



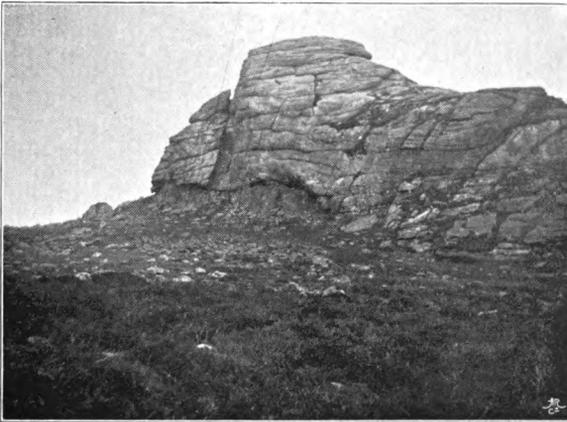
Dartmoor illustrated

Thomas Adolphus Falcon

DARTMOOR ILLUSTRATED.

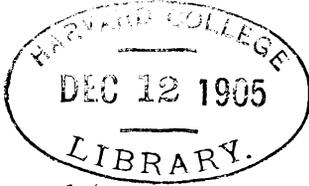
*The Edition printed for sale is limited to 125
large paper copies royal 8vo, and 300 copies
in demy 8vo.*

DARTMOOR ILLUSTRATED BY
T. A. FALCON, M.A. A SERIES
OF ONE HUNDRED FULL PAGE
PLATES OF ITS SCENERY AND
ANTIQUITIES WITH SOME SHORT
TOPOGRAPHICAL NOTES.



Exeter
JAMES G COMMINS
1900.

Br 5173.102.9
~~44.4.52.7~~



Harriet Fund

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

✓ Assacombe Remains (<i>two plates</i>)	23, 24
✓ Beardown Bridge	49
✓ Beardown Man	45
✓ Becky Fall	42
✓ Bennett's Cross	29
✓ Blackaven Bridge	95
✓ Black Tor	63
✓ Black Tor Circle	62
✓ Bowerman's Nose	35
✓ Brent Tor Church	86
✓ Broadun	44
✓ Chagford: Three Crowns Hotel	6
✓ Cranmere	90
✓ Crockern Tor	48
✓ Cromlech near Drewsteignton	5
✓ Dart: Eagle Rock	54
✓ Dart: Early Snow on the Dart	55
✓ Dartmeet	50
✓ Dartmeet Clapper Bridge	51
✓ Down Tor Circle and Row	61
✓ Drizzlecombe Menhir	60
✓ Eagle Rock, on the Dart	54

✓ Eggesford New Bridge	67
✓ Fernworthy Circle	25
✓ Fingle Bridge, on the Teign	4
✓ Fur Tor	89
✓ Ger Tor, Tavy Cleave	88
✓ Gidleigh Antiquities (<i>eight plates</i>)	8, 10, 12, 13, 17, 18, 25,	26			
✓ Gidleigh Longstone	17
✓ Grey Wethers	26
✓ Grimsgrave	59
✓ Grimspond (<i>three plates</i>)	30, 31, 32	
Heytor	Vignette
✓ Heytor from Hound Tor	39
✓ High Willhayes	92
✓ Holne Bridge, on the Dart	53
✓ Hound Tor (<i>three plates</i>)	36, 37, 38	
✓ Kestor	19
✓ Kit's Steps on the Lyd	81
✓ Langstone Circle and Mis Tor	75
✓ Leather Tor (<i>two plates</i>)	65, 66	
✓ Leeden Tor	64
✓ Leigh Bridge, on the Teign	7
✓ Logan Stone, Rippon Tor	40
✓ Logan Stone, Sittaford Tor	27
✓ Longaford Tor	46
Longstone; Merivale	76
✓ Lower Jurston	28
✓ Lustleigh Cleave Weir	41
✓ Lydford Bridge	79
✓ Lydford Church	78
✓ Lydford Viaduct	80
✓ Mary Tavy Cross	84
✓ Merivale Antiquities (<i>two plates</i>)	76, 77	

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

vii

✓ Metherall Hut Circle	22
✓ Nun's Cross	57
✓ Okehampton Castle: Window	99
✓ Okehampton Castle: Gateway of Keep	100
✓ Okehampton Park and Castle	98
✓ Okement, View on the East Okement	97
✓ Panoramic View: Links Tor, Sharpitor, etc. ..	82
✓ Panoramic View: Hare Tor, Doe Tor, etc. ...	83
✓ Pew Tor	69
✓ Ponsworthy	52
✓ Postbridge Clapper Bridge	43
✓ Rippon Tor Logan Stone	40
✓ Rough Tor, Okehampton	94
✓ Roundy Pound, near Batworthy	8
✓ Sampford Spiney Church	68
✓ Scorhill Circle	13
✓ Sharpitor: Teign Gorge	3
✓ Sharpitor: Lydford	91
✓ Sittaford Logan Stone	27
✓ South Hessary Tor	56
✓ Stall Moor Circle	58
✓ Staple Tors (<i>three plates</i>)	72, 73, 74
✓ Steeperton from Taw Marsh	96
✓ Stone Avenue, Assacombe	24
✓ Stone Avenue, Merivale	77
✓ Stone Avenue on the Teign	18
✓ Tavy Cleave	87
✓ Tavistock Public Buildings	85
✓ Taw Marsh	96
✓ Teign and Wallabrook, Junction of the ...	11
✓ Teign below Batworthy	9
✓ Teign Gorge, Entrance to the	2

√ Teign Woods, Chagford	1
√ Teignhead Clapper Bridge	16
√ Thirlstone; Watern Tor	14
√ Thorn, Cottages at	20
√ Tolmen on the Teign	10
√ Vixen Tor	70
√ Wallabrook Clapper Bridge	12
√ Wallabrook and Teign, Junction of the	11
√ Watern Tor	15
√ Week Down Cross	21
√ Widecombe; Ancient Well	34
√ Widecombe Church	33
√ Windy Post	71
√ Wistman's Wood	47
√ Yestor	93

DARTMOOR ILLUSTRATED.

Prefatory. As may be inferred from its title, this publication is primarily and essentially illustrative, and is intended to supplement Rowe's "Perambulation of Dartmoor" and all other descriptive works dealing with the Moor. It professes neither to guide nor to enlighten, but merely to recall. At the same time, a certain sequence and orderliness in the disposition of the prints has not been disregarded, while topographic and other practical information will be found to have been embodied, to a fair extent, in the notes. Their subjects fall naturally into three sections, dealing with as many centres—Chagford, Princetown, and Lydford—and these again sub-divide themselves fairly clearly into individual tours or circuits, such as may be as comprehensive as possible, though well within the compass of average days.

" . . . Where happy mortals go in quest
Of rarest joys ; such are the vales
Of my dear lowland in the west."—*Capern.*

Teign Gorge and Fingle. Little but unqualified praise can fall to the share of this stretch of river and woodland display, which constitutes one of the chief glories of those with which Chagford holds its recurring visitors. Pleasantly heralded by the short stretch which intervenes between Chagford and Sandypark, a few average fields next disenchant us, only to increase dramatically the effect of the sudden change at the entrance to the gorge. Heather-clad slopes loom large and

B

purple over a descending path; the hillsides close in abruptly, sylvan on the right, on the left perplexed with granite and as yet inhospitable; below, and along its whole course, the river "mazily murmurs" among moss-stained boulders, gay with all manner of flowering weeds, circling many an island of shrub and blossom, and shadowy with overhanging branches. Presently, clear-cut Sharpitor towers on the left, ivy-clad, paying yearly toll to the screes which surround it, and our footpath, hugging corners and faces of rock, bears evident trace of unequal contest with winter spates. Then denser woods close round, through which we catch but momentary glimpse of slopes stately curving and tree-invested to their summits. until in a while we emerge on a level space of ampler woodland dignity, sun-flecked and cool with spreading beeches—an aisle in a forest cathedral, whence something of solemnity or Dryad charm is rarely lacking. Little beyond this, a straighter stretch of river forms a vista to Fingle Bridge and the steep and bare declivities of Prestonbury. Though the path below Fingle Bridge has been represented as only an angler's path and poor, we shall find it tolerable enough unencumbered by rod and line, and the continuation of the excursion to Clifford Bridge is well worth the additional mileage.

Two miles along the road which runs N.E. from **Drewsteign-** Chagford Bridge, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ W. of Drewsteignton, **ton Cromlech.** this, the only Devonian standing Cromlech, reigns in a potato-field, or haply over turnips and mangolds. Its dignity somehow survives the contest with those strenuous vegetables; but many must needs think congruity more important than locality, and regret the domesticity of its setting. We may be reminded of the surpassing effect of harmonious surroundings by the case of Chûn Cromlech in Penwith (not to be compared with this as a monument) where most things conspire to keep alive original atmosphere and significance. The Devonian Cromlech collapsed and was re-erected in the early sixties; the bulk of its roofing stone, seen from the Shilston side, is remarkable. The theories and fancies

which have been woven round its imagined uses are interestingly narrated in "Rowe," pp. 115-118, where also notice will be found of the vanished antiquities in its neighbourhood, the last stones of which finally succumbed to builders' ravages in 1865. Bradmere Pool, across the road, is worthy of a visit, whether it still be held the home of mysteries or materially explicable. There is an interesting legend connecting it by a passage or stone-covered way with the Logan Stone in the Teign.

But for an attack upon it by the forces of the **Chagford**. Parliament in revolutionary days, this favourite little centre has practically nothing to show of particular episode or picturesque incident. There is an air about it of dignified, if unexciting, aloofness from the stress and discontent of history. Quiet generation succeeded to quiet generation, and even now much of an eighteenth century equanimity and ease seems to linger in it. It is a village of quaint substantial houses, of gables, porches, and mullioned windows, over which now,—adding the quaintest touch of all,—brisk electric light is nightly diffused. It has become a popular resting place partly in consequence of this, its atmosphere of peace: but its advantages as a centre have probably had more influence still towards that end, for it commands a country rich in contrasts and varying interests. From Cranmere, or Fur Tor, to Fingle Bridge: from Cawsand to Widecombe, or even Dartmeet:—within these limits lies a district truly representative both of Dartmoor and of its confines, and one that is not the least rich in antiquarian or picturesque objects. Of particular Chagford buildings, the pleasant and old-fashioned hostelry of the "Three Crowns" is the traditional scene of Sidney Godolphin's death; killed, during the above-mentioned attack, in the porch of the inn.

At the foot of the typical border lane, locally **Leigh Bridge**. ironically known as Featherbed Lane, the junction of the North and South Teign takes place, in a sumptuous and sheltered nook—an intelligibly favourite short

excursion from Chagford. Here the Teign changes its character notably, and begins its more spacious and leisurely course, though it does not yet seem wholly tamed, but retains, almost as far as Clifford Bridge, picturesque evidence of its moorland origin.

Roundy Pound. Incredibly enough, this interesting remain was on the point of builders' destruction in 1890, from which it was rescued by a mere question of economy. It is described in "Rowe" as follows: "An external enclosure in the form of a spherical triangle, with an inner circle nearly adjoining the N.W. side of the outer enclosure. The walls were probably built of upright rough masonry; those of the inner circle have had care paid them in their erection, and the door-jambs still remain. The inner circle is 35 ft. in diameter and the wall about 5 ft. thick. The area between this circle and the outer enclosure, now a confused heap of stones, was divided into six compartments by narrow walls extending from the inner circle to the outer enclosure."

The Teign below Batworthy. The Teign, like most of the Dartmoor waters, is a river of rapid changes. Perhaps no instance is more typical than the sudden alteration in its character which takes place above and below Batworthy. At its junction with the Wallabrook it chafes against a chaos of errant blocks, amongst banks of gorse and heather, past scanty birch or ash; half-a-mile down its course it suddenly flows at ease for a space, in a scene of pure woodland charm, forgetful of moorland obstructions.

Tolmen on the Teign. A few score yards down the Teign from the Wallabrook Bridge, on the Scorhill side, this object of some discussion lies, its top approximately 6 ft. above the average level of the river. The hole is 3 ft. in diameter at the top, its bounding walls being worn through towards the bottom, on the river side, and the fact and manner of this wearing form somewhat insuperable arguments

for the naturalness of its origin. Now-a-days the discussion of the learned concerning it is confined mostly to the question whether a natural phenomenon of the kind might or might not have been adapted and utilized for this rite or the other—a point of probability which obviously varies with the varying bias of the arguer. Ultimately, the appeal is to coincidence—the coincidence of Scorhill circle, the avenue, Longstone, etc., existent in the immediate neighbourhood.

Approaching Scorhill circle from Kestor and **Scorhill and Wallabrook** Batworthy, the Teign is crossed by a small (modern) clamped bridge, near the angle formed by its confluence with the Wallabrook. Following the latter up stream for a short distance, we reach the Wallabrook Clapper Bridge, a notable example 12 ft. long by 3 ft. wide, formed of a single slab. Thence the cart track leads to the circle. The diameter of this is 90 ft.; one stone is almost 8 ft. high, a second 6 ft., the remainder ranging downwards to 3 ft. “Eight stones lie on the ground, and twenty-four of these time-worn obelisks still maintain their erect position, and twenty stones would be required to fill up the vacancies.” Though by accident of position Langstone circle is somewhat more impressive pictorially, it will be observed that in original extent and impressiveness this circle takes precedence of all others on the moor. Langstone circle (consisting of sixteen stones) being 57 ft., and Stall Moor circle about 50 ft. in diameter.

Taken either on the way to or from Cranmere **Watern Tor** from Chagford, this Tor forms a pleasant object of relief and interest. The adjacent rocks of Wild Tor are somewhat similar in character and position, but have nothing of the ordered dignity of the Thirlestone and the main stack of Watern Tor. Dominating, on the East, the wide and comparatively level moorland, flecked with purple and emerald or the pale gold of withered rushes, through which flow the Teign and the Wallabrook, backed by Kestor and the blue inferior hills beyond, on the West the central waste of

peat-hags and morass :—this is a singularly effective view point, and as such seems somewhat neglected. The view of the Thirlestone (or perforated stone) here given shows the aperture as arched; but the piles are, in actuality, separated at their narrowest part by a small interval. The Thirlestone is at the northernmost, Watern Tor at the southernmost end of the Watern plateau.

This specimen of a clapper is now understood to be of modern construction. Presumably its excellent preservation was held to discountenance its antiquity, and possibly also the proximity of the Shepherd's Farm suggested a comparatively modern necessity. In any case, it is not very obvious what pressing requirement of ancient communication could have suggested its erection. If it led to any extensive village remains on Whitehorse Hill, Hangingstone, or thereabouts, definite probability might be invoked; but that region is now, as ever, the most inhospitable on the Moor. The bridge displays very well the characteristics of a "Cyclopean" specimen. There are two piers, and the bridge is 27 ft. long by 8 ft. wide, the roadway being formed of six slabs placed in couples.

The antiquities, of which these are the insufficient remains, are supposed to have extended from Fernworthy Circle practically to Scorhill—a distance of about $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles; Batworthy and Thornworthy wall builders being responsible for infinite destruction. The Longstone is about half a mile south-west of Kestor, and is 12 feet high; thence for a little distance to the south the destroyed avenue can be traced by the holes which once held its stones, till we come to the single remaining support of a supposed cromlech—a stone 5 ft. high, a relic of three known as the "Three Boys." North of the Longstone the avenue is traceable at greater or smaller intervals past a Kistvaen to a triple circle, whence it branches into two, with the general directions N.E. and N.W. "There are ten stones in the outer circle, six in the middle circle,

and eight in the third. The diameters are 26 ft., 20 ft., and 3 ft. respectively."

Not very far south of Roundy Pound is the favourite Chagford view-point of **Kestor**, or Castor Rock-- a type differing greatly (as differences go in Dartmoor rock masses) from the forms typified by Vixen Tor, in the comparative absence or unimportance of its vertical joints. It is nearer in type to Hey Tor, but that in the latter the lines of pseudo-bedding occur at greater intervals, resulting in its case and that of its kind in a greater impression of massiveness. However, we may find compensation for this in the contrast between Kestor and Watern Tor, its fellow sentinel on the moor not far removed. It is additionally interesting from its well-known specimen of large rock basin on its top (for some time now enclosed). It is 2 ft. 7 in. in depth, and from a width of 7 ft. 6 in. at the top, declines to 2 ft. at the bottom. There are four or five other smaller ones. In comparison, the measurements of Mistor Pan, the sides of which are perpendicular, are 3 ft. wide by 8 in. deep.

Possibly in part the result of its milder surroundings, far in the outskirts of the Moor, this **Week Down Cross** seems to distinguish itself from other Dartmoor crosses (impressive by their ruggedness and uncompromising strength) by a certain gracefulness and mildness of appeal. It is a well-known object to Chagford natives and visitors, and is situated about a mile along the road which leaves the town in a S.E. direction and crosses Nattadon Common. Both of its faces have a cross incised.

Above Fernworthy, the south Teign branches into two, one branch having its source some three furlongs E.S.E. of the Grey Wethers, the other **Assacombe** flowing down the valley between White Ridge and Assacombe Hill. It is the latter branch which concerns the visitor to the

Assacombe remains, for it will lead him in less than half a mile from the junction to the double stone row,—a neglected but excellent specimen of its kind. Indeed, possibly owing to a pictorial prejudice, or the prepossessions of antiquarian ignorance, the writer confesses to an emphatic preference for this example over such other Dartmoor rows as are illustrated in the present series. It cannot actually be said to be in a position difficult of access, but it is in one most suggestive of weirdness and remoteness; moreover, the stones at the head of it, near the sepulchral circle at the eastern end, impress especially with a sense of strangeness—such as bleached and mammoth bones come upon suddenly might convey; while the irregularity of the lines running down the slope adds further to that quality. To these antiquities, if to any, we apply at once the epithet “bizarre,” and Mr. Burnard seems to deserve particular thanks for rescuing them from neglect. The accompanying illustrations show the rows from both ends; in the case of that taken from the western end, the blocking-stone is prominent, and there is also included a portion of the hut circle adjacent on the south side.

Fernworthy Remains. On the South Teign, half-a-mile or three-quarters of a mile E. of Fernworthy, is a collection of hut circles in very good preservation. They are dotted about on the southern slopes some distance from the river, and, indeed, further from it than from the road. They are best approached from the latter shortly after the last gate from Fernworthy has been passed. The one illustrated is the largest of the group, and indeed one of the best on the Moor. Its diameter is about 30 ft. Further down the river there is a stone avenue not representative of such antiquities at their best. A quarter of a mile W.N.W. of Fernworthy is the comparatively small circle known by the same name. It is a little over 60 ft. in diameter, and is supposed originally to have consisted of thirty-three stones. Twenty-five now remain upright, all under 4 ft. An avenue of small stones extends some distance south, and 150 yards to the north of the circle it can be traced for one-third of that distance.

Grey Wethers. At the foot of the final eastern slope of Sittaford Tor, $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles slightly W. of N. from Postbridge (in a straight line) and a short mile south of Teignhead Bridge, these two circles are situated on a piece of level ground close to a leat. They now form practically no more than two half circles, as a great part of their stones has fallen, some three or four being partially or wholly covered. The diameter of both circles is about 100 ft. —the south being somewhat the larger of the two. In the north circle, which shows the largest gaps of stones absolutely missing, sixteen stones remain, of which nine are upright. In the south circle seven stones remain standing while twenty fallen ones are traceable. If the gaps may be assumed originally to have been filled by stones congruous in size, and in distance from each other, with the stones now remaining, the north circle probably once had nine or ten additional stones; the south three. The squareness of some of the blocks has led to the conclusion that they were probably worked, and in consequence (though their actual date is uncertain) may be taken to be of later origin than such circles as Scorhill, which consist of rude stones of convenient natural shaping only. It is distinctly to be regretted that no steps have so far been taken to restore these interesting circles by the re-erection of their existing fallen stones.

Sittaford Tor. There is nothing of particular interest here, either in detail or in general view, but its proximity to the Grey Wethers may tempt sight-seers to an inspection of its square and massive Logan Stone. Emphatic asseverations by one of the Perrotts of Chagford to the effect that this is one of the most easily rocked Logan Stones, lead the writer to conclude that he was unlucky in his efforts or the positions chosen. Still, there was, perhaps, a good deal of local patriotism in the depiction of the ease with which it was possible to move it.

**Jurston
and
Thorn.**

Besides the more notable and well-known sights that surround Chagford, many little nooks of wood and stream in the outlying neighbourhood, and many quaint and pictorial homesteads, repay an eye not careless in observation. Thorn (on the way to Teigncombe or Gt. Frenchbeer). Stiniel, Jurston, are but three of these; others will suggest themselves to every reader. The first and third are here illustrated. Jurston in particular is a delightful little spot, as concerns its little stretch of stream and lane. It lies on the most direct pedestrian route to or from Grimspound, while the little collection of homesteads at Stiniel, nearer to Chagford, is not far out of it.

**Bennett's
Cross.**

Just outside the Forest proper, and half a mile towards Moreton from the Warren Inn, this cross cannot escape notice on the right hand side of the road. As will be seen, it leans considerably out of the perpendicular, and is in a somewhat rough and unhewn state, the bottom half of the shaft being considerably larger in girth than the upper. Its mean height is slightly over six feet. On the side away from us in the present print, are the letters W.B.—modern, and standing for nothing more romantic than “Warren Bounds.”

Containing twenty-four hut circles, and four **Grimspound.** acres in extent, is the most noted of Dartmoor pounds. It is only possible here to summarise very briefly the principal results of the Exploration Committee's first examination. Of the twenty-four hut circles only two are in any way perfect, seven of the twenty-four showing no trace of human occupancy. Hut number three, partially re-built by the explorers and now enclosed, shows the floor exposed, with cooking hole, hearth, and platform. Flint objects and traces of human occupancy were very generally in evidence. The enclosing walls of the pound, now in a singularly ruinous state, are seen to have consisted of two walls, the faces of which have generally

collapsed towards each other, filling up the space between them. Whatever the uses of that space were, the report does not favour the older assumption that it was ever filled in, making practically one rampart of the two. The original entrance was to the south-east, and was cleared, leaving the pavement and steps exposed. On the west side of the pound wall, there are enclosures connected with the wall. It is presumed that the uses of the pound were not those of a village in regular occupation, but rather that it formed the occasional refuge of the scattered neolithic inhabitants of the neighbourhood. The course of the stream known as Grimslake probably in part determined its position, and tin-miners of a later date, if ever they utilised the huts, have left no evidence to that effect.

From the greater part of the upland that surrounds it we look down upon Widecombe as on a jewel gleaming in roughest of settings. From its bower of trees the pinnacled church tower rises conspicuous from all points. In local tradition, the first place is held by that tale of "a very great darkness" and of "the extraordinary flame of lightning, which filled the church with fire, smoak, and a loathsome smell like brimstone," on Oct. 21, 1638. Four were killed and sixty-two injured on that historic occasion, while the church itself was damaged and "the steeple was much went." Tablets painted in black letter verse by the village schoolmaster of the day were put up in commemoration of this event, and were replaced in 1786 by the boards now against the south interior walls of the tower. Both the storm and the ancient covered well in the village, figure, it will be remembered, in Blackmore's "Christowell."

