

attached to an old house, close to the church, which was pulled down several years ago. The then clergyman of Belstone purchased the old materials, and removed the cross to his private garden at the vicarage, about half a mile away. We did not choose to follow it to its hiding-place, fearing we might find it, as we recently did a fine old Norman font, doing duty in the centre of a garden rockery, and garnished with broken pottery and oyster-shells. To our minds such removals are, to say the least of them, mistakes; for these emblems of an old religion, like the churches themselves, are all national property, and ought not to be alienated from the spots on which they were erected by the simple piety of our forefathers.

After breakfast next morning, our worthy host conducted us, by a road evidently now not much frequented, whatever may have been the case in more halcyon days, to the adjacent house of West Wyke, an ancient seat of the Battishills of West Wyke, a family now settled at Spreyton. Here, had time permitted, we could have passed the whole day, scrutinizing the remains of antiquity that we met at every turn. As it was, however, we had just leisure enough to snatch a general glance at this fine old Elizabethan mansion, bearing on its timeworn front the date "Anno Do. 1585." Then there was the enclosed inner courtyard, now a mere potato garden, with its Tudoresque gateway, bearing the arms of the Battishills on either side, the initials of a later proprietor of the name, "W. B.," and the date over all, "1656." Passing through this gateway, kindly opened for us by the tenant, we found ourselves approaching a fine old projecting porch, about which the ivy and other evergreens were clinging, as they seemed to have done undisturbed for centuries. Here, alas! the dreams we had been indulging about the house and its former possessors—about the rank and beauty that had daily graced that festive scene, and had passed and repassed that venerable porch—all vanished into air as we turned to look in; for the great porch of West Wyke had been degraded into a hen-roost! Under a large old tree in the outer courtyard we found another octagonal cross, the head of which is unfortunately gone, but testifying that the Battishills of a yet earlier day were not ashamed of the faith in which they had been born and bred. We left the house by another route, alongside a shady avenue of trees, which had evidently once formed the principal approach to West Wyke, and which soon brought us into the great high-road to Exeter, just above South Zeal. . . .

Three Days' Excursion on Dartmoor.

[1795, *Part II.*, pp. 910-912.]

If the following extract from a MS., entitled "Three Days' Excursion on Dartmoor, etc., with some slight remarks on the long-

intended cultivation and enclosure of the said moor," coincides with your plan, it is perfectly at your service. JOHN LASKEY.

Monday, July 21.—Having met this day by appointment at Sacker's bridge, in the parish and hundred of Ermington, we set off thence on our tour about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, bent our course towards Tavistoke, or Tavistock, and soon passed the venerable seat of Blatchford, the residence of Sir Frederick Lemon Rogers, and, shortly after, found ourselves on the edge of Cornwood and Torch Moors, which seemed to serve for no other purpose, in the mass of things, than as elevations for viewing more pleasing prospects surrounding; Nature here having apparently denied every benefit which, in general, she so lavishly bestows, as the few woolly tenants dispersed here and there seemed fully to witness; in short, these spots seemed to be the fag-end of her work. The only remarkable thing we observed here was a species of stone, much resembling marble, of a jet-black colour, with veins and spots of fine white opaque spar, and, as near as I could guess, belonging or nearly allied to *Marmor nigerrimum venis maculisque albis variegatum* of Da Costa; it seems to be plentiful, and, if it would answer the purpose of limestone, it must be of value to the neighbourhood, but a thing so obvious can hardly be supposed to have remained hitherto unnoticed. After travelling for some miles on this sort of soil, we arrived at the brow of a hill, and were suddenly and agreeably surprised with a view of the beautiful spot of Meavy, which appeared quite an assemblage of groves, meadows, orchards and rich pastures, in short, quite an Eden in a desert. This spot we soon left, after taking notice of some irregular hills to the east of Tavistoke, supposed by us to be Roose Torrs and Mis Torrs on the moor. We also passed a few rivulets, no way remarkable, and arrived at the King's Arms Inn, at Tavistoke, about evening's dusk, where the busy hum and bustle of crowded streets, noisy children, and lamps just lighted, formed a pleasing contrast to the still scenes just passed. . . .

Tuesday, 22.—Rising early, we proceeded towards Lidford, and, in the way, examined the top of Brent-Torr. This torr is very curious, it being one mass of hills rising to a great height from a perfect plain, and entirely divested of everything of the kind besides itself, and differing from all the other torrs which we visited; we found it covered (between the rocks) with a fine verdure, and every indication of a very rich soil, far different from the heath which surrounds it. We brought away some bits of the rock, which, in general, is a deep, rusty blue inclining to black, hard and heavy, with pores here and there as if worm-eaten; some of the pores contain a little of a brownish-red earth, but whether of the ochre kind we could not determine. Near the top of the torr some pieces were found more porous, even resembling a cinder or a piece of burnt bread, and very light; we supposed it to be a variety of *Tophus*.

Another observation was very striking, that this torr does not contain a single particle of granite that we could discover ; in this it differs from most of the other torrs we visited, though we found some torrs on the west side of the river Lid, which contained stones of a similar porosity. From the above observation we were led strongly to believe that this remarkable torr was the effect or remains of some long-ago-extinguished volcano, as in its appearance, situation, soil, strata, etc., it argues strongly for it ; it appears also a great similarity to the description in "Brydone's Tour through Sicily," etc., of the hills which he calls "The Offspring of Etna." On the top of this torr stands a church, which has a fine, bold appearance, particularly from the northern side. We were informed it serves for a mark for sailors that bear for Plymouth Haven. The whim for building a church in such an elevated situation is a matter rather unaccountable. Possibly, in the days of superstition, they might think it peculiarly meritorious to take extraordinary pains to serve God.

