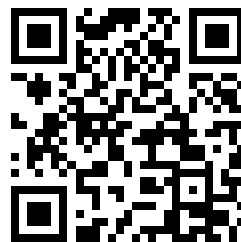


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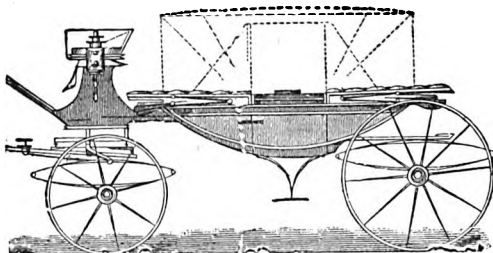
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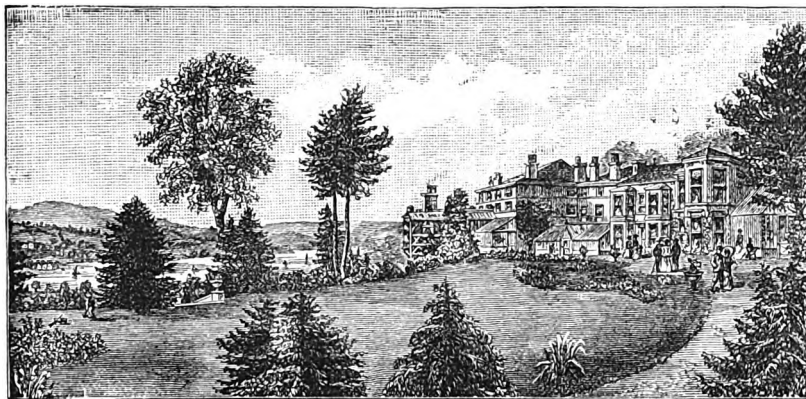
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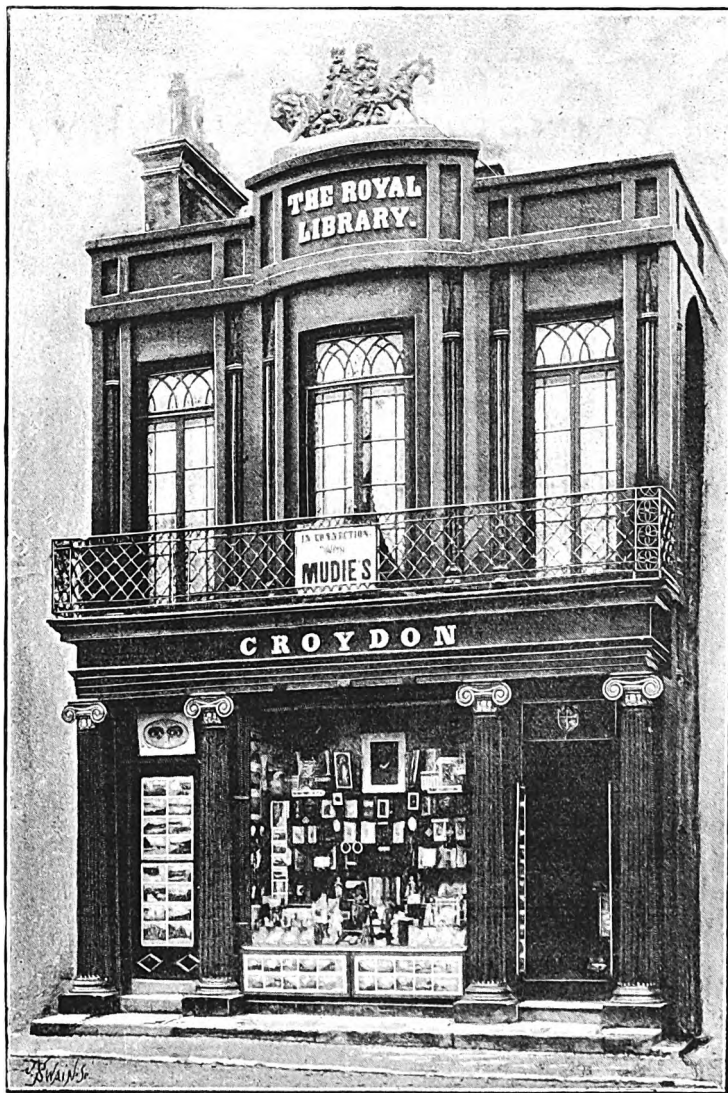
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TEIGNMOUTH, SOUTH DEVON: THE SEA FRONT, SANDS, AND HARBOUR.

*(From a photograph by Frith & Co.)*





THE

# Teignmouth Guide

CONTAINING A

DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWN,

AND OF THE

Places and Remarkable Points of Interest,

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# Devon.

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Fair are the provinces that England may boast,  
Lovely the verdure, exquisite the flowers,  
That bless her hills and dales; her streamlets clear,  
Her seas majestic, and her prospects all  
Of old as now, the pride of British song!  
But England sees not on her charming map,  
A goodlier spot than our fine Devon—rich  
Art thou in all that Nature's hand can give  
*Land of matchless view!*

BANKS OF TAMAR.



HE traveller in passing through Devon, is forcibly struck with the boundless and charming variety of scene which arrests his attention at almost every step. Even to him who, like too many tourists, confines his observation to the prospects which present themselves as he rapidly traverses the high road, arise, every moment, views of the most changeful and interesting character.

There is seldom any monotony; the eye revels in the endless combination of hill, and vale, stream, river, and rock. But if he pursuing nature to her hidden retreats, quits, for a season, the beaten track, and follows some local guide into some of her beautiful and sublime sanctuaries, he will have ample reason to rejoice in his deviations. Here, Man and the busy world are far away, and no other voices are heard but those of the wild bird, the cataract, or the rush and roar and confluence of rivers. It is in spots like these that the loveliness and grandeur of nature are beheld. He surveys with mingled admiration and delight, the countless forms which the wild waters assume, as rushing o'er their rugged beds, they breast the masses of granite which have been uncovered by the flow of ages, or which have fallen from the adjacent slopes. The slopes themselves present an infinitude of forms to the eye—blocks of every shape and of immense size are scattered profusely about—in some places mantled over by the moss and the lichen, in others shadowed by the trees which, in despite of all difficulties, have struck their roots into the scanty soil.

His faithful guide will also lead him to favourite spots, known only to him who seeks them. Some inland elevation will be ascended, whence the immensity of prospect will gratify the vision of the beholder; some hill will be climbed, from the crest of which the stranger is desired to look far, far below, on the hamlet, sensibly diminished by distance—on its venerable church, on its little stream, and bridge, and mill. Happy, happy spots! the inhabitants of which are satisfied with their own little world and their own little speck of sky above. And when he has explored the thousand hidden beauties which a skilful guide, and an enthusiastic lover of nature will point out; and has haply been called to mingle again in the great world, and to vex his spirit in the conflict for fame and fortune, and for existence, in crowded towns, and ever-bustling cities, he will often be tempted to exclaim :—



" Devon !

Receive me now, *a mental visitor*  
 Into thy green retreats !

\* \* \* \* \*

I *will* be with thee !

My heart shall haunt the spots it loved the best—  
 Borne on by that strange voyager the mind,  
 Though caged in cities still my thoughts are free.  
 To visit thy green fields—and beautiful woods—  
 And rivulets that chaunt a little ditty  
 In the sleepy ear of summer:—and the sea  
 That talks for ever to the quiet sands,

\* \* \* \* \*

Sensations of this kind will naturally fill the mind of him who has explored a region like that of Devon. For sublimity and grandeur, the mind instinctively reverts to foreign associations and reminiscences ; the towering Alps, the verdant slopes and luxuriant valleys which distinguished continental Europe, possess charms peculiar in themselves, enhanced by the marked contrast they offer to the tamer scenery of our own land ; but for pure rural enjoyment—for features which, while they please the eye and gratify the senses, admit of calm and peaceful contemplation, England affords sufficient variety to stimulate and to repay investigation, and render it worth the tourists while to visit and explore the many scenes of interest with which it abounds. Freed for a season from the restraint and conventionalities of town life, the citizen seeks a period of relaxation and repose in places far removed from all that clogs the nobler aspirations of our nature. The sea-side holds out more inducements in this respect than any other portion of our common country, inasmuch as it combines the two-fold object of healthfulness and recreation ; and hence the larger number of those whose means are such as to admit of such a luxury annually wend their way to those scenes of enjoyment which offer the greatest advantages in respect of good open sea-bathing, superior accommodation, as well as salubrity and beauty of position. Pre-eminent in all these essentials must be ranked the county of Devon. These peculiar features of attraction have from an early period been recognised and acknowledged by the faculty, and the southern portions of the county have long been recommended as places of residence for invalids, little, if at all, inferior to the most favoured climes of this hemisphere. The district immediately surrounding Teignmouth being one of surpassing loveliness it speedily became a resort for those in quest of health and enjoyment ; and, notwithstanding the rivalries consequent upon the opening up of fresh scenes by the railways, the preference so long accorded it is still exhibited in a marked degree. As we purpose treating of the various features which thus distinguish the locality in a more detailed manner, it will be only necessary to remark here upon the pleasing contrast afforded to the tourist as he emerges from the monotony of a journey through some of the neighbouring counties, and finds himself among the hills and dales of fair Devon. Who does not recollect the satiety which oppressed him when travelling over a long line of *merely beautiful* country,—when the road over which he had just passed stretched away its monotonous line even to the flat and uninteresting horizon ; and that which still lay before him presented, in its long, long progress, no changeful scenery to relieve the tiresome sameness of his journey ? The views around made no impression, for they all wore one unvarying feature, and the eye turned away, and the heart yearned for those delicious combinations which every moment rush upon the notice in a district, elevated, broken, and romantic, like that of Devon.

Nothing, perhaps, will excite more interest in the tourist, than the numerous rivers and streams with which this county abounds ; particularly as in riding along the southern coast, the finest of them will cross his path. Rapidity is the characteristic of the Devonshire rivers—there is no dull sluggish motion, as with some of our English inland streams,—all is freshness, and vigour, and life. Dartmoor is the mother of most of these waters ; and as the rivulets and brooks which that fruitful parent sends forth from her bosom, may be said to be innumerable, it may readily be supposed how much this must add to the variety, the fertility, and the beauty of the landscape.

The rivers principally deserving of enumeration are the Axe, Avon, Erme, Yealm, Tavy, Tamar, Torridge, Ockment, Taw, Plym, Dart, Teign, Otter and Exe. To him who wanders on the banks of these streams, there never will be wanting sources of admiration, and even rapture. Their ever-shifting scenery will be present to the imagination of the spectator, long after he has been removed from them, and will indeed often constitute the chief charm of after life.

From the promontories of the coast of Devon, prospects of the most touching and magnificent kind stretch themselves before the eye of the observer. It is an iron-bound coast; the rocks are generally lofty and rugged, and of the most sublime character. Far away on either hand, the rivers of the county pour themselves into the sea, and headland after headland plant their dark feet in the ever-restless waters. An hour spent on the brow of one of these noble capes will never be forgotten:—

“Here on a hill I stretch  
Myself along in boyish happiness,—  
Here is the stile on which with friends I sat  
In the sunny morn;—and there the wandering Teign  
With its lilac flowers,—and lo! beneath me lies  
The huge, majestic sea,—I hear it not,  
But I can see it curling to the shore,  
And whitening on the yellow beach.”

Dartmoor has been mentioned as the stern-featured but fruitful parent of floods that are never exhausted, and which, rolling through Devon, spread loveliness and exuberance on every side. The silence and sterility which reign in this immense waste, are singularly contrasted with the beauty, the life, and the remarkable luxuriance of the South Hams. No one who visits Devon should leave it without a tour through its great moor. He should perambulate wherever there is a path, and ascend the sterile rocky sides of its dark hills, to meditate beneath its Tors. He will perceive that the hand of time, the injuries of the elements, have been felt by these pyramids of the wilderness; but that they still possess a power, a might, a capability of endurance, which may make their existence coeval with even that of time itself. In the valleys he will listen to the voices of the streams, and will view with feelings bordering on astonishment the gigantic masses with which those mountain-born floods are eternally struggling. As he approaches the borders of the moor, he will be delighted to observe the sweet union of the uncultivated waste, with the fields which the hand of man has snatched from their ancient sterility; and it is here that he will view with renewed pleasure some of the loveliest associations that can gratify the eye, and touch the heart.

The climate of Devon, particularly of the south coast, is remarkably mild, and has often been the theme of panegyric. The heats are seldom intense, for the ocean-breezes are almost perpetually breathing on its face; and on the other hand, the severity of winter is seldom felt, from its vicinity to the Atlantic. Indeed the winter of Devon, like that of Cornwall, may be said to be “only a languid spring.” Few are the brumal seasons in which, in favoured spots, primroses and other flowers may not be plucked through the whole quarter. The myrtle and delicate fern flourish unsheltered during this usually dreary period, and a carpet of the most beautiful verdure is always spread over the vast extent of this lovely peninsula.

The frequent showers which fall in Devon have been objected to by some, as abridging the pleasures of the tourist. But it is to these, associated with our breezes, that we owe the remarkable verdure of our fields, the profusion of our flowers and the balminess of our clime. A shower seldom falls without being followed by a sun-glance, and these agreeable alternations form a principal charm in the spring and summer months. Indeed, so well appreciated is now the climate of Devon, that it is as before noticed, recommended to invalids in preference to the South of France or Spain; and in our valleys on the coast, opening their bosoms “only to the southern ray and southern zephyr,” the victim of disease often regains that vigour which he would have sought for in vain, in a climate less genial than that of our unrivalled province.

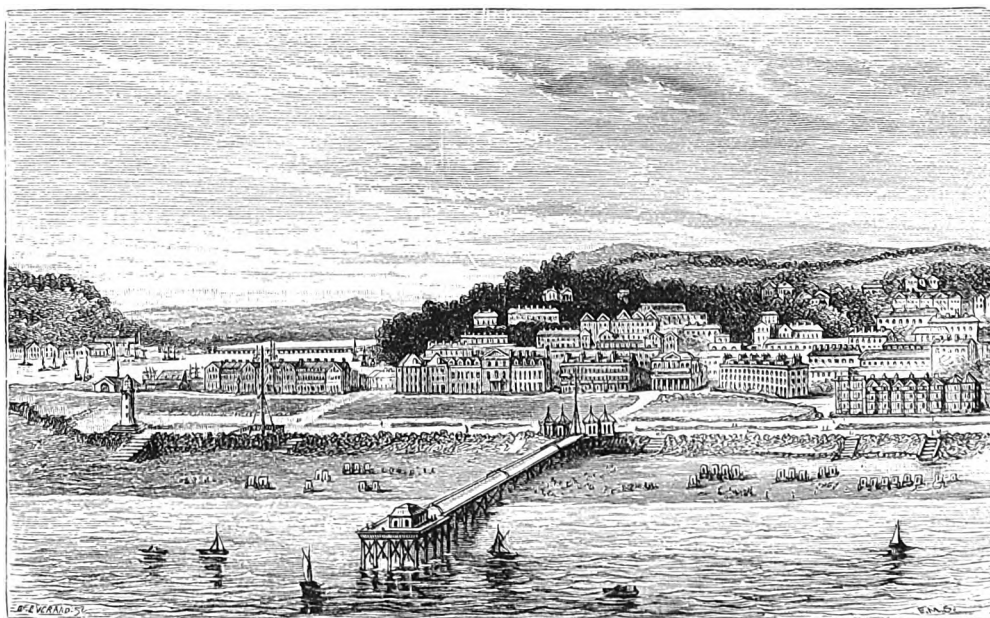


# Teignmouth.

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lies near the centre of one of the deep indentions which divide the great western bay into a number of smaller ones, on the eastern shore of the estuary of the river Teign.

Many of the principal buildings, together with one of its churches are near the sea-shore, while another range stands on the bank of the river, which forms a commodious harbour for vessels of considerable burthen. Viewed from almost any point of observation, the town presents a very pleasing aspect. The lower portions bordering the Den and Promenade comprise the principal dwellings of the inhabitants and visitors, behind which a gentle acclivity reveals with much distinctness the remaining part of the town, the whole being crowned by a series of handsome villa residences, for the most part embosomed in trees, which lend an air of delightful retirement to the landscape, while they harmonize well with the commanding height of Haldon which forms the back ground to the picture. A prominent feature in connection with the superficial appearance of Teignmouth is the noble estuary from which it derives its name. Approached by a narrow channel, the river suddenly expands into a spacious basin, which under the favouring circumstances of a full tide, reveals a prospect of almost unequalled beauty. At a short distance up the river is situate the long bridge—a light but elegant structure, while stretching away in the distance can be observed the sweet valley of the Teign, which stands unrivalled for beauty of scenery.



THE BEACH, DEN, AND RIVER.

On the southern bank of the river stands the village of Shaldon ; but as this, together with the other features of interest, will be noticed in their proper places, it is unnecessary to dwell further upon them at this point of our description. For parochial and other purposes the town is divided into two parts, East and West. At the present day this division is more imaginary than real—the line of demarcation being formed by a small rivulet called the Tame, which formerly ran open through the town, but is now entirely covered over. The distinction is, however, kept up, and it will be only necessary to observe that the junction of the two parishes is held to be at The Royal Library on the one hand, and Somerset Place on the other.

As a Summer holiday resort and a place of Winter residence, it is every year becoming more widely known and in its dual character is deserving of a still wider fame. Nestled in the broad lap of the surrounding hills which shelter it from the colder winds of the East and North, lying on the banks of the beautiful tidal Teign, and having an uninterrupted sea view, in the fore, extending from Torbay round to Exmouth, Lyme Regis and to the extremity of Portland Bill—together with the rich and varied landscapes which girdle it at the back—Teignmouth is richly endowed with charms that commend it to the lover of Nature, the holiday Rambler, and the health-seeker alike. The mild and pleasant climate of Winter, which is made genial by the softening rays of the southern sun, is in hot Summer days tempered by the cool breezes which visit it from the sea and by the moorland airs borne down upon the river. It is recorded that “The readings of the thermometer, whether taken in Summer or Winter are pleasingly moderate as compared with those of many places along this portion of the coast, whilst delicate shrubs and flowers thrive and blossom in the open air, which in less favoured spots demand the constant protection of the hothouse and the careful attention of the gardener. From sea and river, in the long hot days of Summer, there are always cool refreshing breezes ; in the Winter, the biting frosts of the North are transformed by the moderating influences of the ocean and the Gulf Stream into humid softness.”

Teignmouth, as a town, can lay claim to considerable antiquity. Camden in his *Britannia*, says that a body of Danes who were sent to reconnoitre the coast of Britain and to sound its harbours, burnt the town of Teignmouth about A.D. 800, and having slain the Governor of the place, “took it as an ominous good token of future victrorie, which indeed they followed with extreme cruelty throughout the whole island.” The fact of its having been burnt by the Danes is mentioned by various authors, and as they would hardly have taken the trouble to record the destruction of a miserable collection of fishermen’s huts, their having done so seem to imply, that in those early times it was a place of some importance ; at that period there was no sand-bar at the mouth of the river, and the haven was safe and convenient. Teignmouth contributed, at least occasionally, its proportion of armed ships to the national fleet. In the time of Henry VIII., the streamworks on Dartmoor where the River Teign rises, together with the vast quantities of mud, sand, and uprooted trees carried down by the occasional floods, have caused considerable injury to the harbour, and accordingly an act was passed in that reign, to amend the haven, in which it is stated that formerly vessels of 800 tons burthen could enter the port at low water.

The manor belonged to the see of Exeter before the Conquest, and in the 37th year of Henry III., a market was granted to the town, together with the privilege of holding an annual fair, on the 28th, 29th, and 30th days of September. The Bishops of Exeter protected and encouraged its commerce, and through their influence and exertion it obtained the honour of sending members to Parliament, but even in Burnet’s time it seems to have fallen greatly from its former importance as it had then long ceased to be represented in the great council of the nation ; and in Bishop Burnet’s history of his own times, he says “after the defeat of the combined English and Dutch squadron, under the Earl of Torrington, off Beachy Head, in 1690, the French fleet sailed direct to Torbay, where it lay for some days, but before they departed they made a descent on a miserable village called Tinmouth, which they burnt, and a few fishing boats that belonged to it, but the inhabitants got away, and as a body of Militia was marching thither, the French made great haste back to their ships. The French published this in their Gazettes with much pomp, as if it had been a great trading town that had many

ships with men of war in port. This both rendered them ridiculous and served to raise the hatred of the nation against them; for every town on the coast saw what they must expect if the French should prevail."

But the townsmen's own account of the affair is not exactly like this. They addressed a memorial to the King; and a brief was issued on their behalf, which enabled them to raise money for the restoration of the town. From the statement set forth in the brief, it is plain that Burnet underrated the importance of the place, which was anything but "a miserable village." The statement was interesting as an authentic representation of such an occurrence made immediately afterwards: and it is worth quoting further, as an evidence of the way in which the zealous Bishop colours his notices of matters of which he was not an actual witness. The brief of the townsmen must of course have been well known to the Bishop.

This address "Sheweth,—that on the 13 day of July last (1690), about four of the clock in the morning, the French Fleet, then riding in Torbay, where all the forces of the county of Devon were drawn up to oppose their landing; several of their galleys drew off from their fleet and made towards a weak unfortified place called Teignmouth, about seven miles to the eastward of the Torbay, and coming very near, and having played the cannon of their galleys upon the town and shot near 200 great shot therein, to drive away the poor inhabitants, they landed about 700 of their men, and began to fire and plunder the towns of East and West Teignmouth, which consist of about 300 houses; and in the space of three hours ransacked and plundered the said towns, and a village called Shaldon, lying on the other side of the river, and burnt and destroyed 116 houses, together with eleven ships and barks that were in the harbour. And to add sacrilege to their robbery and violence, they in a barbarous manner entered the two churches of the said towns, and in the most unchristian manner tore the Bibles and Common Prayer Books in pieces, scattering the leaves thereof about the streets, broke down the pulpits, overthrew the Communion tables, together with many other marks of a barbarous and enraged cruelty. And such goods and merchandise as they could not, or durst not stay to carry away, for fear of our forces, which were marching to oppose them, they spoilt and destroyed, killing very many cattle, and hogs, which they left dead in the streets. And the said towns of East and West Teignmouth and Shaldon, being in great part maintained by fishing, and their boats, nets, and other fishing-craft being plundered and consumed in the common flames, the poor inhabitants are not only deprived of their subsistence and maintainence, but put out of a condition to retrieve their losses by their future industry; the whole loss and damage of the said poor inhabitants, sustained by such an unusual accident, amounting to about £11,000, as appeared to our Justices, not only by the oaths of many poor sufferers, but also of many skilful and experienced workmen who viewed the same, and have taken an estimate thereof, which loss hath reduced many poor inhabitants thereof, to a very sad and deplorable condition."