This isolated stack of granite, on Hayne Down, **Bowerman's** $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles S.W. of Manaton, owes more of its fame **Nose.** to its singularity and abruptness of form than to its actual size and height, which is scarcely more than 20 ft. Possibly it appears at its strangest seen from the

road below, near Manaton, whence it stands clear on the sky line, pitched at an apparently crazy angle, dominating a little wilderness of granite and undergrowth. It has not escaped suspicion of mystic attributions, for which, perhaps, the most and only really potent argument that can be propounded is the fact that modern intellects have still been able to conceive and advance them. We are not yet so far from imaginative primæval ancestors as to be unable to apprehend the fairyland of untutored surprise and admiration. Enterprising, if not athletic, visitors will find the top an airy, though exiguous, point of vantage, with—if a pious hand has not removed it—the inevitable bottle to disappoint innumerable first ascents!

There is a Tor of this name somewhat south of **Hound Tor**. Taw Marsh, but it is in no single particular the rival of its namesake over Manaton (which lies about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles E.N.E.) The latter, both for general picturesqueness and for fantastic detail, takes very high rank among Dartmoor Tors (though strictly speaking it is outside the Forest proper), and it commands a very varied panorama. Moreover, if not on the Moor, it is on a very representative miniature of it, for there is probably no other district of a similar compactness which can show within its limits so bold a collection of Tors as is visible from or about Hound Tor. Hayne Down (with Bowerman's Nose) and Eastdon in the north; Honeybag, Chinkwell, Bell Tor, and Charpe Tor to the west, and the various smaller Tors west of Hemsworthy Gate; to the south and south-east Rippon Tor, Saddle Tor, and Hey Tor, with Greater Rocks before it:—our point of view is all but surrounded by characteristic Devonian rock-sentinels.

This aspect of the "twin rocks" is taken from a **Hey Tor**. point near Greater Rocks on the north side of the Beckabrook (*not* Greater, which is on the *south* side of the Beckabrook), and is, perhaps, not inconsistent with the general impression left by it throughout the large expanse of

country it commands. Of the outlying tors of the Moor, Hey Tor is probably the chief favourite, and is almost too well known to require description at this point of time. Instead, it may be allowable to emphasise that the little dependency of Dartmoor, stretching from Bowerman's Nose to Rippon and Hey Tors, well repays a "perambulation" as a district of particularly pleasant panoramas. A very characteristic view of Hound Tor and Greater Rocks, for example, may be had some 200 to 300 ft. below Hey Tor, N.W., while the various tors from Charpe Tor to Honeybag, overlooking the upper end of the Widecombe Valley, present each and all their admirable view points.

1,564 ft. In addition to its attractiveness as a
Rippon Tor. comprehensive view point, this Tor is reputed for its singular logan stone, situated about a quarter of a mile south-west of its top. The stone is about 4 ft. thick and 15 ft. long; "its estimated weight is rather less than fourteen tons." On a rock, north of the cairn on Rippon Tor itself, a rudely-cut cross will be found.

In the district between Manaton and Lustleigh,
Becky Fall. roads and footpaths are intricate rather than obvious, and its many points of sylvan and river charm are more easily enjoyed than discovered. From Lustleigh as starting-point, Becky Fall may be reached during a round up the Cleave, across Horsham Steps to Manaton, whence it lies a short mile S.E.; or the fall may be approached, more quickly, by the bridge below the junction of the Bovey and the Becka Brook (near to the view of the Cleave here represented), whence winding woodland paths lead eventually, in somewhat haphazard fashion, to the fall itself. Here, in a pleasant and well-shaded spot, is a jumble of large granite blocks—moss-stained or water-worn—over which the stream breaks into a cascade of some 30 ft. in height, forming a scene of decided picturesqueness when, by accident of weather, the volume of descending water happens not to be insignificant.

Closely adjacent to one of the two great modern thoroughfares of the Moor, this is, perhaps, the best known individual relic on it. It is also the largest and most characteristic of bridges—primitive practically only in classification, and certainly not in their capacity for the task appointed them. Whether the “scythed chariot of the Damnonian warrior” ever passed over them, there is really nothing to show; on the contrary the old central trackway has been proved to cross the river by a ford higher up. They carry their age lightly, and are built in a style suggested by local material. In a neighbourhood of this moorland kind, a bridge might have taken upon itself a similar form in days not very remote before the era of highway authorities and taxable farmers.

Leaving Sittaford Tor, or the Grey Wethers, a comfortable two miles slightly E. of S. (during which we cross the East Dart river) brings us to a point marked “camp” on the Ordnance map, on the right bank of the river opposite to Hartland Tor. The remains here divide themselves into two groups, distinguished as Broadun Ring and Broadun, and by their extent point to a once considerable population and importance. The more northern group, Broadun Ring, is the smaller of the two collections, but is in the least ruinous condition. Both groups were exhaustively explored by Mr. Burnard in 1893, the interesting results of his examination being detailed in Vol. IV. of his “Pictorial Records.” In connection with his conclusion that the huts were roofed in, bell-tent wise, by some handy thatching material supported by poles of wood laid on the walls, he mentions that neighbouring bogs have disclosed considerable evidence of a more flourishing tree growth than reigns at present.

Following as straight a line E.S.E. from Fur Beardown Tor as much athletic effort over sodden and liberally crevassed ground may allow, we are surprised near Cowsic Head (*i.e.*, after about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles) by this fantastic sentinel. Of course, we have been

looking for it, and knew what awaited us; but the element of surprise is never wholly absent from the acquaintance of these memorials. Familiarity cannot stale their stern immutability, and at the twentieth sight of them as at the first, they hint of things indecipherable, and are elusively eloquent of unremembered days. In this respect, Beardown Man is the most suggestive monolith on Dartmoor; there is neither rhyme nor reason about its position—merely an exquisite congruity. Its title, of course, is a corruption, but the popular tongue which has transformed **Maen** into **Man** has for once added a distinct touch of picturesqueness. Its height is about 11 ft., and width $3\frac{1}{4}$ ft. The present print, it need scarcely be added, represents it from its side.

Longaford Tor. 1,595 ft. From Wistman's Wood the ascent, N.E., to this Tor is not arduous. It is very prominent from Hameldon, the Cator district, and thence westward. It does not lend itself to much description, but is a fine pile of rocks in a neighbourhood made pleasant by many associations. Taken in a moorland circuit from Two Bridges, it is on the way to Broadun, and not very much out of it for Beardown Man and the region beyond.

Wistman's Wood. Perceived from any distance by the uninformed, this "third wonder of the Moor" might well be passed by with no more than the casual glance bent on a patch of scrub and undergrowth.

Actually, it is a place of considerable strangeness—the more so as its charm is far more fickle than that of other Dartmoor spectacles. In a dull hour, you may light upon it when it presents neither character nor quality, and be merely annoyed by the curiosity which brought you out of your way. At a favourable time, the least sensitive cannot but be struck by its fantastic aloofness from things modern and unmysterious. Its exact age is very little to the point; let it be found contemptibly recent—the impression remains the same. Grown oaks little higher than man's own stature, burdened with lichen to their topmost boles, tremulous

with close-set ferns which cling to them, their gaunt arms wave sombrely in the trailing mist, or sun themselves in exhausted rest. There is something about this wood of decay made imperishable; in that which stood for its youth, the seal of old age and dishonour must have been on it, and it passes from century to century with no added increment of growth or of mortality.

Only historical associations distinguish this **Tor Crockern Tor**. and invest it with an interest which its character and configuration could scarcely have earned for it. What manner of constitutions the 96 burgesses, who attended their court from Chagford, Ashburton, Plympton, and Tavistock—24 from each—may have rejoiced in, is not recorded. But it is undoubted that they assembled at this not invariably Elysian centre to “enact statutes, laws and ordinances, which, ratified by the Lord Warden of the Stannaries, are in full force between tinner and tinner, life and limb excepted.” There is traditional, but unconvincing, connection between certain relics at Dunna-bridge and the rough-furnishing of this Tor for its court.

Beardown Bridge. Swept away by the historic flood of July 17th, 1890, this bridge was subsequently re-erected by the Dartmoor Preservation Society. It is to be hoped it may now survive for many a year, centralising the interest of very beautiful surroundings. The bridge is 37 ft. in length and has five openings, and the space between the footway (now iron-clamped) and the water, at average level, is little more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ ft. Before the flood of 1890, it had suffered in 1873, up to which time it is described as having been in excellent preservation.

Dartmeet. This forms both a boundary of the Forest and the meeting-place of the parishes of Holne, Widecombe, and Lydford—the latter, in a bee-line approximately 13 miles away. The junction of the two branches of the Dart takes place in a pleasant neighbourhood of contrasting wood and moor. Below it begin the milder woodland

characteristics of the river—hence naturally increased in dignity and spaciousness—which receives no considerable addition until the Webburn is reached, and the close-set woods of Holne and Buckland make it justly famous in English scenery. Above the modern bridge are the remains of a re-erected clapper bridge, showing now a gap on the western side. There are hut circles north of the road on Yar Tor, and some, 300 ft. up on the slopes above the river, a considerable way south of it. Of much interest also is the Coffin Stone—a riven block close to a green track which cuts off an angle of the road as it climbs the slopes of Yar Tor.

The bridges of Dartmoor pass, with comparative abruptness, from the purely moorland type, where the predominant requirement and impression is that of strength, to the type of which Holne Bridge is a picturesque and favourite example. Hoary and moss-grown, mostly laden with ivy, and hidden away in sheltered and richly-wooded nooks, far from remembrance of tors and moorland, we notice the second type for their picturesqueness primarily, and secondarily only for their strength, though that, even on the borders of the Moor, is an essential requisite. Holne Bridge has four spans, the largest of which confines the normal river, here contracted into a narrow and deep-cut course in the rock. The bridge dates from the earlier half of the 15th century.

Denoted “Lucky Tor” in the Ordnance map, **Eagle Rock.** this fine mass of rock (better known by the present name) is situated on the left bank of the Dart, under Rowbrook Farm. We can imagine it to have breasted an ampler Dart in a remote antiquity, much as the rock-face at Lovers’ Leap still stems its course. The river between Dartmeet and New Bridge, it need scarcely be added, is well worthy of exploration, even though its Buckland reaches be near. It repays at most times, and is not inhospitable or uninteresting even when early snow foreruns the desolation of a moorland winter, or, lingering beyond its time, delays the coming of spring.

c

Slightly under a mile S.E. of Princetown, this **South Hessary Tor** forms a boundary-mark of the forest. It is a square and unusually compact mass, with a good varied view eastwards and westwards. It is of no great size, contrarily to the impression produced in the illustration by the little wedged stone visible. The latter is *not* to be interpreted as a human being infinitely remote on the inaccessible top of a stupendous rock-mass!

Denoted also Siward's Cross. From **South Nun's Cross**. Hessary Tor to this relic we shall probably follow naturally the boundary line of the forest, of which it is a mark. Mr. Crossing quotes a quaint sentence concerning it from the back of an old moorland map, where the cross is represented as based on two steps: "Hit is to be noated that on the one syde of the crosse abovesaid their is graven in the stone Crux Siwardi, and on the other side is graven Rowlande." As a matter of fact, the inscription on the west face is convincingly interpreted by Mr. Crossing as *Boc Lond* (divided into two lines). The whole of his commentary is too long to quote, and students must be referred to him, as interesting steps in his argument would be lost in condensation. The cross is 7 ft. 4 in. high, and the largest on the moor. It is agreed that both inscriptions are independent of the original erection of the cross, the name "Siward" being probably cut in it by a considerate late recorder to perpetuate its popular designation.

This sacred circle is notable as the starting point of **Stall Moor Circle**. Its course from the circle is, generally, N., but its line is not straight, nor, especially in its northern half, is it uninterrupted. It is most complete where the ground is most satisfactory, *i.e.*, for the first mile, approximately, from the circle. From Redlake onward, it bends markedly to the N.W., leaving Green Hill tumulus about quarter mile on the right; becoming more and more imperfect as the ground deteriorates into bog, it

appears to terminate in two stones east of Cater's Beam, near a cairn, which may or may not be a kistvaen. This prolongation of a previously known row was traced by the writer independently of Mr. Page's description of it, which he had not read at the time. It is, in fact, scarcely avoidable on any direct course from the Erme Valley *via* Fox Tor and Fox Tor Mire to Princetown or Two Bridges.

Though described in "Rowe's Perambulation" **Grimsgrave.** as situated "a quarter of a mile west of Plym Head, in Langcombe Bottom," the explorer will do well to make a more practical distinction between the two small valleys thus run into one. Plym Head proper (as marked in the Ordnance map) is a good mile and a quarter N.E. of this excellent kistvaen, which is on the right bank of the feeder of the Plym, rising at the point marked "Langcombe Head." A circle of nine stones surrounds the kistvaen, of which the coverstone has fallen in, being now wedged in the cavity. The situation of this rush-engirt grave is notably solitary and desolate, though it is not actually beyond inclusion in a comfortable circuit from Princetown (see note on Drizzlecombe). This kistvaen should not be confused with another to which the term "Langcombe Kist" would seem to be applied. The latter is on Harford Moor, about one mile N.E. of the church.

The antiquities of Drizzlecombe, in the Plym **Drizzlecombe** Valley, would appear to be almost wholly neglected by non-specialistic visitors. If only in **Antiquities.** view of the fact that we are here surprised by the largest menhir on the Moor, this is to be regretted. Other menhirs, such as Merivale, Beardown, etc., have their particular associations in the mind. Beardown at evening, casting, in a gleaming storm-interval, its long shadow over withered sedge, goes near to weirdness; but for strangeness both of size and form, the great Drizzlecombe menhir, once prone, but now re-erected, has no equal on Dartmoor. A very repaying day from Princetown including it, may be outlined by the following

points of interest: South Hessary Tor, Nun's Cross, Plymouth and Grimsgrave; thence south-west to Ditsworthy Warren and Drizzlecombe, returning almost due north *via* Combeshead Tor to Down Tor Row and Circle; thence across the leat, leaving Cramber Tor well on the right, to Black Tor Avenue and Circle, whence Princetown is a short two miles.

Down Tor Circle and Row. Anyone on, or in the neighbourhood east of, either Down Tor or Combeshead Tor, must be attracted to this fine circle and row. The vista of the upright stones, stretching away eastward from the sepulchral circle, is from the conformation of the ground particularly effective. Mr. Burnard describes it as being 600 yards in length, while the miscellaneous resumé in "Rowe," p. 411, gives it as 1,175 feet. The difference is probably accounted for by the fact that the latter reckons only the existing row, as re-erected in 1894: while the former appears to reckon the whole length to the cairn beyond the eastern end of the row: though he himself adds subsequently that no traces of holes for further stones have been found in the "break," and that the row has been demonstrated to have consisted of only one stone more than its present 173.

Black Tor. A peculiar block of large size and apparent insecure poise forms the top of this pile. It has not, however, as yet attained the dignity of a Logan Stone. There is an irregular rock basin on it, near its edge. In the little valley below this tor, in the angle of land formed by a branching of the Meavy, there are remains of some interest. Denoted in the Ordnance Survey as a "Stone Avenue," they are rather to be considered as two parallel single rows, running east and west. They are each terminated at their eastern end by a small cairn, surrounded by a circle of low stones. On the slopes of the hill south of these antiquities is a small collection of hut circles.

1,277 ft., about three-quarters mile due west from **Leeden Tor.** Black Tor, and two miles from Princetown. The topmost block (to the left in the present illustration) forms a logan stone, and rocks to a very marked—and, to the unsuspecting climber, discomposing—degree. An excellent specimen of a rock basin may be noticed upon it, with two or three well-defined drainage channels. It is of small size, but so obviously and clamantly unartificial (as is also that on Middle Staple Tor) that the once uncompromising Druidical theories of libation and ablution, become, on the inspection of it, even more unintelligible than usual.

Generally speaking, distinct uniformity prevails among Dartmoor Tors. Masses of granite, disposed in ordered stacks, crown the hilltops or lean against the hillsides. There is an aspect of design about them, rather than of confusion, and their bulk is insufficient to constitute anything like a mountainous outline in a panoramic or distant aspect. The popular precept—still advanced in text-books of physical geography—which makes the distinction between hills and mountains a matter of size, not of conformation, is mainly based on a misuse of language. Snowdon is a mountain; Skiddaw, near it in mere size, is nothing of the kind. Dartmoor is hilly, is undulating, is an upland plateau, is a succession of Alps in the original sense, but it is not mountainous; its lines and contours are essentially placid. The exception which proves the rule is **Leather Tor.** Approached from the east or north-east, we are confronted by a small chaos of boulders, which, though miniature in comparison, in effect is not unworthy of a Highland corrie; above it rises a graceful outline, sharp and broken, typical rather of gabbro than of our smoothly weathered granites, and unmistakably mountainous in quality. On the top we can indulge in a “ridge walk,” not very precarious it is true, nor extensive, but distinctly smacking of better things.

**Sampford
Spiney
Church and
Eggesford
Bridge.**

The village of Sampford Spiney is prettily situated, and has one or two very typical specimens of border homesteads to show besides its church and interesting tower. One of the farms has declined from the dignity of a Manor House. The church is small, about 50 ft. long and 15 ft. wide, the chancel having been rebuilt. It is mainly of interest for its picturesque site and surroundings, and for its Perpendicular tower, with its crocketed pinnacles and its buttresses terminating at the parapet. Descending from the church to the deep-cut Walkham Valley, we come upon the new Eggesford Bridge, with its circular flood-vents, as yet somewhat aggressively modern. If the Walkham spares it, it will scarcely be long before it adapts itself to a delightful setting.

Pew Tor. Any comprehensive or characteristic view of this "hypæthral judgment court" is photographically almost impossible. The Tor is well worth a visit when the attractions of its more fantastic neighbour, Vixen Tor, have been exhausted, both for its dispositions of rock, and for the rich western prospects from it framed in by its rock-walls. On the north-west group there are four rock-basins, three of them intercommunicating.

Vixen Tor. Situated near the Tavistock Road, an easy four miles from Princetown. Misplaced as this Tor seems from an imagined more congruous dignity of position, it is yet, apart from the several resemblances which have ingeniously been found for it, from all points of view singularly impressive. One describer glorifies it as the Sphynx guarding the confines of the mysterious Moor, but we cannot wholly, even at his bidding, forget the unexciting and unmysterious road which brought us to it. Transported to Great Kneeset or Tavy Head, it would, at least, gain in romance what it lost in the evidence of trippers' carousals. Geologically, Vixen Tor is a good type of such Dartmoor

rock-masses as weather along joints both vertical and inclined. There are three rock-basins of no particular interest on the top. The figure in the illustration indicates the line of ascent, up the central cleft or chimney. The climb is scarcely as terrific a feat as certain guide books would have us infer. According to its short notice in "Climbing in the British Isles," "the struggles of generations of climbers are said to have communicated a high polish to the surface of the cleft;" but the action of rain-water may be invoked with equal plausibility, as the polish is not always as conspicuous as the dampness of the cleft.

The Windy Post. Three furlongs due west of Vixen Tor, across Beckamoor Coombe, stands the octagonal cross known by the above name. Mr. Crossing's practical description of it is as follows: "It is 7 ft. in height, and across the arms measures 2 ft. 3 in.; the distance of the under surface of the arms from the bottom of the shaft is 5 ft. The faces of it look nearly due N. and S., and it inclines out of the perpendicular; a straight line drawn from the under surface of the arm, close to the shaft on the western side, would fall 7 in. off from the bottom." The next nearest cross of a similar prominence is the one, somewhat less out of the way than this, on Whitchurch Down, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles W.S.W.

Staple Tors. Proceeding for one mile N. of Vixen Tor, or somewhat E. of N. from the Windy Post, we come to Staple Tor and its fellows. These are among the most peculiar of Dartmoor tops, and indulge themselves in pre-eminently strange dispositions of granite. The most striking is that nodding pillar of Mid-Staple Tor, which forms one of these three illustrations. The epithet is not picturesque only; in point of fact, the two topmost blocks are delicately poised, though securely enough, as yet, to reassure the climber. Great Staple Tor has a curious little 3-tier pile, remotely suggestive of a mammoth toadstool, or of a giant's occasional table. The view from this Tor has much to commend it.

This perfect circle lies about one mile due N. of Mis Tor, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles N.E. of South Staple Tor, and is very conspicuous against the skyline W. of Mis Tor from a certain point on the road above Merivale Bridge. In spite of that fact, however, it is as yet somewhat off the beaten track of the excursionist, having been discovered and re-erected no more than six or seven years ago. There is no more impressive circle on Dartmoor, even in its present state, and it scarcely needs the imagined additional effect of the now practically non-existent exterior circle to take artistic precedence of other Dartmoor circles. Backed by Mis Tor, and flanked by the no less characteristic Staple Tors, with its small village remnants between it and the Walkham—an outlying dependency of Mis Tor Town—we can scarcely imagine it away now that it has recovered its due position. Its appropriateness is such that we believe we should have invented some such culminating point of the Walkham Valley, if it had not been discovered for us.

Briefly summarised, these extensive remains consist of two avenues running E.N.E. and W.S.W. for 196 and 200 yards respectively, at a distance of 35 yards apart. The stones are low and inconspicuous. The northern row at its east end has traces of a circle, and there are also remains of one at about the centre of the southern row. Under 100 yards S.E. from the latter are the remains of a cromlech, and some distance from the eastern end of the same row there is a longstone $6\frac{1}{2}$ ft. high. Due south from the western end of the southern row is a circle of ten low stones, between 65 and 70 ft. in diameter; the longstone proper (here illustrated) stands some yards behind this circle, and rises to a height of 11 ft.

Probably stout-hearted champions of Lydford as a centre would view with impatience the similar claims of Chagford, while those of Chagford in turn would not be remiss in retaliation. Really, the two differ

wholly in spirit, and are actually, as well as geographically, as distinct as east is from west. Chagford, if it concerns itself with the Moor at all, seems to do so incidentally only, as the background to the glories of the Teign; Lydford is nothing if not of the Moor, and intimate with heather and sedge. In the words of William Browne's well-known verses (from which the subsequent lines are also quoted) :—

"The town's enclosed with desert moors,
But where no bear nor lion roars,
And nought can live but hogs;
For, all o'turned by Noah's flood,
Of fourscore miles scarce one foot's good.
And hills are wholly bogs."

The case of the neighbourhood, it need not be added, even then can scarcely have been as bad as this bilious presentation of it. To return to our comparison, even Lydford Gorge, almost unique as it is, does not hold the balance against its Tors, as does the Teign at Chagford—though, perhaps, this is to some extent a matter of keys and regulations. The village consists of one long street, along which are dotted pleasant informal cottages, terminated by the ruins of the castle keep and by the Parish Church of Dartmoor Forest. A popular guide book describes the place as engaged in "rapid decay from the time of the Norman Conquest," leaving us to infer vividly with what considerable resources it must have set out upon its lengthy career of decline. As a matter of fact, it continued in its repute for some centuries after the Conquest, and was active in the severe execution of its Forest Court and Stannary Court Laws.

