, converge the two chief roads over the moor and its picturesque outskirts.

One point for the stranger to bear in mind is the station, where the coaches start, being nearly 2 miles south of the town, which thus misses its due share of tourist notice. The road to the town (omnibus) runs up the Barle, passing by the heights of Pixton Park, a seat of the Carnarvon family (not open unless on occasions such as Bank Holidays, or by special permission). Dulverton, said to get its name as "the ford-town at the bend," is a quiet, pleasant place, entered by an old bridge and backed by a rebuilt church. From either of these points there is a good view, to be enlarged by ascent of the height behind the church.

Of all the short rambles to be taken around we have not room to speak, beyond a hint that some of the finest points are in private property, admission to which is for inquiry on the spot. The chief excursions taken from Dulverton are up the valleys of the Barle and the Exe, by which respectively go the roads to Lynton and Minehead. These valleys are here separated by a ridge little over a mile broad, and about 600 feet high.

The Barle Valley, as already shown, soon narrows to a grandly wooded gorge, up which the road winds for more than a mile to Marsh Bridge. There it leaves the river to make the long ascent of Winsford Hill (p. 220), but by lanes and paths pedestrians can keep closer to its banks, turning off the road, for one way, by a quarry on the hillside. About 5 miles up the valley rises the conspicuous wooded cone called Mouncy Castle, crowned by the overgrown rampart of an old fortress. Across the river is another, known as Hawkridge Castle, and farther on a third, Brewer's Castle, which seem to have formed

a chain of intrenchments, continued by Cow Castle (p. 219)

higher up.

Below Mouncy Castle one might cross the river by a bridge of slabs, and find a way back on the other side. Or if he held on by the ridge which separates the Barle from its tributary, the Dane's Brook, coming in here on the right side and forming the county boundary, he would reach the tiny village of Hawkridge (8 miles), with its little ancient Church, where there is a view from a height of nearly 1000 feet.

We might now turn south to cross the Dane's (or Dunn's) Brook, beyond which extends a long stretch of elevated open ground called, to the west, *Molland Down*, towards Dulverton taking the name of *Anstey Common*, in both cases from the Devonshire villages below, which have stations on the railway near the course of the Yeo. A straight way which runs along the centre of it, about a mile south of the Dane's Brook, is studded by barrows, and as it begins to descend towards Dul-

verton, we re-enter the projecting corner of Somerset.

In the other direction, descending from Hawkridge to the Barle, in half an hour's walk up its crooked course we should reach Tarr's Steps, the largest and most picturesque of the "clam" bridges of this district, formed by huge slabs, of immemorial antiquity, such as on Dartmoor are called "cyclopean" bridges. In the building of this one the Devil, as usual, is held to have had a hand; it is also attributed to a local mortal who may have been called Tarr; and the alias Torr Steps suggests another origin for the name. Crossing here, we can take another way home over the left bank of the river, or 2 miles' ascent would bring us to the high road on Winsford Hill (p. 221). From Tarr's Steps or Hawkridge, it is a good hour's walk by road to Withypool (p. 219), nearly twice as far by the bendings of the river.

The Exe and the Barle have their confluence a little way from the station, at the edge of the county, in the green expanse between a disfiguring block of chemical works and the new road crossing from the Carnarvon Arms to the highway ($\frac{3}{4}$ mile) that leads up from Bampton on the left bank of the Exe. To the south side of the railway the united stream is spanned by Exe Bridge, carrying another branch road ($\frac{1}{4}$ mile) to Dulverton Station. Two miles higher, comes Hele Bridge, by which a turning off the main road crosses the ridge to Dulverton town (2 miles). A mile above, on the river bank, is the fragment of Barlynch Priory, showing little of its former dignity.

Near the east end of Hele Bridge separate the two roads to Dunster and Minehead which we have mentioned as (p. 196) rejoining at Timberscombe. The high road (15 miles from Hele Bridge to Dunster) keeps the river as far as Exton, a large

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parish and small village, a mile to the east of which one could change on to the old road. Above as well as below Exton, roads go off over the Exe to Winsford (6 or 7 miles from Hele Bridge), by which, mounting Winsford Hill into the road from Lynton (p. 221), a round might be made back to Dulverton.