We then directed our course towards Lidford cataract, which we could not find for some time by mistaking the turning which led to it, which carried us a mile beyond the spot. We were recompensed, however, by many beautiful views of the river Lid, as it winds through the deep woody vale between Lidford Bridge and the cataract. On finding our mistake, we returned to a farmhouse which we had passed, and were conducted to the cataract by a little girl whom we enriched by a present (probably to her noble) of half-a-crown. The many humble curtseys, and "Thankee, sirs," spoke the joyous feelings of a grateful heart. Lidford cataract is a very fine fall of water, concealed in a deep and narrow valley, the sides of which are almost perpendicular and thickly clothed with wood, interspersed with the *Rubus Idæus spinosus fructu rubro*, or raspberry, the red berries of which, intermixed with the black fruit of the *Rubus major fructu nigro*, or common blackberry bush, had a very pleasing appearance. Through this valley runs the river Lid ; the cataract is no part of the river, but is formed of a large brook which falls into it by tumbling down the precipice ; . . . when viewed from the bottom it appears to issue from the top from an almost perpendicular rock, about 100 feet in height, but meeting with an obstruction about midway, which, scattering abroad a part of the water, has a fine effect ; thence it runs down against the rock, which continues almost perpendicularly to the bottom, which is worn, by the corrosiveness of the water, as straight and as smooth as if cut down by art. After we had gratified our curiosity from this point of view we ascended a narrow and dangerous path along the side of the valley to a part of the stream seemingly above the place whence the cataract appeared to issue as seen from the bottom ; but, to our great surprise, found the water really issued from a greater height, in a very crooked and irregular direction ; from this spot we were prevented by the over-

growing of the shrubs and bushes from seeing to the top or to the bottom, the view being intercepted towards the bottom by the obstruction at mid-way and the curvature of the rock. . . .

[1795. *Part II.*, pp. 1008, 1009.]

We soon after reached Lidford Bridge, which stands about three quarters of a mile above the cataract over the river Lid: the water running under this bridge is so deep sunk between two rocks, that it is scarce to be seen, and yet so narrow that only one moderate arch suffices to cross it. An oral tradition is handed to us, that a man on horseback has unknowingly leaped over it in a dark night, when the bridge was broken. The water, which is between 60 and 70 feet from the top of the bridge, runs with a thundering noise. . . . Having crossed this bridge, a few paces brought us to the wretched remains of the once flourishing town of Lidford (anciently called Lyghatford); it is a king's demesne (now called Ancient Demesne), and, as appears from their charter in King Edward's days, had 140 burgesses; it is now shrunk from its original splendour, and appears a mere nothing, there remaining at present but a few hovels, and these of the most wretched structure. During the Saxon Heptarchy it was a town of some note, and even so great have been its privileges, that it was not rated at any other time, or other cause whatsoever than London was, but now reduced even below the consequence of the most insignificant borough! . . . Some remaining parts of its walls have been discovered in a field at some distance; and, by a moderate computation, must have stood on a space of ground equal to Exeter. It was destroyed by the Danes in the nineteenth year of Ethelbred's reign, A.D. 997, when they arrived in the river Tamar, and devastated with fire and sword all that lay in their route, among which this town was one. At first view, it appeared strange such a town of note was never rebuilt like most other places that suffered by the Danish fury; but, on recollection, and viewing the situation, etc., we wondered no more, being situated on the Moor, and overlooked by the moor hills; consequently, must have been in winter seasons, nay, for three parts in a year, a black, inhospitable dreary place, subject to all the storms, without the least shelter, which are well known to arise on the moor, and round its cloud-capped snowy towers. As no records of its antiquity remain (as far as I can discover, so says Risdon), we may be allowed the supposition that it was first founded in the uncivilized days of the ancient giant-like Albionists, such as are reported to have been the first inhabitants of this island, or at least by Corinæus's companions, that vanquished these. Their well-known attachment to barbarous customs and rough situations leaves it without a doubt to have been inhabited by one of these people, it now possessing all that wildness and dreariness

of which they were so fond ; therefore it can be no wonder the more civilized Danes never thought of rectifying it.

Lidford Castle came next under our observation : a plain square building, containing nothing very curious or remarkable. It seems to be of considerable antiquity ; one of the sides appears to be undermining ; consequently we suppose it will not remain many years in its present state. The windows, or rather loopholes, are small and narrow, and placed in the building without regularity. There are many spacious and large rooms, particularly one which appears to have been lately repaired, and contains a table, seats, etc., for holding the forest courts. On the left, just within the entrance of the castle, a trap-door opens into what is called the dungeon. It is a square room, many feet below the level of the entrance ; and, it being here almost dark, and the descent perpendicular, it is a very dangerous pit for strangers unacquainted with the same. We observed in the walls of this castle stones of a like porosity with those of Brent Torr, already described. Something of their court of judicature may be collected from Jacob, who, in his law-dictionary, says, "Lidford law was a proverbial speech, and intending as much as to hang a man first, and judge him afterwards." About three o'clock in the afternoon, we again pursued our route towards Cranmere Pool, on foot, and visited a fall of water, about one mile from Lidford Castle, on the south of a torr known by the name of Lynx Torr, called Kit's Hole. This cascade, though much inferior in height, still exhibits a very pleasing appearance. It is formed by the whole river Lid bursting out from a very narrow passage, and falling from rock to rock. The passage is formed between two rocks which seem split on purpose by the force of some vast Herculean instrument. . . .

