

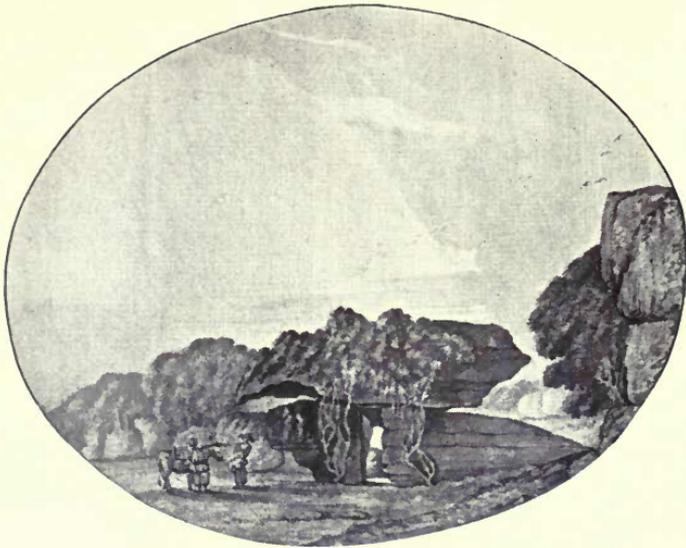
I should be glad to have the opinion of Devon or other anti-
quaries as to the Abbey of St. Saviour mentioned. Could it
be Tor Abbey, which Oliver tells us is called in old charters
the church of St. Saviour, or Holy Trinity, indifferently?

“To all the sons and daughters of Holy Mother Church,
both present and future, be it known that Oliver de Tracey
gave and granted for ever in alms to the Abbey of St. Saviour
and the monks there serving God, ten shillings sterling
annually, out of the tolls of Barnstaple fair, which he fixes to
be paid to them at the Nativity of St. Mary until he charges
these said shillings on the rent of land. This donation he
granted for the soul of his Lord, King Stephen, and for the
souls of his father and mother and of all his ancestors, and
for his own salvation and that of his friends. These being
witnesses, Robert and William Chaplain, Thomas Beaumont,
his wife Adeliza, Philip and Isabel Beaumont, Gervase de
Carrepüs, Godfrey de Plassey. The said Gervase has granted
to the said abbey six pence annually.” THOS. WAINWRIGHT.

North Devon Athenæum, Barnstaple.

50. A TOUR ACROSS DARTMOOR INTO NORTH DEVON, by
REV. JOHN SWETE, 1789.—By the permission of Mr. G. Buller
Swete, we are able to print from some Manuscript volumes in
his possession, the substance of an account written by his
grandfather, the Rev. John Swete, of Oxton House, of a tour
into North Devon taken in 1789, and illustrated by water-
colour sketches. It does not appear that this MS. has ever
been published, and as it describes what the writer actually
saw of places and remains on and around Haldon and parts
of Dartmoor, it may be found interesting to antiquaries
of these days.

The Rev. John Swete has never been sufficiently recognized
owing, most probably, to his having assisted others, such as
Polwhele and Chapple, rather than publishing his own work.
He was the elder son of Mr. Nicholas Tripe, who practised as a
surgeon at Ashburton, and built and resided in the house now
the *Golden Lion Hotel*. He was born at Ashburton in 1752,
matriculated at University College, Oxford, in 1770; took his
B.A. 1774, and M.A. 1777. In 1781 he took the name of
Swete by Act of Parliament, and the same year was made
a Prebendary of Exeter Cathedral.



Peasants Gathering Moss.



Sandy Park, or Dockerman's Bridge, on the Teign.

From Watercolour Sketches by Swete in 1789.

He inherited the Swete property of Train, in the parish of Modbury, and Morleigh Court in the parish of Morleigh; also, from his father, Oxton in the parish of Kenton, as representative of the ancient family of Martyn, formerly of Dartington. Mr. Swete was a cultured and accomplished gentleman, with a love for literature and antiquarian lore. He wrote several pleasing poems, and contributed sonnets to Polwhele's collection of poems by gentlemen of Devon and Cornwall, published in 1792. He read some learned Essays before the Literary Society at Exeter, the MSS. of which are still in the possession of the family. He appears to have personally visited, measured, described, and sketched many objects of interest in the County on which he gave his opinions. In 1780 he assisted his father in exploring the great Barrow on Haldon, which was described by Polwhele in 1792, apparently from Swete's information. Polwhele's account of the Remains near the Drewsteignton Cromlech, which have since disappeared, is identical with the measurements and descriptions given by Swete in 1789. It is, therefore, probable that in the Swete MS. we not only have earlier descriptions, but the originals from which Polwhele, and others following him, drew their facts.*

EDS.

A TOUR TO THE NORTH OF DEVON.—Having long projected a little excursion to the North of the County, on Friday the fourth of September 1789, I mounted my horse in company with two neighbouring gentlemen, the principal object of the day being to dine with a friend at Moreton.

Quitting the grounds of Oxton we rode up Holloway lane and having mastered the ascent of a mile we gained the level heights of Haldown; turning short to the right we inspected a large Barrow known by the country round by the name of the great Stone-heap; which although originally it was of a conical form (as are all the tumuli of these parts) yet being now intersected by an opening made in the year 1780 afforded a very conspicuous object to the subjacent country.†

* See Trans. Devon Association, Vol. XIV., p. 52, as to the relations between Swete and Polwhele. The phraseology and spelling of the Author have been followed in these extracts.

† It appears that Dr. Tripe of Ashburton, father of Rev. John Swete, and then owner of Oxton, opened this Barrow, but the author was present at the time.—EDS.

The form of this Barrow was nearly circular being rather more than 200 feet in circumference and about 15 in height. By the aid of 14 men a passage into it was effected almost due East about 8 feet wide; at about the same space from the margin was discovered a dry wall about 2 feet high which was separated from without by very large stones in the form of piers or buttresses. On arriving near the center were seen a great many large stones (all of them flint) placed over one another in a convex form; and in the middle thereof a large stone nearly round, 2 feet in diameter, 6 inches thick, covering a cell on the ground about 2 feet square, formed by 4 large stones placed on their edges; in this was an Urn, and what was rather a remarkable circumstance, inverted; containing the ashes and burnt bones of probably a youth, as they were small and with but little muscular impression. When the Urn was removed these appeared as white as snow—tho' soon after they were exposed to the air they lost that whiteness—from the size of the tumulus and this circumstance we may gather that they were the remains of a person of dignity whose surviving friends in honour of his memory had taken care to have them well-burnt and blanched by the intensity of the fire. . . . The Urn is 13 inches high, 10 inches diameter at the top, 5 at the bottom, near half an inch thick and holds about 10 quarts, it is made of unbaked earth smoked and discoloured by its exposure to the fire, and consequently without inscription or embellishments. . . . From local circumstances and from the contents of tumuli, a gleam of light is not unfrequently thrown on the matter. With respect to these on Haldown we might be induced to ascribe them to the Danes and that perhaps without much temerity when we consider the numerous encampments in the vicinity which are generally attributed to that nation. From the line in which the Burrows on Haldown are ranged it should seem that some road past that way, and indeed they have a direct tendency to the station now visible in the park of Lord Clifford.

Passing the ridge of the down we rode over the old race ground to the extreme Northern point of Haldown, terminated by Pen-hill finely planted by Sir Robert Palk, on the apex of which he hath lately erected a vast tower which from its elevated situation is discerned at an immense distance. On the skirts of the down are seen the remains of an encampment,

which from the abruptness of the Eastern descent must have been of considerable strength.