"They have a castle on a hill,
. . . . Than lie therein one night 'tis guessed,
'Twere better to be stoned or pressed,
Or hanged, ere you come hither."

In the churchyard is a well-known epitaph of the ingeniously metaphorical order, beginning :

"Here lies in horizontal position
The outside case of
George Routleigh, watch-maker"

The Church is dedicated to St. Petrock, and, excepting some earlier remains in the chancel, is fifteenth century. Quoting from its description in "Rowe," chapter xix: "The open rood-loft staircase is of an unusual character, and the hagioscope which runs through the south pier of the chancel arch and the rood-loft staircase, is curious." Below the church is the famous bridge spanning the gorge at the part where it is most like a miniature or rudimentary Aarschlucht. Above the viaduct and private grounds (and consequently always accessible) the Lyd, contracted to a very narrow channel, breaks through a rift in the granite and forms the fall known as Kit's Steps.

These general views are taken from points east and west of Hare Tor, the western one being somewhat further removed from the Tor itself. This, beginning from the left, includes Links Tor, Sharp Tor (in the centre), and Hare Tor; the eastern, with Sharp Tor again in the centre, has Links Tor on the right, and Broad Tor on the left.

The connection between Tavistock and Dartmoor is based historically on little more than the position of Tavistock as a Stannary town. More tangible, at the present time, is its relation to the Moor as a visitors' centre. Its early history centres primarily round its once magnificent Benedictine Abbey, which advanced in state and power from the tenth century to its climax under Henry VIII. "Ordgarus, Earl in these Parts, and Father of Elfrid, wife of King Edgar, built this Monastery in the year 961," says Dugdale, and adds that it was valued at £902 5s. 7d. per annum. Its founder was buried at Horton Monastery, in Dorsetshire, which afterwards was annexed to Sherborne. Still existent remnants of the abbey have mostly been converted to modern requirements; the refectory has become a Unitarian Chapel, a porch figures as a larder, and the Bedford Hotel comfortably houses its wearied travellers on the site of the chapter house. A portion

of the cloisters also survives in the churchyard. The wall which divides the vicarage garden from the river, with its Stillhouse Tower, and Betsy Grimbal's Tower in the same grounds, are other surviving remains. In addition, the vicarage garden has also imported antiquity in the shape of the three inscribed stones known as the Nepranus, Sabine, and Nabair Stones.

Scarcely more than six feet from the edge of a **St. Michael's**, miniature precipice, overlooking, at the height of **Brent Tor**. 1,100 ft., the eastern Dartmoor Tors, Cornwall and the sea beyond Plymouth, this quaint and lonely little church is a notable landmark, and picturesque apart from the legends that surround it. The nave is 37 ft. long by 14 ft. wide, the tower being 32 ft. high. The church probably dates back to the earlier half of the thirteenth century, and was re-opened after renovation in 1890. Some of the graves in the churchyard have been cut out of the solid rock, as the site, in the words of an old description, "doth hardly afford depth of earth to bury the dead; yet doubtless they rest as secure as in sumptuous St. Peter's."

Collecting its waters from Kneeset and the moor over which Fur Tor is set, the Tavy, sweeping S.W. in its general course, breaks its way through the upland glen denoted by the above title, with its many associations of picturesqueness in Devonshire minds. It is impossible to be otherwise than charmed with it; it is unfair to it to indulge in disproportionate language. In the desolation of Cranmere and of Fur Tor there is something absolute and unassailable; that, in truth, is the perfection of its kind. But if Tavy Cleave is approached with "Titanic citadels" or "magnificent castellated ranges" in our minds, a certain disrespect is in danger of being engendered, to the disadvantage of a pleasant spot and of our impressions. The scene has too many excellencies of its own to make it necessary to import Himalayan phraseology. Rather let us observe by how many traces we

here seem to be more closely in touch with original rock-energy, to be nearer to original stress, if not convulsion, of creative and wearing forces, than in most other parts of the Moor. Passivity and acquiescence at last, in a measure, give place to visible resistance; the frequent changes in the character of the river-bed alone, now a congregation of errant boulders, then bare terraced rock over which the river falls in successive cascades, are highly picturesque; and above it Ger Tor and its fellows stubbornly contest the winter storms and frosts which have strewn their sides with debris, though leaving them, as yet, proud and defiant crests. Ger Tor, from every aspect, is an interesting object, and near to the mountainous in type, though not quite as near as the actually smaller Leather Tor. Besides devoting himself to the Cleave, the visitor should certainly look down into its depths from Ger Tor top; the steep declension of its sides and the whole character of the ravine is thence more immediately recognisable.

1,877 ft. This Tor must always be the favourite
Fur Tor. of the moorland initiate. Every obstacle an unqualified impatience can discover encircles it. It is the central throne of a region which winter cannot mar, nor summer touch with transforming magic. But a few miles removed, the seasons display their regular pageants, and progress from beauty to beauty, redolent with flowers and vocal with birds; here, there is nothing constant but death, and the raven's croak is very music and comfort. Enislanded in passive decay and soundless desolation, everything repels; there is not even the relief of sullen resistance; every line and curve is acquiescent in fate, for peat is the least strenuous product of dissolution imaginable. What kind of man he was that chose this neighbourhood for his dwelling-place in aboriginal days—whether, according to the philosopher's estimate of the devotees of solitude, either god or beast—is a problem of much human interest; he selected (or was banished to) a site marked by a solitary hut circle on a nameless tributary of the Tavy.

There are also the ruins of a cromlech near the head of the river.

It is fervently recommended by guide-books and hand-books that the clearest possible day be chosen for the desperate journey to this heart of Dartmoor. But it may be said, without disrespect, that the necessity for this is not very obvious to any one acquainted with the ordinary use of the compass and a large scale map, and with moorland characteristics. As a matter of fact, the clearest possible day brings out in the smallest possible measure the peculiar and characteristic savagery of this waste. Preferable by far is a day of streaming westerly wind and mist, with occasional sudden revelations and sudden blottings out; and, as a matter of practical detail, one is, under these conditions, less distracted by unnecessary and merely curious deviations, by reason of the straight course and strict adherence to the compass-line imposed. In general, the terrors of Dartmoor exploration cannot be said to have been underrated. It is just as well that enthusiastic pilgrims should not be deterred from considerable pleasures by a too impressive display of imagination; for it should not be forgotten that the very wildest position of Dartmoor is scarcely on a par, in actuality, with a true Highland desolation. At an average of the worst, two hours must infallibly bring one at least to the first signs of civilization, and return the timorous to composure. The charm of Dartmoor, and of Cranmere in particular, lies not, to healthy bodies, in any physical danger or uncertainty, but in its great æsthetic impressiveness, which is not only apart from scale and difficulty, but in actual and curious contradiction to them.

There are some five or six tors known either as **Sharp Tor**, Sharp or Sharpitor, the best known of which are the rock masses in Teign Gorge, in Lustleigh Cleave, and over the Dart near Rowbrook. This illustration represents the one between Rattlebrook Hill and Hare Tor, some 2½ miles east of Lydford.

These twin and sometime rival topmost heights of the Moor rise to 2,039 ft. and 2,028 ft. respectively. It is unnecessary to add that the outlook from them is extensive, though they cannot by any means be considered to take first rank among Dartmoor view-points; for the distance round about—particularly, of course, northward and westward—stretch far but somewhat monotonously also. Undoubtedly, the most sumptuous distances descried from the Moor are those from its south-west quarter, at the foot of which the Plymouth estuary gleams far in a rich and ever-changing prospect of wood and dale. Finer than the prospect from these Tors themselves is the sight of them from points near and far, whether they be seen end-on as a mountain-ridge from Great Kneeset, or as broken walls of rock near the eastward end of the Blackaven.

Seen from Yes Tor, 500 ft. below and $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles N.E., on a day of contrasting sun and shadow, at a moment when its broken mass stands out against a dark and shadowy distance, this tor “catches the sun in the twilight of memory.” Under such an effect, or at evening before the sun has vanished behind the high ground westward, it seems more particularly than others the embodiment of ruin and of age. Doubtless, by the time we have drawn near to it, the vision has passed; but we shall, for all that, find the Tor to be a little citadel of rock of more than ordinary boldness and ruggedness. There is another Tor of the same name in the upper West Dart Valley, familiar in distant aspect to the visitors of Wistman’s Wood.

There appear to be no reliable data to fix the age or history of this bridge, which is situated under East Mis Tor. Mr. Page’s note in his popular **Blackaven Bridge.** “Exploration” will probably represent the opinion of most visitors to this bridge:—“Some consider it as old as Saxon times; others go still further into the past, and claim for it a Roman origin. What possible reason either people

could have had for erecting so massive a structure in a locality so remote I am unable to suggest, and attach, therefore, greater weight to the fact that it is named *New Bridge*, and to the third tradition, which describes its erection to peat-cutters."

The *Taw*, on its way from Steeperton to Belstone, **Taw Marsh.** flows through a stretch of singularly level moor, rich with contrasting heather and marshy growth. "Deep in the antiseptic soil, here and in similar situations whence the peat has been removed, branches, trunks and roots of trees, chiefly oak and birch, have been frequently found, which, on exposure to the air, speedily acquire great hardness." (See also, in this connection, note on Broadun).

Rising under Okement Hill, and joined at Cullever Steps by the Blackaven, the course of this moorland stream thence through Belstone Cleave to the Railway Viaduct will by many be considered the most picturesque for its length (or shortness) of any on Dartmoor. Certainly it is indisputable that it has many happy dispositions of rock and wood and waterfall, tempting at every step to improvident delays at the beginning of a day's excursion, or beguiling, at the end of it, even the most insistent fatigue.

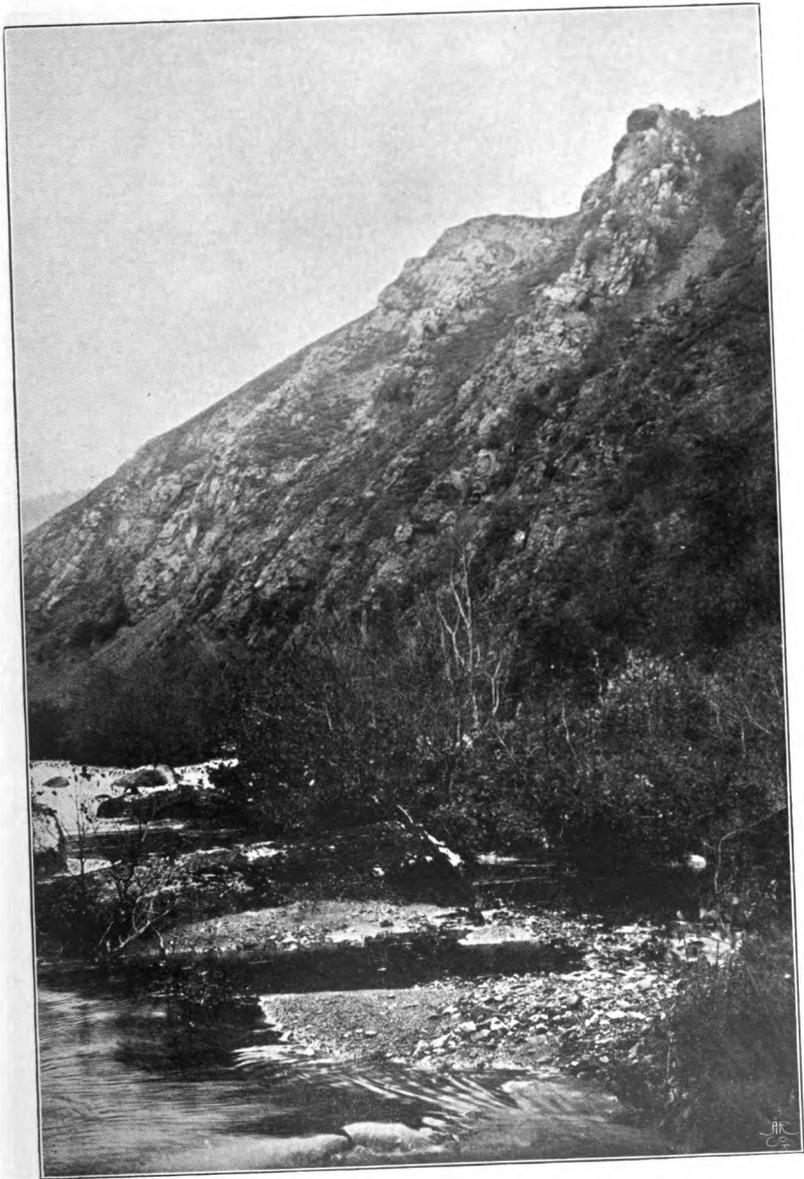
Occupying a little island of high ground, closely **Okehampton.** embosomed in trees, and ivy-clad, the ancient and ruinous keep of Okehampton Castle is conspicuous from the valley of the W. Okement. The ruins of this stronghold of bygone Baldwins and Courtenays lie half-a-mile west of the town, and consist, in addition to the Norman Keep on the knoll itself, of the remains of the Early English Hall and Chapel, and Castle Gate on lower ground, with traces of a moat; the whole deep-set in a wood of oak and ash, resonant with murmurs of the river below. Besides these, the town has little of interest to show, being now reputed mainly as a market centre, and as the increasingly favoured haunt of moorland visitors.



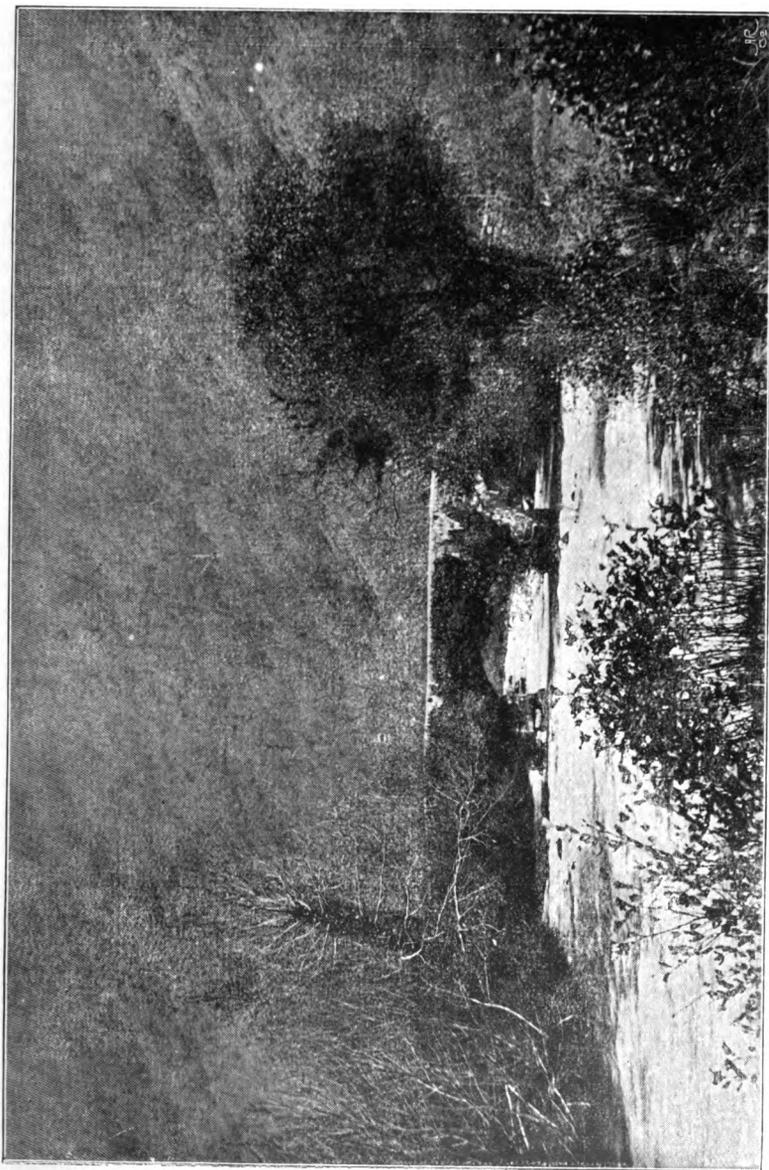
Teign Woods, Chagford.



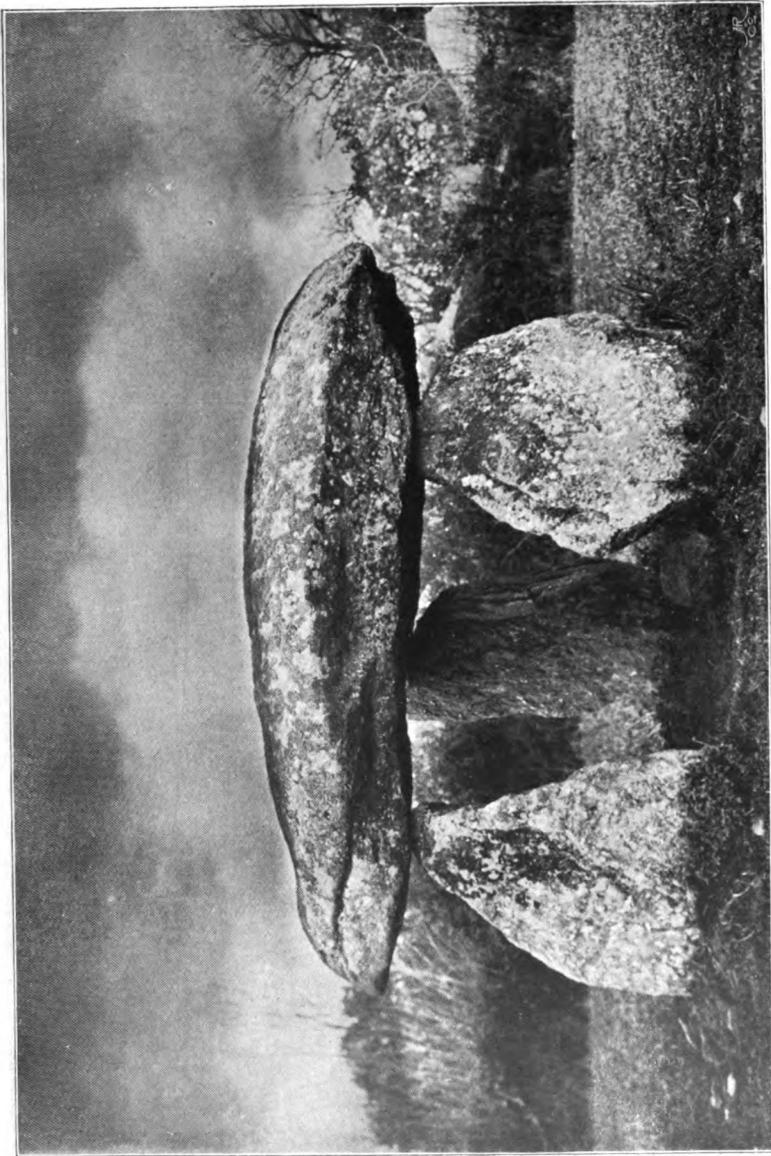
Entrance to the Teign Gorge.



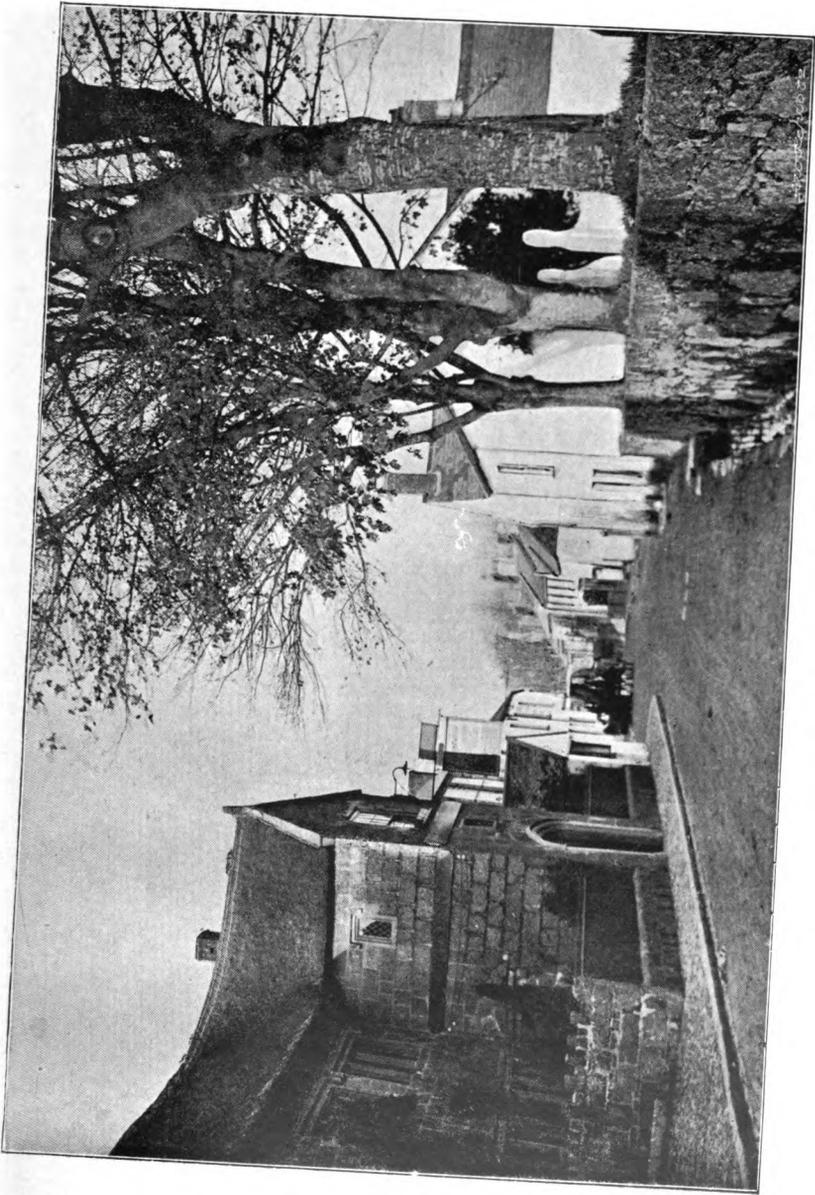
Sharpitor, Teign Gorge.



Fingle Bridge.