The old road takes a higher line to the east. It goes up by Baron's Down, a mansion with fine gardens, to the east of which, across the Haddeo stream, runs the ridge of Haddon Hill (1164 feet), another outpost of Exmoor, from which, in about 3 miles, one might descend to Morebath (p. 180), or following the row of tumuli along its top, the same distance would bring him to the course of the Batherm, another of the Exmoor streams, that leads down to Bampton. To the north of Haddon Hill, 5 miles from Dulverton Station, 3 miles from Hele Bridge, stands the high village and church of King's Brompton, that makes the goal of an airy drive or walk. This large parish extends to the Brendon ironworks (p. 189), which might be reached in a further walk of half a dozen miles north-eastward; or steering to the east across the head waters of the Batherm, an active pedestrian could strike the valley of the Tone near Huish Champflower (p. 179).

If space obliges us to deal thus scrimply with the environs of Dulverton, we may plead that the shorter strolls will indicate themselves, and that by help of a map, and of our former directions, strangers can easily plan excursions hence, of a dozen or a score of miles, to all parts of the Exmoor district, not to speak of the rich Devonshire scenery lying to the south, where the Exe Valley G.W.R. branch takes us by Bampton and Tiverton to Exeter. A coach still runs between Dulverton and Minehead, but only in the latter part of the season. The grand coach drive between Lynmouth and Dulverton was given up some time ago, even before it came into formidable opposition with the new light railway from Barnstaple, by some notice of which we conclude our Guide to Somerset, though its route makes a circuit through the neighbour county.

DULVERTON TO LYNTON (by rail).

The G.W.R. branch from Taunton to Barnstaple has already been described (p. 177) as far as Dulverton.

Hence it curves round the outskirts of Exmoor, by a finely broken part of Devon. The best known place on the way is South Molton (George Hotel), where the noble church tower keeps us still in mind of Somerset, as would also those of its neighbours, Molland and Chittlehampton, all three said to be the work of the same architect. South Molton lies to the south of the line, and has another station, South Molton Road, several miles farther south on the L. & S.W.R., with which we are now converging. North Molton is on the other side of the G.W.R., about 3 miles higher up the course of the Mole, where we approach the heights forming the western rampart of Exmoor; and by Span Head and Showlsborough Castle (p. 219) might take an almost straight line northwards to Lynton, or turn aside to the high road at Simonsbath.

Filleigh and Swimbridge are the next stations, in a beautiful country where was the home of Swimbridge's renowned vicar, the Rev. "Jack" Russell, that clerical Nimrod of Exmoor, who made himself so popular with all classes, unless, perhaps, bishops. Thus our line approaches the valley of the Taw, and at Barnstaple connects with the L. & S.W.R. from Exeter and Plymouth.

Barnstaple is the capital of North Devon, a town of 13,000 inhabitants, pleasantly situated near the mouth of the Taw among gentle hills, and forming a very convenient centre for excursions by the various lines of rail that meet here. Besides its Royal Fortescue, Golden Lion, and King's Arms hotels, it has an unusual number of good temperance hotels (Victoria, Trevelyan, etc.) to serve as boarding-houses, not to speak of the new first-class Imperial, which has met with some difficulty as to a license.

One L. & S.W.R. branch here diverging (by certain trains on which G.W.R. carriages also run through) takes us to *Ilfracombe*, from which in summer is made the grand coach journey along the coast to Lynton, thence continued to Minehead in Somerset. From the new Barnstaple *Town* Station in Castle Street (L. & S.W.)

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starts the narrow-gauge line to Lynton, one about 20 miles long, with way stations at Chelfham, Bratton, Blackmoor, Parracombe, and Wooda Bay, which in less than two hours completes a journey that by road was one of some difficulty, and not always free from danger. The route is very picturesque, up the deep course of another Yeo River, over the heights of Blackmoor, and behind Parracombe and Wooda Bay to a lofty edge of the Lyn Valley, where from the station, one has still a long curving descent to Lynton, then a longer and steeper one to Lynmouth. This line has through bookings and connections with the L. & S.W.R. Rebooking is necessary for the G.W.R., which has a different station at Barnstaple ($\frac{3}{4}$ mile off), but some of its trains go on to the other station.