Macaulay, in his *History of England*, speaking of this event, says—"Tourville, finding that the whole population was united as one man against him, contented himself with sending his galleys to ravage Teignmouth, now a gay watering-place consisting of twelve hundred houses, then an obscure village of about forty cottages. The inhabitants had fled. Their dwellings were burned, the venerable parish church was sacked, Bibles and Prayer Books torn and scattered about the roads; the cattle and pigs were slaughtered and a few small vessels which were employed in fishing or in the coasting trade were destroyed. By this time sixteen or seventeen thousand Devonshire men had encamped close to the shore; and all the neighbouring counties had risen. The tin mines of Cornwall had sent forth a great multitude of rude and hardy men mortally hostile to Popery. Ten thousand of them had just signed an address to the Queen, in which they had promised to stand by her against every enemy; and now they kept their word."

"Charles Granville, Lord Lansdowne (eldest son of the Earl of Bath), came with some troops from the garrison of Plymouth, to take the command of the tumultuary army, which had assembled around the basin of Torbay. He made preparations for action; but the French did not choose to attack him, and were indeed impatient to depart. They found some difficulty in getting away. One day the wind was adverse to the sailing vessels,

another day the water was too rough for the galleys. At length the fleet stood out to sea. As the line of ships turned the lofty cape which overlooks Torquay, an incident happened which, though slight in itself, greatly interested the thousands who lined the coast. Two wretched slaves disengaged themselves from an oar, and sprang overboard. One of them perished. The other, after struggling for more than an hour in the water, came safe to English ground, and was cordially welcomed by a population to which the discipline of the galleys was a thing strange and shocking. He proved to be a Turk, and was humanely sent back to his own country.

"A brief for the relief of the people of Teignmouth was read in all the ten thousand parish churches of the land. No congregation could hear without emotion that the Popish marauders had made desolate the habitations of quiet and humble peasants, had outraged the altars of God, and had torn to pieces the Gospels and the Communion service. A street built out of the contributions of the charitable on the site of the dwellings which the invaders had destroyed, still retains the name of French Street."

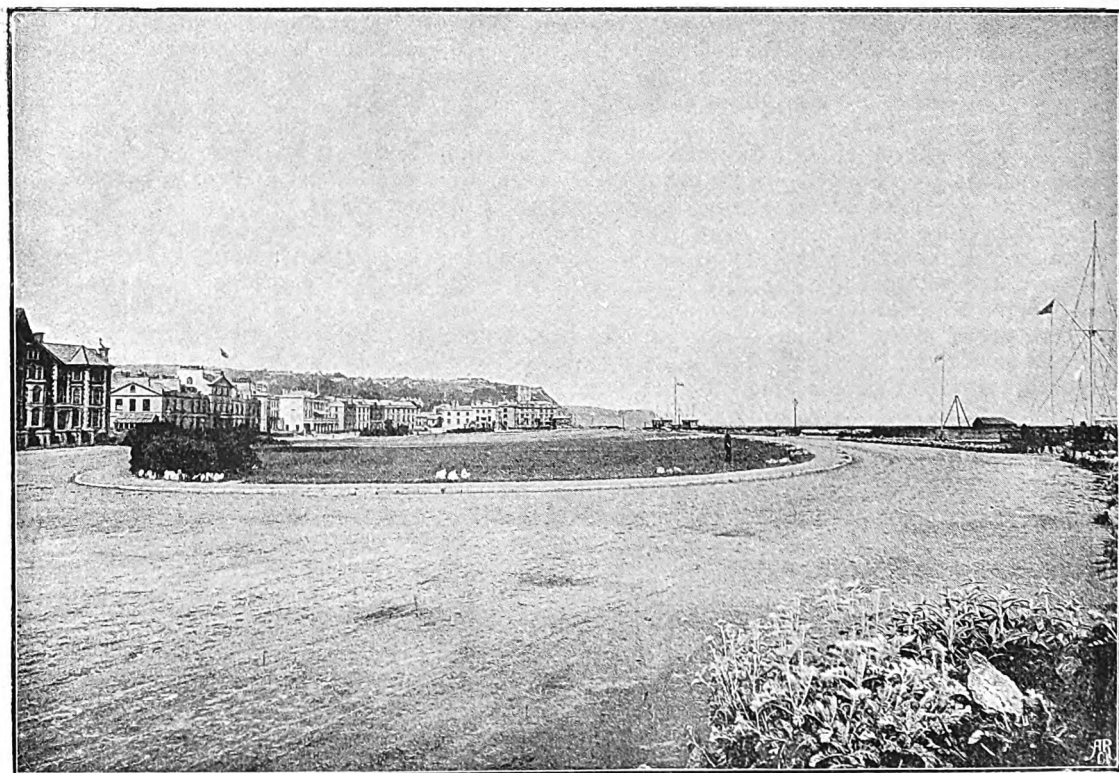
The old church of East Teignmouth which was pulled down to make room for the present structure, bore the marks of the injuries done by the French during this descent on the coast. The money required was raised, and the town was restored.

As before stated, the manor of East Teignmouth was held for many centuries by the Dean and Chapter of Exeter; but in the year 1802 it was sold under an Act for the Redemption of the Land-tax, and it subsequently passed into the possession of the Earl of Devon, who now exercises the manorial rights in respect thereof. The lordship of the manor of West Teignmouth pertains to Lord Clifford, of Ugbrook, near Chudleigh, and Ness House, Shalton. The united parishes, forming the modern town of Teignmouth, contains a population of about 8,000. In the year 1852 it was declared a free port, and has now a considerable import and export trade, with a custom-house and bonded stores. There are two shipping-quays—one, the Old Quay, now merged into the "Quay Extension;" five acres of land, formerly the river bed has been filled in, thus forming extensive wharves, on which capacious stores are built. The Quay is connected with the main line of the Great Western Railway, and an immense trade is done in the shipment of clay, pottery, &c.—the other, called the New Quay, erected in 1820, by the late George Templer, Esq., the then proprietor of the Haytor Granite Works. Beside the ordinary coasting and foreign traffic, it is the *entrepôt* of iron and copper ore, manganese, and clay—large quantities of the latter annually finding its way from hence to the pottery and porcelain manufacturing districts. Shipbuilding is also carried on by the "Teignmouth Yacht and Ship Building" Company, and large numbers of the poorer inhabitants find lucrative employment during the fishing season. Since the protection of rivers under the Salmon Fisheries Acts, the Teign has become a noted river for fish, and large quantities of salmon are caught during the season. The entrance to the river is partly impeded by a deltaic formation of sand; but the channel possesses a sufficient depth of water for the passage of vessels of considerable size, and the inside of the harbour is commodious and capable of great improvement. In addition to the extensive export trade, several thousand tons of "wood pulp" are imported from Norway and Sweden, all of which is discharged in trucks at the Old Quay, and despatched to the various mills in the county for the manufacture of paper.

The pride and glory of Teignmouth is the noble piece of ground which adjoins the Beach, known as the Den, the size of which is about six acres. Formerly it was a barren unsightly waste, but being levelled, reclaimed and ornamented, now stands unrivalled for beauty as a place of enjoyment. Around the centre lawn, with its rockeries and walks, are a promenade and a carriage drive, whilst between them and the beach are other promenades, divided from each other by broad bands of turf, in which are inserted at intervals, rockeries and beds filled with flowers; while the numerous seats seem to invite the pleasure-seeker or the wearied to rest and gaze on the fair expanse of the blue sea, or to listen to the music of the excellent band that usually plays during the season on the Den. Besides the range of beach, extending nearly two miles with scarcely an interruption, and which is composed of firm, fine sand, delightful for either bathing or walking, there is also a walk known as the Sea-wall which runs underneath the cliffs and parallel with the railway for upwards of a mile, forming a continuation of the Promenade,

and with it makes a delightful marine parade of about two miles in length, which is a very favourite resort of both visitors and inhabitants. In addition to the external features of attraction possessed by the Den, it is in its vicinity that the principal houses reserved for visitors are situated. Here also stand the Lifeboat House, Coastguard Station, Lighthouse, Pier, and the East Devon and Teignmouth Club House.

The cove within which Teignmouth lies is a very beautiful one; the broad blue ocean which in all its wondrous beauty stretches before you, is studded with vessels constantly passing to and fro; and the Den not only affords the most convenient means of observing



THE DEN, CARRIAGE DRIVE, LOOKING NORTH.

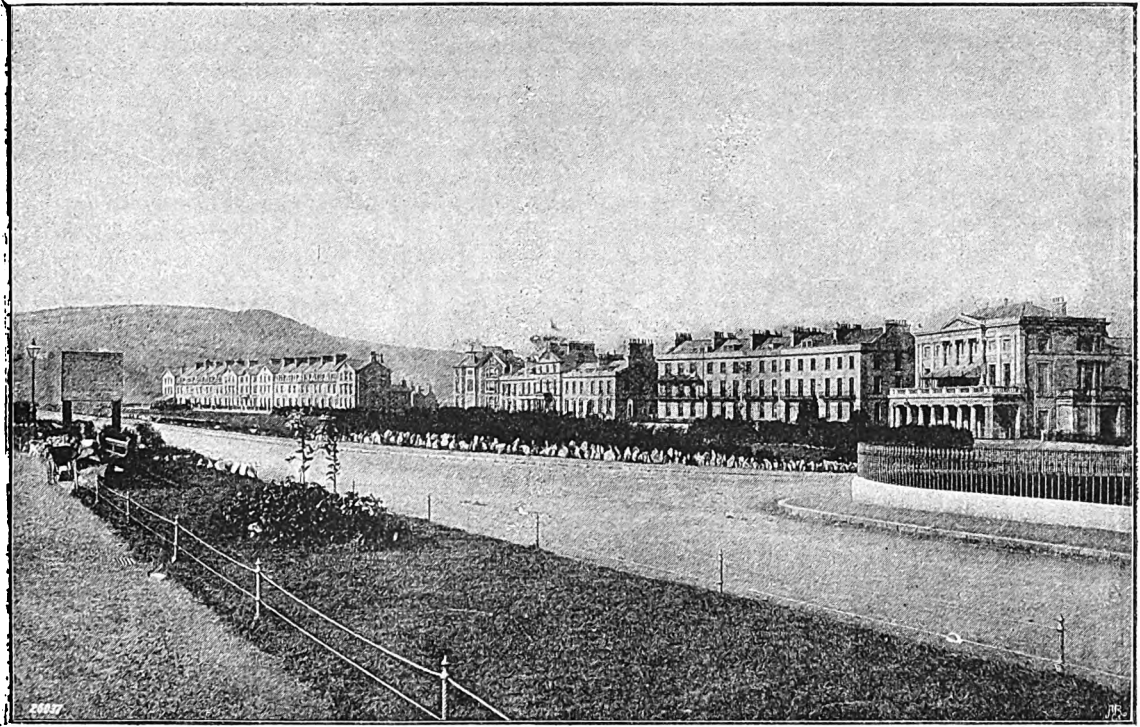
[From a photograph by Valentine & Sons, Teignmouth]

the beauty and interest of the scene, but in itself possesses great attractions for the visitors to the town as a parade whereon to take their daily exercises, or to assemble in order to see and be seen. With its numerous beds of flowers, rockeries, and tar-paved paths, and shelters, it appears to great advantage on a summer evening, when the sun is sinking behind the distant hills, and from the western point where the Teign on its outward course meets the sea; and looking up the river, over and beyond the Bridge, on towards Haytor, most exquisite sunsets may be watched; the view up the river of itself softly beautiful, and the ever changing light producing effects entrancing to the artist. The moonlight view of the sea on a fine clear night is marvellously fine. In the evening's half the town seems to be assembled on the Den, or Pier, if the full moon be particularly brilliant.

It would be improper, however, not to speak particularly of the advantages that Teignmouth affords for bathing, sea or river fishing, as well as aquatic excursions, and visitors will find a sail along the coast or up the Teign, a treat of no ordinary kind. This and kindred subjects will be treated of under their respective heads; and as the



reader may possibly desire to be made acquainted with matters of interest relating to the town, before setting out upon his explorations of the neighbourhood, the following summary must be regarded as properly belonging to this part of our description.



THE DEN, LOOKING SOUTH.

[From a photograph by Frith & Co.]

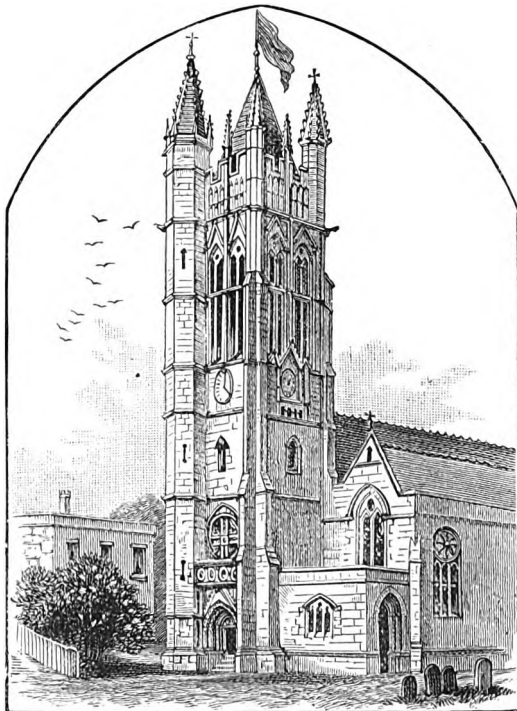
#### CHURCHES AND CHAPELS, SCHOOLS, PUBLIC BUILDINGS, ETC.

East Teignmouth Church is a venerable and interesting structure, with a respectable record of antiquity; it stands within the ceaseless sound of the sea, and its new tower, designed by Mr. R. M. Fulford, of Exeter, is an elegant and conspicuous object. The present church dates from about 1823, but during the last few years it has been greatly improved by the addition of a much needed chancel, and a new tower, the erection of a tasteful reredos, the construction of a new font, the modernising of the pews, and other necessary alterations for the comfort of the congregation. The old register of St. Michael's Church (for such is its name) dates back to 1667.

St. James' Church, West Teignmouth, is situated in the parish and manor of the same name. A large portion of this western division of the town borders the river Teign and on one side of the hill rising from the shore stands the church, in a situation which would show off an edifice of the slightest beauty, to the very best advantage; but the peculiar style adopted in the restoration of this sacred edifice mars any effect that might be looked for from its advantages of position—it being a heavy octagonal structure, to which is attached a plain square tower, the only vestige that remains of the original building, and which was left intact owing to a want of means to carry out an uniformity of design. Internally, the building is not without beauty; it is roomy and possesses excellent acoustic properties, and contains the reredos of the old church. Around the "lantern" are niches originally intended to contain carved or cast figures of the Apostles.



In the year 1864 a fine east window was given to this church by the late Charles Stirling Esq., of Buckeridge, in memory of his wife, whose death took place in the preceding year, and a tessellated pavement surrounding the Altar was subsequently added by some personal friends of the deceased lady.

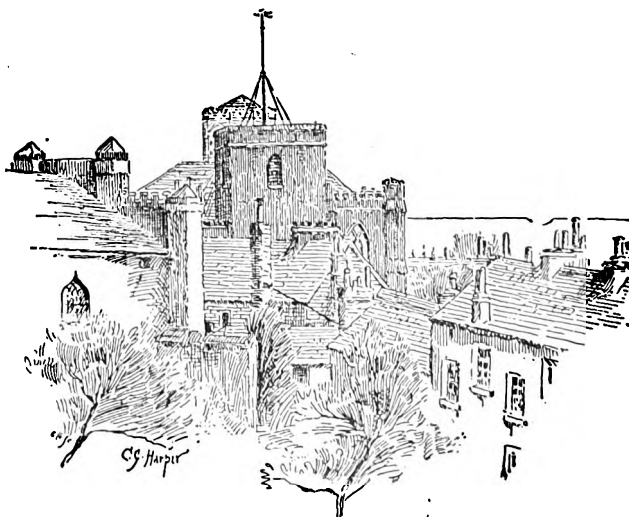


EAST TEIGNMOUTH CHURCH.

establishment. At the eastern extremity stands the Chapel—a pretty little structure, with a bell turret some 65 feet in height, which bears within a niche on its southern front a figure of St. Scholastica, the patron saint of the institution. The interior of the chapel is in keeping with its outward appearance. Elegance and simplicity of design are the prevailing characteristics. The altar and sanctuary are separated from the other portions of the building by a fine Norman arch supported by pillars partly formed of polished Sienna marble. The establishment consists of about fifty sisters—formerly belonging to the Benedictine Convent at Hammersmith. This building cost about £14,000 in erection.

The Roman Catholic Church of Our Lady and St. Patrick is commandingly placed at the entrance of the town, on the Dawlish Road. It was built in the year 1878, replacing the former small but pretty chapel on the Myrtle Hill built in 1855, and to which the late Queen Marie Amelie, of France, after a summer's residence with her family in Teignmouth presented some beautiful embroidery.

A Convent of the Benedictine sisterhood, (St. Scholastica's Abbey) erected in 1862-3 occupies a most commanding position in the Dawlish Road, and appears to great advantage from almost any part of the town or its environs. The main-building, which is ascended by a noble flight of steps, and possesses a fine southern aspect, extends from east to west about 150 feet; it is formed of limestone, crossed at intervals with bands of red sandstone—productive of very fine effect; while the cills and pilasters of the handsome Gothic windows are composed of free stone similarly banded. A terrace extends the entire length of this frontage. The western wing partakes more or less of these characteristics, and is occupied in part by the domestic apartments and as a residence of the priest attached to the



WEST TEIGNMOUTH CHURCH TOWER.

St. Joseph's College is another very fine building, erected on the picturesque site of Buckeridge for a College or Noviciate for those who are about to enter as members of the religious associations known as Redemptorists, an institution formed by St. Alphonsus Liguori in 1732, with the object of preaching missions and give retreats. The house is built with a view to afford the requisite accomodation for 500 inmates, each student having a convenient room of his own, with fire-place and appliances for effective ventilation, and the additional advantages of the most lovely marine views of the beautiful coast line, stretching on the one side from the mouth of the harbour to Berry Head, and on the other to Portland. A noble staircase of pitch pine gives access to the upper floors, and spacious corridors running the whole length of the building afford easy access to the private rooms. On the ground floor are the common room, library, and class rooms, all lofty, well lit and ventilated, without anything like architectural embellishments, but yet all with the true stamp of solidity and good proportions. A splendid corridor paved with tiles afford a promenade in unseasonable weather, and links all the appointments together with the stairs, offices, and old residential house. The kitchen and monastic refectory are in a wing to the east, and the corridor descends by a well arranged group of stairs to the lower level of the Buckeridge House, which serves as a guest house. The exterior of the building has much character, though wholly due to an artistic rendering of the requirements of the structure. The staircase turret to the north, and the long range of dormer windows, and the wooded ground floor to the south, afford effective architectural features.

The Nonconformists are not behind in respect to their buildings. The Congregationalists have erected a handsome and commodious church in the Dawlish Road, following the example set by Churchmen in the matter of building upon the site of an older and less comfortable structure which had stood for 92 years. The new church was built by Messrs. E. C. Howell and Son, of Bristol, from plans by Mr. John Sulman, F.R.I.B.A., of London, whose plans provided for the accommodation of about 500 persons. The edifice, which was opened on the 28th September, 1882, cost, under contract, £3,500, and is constructed of limestone with Bathstone dressings, whilst heating, lighting, and ventilation have been admirably carried out. The Wesleyans have a chapel in Somerset-place built to accommodate 450 persons, in the year 1845, at a cost of £1,500; this building was subsequently enlarged and re-seated at a cost of £1,000. The chapel of the Plymouth Brethren dates still further back, having been built in 1824, there is also a Brethren meeting room in Mulbery Street, whilst the Primitive Methodists built themselves a place of worship in 1876. The Baptists worship in a recently-erected chapel in Fore Street; it was opened on the 20th May, 1888, and seats about 500 persons, and was built at a cost of £1,500, including the organ and internal fittings.

The Board School is a very handsome and commodious structure situate in the Higher Brook-street, and was formally opened for scholastic purposes in October, 1879. The building has been constructed to afford accommodation for 420 children; with residences also for the master and mistress. The cost of erection was £3,000 for site, and £5,000 for building. There is also School buildings in the Exeter Road.

The East Devon and Teignmouth Club is a fine range of building, and forms one of the chief ornaments of the Den. It has an Ionic front, and adds considerably to the effect produced by a crescent-like formation of the houses on this part of the Den, and of which it may be regarded as a centre-piece. Erected by a company of shareholders as Assembly Rooms in 1826, the building was sold in 1857 to pay off the liabilities incurred in the undertaking. It contains a fine suite of rooms, the principal of which is the ball room—a lofty and magnificent apartment, 65 feet by 33, splendidly ornamented and well lighted; reading and billiard-rooms.

The Lifeboat House at the extreme end of the Den, near the entrance to the harbour is conveniently placed for the speedy launching of the boat down the beach into the harbour.

Its erection dates from 1863, and is due to the munificence of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, by whom the entire cost—amounting to over £200, was defrayed. In addition to the necessary paraphernalia and life-saving apparatus of the establishment there is one of the excellent barometers supplied by the Board of Trade, so fixed as to be visible both by day and night, with a code of storm signals furnished by the late Admiral



THE HARBOUR.

[From a photograph by Frith &amp; Co.]

Fitzroy, which are made to serve important uses among the maritime and fishing population. Underneath the balcony, at the southern side, is a row of seats running the entire length, which forms a very agreeable resting place while affording a pleasant prospect.

Within a short distance from the boat-house stands a small Lighthouse, erected by the Harbour Commissioners in 1845. The red light which it exhibits must be kept in a line with a similar light in front of Powderham Terrace, by vessels about to enter the harbour.

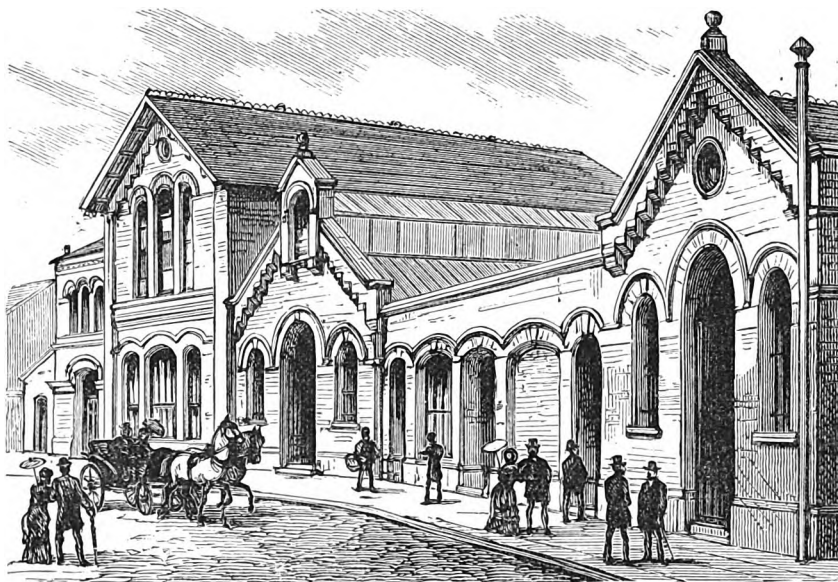
The Promenade Pier is a graceful structure, which originally cost some £8,000, and is a delightful marine promenade and lounging place, with seats running along both sides the entire length, which is 600 feet. The new promenade, extending 150 feet, almost level with the beach, affords a most enjoyable resting place to both visitor and resident, and a shelter when the wind is off the shore. The tar paved promenade, extending from the Pier to Bella Vista, is clean and comfortable for walking, and one of the chief features of the sea front.