Its first appearance from between the rocks was exceedingly beautiful. About four miles from Lidford we arrived at a tin-work called Kerbeam. This work is an old pit, long lain dormant, but now again reworked. The stone below is of a reddish granite, of a harsh texture, terrene, and very brittle, with black mica. In all directions it appears to be the fifth variety of Da Costa's *Granita rubescens*, *Granita orientalis*, *rubra dicta*. An old Cornish miner, who belonged to the work, informed us that it was as fine a country for the produce of tin as he ever saw. We then pursued our journey in search of Cranmere Pool (but, ere we proceed, it will be necessary here to observe that about a mile from Lidford, to the south of a torr called Lynx Torr, there are seen three others, which Down, in his map, has not noted ; their names are Brat Torr, Sharp Torr, and Hare Torr) ; according to our directions, we were to have passed a little to the North of Sharp Torr ; but, mistaking Brat Torr for it, we missed our track, though according to the map, on examining it more directly towards the pool, this route brought us to an old stream tin-

work, which we found no way curious. We then proceeded by our compass in search of the pool, and passed a valley through which runs a rivulet towards the south; farther on we came near a final river, which appeared to run in the same direction, and then to wind its course northerly; through this vale opened a pretty view of part of the North Hams, which seemed at no great distance; also a white seat appeared, a great way off, in the middle of it (a more particular account of this river and seat will be seen in my remarks on the geography of the Moor, and the map made use of). We were much at a loss to account for this river, as it could answer to none in the map but the West Okement, which runs out of the pool we were in search of; on that supposition our route was too much towards the north; therefore, leaving the bend of this river, we inclined more to the south, hoping to find the pool, or meet the river again in its winding. Another valley now appeared, but was found, on exploring it, not to contain the object of our search.

[1795, *Part II.*, pp. 1080-1082.]

We observed in this route the moor on the western side of the river Lid to be a tolerable soil, apparently fit for pasture; but on the eastern side it begins to degenerate, particularly after passing the first tors, where it puts on the true moorish aspect, producing the *Vitis idæa foliis oblongis crenatis fructa nigricante*, or black whortleberry bushes, in abundance, with most of the varieties of *Erica*, or heath, intermixing its varied tints or forms with the golden velvety appearance of the blossom of the *Genista spinosa*, or furze, affording to the eye a pleasing relief to the barren aspect surrounding. Farther on we observed black wood was cut, but it appears in this part of the moor it is not found in any great plenty. Black wood is a terrene, soft, black, spongy substance plentifully intermixed with a small, spiry kind of root, lying about half a foot beneath the surface, bearing a strong resemblance to the stocks or butts of rushes, but of a more unctuous substance. This is dug by the poorer class of people, and dried in cakes about 12 inches in length, 6 or 7 inches in breadth, and 2 inches thick, and used by them for firing. It is also made into a kind of charcoal, which is much used by smiths for tempering edge tools, and it is said to be far preferable to any other coal for that purpose. The ground here we found to be very swampy, and passable (on foot only) on condition of being wet-shod. Most of these swampy places may be known by the verdure and green moss growing on them. We found, the farther we penetrated on the moor, the soil to grow bad in proportion, and the track of our return from the search after Cranmere Pool to be black and spongy, full of bare and moist channels resembling gutters, which made it very troublesome for walking, it being neither safe nor agreeable to tread in them. As to riding on horseback in this part of the moor, we considered it

to be impracticable. A gentleman of my acquaintance has since informed me there is a small neck or isthmus of dry, solid ground, by which a person well acquainted with it can go on horseback to the pool from the north or north-west. The sheep being the only cattle we saw here pleaded strongly the extreme poverty of the soil by their meagre appearance. The living waters have a black colour, and the stagnant pools a nauseous taste (no ways mineral), proceeding from the soil. A singularity we also observed here, that the highest ground was the most swampy. The rocks are entirely of the *Granita albissima micis magnis nigris argenteisque notata* of Da Costa, and the moorstone of Woodward and Hill. At the torrs large masses were piled one on the other like huge cheeses; they did not otherwise strike us to be any wise curious. The farther we proceeded on the moor, the fewer these rocks were to be found. . . .

Tavistoke, or Tavistock, which derives its name from the river Tave (on the banks of which it stands), is an ancient borough by prescription, governed by a portreve chosen at the court-leet of the Duke of Bedford, who is lord of the manor, to whom it gives the title of marquis. It possesses the privilege of coining of tin, and holding monthly stannary courts; also a market, and four fairs yearly. The market house is handsome, being lately built at the expense of the inhabitants. The town in general seems to be tolerably well built, and flourishing from its trade, which consists principally of the woollen manufactory. It is also well supplied with water, which runs almost through every street, and we were told there was a famous chalybeate mineral spring here, but had not time to visit it. We apprehend this town was once walled, as we observed two very magnificent gateways, but could discover no other remains now left. On peeping into Risdon's "Survey of Devon" for information, I find this pretty story preserved. As early as the days of King Edgar, the first unresisted monarch of this land, Orgarius, Duke of Devon (whom Polydore calls Hordogarius), kept his court here, of the beauty and excellence of whose daughter tradition has handed down this tale: That King Edgar, hearing much praise of the beauty and accomplishments of Elfleda (daughter of Orgarius) sent Ethelwold to woo her in his name. He, finding report had not belied her, turned traitor, and wooed her in his own, at the same time keeping his master's embassy a profound secret, returning Edgar this answer, "that the fair damsel came far short of such perfection as fame gave out, and in no ways for feature fit for a king." This, as may be supposed where beautiful features was the object of love, soon blunted the keen edge of the king's passion, and Ethelwold took her for wife. This proceeding of his soon created jealous fears in the bosom of Edgar, for the quieting of which he paid Orgarius a visit, under the mask of a hunting-match. Ethelwold, hearing this, and well knowing his treachery, was much alarmed, and, discovering the secret to his

wife, desired her to appear before the king in the most homely attire. She, enraged at having missed being the consort of a king, resolved that Ethelwold should smart for it, and at the coming of Edgar dressed herself in her most elegant attire, and so appeared. Edgar was immediately struck with her surpassing beauty, but had such command of his temper as to elude the watching eye of Ethelwold. However, during the hunting-match, poor Ethelwold lost his life by an arrow or javelin piercing him quite through the body at a place called Wilverley, since Warlewood. However, this history does not tell us whether the earl lost his life by accident or design, or whether the fatal shaft was aimed immediate from the king's own hand, or by his direction. . . .