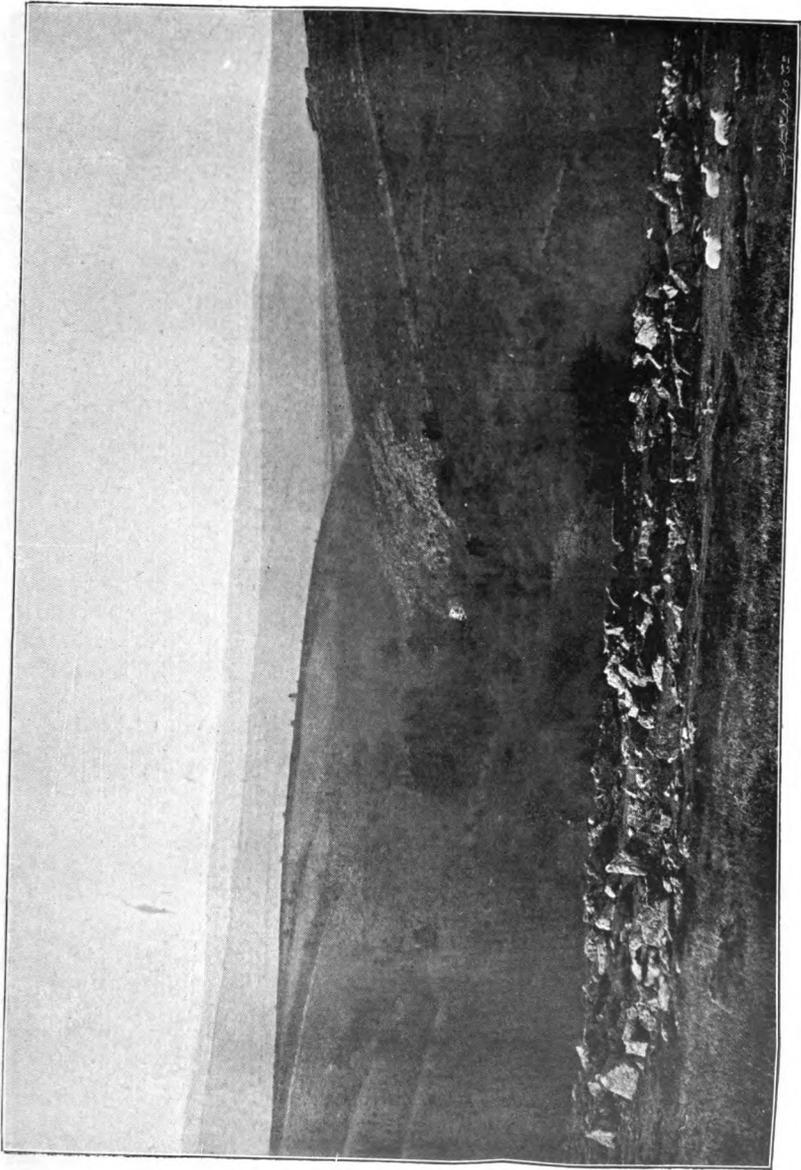
Drewsteignton Cromlech.



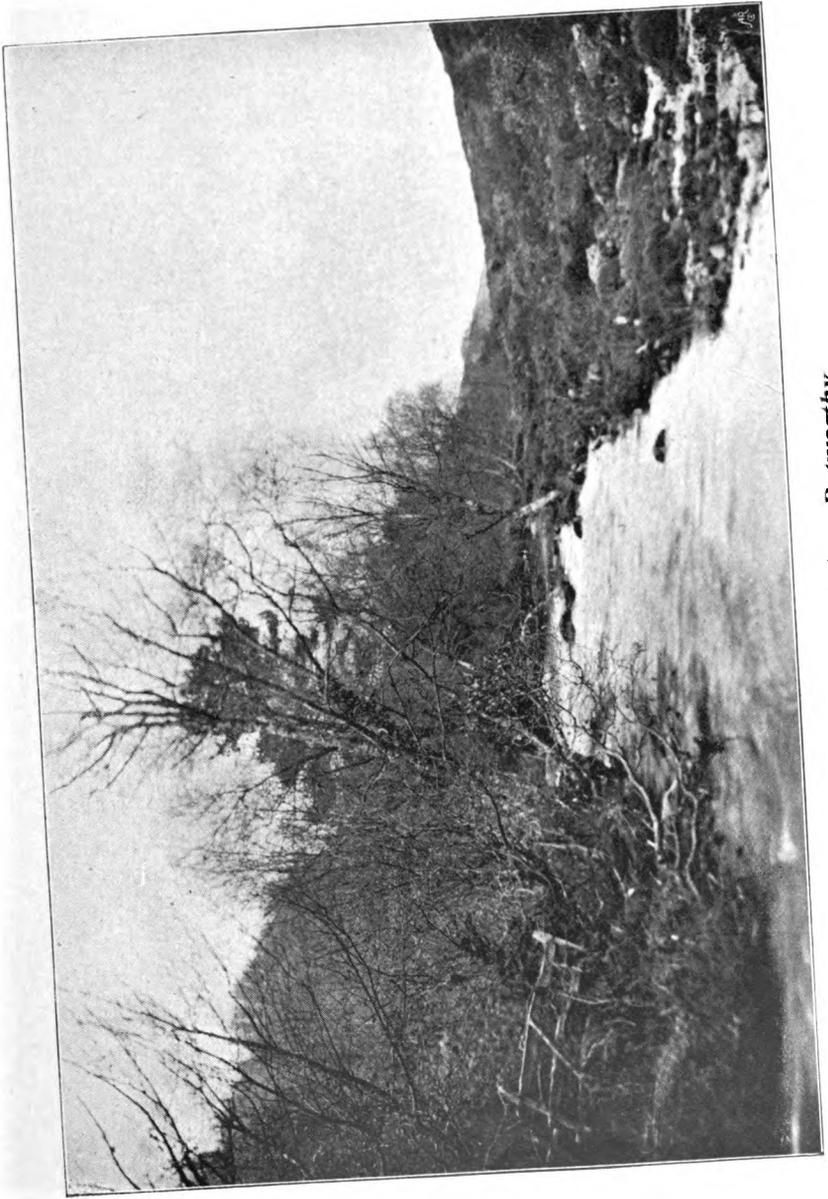
Three Crowns Hotel, Chagford.



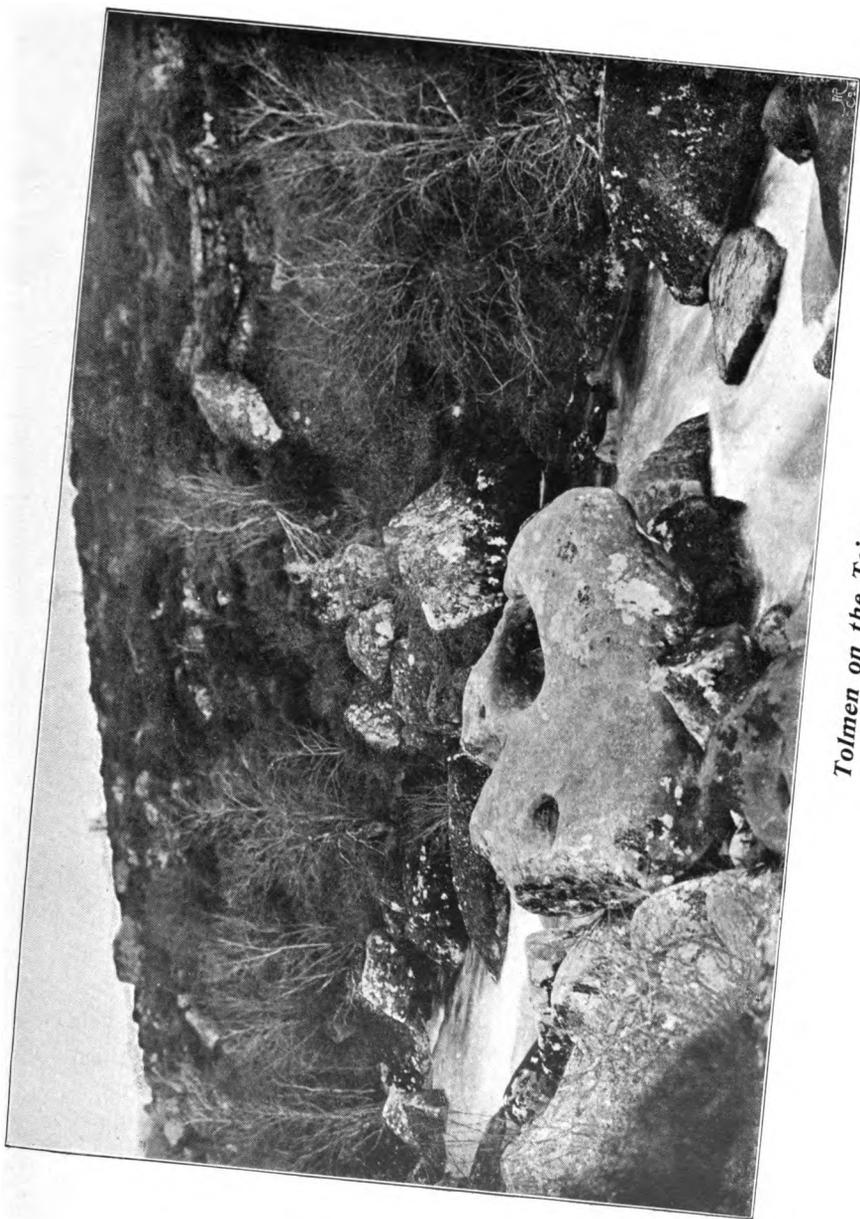
Leigh Bridge.



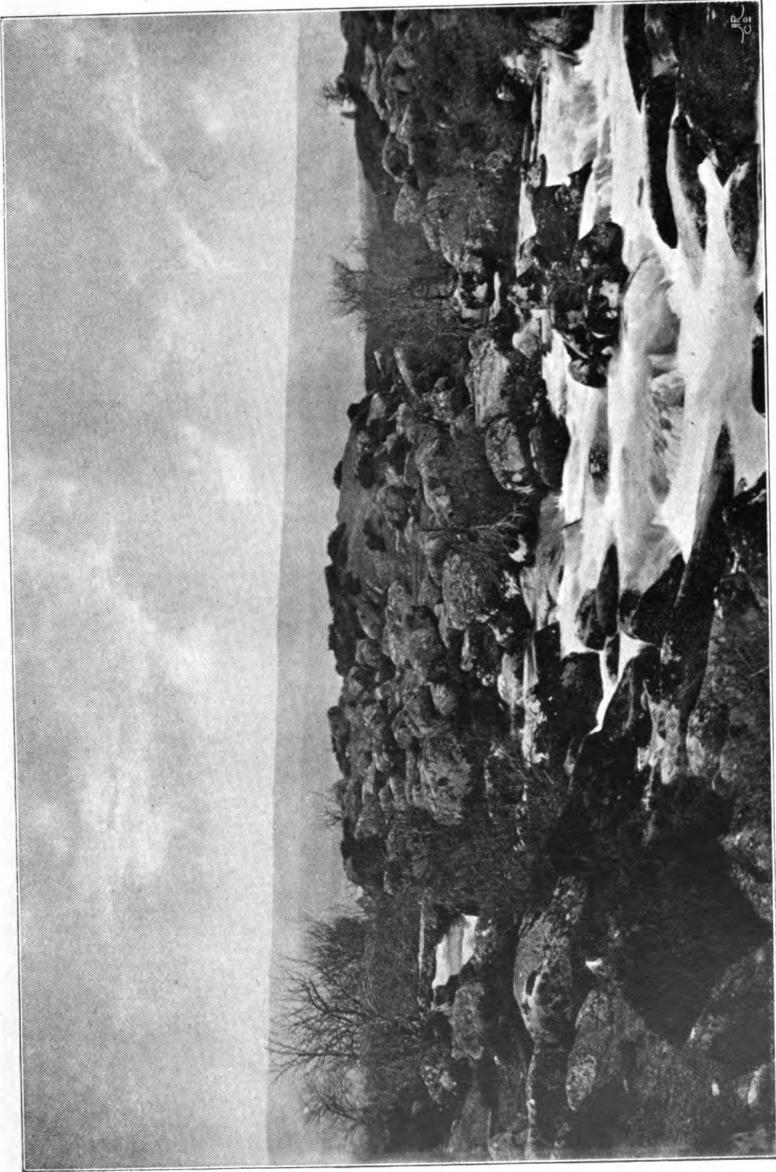
Roundy Pound.



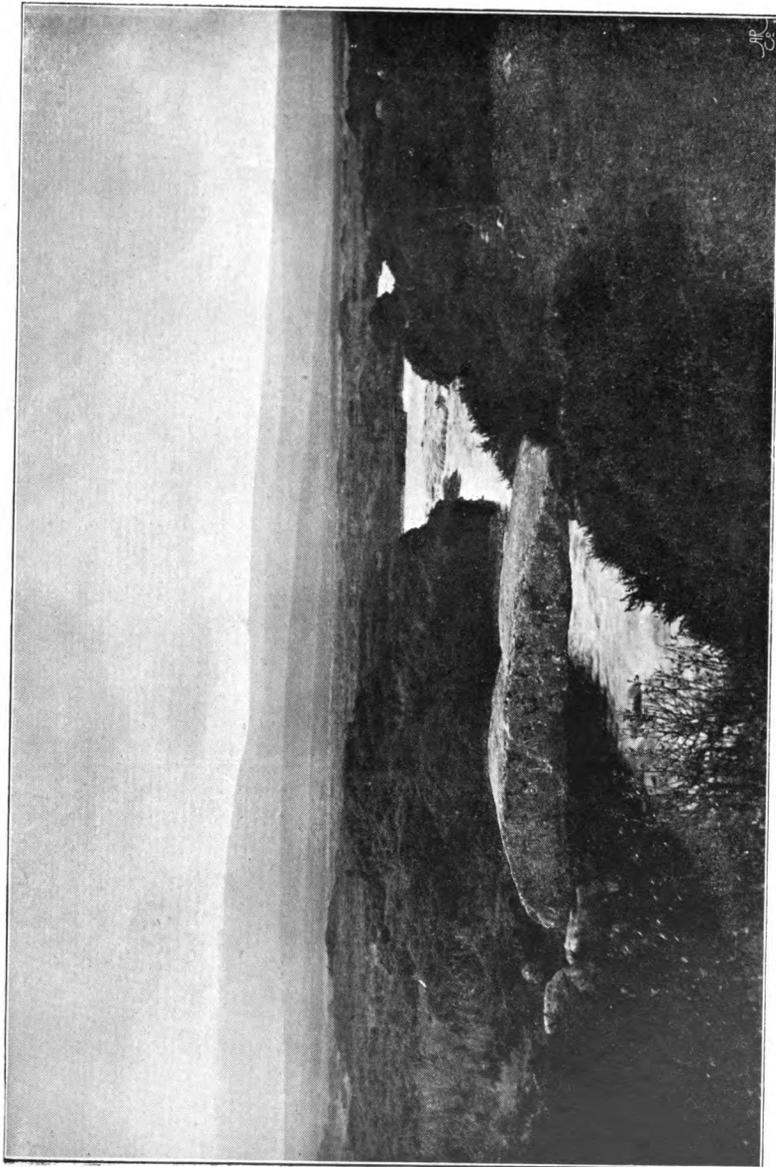
On the Teign below Batworthy.



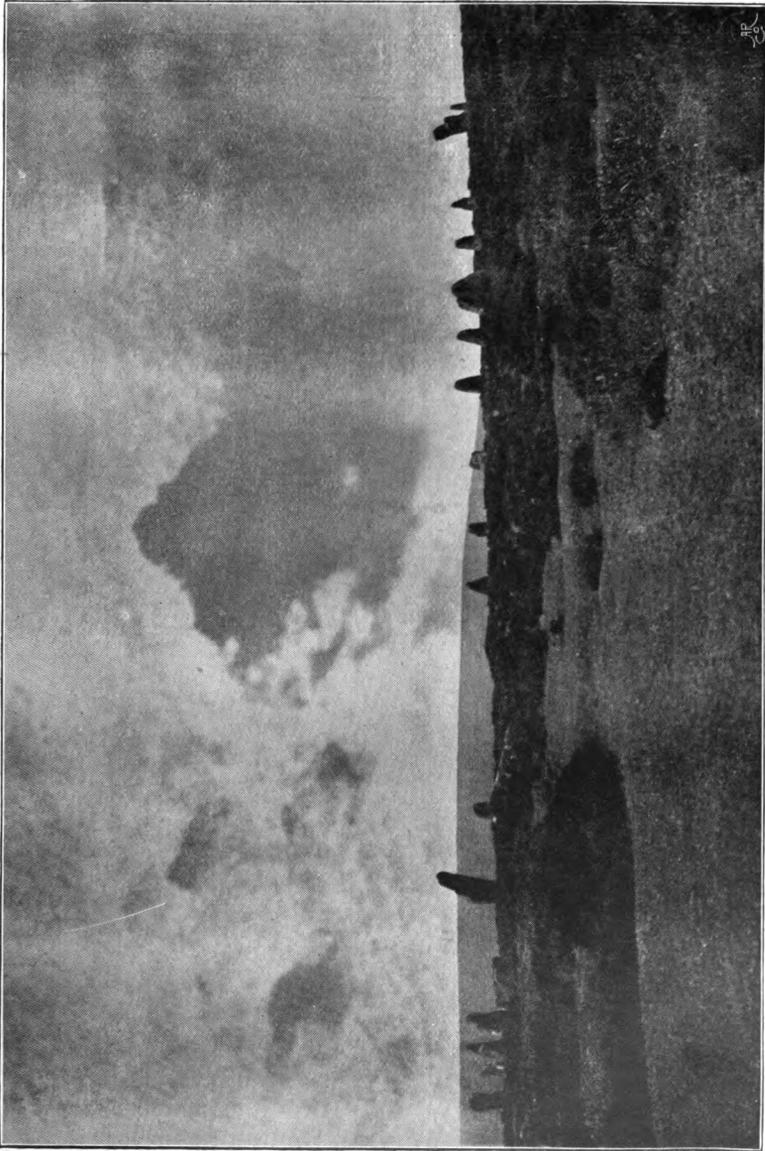
Tolmen on the Teign.



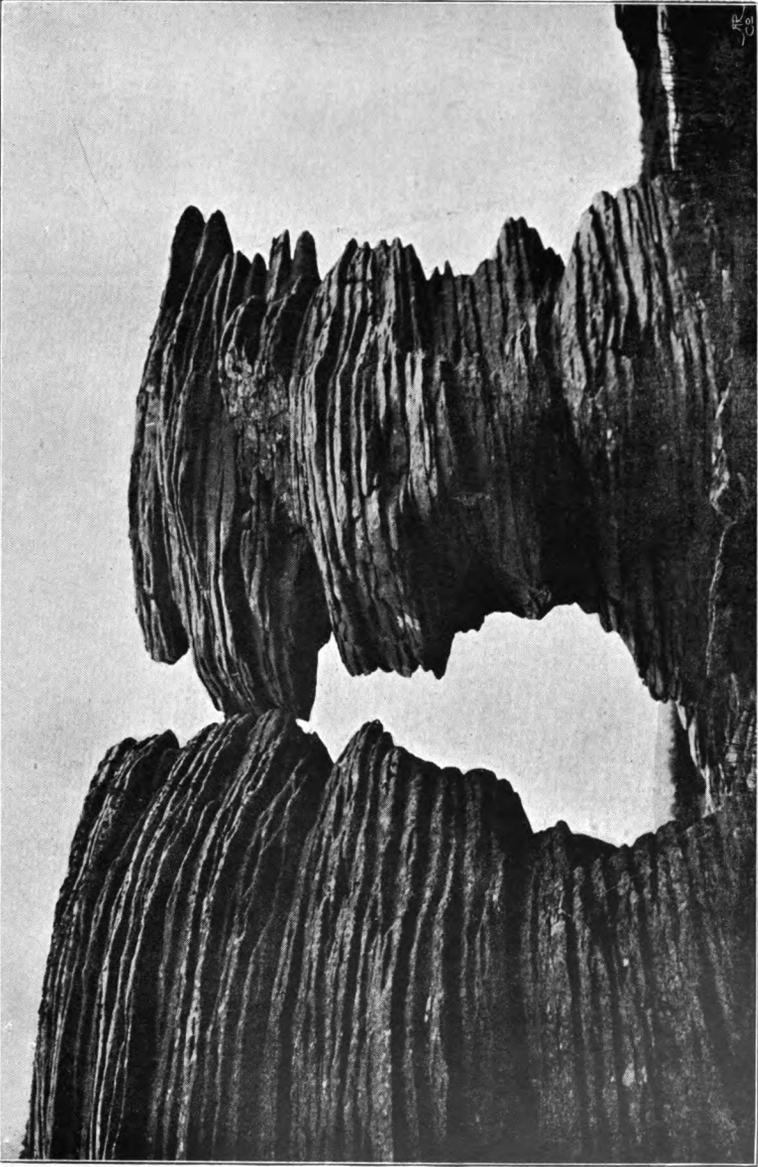
Junction of the Teign and Wallabrook.



Wallbrook Clapper Bridge.



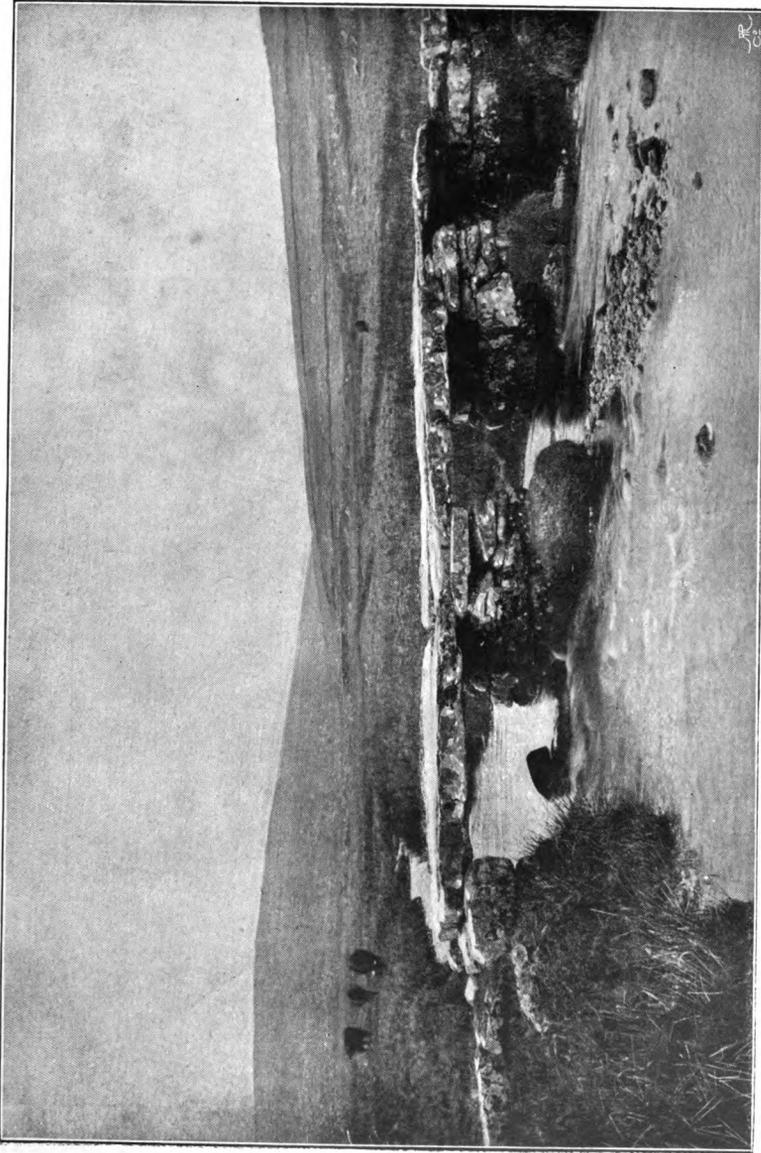
Scorhill Circle.