The Coastguard Station is situated on the Den, and the naval order and discipline evident in the interior arrangements point to a high state of efficiency in the preventive service of this neighbourhood. In connection with this service there is a flagstaff near the lighthouse, and the Board of Trade life-saving rocket apparatus is in charge of the men. A battery of two guns belonging to the Artillery Volunteers is mounted here.

The Masonic Hall is in Holland's-road. A meeting is held on the first Monday in each month, and there is attached to the Lodge a Royal Arch Chapter.

The Infirmary and Dispensary stands near the junction of the Myrtle-hill and the Dawlish-road, and contains the usual accompaniments of such charities. Recommenda-tory tickets from subscribers entitle holders to the benefits of either institution, but accidents of all kinds are promptly attended to on application. The charity is entirely dependent on voluntary contributions for its support. There is also connected with this

Institution a Convalescent Home for the reception of patients from any part of the kingdom in need of pure sea air. The house is admirably suited for this purpose, being situated on high ground and overlooking the sea and beach, while in close proximity, being only about three minutes' walk from them or the Den, and also possessing a nice garden.



THE MARKET.

The Market is a building extending from Northumberland Place to Brunswick Street and is composed of two rows of shops, with spacious red brick paved floor and glazed roof between, and in an adjoining block is the fish market. Above the ground floor are the offices of the Local Board and the Town Hall, in which magisterial matters are conducted. The hall is also used for public meetings and for lectures, concerts and other entertainments. The structure is of grey limestone at the base with continuation of red brick and dressings of brick and stone. It was erected in 1883 at a cost of £6,000.

The postal arrangements of Teignmouth are conducted on a very satisfactory principle, affording ample facilities for the reception and transmission of business and private communications to all parts of the kingdom, daily. The chief office is situated in Den-place, sub-office in Bitton-street, and pillar-boxes are placed in convenient positions about the town and district.

The Banking business is conducted in Bank-street and Wellington-street: the establishments are—the Capital and Counties Bank, (Bank-street), a branch of the National Provincial Bank of England, (Bank-street), and the Devon and Cornwall Bank (Wellington-street).

Few towns in England are so well off as Teignmouth in the matter of complete and thorough sanitation. Not content with the old main drainage—with which even the most fastidious could find but little fault—the Local Board has replaced it with a system of sewerage which is not only beyond reproach, but which cannot fail to win the approval of all who possess any knowledge of this important branch of sanitary engineering. At great cost and under the most skilful supervision, the town has been drained in a manner which ensures the rapid transit of all sewage to a distant outfall to the sea, where it is swiftly swept away from the coast by the action of the tide. The work has been done not only with thoroughness, but, what is of equal importance, with a view to permanent effectiveness, and the Local board and its officials are to be congratulated upon having

carried out an improvement of which every Teignmothian may be proud, and one which will largely increase the already enviable reputation of the town as one of the most healthy in the United Kingdom.

No system of sewerage, however complete, can be thoroughly effectual unless supplemented by a plentiful water supply with which to frequently flush every branch of the system, and, fortunately, the sanitary authority of Teignmouth has kept this fact before it and acted accordingly. Thus, with a complete drainage, carried out upon the most modern principles abundantly flushed with water, and under an efficient system of sanitary inspection, Teignmouth can safely hold its own against rivals.

A copious supply of good and pure water, a complete system of thorough drainage, together with well-paved and well-lighted thoroughfares, form the distinguishing characteristics of the place; while the regulations affecting the hiring of hackney carriages, bathing machines, and boats are rigidly, but at the same time equitably enforced.

Since the prohibition of intra-mural interments, a public Cemetery was opened in 1855, nearly a mile from the town, on the way to Haldon, and may be easily reached by the Buckeridge or Exeter Roads, or indeed by any intersecting the New Road. The situation is commanding, and the enclosed space, which is entirely surrounded by a wall and railing, comprises about eight acres, whilst from its elevated situation most extensive and charming land and sea views delight the eye of the visitor. A walk to this lovely spot once taken will be frequently renewed. The management and control of the Cemetery is vested in a body known as the Burial Board, which consists of eighteen members, chosen in an equal manner from the inhabitants of either parish.

The maritime business of the town is conducted by twelve Harbour Commissioners, with whom rests the collection of harbour dues, and the direction of all other matters connected with the shipping interests of the port.



LADIES' BATHING BEACH.

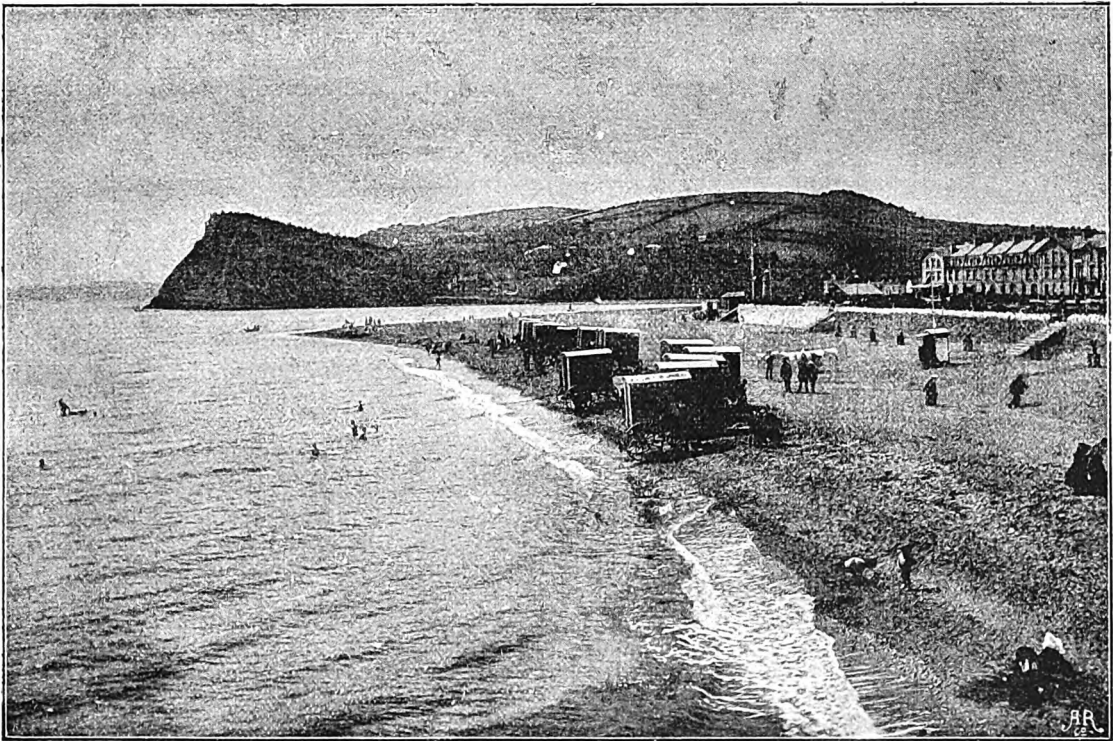
[From a photograph by Frith & Co.

## BATHING REGULATIONS.

In respect to open sea bathing, Teignmouth offers advantages not to be met with on any other part of the southern coast. The clear waters of the ocean roll uninterruptedly on a firm and fine sandy beach of vast extent, which while entirely free from mud and similar deposits, possesses equal immunity from shingle or pebbles—the pests of bathing-places in general. Ample scope is afforded for the maintenance of propriety, and the separation of the ladies' bathing machines from those appropriated to the use of the other sex is sufficiently marked to satisfy the most fastidious. Bathing from the sands within the boundary of the town is strictly prohibited, but parties who may be averse to employing machines can indulge in the free exercise of their will under certain conditions, which we subjoin.

**FROM THE BEACH.**—The portion of the beach appropriated for open bathing commences a short distance from the beginning of the East Cliff walk, and extends the entire length of the sea-wall; and the hours during which this permission is available are between 9 o'clock in the evening and 8 in the morning—after which hour no person is permitted to undress on the sands.

**FROM MACHINE.**—Moderate charges are fixed for the use of a machine, which must be provided with a looking-glass, and two clean towels for each bather; and in case of ladies, with the addition of bathing-gowns. Civility and propriety of conduct is required from those in attendance on the bathing machines; any deviation from which subjects the offender to a fine. The bathing machines are the property of private individuals but come under the regulations of the Local Board.



GENTLEMEN'S BATHING BEACH.

*[From a photograph by Valentine & Sons, Teignmouth.]*



## HACKNEY CARRIAGES.

The known propensity of the fraternity of drivers to exact the utmost from their fares, is ever a source of contention in places where proper regulations do not exist. The adoption of the Hackney Carriage Act by the local authorities of Teignmouth has done much towards bringing this class of public functionaries into subjection; visitors may therefore fearlessly enter upon an engagement with them by paying some little attention to time and distance, conformable to the following scale of charges. Any infringement of the rules so laid down subjects the driver to a fine, or the suspension of his license to act in that capacity.

## WHEN EMPLOYED BY TIME.

	s.	d.
If drawn by a horse or mule, and licensed to carry a number of adult passengers, not exceeding four; for the first hour	2	0
For every succeeding quarter of an hour, or part of quarter of an hour	0	6
If drawn by one donkey, first hour	1	0
For every succeeding half hour or part of half hour	0	6
If drawn by more than one donkey, first hour	1	3
For every succeeding half hour or part of half hour	0	6

## WHEN EMPLOYED BY DISTANCE.

If drawn by a horse or mule, and licensed to carry a number of adult passengers, not exceeding four; one mile	1	0
Every succeeding half-mile or part thereof	0	6
If drawn by more than one horse or mule; one mile	1	6
Every succeeding half-mile or part thereof	0	9
If drawn by one donkey, and licensed to carry two passengers only; one mile	0	6
Every succeeding half-mile or part thereof	0	3
If drawn by more than one donkey; one mile	0	9
Every succeeding half mile or part thereof	0	4

The above fares to be charged during the summer months between the hours of 8 o'clock in the morning and 11 at night; and during the winter months from 8 in the morning until 9 at night. At other hours than those specified an addition of one half to the foregoing sums is allowable.

## SPORTS.

Teignmouth offers an ample opportunity for sports, aquatic and otherwise. During the summer months the spirited members of the Teign Corinthian Sailing Club—open to gentlemen owning small craft—disport themselves in their miniature vessels in the smooth waters of the channel, or in the picturesque estuary of the Teign. The little fleet, when lying at their moorings, ready to start for a race or a cruise, presents a very pretty picture. This club has its club room on the pier. In addition to this there are the Swimming Club; a Lawn Tennis Club, with courts at Lower Bitton, near the river; also a Football Club, a Cycling Club, and a Cricket Club. All who are fond of cycling will find the Den one of the best public tracks in the kingdom. Efficient bands are engaged for the enjoyment of visitors, during the summer months, at great expense.

## EXCURSIONS.

Having taken some pains to point out the various features of interest in the town itself, with all the necessary information relative thereto, it now becomes essential to transfer our notice to a more extended view of the surrounding neighbourhood; and as very many of the fairest scenes which it can boast are accessible to the pedestrian, we cannot more appropriately introduce this part of our subject than by a reference to the delightful walks that abound on every side in this charming locality. Taking the Den as a central point from which to start, the visitor may experience some difficulty in arriving at a decision respecting the most advisable route to pursue. The sea-side on the one hand, and the fields and lanes on the other, will present inducements corresponding with taste and habits of thinking; but as both may be gratified without any sacrifice of fancy in either respect, it may, perhaps be as well to commence the walk by proceeding in an

easterly direction, by which means the full extent of sea beach can be explored, with the option of a country ramble homewards. Leaving the Den, and passing in succession Courtenay Place, St. Michael's Church, and Spring Gardens, an esplanade of some 150 yards leads to



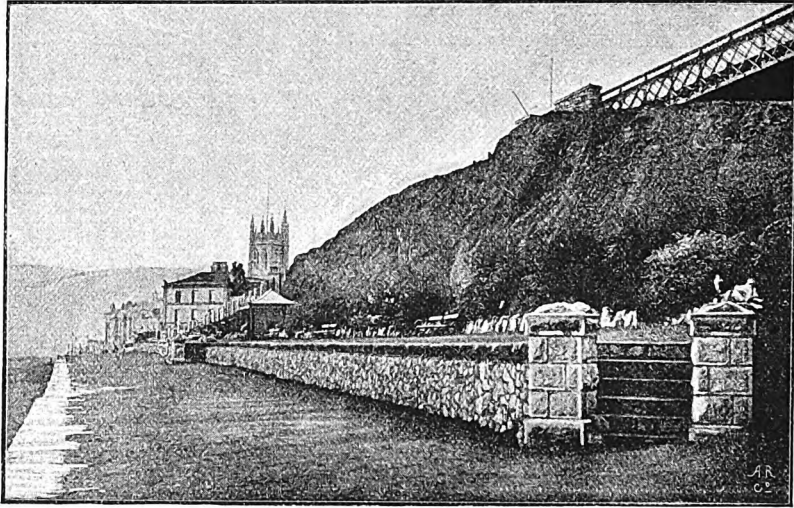
THE SEA WALL.

[From a photograph by Valentine & Sons, Teignmouth.]

one of the finest promenades to be met with anywhere. Previously to the formation of the present line of railway, the only means of communication open to the public to the promontory known as Hole Head, was by passing along the sands at the base of the cliffs. The promoters of the line, at a vast expenditure of time and money, raised the present commodious structure; and their engineer, the late Mr. Brunell, devoted much anxious care to rendering it impervious to the rude assaults of the waves, which sometimes break against it with inconceivable violence. But by a peculiar slope given to the facing of the structure, the waves are made to take a curved direction outwards, which renders the passage, even in tempestuous weather, safe, if not altogether agreeable. During the prevalence of strong south-easterly winds the spectacle here presented is one of awful grandeur. Exposed to the full dash of the sea, the waves approach it with their utmost fury, and meeting with the resistance it offers, they roll back again, and with redoubled force and energy return to the attack, when they rise to a height often exceeding 50 feet. This is its wintry aspect, and although occasionally applicable to the summer months, it does not generally happen that such a sight can be witnessed by those who only make Teignmouth their temporary residence during the milder season of the year. The visitor will therefore find it hard to reconcile our description with the sense of calmness and security experienced while traversing the walk during the golden reign of summer. On the one hand the fair expanse of ocean stretches far away, calm as a lake, and blending

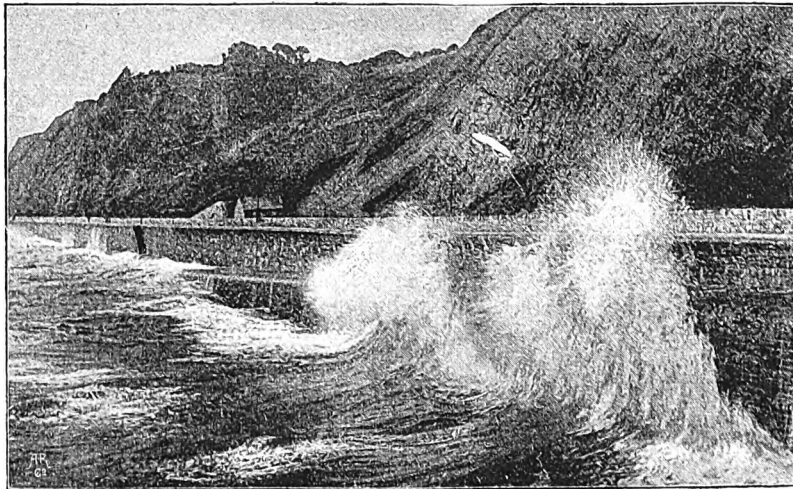


with the distant horizon till sea and sky become indistinguishable; on the other a range of lofty cliffs rises in rugged grandeur to an altitude sometimes of 200 to 300 feet; and,

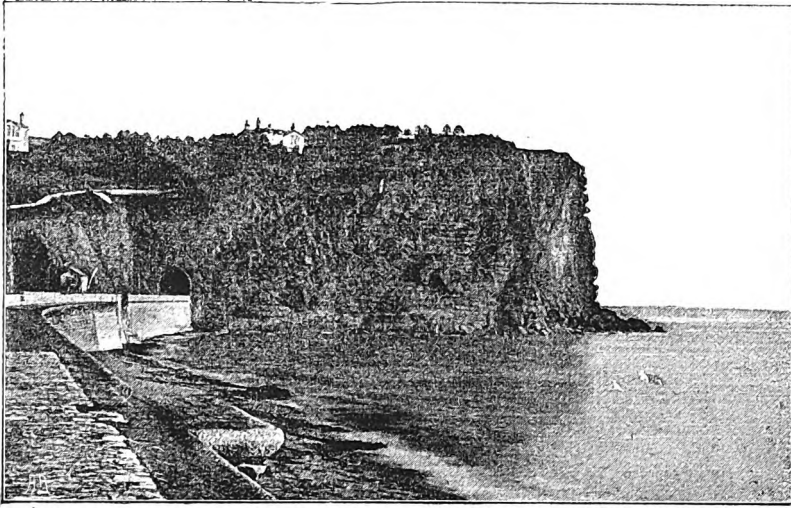


EAST CLIFF PROMENADE. [*From a photograph by Valentine & Sons, Teignmouth.*]

while pursuing the route over a perfectly level and well-paved footway, the attention will occasionally be arrested by the passing trains which run quite close to the walk. A low wall interposes between the pedestrian and the line of railway, and at convenient distances throughout its course are placed seats, which afford an agreeable lounge or serve as resting places. At intervals there are flights of steps leading to the sands, below, and the walk may be thus pleasingly varied by an occasional descent to the waters edge. The promenade terminates within a short distance of Hole Head, and should the tide happen to be at low ebb at the time of arrival thither, an exploration of the coast at the base of the promontory may be easily accomplished, and will repay the slight toil



A LIVELY SEA. [*From a photograph by Valentine & Sons, Teignmouth.*]



HOLE HEAD.

[From a photograph by Valentine & Sons, Teignmouth.]

accompanying the adventure. Some rare shells and pebbles are occasionally to be met with at this point, and the singular isolated rock, which, in connection with another on the mainland, are known as the "Parson and Clerk," can be viewed to advantage. If, however, it is decided to pursue the walk as originally intended, an arch passing under the railway leads out into Smugglers' Lane—a traditional name. This in turn emerges



SMUGGLERS' LANE.

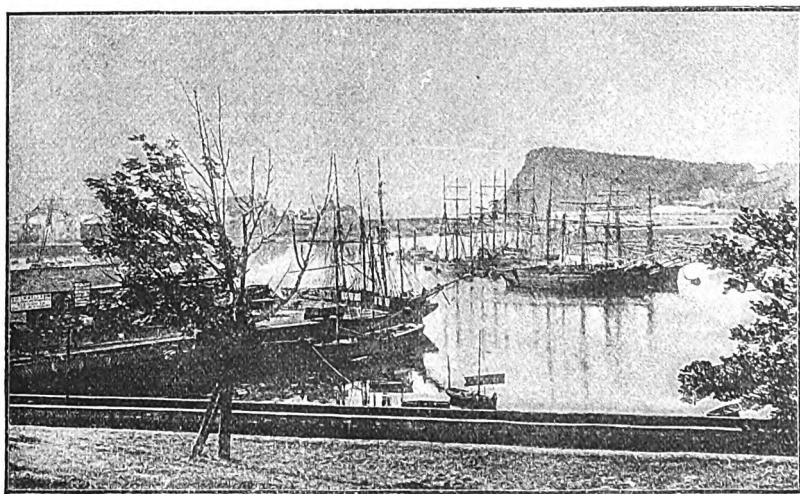
into the high road leading from Teignmouth to Dawlish, an intersection which occurs here forming one of the means of access to the village of Holcombe. Close by is the entrance to several fine residences erected on the eminence of Hole Head—a site that some few years since presented a dreary uninviting aspect, but which, through the energy and enterprise stimulated by the increasing requirements of the place, has been converted into one of the most pleasing features to be met with in this part of the neighbourhood. The walk to Dawlish from this part will not be found to offer much attraction, being for the most part precluded from sea views, and rather undulating for the comfort of the pedestrian; it may therefore be advisable to turn towards Teignmouth by the main road, from which occasional fine glimpses of the ocean may be obtained. Passing the picturesque little cottage known as "The Nook," on the right, and the grounds of Northcotts on the left, the choice is offered of pursuing the main road which leads straight on to the town, or, by diverging into a more retired route formed by the lane on the left hand which issues into the path-fields leading over the cliffs, the same destination may be reached, in close contiguity to St. Michael's Church. A continuation of this lane, on the opposite

side of the road, leads by a somewhat circuitous but picturesque route to Dawlish, as also to Higher Holcombe. At a short distance from the entrance, a turn to the left leads to several path-fields, affording some magnificent views, and by pursuing which the high road from Dawlish to Haldon may be gained, or by taking the pathway in the second field leading to the top the pedestrian will enter Woodway-lane.

Supposing, however, that it is desired to return to Teignmouth by the main road which we have been pursuing, the first object to arrest attention, after crossing the brow of the hill, is the new line of road which issues out here. But as we intend treating of this in another place, it will be sufficient now to state that whether for the purposes of walking or driving, or as affording an improved means of communication between the previously existing thoroughfares, this road will be found to possess almost unequalled attractions. The way towards the town is now all down hill, and, as the sea view is somewhat obscured by reason of the intervening country, our observation must be directed to such objects as present themselves on either hand. The enclosed grounds of Dun Esk, within the precincts of which is situated the Convent, must be regarded as one of the most important features in our enumeration; and should the visitor obtain permission to view the interior it cannot fail to convey a feeling of much gratification and pleasure. We now pass in succession many handsome villas on either side of the road to the junction of Woodway-lane, and a few hundred yards more will bring us within the precincts of the town.

### THE WALK TO BISHOPSTEIGNTON.

One of the chief peculiarities of Teignmouth is the great variety it offers in the choice of scenery. Lavish as Nature is in the disposal of her bounties, it rarely happens that they are sown broadcast; and we are accustomed to regard different localities as possessing distinctive but not combined charms in every aspect under which she appears. Here, however, we are placed in the enjoyment of the triple advantages of ocean, river and landscape views, so that, turn where we may, fresh objects of interest continually present themselves, and the mind never wearies under that sense of monotony so often experienced by visitors to the sea-side where nothing but the dull routine of bathing awaits them. To suffer *ennui* in the midst of so many natural beauties would be inexcusable in any intelligent mind, and as our chief duty is to act as *cicerone* in pointing out the various means of enjoyment placed within reach of all who choose to avail themselves of them we now propose to introduce to the reader a walk that will be found replete with every

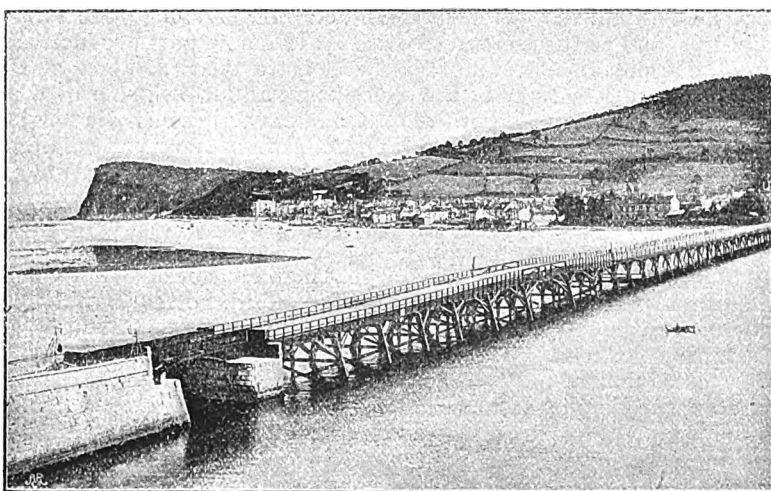


THE HARBOUR.