The main L. & S.W. line runs on down the Taw and up the Torridge to Bideford and Torrington, opening the "Kingsley country," of which our *Devon Guide* has much to say, but here we find it hard enough in one handy volume duly to describe the beauties of Somerset.

Note.

For the country bordering Somerset on the south and west, see Black's Guides to Devonshire and Dorsetshire, price 2s. 6d. each.

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OCCUPIES a Charming Site, overlooking the Bay of Cruden.

Accommodation. Electric Light. Lift. Bowling Greens.

Groquet Lawns. Electric Tramway between Station and Hotel.

Address inquiries to the Manager, Cruden Bay Hotel, Port Erroll, N.B. W. MOFFATT, General Manager.

See PALACE HOTEL Advertisement, page 2.

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Charming situation, overlooking Stephen's Green Park.

Moderate Charges.

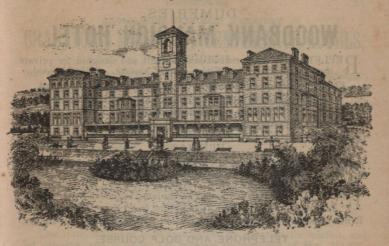
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MVE miles of private trout fishing free to visitors at the CARNARVON ARMS. In the midst of the Red Deer Hunting Country. Comfortable Public Rooms, Billiards, Tennis and Bowling Green. Pure water, perfect drainage, bracing air. Hunters and harness horses, first-class boxes and stabling. Also

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RECENTLY enlarged, and having all the latest improvements. Beautifully situated on the River Allan, fishing free. Near to Cathedral and Railway Station. Charges strictly moderate. Posting in all its branches.

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MISSES FIELDING.

ESTABLISHED OVER HALF A CENTURY.

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ACCOMMODATION FOR 200 VISITORS. PASSENGER ELEVATOR. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Recommended by Bradshaw's Tourist Guide as "the cheapest and best Temperance Hotel they had ever seen."

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In the centre of the City. Exceptional advantages to persons visiting London on business.

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OPPOSITE the Waverley Station. The best position in Town. Adjacent to all the Banks and General Post Office. First-class Hotel. For Families and Gentlemen. Passenger elevator. Telephone, No. 58. Moderate tariff. Continental languages spoken.

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NO INTOXICATING LIQUORS.

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High-Class Restaurant for Ladies and Gentlemen. BREAKFASTS, LUNCHEONS, DINNERS, TEA, COFFEE, &c. ELEGANT SALOONS. CLOAK-ROOMS.

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ROTHESAY. FINELY SITUATED.

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Christian Friends requiring Board and Residence will find these oldestablished houses congenial, comfortable, and moderate.

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THE BRAID HILLS HOTEL. MORNINGSIDE, EDINBURGH.

THIS charmingly situated Hotel is open for residence. 450 feet above sea-level.

Popular home for invalids. Mountain air, Most completely appointed. Every modern luxury. Splendid Billiard, Reading, and Smoking Rooms. Uninterrupted Views of the City, the Braid and Pentland Hills, with the Firth of Forth and the Highland Hills in the distance. Unrivalled as a Golfing Centre. Splendid Public Course adjoining Hotel. Seventeen Golf Courses within a radius of 14 miles. Beautiflu Walks and Drives in the neighbourhood. Terms from £2:12:6. Moderate Tariff from Friday or Saturday to Monday. Dinners, Luncheons, Wines, etc. Attractive to Golfers, and economical and convenient for Visitors. The Home of Golf.

Train and Tram from and to Hotel to and from all parts of City up to 11. For descriptive Brochure apply to Manager.

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HIS PIRST CLASS HOTEL IS DON'T THE VALUE OF THE TARK THE TRANSFER THE

DIGESTIVE BISCUITS

(As supplied to Her late Majesty Queen Victoria.)

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THIS Old Established Hotel has recently undergone important structural and decorative alterations, and has been almost entirely refurnished, providing greatly increased accommodation and comfort for Visitors. The bracing air, delightful scenery, good fishing waters, excellent cycling roads, and 18-hole golf course answer practically every desire of those seeking either pleasure or rest.

Good Billiard and Smoking Rooms. Spacious new Dining, Drawing, and Writing Rooms.

HIRING AND POSTING IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

Electric Light in all Rooms.