From whence dropping down the Western side we came to Ashton, where are the ruins of a Mansion house lately belonging to the Chudleighs. The last of that family, Sir George Chudleigh, quitted it and built a magnificent fabric on the plan of Buckingham House now vastly improved and in the possession of Sir Robert Palk.*

The Park here (Ashton) a few years since was embellished by some of the finest trees in the county, which have been cut down by the present owner Sir John Chichester. Two miles onward brought us to Canon-teing, so-called from its site on the river of that name, and from its having been a Religious house belonging to Canons Regular of the Order of St. Augustin, which since its dissolution hath been converted into a Mansion belonging to Helyar Esq^r tho' from its architecture it appears to have been built anew out of the old materials. The woods descending from an elevated down above the House are extensive, in the centre of which a vast rock projecting its broad whiten'd front relieves the sylvan gloom. In the chasm of the West side a cascade rushes precipitately down forming a beautiful and enlivening object amid the deep recess, some ancient ashes in front of it contribute to enhance the beauty of the scenery. Leaving Canon-teing house we ascended a steep hill for about a mile, then past over several small downs on the last of which before we entered the Moreton turnpike road was seen close on the path, that huge Moorstone rock called Black-stone distinguishable at an immense distance. On the South side it appears to be 40 feet high and nearly perpendicular, but on the North it declines precipitately, on the summit it is crowned by another Mass which, considerably less than the rock itself, seems as it were artificially placed on it. A Quarter of a mile further North are another collection of vast Moorstone Masses, called from the contrast of colour White-stone.

Ere we rose from the vale to the town of Moreton, on the North we beheld an excellent Parsonage house, lowly seated

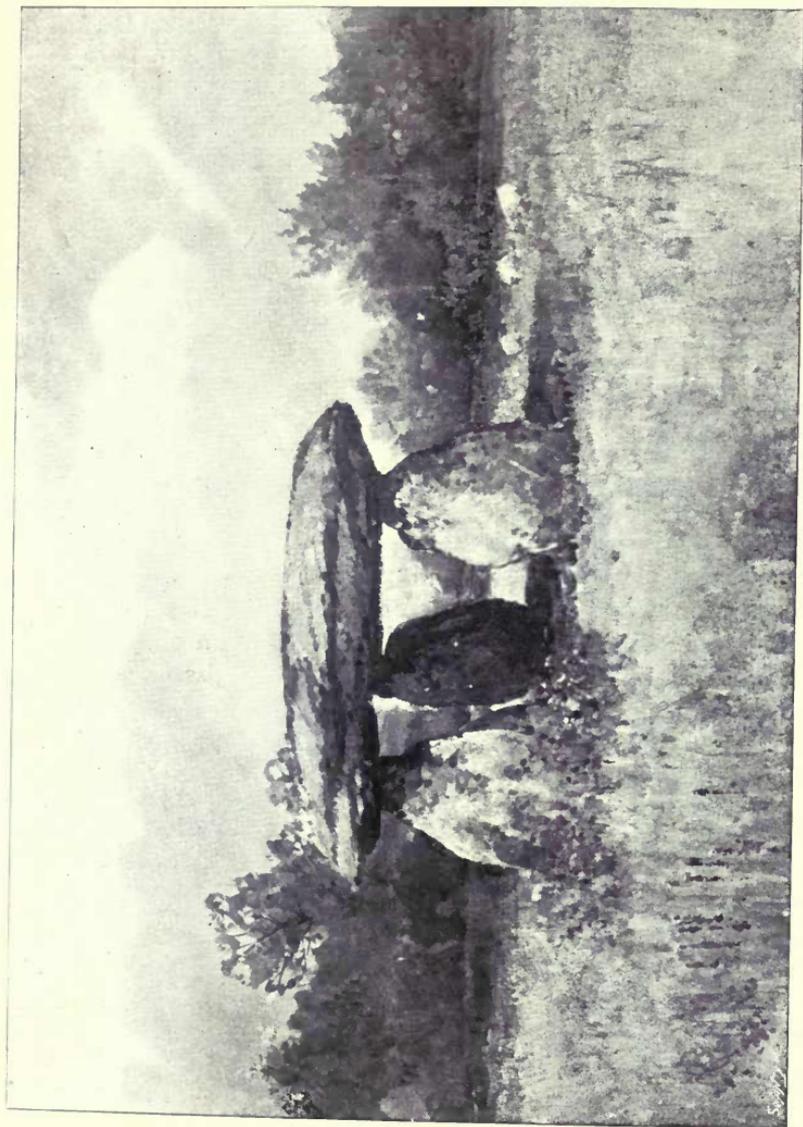
*Sir George Chudleigh built Haldon House in 1735, and it was purchased in 1769 by Mr. Robert Palk, who was created a Baronet in 1782. The castle on Pen-hill was erected in memory of General Stringer Lawrence, whose statue as large as life, on a black marble pedestal, ornaments the entrance.—EDS.

at the base of the hill on which the Church forms a conspicuous object. Here making good cheer with our hospitable Friend Mr. Fynes we past the remainder of the day.

On the following morning we made an excursion to the curiosities of the neighbourhood. The first object that drew our attention was Cranbrook Castle. This entrenchment, Saxon or Dane, is on a high eminence, the view on the West glances over a country chequer'd by the towns of Chagford, Gidleigh and Throwleigh, terminated by the rounded summit of Causan down, reputed to be the highest point of land in Devon. The Western mound of this encampment is the highest, reaching not quite to the top of the hill, and the foss is here deepest. It seems nearly circular and its diameter from S. to N. is about 240 yards.

Descending a very steep rugged hill we soon after reached Whiddon House, an old edifice blocked up toward the Park which hath the wildest, most romantic appearance. Oaks detached and in natural clumps, scatter'd over the plain and the hill, intermixed with variegated masses of rounded rocks and washed toward the North by the waters of the Teing.

The river not being at this season fordable, we winded round to Sandy park or Dockerman's bridge, which in a field a little below afforded a charming appearance, its foundations rose on rude detached masses of granite, arches overhung and chequered with old ivy, thro' which the waters fell and foamed. The side screen of the right, rich in wood which also in the most striking manner form'd the composition of the background (*vide* illustration). Crossing the bridge we turned off the road to the right and passing down a common, arrived opposite Whiddon park at the usual place of fording. Here as the path was contracted we dismounted and left our horses, pursuing the track by the margin of the river and thro' a cluster of grotesque rocks which thro' a succession of ages, have tumbled from the craggy hills on the left, in a quarter of a mile we reached the "Moving Rock." This we found to be a stupendous block of Moorstone, detached and resting at its base on a rising narrow point of another mass deep grounded in the channel of the river, an equipoise was thus wonderfully form'd, which tho' by accounts given in the neighbourhood was not so sensible as it had been in former times, was yet to be put in motion by pressing with some force against it.



Drewsteignton Cromlech.

Reprinted from "Rowe's Perambulation of Dartmoor."

How this equipoise was occasion'd, whether by the irresistible violence of waters at the deluge; or by the intervention of floods which in process of time undermined the circumjacent strata borne them away while this Colossean Monument withstood all the attacks and braved their fury is left altogether to conjecture. . . . The dimensions of this moving stone are enormous, at the West end it is 10 feet high and from its West to East points may be in length about 18 feet. The hills rise majestically high on the North, on the right is Whiddon park with its clumpy woods, finely contrasting the craggy declivities on the left.