[From a photograph by Valentine & Sons, Teignmouth.]

charm that quiet and retirement can bestow. Setting out from St. James' Church, which, as before noticed, stands at the top of Fore-street, the route will now be found to lie through Bitton-street. In our progress thither we catch an occasional glimpse of the entrance to the Teign—the Ness Point and the tall masts of the shipping within the harbour, forming the most conspicuous objects. This, it will be observed refers to the left-hand side of the street; on the right are many handsome villa residences and a divergence leading to Coombe Vale—a locality that offers many retired and beautiful walks, and which we shall have occasion to notice on our return homewards. Descending the hill, a high wall on one side encloses the fine grounds and residence known as Bitton, and about midway down on the right-hand, is an entrance-gate which forms the means of access to a range of pretty villas beautifully situated, and comprehended under the general appellation of Reedvale. Passing this, and Westbrook at the foot of the hill, a lane called Mill-lane on the right leads to Headly Cross, and thence direct to Haldon; and a few hundred paces further brings us in view of the river, which, with the bridge spanning it, and forming one of the means of communication between Teignmouth and the hamlets of Shaldon and Ringmore, offers one of the finest prospects of inland scenery we possess. The bridge itself is deserving of passing notice, whether in respect of its extreme length, peculiar construction, or the delightful promenade which it affords.

It was erected in the year 1827 by Roger Hopkins, Esq., C.E., prior to which time the only means of communication available was a ferry-boat, such as now plies lower down at the mouth of the estuary. The increasing wants of the community, and the spirit of rapid travelling about that time beginning to be developed, pointed to the desirability, if not the necessity, of a more speedy and certain means of communication than that afforded by the primitive ferry, and the inhabitants of both sides of the river bestirred themselves to raise the funds necessary to secure their object. The money was raised and the bridge built at a cost of £19,000, but the amount of traffic fell short of the expectations of the promoters, and the undertaking failed to realise the anticipated dividends. A catastrophe that befel the bridge in 1839 precipitated the difficulties which already beset it: in that year a portion of the structure gave way, and the consequent renovation and repairs necessitated a further loan, and finally, a mortgage on its revenues, by which means the bridge became virtually the property of the Public Works Loan Commissioners, as the mortgagees. As regards its description it may be well to observe that it is generally held to be one of the longest in the kingdom—being four hundred and twenty-nine feet longer than Waterloo Bridge on the Thames. As previously noticed, the bridge is of light construction, and appears in the distance more as an ornamental



SHALDON FROM THE BRIDGE.

[From a photograph by Bedford.]

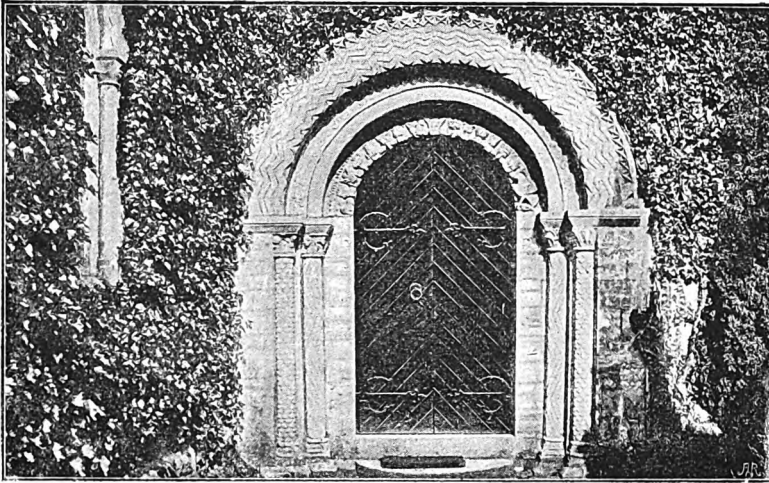
erection than anything intended to answer the rough usages of ordinary traffic. It consists of 34 arches—one of which is a swing-arch, of sufficient capability to admit of vessels of a large size passing through. The piles which form the mainstay of the structure are imbedded in the channel of the river, and an interlacing of iron not only binds the several parts together, but is calculated to resist a great strain on the arches. The surface is macadamised throughout, and a footway at either side, surmounted by an iron railing some four feet and a half high, renders the passage at once safe and commodious. The cause of failure above noticed was said to arise from the destructive ravages of the *Teredo Navalis*, or ship worm, which ate their way into the supports and caused them to yield to the superincumbent weight above; but in the repairs consequent upon that misfortune, care was taken to render the pillars impervious to these insidious attacks, and the bridge at present may be regarded as substantial in every respect. The perpetuation of the tolls demanded both here and at the ferry has been the cause of frequent remonstrance, but the peculiar tenure under which the bridge is now held, and the fact of the revenues derivable therefrom forming part of the permanent income of the country, leave but faint hopes, however, that any material alteration in this respect may be expected—unless it can be established to the satisfaction of the authorities that by applying a reduced rate of tolls, the increased amount of traffic would at some time or other compensate for the first loss likely to be sustained in the relinquishment of the present exactions.

We can now turn our attention from the bridge and continue the way to Bishopsteignton. A few hundred paces more, and on the right hand side will be found a second lane that leads through a series of path-fields to Headley Cross and to Haldon. At a short distance beyond is situated the gas-works belonging to the town, and opposite the entrance thereto is a steep ascent which in former times was a main thoroughfare to Bishopsteignton. It is now, however, seldom used, unless by those who desire a more retired walk than that offered by the more level and frequented road below. There are however, some very fine views to be obtained from the upper walk, and ferns and lichens, with many species of wild flowers, are to be met with in abundance.

Pursuing the main road, one is very much struck with the exceeding beauty of the surrounding prospect. Whichever way we turn objects of interest present themselves to view. The opening of the river into the sea; the bold and striking appearance assumed from hence by the Ness Point; the long line of houses stretching along the opposite bank, and forming the hamlets of Shaldon and Ringmore; together with a fine view of the river—combine an aggregation of loveliness which must be seen to be appreciated. The nature of the ground on the Shaldon side contributes much to the general effect here produced. Immediately behind the village the hills rise with a sudden abruptness, and as these eminences are for the most part productive and brought under culture, the appearance presented partakes more of rural quiet and repose than can be said of the sterner features of the background at our own side of the river, when viewed from the opposite stand-point. This calmness and security is heightened by the associations called up in view of the parish church, which stands at the higher extremity of Ringmore. The adjacent country is at once picturesque and charming. Hills and valleys, farm-houses and broad acres are the prevailing characteristics of the scene; and the proverbial verdancy of Devon mingles with the clustering foliage of the homestead trees, or is contrasted with the varying hues of the high background, in a manner that cannot fail to excite the liveliest feelings of admiration in one accustomed to derive pleasure from the beautiful aspects of Nature. We cannot afford, however, to linger thus on our ramble; there is sufficient before us to demand attention, and, resuming the walk, we soon reach a turn in the road, on the right hand, which will shortly bring us to our destination. A few hundred paces more and the parish church is reached, and as this forms at once the introduction to the village and the few remarks we purpose making thereon, a brief sketch of its past history and present aspect and condition will necessarily possess some interest.

The Church of St. John the Baptist is a very ancient structure, the chancel having been built in the reign of Richard III. The nave belongs to a century later, and is connected with a north aisle by five circular arches. The western doorway is of

the Norman period and the font appears to belong to the same era. These are the principal features that remain to indicate the antiquity of the edifice, the spirit of modern improvement having been employed to such an extent as to materially alter the appearance it may be supposed was presented in the original. Of late years many important



NORMAN DOOR, BISHOPSTEIGNTON CHURCH. [From a photograph by Frith & Co.]

alterations and improvements have been effected, among which may be mentioned—the erection of a handsome gateway to the churchyard; the new seating of the interior; the removal of a heavy gallery that formerly obstructed the light, and interfered with the sound of the preacher's voice; and the subsequent new roofing of the edifice and restoration of the tower. Besides a handsome carved oak communion rail presented by the late Mrs. Scroggs, of Cockhaven, there are four very fine stained-glass windows, which have been placed from time to time either as mementoes of individual liberality, or to commemorate departed worthies. The window over the altar was a gift of the late Rev. G. Selby Hele, and represents scenes from the life of our Lord. The second window we shall notice is that placed by the late vicar, the Rev. W. R. Ogle, in memory of his first wife, and which occupies a position on the south side of the building. Still on the same side are two other memorial windows—one in remembrance of General the Hon. W. H. Gardner, R.A., who died in the village, as also of two of his sons who were killed during the Indian mutiny, and a third who died at Jhelum, with other deceased members of the same family; and the fourth and last which we will notice is a subscription window in memory of the late Captain Rhodes, R.N., for many years a respected resident of the parish. The framework of the new roofing is formed of polished red pine.

The highly pitched roof surmounted by a ridge of crease tiling at once suggests the idea of modern renovation, and the ivy-covered tower, with its pinnacles and antique ornamentation, forms a pleasing object taken in connection with the other marks of improvement everywhere visible. Previously to the taking down of a portion of the venerable tower which formed the original superstructure, it, in common with other parts of the exterior, reposed beneath a mantle of thick clustering ivy; in raising the present tower, and throughout the concurrent alterations, this token of antiquity was preserved, and the lapse of years has witnessed its encroachment over the entire edifice.

In school accommodation Bishopsteignton is equally fortunate, and a pretty little school-house with class-room, &c., capable of holding about 140 children, supplies the educational wants of the community. This school occupies the site of a small endowed school which formerly stood thereon, and the modern establishment is under government inspection. The parish is extensive, and portions of it are remotely situated. This is



the case with Luton, a hamlet about three miles from the church; and to obviate the disadvantages under which the inhabitants laboured in respect of church attendance, a chapel was erected and endowed, and a school-house built in connection therewith, in the year 1853.

Opposite the church gates is the vicarage house and grounds. At the top of the hill stands the school, and higher up are some alms-houses, devoted to the reception of aged and infirm parishioners. Beyond these features there is nothing in particular to distinguish the village from other places of a similar character; but its position together with the milder air it enjoys, have long made it a favourite place of residence for many families of the higher class—evidences of which exist in the handsome dwellings and carefully kept grounds which on every side serve to adorn the place. Of late years the village has become known by reason of the hydropathic establishment which has been opened, and which is visited by large numbers seeking change and rest. Radway in this parish, contains the ruins of a once magnificent palace belonging to the Bishop of Exeter, which is generally believed to have been erected by Bishop Grandison. If, however, this was the case, another structure must have been taken down to make room for the one of which some remains are still visible, as Bishop Branscombe certainly resided here at least a century before the time of Bishop Grandison—the last-mentioned prelate, in a letter to Pope John XXII., dated 1332, having described the palace as a beautiful structure, "*pulchra edificia*." The south and east walls of its chapel, dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, are still standing; at the east end are three lancet windows, and in the south wall are eight windows of a similar form with two doorways. We must here finish our notice of Bishopsteignton and think of returning homeward, the choice of several routes being open for our acceptance.

The means of exit of which we purpose availing ourselves will be found at the higher extremity of the village, and pursuing a long straggling outskirt for a couple of hundred yards, we arrive at a point where three lanes diverge. That on the right hand leads up over some high ground and issues out at the gas works, on the road already traversed; while the turn on the left forms one of the approaches to Haldon. Continuing the direct course we descend into a valley where the primrose and other wild flowers that delight in sheltered situations flourish in great abundance and perfection. The ascent by which we emerge from this dell brings us to Headley Cross—so called from the intersection of four thoroughfares which occurs here. The right hand turn is known as mill lane, and abounds in some fine views of land, river, and ocean scenery; it leads out on Bitton-road. The thoroughfare on the left is called Shepherd's-lane, and contains a profusion of ferns and other hardy plants which will repay investigation; it terminates on Haldon. The direct route leads to the suburb known as Coombe. Here we find the Mylor pumping station, belonging to the town. The present walk, terminates in Bitton-street, within view of St. James' Church.

### THE WALK TO HALDON.

The position in which we left the reader at the close of the last chapter will be found most convenient as a starting-point for the walk now in contemplation. The route lies up the Exeter-road—a continuation of Fore-street: but before advancing very far in this direction we notice a turn on the right hand, called Higher Brimley-road, which deserves to be mentioned as forming the means of approach to several pretty walks—one of which passing by a row of commodious houses, called Brimley Villas, leads into Buckeridge-road, and joins the Exeter-road, about a mile from the town. Leaving this for the present we continue our ascent, and after passing the Board Schools, shortly encounter another divergence—now on the left hand. This is known as Landscore-road, and if followed would lead to the Coombe lanes, mentioned in the preceding chapter. Still ascending, we pass in succession several fine dwelling-houses and enclosed grounds—the most noteworthy of which is Yannon a castellated building enjoying a magnificent situation on the left hand side of the road. When arrived on the level ground that crowns the ascent a fine prospect at once opens to the view, which will be found to increase in interest at almost every step we take. The first object to arrest attention is the Cemetery,

now a few hundred yards in advance ; to the left lies the undulating country formed by the slopes of Haldon descending into Coombe Vale, and then rising somewhat abruptly between it and the river ; on the right St. Joseph's College, and the Convent of St. Scholastica stand out in bold relief ; while directly in front rises Haldon hill. A glance behind will also reveal some fine views sea-ward, which will be found to open with increasing loveliness and grandeur the further we proceed. Before arriving at the Cemetery we notice on the right hand a wide and level road, and we will beg the reader to accompany us for a stroll along its course, which cannot fail to convey a feeling at once of admiration and pleasure. Constructed with a view to afford a pleasant ride or drive, care was taken in the selection of the route through which it lies that the most eligible points should be embraced, to the end that hereafter it might form the nucleus of a series of first-class residences, a purpose for which its commanding position and the capital sites it affords throughout so admirably adapts it. But the prospects offered in traversing the road are its chief attractions for those who visit it with an eye to the picturesque and grand. The open sea ; the bold and prominent headlands along the coast ; the course of the Teign, and the sweet valley through which it wanders to the sea—each in their turn can be viewed with advantage and pleasure ; while at intervals an occasional glimpse is obtained of the houses in the town, far, far below, like some peaceful hamlet nestling beneath the shelter of its venerable trees. But one intersection occurs after passing that formed by the junction of Buckeridge-road,—namely, at Woodway, previously noticed ; and the road finally issues out on the Dawlish-road, at the point referred to in the walk home from Hole Head.

Returning to our subject we now reach the Cemetery, and should the visitor wish to wander for a while in this beautifully situated God's-acre, admission to the hallowed precincts is attainable at the Lodge entrance. A little further on, however, and we reach the point at which occurs the junction of the Buckeridge-road with that which we are pursuing. We may here notice that the two lanes passed on the left, lead to Coombe Vale, and form each a pretty, retired walk. The higher we ascend, the more reason we shall find for gratulation. Every foot of ground we traverse opens up some fresh object of interest. On all sides views of great beauty present themselves, until the summit of the hill is reached, when they culminate in a scene, the majesty of which, language fails adequately to express. The wild region which we have now entered upon possesses an elevation of some eight hundred feet above the level of the sea below, and commands a view of the Channel with the entire coast line from Berry Head to Portland. The prospect varies according to the position occupied by the spectator, and as the extensive waste is about seven miles in length and three in breadth it affords many points of vantage-ground. Torbay, Babbicombe, Teignmouth and the Ness Point, Dawlish, Starcross, Exmouth, and the River Exe, can be clearly and well defined ; while the inland scenery embraces the course of the Teign from the entrance to the harbour almost to its source, and the many objects of interest that line its banks. High as we may consider ourselves to have ascended, there are still more elevated regions to be seen from hence—the lofty range of Dartmoor appearing to look down on our puny eminence with an air of unapproachable superiority. Still, Haldon is no mean elevation, being eight hundred feet above sea level, and possesses, in addition to its claims to notice in this respect, a rich field for geological and botanical research. The green sand affords a fine harvest of fossil shells, and a quantity of shell jasper is to be met with in many parts of the hill ; and numerous lichens and mosses of a rare character, with ferns and other plants not commonly to be met with, will repay the labour of the botanist. In a little hollow on the downs are the remains of the pretty chapel of St. Magdalene, now quite in ruins, but highly picturesque, being overhung with the feathery boughs of the ash, and clothed in garlands of ivy. The main road which crosses the down is the old road to Exeter ; but there are numerous branches therefrom leading to Ideford, Bishopsteignton, Chudleigh, Dawlish, &c., beside several means of approach to Teignmouth itself. Taking one of the latter—at a short distance from the point by which we approached the plateau, and on the right hand side of the main road—we find an entrance to the Woodway-road, and may either continue that route to its *debouchment* on the Dawlish-road, or else diverge at the junction of the New Road into Buckeridge,



below the Cemetery, from whence, passing by St Joseph's Collège and many pretty villas we enter the town through Brimley.

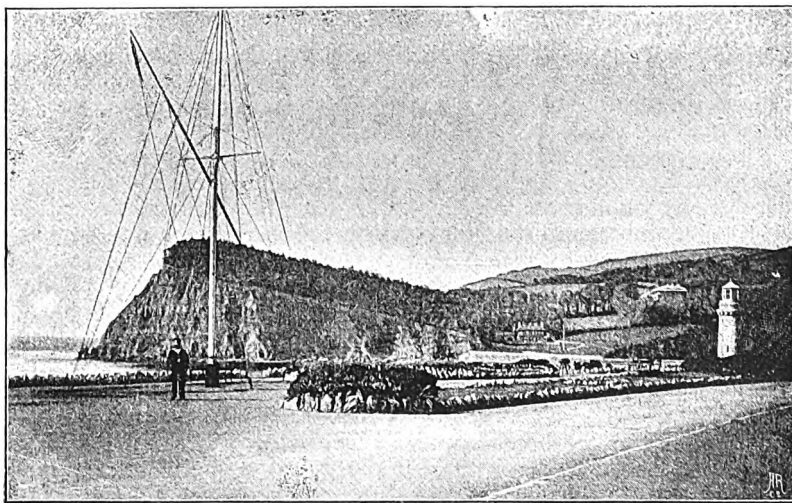
A beautiful walk or drive may be obtained by following the course of the Exeter road on to Little Haldon, from whence a divergence from the old posting road to Exeter on the right hand will bring the traveller down through the woods surrounding Luscombe a fine castellated building, the seat of P. M. Hoare, Esq. After passing through the woods and a portion of the beautiful grounds, he will emerge by a Lodge gate near the upper part of Dawlish, from which town he can return either by rail, by the main road, or, by taking a turning on the right hand he will find a pleasant walk back through the village of Holcombe to Teignmouth.

Yet another route within a pleasant walking distance;—after reaching Little Haldon from the Exeter road, the second turning, this time on the left hand will bring the pedestrian by Ashwell to the Wood plantations, and hence a charming Devonshire lane, rich with luxuriant ferns, ivy, and wild flowers, and with many a peep through the trees of charming land and river views extending beyond Newton to Haytor will take him into the higher part of the village of Bishopsteignton, passing through which, and by its venerable church, he will in a few minutes reach the main road from Newton to Teignmouth, and a pleasant walk by the river will bring him back to the latter town.

Too long for a walk, but delightful as a drive is that also from Haldon, leading through the beautiful woods and grounds of Lindridge, the property and residence of J. G. J. Templer, Esq. A lover of the picturesque and beautiful in nature will find perfect satisfaction in the lovely scenery that everywhere surrounds him, each turning disclosing fresh beauties until he emerges into the Bishopsteignton road, from which point his way back to the town cannot be mistaken.

#### SHALDON AND THE NESS POINT.

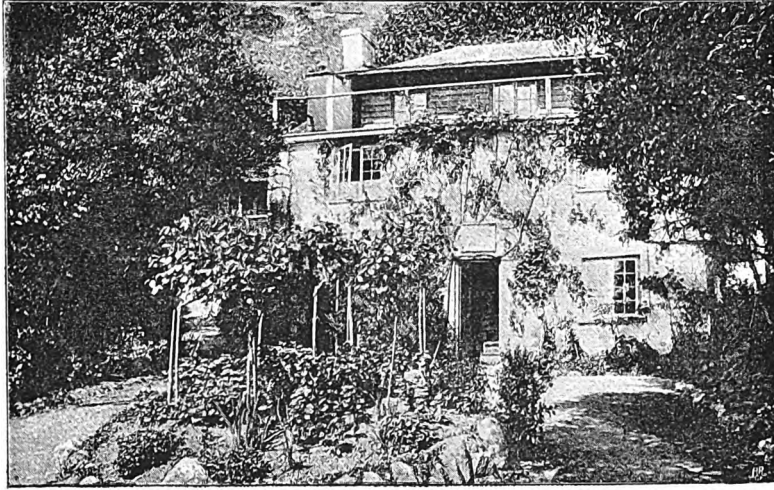
Availing ourselves of the ferry boat that plies at the Point, the entrance to the harbour, and suiting our visit to a convenient state of the tide, we will now take the reader for a sea-side ramble round the headland known as the Ness. This will be found



NESS & LIGHTHOUSE. [*From a photograph by Valentine & Sons, Teignmouth.*]

to present some slight difficulty, owing to the irregular nature of the ground—vast fragments of the red sandstone of which the promontory is composed lying about in all directions at its base, and over, or between which the visitor is compelled to find a way. These little difficulties overcome, however, a fine level beach some eight or nine hundred

yards in extent, forms a safe and pleasing walk, which terminates at another projection of the cliffs, but again opens out beyond, and continues to a pretty and picturesque cottage, known as Labrador, much frequented by visitors from Teignmouth as a tea



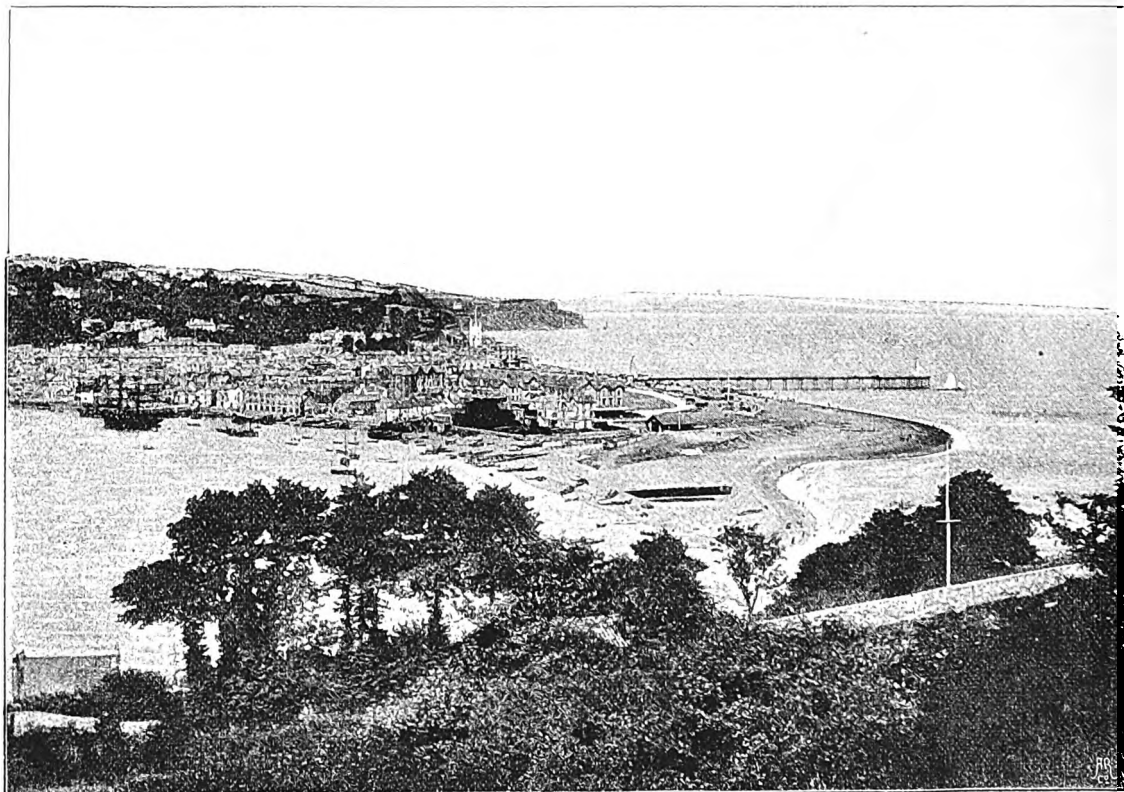
LABRADOR TEA GARDENS. [From a photograph by Valentine and Sons, Dundee.]

house, with strawberry gardens ; and access can be had from the beach to the Torquay road, through the grounds which belong to it. The visitor need not be at any loss for the means of wiling away an hour or two in this locality, for on every side abound the materials for intelligent research and investigation. The rocks contain many fine species of the actiniæ or sea-anemone, beside algæ and other sea plants not met with anywhere else in the immediate vicinity ; and some pretty shells and pebbles may be also obtained.