Telegrams—"PANMURE ARMS, EDZELL."

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Charming Old English Courtyard (with Fernery and Fountain in centre and lighted by Electricity) as Lounge.

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TABLE D'HOTE, 7 O'CLOCK.

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Quiet and Comfort of Country Mansion. Moderate Tariff.

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"THE ENGLISH RIVIERA."

1 cooler SUMMER OR WINTER. 2 warmer in Winter.

Paying Guests received in a Private House, in own well-sheltered Grounds, near Railway Station and Beaches. Rooms large and lofty. Bathrooms, hot and cold, on each floor. Smoking Room. Sanitation modern and perfect. Bathing, Boating, and Sea Fishing. Golf Links in neighbourhood.

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GREEN BANK HOTEL.

IS beautifully situated, with charming views of the Harbour, Pendennis and St. Mawes' Castles; and is replete with every Homely Accommodation for Families and Gentlemen. Hot and Cold Baths. Ladies' Drawing Room. Billiard Room. Posting in all its branches. High-class Hotel with Moderate Tariff. Visitors taken en pension during Winter Months. Hotel Bus meets all Trains and Steamers.

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FIRST-CLASS FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL.

ITHIN a few minutes of Station and Steamboat Pier. Overlooking Beautiful Bay. Recently Enlarged, Decorated, and Furnished on Modern Lines. Good Bath-Room Accommodation. Under the personal superintendence DONALD MINTOSH. of the Proprietor.

The Only Hotel in Fort-William from which the Top of Ben Nevis can be seen.

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WAVERLEY TEMPERANCE HOTEL.

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Directly above Station and Steamboat Pier. .: Tariff Moderate.

SPECIAL TERMS FOR WEEK-END.

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The most comfortable First-class Hotel in Glasgow. Ver w. Very Moderate Charges.
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ON the Esplanade, facing the Beautiful Harbour of Fowey and the English Channel. Recently erected, contains Commodious Dining, Drawing, and Bed Rooms, with most Modern Conveniences. Offers exceptional advantages to Families and Tourists. As a Tourist Centre owns many attractions, and as a Winter Resort is recommended by the leading Medical Practitioners. Within five minutes' walk of Church and Post Office. Boating, good River and Sea Fishing. Golf. Frequent Service of Trains per G.W.R. TERMS MODERATE. Telegrams: BROKENSHAW. FOWEY.

Telephone: No. 4 Fowey.

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THIS beautifully situated Hotel is worked in connection with the GIANT'S CAUSEWAY ELECTRIC TRAMWAY. It is the most central spot for Tourists visiting the district, being close to the Giant's Causeway, and with Dunluce Castle, Dunseverick Castle, Ballintoy, and Carrick-a-Rede in the immediate neighbourhood.

The Hotel stands in its own grounds of 40 Acres, and has been greatly enlarged within the last few years to meet the growing popularity of the Establishment; it will be found replete with every comfort. There are Asphalte and Grass Lawn Tennis Courts. Weekly visitors staying at the Hotel receive free entrance Coupons to the

grounds of the Causeway.

Guides, Boats, and Posting are attached to the Hotel, with fixed scale of charges. Tram Cars leave Portrush Railway Station on the arrival of all trains, with through booking to the Causeway Hotel. Tourists are landed in the Hotel grounds without any trouble or change of Cars. There will be an increased service of Tram Cars during the summer months. The Antrine coast Tourists' Cars start from the Causeway Hotel, twice daily, for Ballycastle. Orders to view, the Electric Generating Station at Walkmills, and trout-fishing in the River Bush, can be obtained at the Hotel.

Postal Address—Causeway Hotel, Giant's Causeway. Telegrams—Bushmills.

Note—Always ask for through Railway Tickets to the Giant's Causeway.

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THE OLD WAVERLEY,

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Its Position is Second to None in the City.

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FIRST-CLASS Family and Tourist. Built, decorated, and fitted throughout as a modern Hotel, on up-to-date lines, and a new wing containing 12 more bedrooms is being added. Five minutes from Station—Dore and Chinley Line. Situated in midst of most picturesque and romantic surroundings, with 28 acres of rustic pleasure ground, divided by Burbage Brook. Furnished luxuriously in old English style. Most comfortable, refined residence for Families, Sportsmen, and Tourists. Fishing, Cycling, Driving. Golf Links, 2 miles—5 minutes by Train. First-class Cuisine. Chef. Separate Tables. Table d'Hôte meals, or à la carte. Moderate Tariff. Good Stabling.