From hence returning half a mile we left Drewsteignton to the East and after two miles we came in sight of the famous Cromlech which is certainly one of the most perfect in the world. It stands in a field belonging to a farm, called perhaps from this curiosity Shel-stone. The covering stone or Quoit hath three supporters, it rests on the pointed tops of the Southern and Western ones, but that on the North side upholds it on its inclined surface, somewhat below the top, its exterior side rising several inches higher than the inner part on which the superindependent stone is laid. This latter supporter is 7 feet high, indeed they are all of them of such an altitude that I had not the least difficulty of passing under the covering stone erect and with my hat on. This latter stone I made a measurement of and found the dimensions to be, from N. to S. edge 14 feet and half, it was also of similar length from E. to W. The edges or angles seemed to present themselves (as far as I could make an observation from the sun) exactly to the cardinal points; across it was in width 10 feet, the form of the stone was oblate, not gibbous, but rounding from the under face, rising toward the North about 13 inches higher than the other parts, yet so plane on its surface, that I could stand and move about on it without danger. . . . The use and intention of the Cromlech or crocked stone was primarily to distinguish and do honour to the dead, and also to enclose the venerable Reliquiæ, by placing the supporters and covering stone, so as to be security to them on every side, they were *tumuli honorabiliores*.

In an adjoining field toward the West I remarked several conical Pillars about four feet high. On the Southern side there are three standing in a direct line from East to West,

the distance from the most Western one to the middle one was 212 paces, from the middle to the one on the East 106, just one half of the former, by which it should seem that an intermediate one at least had been removed. In a parallel line to the North are two other remaining erect, the one from the other distant about 52 paces, nearly one fourth of the greatest space on the opposite line. The area between is 93 paces in the midway of which at the Eastern extremity stands the Cromlech, and if conjecture may be permitted I should not scruple to assert that this originally grand Vista or Druid way beginning on the environs of the Cromlech as soon as rising from the valley it became visible was intended to inspire those who were approaching the Monument from Dartmoor with greater awe and reverence.* . . .

Somewhat on the South of this *via sacra*, descending the hill we arrived at a circle, form'd by a vallum which on the outer part declines and is about 4 feet high tho' the greater part of the stones which were erected on the top of the mound are gone and those that remain are deep sunk in the ground yet there are as yet sufficient, clearly to make out the whole round of the circle, the diameter of which (for it is exactly circular) is 31 paces: Contiguous to this (indeed one vallum in the point of approximation serving for both) is another circle of nearly the same proportions. (The author gives a sketch of the two circles.). More down the hill we were struck with the wildness of the scenery where the Rocks were seen divuls'd into gloomy chasms or terminating abruptly in a precipitate perpendicular manner. One rock in particular about 16 feet high detach'd from other masses and plane on the superficies, the Quoit or impost of which superimpending the stratum below projects three or four feet over, appear'd to be wonderfully well suited for an Orator to address a Multitude. Adjoining this spot was another detach'd body most singular in its appearance for which it seemed to be more indebted to Art than to Nature—having two ledges or strata

* These stones were similarly described by Polwhele in *Historical Views of Devonshire*, 1793, who appears to have adopted Rev. J. Swete's measurements. In 1838, Rev. W. Grey, of Exeter, mapped some remains of circles in a field West of the Cromlech, of which no traces have been found although searched for by the late Mr. G. W. Ormerod. For full account and plan *vide* Transactions Devonshire Association, Vol. V, 1872, page 73.—Eds.

approaching toward each other, yet not touching being separated by a perpendicular hollow of about a foot wide through which might be discern'd other rocks lying behind—over these in the manner of a Crom-leh a transverse enormous impost superimpend, decorated in most luxurient manner with old fantastic ivy and tinted with a moss peculiar to the Moorstone, a sketch of which is given where women are introduced collecting this moss, which is called Cupthong Orchil, or, botanically, *Lichenoides saxatile*, which after rains is scraped off from the Moorstone (for in dry weather it is brittle) and sold to the Dyers, by them it is dry'd, and being steep'd in urine, or in a solution of tin by aquafortis is converted into a most vivid scarlet dye. Nothing can well exceed the scenery of this place. Rocks the most grotesque and dissimilar imaginable, vast Hollows deepening into gloomy recesses, over which the dark green ivy trailed its parasitical branches, and from every interstice started the Mountain Ash beautifully decorating the scene with its orange-tinted berries. Returning to where we dismounted, we called to dinner; and instantly on a knoll of greensward overshadowed by some friendly oaks was display'd a cold refreshment, drawn from the wallet of the servant of our provident Host, which we devour'd with most ravenous ardour, and having cheer'd our spirits with some humming October, congratulated one another on having dined with more satisfaction and *gout* than the luxurious Apicius ever did tho' gormandizing on Mullet and his Lucrine Oysters. The little eminence chosen for our repast, over-hung what a year or two since was called Bradford Pool, a vast hollow excavated thro' a succession of ages by miners, the tin works however had been given over for a considerable period owing to a vast quantity of water which had overwhelm'd the bottom. It had been drained lately by some enterprising persons by means of adits drove under the hill on which the Cromlech stands. The scenery from where we sat, was uncommonly wild tho' by no means deficient in pleasing traits, the sloping banks ornamented with trees, various brushwood, and the rude shap'd hollow afforded a very agreeable picture.*

* Bradford, or Bradmere, Pool is now again a mountain tarn; it covers an area of about three acres, being about 180 yards long by 40 wide. A most romantic spot.—EDS.

Here with regret taking leave of my companions who returned to their respective homes, I proceeded on my tour and passing over a tolerably cultivated country, contrasted on the S.W., by the bleak aspect of Causan Hill I rode through the little town of South Zeal, to be noticed only in that it possesses a piece of antiquity resembling a town hall in the centre of the street, which from its tower at the Western end composed of four pillars, inclosing a bell would give room to suppose that in days of yore, it had seen better cheer. Here I crossed the river Taw leaving S. Tawton and its lime kilns like ramparts encompassing the town about half a mile to the right and rode thro' Sticklepark (*sic*) a mean village washed by a stream which in a most violent hurry, ran to join its waters with the Taw, not long after I entered Okehampton.

(To be continued.)