ROCKS AT LABRADOR. [From a photograph by Valentine & Sons, Dundee.]

The high grounds on the land side offer, it is true, small attraction; but the grounds of Lord Clifford, of which the Ness forms a part, are interesting and well laid out, and a subterranean passage, cut through the hill, affords an easy means by a flight of steps of access to the beach. Returning round the point, we enter Shaldon by taking the first turning on the left, we gain the Torquay road above. Here we may pursue the walk

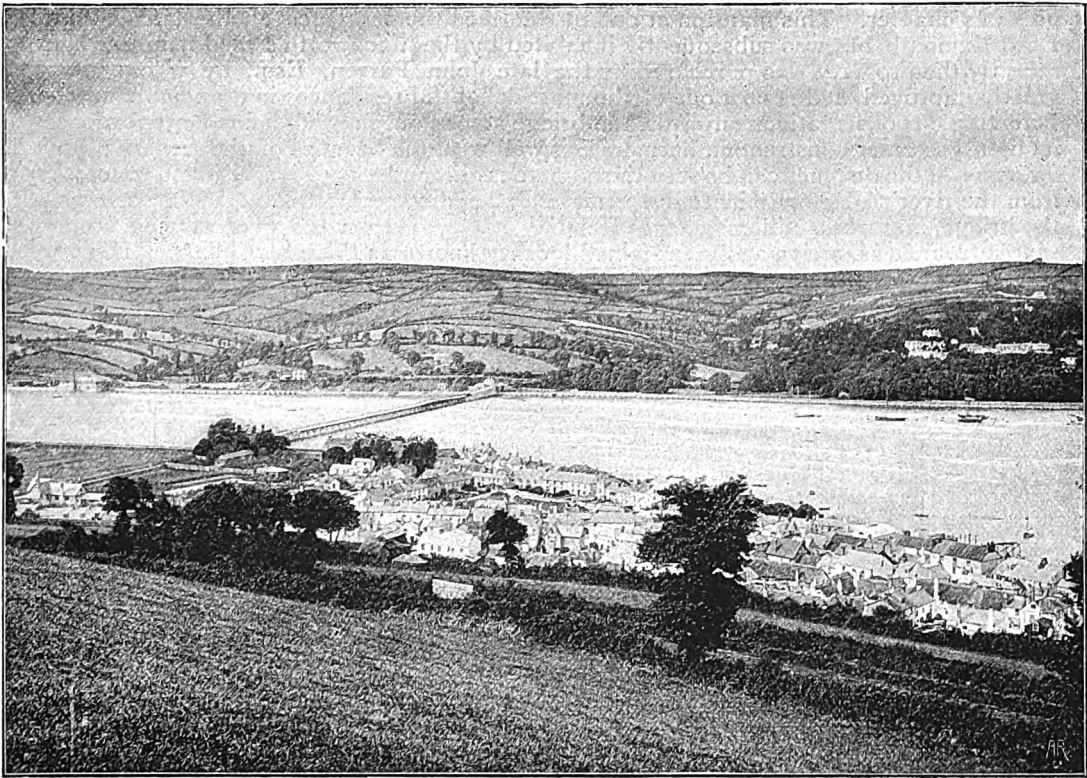


TEIGNMOUTH FROM TORQUAY ROAD.

[From a photograph by Valentine & Sons, Teignmouth.]

for half a mile or so, and in the ascent obtain some capital views of Teignmouth and the neighbourhood—indeed, as a point from which the town can be seen to advantage, we believe the road we are now pursuing offers the most pleasing features. On the right hand the pedestrian will find the accommodation of a seat within a railing kindly placed there by Captain Græme, R.N., of Fonthill, and from which a splendid view of Teignmouth and the coast eastward is obtained. A few yards further on the road we reach a tower or look-out rising from the midst, and above a grove of firs. When the summit of the hill is gained, the panorama both of sea and land scenery is very fine and extensive; and this can be further enhanced by diverging to the right, and thus ascending a height called “Furze Common,” from whence all the intervening country between Newton and Hole Head can be distinctly traced. In descending from this eminence, in the direction of Shaldon, several lanes will be found to branch off on the left hand—one of which leads to Stokeinteignhead, and the other by a somewhat circuitous route to the upper extremity of Shaldon. While here it may be as well to extend the walk a few hundred yards more, in order to embrace Ringmore, the principal feature of which is the parish Church of St. Nicholas. This modest little edifice is situated on the river’s bank, and is interesting on account of the character of primitive antiquity which distinguishes it. The two hamlets of Shaldon and Ringmore are comprised within the parish of St. Nicholas—an appellation

generally applied also with reference to the church; but the original structure was dedicated to St. Michael, and a portion of this erection yet remains—namely, a five-lancet window, united under one arch within—dating probably from the time of Henry III. The Carew family, who formerly held the manor, were the founders. The visitor may



SHALDON.

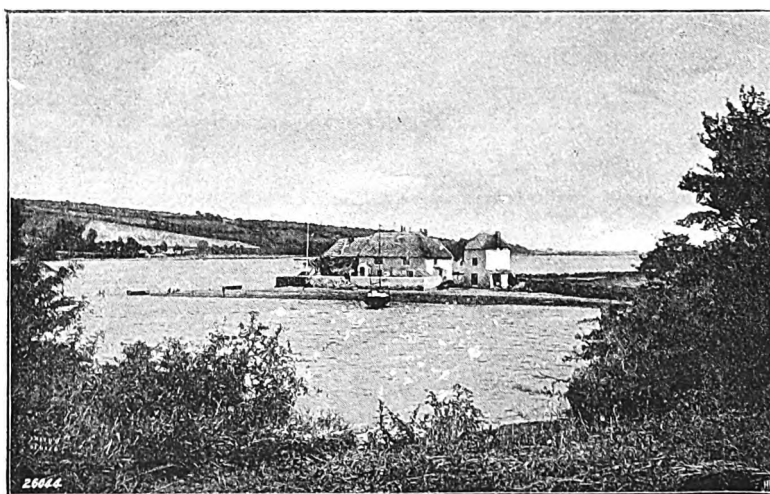
*[From a photograph by Frith & Co.]*

now return to Teignmouth by crossing the bridge—or, otherwise, by proceeding in a direct line through Shaldon, reach the ferry-boat, and so arrive at the original point of departure.

### COOMBEINTEIGNHEAD.

The village of Coombeinteignhead may be approached either by land or water. The former means will necessitate a retracing of much of the ground traversed in the last walk—namely, through Shaldon and Ringmore; and, although offering a pretty, retired country ramble, there is nothing of positive interest to be encountered on the route, if we except some fine river views. Not so, however, as regards the passage by water, which will be found replete with every attraction which a short excursion of this nature can bestow. Securing the services of one of the numerous boats ever ready to assist the tourist in exploring the beauties of the Teign, a pleasant passage of some three miles will bring us to our intended destination; but as the excursion is, probably, one of the most pleasing and picturesque to which we can treat our readers, we must be excused if we linger awhile on the way, in order to enter more fully into the enjoyment of the occasion. Being fairly launched on the swelling bosom of the Teign, the eye is quickly arrested by many features which, though rendered familiar by previous description, now assume new and distinctive characteristics. The harbour, quays, and shipping seem suddenly to have

acquired a freshness and novelty which such commonplace objects could scarcely be thought to possess ; Shaldon and Ringmore appear under a different phase from that which our previous acquaintance invested them with ; while the right bank of the river discloses a piece of scenery at once charming and pleasing in the extreme. This fresh object of interest consist in the house and grounds of Bitton—cursorily noticed in a previous chapter. This mansion at one time formed the residence of the late Admiral Lord Exmouth, but was subsequently inhabited by the Mackworth Praed family. More recently the property was purchased by the late John Parson, Esq., by whom it was greatly improved, and is now one of the most delightful residences in the neighbourhood. Directing our observations onwards, the bridge stands out in well-defined proportions—its light gossamer construction harmonizing well with the beauties of the scenery ; while far away in the distance can be seen the numerous hills and tors which, rising in succession from the river's edge, culminate in the majestic heights of Dartmoor. We soon pass the bridge, and while still engaged in feasting our eyes upon the ever-varying scenery that surrounds us, arrive at the far-famed locality known as Coombe Cellars. Here we



COOMBE CELLARS.

[From a photograph by Frith &amp; Co.]

will disembark, and as custom has from time immemorial assigned to this renowned spot a super-excellence in respect of its cockles and junkets, we cannot suffer the opportunity to pass for introducing this peculiarly Devonshire dainty to the notice of the reader. Two delicious preparations of milk—junkets and clotted cream, though often imitated in other counties, are to be met with in perfection only in our own. The junket, which is made with cream prepared in a particular manner, is properly a summer dish ; but the cream is for every season. Mrs. Bray very properly extols the junkets and cream of her native Devonshire, and she adds a good illustration of their excellence. After speaking of the reference made to them in old authors, she says that she one day observed to an old dame of whose cream she had been partaking in her dairy, and who had explained her method of preparing it—"She little thought of how ancient date was the custom of preparing the rich scalded cream in the manner she was describing to me." "Auncient !" she exclaimed, "I'se warrant he's as old as Adam ; for all the best things in the world were to be had in Paradise." "And," adds our fair authoress, "I must admit, if all the best things in the world were really to be found in Paradise, our cream might certainly there claim a place." The other delicacy to be met with at Coombe Cellars is a dish of fine fresh cockles, which may here be procured in original purity and flavour. Leaving this halting place, and pursuing a pathway for a short distance through the fields, we enter a lane which will quickly bring us to the village of Coombeinteignhead. Beyond



the Rectory, and a picturesque residence called Elmfield, there is nothing to distinguish the place from other villages—if, indeed, we except its exceedingly pleasing situation and choice scenery. The church, however, deserves a more lengthened notice at our hands, possessing as it does considerable claims to architectural beauty. The edifice has been of late years completely modernized, and now possesses a very pleasing aspect, both externally and as regards interior arrangements. A square Norman tower of somewhat lofty proportions surmounts the building, and thus preserves the character of antiquity which belong to the original structure. To a former incumbent of the parish—the late Rev. John Wrey—is due the renovation alluded to. There is a good east window of stained glass, and a handsome railing and screen surround the chancel, which has a tessellated pavement. The walls are furnished with numerous mementoes of those who, either by their connection with the village or personal worth, have entitled them to be thus borne in mind.

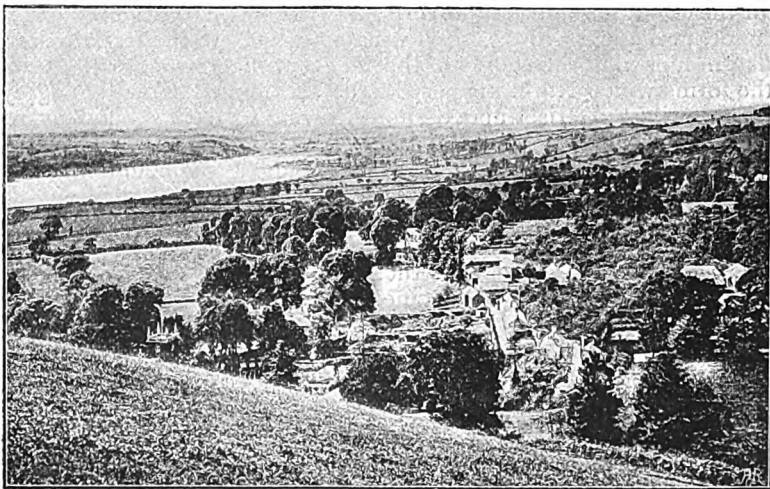
Having concluded our survey of Coombe, we may as well extend the walk to the adjoining village of Stokeinteighhead, which, like its neighbour, abounds in some lovely scenery. The church, however, stands in its original state, and also bears a square tower. The interior is interesting on account of a beautiful wood screen, with tracery of a very uncommon kind, which it possesses; as also the pillars supporting the roof, the capitals of which are curiously sculptured—some representing angels bearing shields, and with niches containing figures of Saints, &c., and a fine brass bearing date 1375.

We may now return—either by the road, which from hence to Teignmouth lies through a beautiful tract of country—or else by the boat which we left at the point of landing. And here we may observe for the information of tourists in general, that a ferry-boat plies between Coombe Cellars and the opposite bank of the river, to a place near Floor Point, from whence access is obtained to the Bishopsteignton-road.

In returning down the river, if it should happen to be about the time of sunset on a summer's evening, the lover of the picturesque will be highly delighted by the beauty of the reflected light catching the red cliffs, and communicating to them a brighter glow, while the shadows are of the richest purple, and the river and sea beyond are bathed in tints of such warmth and delicacy, as it is equally impossible to describe or to imitate.

### SCENERY OF THE TEIGN.

A little way further, the river divides into two narrow channels, one of which only is navigable. The scenery throughout is remarkably rich and varied—wooded hills, fertile meadows and deep valleys succeeding one another till we arrive opposite the



THE TEIGN AT BISHOPSTEIGNTON.

[From a photograph by Frith & Co.]

Church of Kingsteignton, which occupies a strikingly picturesque situation near the river ; and the chapel of Highweek placed on the summit of a lofty hill, commands a prospect of great beauty and extent, and forms in itself an object which adds much to the attractions of this part of the Teign.

Teignbridge, which crosses the river about half a mile further on, was rebuilt in 1815, and in taking down the old bridge the remains of a former one, constructed of red sandstone, were discovered, and beneath this again a wooden bridge, which in its turn had been erected over another of fine white freestone. The last mentioned is considered to be the work of the Romans, the wooden one to be about the date of the Conquest, and the red sandstone bridge and the one destroyed in 1815 to have been built, respectively in the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries. In the excavations which accompanied the rebuilding, evidences were presented of a gradual silting up of the river, which appears to have been an estuary up to this point, and to have covered many acres now available for agricultural purposes.

To the left appears the beautiful little church of Teigngrace, built by the Templer family in 1787, and containing monuments to several of its members. Beyond this, the thickly-wooded groves of Stover Lodge, the seat of the Duke of Somerset, nearly conceal the town of Newton, and following the windings of the river we see the bridge at Chudleigh. From this a succession of rich woods and shelving coombes bring us to the romantic bridge of Crocombe, which forms a fine object from the mansion of Canonteign belonging to Viscount Exmouth, and situated about a mile higher, in the parish of Christow, once an appendage to the Priory of Black Canons of Merton, in Surrey. The old mansion stormed by Fairfax is now tenanted by a farmer. A little way beyond Canonteign rock, the river runs between the parishes of Dunsford and Bridford the scenery around both of which is most romantic and beautiful—particularly the eminence of Preston, which rises perpendicularly from the bed of the river, and possesses views of incomparable beauty ; on its summit are the remains of a Roman Camp, while directly beneath lies Fingle Bridge, celebrated for its romantic situation. The scenery around is extremely grand ; and in the gorge, about half a mile above the bridge, scarcely leaving room for the Teign, here very narrow, to wind its way between, the hills advance and recede in regular succession for nearly two miles, presenting a number of projecting points, which terminate in the blue heights of Dartmoor.

Whyddon Park is the next object to arrest attention, and from this point the banks of the river assume features different from those presented in closer proximity to the sea. The tall salt reed gives place to delicate mosses and plants ; the bed of the river shews its granite masses intermixed with pebbles of various hues, till at length all that remains to remind us of the ocean is some ship hovering near the estuary, the red sail of a barge in the distance, or, perhaps, a wild sea-gull winging its way to the far-off sea.

The tourist, in following the course of the Teign, will be struck with the beauty and sublimity of the forms which Nature is perpetually assuming. Now some grey cliff, the chosen home of the wild bird, rises above him, throwing its dark shadow over the waters as they pass ; further on other masses rear their giant forms on the banks of the stream, crowded with turf and flowers ; here the graceful boughs of the mountain ash spring from the clefts of the rocks, which are tinted with the varied hues of different lichens and mosses ; there are cliffs projecting into the stream, forming, as they retire from it, beautifully little nooks and bays fringed with verdure, and containing numberless plants which render them peculiarly attractive to those who are fond of botanical research.

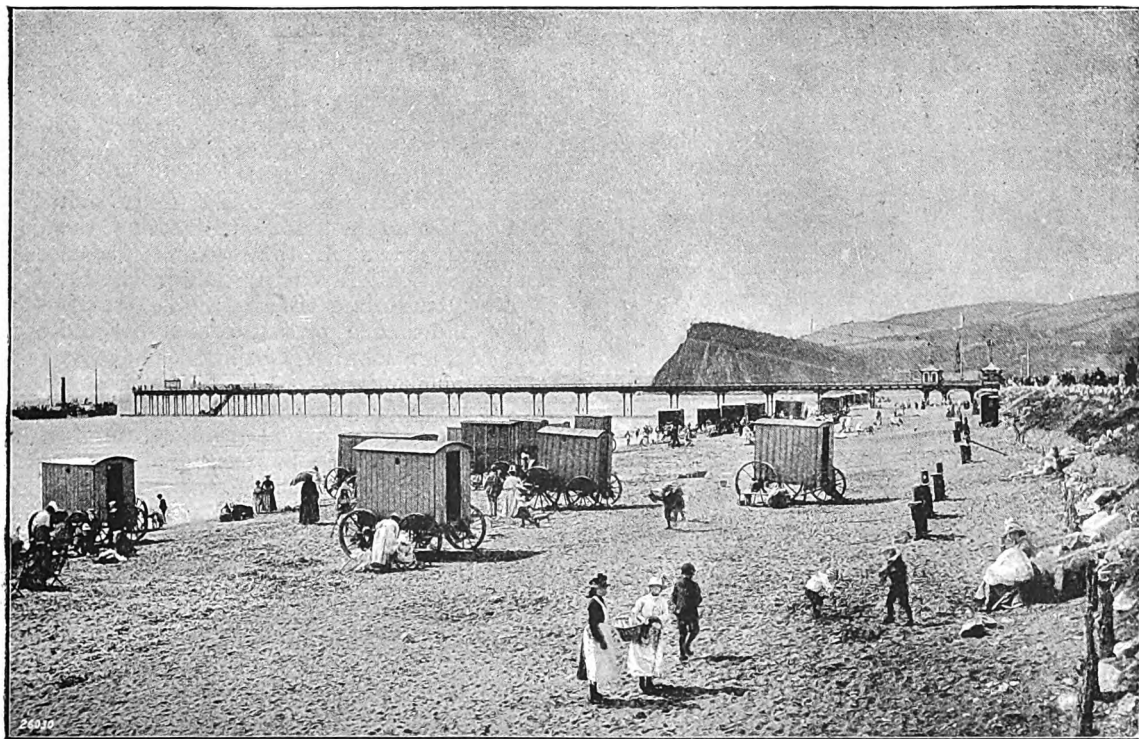
Presently, a noble sweep of wood comes down to the bank of the river, which pursues its winding course beneath the broad branches of the oak and elm, and the fragrance of the air shows that the woodbine and the myrica gale grow abundantly in its vicinity. Soon the sound of falling waters mingles with the song of birds that animates the woods ; a moorland stream rushes from the ridge of the hill, and, leaping from cliff to cliff, pours itself into the Teign, amidst scenery of surpassing beauty. Several other mountain streams will cross the path of the tourist as he follows the windings of the Teign, for Dartmoor, the "mother of rivers," pours forth her liquid treasures with a lavish hand ; and spreads over the valleys of the south a verdure which is unequalled in any other part of the kingdom. Perhaps the most striking feature of an



excursion on the banks of this beautiful river is the gradual change observable in the appearance of the country through which it runs—the cultivated district lying towards the sea presenting a marked contrast with the stunted vegetation of the hills: sternness and sterility being opposed to the rich green of the fields and the aspect of extensive woods.

“The moor resigns  
Not suddenly its sternness:—not, at once,  
The soft the beautiful of Nature meets  
The raptured eye; but here is union sweet  
Of tree and torrent—verdure—waterfall,  
And leaf-hung streamlet, that may well detain  
Awhile the wanderer. A myriad forms  
Start into life, that shun the highland waste  
And brook highland gales. The bough here holds  
Communion with the frowning clift;—the cliff  
Wearing its moorland mantle—green and gold—  
Moss, ivy, lichen—rises o’er the broad  
Luxuriant sward. And in the pleasant grass  
That smiles around, fair waving in the breeze,  
Delicious hues are seen, innumerable;—  
As if the rain-drops of the fresh wild spring,  
Had blossomed where they fell.”

*Carrington.*



ARRIVAL OF STEAMER.

[From a photograph by Frith & Co.]

## STEAMBOAT TRIPS.

The steamboat trips from Teignmouth are not less enjoyable than those by road or rail, and the visitor may almost any day vary his pleasures by embarking on the smart steamboat which makes excursions from the Pier, and which traverses the coast. These extensive bay trips afford views which are not obtainable in any other way, and embrace



WATCOMBE ROCKS.