Thirstone, Water Tor.



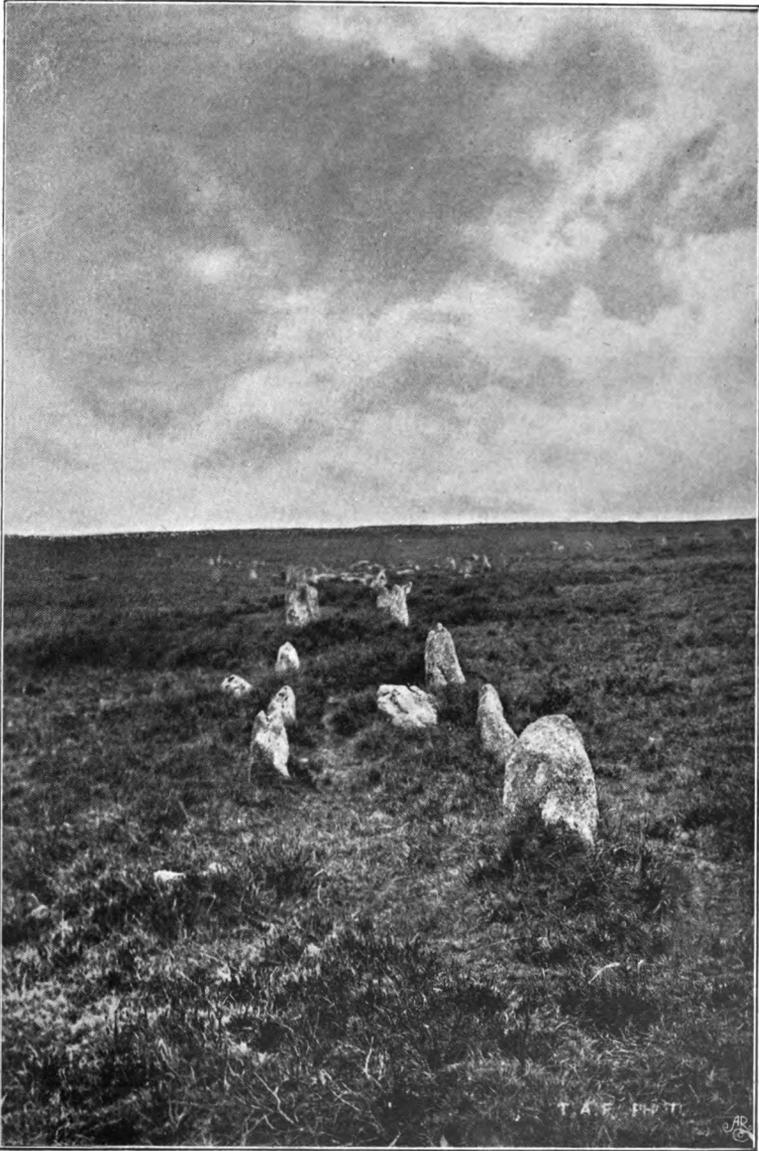
Waterfall Tor.



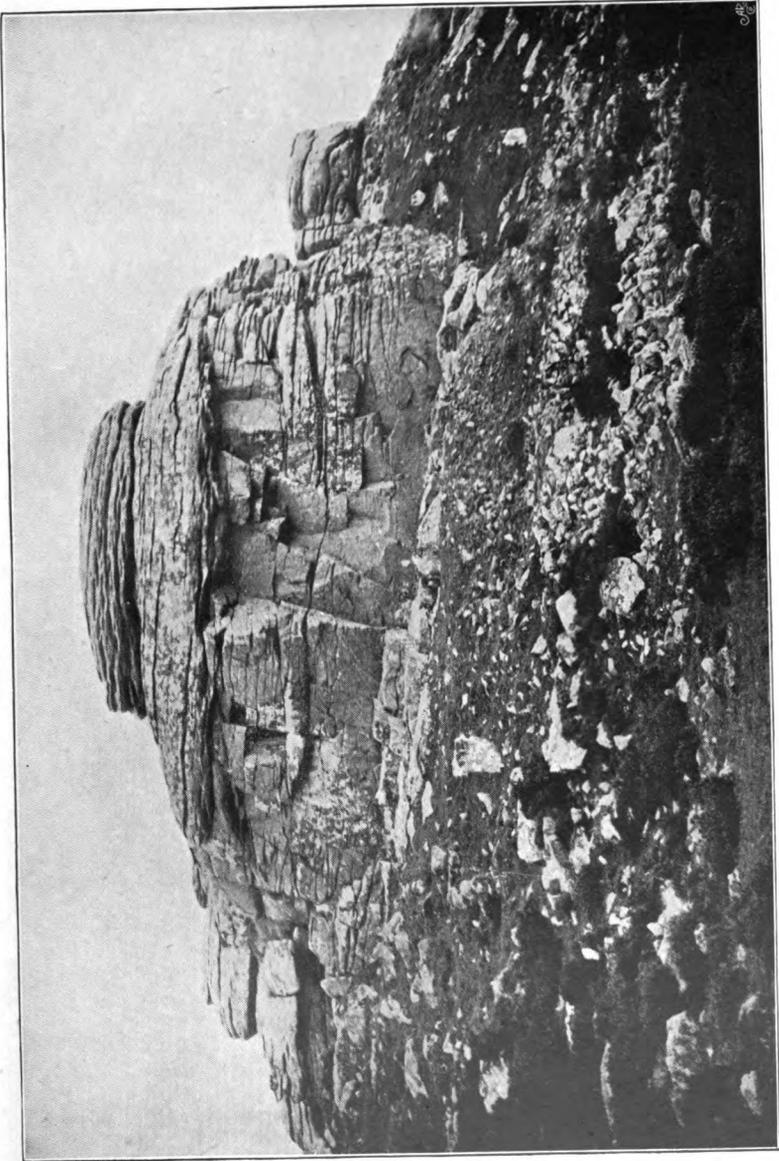
Teignhead Clapper Bridge.



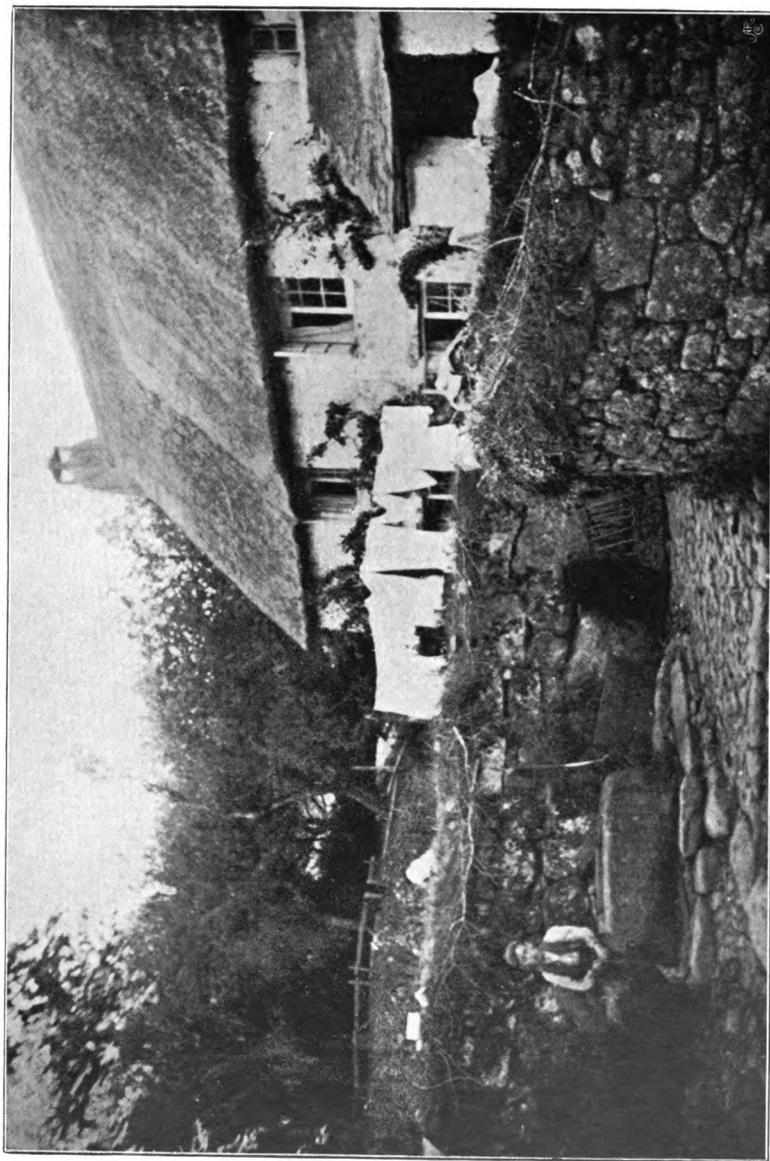
The Gidleigh Longstone.



Stone Avenue on the Teign.



Kestor.



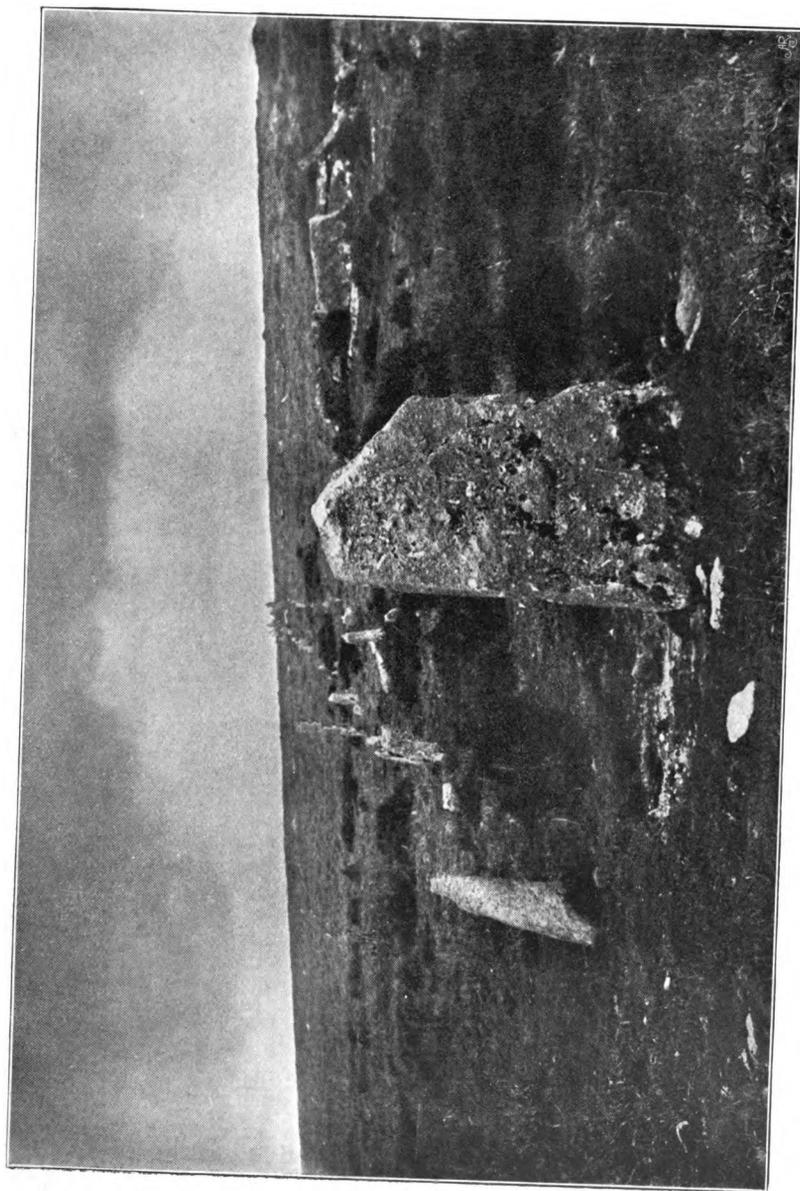
Cottages at Thorn.



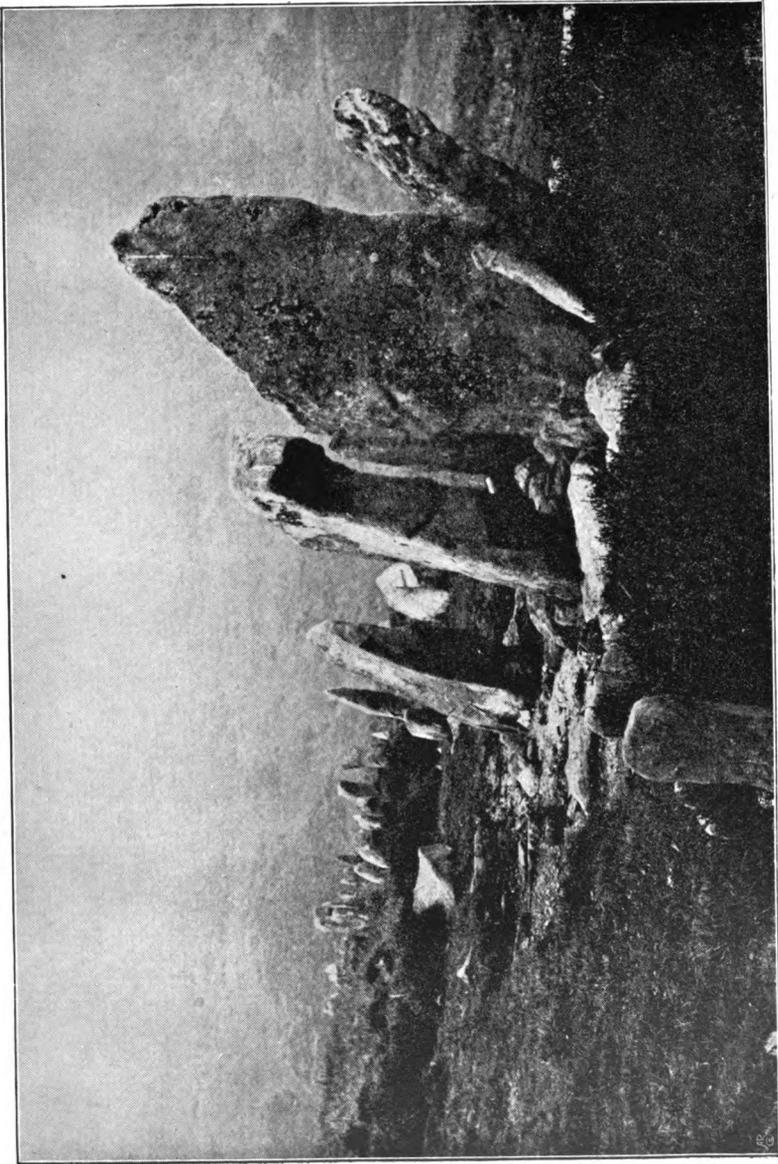
Week Down Cross.



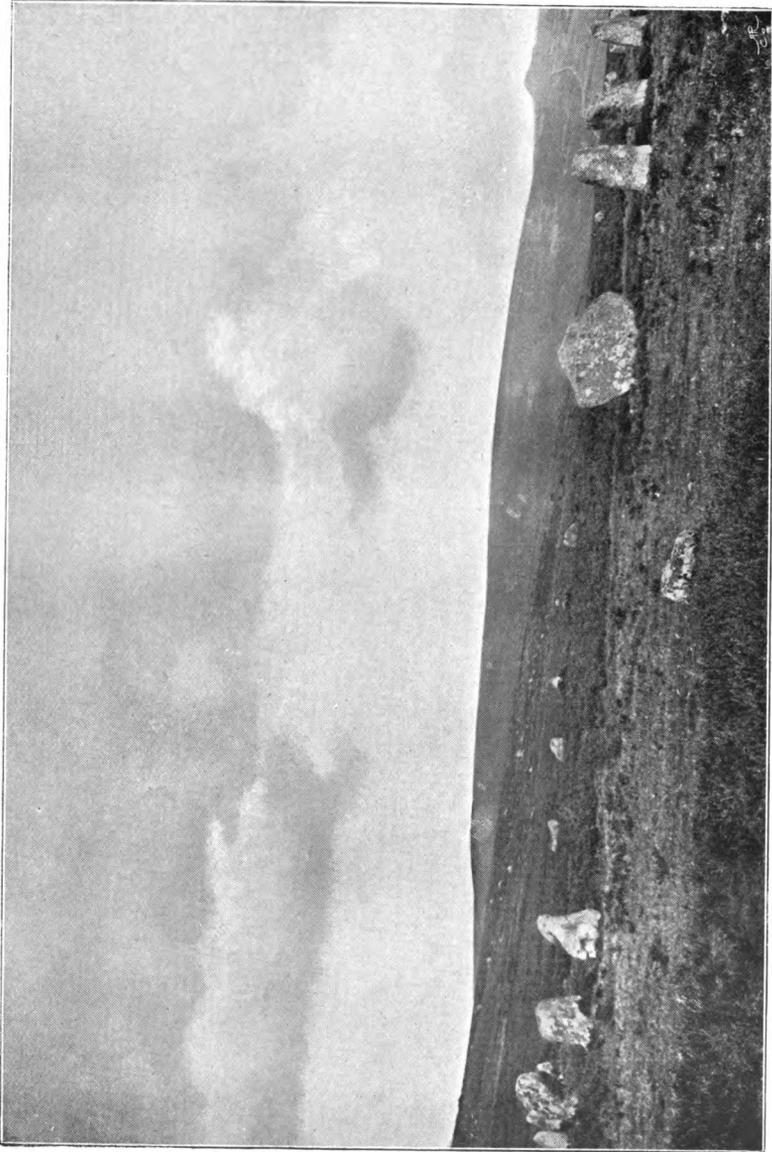
Metherrall Hut Circle.



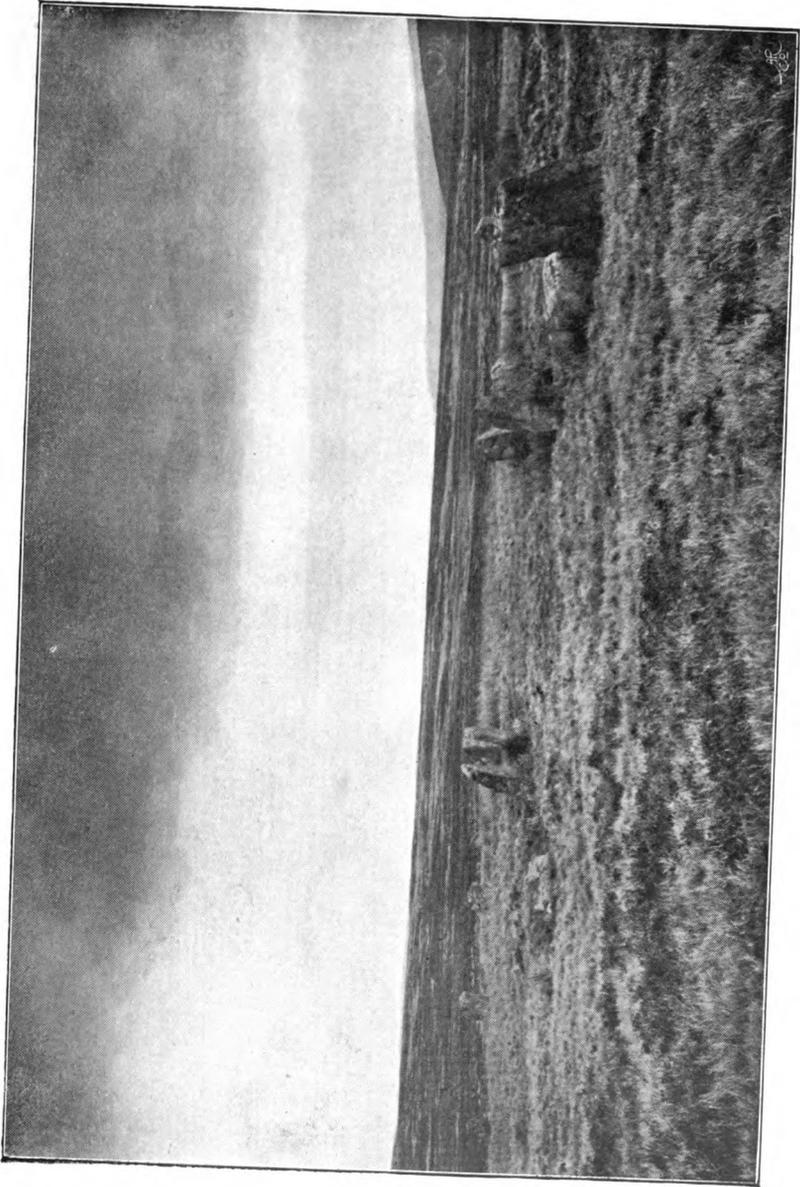
Assacombe Remains.



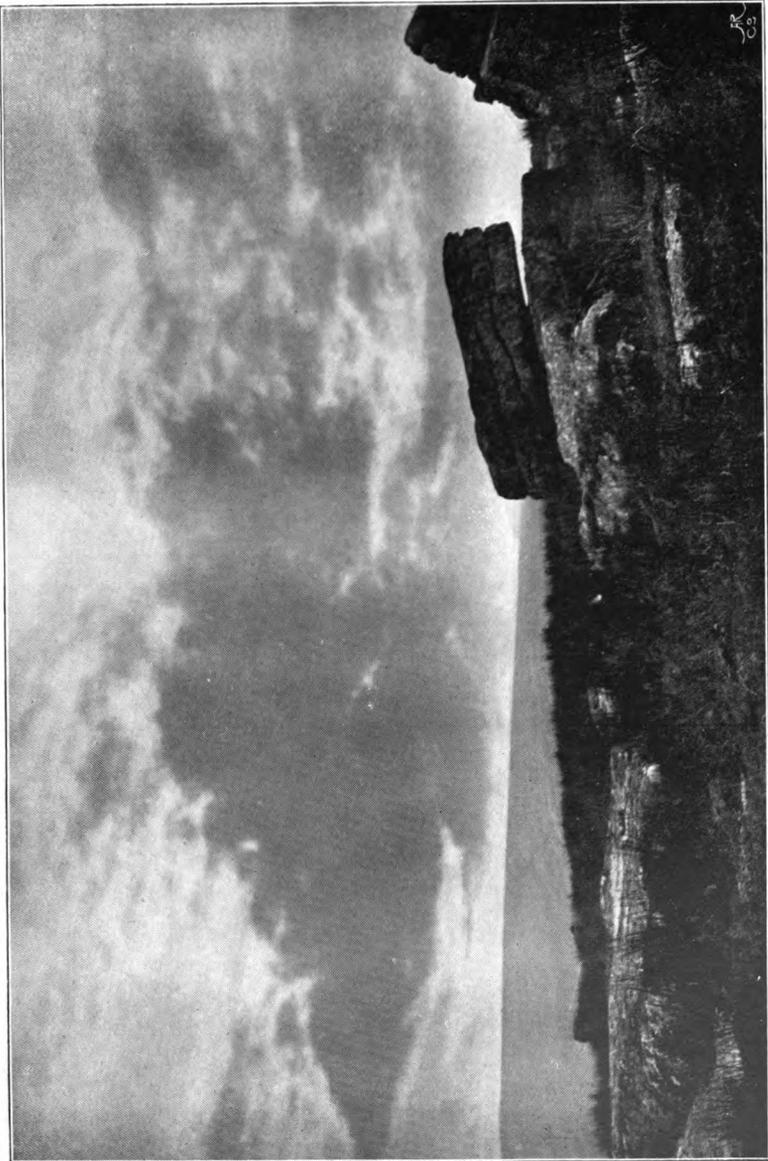
Asscombe Row, with Blocking Stone.