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ESPLANADE.

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THIS Hotel, which occupies the finest position in Guernsey, has had extensive additions and improvements; it will now be found most complete, with every modern requisite conducive to the comfort of Visitors. The public rooms consist of Dining Room (the largest and best appointed in the Channel Islands), Drawing, Reading and Writing, and Smoking Rooms; there is also a magnificent Billiard Room, and large and pleasant Gardens in the rear.

Table d'Hôte, separate Tables.

Telegraphic Address-"ROYAL, GUERNSEY."

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Splendid Accommodation for Families and Tourists.

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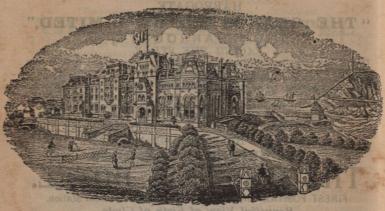
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Unrivalled Sea Frontage and Open Surroundings.

Grounds 5 Acres. 250 Apartments. Tennis. Croquet. Bowls. Golf.

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BEAUTIFULLY situate close to the Sea. Furnished with great taste and care. Private sitting rooms. Public drawing rooms. Smoking and billiard rooms. Carefully selected wine list. Table d'hôte daily.

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Original cases, 3/6, 5/-, 9/6 and 21/-, duty carriage free United Kingdom.

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Send a Post Card for Illustrated Price List.

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The Oldest Established First-Class Hotel in the Islands.

Magnificent position facing Sea and Harbours.

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Over 120 Rooms.

Every comfort for Families and gentlemen; High-Class Cuisine with a most Moderate Tariff.

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AT Highest honours awarded in competition with Continental makers. Gold medal and highest award, Cape Town, 1877; Medals, Calcutta, Sidney, Nice, etc. Gold Medals, Marseilles, 1902; Vienna, 1902.

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Sample cases delivered, free of carriage and duty, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland— $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. Squares, 10/; $\frac{1}{4}$ doz. Squares, 5/; or $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. Barrels, 21/; $\frac{1}{4}$ doz. Barrels, 10/6, etc. Quotations for larger quantities on application.

Warehouse for Export in Bond : French Street, Southampton.
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CHARMINGLY situated on sea-shore. Recently enlarged. Tariff on application. The only Hotel in Channel Islands affording facilities for Sea Bathing.

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OVERLOOKING PUBLIC TENNIS COURTS AND MOORE'S BAY.

ON direct line between Killarney and Connemara via Tarbert, Kilrush, and Moyasta Junction.

Cliff Scenery ought not to be missed.

UNSURPASSED HEALTH RESORT.

Warm Winter Climate.

KILLARNEY.

"METROPOLE."

NEWLY Furnished, healthy location, grandest view of Lake and Mountain Scenery. Cleanliness, comfort, attention. No spirituous liquors supplied.

TERMS MODERATE.

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Late Columba Hotel, Oban, and N. Uist.

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Angling and Summer Quarters on the Esk.

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PIRST-CLASS HOTEL, facing Sea. Two minutes' walk.

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FIRST-CLASS FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL HOTEL.

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Post and Telegraph—Hotel, Tarbet, Loch Lomond.

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Three minutes' walk from Steamboat Pier and Ardlut Station, West Highland Railway.

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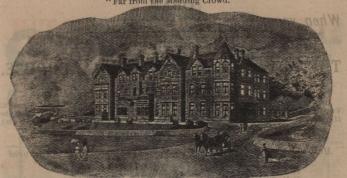
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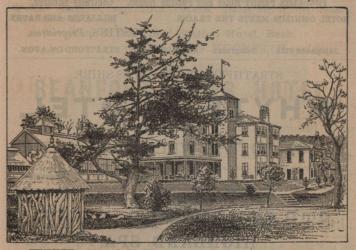
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and Bills.
THOMAS BAKER, Proprietor.

LYNTON, 1903.



BALLATER, 1903.

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Are now running Daily (Sundays excepted), in connection with Trains from and to Aberdeen, as undernoted:—

May. June. July, August, September.