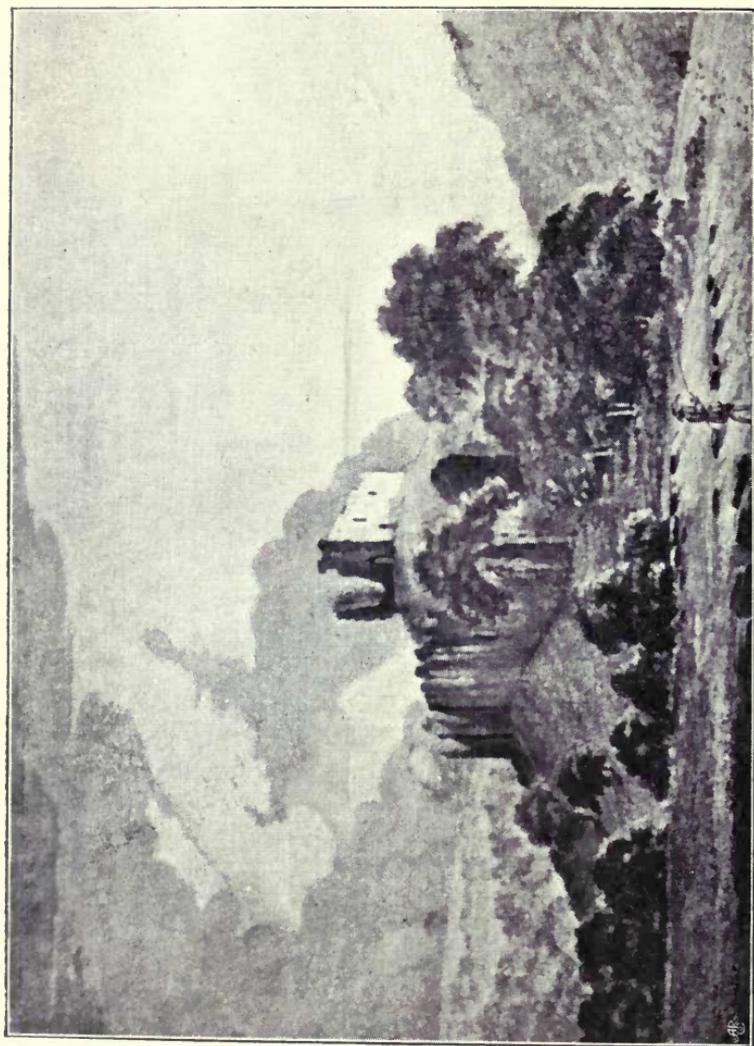
NOTICES OF BOOKS.

61. This is a very well written little book, concerning Men and Manners in the good old town of Ottery St. Mary* The reader loses much which the listener must have enjoyed in hearing the lecture, but he has the facts concisely and pleasantly put and in a permanent form.

62. This is the first part of a new Genealogical Magazine of which there are already several published in the United States.† We welcome it and wish it a successful career and a useful one. As the Editor says, although in a new country the pursuit of wealth leaves but little time or desire until that is accomplished, the wish to know something of our ancestors, and to learn from whom and what manner of man one is descended is a natural and laudable ambition. There are articles on the Holmes, the Hughes, the Pearl, the Pope, and the Peet families, with pedigrees carefully compiled.

* The History of the Town of Ottery St. Mary. A Lecture delivered Sept., 1897, by Lord Coleridge, Q.C. Privately printed.

† "The California Register," Vol. I., No. 1, April, 1900, San Francisco, published by the California Genealogical Society.



Okehampton Castle, 1789.

From a Watercolour Drawing by Swete.

“ But it was Resolved :

‘ That the same be referred to and taken into consideration at the next General Meeting to be held on the 5th of March, and that the Members be requested to attend at Half past Four o’clock precisely on that day.’

By Order,

CHARLES BRUTTON,

Treasurer.”

G.L.B.

91. TOUR IN NORTH DEVON BY REV. JOHN SWETE (continued from page 96).—After leaving Stickle park not long after I entered OKEHAMPTON—a borough town, not very respectable in its buildings and chiefly remarkable for its Castle, which about half a mile to the S.W. is seated on a proud eminence, beneath which runs the West Oke from whence the town deduces its name. Few places have more of the picturesque in them than this—the ruins of a magnificent castellated Pile, crowned by a keep, high towering over the other buildings, in feudal times rendered almost impregnable by Nature, and effectually made so by the assistance of Art, which on the West, hath cut off all possible access to the Castle from the hill beyond, by an effort of indefatigable labor, effecting a gulph or chasm of considerable width and fearful depth, while on every other quarter the hill slopes away from the exterior walls so steep and rapid that a near approach of an enemy must have been hazardous in the extreme. In the Keep the walls at the doorway are seven feet in thickness, immediately on the right of the entrance is a circular staircase which ran to the top of the building originally consisting of two stories, this room the dimensions of which are a cube of 21 feet, communicates with another 28 by 18. The plane on which the keep is erected is about 60 feet by 33. From the base of this partly artificial mound, the ridge falls gently, contracting as it goes, till it is compressed into a point, where are still the remains of a Gatehouse. Within the walls is an area, which inclusive of the building would have compris’d an acre and a half—here are still to be traced the remains of eight rooms besides the gateway and two in the keep, the hall which is 45 feet long and the Chapel are easily distinguishable. This place was the

Barony of Baldwin de Brioniis, given him by the Conqueror with the title of Vicomis of Devon. The Park separated from the Castle by the West Oke, is of great extent being 9 miles in circumference. It rises gently from the rivers and is beautified with thick woods of almost every kind of trees that this country can call indigenous.

Sleeping here, the next morning being Sunday I walked to the Parish Church, which seems to pay no compliment to the people of the Town, by leaving them at half a mile distance. Here when the service was concluded one of the inconveniences which this year must frequently have resulted from the distance of the Church to the town, presented itself to the congregation, in the shape of a thunder-storm. After a detension of an hour, I accompanied Mr. Clack to a pleasant farm of his about two miles distant, seated a little to the left of the road to Tavistock. In the evening we mounted our horses and had hardly proceeded a quarter of a mile behind the house, when all at once open'd upon the eye such a scene, as no description of mine can give any but the faintest idea of. The beauty, the grandeur of the scenery exceeding everything I had before seen! An intermixture of woods, of water, of hills, rarely to be parall'd; above the others East Tor (Yes Tor) which I should not hesitate to affirm surpasses its neighbour, the hill of Causan in height. These hills, tho' barely clad, are admirable sheep tracks and are ever verdant, the bases of them charmingly skirted by the West Oke, into which from the midst of the hills, where the grounds somewhat expand, a rivulet called Hollow lake (lake being here synonymous to rill) empts itself. Here the Park begins, here the woods are seen in the most rich and picturesque stile, creeping as it were up the hill, diminishing in size and quantity gradually as they ascend, overhanging the wild river on either bank and at times bending down their branches close to its surface, seemingly with an intent to stop its hastening waters, which mantle as they fall over the obstructing rocks, forming a succession of cascades of diverse appearance and varying beauty, not one of them having a trail like the rest. Various sorts of trees contribute to improve the scenery, some by their tints, others by their fantastic shapes; old oaks and ash, thorns, quickbeam and hazle. From some of the oaks are found suspended an extraordinary

and very curious moss, consisting of strings of considerable length which appear of the texture and strength of common thread, on which are strung beads of various sizes, generally of an oblong figure, thicker and more rounded in the middle. These when the moss is dry, are as beads, easily to be moved from one part of the string to another and carry with them more of the appearance of Art than Nature.

Above the Park by the river have been lately discovered masses of a metalline mixture, in weight and form similar to the scorixæ from a smith's forge, very ponderous, seemingly all iron and evidently formed by fusion, which as there are no vestiges of an eruption from the earth, the least traces of a volcano, nor the appearance of any metal having in old times being smelted here, would seem (and it is the opinion of the place) to have thus coalesced by a recent stroke of Lightning and what adds to this conjecture is, that they have been newly discovered tho' the spot was well known and had been year after year frequented by the fishermen of the neighbourhood.

Not long the next morning had the sun risen, when I hastend thro' the village that I might once again feast my eyes with the scenry I had yester-eve been delighted with, and took a sketch of the prospect before me, all my cares, every solicitude were forgotten.

From such harmony I turned away reluctant, and my watch told me I might be delaying the family breakfast. This over I took my leave of hospitable Kerslake and crossing the turnpike road in front of the house I rode over extensive commons for several miles and entered the road leading to Hatherleigh. This is a very neat town on a red soil. Somewhat further on toward the West I saw Inwardleigh Church, the tower of which was in a most ruinous state, having been reduced to two thirds its height, about a year or so since by lightning. At some distance from Hatherleigh I rode by a seat of Luxmore, Esq^r. placed on an eminence without reaping any advantage from its situation, the front being toward a plain unmeaning field. The taste of the Architects of Houses in these parts, from this and other instances, seems to militate strongly against the *natural taste* of the present enlightened times, the one wish to exclude from the view everything that is worth notice, the other to comprehend the minutest trait of unembellish'd or wild Nature.