Fernworthy Circle.



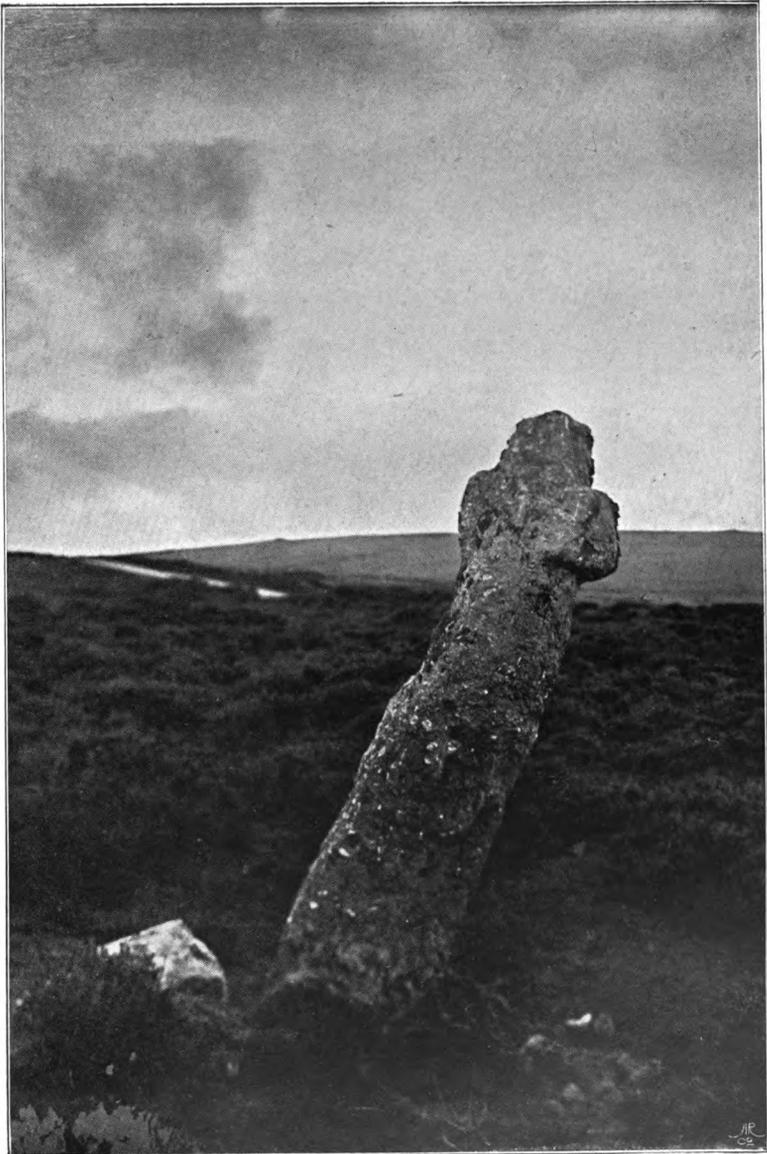
Grey Wethers.



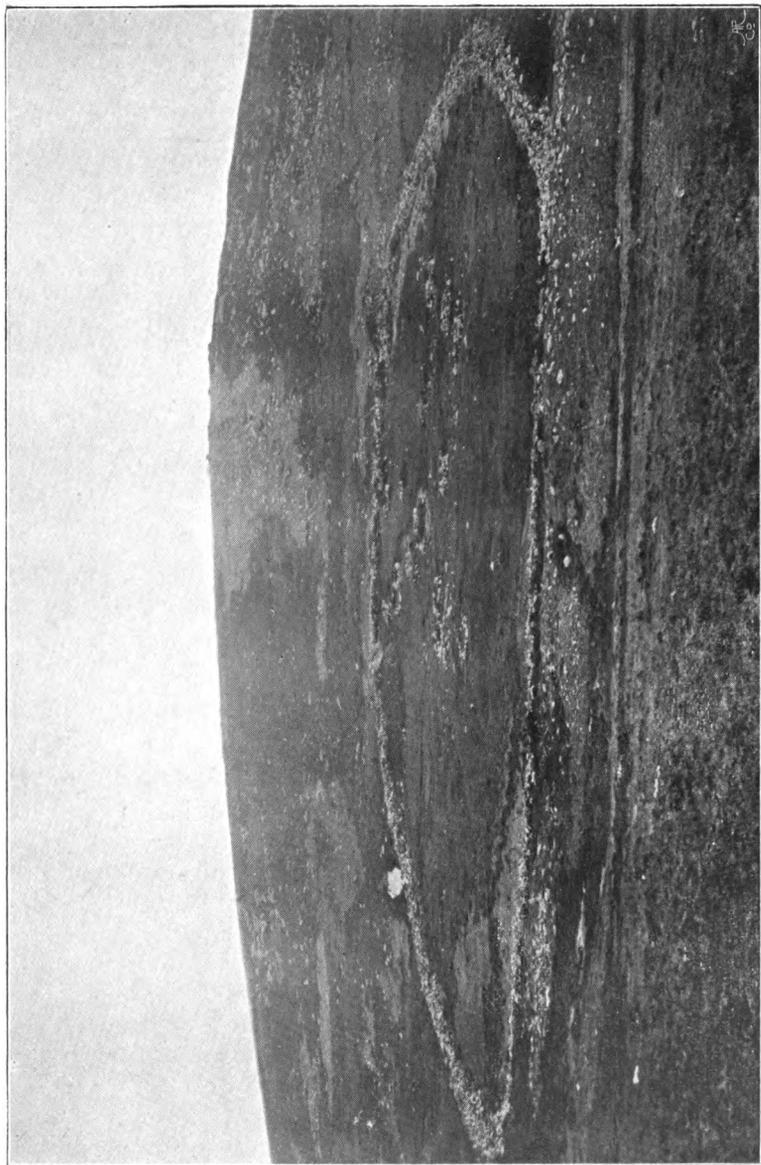
Sittaford Logan Stone.



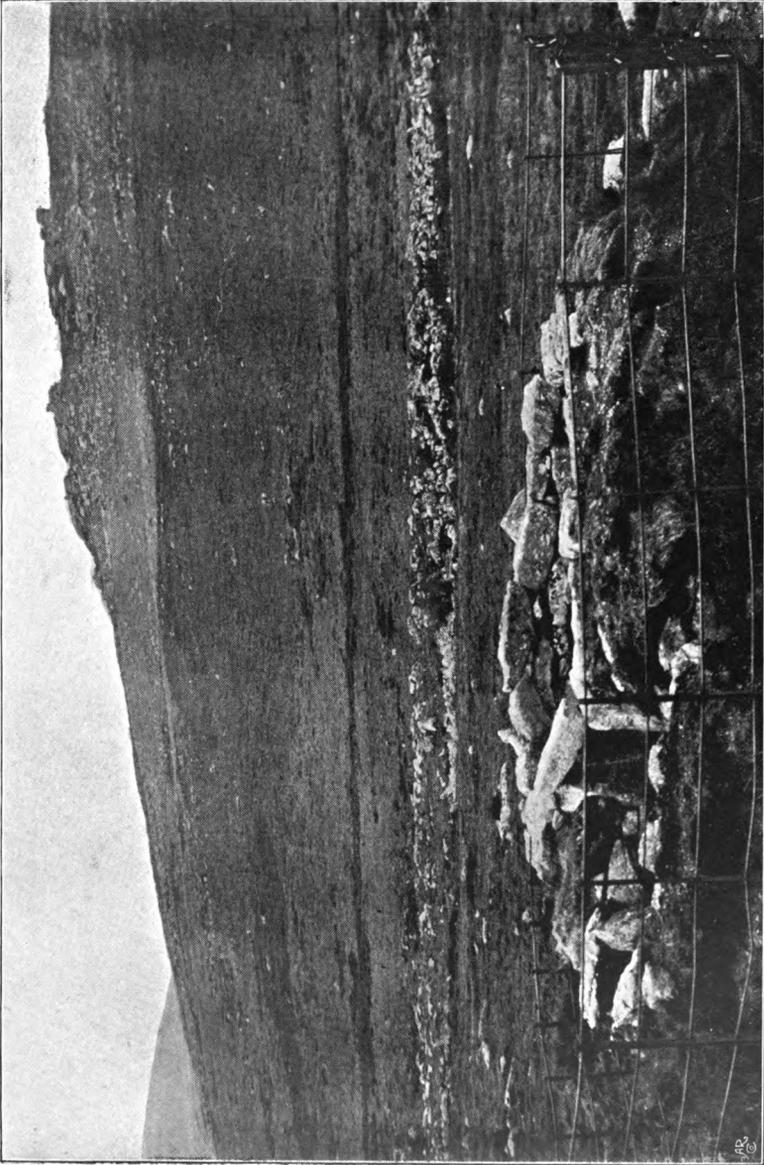
Lower Jurston.



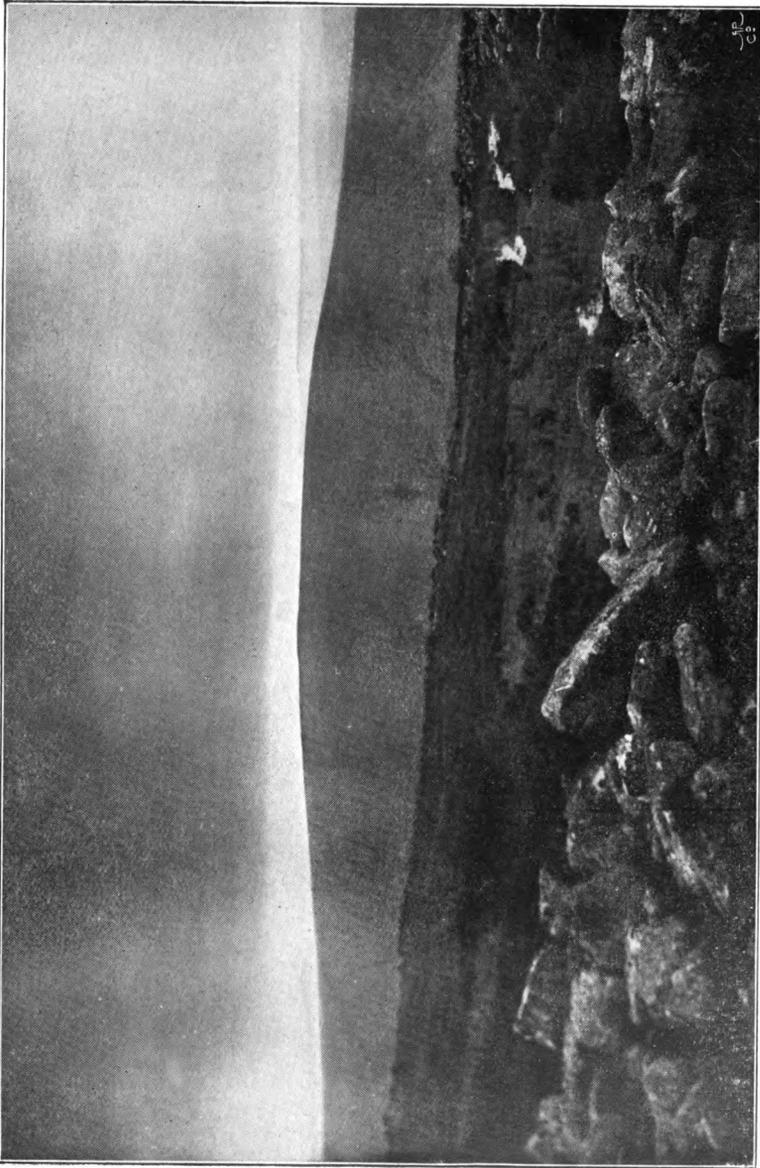
Bennett's Cross.



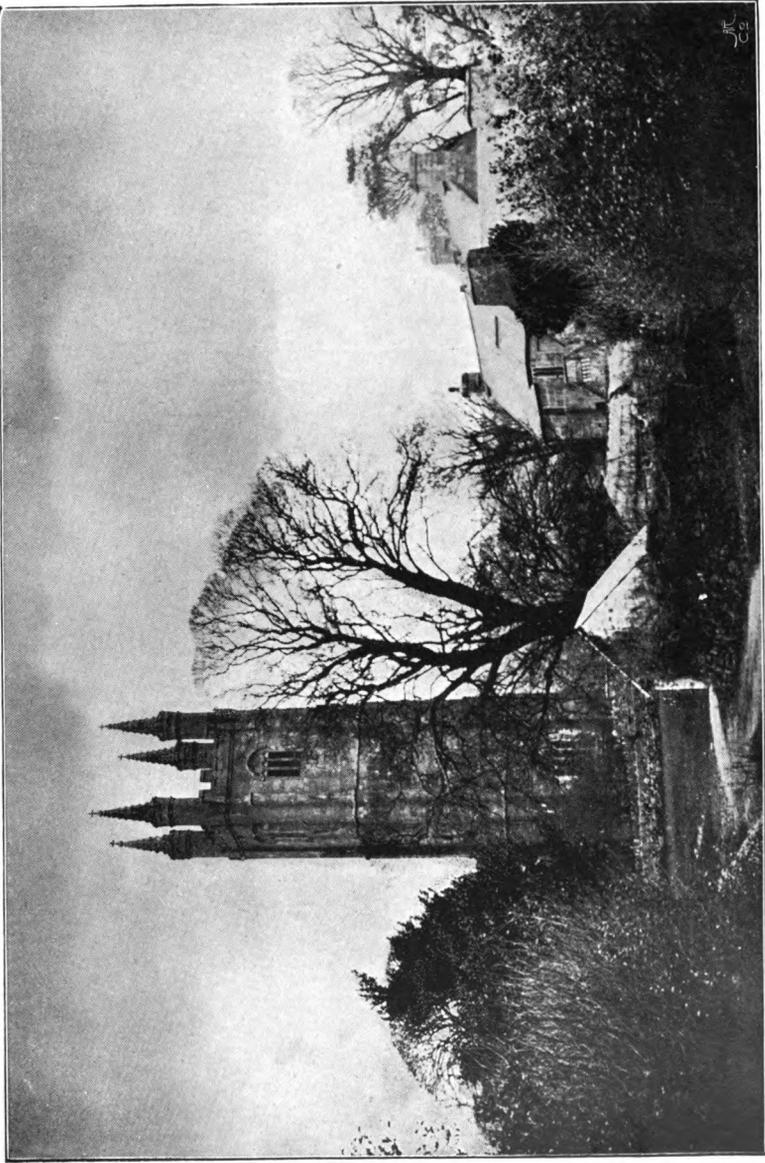
Grimspound: General View.



Grimspound Hut Circle.



Grimspound: Evening.



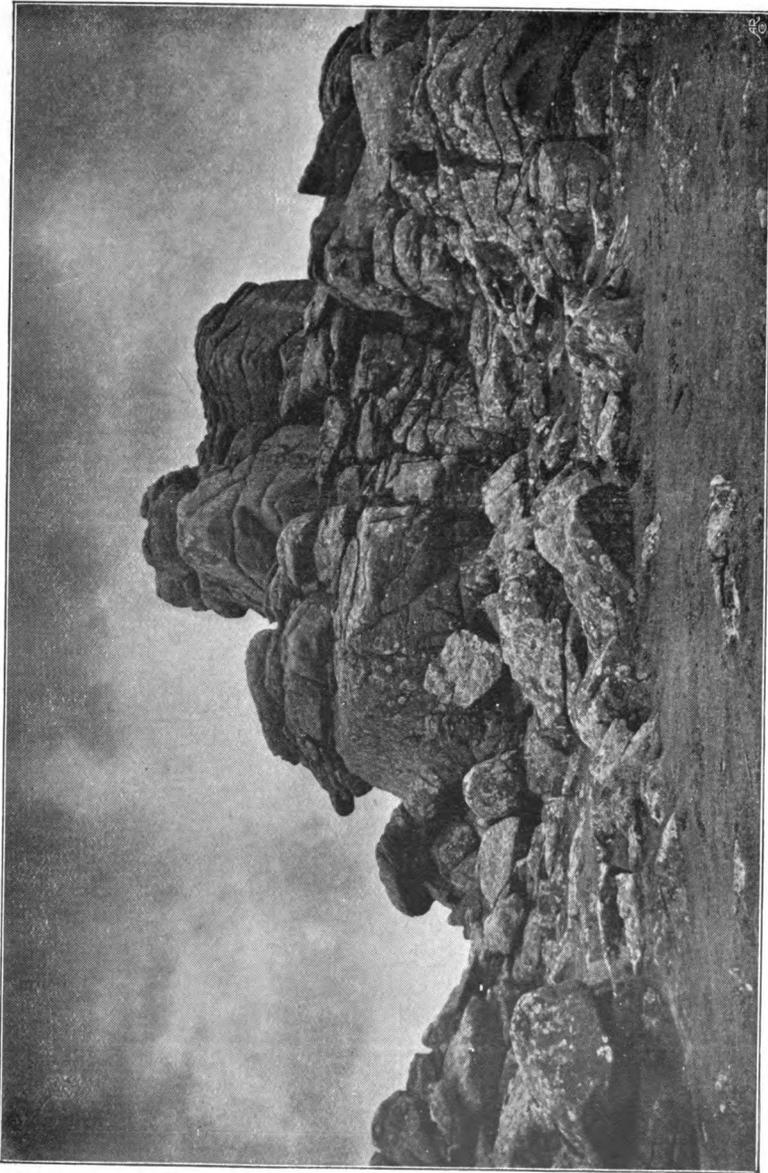
Widecombe Church.



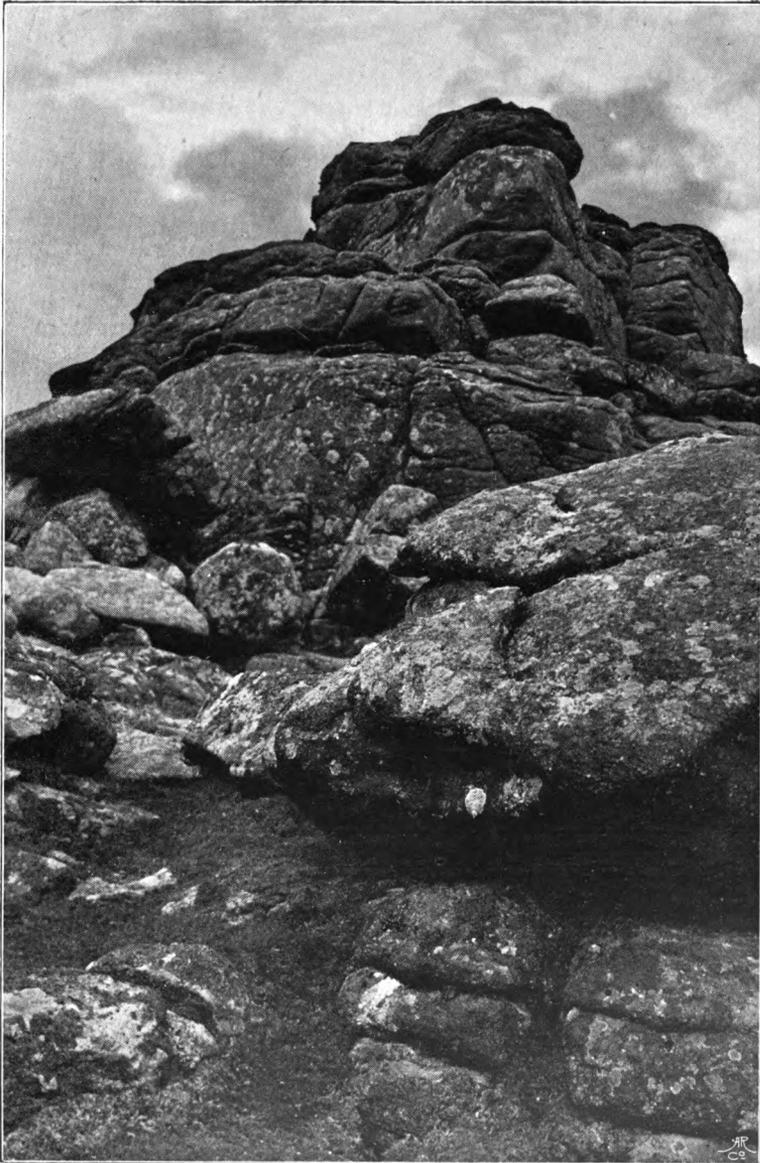
Ancient Well at Widecombe.



Bowerman's Nose.