 Ballater
 dep. 10
 0 a.m.
 10
 0 a.m.
 2
 15 p.m.
 10
 0 a.m.
 12
 5 p.m.
 2
 15 p.m.

 Braemar
 ... dep. 3
 15 p.m.
 12
 30 p.m.
 4
 45 p.m.
 12
 30 p.m.
 2
 5 p.m.
 40 p.m.

 Ballater
 ... arr.
 5 30 p.m.
 11
 40 a.m.
 6
 55 p.m.
 11
 30 a.m.
 5 20 p.m.
 6
 55 p.m.

Tickets secured at Joint Railway Station Ticket Office, Aberdeen; Invercauld Arms Hotel, Ballater; Fife Arms and Invercauld Arms Hotels, Braemar.

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No. 3.-GRANGE and WINDERMERE CIRCULAR TOUR, embracing Grange,

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Valley, and Coniston Lake. Fare from 5/9. No. 5.—RED BANK and GRASMERE

TOUR, via Ambleside and Skelwith Force, returning via Rydal Water. Fare from 2/9.

No. 6 .- THIRLMERE, GRASMERE, and WINDERMERE TOUR, via Ambleside, Clappersgate, and Red Bank, and round Thirlmere Lake. Fare from 5/-

No. 7.—THE FOUR LAKES CIRCULAR TOUR, viz., Coniston, Grasmere, Rydal, and Windermere. Fare from 5/9.

No. 8.—CONISTON to CONISTON TOUR, viâ Red Bank, Grasmere, and Amble-side, returning by coach to Coniston. Fare from 4/6.

No. 9.—TARN HOWS TOUR, via Ambleside and Coniston, returning by Tilber-thwaite and Elterwater. Fare from 4/6. No. 10.—ROUND THE LANGDALES and

DUNGEON GHYLL TOUR, via Ambleside, Colwith Force, Grasmere, and Rydal. Fare from 5/-. No. 11.—ULLSWATER TOUR, vid Ambleside, Kirkstone Pass, and Brothers Water, returning via the Vale of Troutbeck and Lowwood. Fare from 5/6.

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No. 13.—THE FIVE LAKES CIRCULAR TOUR, viz., Windermere, Rydal, Grasmere, Thirlmere, and Derwentwater. Fare from 11/6.

No. 14.-WASTWATER TOUR, viâ Seascale and Gosforth. Fare from 4/6.

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No. 16.—THE DUDDON VALLEY TOUR, via Broughton-in-Furness, Ulpha, and

Seathwaite. Fare from 3/9.

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No. 18.—ENNERDALE LAKE and CALDER ABBEY TOUR, vid Seascale, Gosforth, and Cold Fell. Fare from

No. 19.-ACROSS THE FERRY TOUR, viâ Lake Side, Esthwaite Water, Hawkshead, and Storrs Hall.

No. 20.-CARTMEL PRIORY and NEWBY BRIDGE TOUR, via Windermere (Lake Side), Backbarrow Falls, Holker Park, and Grange. Fare from

For further particulars see "Tours THROUGH LAKELAND" Pamphlets, to be had gratis at all Furness Railway Stations; of Mr. F. J. RAMSDEN, Superintendent of the Line, Barrow-in-Furness; at Messrs. Thos. Cook & Sons' and H. GAZE & Sons' Offices, and the Polytechnic Institute, Regent Street, W.; or Messrs. W. H. SMITH & Son's principal Bookstalls (price &d.).

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ALFRED ASLETT, Secretary and General Manager.

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AND	HOURS.	AND	HOURS.	AND	HOURS.	AND	HOURS.
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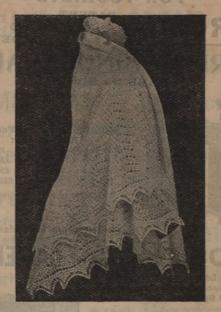


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To Widows and Mombors (from Dooth Fund)

10 Widows and Dichibers (110m Death Fund)	200,200	U	U
" Annuitants	35,746	15	6
In Sickness (since 1874)	73,136	13	0
" Special Grants	7,495	13	6
To Orphans	4,239	10	6
Making a total of	0170 074	10	-
making a total of .	£1/U.0/4	17	· D

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