Passing over the Trowridge by Hele Bridge, of four arches rising nobly over the widened waters, and having gained the ascent of a steep wooded hill, I stopped my horse and turning round was gratified with a fine view of the country I had past over, the spire of Hatherleigh gracing the mid-ground of the picture which terminated in the noble horizontal line of East Tor (plainly at this distance a convincing test) super eminent to Causen and the other inferior hills.

I soon reach Heanton, a seat of Lord Orford, a vast pile, built at different periods, having a date of 1639 engraved in a tablet of Moorstone, which is certain from the architecture not the oldest, but ascertaining the time in which the portal over which it is placed was erected. As the body and wings form the letter **E**, in front, and as we know in the days of Elizabeth, this compliment was paid her Majesty, of building in the form of the Initial Letter of her name, so we may refer the original building to that date. The principal rooms of the house are a large hall, a dining room, and a drawing room in either wing, and a vast number of bed chambers, furnished with antique beds of net work flowers and other embroidery. One bed was in a recess, and another, probably the one of State was separated from the other part of the room by a railing, breast high, with a door on each end, giving the whole the appearance not only of snugness but of grandeur; it had been hung with silk, and decorated with paintings, but the one was faded and rent, the others that were not daubings had long been removed to form a part of the Houghton collection. In the small room over the entrance, was a trap door, which by a step ladder, led to a lower room about 8 feet square, where Col. Rolle secreted himself after having struck Sir Robert Walpole, dreading his vengeance. The hall is ornamented, not with cuirasses, helmets, coats of mail, the arms or spoils of heroes of yore, but with the achievements of modern times, antlers of forest deer, some of enormous size projecting terrific, from the heads carved in wood, ranged round the walls to the number of 22, and in the quadrangular court behind were near 50 others, of lesser size but their antlers and heads both real. On the Southern side of the house is a most noble terrace of considerable width and in length 130 paces, which with the bowling green and the walks around are kept in most excellent

order and are the finest of the kind I have seen. On the parapet walls, the mullions of the windows which are moorstone, and the flat pavements, I observed that a white moss had so incroach'd that it was rather difficult to discover of what substance they were. All that is seen from the terrace of any note are the adjoining oak trees, which are in general of great height and admirable bulk, particularly a clump of five or six nearest to the house, one of which was 16 feet in circumference. With regard to improvements, as the present Lord Orford hath never resided at or even visited this mansion, the old ideas of formality still exist, they have taken full possession of the environs—but they might easily and with no great expense be removed—there is so much depth in the woods, so much variety in the ground, and so much space on every side that the whole scene is capable of any embellishment, particularly by the addition of a piece of water in front, for the reception of which Nature hath done everything that could be desired. I cannot quit this antient family seat of the Rolles and Earls of Orford, without noticing an admirable rule or precept, painted in an escutcheon over the chimney in the eating room, which originated in the ceremonious etiquette of the Gentlemen of the Stag Hunt, in the late Earl's time, about seating themselves at table. "He that sits down first gives least trouble." How numerous these assemblies were, and what the hospitable cheer, is the story in the mouth of every old man in the vicinity, I shall however add what I myself saw, and what to me was greater conviction. A large oblong tub, called the Punch-bowl, which during these *fetes de la chasse* tho' holding two hogsheads, was constantly filled with punch.

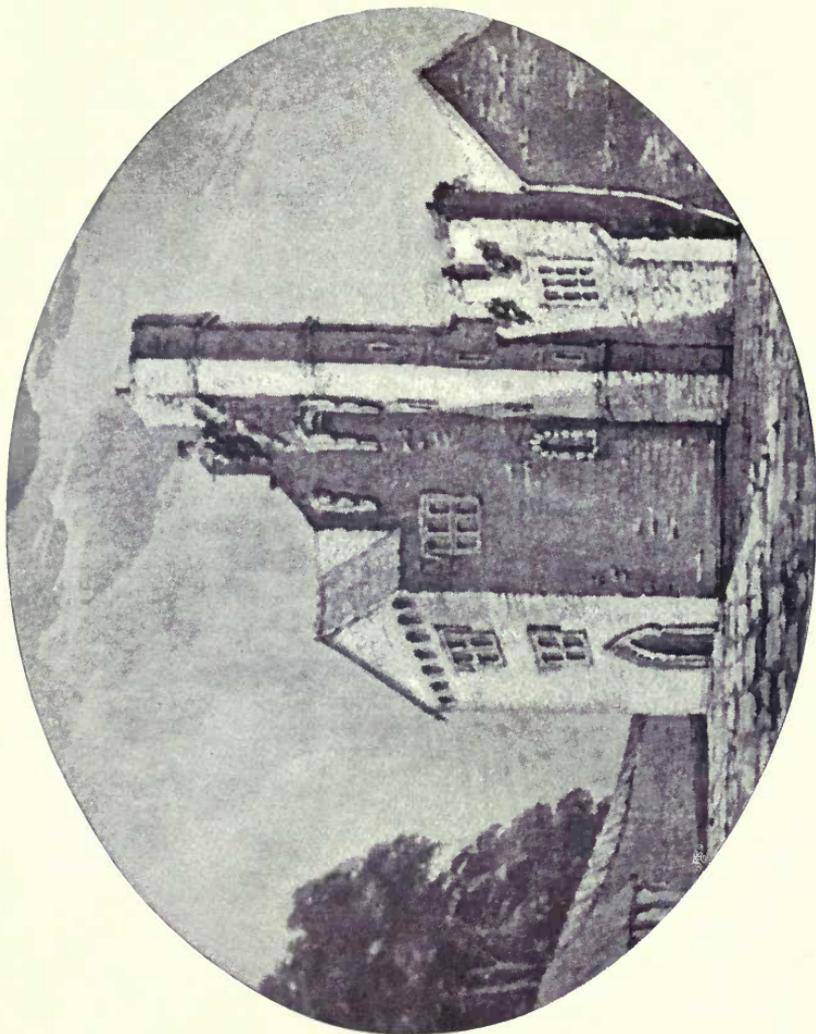
Having been here hospitably entertained by Mr. Mallet the Steward, the next morning I proceeded on through a pleasant track of country toward Torrington, having past a villa commanding an extensive view, and arriving within a mile of the Town, I turned in on the left to Cross, the charmingly situated seat of H. Stevens Esq., placed on an eminence the grounds declining rapidly from the front, it of course comprehends all the subjacent country and the opposite hill, on which the town of Torrington full in view, exhibits a conspicuous and romantic object, the houses on the south verging toward a precipice, and suspended as it were over the river Towridge, meandering round the bottom in a wavy

channel with its waters kissing the very margin of the meadows "without o'erflowing full."

Accompanied by Mr. Stevens I went in quest of the Ruins of Frithelstoke Priory, passing over the bridge at the S.W. end of Torrington rose a steep hill to a down, precipitous toward the river but having a delightful prospect on the North, of "Beam" a seat of Dennis Rolle Esq., a most lovely and sequester'd spot. Having again crossed the Torridge by another bridge we came to the Ruins of the Priory, which tho' not grand or extensive, have a good deal of the picturesque in them and possess a peculiarity in the rounding of the western windows of the Chapel rarely, if at all to be met with. The remains consist chiefly of the side and end walls of what is now one room, the area of which in length is 30 paces and in width about 9. There are two very antient walnut trees, overhanging the Southern Walls and with the ivy contributing greatly to enhance its beauty.