MINNICOMBE.

scenery which for softness and rich beauty cannot be excelled. Taking the southern direction, the steamer passes Labrador, Minnicombe, Maidencombe, Watcombe Rocks, Babbacombe, Anstis Cove, and thence, past the Thatcher and Oar Stone Rocks, to Torquay. On other occasions she pursues her course across the bay to Paignton, and Brixham, thence round Berry Head to Dartmouth and to Slapton Sands. To bask on a summer's day in waters which are stirred by gentle breezes, and to feast the eyes on landscape presented in these trips, is undoubtedly one of the greatest of holiday enjoyments. Other trips can be taken which bring into view the towns of Dawlish, Exmouth, Budleigh Salterton, Sidmouth and Seaton and facilities are afforded for landing at either of these places or at the places named in the southward trip. The weekly arrangements and the fares are given each week in the *Teignmouth Post*.

## RIDES AND DRIVES.

## EXCURSION TO THE HIGHTOR ROCKS, AND BECKY FALLS, THROUGH TEIGNGRACE AND ILSINGTON; RETURNING BY LUSTLEIGH, BOVEY TRACEY, AND PRESTON.

Leaving Bishopsteignton to our right we proceed along the high road to Kingsteignton, which is about three miles beyond the first mentioned village, and was formerly a demesne of the crown, but the manor is now in the Clifford family, to whom it came by marriage. The village is pleasantly situated, and the church, which is of the Perpendicular order, and dedicated to St. Michael, is so placed so as to produce a fine effect as seen from the opposite shore of the Teign – the south porch and part of the adjoining aisle are of considerable antiquity.

Between Kingsteignton and Teignbridge are the pits where the china clay is obtained, which is sent in large quantities to the Staffordshire potteries.

We turn to the left across Teignbridge, adjoining which is the cricket ground of the Teignbridge Club, and quit the Teign, which here makes a considerable bend to the north. On the hill opposite, about a mile from the bridge, stands Highweek church, which, as well as the chapel of Newton Bushel, is a dependant of Kingsteignton; it commands a beautiful and diversified prospect, and is mentioned in a deed of Bishop Brewer, between the years 1224 and 1244. At the end of Teignbridge, by following the road on the right for about a mile, we arrive at the church of Teigngrace, a small but graceful structure, built by the Templer family in 1787; beautifully embosomed in trees, and in which its spire forms a conspicuous object. This church has, as an altar-piece, a "Descent from the Cross," by *West*, and several handsome monuments, chiefly of the Templers. We now turn through the plantations and grounds of Stover, formerly belonging to the Templers, but now the seat of Harold St. Muir, Esq., who has taken it over from the Duke of Somerset; the house which stands amidst luxuriant plantations, commands an extensive view of the country around it, and of the Lake which is a favourite resort of skaters; here we see nearly the whole of Bovey Heath, and the fine hills, woods and villages that surround it, with the double summit of Hightor or Heytor, rising immediately in front. Passing the enclosed southern part of the heath, and crossing the Plymouth road, we proceed towards the village of Ilsington, formerly the residence of the Beaumont and Pomeroy families, and rounding the base of a conical hill called Penn-wood, we ascend by a steep road, through a wood to the village, which is placed on an elevated situation at the base of the Hightor Downs. The church, which is an interesting fabric, is dedicated to St. Michael, and consists of a nave, connected with the side aisle by five arches, springing from slender clustered columns, a transept, chancel, and south porch. The body of the church appears to have been erected at the commencement of the 15th century. The screen is handsome, and tolerably perfect; it is richly ornamented with tracery of grapes, vine foliage, and acorns, with an under border of quatrefoils; some of the old open seating is still left, handsomely carved and ornamented with crockets, finials and quatrefoils; the arms of Beaumont and Pomeroy appear on their carvings, which is of the style of the 13th century. At the end of the north transept, on an altar tomb under a pointed sepulchral arch, is a full length stone figure of a lady, clothed in a long gown, mantle and veil. The monument which is in a very decayed state, is of the 13th century, and was probably erected for one of the Dinham family, who at that time possessed the manor. On a grave-stone near the entrance is the following imperfect inscription, in text hand, "*Beati sunt qui.*" On the same stone are some curious figures, evidently more ancient than the inscription, and similar to the rude ornaments occasionally met with on grave-stones, and considered to be Saxon. The views from the churchyard to the south-west are remarkably fine. The dramatist Ford was born at Ilsington. Near the church are the remains of an old manor-house, built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. We now ascend the hill for about two miles, and reach the open downs; on our left, among extensive wood and fir plantations that extend up the sides of the rising ground is Bagtor; below us on the right is Hightor Vale. Here there is a good inn and stabling. We now climb the Hightor or Heytor rocks, two huge insulated masses of granite 1,200 feet high, crowning a lofty ridge of barren downs, which are

separated from Dartmoor by the vale of Widdecombe. They are about one hundred feet apart, and a few rude steps are formed on the sides to assist in gaining the summit, on the flat part of the surface of which are several rock basins. At the foot of the downs are spread, as in a map, a lengthened series of fertile vales bounded by the ocean,—Chudleigh; Ugbrooke, Bovey Tracey, Haldon, the Stover Canal, the Teign with all its windings to Teignmouth and the sea, and other objects too numerous to be distinctly noticed, forming altogether a prospect rarely equalled. Towards Dartmoor the scenery is entirely different; a continued succession of lofty barren tors and hills with all their wild and picturesque accompaniments, here present themselves: the Dartmoor prison, and the churches of Moreton and Manaton are the principal artificial objects that strike us amidst this unreclaimed region. On the whole, the view from Hightor may be considered as the finest panoramic one in the county. The granite quarries are situated near the base of these rocks, and are well worth visiting. The village of Widdecombe in the Moor is about two miles from Hightor, in the midst of a fertile and pleasant vale, that forms a striking contrast to the barren ranges about it. The church, which has been restored, and often called the Cathedral of the Moor, is dedicated to St. Pancras; it is in the form of a cross, and is a plain structure of the fifteenth century. The tower is a beautiful building of the Decorated style of pointed architecture; it is built of granite, and rises to the height of upwards of one hundred feet; the angles are sustained by double buttresses, diminishing in size as they ascend, and ornamented with foliated pinnacles: on the top are four elegant pinnacles, terminated with crosses; it contains five bells; from whatever quarter the village is approached this tower forms a beautiful and striking object. From Hightor we now proceed over the downs above Coal-house, which is placed in a sheltered situation environed by plantations,—and Yarnor, also surrounded by wood to Manaton. The views along the whole of this unenclosed tract are extensive and picturesque, and several rude stone circles, about whose origin and use antiquaries have been so puzzled, may be seen. We then enter on the enclosed part of Manaton, and, turning through an extensive wood on the right, at the foot of the hill, we reach Becky Falls, formed by a small stream tumbling about 80 feet over a precipitous bed of large granite blocks. The scenery around is extremely beautiful, and in striking contrast to the barren downs and shapeless tors that enclose it, whilst the deep murmurs of the cataract are in strict unison with the other features of the scene. The water, after rushing over a steep ledge, descends for a considerable way through the rugged channel, and is finally concealed by the woods. Close to the fall is a neat cottage, and lower down a cavern, but extending only a short distance into the rocks. On regaining the former road we proceed towards the village, which is in an elevated situation behind a range of granite tors. The old grey church is dedicated to St. Winifred. On the downs, opposite the church, is *Bowerman's Nose*, generally supposed to have been a rock idol; it is formed of several large blocks, piled on a solid base about twelve feet square, and rises to a height of between thirty and forty feet, diminishing towards the top; and at a short distance, the broken outline of the stone presents an appearance very similar to the rude profile of a human countenance; it is evidently formed by nature, but well fitted, from its curious shape, to serve the purposes of a rock idol. Amongst the numerous tors, we may notice that of *Houndtor*, a magnificent group of rocks, appearing at a short distance like the remains of a ruined castle, rising with its beetling front from the dreary plain; its toppling craigs have the appearance of pinnacles which the hand of time has loosened; and as it throws its dark shade across the heath, it increases the natural wildness of the desolate downs in the midst of which it is situated. A large rock on Easton Downs, above the village, may also be noticed: it was formerly a logan stone, but some years since several persons moved it by main force, and thus deprived it of its vibratory power. Polwhele calls it the Whooping rock, and adds that it used to emit a peculiar sound when set in motion by tempest, and in stormy weather it might be heard for a distance of three miles in the wind. We may now proceed by Houndtor Wood to the valley below Becky Falls, through some of the most magnificent scenery in the county;—and from thence proceed to Bovey Tracey; or we may visit Lustleigh Cleave, this is one of the most romantic spots in the district, and although the outline of the hills forming this singular valley is

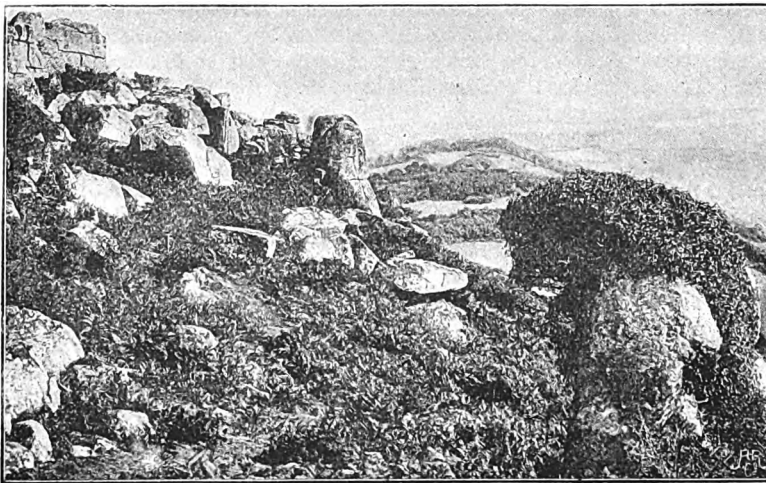
rocky and barren, the view from the summit is one of matchless beauty. Foxworthy Mill, surrounded by wood and green meadows, is situated at its higher entrance, presenting as perfect an idea of solitude and seclusion as can well be imagined. The river Bovey flows over a rugged bed at the bottom of the valley, and at one spot runs



BELOW BECKY FALLS.

[From a photograph by Frith & Co.]

underground, where it pursues its subterranean course for a hundred feet, and when it emerges, it winds in a smoother serpentine channel through the lower part of the valley. Near the top is a small logan stone. The Peek pits are remains of ancient tin works near the Cleave. Lustleigh is a small sequestered village, in a most romantic situation, surrounded by a remarkably fertile district and high hills. The church of the early



LUSTLEIGH CLEAVE.

[From a photograph by Bedford.]

English order is dedicated to St. John the Baptist; it consists of a nave connected with the aisle by four obtuse arches springing from clustered columns, a south transept, a chancel and south porch, in which is a stoup for holy water. The chancel and transept

from their disproportioned size, appear to have belonged to a larger edifice than the present, and were erected about the commencement of the fourteenth century; the nave is at least a century later; the screen is perfect and richly ornamented. There are several fine monuments, notably one of the time of Edward II., of Sir William Prouz cross-legged, and a later one of Sir John Dinham and his wife. But the greatest curiosity connected with this church is the very ancient, and inscribed stone at the threshold of the south door, on which are letters very much defaced and of which various conjectures have been formed; they appear to be "CATVIDOC CONRINO." The tower is low, and contains four bells. In the lane near the church is the "Bishop's Stone," a block of granite, on which the outline of an escutcheon may be traced. *Field*, in his "Stones of the Temple," p. 17, speaking of Lich-stones as being used as resting places for a corpse on its way to interment, remarks: "At Lustleigh, in Devonshire, is an octagonal Lich-stone called Bishop's Stone, having engraved on it the arms of Bishop Cotton, consecrated Bishop of Exeter, A.D. 1598." He also gives an engraving of this very interesting stone on p. 18. An ascent from the church leads to extremely beautiful scenery, hills rising to a considerable elevation—and beyond the vale an extensive prospect may be seen, including Bovey Heathfield, and the country beyond, and terminating in the British Channel. The scene from the parsonage garden is singularly fine; on the left is a hill that forms Lustleigh Cleave, the summit of which is covered by blocks of granite, assuming the most fantastic forms; one a logan stone bearing the appellation of the Nutcracker, because by its oscillations small nuts placed beneath it are cracked with perfect ease; round the base of the Cleave a few farm houses are scattered. The greater number of the fields are strewn with rocks, the rich corn crops, waving among masses that seem to defy the labours of the husbandman, have a striking and peculiar effect. Near the parsonage is a singular rock, called the Parson's Brown Loaf, thirty feet high, and of proportionate size, it might in former ages have been worshipped as a rock idol, as its singular shape would at any time have attracted attention and the collection of rocks in the adjoining field, enclosing a circular area, might be supposed to have formed a fit natural temple for Druidical worship. We next proceed to Bovey Tracey, a small town, consisting chiefly of a single street of low irregular houses, protected from the north by a succession of high downs, but open towards the south, where lies the Heathfield. Beyond this the country breaks into a pleasing variety of hill and dale. This parish was an ancient manor of the Traceys, Barons of Barnstaple. The heir of that Sir William de Tracey, who took the lead in Thomas à Becket's assassination, A.D. 1170, may perhaps have first erected a church here, the present fabric. The ascent to the church is by a long flight of steps, and the interior is interesting; the pulpit, which is of stone, and the screen are very beautiful. The panels of the pulpit have figures of the evangelists and saints, and those on the screen are of apostles and prophets; it has a rich wooden roof, and has been extensively restored. At this place the force under Lord Wentworth was defeated by Cromwell, on his march westward, January 9th, 1646. The river Bovey winds round the western extremity of the town, where it is crossed by a bridge, from which the view is very beautiful. To the left of this is Indio, built in the reign of Elizabeth, by one of the Southcott family. It is pleasantly situated, and approached by an avenue of fine trees. We now cross the Heathfield, leaving the Bovey coalpits on our right. Close to them is a most extensive pottery, established more than a century; visitors are kindly permitted to see the whole process. On our left is a breastwork thrown up during the civil wars. The House of Mercy, for fallen women, near the church, is connected with the Sisterhood at Clewer. In the Church of St. John there are mosaics by Salviati. About a mile from the Pottery we cross the Plymouth road, and pass along the northern part of the Stover plantations to the small village of Preston, without anything particular to require observation. From Preston we may return by way of Kingsteignton home. Teigngrace, Bovey, and Lustleigh may also be reached by the branch Railway from Newton to Moretonhampstead, but in the foregoing we have given the more picturesque route.

Before leaving this neighbourhood we must not neglect to speak of Chagford, which being as it is, so close to Dartmoor, is much frequented during the summer by those who desire to benefit from the bracing air direct from the moorlands. It has a population of



about 1,500, and is delightfully situated on a hill overlooking the luxuriant valley of the Upper Teign, and again surrounded by other hills. Very charming in summer, its winter aspect is dreary in the extreme, but it is with the former we have now to do. Chagford is four miles from Moreton, and is easily reached by the omnibusses which await the trains at the station of that town. It has a fine old Church of the Perpendicular style of architecture, with a good tower. Not far from Chagford is the noted Cranmere Pool, one of the most wierd and dreary spots imaginable, but it is not safe to search for it without a guide, as it is located in the midst of those treacherous bogs, which make independent efforts to cross over the moor by strangers so dangerous. Within a walk of two miles lies Gidleigh Park, so well worthy of being visited by all lovers of fine and romantic scenery, as to reach it they must pass through some of the grandest; huge hills, rugged and rock-crowned, clothed at their base with thickest underwood, beside which the Teign rushes and foams over its rugged bed, and the old and picturesque mill of Ho'ly Street which artists have made so well known. There is



HOLY STREET MILL, CHAGFORD.

[From a photograph by Frith & Co.]

little of interest in the Church beyond the screen, the panels in which are painted. Near the Church are the ruins of an old square tower called the Castle. On Scorhill Down, beyond the Church of Gidleigh, there is a large stone circle ninety feet in diameter.

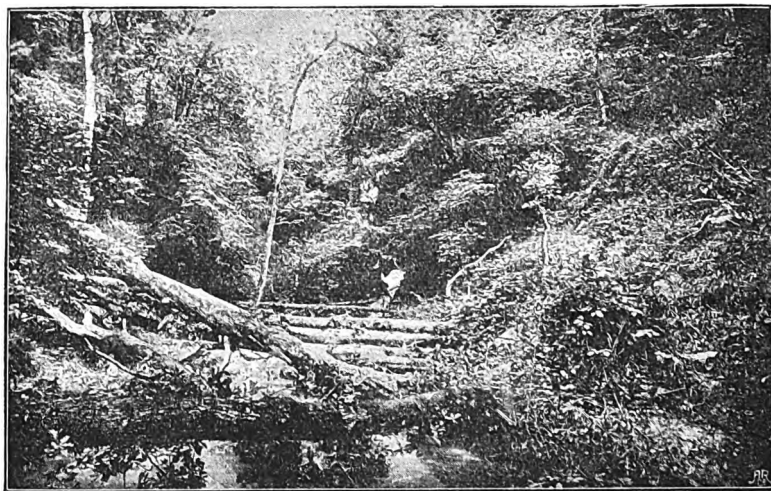
#### EXCURSION TO CHUDLEIGH AND UGBROOK.

Proceeding through Bishopsteignton, we reach Lindridge, which is about three miles and a half distant from Teignmouth. This is a distinct manor belonging to the Templer family; and free from tithes. The ancient house is said to have been a very large pile, covering an acre of ground; of this the central part only remains, the wings and other buildings have been taken down, but this portion forms a noble house, with two elegant fronts, and large commodious rooms, one of which, fitted up in 1673 (as appears from a tablet over the fire-place), and intended for a ball-room, is still preserved as a monument of former festivity, though the splendour of its decorations is somewhat diminished by time. It measures fifty feet by thirty, and its height is well proportioned to its length and breadth. It has six windows, and its rich carved work, copper ceiling, and panels of burnished gold, are highly ornamental. The gilding alone (as appears from the old stewards book) was performed by agreement with the artist for the sum of five hundred pounds. The house stands on a beautifully wooded lawn, and contains a valuable collection of paintings. The grounds at Lindridge are picturesque, and cannot fail to please. We proceed hence to the village of Ideford, formerly written Yeddeford,



or Eddford. The church is dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin, and consists of a nave connected with a north aisle by two plain obtuse arches and a chancel; the former probably erected in the reign of Henry the Sixth; the chancel is obviously of a much older date, it possesses a very good wooden screen and carved pulpit; the tower, which is sixty feet high, contains three bells, two of which have ancient inscriptions.

From Ideford we pass through pleasant shady lanes to Chudleigh. The town was formerly the property of the Bishops of Exeter, and to them it is indebted for nearly all its privileges. The remains of the episcopal palace are still visible; its chapel is dedicated to St. Michael. The manor was alienated by Bishop Veysey in 1557, and now



CHUDLEIGH GLEN.

[From a photograph by Frith & Co.]

belongs to Lord Clifford. The church dedicated to St. Martin is of a mixed style of architecture, and was consecrated by Bishop Bronscombe in 1259. This structure consists of a body, a chancel, a south aisle, supported by eight pillars, and a north transept, commonly called Hunt's aisle, where Bishop Lacy's arms are still visible. It measures one hundred and nine feet in length, and in breadth thirty-six. The screen has figures of apostles and prophets. The tower contains six bells.

About one mile south-west of Chudleigh lies Ugbrooke Park, the seat of Lord Clifford, which contains within its circuit the most beautiful combinations of wood, rock and water, with great unevenness of surface, and prospects at once varied and striking. The elm, the ash, the oak, the chesnut, all flourish here in the greatest luxuriance, and the bright green of the lawns, together with the ever changing tints of the foliage, and the flashing waters of the lake beneath it, form a whole, perhaps unsurpassed by any park scenery in England. The park is also well stocked with deer. The form of the mansion is quadrangular; the chapel and library make a distinct wing, communicating with the main building by a well-proportioned room. The house contains some very fine pictures, *The Tribute Money*, by *Van Eyck*; *the Woman taken in Adultery*, *Titian*; *a Magdalen* *Guido*; besides several good *Lelys*. The views which present themselves from the house are magnificent, the south front overlooking an undulated swell of ground backed by some noble groves, while from the west front the lawn slopes to the edge of a spacious lake, from the northern bank of which a long and steep ascent extends to a richly-wooded eminence, called Mount Pleasant. Here is a perfect Danish encampment surrounded with a single trench, which is overhung with fine oak trees, &c. Visitors are allowed to walk, ride or drive through the Park, having previously left their names at one of the Lodge entrances.

Chudleigh Rock is about half a mile from the town ; it is an immense mass of limestone which has been for a length of time quarried ; on one side the hill rises almost perpendicularly to a height of several hundred feet, and is separated from a similar eminence by a deep gorge, very richly wooded, through which a brook rushes over a stony bed forming a cataract. The summit of the rock is flat and covered with herbage, the sides are extremely rugged, sinking into deep hollows or caves, two of which are respectively known as Chudleigh Cavern and Pixies' Hole—the former containing many stalactites is kept locked, but application to view it may be made at the inn near. The Pixies' Hole is one of the oldest caves in Devonshire, and thickly over-grown with trees and shrubs. The view from the top of the hill is one of the finest in the kingdom.

Hennock is situated about three miles to the south of the town, close under the Bottor rocks. There is no sea view from these rocks, but the prospect extends beyond the hills which skirt the western side of the Exe, and terminate at the vale of Honiton. Immediately below lies Bovey Heathfield, around which are Stover and many other beautiful seats. The windings of the Bovey, and the course of the Teign, are also seen from this spot, together with the Ingsdon hills, the country round Ashburton, the eminences of Roborough Down, and the granite Tors of Dartmoor. Hennock is a small village with nothing remarkable to attract attention. The church, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, is a low structure of the fifteenth century ; it has a richly-decorated wooden screen and an ancient Norman font of a square form, and in the windows are many fragments of painted glass. The hamlet of Knighton, and a portion of the Heathfield, are in this parish. Our way home from Chudleigh would be over Haldon, or by rail from the Chudleigh-road Station via Newton.

#### EXCURSION TO THE CROMLECH AND LOGAN STONE AT DREWSTEIGNTON.

“Lo,  
Upon his bank a venerable pile  
Lifts his rude form; and who, that stops to gaze  
Upon that hoary cromlech, rudely raised  
Above the nameless dead, can look unmoved  
On the lone grave, where once the warrior stretched  
His limbs to mortal rest! And near the edge  
Of the loud brawling stream, a logan stands  
Haply self-poised,—for nature loves to work  
Such miracles as these amid the depths  
Of forest solitudes.”