We next took a transient view of the church, and found it bore a modern appearance, with a public gateway through the tower, which has a tolerable ring of eight tunable bells, being the present of one of their members of Parliament, the inhabitants having their choice either of an organ or ring of bells. We were here shown a leg and thigh bone, and, by the person who showed the same, told that they belonged to a giant. The former measured 20, the latter 21 inches, but according to these proportions the person to whom they belonged could not have been much above $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. We next viewed the abbey, which we found to be very magnificent in its appearance, and being blended and intermixed with more modern structures, greatly added to its venerable show of grandeur, and serves as a curious specimen of the ancient taste in architecture, pointing out one degree of splendour in which the fathers of superstition lived. Being now inhabited, there is reason to suppose it will remain a monument of their greatness for ages to come, unless new fashions and improvements, in a gay and large town, should prove more fatal to this range of building than the corroding hand of Time.

We find by history that Ordulph (son of Orgarius) founded this abbey (being admonished so to do by a vision) A.D. 961, and replenished the same with Black Monks, Augustines, and consecrated it to St. Mary and St. Burien. The situation of this abbey is truly picturesque and beautiful, its walls running a long way by the side of the river Tave, between which and the walls there is an agreeable public walk. The river, by being broken and interrupted in its course by large rocks, forms many pleasing natural cataracts and bays, affording a safe asylum to the fish inhabiting this river from the nets of the deadly poacher, at the same time affording the fair fisherman infinite amusement, either for the angle or fly. The hanging woods on the opposite banks, combined with the romantic situation of the river, formed a pleasing object. Being unwilling to give trouble, and not having sufficient time to investigate in a more particular manner these remains of antiquity, we thought it most

proper not at this time to view the internal parts, but beg to refer to Master Risdon for further knowledge. He tells us, that the founder and his father lie buried in this abbey, and that they were men of gigantic stature and strength. I cannot at present positively charge my memory, but think the bones shown at the church are said to be part of the remains of one of them. St. Rumon, bishop of the place, and Edwin, son of King Ethelbred, also lie there. He also tells us it contained a public school, and that lectures were read in the Saxon tongue (down to the time of his grandfather, which was probably about the sixteenth century), for preserving the antiquities, laws, and histories, formerly written in that language, from oblivion. Smollett, in his "Present State of all Nations," says that in the beginning of the civil wars a Saxon grammar was printed here. This abbey scarce arrived at the age of thirty years when it was ravaged by the Danes and burnt, but, like the phoenix, it again soon revived. Its endowment was the pious charity of that age, which amounted, at the fatal downfall of such structures, to the vast sum of £903 5s. 7½d. per annum. Thereby the abbot growing rich and proud, his ambition affected a mitre, then aspired to be admitted a baron of the higher House of Parliament (and held Hardwick the principal place of his barony), and, lastly, to contend with Hugh Oldham, Bishop of Exon; which Oldham, dying *pendente lite*, was excommunicated, and his executors were forced to sue to the Court of Rome for a dispensation from the pope ere he might be buried. In the course of our walk this morning I picked up (under the abbey walls) the *Phalæna pavonia* (emperor moth), knocked down by the *Hirundo rustica* (swallow), whose great eagerness to possess so beautiful and delicate a morsel made him rush by my ear with so great a velocity that it made me start. Immediately we saw the gay insect fluttering on the ground. . . .

J. L.

[1796, Part I., pp. 34-36.]

At eleven o'clock in the morning we set out from Tavistock in search of Crockern Torr and other remarkable places on the moor, taking especial care to furnish our servant with a stock of cold provisions and a bottle of *vinum bonum*. We took the Exeter road, and having to the best of our knowledge ascertained the spot, we proceeded on foot to the northward to examine some torrs and search for Wistman's Wood. After searching in vain for some time, and being arrived at the third torr and finding no wood, we were under some perplexity concerning it; however, on clambering to the top of one of the torrs, we discovered it a little behind us. Near the river it is an assemblage of low scrubby oak-trees, or rather large bushes of underwood, seemingly of great antiquity, occupying a space of about half an acre of ground, the spaces between the trees being covered with immense moorstone rocks almost touching the lower boughs of the trees. At this time they come far short of the description Risdon,

in his "Survey of Devon," gives, few of them that we observed having anything like an upright trunk of a fathom about; one of the largest and loftiest that we observed possessing a trunk of about 2 feet high, which spreads regularly into three branches. This famous wood also possesses a few bushes of the *Falix*, or willow-tree of the mountain variety, the *Fraxinus vulgaris*, common ash-tree, and a few plants of the *Sorbus aucuparia*, mountain ash, or wild service-tree. . . . We now proceeded to investigate the torr, and searched for the table, seats, etc., said to be used in the stannary parliaments held here, but could not discover them, and we were led to imagine the rocks and detached smaller masses were used for that purpose; and for this, in the rude age of simplicity, the torr seems well adapted, consisting, not like most of the other torrs we visited, of high and steep piles of rocks, but of a great number of separate ones scattered on the ground to a considerable extent, some in single masses, others double and triple in such manner as may tolerably well serve for tables and seats, and be fancied as such by a fertile imagination; as to anything regular or artificial, there did not appear to us the smallest trace, the whole seems to remain as when formed by nature—the rocks scattered without any visible order or design, and no appearance of any tool ever having been employed on them. I here found a curious fragment of a flint with concentric curved lines, which I preserved and added to that part of my collection to which it belongs. We by no means supposed this flint to be a natural production of this place, but brought from a distance and lodged there for use; or it might have been the property of some poring naturalist, and there casually lost—it had no appearance of ever being used against the steel. This was the only particle of flint we perceived during the whole course of our tour on the moor. The great disparity between the strata of Dartmoor and a sister eminence of great extent (Halldown), which consists of one bed of flints, very forcibly struck us. We now turned our horses towards Holne, and returned to Two Bridges for greater safety and certainty of getting into the Holne road; but seeing a very good cut leading across the moor we struck into the same, which brought us into a fine road, following which for about a mile we arrived at a large brook running south. On referring to the sketch of the map it was found not to be the road which we supposed it to be, being on the other side of the river Dart. Proceeding, however, on it we came to Dunnabridge Pound, and on inquiry found it led to Newbridge, and was the Ashburton road; but that there was a nearer way to Holne, which would save a mile or more. A man of that place became our guide and pointed out this road, which is entered from the Ashburton road at a gate leading into a green lane. Having forded the Dart (or as our guide called it the West Dart) and ascended the opposite hill we came to Coombstone Rock—it consists of three very large