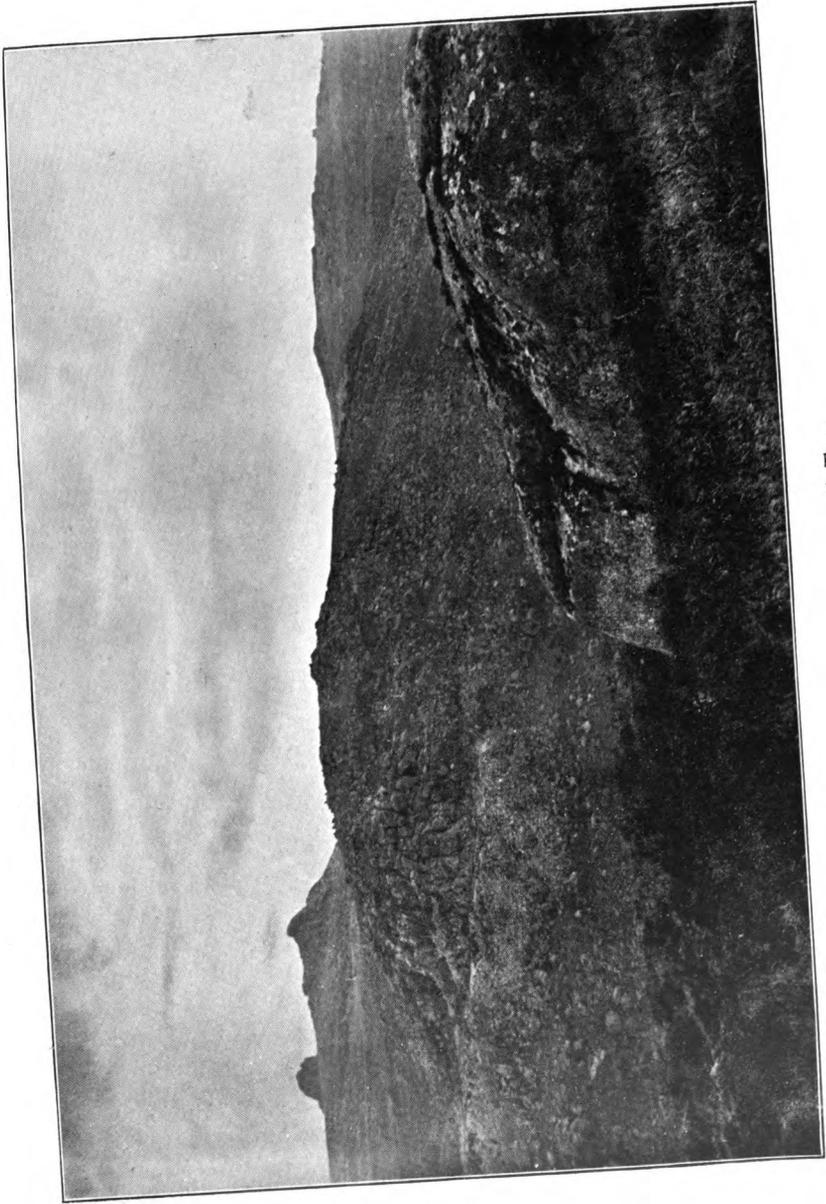
Hound Tor.



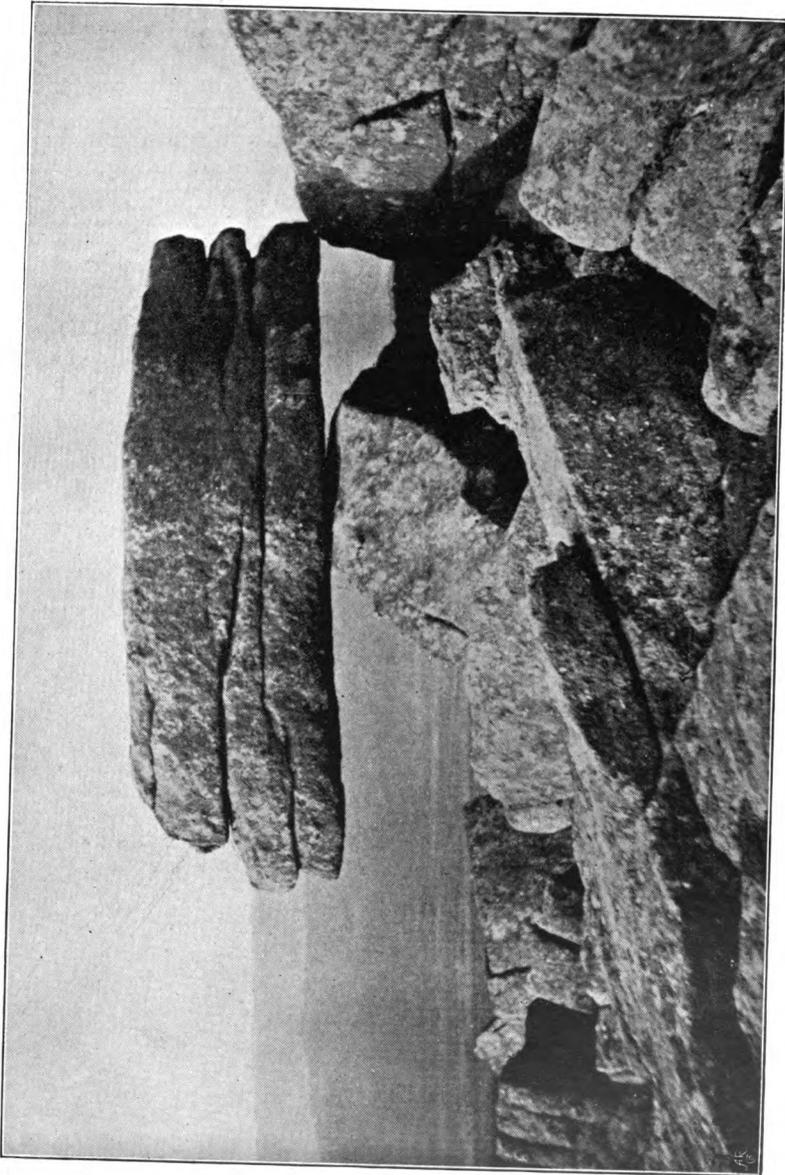
Hound Tor Top.



Stack on Hound Tor.



Heytor from Hound Tor.



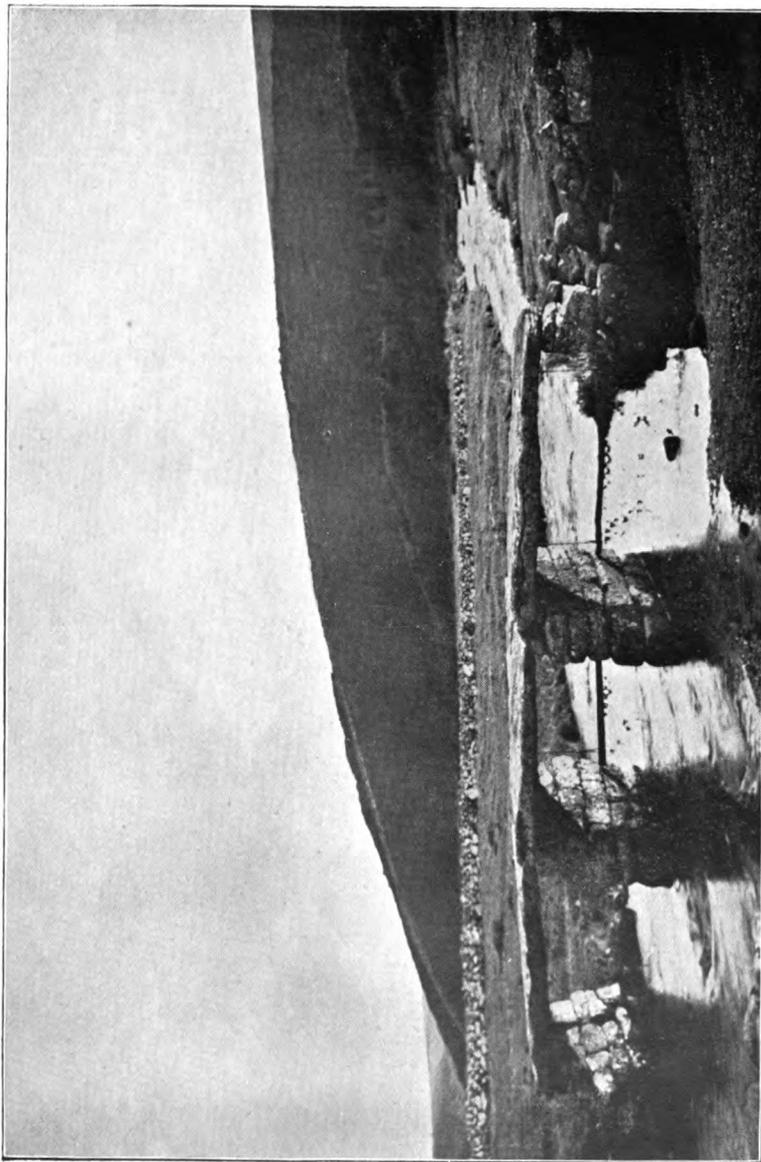
Logan Stone, Rippon Tor.



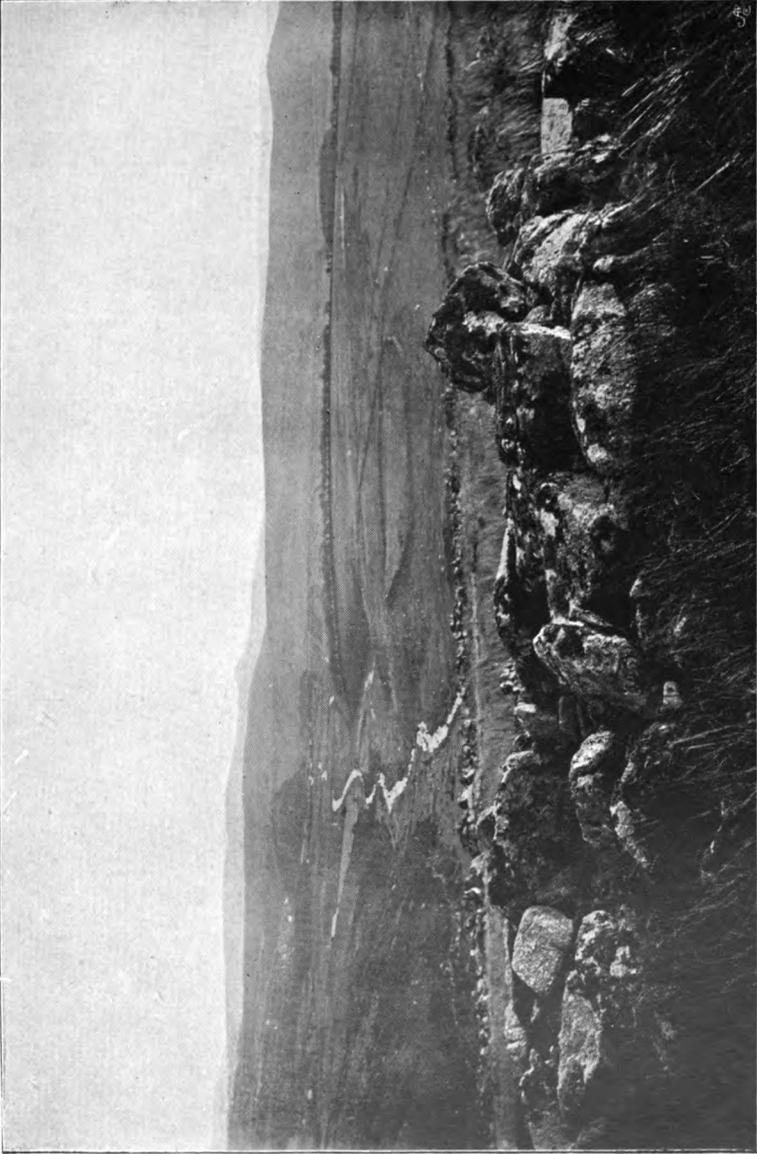
In Lustleigh Cleave.



Becky Fall.



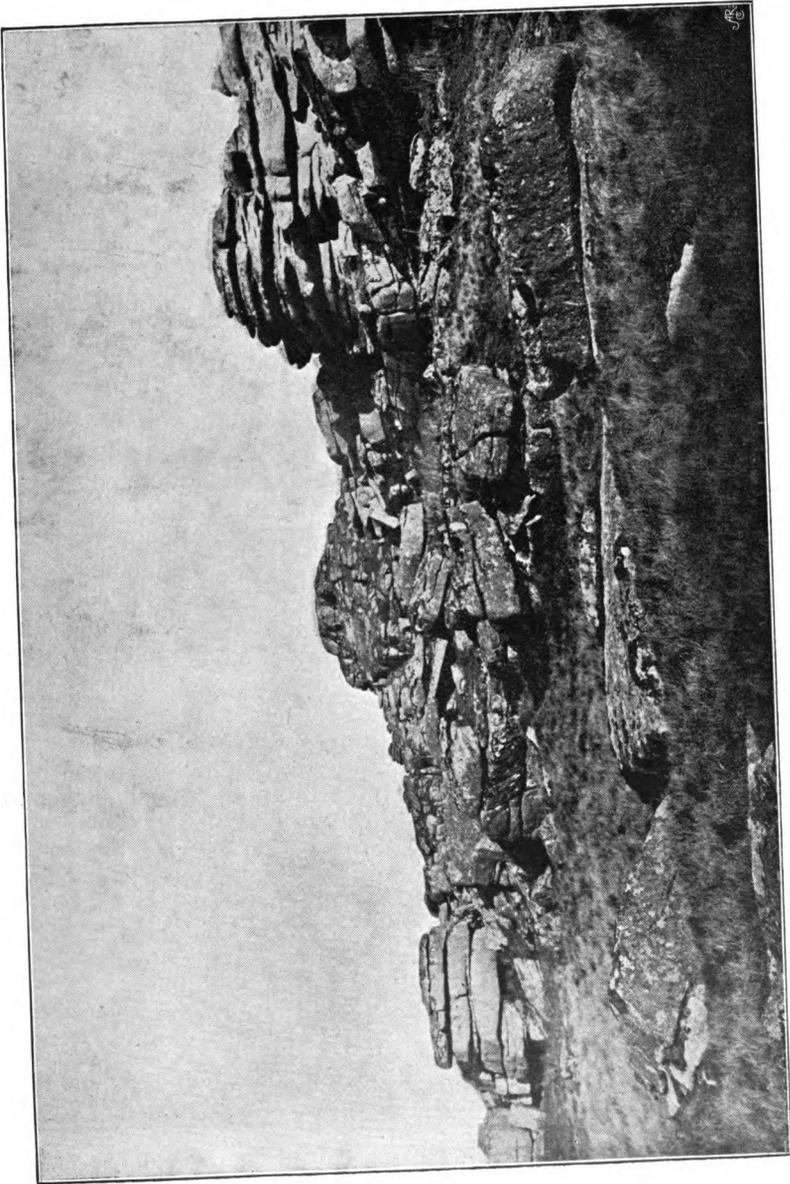
Postbridge Clapper Bridge.



Broadun.



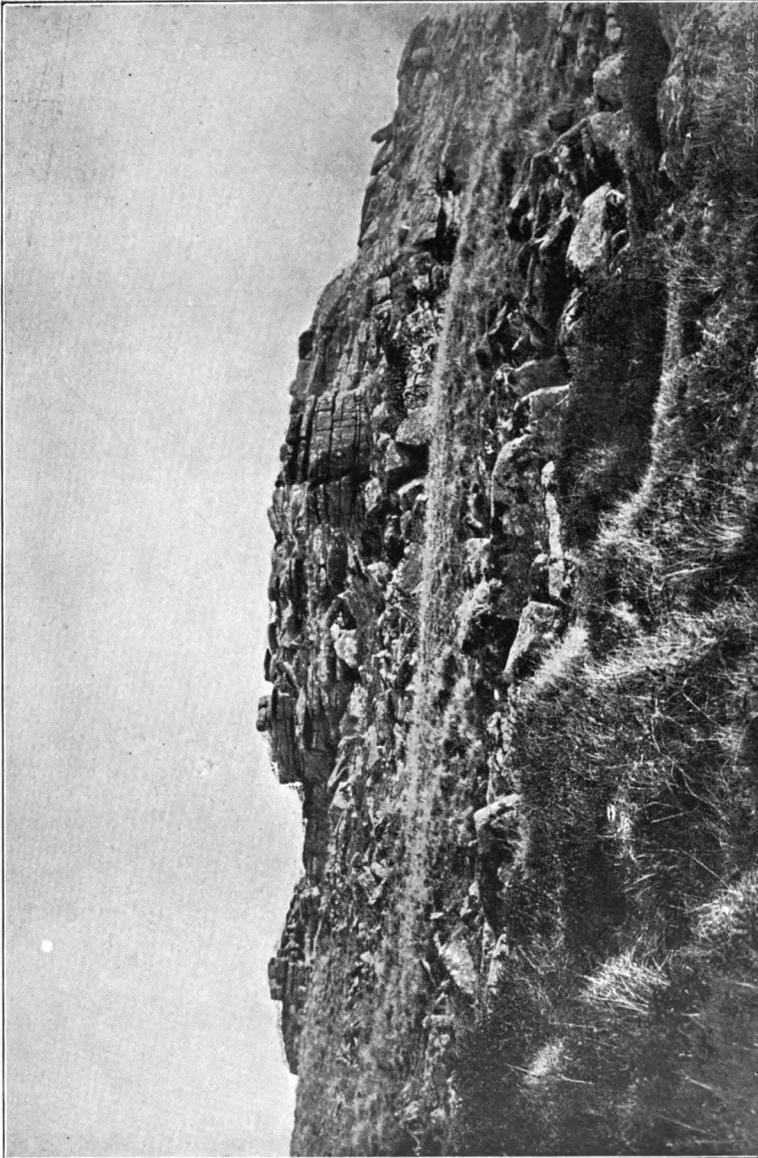
The Beardown Man



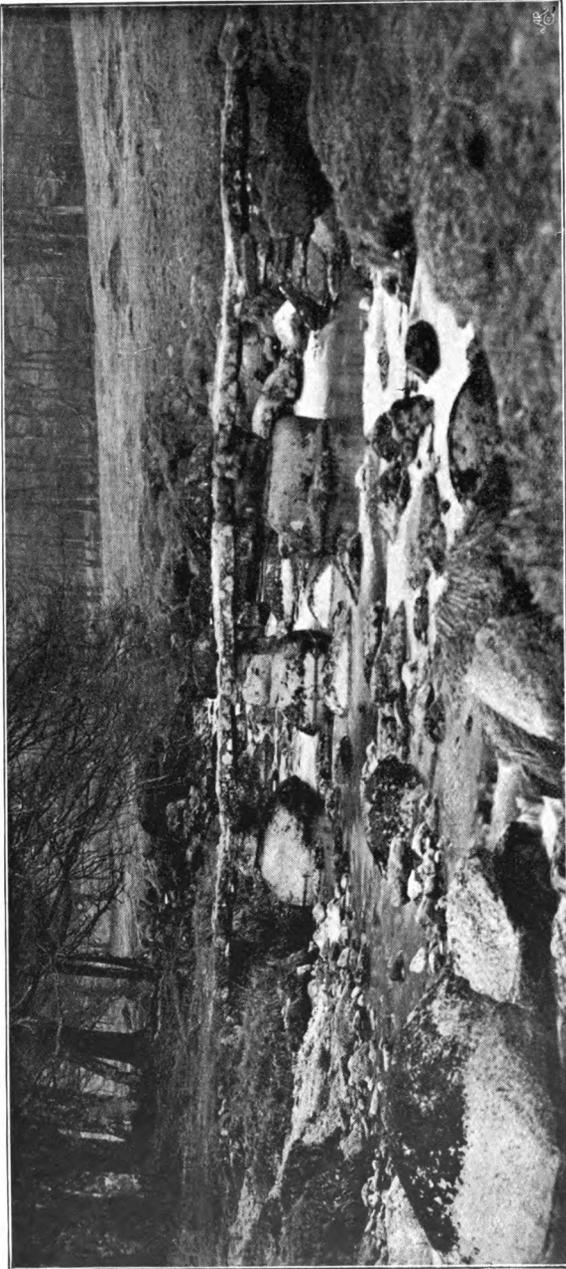
Longaford Tor.



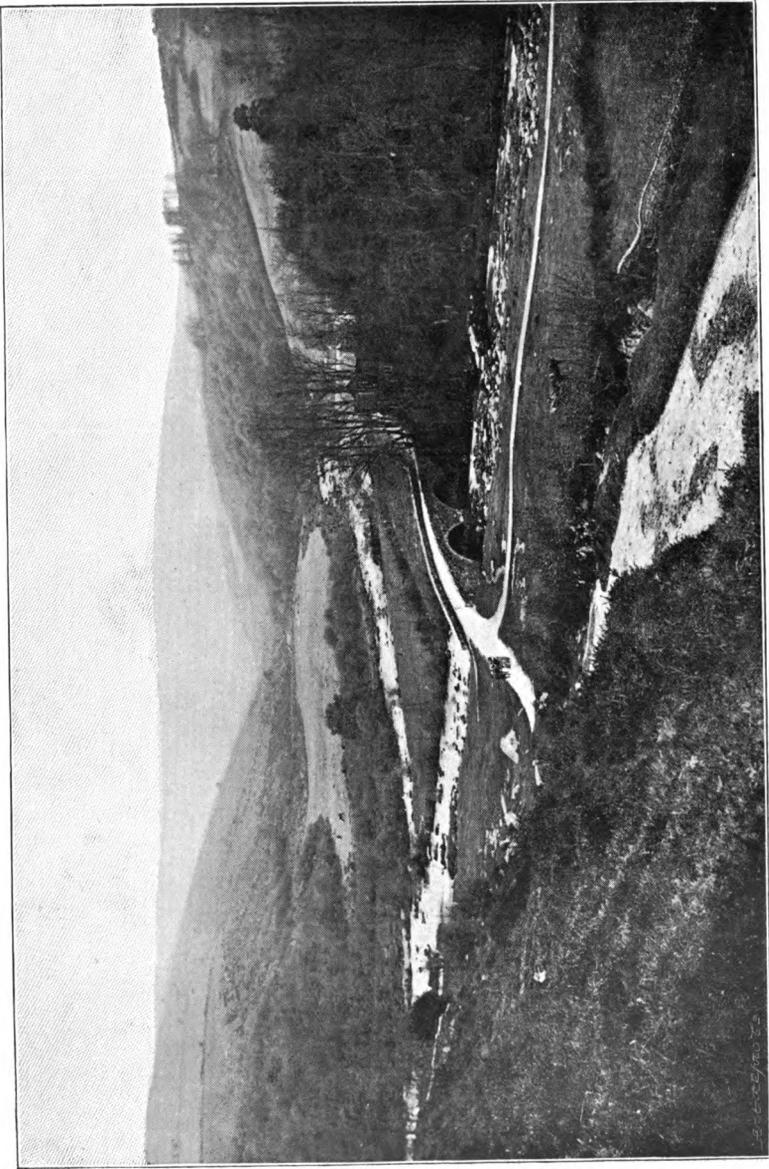
Wistman's Wood.



Crockern Tor.