In the article on the scenery of the Teign, it was thought advisable to omit any account of the celebrated Cromlech and Logan, which render its banks so interesting to tourists, and to notice them in a separate article. Polwhele is decidedly of opinion that these remains are of Druidical origin, and if the traveller who visits them should concur with him and other antiquaries, nothing can be more impressive than to spend an hour or two in their neighbourhood. Indeed, independently of the associations connected with the belief of their being of Druidical erection, the scenery in their vicinity is grand beyond description, and will most amply repay the time and trouble of the inquisitive tourist. “In the parish of Drewsteignton,” says the writer just mentioned, “which seems to have been singled out by the Druids as the peculiar seat of their religion, there is at the end of a down, at no great distance from the Cromlech, an awful precipice, where the rocks are divulsed into gloomy chasms, and terminate abruptly in a perpendicular manner. Than this spot none could be more adapted to religious worship *sub dia*, or to the accommodation of a numerous assembly. Towards the west-end of the Cromlech are several conical pillars about four feet high. On the south side there are three, standing in a direct line from east to west. The distance from the more western to the middle is two hundred and twelve paces; from the middle to that on the east, one hundred and six, just one half of the other; by which it should seem that an intermediate pillar, at least, had been removed. In a parallel line to the north are two others remaining erect—the one from the other distant about fifty-two paces, nearly one-fourth

of the greatest space on the opposite line. The area between is ninety-three paces, in the midway of which, at the eastern extremity, stands the *Cromlech*. This *Druidway*, beginning on the environs of the *Cromlech*, was intended to inspire those who were approaching the monument from Dartmoor with greater awe and reverence; where, probably, on a solemn anniversary, the Druid Priests may have met the attendant people, and commenced the procession.

The Drewsteignton *Cromlech* is at present known in the neighbourhood by the name of the Spinster's Rock. The country-people have a tradition that it was erected by three Spinsters one morning before their breakfast. It is considered that this tradition may refer to the three dread sisters of Norse mythology, the Valkyrinr. It stands on a farm called Shilston, a word which signifies the shelf-stone or shelving stone. It is of moor-stone, and, like most others, it has only three supporters, flat and irregular in their shape, their surfaces rough and unpolished, and their position not directly upright, but more or less leaning (two to the northward and the other to the south-east), and yet so firm as to sustain the ponderous tablestone which covers them, the whole forming a kind of large irregular tripod, its upper surface being, where highest, nearly nine feet and a half from the ground, and the whole, on an average at least eight feet. The greatest length of its table-stone, between its most distant angles, is about fifteen feet, but taken parallel to its sides about fourteen, and at a medium not above thirteen and a half; its greatest breadth ten feet; but this measured at right angles in that part where its two opposite sides are nearly parallel, is at a medium but nine feet ten inches. In 1862 this fine *Cromlech* fell, and was re-erected the same year at the expense of the owner of the estate, Mrs. Bragg, from sketches by the late G. W. Ormerod, Esq., F.R.G.S.

We have been thus minute in our details, as erections of this kind are rare, and awake in our minds sensations of the most pleasing yet thoughtful nature. Who can visit such a memorial of the by-gone times, associated as it is with other remains—other testimonials of the generations which have been, but which existed so long since, without feeling surprise mingled with awe and veneration. The *Cromlech* was a *sepulchral monument*. In the case of the Kentish *Cromlech*, history attests the fact. The general size of the figure, and the size of the area, suggests the idea—not that the covering-stone or the supporters were intended to secure the dead from violence. There is something of grandeur in the construction of the *Cromlech*, which was probably meant to do honour to the deceased; and the size of the area very well agrees with the dimensions of the human body. Independently, therefore, of the interest which the observer must feel in visiting a memorial so interesting, and which tells a tale so simply and so affectingly of other days, he feels that he is treading near the spot where the old sage, or warrior, or chief, “stretched out his limbs in mortal rest;” and he will not fail to hallow a spot so capable of producing the most intense and touching reflections.

The celebrated Logan stone in the channel of the Teign will also claim a very considerable share of the tourists' attention. There are many Logan stones in Devonshire and Cornwall. Some have supposed that these Logan or rocking-stones were placed in their present positions by the hand of art, and are, like the *Cromlech*, &c., of Druidical origin. Polwhele says “The Logan or rocking-stone must also be reckoned among the rude stone monuments of the Druids;” but observes, a few lines below (*History of Devon*, page 147), “*In general it is thus nicely balanced by the hand of nature.*” Joland writes, that the Druids made the people believe that they alone could move these stones, and by a miracle only; by which pretended miracle they condemned or acquitted the accused, and often brought criminals to confess what could no other way be extorted from them. And surely it is not improbable, that the Druids, discovering this uncommon property in the natural Logan stone, soon learned to make use of it as an occasional miracle, and that they constructed artificial Logan rocks where nature had not already prepared them. Spirits were then reported to inhabit these rocks; the vibratory motion was adduced in proof of this; and to complete the whole, the Logan stone became an idol.

To him who has attentively surveyed the different Logan stones in Devonshire and Cornwall, there can exist little doubt that all are the results of mere chance. It would be remarkable, indeed, if in provinces so romantic, so full of rocks, so abounding in precipices, so mountainous, there should not exist these singular positions of masses,

falling through different ages from the birth of time, into the valley, the glen or stream, from the wild elevations that frown over them. Convulsions of nature, too, in the flight of so many ages, may suffice to account for the uncommon situations of stones, in countries abounding in rocks.

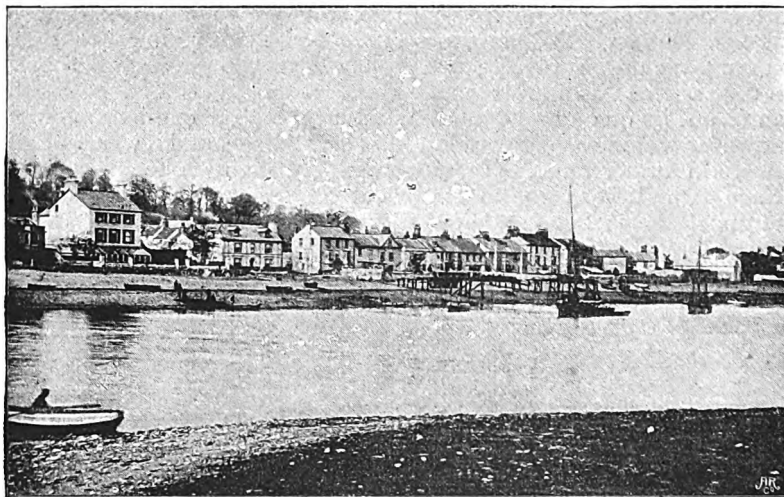
In the channel of the Teign, in the parish of Drewsteignton, under Piddledown, the traveller will find one of those interesting masses of rock called Logans. Polwhele says, "The moving rock is poised upon another mass of stone, which is deep grounded in the bed of the river; it is unequally sided, at great ease, at some parts six, at others seven feet in height, and at the west-end ten. From its west to its east point it may be in length about eighteen feet. It is flattish on the top. It seems to touch the stone below in no fewer than three or four places; but probably it is the gravel which the floods have left between that causes this appearance. I easily, continues Mr. Polwhele, rocked it with one hand; but its quantity of motion did not exceed one-inch, if so much. The equipoise, however was more perceptible a few years since; and it was probably balanced with such nicety in former times as to move with the slightest touch. It is remarkable that the surface of the lower stone is somewhat sloping, so that it would seem easy to shove off the upper stone; but the united efforts of a number of men who endeavoured to displace it, had not the smallest effect. Both the stones are of granite, a substance which is thickly strewn in the channel of the river, and over all the adjacent country. Shall we suppose that it has existed here from the beginning; or that the upper stone fell from the rocks of the adjoining steep, or was left here by the Deluge?"

"Nature loves to work  
Such miracles as these amid the depths  
Of forest solitudes! Her magic hand  
With silent chisel fashioned the rude rock,  
And placed the centre weight so tenderly,  
That almost to the passing breeze it yields  
Submissive motion. She around it flung  
The foaming river, and above it bade  
The cliff's dark verdure wave; while songs of birds  
To the wild waters plaintive melodies  
Respond harmoniously."

Nothing could be more happily associated than the Logan stone of the Teign, and the scenery around it; the latter is of the most sublime character; cliffs are over and near the monument which we have spoken of—the enduring memorial of far-flown years. The river foams round the granite base, the wild ash waves its purple berries above it, a thousand different plants soften the savage grandeur of the rocks, and wild luxuriant woods are near to complete the picture to the tourist's delighted eye. The path that leads to the Logan is by the margin of the Teign, winding under a precipitous hill. This hill rises majestically high to the north. On the other side of the river and opposite to this hill, the richness of Whiddon, or Whyddon Park, forms a beautiful contrast with these craggy declivities. Such is this Druidical scenery, which inspires even the cultivated mind with a sort of religious terror. We need not wonder, then, that the ignorant multitude of old were struck with astonishment at the fearful magnificence of every object, whether they turn their eyes up the steep, where the rocks frowned over them, or whether they looked onward through the valley, where foamed the waters of the Teign. To the vulgar every rock was a god, or the residence of some spiritual intelligence and even the gloom it shed was sacred, since the river was the habitation of genii, by whose agency its waters were restrained within its banks, or burst forth to deluge the country. If the tourist desires to inspect other Logans, he will find them in different situations, and not very remote from that which we have described: but the Drewsteignton Logan, combined as it is with the glorious scenery of the river Teign, will dwell longest in his remembrance, and the recollection of his excursion will often arise to charm and cheer him during his varied progress through life.

### EXCURSION TO ST. MARY CHURCH, ANSTIS COVE, BABBACOMBE, AND TORQUAY.

On leaving Teignmouth, we may cross the river by the bridge, or by the ferry to the picturesque village of Shaldon which both from its fishery, and as a watering place, may be considered as an adjunct to Teignmouth. After pausing to admire the scenery that spreads itself on either hand, and which we have elsewhere attempted a description



SHALDON : MARINE PARADE.

[From a photograph by Valentine & Sons, Teignmouth.]

of, we follow the line of road from Shaldon to Torquay, along the summits of the lofty cliffs, and though too much enclosed within high banks, there may be had from it numerous views of vast extent; on the right are some richly-wooded valleys, and on the left close to the sea, several rocky knolls singularly fantastic in their forms, which are well worth turning a short space out of the direct road to examine. Our route should then be pursued through the hamlet of Maidencombe, where we have Watcombe to the left, with its grand and rugged rocks, enclosing a secluded valley, which stretches to the sea; and lately has been found here almost inexhaustible beds of terra-cotta clay, from which many descriptions of articles are now manufactured at the works established near the spot, which are well worth an inspection. As we advance, the village of St. Mary Church presents itself in an elevated situation, surrounded by marble rocks; the Church of St. Mary Magdalene is a conspicuous object for miles round, and serves also as a sea-mark. It is stated by Ridsen to be one of the first that were founded in this part of the country. The present fabric does not boast of remote antiquity, and has been within the past few years entirely renovated, and is now one of the most beautiful churches in the county. The fine tower of the church was rebuilt as a memorial of the venerable Bishop of Exeter. The Roman Catholics have also built a fine church here. The villages of Coffinswell and Kingskerswell we have already passed on the right of our route.

Returning to our original line, we may observe, that the various new roads that have been formed in every direction of late years, have thrown St. Mary Church completely open; it is situated at a pleasant distance from Torquay, and its vicinity has of late been considerably improved, and presents many interesting features; the village itself contains little to attract attention, except a shop at which all the beautiful and numerous varieties of Devonshire marble may be seen worked into various useful and ornamental articles. As we drive onwards beyond the village, a succession of fine sea views, and of rocky glens, stretching down to the shore, present themselves on one hand; and on the other, a great variety of hill and dale expands in breadth and beauty,

terminated by distant ranges of blue hills, whose dim outlines seem to blend with the azure of the sky. The coast from Teignmouth to Torquay is all along indented with greater or less recesses, and as the rocks are high and rugged, many of these coves have a most picturesque appearance. Babbacombe Bay (situated just below St Mary Church)

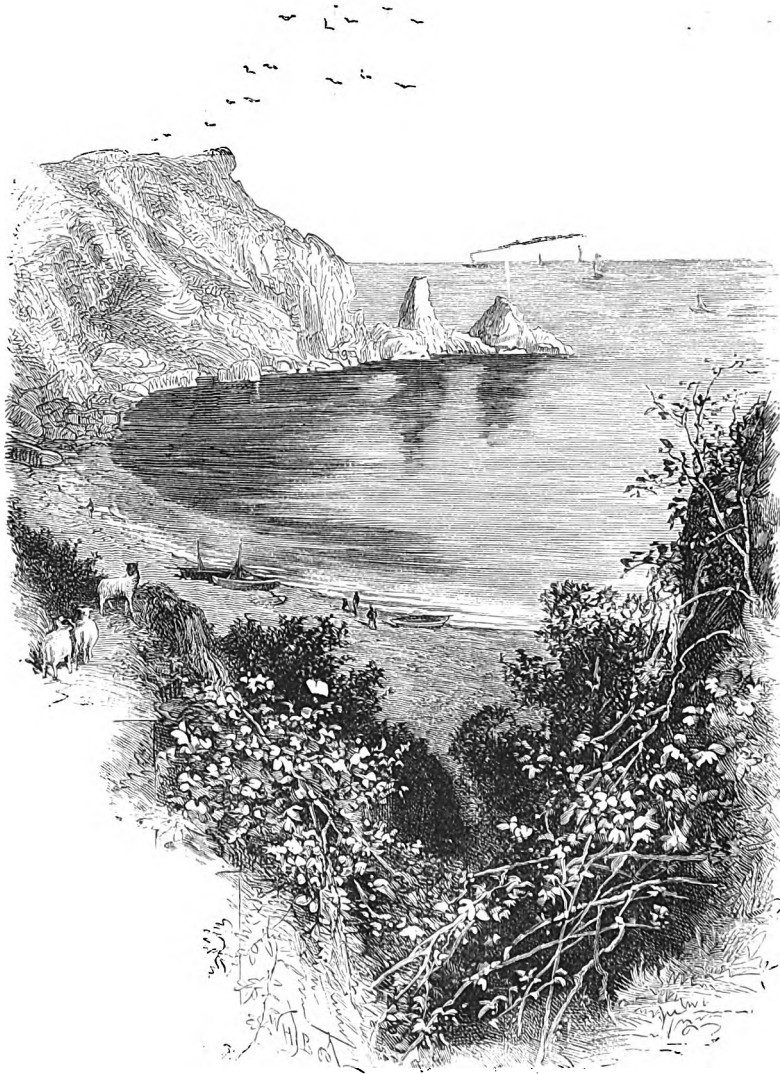


### BABBACOMBE.

is considered to be one of the finest of the smaller bays on the coast. Here, till not many years ago, were only a dozen rude fishermen's hovels, which seemed to grow out of the rough rocky banks; now there is a magnificent church dedicated to All Saints, one of the sights of the neighbourhood; numerous goodly villas with their gardens and plantations, scattered along the hill sides; hotels have been built, and there reigns over all an air of gentility and refinement in place of the old uncultivated native wildness, that has vanished before it. From the down a fine prospect embracing Teignmouth, Dawlish, Exmouth, the peaks marking the position of Sidmouth, the white cliffs of Beer and Seaton may be obtained, and in certain conditions of the atmosphere even the Isle of Portland is visible.

A short distance further is Bishopstowe, formerly the seat of the late Bishop of Exeter, now the property of Sampson Hanbury, Esq.; a large and handsome building in the Italian Palazzo style. It stands in a commanding situation in one of the very finest parts of this coast; and the terraces and towers afford the most splendid prospects. Immediately below the palace is Anstis or Anstey's Cove, the most romantic spot from Sidmouth to the Dart. It is a deep indentation of the cliffs where a stream appears at some time or other to have worked out its way in a bold ravine to the ocean. On either hand the little bay is bounded by bold wild rocks. A lovely spot it is, as a lonely wanderer or social party could desire for a summer day's enjoyment. The Devonshire marble which is now in so much request, is chiefly quarried from Anstis Cove and Babbacombe Bay. Boats are always obtainable at the Cove, and tea, with other refreshments may also be had there. Near the Cove is Ilsham Grange, an old mansion still in good preservation, granted, in 1540, to John Ridgway, it became a seat of the Earls of Londonderry, but is now occupied as a farm-house. As we proceed along the





ANSTIS COVE.

lane, to the left hand, a few rude steps will conduct us to a narrow path through a wood, terminating in the celebrated ossiferous cavern, called Kents' Hole, which may be visited if permission has been previously obtained of the Curator of the museum at Torquay. This cavern has become an object of the greatest interest from the immense quantities of fossil bones of carnivorous and other animals, many of which are now extinct, that have been found beneath its stalagmitic floor. These bones now enrich most of the principal museums in England and on the continent. Implements of flint, chert, and bone have been also found in the different stratas. Kents' Cavern is about 600 feet in length, and consists of numerous chambers and passages, the labyrinth-like windings of which render it dangerous to explore without a guide. Returning to the lane, a short distance brings us into the main road from Babbacombe, and passing by

the Church of St. Matthias; a number of villa residences, the public gardens, post-office, winter garden, &c., we reach Torquay which lies in a sunny and sheltered cove at the north-eastern extremity of the noble bay. Lofty hills surround it on all sides, except the south, where it is open to the sea.

There are two harbours which are protected by stone piers, built at the sole expense of the late Sir Lawrence Palk, Bart., and his son, the present Lord Haldon, which form delightful promenades while they afford shelter to vessels of considerable size. An extensive groyne has also been built by the town as a further protection for yachts.

Torquay has many churches, subscription, reading, and assembly rooms, first-rate hotels, a theatre, club house, baths and museum; there are also, three or four dispensaries and institutions. The town wears altogether a domestic "Belgravian" air; it is a town of terraces and villas. The principal shops lie along the back of the harbour, and they, as may be supposed, are well and richly stored. The houses which the visitors occupy are built on the higher grounds—they rise in successive teirs along the hill sides, and the villas extend far outside the older town. There is no beach. Along the summit of Waldon Hill the whole extent of Torbay is seen to great advantage; a grander prospect could hardly be desired over the ever-varying and ever-glorious ocean. Baron Haldon, is Lord of the Manor, of one part of Torquay, and Mr. Cary, of Tor Abbey, of the other.

On our return, we pass from the Strand through Union Street to the old town called Tor-Moham. On the summit of Chapel Hill, which adjoins the road near the Torre station, are the remains of the ancient and curious chapel of St. Michael; it is sometimes called St. Mary on the Hill, and may have been intended a sea-mark; the view from it is splendid and extensive. We then return to Teignmouth by the old turnpike road, or by the branch line of railway to the Newton junction,

## EXCURSION TO KINGSWEAR AND BRIXHAM, BY TOR-ABBAY, THROUGH COCKINGTON, PAIGNTON, AND GALMPTON, RETURNING BY CHURSTON FERRERS AND GOODRINGTON.

We next propose a tour round the south-western portion of our district, making our starting point Torquay, at which, in order to prevent repetition, we suppose our reader to have arrived by some previously described route, or by railway. If by the latter, after reaching the Torquay station, and proceeding a few yards on the main road to the town, a turning on the left hand will take us through an avenue, and by an old building of the 13th century, known as the Spanish barn, from some sailors belonging to a wrecked vessel of the Armada being quartered there, to Tor-Abbey. The ancient Tor-Abbey was founded by Lord Brewer in 1196.

We next proceed to Cockington, a small but fertile parish which was once the seat of the Cary's—the mansion is a plain structure—a part of which was built by them, but the front and left wings were erected by the late Rawlin Mallock, Esq., of Exeter.

From thence we proceed along the high road to Livermead. At this place there is a long reach of hard dry sand, which forms a delightful walk, and at Livermead Head, the caverns which the sea has worn in the sand-stone rocks are well worth seeing. The noise of the waves in these caverns has obtained for them the appropriate name of Thunder-bolt Point.

Paignton is situated about three miles from Torquay, in an exceedingly rich district, and it has the advantage of possessing a beach, on which the necessary accommodations for bathing may be met with. Here are, also, the remains of what was once a splendid palace belonging to the see of Exeter, which stood in the centre of a very extensive deer park, in the tower of which Miles Coverdale is said to have translated the Bible. Near the Palace, stands the church, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, the upper part of the tower of which appears to be more modern than the foundation, the doorway leading to the belfry being Norman. The architecture of the interior is plain, but there is much which is worthy of notice.

Leaving Primley Hill to our left, we proceed towards Galmpton, and ascending the high down we command an extensive prospect over sea and land, before us is Churston Ferrers, and a distance below, on our right, is the village of Galmpton, through which we next proceed. Leaving Watton, and Watton Court, a short distance further on the right, we may now either follow the banks of the Dart, towards Greenway and Longwood and enjoy the beautiful and diversified scenery, or, turning to the left at the end of the village, proceed over the higher grounds to Kingswear, passing Lupton, which lies below. In Kingswear, there is nothing remarkable to notice, except its beautiful situation on the banks of the Dart, and the fine views which the town and neighbourhood command of that river and of Dartmouth, which is immediately opposite, and may be reached by a ferry from Kingswear, or returning a short distance on the road, by the fly-bridge. There are the remains of an ancient Castle, which commanded the entrance to Dartmouth Harbour to the south of the town, of which, however, there is little now to be seen. From hence we return by Northway, where is a fine slate quarry, near the park. Passing through Higher Lupton we reach Brixham, a considerable fishing town, which is divided into Brixham Church Town, and Brixham Quay, but although the scenery around is both rich and picturesque, the town itself is by no means interesting; Upper Brixham, or Brixham Church Town having much the advantage.

From Brixham, leaving Lupton to our left, we proceed to Churston Ferrers. It is a straggling village in which there is nothing remarkable to detain us; and we may soon leave the high road and turn into a lane which leads to Goodrington. At the northern end of the sands is the promontory of Roundham Head, on which H.M.S. Venerable and two smaller vessels were wrecked when Lord St. Vincent's fleet was standing out of the bay. Passing through Paignton and by Livermead Sands, we again reach the grounds and avenues of Tor-Abbey and Tor-Moham.

#### EXCURSION TO TOTNES AND BERRY CASTLE BY MILBURN DOWN AND NEWTON, RETURNING THROUGH MARLDON, KINGSKERSWELL AND HACCOMBE.

Crossing the bridge, and turning to the right through the western part of Shaldon, we follow the line of the river through the hamlet of Ringmore, partly situate in the parish of St. Nicholas, and partly in the parish of Stokeinteignhead, which includes, besides the above, the hamlets of Gabwell, Rocombe, Maidencombe, and a part of Shaldon. The village of Stokeinteignhead itself, embosomed in woods is about a mile and a half to the left of our present route. From Ringmore, until we reach Combeinteignhead, the road nearly conforms to the windings of the stream, and presents some very fine openings of river scenery; whilst stately elms abound on either side, for nowhere does this tree flourish with such luxuriance as in the red productive soil of these sheltered valleys. From thence we pass through rich but confined scenery, till we reach the ascent of Milburn Down, the view from whose barren summit is magnificent, especially to the N.W., where Stover House and its plantations present themselves to advantage, on a gentle eminence overlooking a rich alluvial tract, through which the Teign winds like a silver snake; and even the "dull canal, with its locks and chains," makes an interesting feature in the scene. Beyond is Bovey Heath; and the Bottor and other frontier rocks of the granite district rise over Bovey, Hennock, and Lustleigh, and close the prospect. Descending the hill, we arrive at Ford House, situated on a lawn a small distance from the road on our right. The authors of the Ecclesiastical Antiquities believe that the building was commenced by Sir Richard Reynell (one of the family of the Reynells, of Ogwell, and an eminent lawyer in James the First's time) towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, and completed in the early part of that of her successor. King Charles the First visited Ford, in 1625, with several of the nobility, among whom was the Duke of Buckingham. After visiting Plymouth he returned to Ford, and while there attended divine service at Wollborough Church. William the Third rested at Ford, on his way from Brixham to Exeter, in 1688.