masses of stone piled one on the other like cakes, the sides nearly perpendicular, and the upper parts flat. Thence we proceeded to Holne, where we refreshed ourselves and horses on good homely fare and courteous obliging behaviour. In crossing the moor in this part of our peregrination we were mostly on horseback, therefore could not make many very particular observations, such as were made being superficially. We observed that west of a bridge called Merrivil Bridge it was very rocky, and the soil but poor; but farther on we observed several spots enclosed with walls for cultivation. These spots we apprehend to be called New Takes (in the Old Latin Rolls *Sepimentum*), and held by grants from the Prince of Wales, each supposed to be equivalent to eight acres of good land, though sometimes containing in quantity near ten times as much. Farther on the soil improves, and black wood is cut in great plenty. About Two Bridges and Crockern Torr it is very good pasture; but though there are many such enclosures as just mentioned producing corn, etc., we do not recollect seeing the least appearance of timber, excepting Wistman's Wood, till we were got some way to the east of Dunnabridge Pound. From the pound to Holne the lands south of the river Dart are mostly enclosed, and put on the appearance of the incountry. Great part of this route laying through the *Genista spinosa*, furze, made it very troublesome. As we drew near Holne, and the parish of Buckland, we found wood plentiful, mostly of the *Ulnus vulgarissima folio lato scabro*, common rough-leaved elm, and here and there clumps of single trees of the *Quercus latifolia*, common oak. The stone on the moor, as far as we observed it this day, was all of the granite or moorstone species. Holne, otherwise Holme, formerly Holeland, possessed a monastery of the white monks, who were greatly condemned for their covetousness, as appears by the words of King Richard I., in answer to one Fulk, a Frenchman (a man in great esteem for his godliness and piety), who told Richard that he fostered three daughters which would incur the wrath of God if he did not shortly free himself from them. "Thou hypocrite," says Richard, "the world well knoweth I never was the father of children." Fulk still persisted he was the father of three. Which assertion so roused the king's choler that he threatened Fulk highly; who, to appease him, discovered his meaning, saying that his three daughters were pride, covetousness, and lechery. "If that is the case," replied the king, "I will presently rid myself of them. First, the white monks of Holne shall have my covetousness, the knights templars my pride, and the clergy my lust. Thus have you my three daughters bestowed amongst you." Edulph, Bishop of Crediton, held half an hide of land here. Then Otheline inherited it. After him William Bozun, since Nicholas de la Yeo. . . . Of the village of Buckland we observed nothing remarkable; but find it is commonly called Buckland in the Moor, that from its site Roger de Buckland

took his name, a man of great worth and wealth, from whom sprang William de Buckland, who was sheriff of Devon and Cornwall five successive years. After being sufficiently refreshed and recovered from the fatigue we left Holne and proceeded towards Buckfast Abbey, which we viewed with a great deal of pleasure, and thought the time well spent. From which we proceeded towards Modbury at a pretty good rate, taking the direct road. . . . J. L.

[1796, *Part I.*, pp. 194-196.]

Buckfast, Buckfastre, or Buckfastleigh Abbey, is a ruin of large extent, and deserves a more particular description than we can give [see *post*, pp. 151-2]. It was founded by Duke Alfred before the Conquest, and replenished with white monks of the order of Cistercians, and dedicated to the honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary. At the surrender its yearly income amounted to £464 11s. 2d. In the reign of the second Richard, William Slade, a learned monk, belonged to this house. There now remain of this magnificent ruin two arches, which appear to have been the entrance, and some ruins on a large scale, which we took for the lodge. The arches are situated one behind the other, and stand across the road leading from Buckfastleigh to Ashburton; the iron staples for the gates to hang on still remain, and are of great bigness, which led us to think they were of massy structure. The ruins of what we took to be the lodge stand on the eastern side, its length about 20 paces, breadth 8 paces (not being supplied with proper conveniences for a minute measurement, we were obliged to content ourselves with it thus roughly, taking care to diminish rather than exaggerate). On the same side are several apartments, one of which is inhabited, another is converted into a pound-house, in which stands a moorstone trough of great bulk, for the purpose of breaking apples for the pound. The following measurements I received from a learned gentleman who has paid great attention to these ruins: the diameter of this stone is 9 feet 4 inches, depth 3 feet 6 inches, one half of which is sunk in the ground; the supposed weight before it was hollowed he computes must amount to above 100 tons. It is of the granite kind, and affords matter of surprise by what means it was brought and placed there, stones of that quality not being to be found within the distance of many miles, round the abbey being one continued lime-rock, which is worked at many places to a depth, height and extent surprising, and forming a vast cavern, at once terrific and beautiful, which proves an inexhaustible fund of gain to the owner. The remainder of these ruins are situated in an orchard on the western side of the road, at the bottom of which runs with silent murmur the river Dart, seemingly regretting the downfall of the abbey. The first thing that presents itself, tradition says, was the abbot's cellar, which is entered by a small Gothic gateway, and is about 28 paces long and 12 wide, arched