In our return we made a circuit through the town of Torrington, which hath been notable for a Barony from the Norman Conquest. The Northern street by which we entered, tho' not elegant, was yet neat and ornamented with several very decent looking houses, this brought us to the center of the town by the church side, the tower of which is rendered a conspicuous object at a distance possessing an handsome spire cased with lead. In this part of the town was also a respectable town hall, opening into a small square or market place. Hence we past on to the Eastern Cliffs on the verge of which once stood a castle, time however hath now brought its honours to the ground, and its only remains are a mere heterogeneous mass of earth and stones, saving that the Chapel yet exists, tho' converted to the use of a School-house. An area of an acre and half adjacent hath been used as a bowling green, till (being in the possession of Mr. Rolle) it was suppress'd by him a year or two since, on account of the reputed dissipation of the gentlemen of the town, who were accustomed it seems, now and then to game, and to execrate their ill-fortune 'by words,' which were not deemed proper for gentlemen of character and decency to make use of. The consequence is, that its turf is destroyed, its fences broke down, and a pleasure house dismantled, which commanded a most extensive prospect towards the S. the W. and the East.

(To be continued.)



Tiverton Castle, 1789.
From a Watercolour Drawing by Sweete.

131. TOUR IN NORTH DEVON BY REV. JOHN SWETE (*continued from page 126*).—On Wednesday morning early I left Cross, my road leading through Torrington I proceeded on toward Bideford. The country pleasant, the bottoms and sides of many hills warmly wooded, and varied with gentlemen's seats, among which was Stephenstone another principal seat of Mr. Rolle's. The road was extremely rough, and for five miles I had nothing to do but to ascend and descend but improved as I neared the Town. The prospect also improved and at once opened upon a noble expanse of water over which a bridge of twenty-four arches and six hundred and seventy feet long conducted me to its North side where I found an Inn, not proportionate to the appearance of the Town though possessed by civil people and affording a very good breakfast. The Town itself (Bideford) is very neat, the streets descending a hill rather steep. On the highest point of one of them I had a most delicious prospect. A road led on in front skirted by a hedge row, which as a foreground gave a pleasing relief to the more distant parts of the picture; beneath, a wide marsh spread itself washed by the tide; on the right lay fields above which were the woods and house of Mr. Cleveland, called Tapley—beyond higher yet rose the old family mansion of the Sib Thorpes, and on the banks of the river beneath trended on the little watering village of Instow—the sands which formed the fine Bason of Barnstaple, the seat of Col^l. Basset, and the high ground beyond terminated this part of the view—but nearer to the eye, on the left presented itself a cliff, behind which lay the town of Appledore and at the extremity close by the shore, the Dane Hubba was slain. On another aspect toward the N. West, the hills rose more elevated and seemingly in several parts artificial; on the conical summit of one tower'd a faint speck of white, in the almost indistinguishable form of a pleasure house, commanding the whole of the prospect described, and the additional one of the Bristol Channel, the surge of whose waters beat against the foundations. Just below was the house of Mr. Hewish to whom this gazebo belonged and who had called it Cornborough, which I suppose might be a corruption of Hennaborough which Risdon says was the name of a fort in his days about this spot, and indeed there are very considerable intrenchments yet discernible, in the adjacent grounds, these

I was accidentally informed by a gentleman of the town, were called Hengist Castle, a spot, he said, famous in history for the commencement of that battle in which Hengist drove Hubba the Dane from the eminences to the shore, where he was slain and where the barrow of stones was raised over his body. (Here follows a long dissertation on the Danish incursions in North Devon).

Ere I quit this town I must observe that the Church is an extremely neat one, decorated with an organ, nor can I again pass over the bridge without thinking how much the town hath been indebted to Priestcraft (a rare instance) for its erection. (The legend of the building is given in Mr. Swete's MS.)

Having now done with the Bridge I proceeded toward Tawstock to which as I nearer approach'd, ere I forded a rivulet, a fine scene presented itself, consisting of woods on the right and left, a charming conical knoll overspread with cattle, who during the midday heat were snuffing in the refrigerating breezes from the sea. Entering thro' a gateway of ancient date, by the stables, I arrived at the front of Tawstock House, the seat of Sir Bouchier Wrey which when completed (for it was now but a shell) will be one of the finest houses in the county. It is seated on an eminence, the grounds gently expanding on each side, covered with wood; beneath, the river Taw flowing through wide-spreading meadows, Tawton on the skirts of them, and hills rising pleasantly above. The Church at Tawstock however at the bottom of the lawn intercepts the middle of the view, and tho' in a great measure conceal'd by plantations, yet cannot but be considered as an object that one would have wished in a less conspicuous situation. Within however it claims particular attention, not only from its form and spaciousness, but from the many highly-wrought family monuments. On the left of the house a new road is forming, leading to Barnstaple circling through a grove with very considerable taste. But on the right above a stately wood, on a projecting eminence rose an obelisk, from whence opened to the eye a scene discriminated and varied beyond anything I had beheld during my excursion; Barnstaple at a distance of two miles had an admirable effect. Returning thro' part of the village, I descended through a wood to a Bridge and thence to

Barnstaple passing along a mound raised above the meadows, cross't the river on a fine bridge of 15 arches, entered the town where the Golden Lion received me and gave me very good entertainment.

Barnstaple doth not as many other old towns discover its antiquity, by its buildings, for they in general seem of modern date and possess a neat and handsome appearance. There are several very good streets, and in them a Church and several Meeting houses for Dissenters from the Church-establishment. The Quays trend by the river, and on the North side of the principal one rises a Portico or Colonnade of 14 Pillars, where the Mayor and corporation were once accustomed to transact business, but where they now meet (as a person walking in it informed me) not unfrequently to pour out libations to the God Bacchus. Close by was a Religious House founded by Judael de Totness and consecrated to the Virgin Mary or rather Mary Magdalen for Monks of the Cluniaie order, this was sometime a cell to St. Martin in the fields near Paris whereof, Robert Thorn was the last Prior, who for his device bare, a Roe-buck leaning to an Hawthorn tree, in an escutcheon with the word *Vert* interposed with this motto, "Caprum cum spina protegat divina potestas;" in the garden of this Priory was found a figure of a Knight lying cross-legged with his sword and shield. The remains of this house are few, it has passed through various fortunes, for after having been a resorting place for Dissenters it hath since been desecrated and converted to the uses of receiving Merchant's goods, in short a warehouse. More to the North is a vast mount, the Keep of a castle, here built as some say by Athelstan, according to others by the above Judael the son of Alured Earl of Brittany and the lands around given him for his services by William the Conqueror. From hence there is a noble Prospect, including most of the points I have noticed before and others to the East beneath it. On the banks of the River I found an exceeding pleasant Terrace, of very considerable length, and kept gravelled in most excellent order, which however seem'd to fail in attraction for the Ladies of the town, who universally give the preference to a promade on the Bridge, which was not only a rough *pavè* without any causeway, but was very subject to the inconveniences incident to every common frequented passage of cattle, carriages, etc., possibly

the ladies of Barnstaple may have a peculiarity of taste, or possibly they may have a predeliction for the Bridge that was in part indebted to their own sex for its erection, for tradition hath handed it down, that when the rest of the Bridge was rais'd by the beneficence of one Stamford of London, three of its Pillars or Piers were built by the bounty of Maids. The trade of this place is of late very much reduc'd, specially in the woollen manufactory, for whereas it formerly maintained forescore combers, it now possesses but four; its other commerce consists of the conveyance of coals and coasting voyages of but litte import or advantage.