Between this and Newton Abbot, on the left of the road as we proceed, is a charitable institution, called The Widow's Houses. This was founded by Lady Lucy, wife of Sir Richard Reynell, for the reception of four clergymen's widows, each of whom was to receive an annuity of five pounds yearly. Over the pew allotted to these matrons in the church of Wolborough, is a curious account of the necessary qualifications they are to possess, and the rules they are to observe, to entitle them to the residence and annuity. "They shall be noe gadders, gossupers, tattlers, tale-bearers, nor given to reproachful words, nor abusers of anye. And noe man may be lodged in anye of ye said houses; nor any beare, ale, or wyne, be found in any of ye said houses, &c."

We next reach Newton, situated in the vale of Wolborough, at the head of the estuary of the Teign. The town is divided into two parts by the river Lemon; the one called Newton Abbot, from being anciently in the possession of the monastery of Tor—the other Newton Bushel, from its early lords of that name. In the middle of the street stands a tower formerly a portion of the church of St. Leonard, in front of which is a stone, bearing an inscription to the effect that thereon Rector Reynell of Wolborough stood, when he proclaimed, for the first time on English soil, William of Orange King of this realm. The country in the vicinity of Newton has long been noted for the beauty and variety of its scenery. Near the railway station is a large and well laid out pleasure ground, the gift to the town of the late Earl of Devon, and called "The Park," close to which, on the town side, stands St. Paul's Church.

Proceeding along the Totnes line of road, we pass some newly erected almshouses, and Wolborough Church, on a considerable elevation to our left, from which most extensive views may be obtained. Its dimensions are considerable, "being full one hundred and eighteen feet long by forty wide in the interior;" the nave opens into a north and south aisle by six arches. There is a very ancient font of granite, curiously carved.

A little beyond the Church, in some low fertile meadows on the right, and about half a mile from Newton, is Bradley House and grounds. It is difficult to imagine anything more beautiful than the scenery around Bradley House, with the little river Lemon winding among the green meadows and sparkling here and there through the over-arching boughs of the deep woods that adorn this very beautiful domain. The richest foliage borders the meadows, while beyond and around them, the most picturesque rocks of limestone vary the scene and swell into hills, from which the finest prospects are visible. Bradley was a small fortified house, but is still highly interesting; the original building was quadrangular, there are yet remains of the house which formed a part of it. The date of the ancient house is generally supposed to be some part of the fourteenth century; and the more recent portions (including the eastern front, the chapel, and the lodge) were built in the early part of the reign of Henry IV. The chapel is exceedingly curious. In the wall on the western side may be traced the confessional, but the whole is in a state of neglect and ruin. The botanist will find a walk through the grounds full of interest. We should here recommend all admirers of the picturesque not to leave Bradley without visiting the mill, which lies some distance beyond the house, backed by towering hills, and overhung with graceful ash trees, which is well worthy of attention, and where parties may obtain tea if desired.

We then proceed through a fertile, well-cultivated tract, frequently opening on extensive and varied scenery, sprinkled with hamlets, villages, and spires, and backed by the blue range of the Dartmoor hills; passing successively on our right hand East and West Ogwell, where in the lime stone quarries geologists will find very much to interest them, Denbury and Ipplepen, considerable villages; and on our left, Abbotskerswell, and Kingskerswell, by which we propose to return.

On descending a steep hill, the fine old town of Totnes, with its venerable tower and ancient Castle, opens on us along the side of a hill whose rich vegetation surrounds and rises over it, whilst the Dart, passing the woods of Dartington, flows through a plain of luxuriant verdure at its base. The materials of which the principal edifices are built harmonize so well with the landscape, that an artist might well regret the destruction of the ancient bridge on this account, notwithstanding the superior convenience of the

handsome structure that superseded it, and by which the two towns of Bridgetown and Totnes are united.

Totnes is one of the most ancient towns in the kingdom, and was originally surrounded by walls, with gateways. There are still many interesting remains of these ancient fortifications. The situation of the town is singularly fine. From the margin of the river Dart it climbs the steep acclivity of a hill, and stretches itself along its brow, commanding a view of the winding stream and the country in its vicinity, but sheltered, at the same time, by higher grounds on every side. The piazza in front of the houses in part of the upper town, and the higher stories projecting over the lower ones, are manifest proofs of its antiquity, being of the twelfth century. But the chief attractions of the place are the Castle—a fine ruin—interiorly 70ft. in diameter, the battlemented walls, pierced with arrow slits, 18ft. in height; it is well situated on a commanding eminence, and is beautifully mantled with ivy. The Castle, as we gather from the "*Netitia Parliamentaria*," was erected by Judhael or Joel de Totnais, to whom the manor was given by William the Conqueror, and who established himself there. It eventually became the property of the De la Zouche family, in the reign of Henry VII. Totnes was granted to Richard Edgecumbe, whose son, or grandson, in the second year of Queen Elizabeth, "conveyed the manor of the borough of Totnes to the corporation, on a reserved rent of £21 per annum, payable to the owner of the castle, reserving with this alienation, the right of a burgess-ship to his heirs for ever." Totnes was incorporated by charter, by King John, and has had its privileges confirmed by succeeding sovereigns. The borough first sent representatives to Parliament in the twenty-third year of Edward I.

About a mile and a half from Totnes, towards the north, is the beautiful mansion of Dartington, the seat of the Champernowne family. Of the ancient mansion built by the Duke of Exeter, half-brother of Richard II., some most interesting portions yet remain, notably the great hall, seventy feet long by forty wide. Dartington was made a barony at the Conquest, and about this date it is probable that the old buildings forming the quadrangle was built, as from their rude character they are certainly antecedent to the fine old hall. The part now inhabited was rebuilt during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Berry Castle, to which we shall now proceed on our homeward route, is about three miles from Totnes; and we must re-cross the bridge, and ascend the Bridgetown hills, to get into the road leading to Berry Pomeroy, which is a small rural village embosomed in trees.

We must now proceed to Berry Pomeroy Church, which will amply repay a visit. It was founded by one of the Pomeroy family, and their arms are to be seen in the roof of the porch, in the windows of the Church, and on the altar tomb, to the memory of a member of that ancient house, where they are impaled with those of Ashton. The stranger will do well to descend the hill, and pass through the court of the mill, following a path along the hill, which will conduct him by the side of a stream to a rustic bridge, whence the ruins are best seen. The castle was built by Ralph de Pomeroy, who came over with William the Conqueror, from whom he received a grant of the Manor of Berry, together with fifty-seven other lordships. At the western-side stands the venerable gateway, with its towers all clothed in the most luxuriant ivy, it displays the arms of Pomeroy, or, a lion rampart, gules, in a border enrailed of the second—cut in granite, and had a double portcullis. At one end of the south front stands St. Margaret's tower, and the whole extent of the front, which is surmounted with battlements, is entire. We must not omit to mention, in speaking of the oldest portion of the castle, that a series of vaults run underneath the walls, to which we descend by a ruinous staircase, and at the end of these are apartments of a circular form, called the dungeons. The more modern portion of the castle, which is easily distinguished by its Tudor windows, was built in the sixteenth century by the Seymours. It was intended to have been very extensive, and that part which was completed was fitted up in a style of great magnificence, having cost, it is said, £200,000; but it appears that a part of the original plan was never even commenced.

We may now proceed by Loventor and Upton, where there are several lime quarries,

to Marldon, and Compton Castle, the ruins of which are situated at the lower extremity of the village, and thence to Kingskerswell.

Leaving Abbotskerswell on our left, and Coffinswell on our right—small quiet villages of which there is nothing remarkable to note, we proceed to Haccombe, it is distant about two miles from Newton, and the mansion is situated in a valley bounded by richly-wooded hills, close to the chapel. The Manor House, which was rebuilt in 1650, by Sir Thomas Carew, has been taken down and again rebuilt. The present house is a large and plain building, by no means remarkable for beauty. Haccombe anciently belonged to a family of that name, whose arms—argent, three bends sable—are to be seen on a monument in the church. Sir John L'Ercedekne afterwards became its possessor, by marriage with the heiress of one of the L'Ercedekne family, it came to the Courtenays, and Nicholas Lord Carew, marrying the eldest daughter of Sir Hugh Courtenay, it passed with her into that family, with whom it continues. The church, which stands near the house, is exceedingly interesting, both from its antiquity (thirteenth century), and the monuments which it contains.

We proceed from thence, through the same kind of scenery, by the villages of Combeinteignhead and Ringmore, across the bridge home.

### THE DART.

Freshness, vigor, and variety, are especial characteristics of the Dart;—from its source to its embouchure, aught approaching monotony or tameness is nowhere perceivable. Hither may the artist come for combinations of scenery as exhaustless as the fountains that supply its stream; here, by imbuing his mind with some of Nature's finest productions he may qualify himself to reach a far higher point than the study of the greatest efforts of art will ever enable him to attain. Here may the poet find a local habitation for his airy creations—it matters little at which end of this labyrinth we commence our directive sketch; but as, in ascending the Teign, we reach Dartmoor, the common source of both, we may thence trace *this* river in the direction of its course.

Crawmere Pool, whence the Dart, in common with many of our Devonshire streams, originates, is in the midst of an elevated and extensive morass, on the wildest part of Dartmoor. It is only occasionally approachable in very dry seasons, and then not without the assistance of an experienced guide; it winds for miles through a wild dreary tract—now crossing extensive bogs, and now sweeping round the base of elevated tors, whose rude granite piles often present the semblance of castellated ruins. On approaching Two Bridges where a turnpike road to Tavistock and Plymouth crosses it, and where there is a small Inn, it winds through a valley of a more sheltered and cultivated description. Here, situated on the northern bank of the stream, is Wistman's Wood, which consists of stunted oaks in occasional patches that cover several acres, some dead—all hastening to decay. In the midst of the enclosure on the left of the bridge, rises Crockern-Tor. Below the bridge, the enclosures are those of Tor-Royal, formed by Sir Thomas Tyrwhit, on one side, and those of Princes-Hall, formed by the late Judge Buller, on the other. The scenery here resumes in part its former wild character. On approaching Dartmeet, where the two branches unite, we open on a fertile valley with rich pasture and flourishing plantations, amongst which Brimpts, the principal farm house, is situated; a bridge here spans the stream. Dartmeet, especially in the golden calm of a summer evening, is a lovely scene, rendered more striking perhaps, by the wild solitude on either hand by which we approach it. Hence the river pursues its way through the valley, amongst a succession of intersecting hills and ravines, which become more lofty and precipitous as we approach Holne Moor, round which and the shelving ridge of Bench-Tor the river sweeps. It now enters and flows through magnificent woodland scenery for several miles; on the left are the Buckland Woods; near it is the village and church of Buckland-in-the-Moor. A steep descent leads to the lower part of the plantations, where the Webber, a small stream joins the Dart, and where the road has been formed along the banks of the river. The beauty of this scene can hardly be described; the magnificence of the woods, and the dash of the river as it foams over the rocks, with the steep wooded ascent of Holne Chase on the opposite side, are features in



the prospect which must be seen to be adequately felt. At last the road is carried over Buckland Rock, which hangs over the water, and a fine view is caught of the sweep of winding woods, and rocky shelving banks of the river. On the downs above Buckland, towards Ashburton, there is a great variety of fine scenery, more particularly towards the Hazle, a lofty eminence on the verge of the down covered with rocks. As you advance in this direction, Buckland looks extremely well, seated above the river, which is seen to wind amidst the thick woods, and is at last concealed by the hills. A deep descent near Spitchwick, over a barren heath, crowned with a mass of rude rocks, leads down to New Bridge, which crosses the Dart, and connects Widdecombe with Holne. The approach to the village is through the woods. Holne Chase extends for about two miles along the Dart; the upper part is wild and rocky, and the road is formed through the woods. At the entrance of the Chase there is a fine walk nearly a mile in length, beyond the Chase, near Holne Bridge, is Holne Park; the hills run up to a considerable height, and on the summit of one of the loftiest is Hembury Castle, an earthwork thrown up probably by the Danes; the ditch is at several places twenty feet in depth, covered with coppice-wood. The form is not quite circular, but accommodated to the shape of the hill. Within the enclosure on the upper part is a mound surrounded with a ditch, and almost concealed with trees; the whole area encloses a space of at least six acres, and the views from the summit are extensive. A steep descent through the coppice-woods leads to Buckfastleigh. In a beautiful wooded vale about a mile from the village, on the banks of the river, are the remains of the great Cistercian Abbey of Buckfastleigh. On the top of the hill just over the right bank stands the church of Buckfast, which is reached by a flight of 140 steps; it was restored in 1845. About two miles up the valley, that opens to the left behind the turnpike, is the borough and market town of Ashburton, consisting principally of a single spacious street. Ashburton was one of the old Stannary towns of Devonshire, and still retains traces of great antiquity.

But to return to the Dart, which pursues its course through a fine fertile country, and and is spanned by three other bridges below the one we have just left. Staverton, through a considerable length of which it winds, is celebrated for its productive orchards. As we approach Dartington, the scenery becomes extremely beautiful; and at Totnes we may take the steamer or a boat, and enjoy one of the pleasantest river excursions in the kingdom, and the Church and Castle of Totnes are soon hid by the windings of the stream. The first object that excites attention is Sharpam, in the midst of a Park laid out with considerable taste. It is noted for its immense rookery, and possesses also a good heronry, and these stately birds may frequently be seen standing on the banks of the river. On passing this object, ranges of wood are seen extending for some distance on either hand; a small fishing hut and a few cottages are strewn along the bank; and then an extensive bay opens on the view;—the scenery around this is very magnificent, and as we advance, the river widens considerably, the banks becoming more rocky though less steep; the occasional views that open of the neighbourhood are fine and various, but the banks of the river form the prominent attractions; and we are continually recalled to admire its shifting and shadowy scenery: at Duncannon, now reached, there is a ferry. On turning a projecting headland, a short inlet of the river presents itself on the left in which the village and church of Stoke Gabriel are situated, partly concealed amongst the trees. On leaving Stoke the river expands at Galmpton Reach, and a wide prospect of hill and dale, adorned with villas and cottages opens upon us. We next observe the village of Dittisham on the right bank, and Sandridge, the birthplace of Davis the navigator, surrounded by much admired pleasure grounds and plantations. Beyond Sandridge a new scene appears; the river widens considerably and assumes the appearance of an extensive lake, surrounded by lofty hills. We next pass Greenway, the birthplace of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, embosomed in woods, and where tradition avers Sir Walter Raleigh smoked his first pipe of tobacco in England, to the great consternation of his servant, who, on seeing the smoke issuing from his master's mouth dashed the contents of a water jug he was carrying over him to put out the fire! Here the river contracts considerably, and a sharp rock, called the Anchor Stone, divides the channel;—and now the river opens more fully, and Dartmouth Harbour appears. The hills rise to a great height and are covered with coppice-wood, and terminated by the small town of Kingswear on one

bank, and on the opposite are the woods of Mount Boone. On sailing round one more point of land, we have a full view of the town of Dartmouth, rising like an amphitheatre on the side of a steep hill, and of the old Castle that commands the entrance to the river. The scenery around the town is strikingly beautiful; the capacious harbour, with the various vessels, the castle, the woods, and the noble river form the materials of countless landscapes of surpassing loveliness, and render the place well worthy of a visit, even by those who have not time or inclination to trace the source of the Dart.

The tourist may diversify this excursion by returning from Dartmouth by train. It would be fitting here to point out that the Great Western Railway issue circular tickets, enabling the tourist to travel from Teignmouth to Totnes by rail, thence to Dartmouth by steamer, returning from there by the rail passing Brixham, Paignton, Torquay, Kingskerswell, and so join the main line to Teignmouth, or the route may be altogether reversed.

### EXCURSION OVER HALDON TO EXETER, RETURNING BY STARCROSS AND DAWLISH.

Our next excursion is over Haldon, which we reach at a point called Narramore's Kiln, after an ascent of about two miles; to the left of this spot lies Venn, while to the right we see the remains of Lidwell Chapel. On reaching the summit of the hill, a most magnificent view of the shores of the Exe, and of the distant Blackdown hills presents itself, and a little further on the scene changes, the sea been no longer visible, and a fine inland landscape, comprising the village of Ideford, the richly wooded park of Ugbrooke, Chudleigh, Hennock, and the fertile tract lying between the two latter places delights the eye of the tourist, which rests on the picturesque background, formed by the cloud-clapped tors of Dartmoor. A lane called Colley Lane, leads us from Little Haldon to Great Haldon, along whose high sterile edge the road lies for some miles, conducting us near several barrows, apparently ranged in a line, as if connected with some ancient way belonging to the station still remaining at Ugbrooke Park; the principal tumulus being about sixteen feet high and two hundred in circumference.

Below the Exeter road, in one of the sheltered combes, is Ashcombe, with the woods around Mamhead, and the obelisk, to which the road branches off. The little village of Ashcombe is exceedingly pretty, lying in a deep glen surrounded by rising grounds covered with heath. On ascending Haldon plain, the tower on Penn-hill, erected by the late Sir Lawrence Palk to the memory of General Lawrence, form a conspicuous object. Crossing the down, we descend into the dell where lies the village of Aslton, near which are the remains of what was once the magnificent residence of the great family of the Chudleighs.

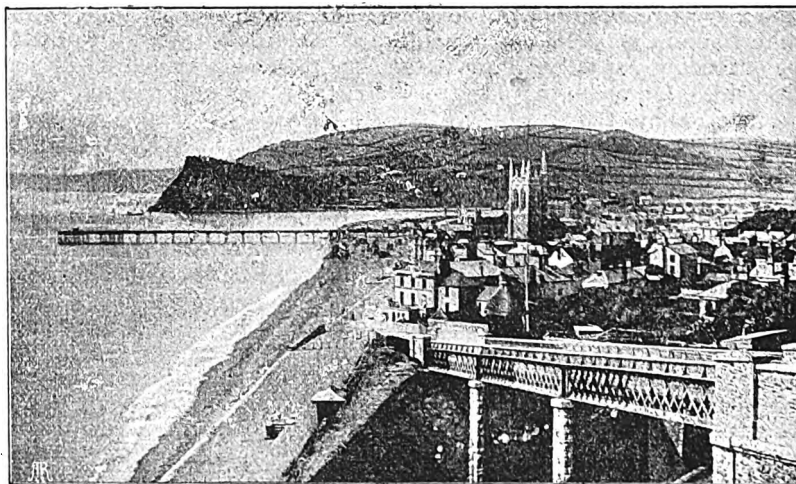
Mamhead, which is generally known and admired, is distant about seven miles from Teignmouth. Towards Haldon, the most beautiful plantations in Devonshire of fir and forest trees are crowned at the top of the hill by a noble obelisk built of Portland stone, and about 100 feet in height.

In going to Exeter over Haldon, another road diverges at the Thorns, between the seventh and eighth mile-stone from Exeter; and by this route, after leaving the turnpike road, the stranger will be gratified by a prospect such as Haldon alone can present. Beyond, are Powderham Castle and Park, the tower of Kenton Church, the river Exe, from its mouth to the ancient walls and turreted Cathedral of Exeter, with all the towns and villas on its banks; and further on, Woodbury Castle, the Peak of Sidmouth, and the range of the Blackdown hills. Descending the hill we pass through the hamlet of Kennford, the small sequestered village of Kenn being about a mile from it on the right. From Kennford we proceed to Alphington, passing Peamore, the residence of the Kekewich family, and return by the lower road to Exminster—so called from the river Exe, on the western side of which it lies, and from its ancient minster or monastery.

From Exminster we proceed to Powderham, distant nine miles from Teignmouth. The Castle originally had six towers, of which only two are now remaining, with portions of the wall of the old hall and the chapel, restored by the present Earl for Divine Service after having for long years been used as a barn. It was probably built either before the

Conquest to prevent the Danes, who landed at Teignmouth in 970, from coming up the river to Exeter, or else by William d'Ou, a noble Norman who came into England with the Conqueror, and to whom he gave Powderham. Visitors are allowed to go over the Castle when the family are not in residence, which is easily known by the absence of the flag, always hoisted when they are, but to do so application must be made by letter, giving the number of the party to the steward at the castle, who will forward a card of admission. The river Exe winding through a rich valley, the Kenne, the village of Kenton, interspersed with orchards; Walborough Hill, crowned with firs, rising behind Starcross and South Town, the mouth of the Exe, and the town of Exmouth, Lympstone, backed by the Woodbury hills, Topsham, and the tower of Exeter Cathedral with a part of the city, are some of the objects which may be seen from this spot. Kenton is about a mile from Powderham, passing through which we reach Starcross, so called from the Cross which formerly stood by some stairs for taking boat there. We then proceed to Mount Pleasant, which possesses a noble prospect of the Exe, the town of Exmouth, and a fine extent of sea and river scenery. Beneath Langstone Cottage extends a long tract of sand called the Warren and the road to Exmouth ferry runs across it.

We return hence through Dawlish, and this being the last stage of the homeward journey we may be permitted a few observations respecting it. The valley, along which the town is built is well sheltered on all sides. Lying embayed in a cove, which is terminated at each extremity by bluff bold cliffs, the beach in calm weather always affords a picturesque and cheerful walk. Through the centre of the valley flows a rivulet, intersected now and again by little weirs, and across which several bridges are thrown; on either side of the stream is a greensward, called the Lawn, beautifully laid out in beds, with dry gravel walks, carefully kept so as at all times to be an agreeable warm parade. The Church is situate at the extreme end of the town from the beach. Passing through the churchyard we return by picturesque lanes through the village of Holcombe to the Dawlish road, emerging opposite a narrow lane (Love Lane), which will conduct us again to the town by the Cliff Walk, over the viaduct into the town, or,



TEIGNMOUTH FROM CLIFF VIADUCT.

by turning sharply to the left at "Ye Nook" Cottage and descending the hill it will lead to the journey home by way of Smuggler's lane and the Sea Wall.

*With this description we trust that the reader of this Guide will find sufficient explanation in its pages to make their excursions enjoyable, and that the seaside souvenir of Teignmouth contains all that is necessary to make a holiday pleasant to the visitor.*

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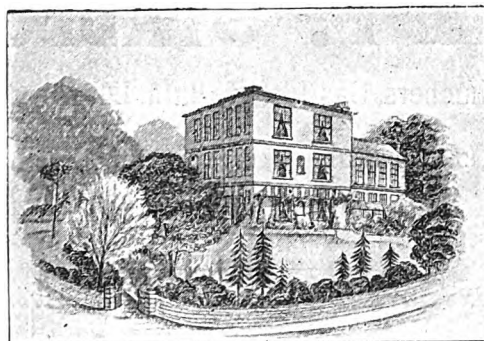
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**Saturdays, 12.30 p.m.**—To Heytor Rocks, Saddle Tor, by Hennesbury Gate, to Hounter Rocks, the noblest Granite Tor on Dartmoor, Swallerton, Heatree Lodge, to Barrowmore Bridge, along the Gorge to the River Bovey to Hele and Moreton, returning through the Swiss-like Scenery of the Lustleigh Valley.

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