overhead, and in days of yore, no doubt, well stored with delicious liquors, of which the monks knew passing well the true *goutt*. But, alas! so great is the change that even Richard III.'s stone coffin being used as a drinking-trough for horses at an inn could not be a greater contrast. Instead of rosy-gilled fathers of *abstinence* filling the luxurious bowl from this sacred repository, it is now become the summer shield for the brute creation, who seek to cool their feet in the miry puddle, formed by the overflowing of a most excellent spring of sweet and clear water on the eastern side of this cellar. At one end remain a few steps, which led to the ruin above, which our guide told us was the abbot's kitchen, it is now converted into a kitchen-garden. At the south end is the skeleton of a set of apartments, which appear to have been the cells of the monks, which was approached by winding steps, fifty-one of which now remain. It is of a particular form, having, as well as we could guess, seven sides. The immense bushes of ivy, dropping in rich festoons, almost buried its form. On removing some of these bushes we could plainly observe the holes in which the joists and sleepers rested for the support of the flooring, from which we judged the rooms to be about 6 feet in height in the clear, one above the other. These, we were told, solely belonged to the abbot. Joining this was their court of judicature and judgment-seat, and behind a dungeon for those that by their offences were thought worthy of the same. On the north-east side appear the walls and foundation of this once spacious and splendid seat of superstition; the abbey church and the remains of its tower all lying in such massy fragments, that it is scarcely to be conceived by what power so vast a fabric could be disjoined. The walls appear to be of the thickness of 9 or 10 feet, and entirely composed of small stones in layers, and a compost of lime and sand, which we supposed to have been thrown on these layers hot, after the method anciently used in such large building, which, incorporating together, formed a mass as solid as the native rock. The ruins of the church appear to be about 250 feet in length, and the ruins of the tower towards the south seem like huge and vast rocks piled one on another in extensive confusion.

These ruins, in all probability, will continue unmolested for ages to come (as stone for building is plentiful in the neighbourhood), a monument of the grandeur in which the sons of the papal church then lived. . . . In the town of Buckfastleigh I picked up by accident a silver coin, having the bust of Richard III. The person I had it of, being a labourer, informed me he found it among the ruins of Buckfast Abbey. I do not find it edited either by Wife, Folkes or Snelling, but on perusing Noble's "Dissertation on the Mint and Coins of the Episcopal Palatines of Durham" I find a coin nearly similar, the only observable difference being in the mint-mark, that mentioned by Noble having a boar's head, and the one in my

possession a cross patée ; Noble's also possesses a figure of the cross on the breast of the king, which the other has not. He tells us his is a penny of Bishop Sherwood, who had the temporalities restored to him the 6th of August, in the first year of the reign of Richard III., and that he survived the tyrant many years. The mottoes of these pennies are exactly similar reading : on the obverse, RICARDVS REX ANGLIE, with the head of the king, full face, within a circle of annulets ; the reverse, CIVITAS DVNOLM, a cross patée quartering a circle of annulets, with the usual type of three annulets in each quarter. I still have my doubts whether this penny may be attributed to Bishop Sherwood, through the circumstance of the mint-mark ; Noble saying the usual mint-mark used by him was the boar's head, and that the regal money usually carried the same mark. I have seen several engravings of various pennies bearing Richard's head with various mint-marks, but have never, as yet, found one as above described, therefore suppose it to be unique. . . . Within the parish of Buckfastleigh, we are told, stand the remains of an old fort, called the Henbury fort, including a large plot of ground, standing on the top of a hill. For want of time we omitted visiting it.

[1796, *Part I.*, pp. 275, 276.]

After breakfast I strolled about the town, found nothing very curious or remarkable. It is distinguished by the name of Great Modbury (or Mortbury) and Little Modbury. It has a tolerable market on Thursdays, generally well supplied with provisions, and two fairs yearly on the feasts of St. George and St. James. The church stands in an elevated situation, with a tolerably lofty spire : the communion plate, I was told, is remarkably rich and valuable. Modbury hath been noted, even as long ago as King Henry III.'s day, for brewing nappy ale ; of which Henry of Auranches, a poet of that date, wrote thus :

“ Of this strong drink, much like to Stygian lake
(Most term it ale), I know not what to make ;
Folk drink it thick, and pass it out full thin,
Much dregs therefore must needs remain therein.”

Little Modbury was formerly the dwelling of Sir Ralph Rouse in Henry III.'s time. The last of this place (as Risdon says) had issue Elizabeth, first married to Peverel, secondly to Dymock, and thirdly to Walter Cornu, son of Alan Cornu. She had issue only by Dymock.

About four miles from Modbury, in my route homeward, stands the little village of Bromston, consisting of a few scattered houses, Reginald de Valletort, Lord of Modbury gave it to Ralph de Morville. From him it descended to his son Adam, who granted it to Baldwin de Wayford, who gave it to the abbey of Buckfastleigh in the reign of Henry III. About a mile farther onwards we crossed