The next morning passing over another bridge I rode through the village of Pylton, at the end of which I observ'd a Pillar, 10 feet high and about 6 in circumference, standing on a rising ground on the right of the road. The people of the place could give me no account of its erection, or for what purpose it was thus form'd, all that I could learn, was that from time immemorial it had been called "long stone" and that the current opinion was, that it had been hewn out of the solid rock, the circumjacent parts having been removed. About four miles further on, I perceiv'd another of pretty nearly the same dimensions, now converted to the use of a Gate-post. The appropriation of these huge stones cannot at this day be ascertain'd without they are found erected on Barrows, when there can be no doubt of their being Sepulchral tokens of honour.

From the summit of an ascent which brought me to Swannon down about, seven miles from Barnstaple, I had a most charming and extensive prospect, commanding the island of Lundy, Hartland Promontory, Bideford, Appledore, Barnstaple and the fine reach of waters spreading onwards to either town. A mile or two ere I came to Ilfracombe, a scene extremely romantic, of wild mishapen rocks, towering to the skies presented itself, soon after the church appear'd, seated on an eminence above the town, of which riding thro' a long descending street for near a mile I at length reach'd the Quay where the Inn was, and having breakfasted I under the guidance of a ropewalk was led to a hill on the S. West of the town, from whence I had a delightful view of the sea. The trade of this town consists for the most part in coasting voyages from Wales, carrying coals to Cornwall and bringing

back copper and tin. Within a few years indeed hath been revived another article of commerce, which for forty years hath been unaccountably disus'd. I allude to the capture and seasoning of Herrings, which at periodical times are here taken in vast quantities, and being cured are afterwards exported to the Continent. They have two ways of curing them, one by a common pickle of salt, and a second by salting and smoking. These latter which from their colour are call'd Red Herrings are all number'd into barells which hold about 900, of the number of which an oath is taken, a duty being exacted by Government; the former, which are white, are prest as close together as possible, and the Barells hold from 12 to 1400. These are sold from fifteen shillings to twenty four shillings per barrell, but the red, tho' less in number, have produced the sum of 50 shillings. There is also a manufactory for rope and cordage, which finds ready sale among the numerous vessels which frequent this Port. The Harbour having the advantage of a Lighthouse, and being secured by a strong and handsome pier, built by the ancestors of the present Sir Bouchier Wrey to whom the Manor belongs.

Repassing part of the town, and ascending a steep hill I had a charming farewell view of the town, the lighthouse, the harbour and the wild mountainous Rocks which environ it, forming a most excentric and very picturesque scene. The road, which was rugged and intricate, brought me to the village of Berry, or Berrynherber, of no note saving that it was the *natale solum* of John Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury; here turning round by the Church, which is a very handsome building, descending into deep and wild dells, and again mounting aloft to the clouds, at length I reach'd the long scattering dilapidated village of Coombe Martyn, lying in a fine vale or coombe, and bearing the adjunct of its ancient Landlords the Martyns, whose inheritance it was many ages past, and whose principal Mansion was at Oxtan from whence I set out on this excursion.*

The hills in this parish were in former times much noted for Mines of Copper and tin—tho' more so for the silver which

* The Rev. John Swete inherited Oxtan as the representative of the Martyns of Dartington, and from the above also of Coombemartin. See introduction to these transcripts, p. 89.

it produced, being discovered in the time of Edward I, so great was the ardour of enterprise that no less than 337 miners were engag'd, from the Peak of Derby, to work there. In the reign of Edward III it yielded that King great profits towards carrying on the French Wars; from that period they were neglected till the days of Queen Elizabeth, who was presented a cup here made, by the Earl of Bath with this Inscription:—

“In Martyn’s coombe I long lay hid,
Obscure, depres’t with grosser soil,
Debased much with mixed lead,
Till Bulmer came, whose skill and toil
Reformed me so pure and clean
As richer no where else is seen.”

Since that period they have been again discontinued working, till within a year or two, when another attempt was commenc’d by some gentlemen of Cornwall who however seem not very adventurous, the mines being limited to four.

The valley in which the village is situated is pleasant, its meadows fertile, and its wild hills charmingly wooded. At the Western part the tide flows up to a little Quay and vessels of small burthen moor close to the houses in a shelter’d creek.

From Coombe Martyn, slow and not devoid of apprehension from the steepness and ruggedness of the road I pass’d on to Parracombe, a small village, the church of which stands unaccompanied by any building saving the Clergyman’s. As the road often ran on the summits of very elevated hills, I was often gratified with the views of the Sea, and of the coast of Wales, tho’ the latter thro’ the haziness of atmosphere was but dimly seen. From Parracombe I journey’d pleasantly over downs till within a mile of Linton, from whence a rapid and stony descent brought me to the village.

Nothing can well exceed the scenery of this place. Mountains closing upon mountains, deep hollows, sometimes rude and bare, at others, soft and rich in woods, and through their gloomy bottoms rivulets ran rumbling on, and at their base extended to the sea a green-sward plain of a few acres on which was very pleasantly situated a Gentleman’s house and a few fishing cotts. From the borders of the Churchyard, as I sat

on a projecting rock at the close of day, my eye ran over one of the most grand, wild, and most picturesque scenes conceivable—such delicious scenery had a most pleasing effect on my sensations :—

“They lull'd my Spirit, while they fill'd my mind.”

“Such sweet composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods—or on the softer voice
Of neighing fountain, or of Rills that slip
Throught the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass ; that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.”

The next morning I started forth in quest of the Valley of Stones, considered as the chief attraction of the place. The scenery of this spot was of a different kind from any I had ever met with, (Then follows a charming description of the wonderful valley, but too long to give here and too good to be condensed). The several parts however of its composition are so intricate, so various and so complicated, that they seemed to mock all art and to rise superior to imitation. My pencil therefore lay untouch'd ; it certainly requires a Master's hand to give an idea of the whole. Returning to the village from whence (being thro' a trifling accident unable to walk) I on horseback *descended gradation* and with the utmost caution a very bad Alpine road all but perpendicular—for the road makes many traverses so close, that at every flexture it seems almost to return into itself. As I gained an angle where the way was wider, I stop't, being enabled without apprehension to gaze around. (From this point the author describes the valley and Waters meet with Linmouth just below). There is a little public house at Linton, called *The Crown*, where the people are civil and attentive, though the accommodations are indifferent. It cannot but be an object of request that a better Inn, and even lodging-houses were built on the plain at Lin-mouth, for as the Beach is very tolerable for bathing, seemingly much superior to Ilfracombe, I know no place more likely to be resorted to—for none in Great Britain, I think, can exceed it in the beauty and magnificence of its environs.

(To be continued.)

placed at *Moll's and Swale's*, Coffee-houses, and also at Mr. *Barnabas Thorn's*, Bookseller, in the *Churchyard, Exon*; and they also give Notice, that the said Mr. *Barnabas Thorn* has accepted of the Office of TREASURER for that Purpose.

“And that, upon Receipt of the Subscription Money, he will deliver to each Subscriber a Ticket, which shall intitle the Bearer to the Proportion of Coal Subscribed for.