the river Aun at a stone bridge, called Gearer Bridge. Thence we pass a small village by the name of Morleigh. It is very ancient; as I find, by records, that in the reign of Edward I., 1272, Sir Peter Fizacre, Knt., held lands here, then belonging to the parish of Woodleigh (a neighbouring parish); whereupon some controversy arising between him and the parson of Woodleigh touching tithes, the matter being pushed to a great length, Sir Peter in his passion killed the parson; which act was so eagerly followed against the knight, that he was constrained to answer the same at Rome; where the pope enjoined him, for his penance, to build the church of Morleigh; which he accordingly did, and lieth buried in the walls there, arched over. At a small distance thence are the remains of an old fortification, now no otherwise than a large circular heap of stones; also a circumvallation of great extent, with several large tumuli, five of which stand close together, one of them very large and lofty. Very near the outward edge of the circumvallation, some others are observed at a distance; on one of which, known by the name of the Beacon (in the adjoining parish of Halwell), stands a very neat pleasure-house, built by Colonel Edmonds, a gentleman just returned from the East Indies, whose elegant house (new-built) stands in view. I have long had a wish to open one of these tumuli. . . . The name of this fort is Stammers, or Stanborough. About two miles farther on we pass a small hamlet, called Woodaford, with two small rivulets running through the same, which a little below joins and proves the source of filling that elegant and picturesque sheet of water the Lea at Slapton Cellars. This sheet of water occupies some hundreds of acres, and has no visible outlet, draining itself through the sand of the beach into the sea, which is scarcely distant a stone's throw. It is well stored with the *Perca flaviatilis*, perch, *Lucius efox*, pike, *Cyprinus rutilus*, roach, and immense quantities of the *Anguilla*, or eel; and the *Fulica*, bald coot, in abundance, finding here a safe breeding place among the vast quantities of the *Arundo*, or reed, here called Lea reeds. In winter every kind of wild fowl is to be found on its surface in the greatest plenty. From this hamlet, ascending the hill, we arrived at the pleasant village of Blackauton (anciently Aveton). This village was given to the abbey of Torr by Herbert Fitz Mathew, as appears by this old record: "Petrus, fil. Mathei. conc. abbat de Torr totum mannerium de Aulton cum corpore suo post mortem hidem quiescendo salvo Rogero fratri suo et hæred. de carne suo progenit X marcus annui redditus in certo assign. teste domino Nicholas de Mules." And the following evidence shows that William le Speke left all his lands in Aulton to the same abbey: "Willielmus le Speke salut. noverint me pro salut. etc., concess. abbat de Torr totam terram meam in Aulton," etc. The parish of Blackauton is very large and populous; its church rather small, which bears its name,

situated about 4 miles from Dartmouth, and 8 from Totnes and Kingsbridge, on a hill most part commanding a fine view of the sea; its vicinity to these towns, and the known healthfulness of its air, being a combination of the sea, land, and moor, induced many gentlemen to make purchases, and fix their residence here, whose houses, from every point of view, have a pleasing appearance.

The church stands on a hill, to appearance raised on purpose, very large, consisting of a nave and two aisles. It is entirely divested of that antique Gothic grandeur which most churches in some degree possess. The chancel and the aisles seem to be of modern origin, and very irregular. The tower, about 80 feet in height, holds a tolerable ring of six bells. The most curious article here is the screen dividing the chancel from the main body of the church: it is of carved wood, in good condition, perfect, and very curious. Near the centre of the nave lies a stone covering the remains of the Forde family, on which are two brass engraved effigies of Margaret and Nicholas Forde, date 1582. There are many other curious epitaphs in the church and yard; but, having left my note-book, must defer giving them you till another opportunity. The late worthy vicar, Thomas Adams, will long be remembered by his parishioners, and was himself a proof of the healthiness of the situation, living to the age of seventy-one; himself and father holding the vicarship above a century. Since the year 1530 only seven vicars have been appointed.

[1796, *Part II.*, pp. 545-547.]

Dartmoor, so called from its barren soil, is computed to be about 20 miles long and 14 miles wide, consisting chiefly of a blackish earth, covered with rocks and its fragments; some of these rocks are of great bulk and height, resembling towers of massy bigness, and, from their elevated situation, to be seen at a great distance. The external surface of the moor yields but few productions of the vegetable world, with the exception of whortleberry bushes, heath and furze; its numerous woolly inhabitants speak fully the barrenness of the soil; but, with all these disadvantages, the forest of Dartmoor may truly be said to be rich, its bowels producing great quantities of tin, and, in some parts, turf is cut, and prepared for sale by the adjacent dwellers in great quantities and to a great amount; from these hills the mother of many rivers declineth, some of which take their route and fall into the British Ocean, while others bend their course in a contrary direction, and meet the Severn Sea.

This waste King John assigned to be a forest; and King Henry III. not only confirmed his father's grant, but, among other things, set down its boundaries, a copy of which I shall here set down:

“Perambulatio Ricardi comitis Cornubie et Pictavie tenentis in com' Devon', per preceptum domini regis Henrici filii Johannis ad

coronationem dict' Hen' 24°, in vigilia S'ci Jacobi, per juramentum sacristi subscript', scil', Will' de la Bruer, Guidonis de Bretville, Will' de Widwerthy, Hugonis de Bolhay, Rich' Giffard, Odonis de Troverby, Henrici filii Henrici, Will' de Trenchard, Phil' Havrer, Nich' de Heamdon, Will' de Northleigh, et Durat' filii Boton, qui incipiunt perambulationem ad Hogam de Cosdowne, et inde linealiter usque ad Parvam Hogam, que vocatur Hounteret, inde usque ad Thurleston, et inde linealiter usque Wotesbrooke, Lakefoot, quæ cadit in Teigne, et inde linealiter usque ad Hangeston, et inde linealiter usque ad Gotestone, et inde linealiter usque ad mediam turbariam Aberhene, et sic in longam Wallabroke, et inde linealiter usque ad furt regis, et inde linealiter usque ad Wallabrooke-head, usque cadit in Darta, et sic per Dartam usque ad aliam Dartam, ascendend' usque ad Abbot foot, et sic ascend' Otbroke, usque ad Leedereoke, et ita ascendend' usque ad le Driffield forde, et inde linealiter usque ad Batshill, ad inde linealiter usque ad caput Westor-Wellabroke, et sic per Westor-Wellabroke usque cadit in Avon, et inde linealiter usque ad Easter Wellabroke, et inde linealiter usque ad Redlake que cadit in Erme, et inde ascend' usque ad Grimsgrove, et inde linealiter usque ad Elisberough, et inde linealiter usque ad crucem Silward, et inde usque ad Efforther, et sic per aliam Efforther, et inde per medium mustum usque at Mewboron, et inde usque ad Willingsesse, et inde ad Rahernbrokefoot, et sic ad caput ejusdem quæ et deinde usque ad le West Soe, et inde linealiter usque ad Grenestor, et inde linealiter usque ad vadum proximum in Orientali parte capelle St. Mich' de Halgestock, et inde linealiter usque ad predict' Hogam de Cosdowne in Orientali parte."

We also find, in and about the moor, a certain species of tenants, known by the name of Fenfield men (in the Saxon *Fengefeld*). These are the king's special tenants, and do suit and service at his court, paying him annually; these enjoy the following privileges: they are not to be attached by any officer, but for default of non-payment of their rents, which is fourpence yearly, at Michaelmas; they are privileged to fish in all waters there, and dig turfs, and to have all in the said moor that can do them good, except green oak and venison; also to present at the court (which was held at Lidford) all faults and offences found in and about the moor; also to winter in the moor by day as much cattle as they can keep, but, if they tarry the night, then they were to pay threepence; if they had more cattle than they could winter by night on their tenements, they were then to pay for such as if strangers, viz., for every young cattle three halfpence, and every other greater beast twopence. The bounds and limits of these tenures are as follow: from Podaston Lake, running through Ashburton, in Dart Stream, and so to Wedborne and Ship-stop, and from Wedborne Stream to Whitmore, and from Whitmore to Calstone Medicays, from Calstone to Seven-stones, and from

Seven-stones to Hevitree, and from Hevitree to Herborough, thence to Doreford, from Doreford to Longstone, from Longstone to Effedater, thence to Hindon, forwards from Hindon to Blundell, from Blundell to Writestone, from that stone to Roborough, from Roborough to Furzpen, from Furzpen to Ramshorn, thence to Lustleigh, and so to Wythercome-head, thence to Limestream, and so to Voghill Lake, and along that lake to Voghill's head, and then to the ditch, and out of the same to the well in Morshead, into the lake, and so to the Smely, and to Yeredsborough, and from Yeredsborough to Standon, netherward to Great Hynde, thence to Dyersnade, to Lidford, northward to Seligt, and from Seligt to Gurnard's knoll southward, to Poncartsworth, to Ramscombe Head, to the right stream, thence to Ashbornecton, thence in the stream of Dart, with the town of Lidford and all the tenements.

The moor, from its situation, being so much higher in the atmosphere than the fertile lands adjoining, the air of course must be very different, frosts and snow more frequent and of longer continuance, the winds have greater power, and blow more bleak, and rain and mists must be more prevalent, as we often see the moor-hills involved in clouds, when the lower country is perfectly beautiful, clear and serene. To this add, the waters being so near their source, and no doubt strongly impregnated with metalline particles, and not being softened by exposure to the air, must certainly be of a less fertilizing quality. The article of manure will be another great disadvantage the encloser and cultivator will labour under, this must be deficient in every degree, unless a discovery (almost miraculous) should be made of some at present unknown; sea-sand and lime are too remote, and dung is impossible to be attained in sufficient quantity, neither is gypsum nor marl to be found in the whole forest, nor a lime-rock to be seen, the whole being a mass of granite or moor-stone. Dung, therefore, is the only probable manure that can be obtained, and even this not till a considerable degree of cultivation has taken place; for, should towns arise (by the magical touch of harlequinism) in the moor, it is presumed their effects, in regard to this manure, would extend but a little way around them. Neither does it appear to me possible to subdue the natural sterility of the soil, even by implanting on the moor colonies of Chinese or Swiss peasants, who are so well known for their unwearied and persevering industry in the art of agriculture. . . .

[1796, *Part II.*, pp. 729, 730.]

The enclosing and cultivating of Dartmoor will evidently never take place, unless it should be proved, or supposed, conducive to the interest of the proprietor; but, considered in a more enlarged point of view, it seems rather doubtful how far it would be of public or general benefit, at least as to those parts which produce blackwood

or turf, for burning. The scarcity of fuel has been, and still continues, a serious inconvenience in most parts of the country. The farmers find it very difficult, notwithstanding the severity of the laws, to prevent their hedges and young sapling timber from being plundered and cut down by the poor class of people who cannot afford to buy; and the evil seems to be increasing from the enormous price of firewood. Every circumstance, therefore, which lessens the supply of fuel of any kind must add to the inconvenience. It may be alleged that the supply which would arise from planting the moor with wood would be an equivalent for what is lost in turf and blackwood; but I am of an opinion that these spots producing some will always remain on account of their softness and sponginess, being incapable from that reason of supporting any vegetable of a large growth. Supposing it otherwise, and that these spots were planted on, the doubtfulness of the equivalency is very great; it must be many years from the cutting ere another could take place to produce the supply necessary. At present the turf and blackwood (especially the latter), which seems to be of a renewing quality, and inexhaustible, are articles which the poorer inhabitants of the forest could not live without, and are even found of great service, at the distance of many miles around, even to people of good circumstances, and, as the scarcity of other fuel increases, it is highly probable that blackwood may be of yet more extensive use. The rage for improvement of poor lands seems of late to have been carried too far, and instances are not wanting of furze-brakes in particular being cleared and grubbed up, and, in the course of a few seasons, suffered to return to their pristine form (furze-brakes) again, the proprietors finding it, all circumstances considered, more for their advantage and interest. . . .

J. LASKEY.

Ashburton.

[1849, *Part I.*, p. 194.]

A portion of the ceiling in the southern aisle of St. Andrew's Church, Ashburton, having been some time in a decayed state, was taken down a short time since. On the old panels were discovered various emblematical paintings with foliage, stars, etc. About eighty years ago a handsome stone pulpit, which was elaborately carved, and a brass eagle, were sold to the parish church of Bigbury. The beautiful screen which separated the church from the chancel, together with the screens belonging to the stalls in the south transept, were broken up, part sold for a small sum, and the residue were lodged in an outhouse at the Spread Eagle Inn for several years afterwards, and at last used as wood for lighting fires. The arms of Bishop Oldham, who occupied the See of Exeter in 1507, were recently discovered in a room in Ashburton in excellent preservation. . . .