“And further: The Proprietors do consent, and agree, that every Subscriber shall have their Quota of Coal according to their Subscription, previous to *any Sale whatever*. And to Convince, and fully satisfy, the Subscribers that the Money raised by Subscription shall be used and wholly expended, in their *future* Search, they do also consent, that every Gentleman subscribing the sum of Five Guineas (whose Proportion of Coal will be Twenty Quarters) shall have Access to, and Free Liberty, weekly, or monthly, to inspect and audit their Papers and Books of Account.

By Order of the Proprietors

J. TAYLOR

Clerk to the Company.

Is anything known of the situation of the Mine or the promoters of it? What was the weight of a “Quarter” of Coal according to the Measure of the *Kay of Exon*?

A. J. DAVY.

174. TOUR IN NORTH DEVON BY REV. JOHN SWETE (*concluded from page 175*).—On Sept. 11 (1789), taking a guide to conduct me over the downs, I quitted Linton and proceeded to Paracombe on my way to Castlehill, the seat of Lord Fortescue. Quitting the Ilfracombe road I attain'd the high ground of Rowleigh Common, and after proceeding over it for three miles, I perceiv'd on the West of the track, a large Burrow which had been opened in several places, and was in diameter about 100 feet, its situation was contiguous to the lonely farm of Carbrocken burrow, deriving its name from the adjoining tumulus. From thence I mounted Bratton down, where I had the finest riding imaginable, the turf as smooth as that of a bowling green and nearly as level. The circular survey of the circumjacent country was extensive, including Youlston, the seat of Sir J. Chichester, on the N.W. and nearer Arlington,

Mr. Chichester's, the tower of Bratton, Hartland point, and toward the East receiving its bounds from Exmoor. On many of the eminences I discovered Beacons, at times several together; all of them in the form of Burrows, saving that they were not conical, but having, as it were, the cone inverted, being hollowed out in the middle. Some of them were of considerable magnitude—being in diameter no less than 50 or 60 feet. To what uses these hollows were applied, I am at loss to say, excepting as fire beacons to give a wide alarm of an enemy.

Having quitted this beautiful plain, I rode up a steep ascent to the top of Mockham down, where I discovered a Danish encampment, the vallum of which was very thick and high, and the fosse, in particular parts deep. Its diameter was 300 feet and its situation was such as to give it considerable strength, and the view commanded a vast extent of country. Four miles from thence brought us to Castle Hill, The gardener attending. I rode through Lord Fortescue's grounds, passing before the front of the house, of no extraordinary beauty, very little taste hath been displayed in spreading out before it a wide space of gravell'd terrace. I was pleased with the information that this old stile was to be abolished, and that the lawn was to ascend gradually with Nature's best embellishments to the front door. I visited the dog-kennel situated on the beautiful slope of a hill, and after skirting a wood and ascending a hill, arrived at a Spa, a chalybeate water of considerable strength and colour. The middle front of this building is encrusted with old roots of trees and moss in good stile, and the cell is of similar construction, having in its center a receptacle for the mineral water. (Mr. Swete continues to give a full description of various points in the Park and woods, he mentions the Triumphal Arch and a Temple dedicated to the memory of Earl Clinton, by his brother, the late Lord Fortescue, in the the year 1772; also the Hermitage, which he remarks "had been constructed with taste and propriety.")

In the way to South Molton I past a fabric of elder days—the ruins of which denoted former worth, though the only part now habitable be converted to a farmhouse, belonging to Lord Fortescue. South Molton hath nothing apparently to attract a stranger's notice, its streets are but of mean

appearance, a walk leads to the church thro' a range of trees, and the Church itself, large and handsomely built, rises on an eminence and appears an object of importance. The road from hence to Tiverton, passing by Bishops-Nymet and Rackenford, was very stony, very hilly, and afforded a view of a very tame and meagre country, till within two or three miles of Tiverton, when it assumes a more verdant and fertile aspect. In the West suburbs through which I entered, I was struck with an uncommon building of a very antique form, having a turret at one end, where a bell seemed to hang—an inscription in old characters was painted throughout the whole length of the front, which was composed of two stories of Galleries, in which several old Paupers (for it was an Almshouse, built by John Waldron, 1579) were walking, as under Porticos, and gazing over the meadows opposite. Several Images were in alto relievo on the walls, which, with the old Chantry, contributed to the giving it an air of reverence and antiquity.

On the North-East end of the town is the old Church, covered over with arms, and with a variety of emblematical devices—a large venerable Pile, which hath attached to it, a grand tower, of considerable thickness and height—on the Northern side of the Church, which is otherwise of Gothic Architecture, is an arched doorway of Norman Architecture, ornamented with the wonted embellishments of the stile, fretwork and zig-zag mouldings. Contiguous to the Churchyard are the remains of a Castle, placed on an eminence, falling precipitately on the North, toward the river. At the West end it hath a square tower, another on the South-East of a rounded form, enriched with ivy, which hath a fine effect when contrasted with the stone of the Building, which is of reddish tint. Between these towers, appears a long range of walls, which, from the peculiar turn and ornamental frettings of the windows seem'd to have been the Chapel. The battlements have been destroyed and roofs of slate usurp'd their places, and on the front, near the tower, in the sketch (*see illustration*, p. 169), are the vestiges of machicolations. The whole occupied the space of about an acre and an half, in the quadrangle hath risen a modern built house, inhabited by a farmer, who rents the estate of Sir Thomas Carew, amounting to £300 per annum. It once belonged to the Courtenays, Earls of Devon—from thence it pass'd by a female to the Trelawneys.

The Free school is entered by a Porter's Lodge, and over the gateway, on a tablet, an inscription told me that it was built by Mr. Peter Blundell, in 1604, *ætatis suæ* 81.

The following morning was Sunday, Sept. 13th. I attended divine service in the old church. After prayers, I observ'd a number of handsome modern monuments and two very ancient tombs on each side of the altar, over this a large modern painting of "Peter's release from Prison," which was painted and presented to the town by Richard Cosway, Esq. (a native of the town), in the year 1784. I noticed what devastation hath been repeatedly made on the old buildings by a succession of fires. As I rode out of the town on the opposite side of the river, along whose banks the road tended, Colly-priest offered itself to my view, and the bridge thrown over the Exe about a quarter of a mile down the stream, adds to its beauty. At the five mile stone from Exeter, I stop't to admire a very noble, antient, and vast Oak, whose circumference at the height of two feet from the ground, I found by measurement, to be 21 feet, and whatever might be its age, it was yet in a state of growth. Thus I made my way homeward through Upton Pyne to Exeter, and thence to Oxton House.

P. F. S. AMERY.

175. THE ALTAR AT ST. TORBRYAN CHURCH.—This fine work of art is, I rather fancy, filling at the present time a different rôle from the one originally intended, as although I know of no documentary evidence on the point, I cannot help having a strong conviction that it was once a pulpit and has been altered and converted to its present use.

I may, however, be entirely wrong, and it may be now fulfilling the purpose for which it was originally designed.

It is rather a curious mixture, as regards the cornice and base mould, which appear to me to be different from the remainder and the result of the supposed conversion. The carving, which is the chief beauty, is the work of a real artist who scorned repetition, the bane of so much modern work; the crockets and finials, although following the same general outline, being entirely different from each other in treatment and style of foliage; whilst the pilasters, which are wholly composed of vine branches, leaves and fruit, shew a fresh design in each case, a sure mark of true artistic feeling. A. L. TATE.