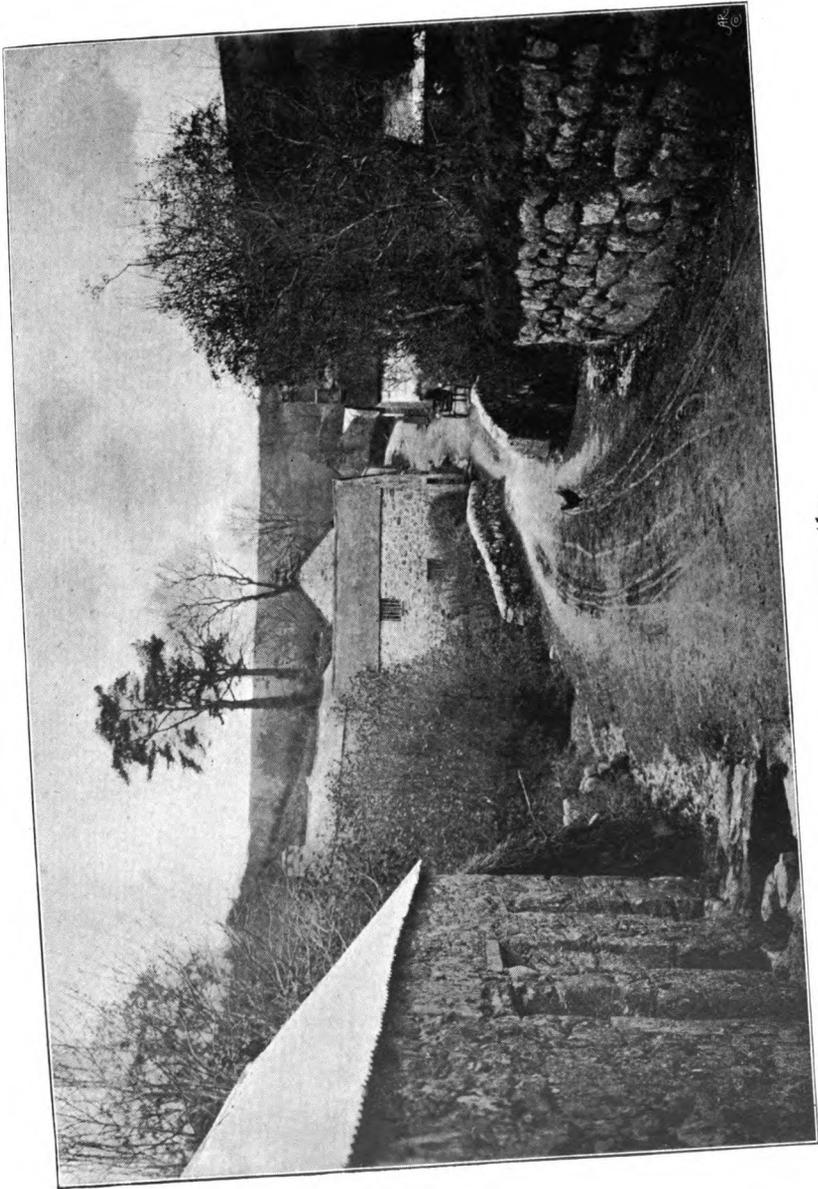
Beardown Bridge.



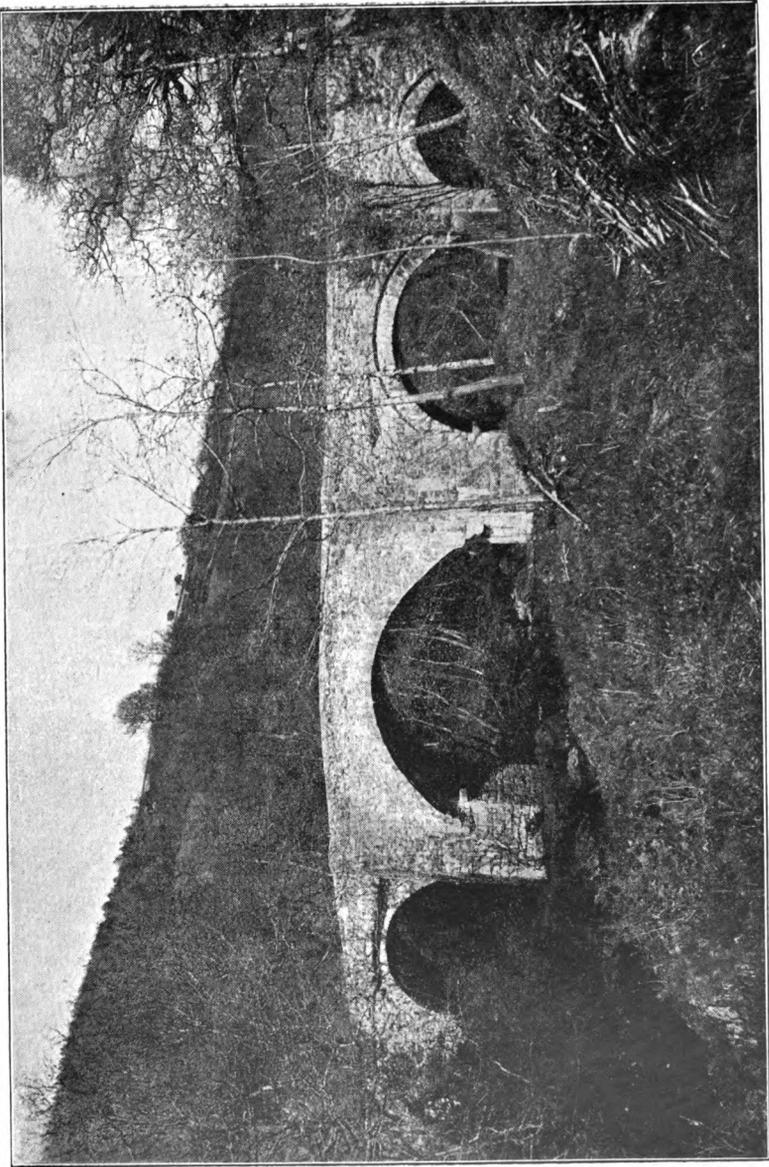
Dartmeet.



Dartmeet Clapper Bridge.



Ponsworthy.



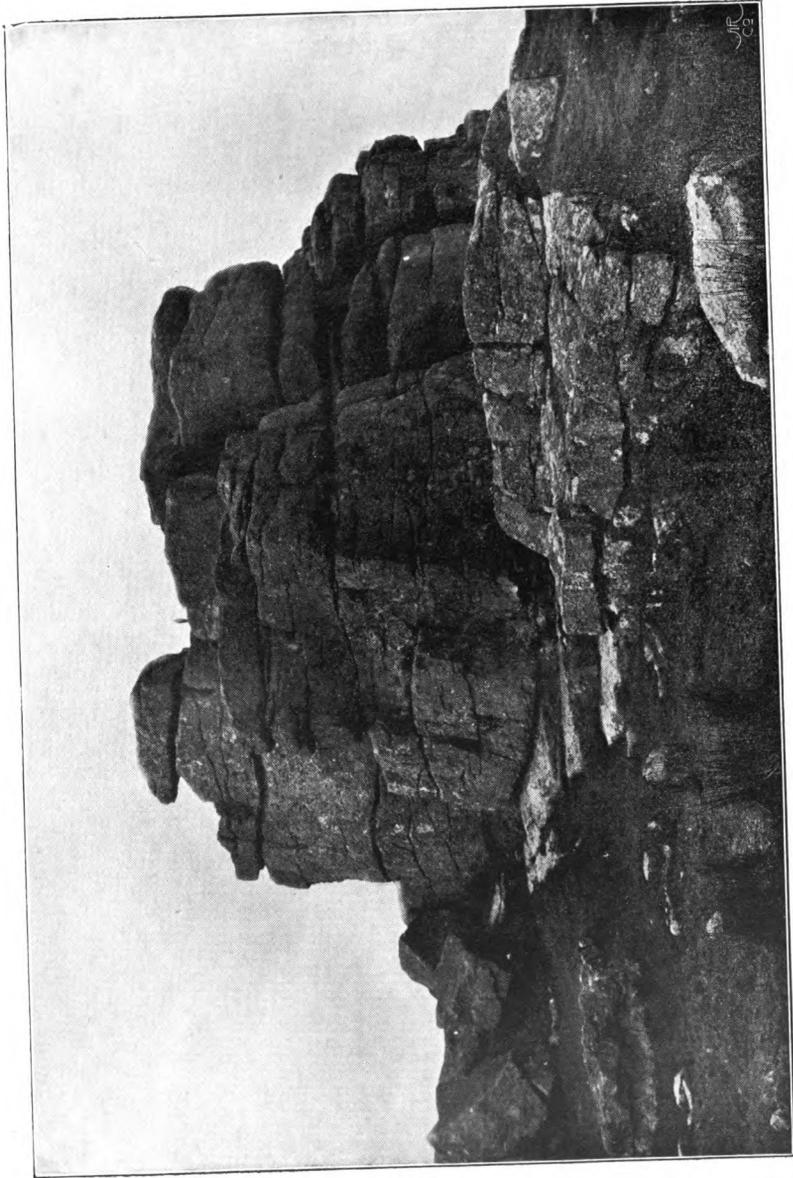
Holne Bridge.



Eagle Rock on the Dart.



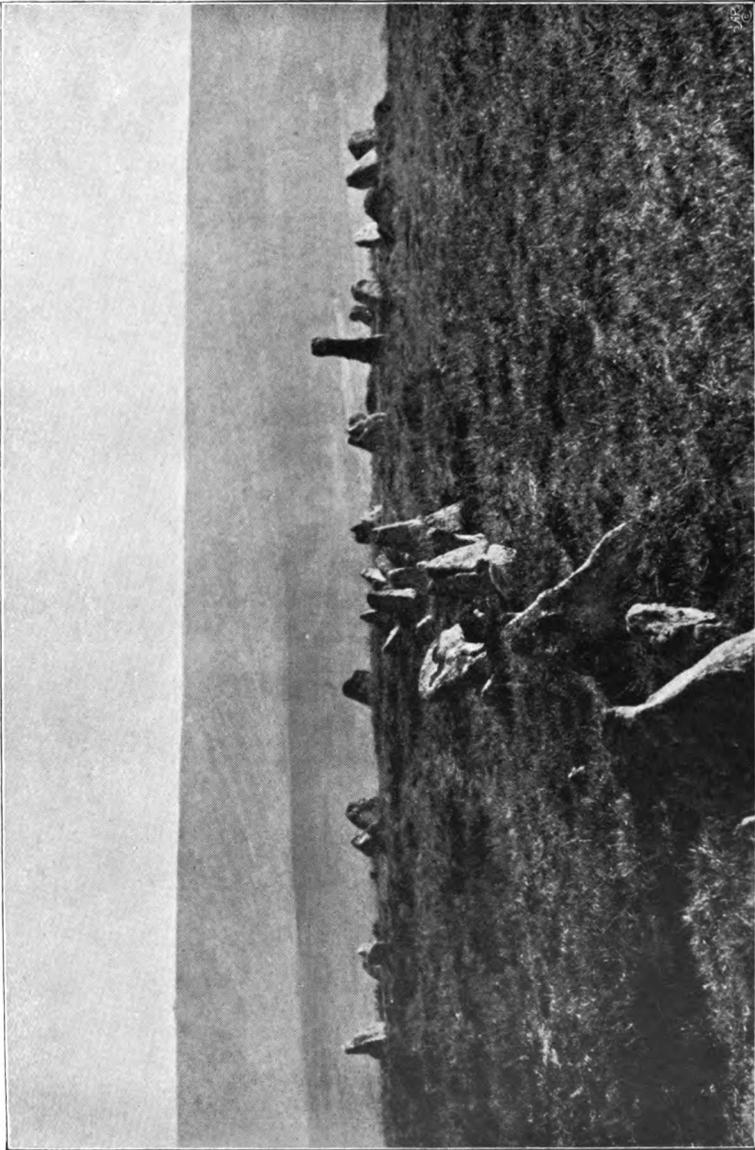
View on the Dart: Early Snow.



South Hessary Tor.



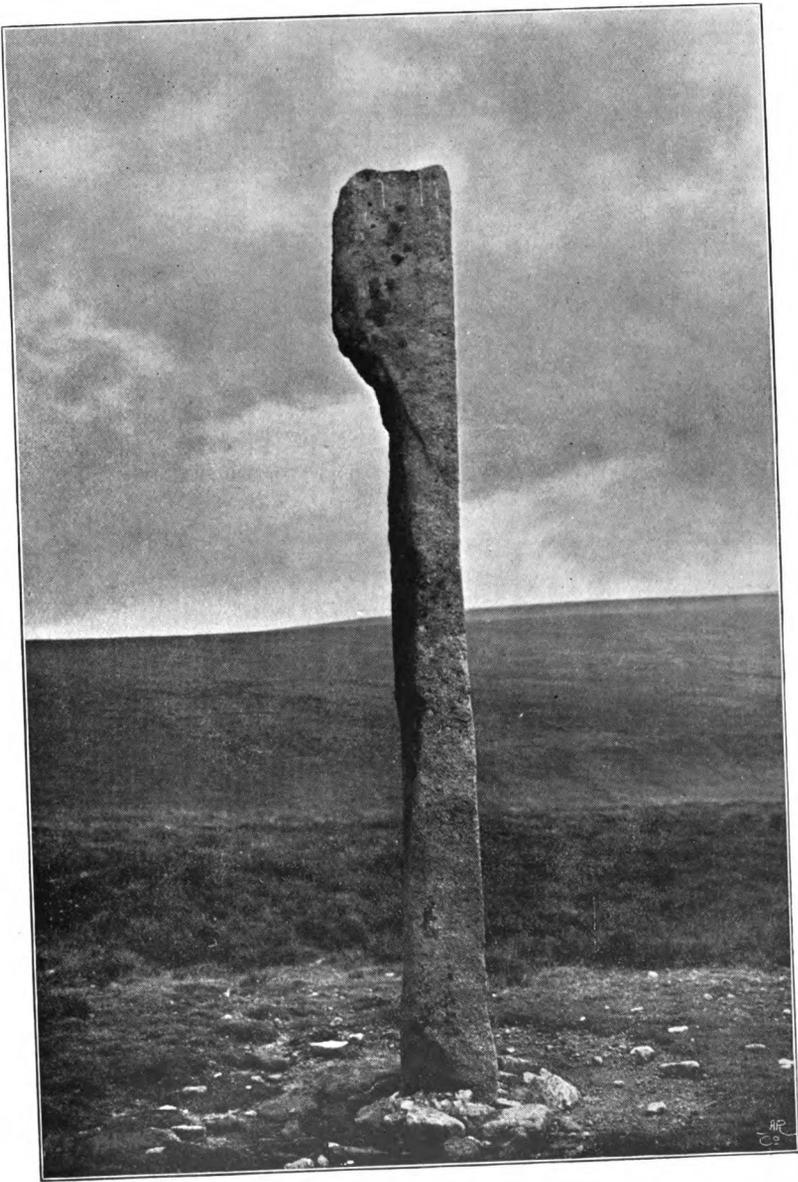
Nun's Cross



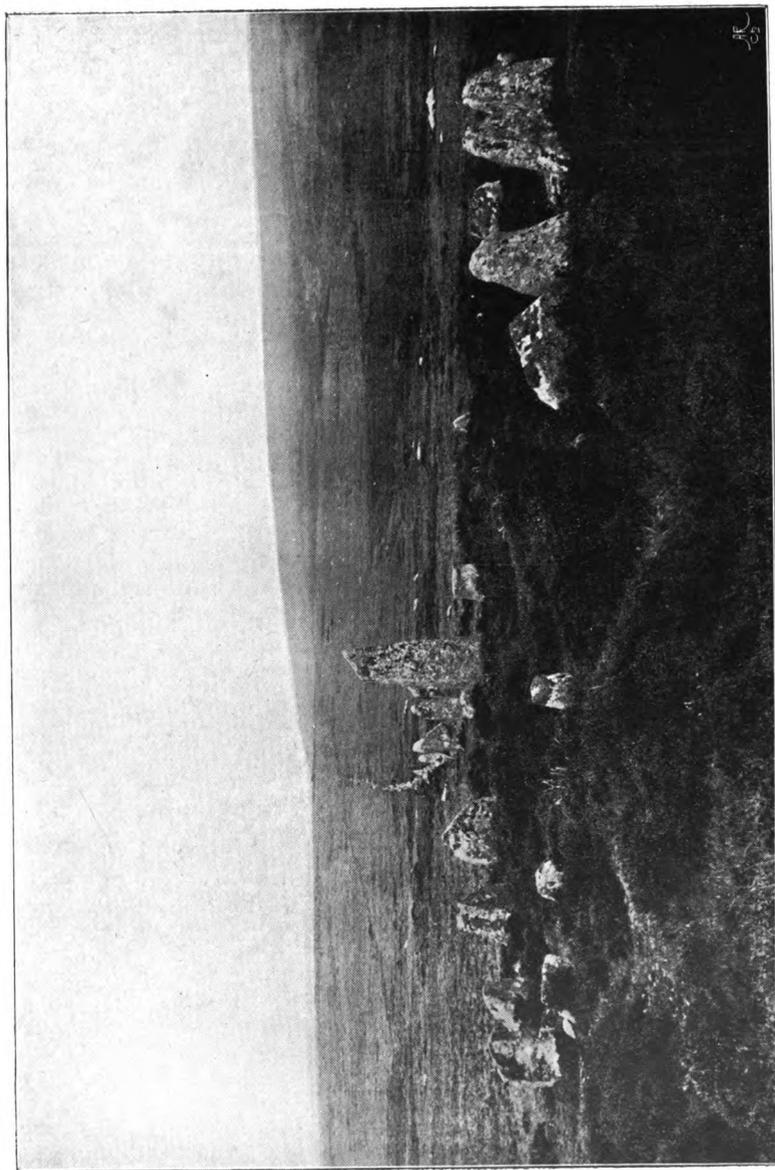
Stall Moor Circle.



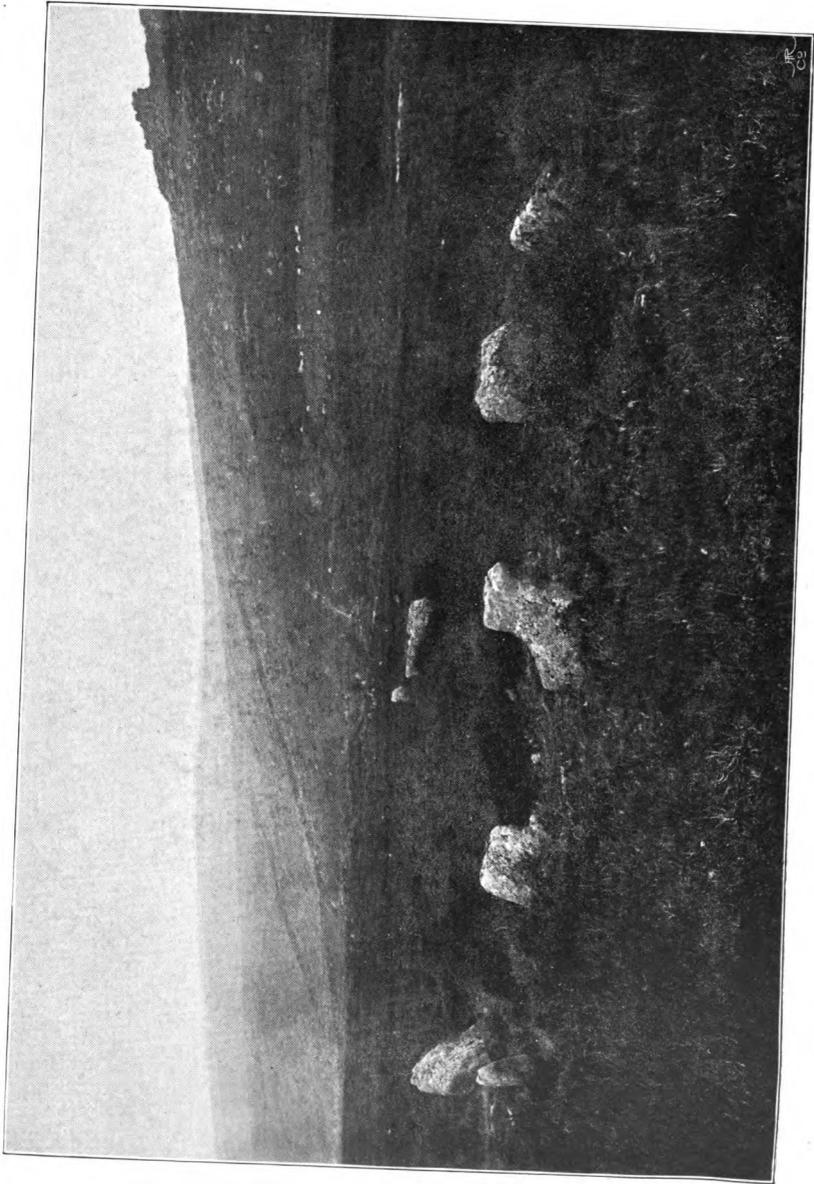
Grimsgrave Kistvaen.



The Drizzlecombe Menhir.

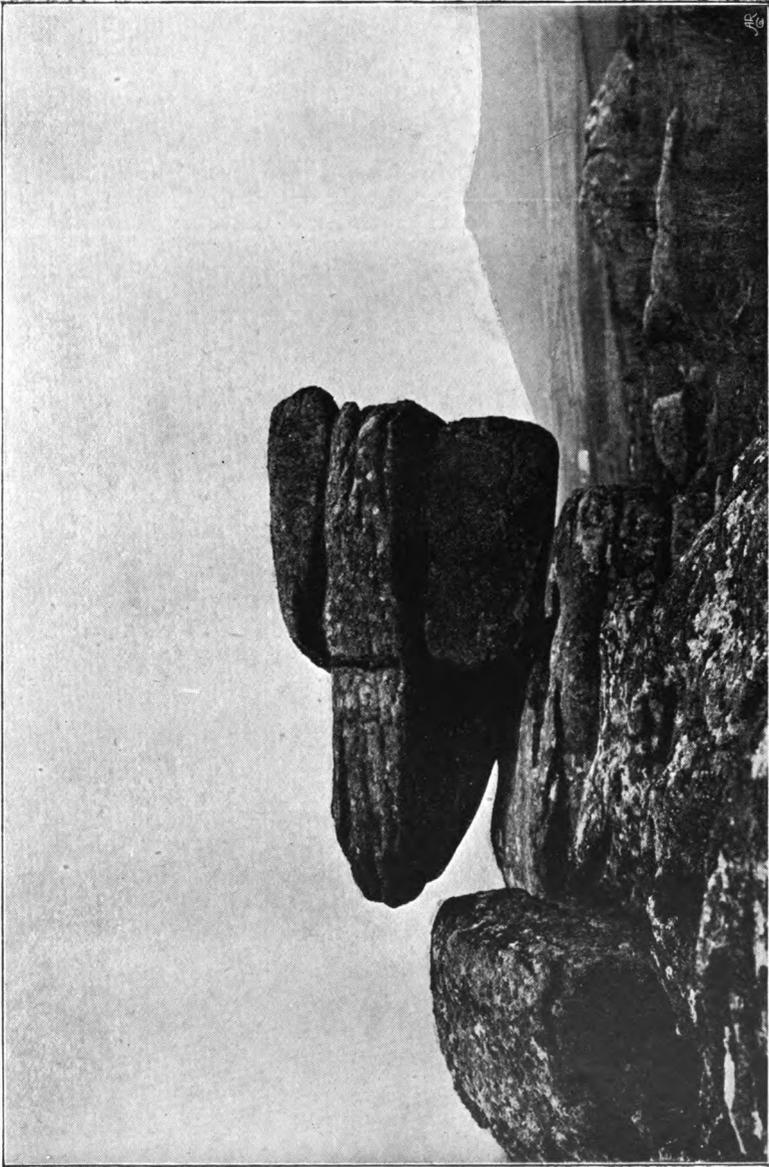


Down Tor Circle and Row.

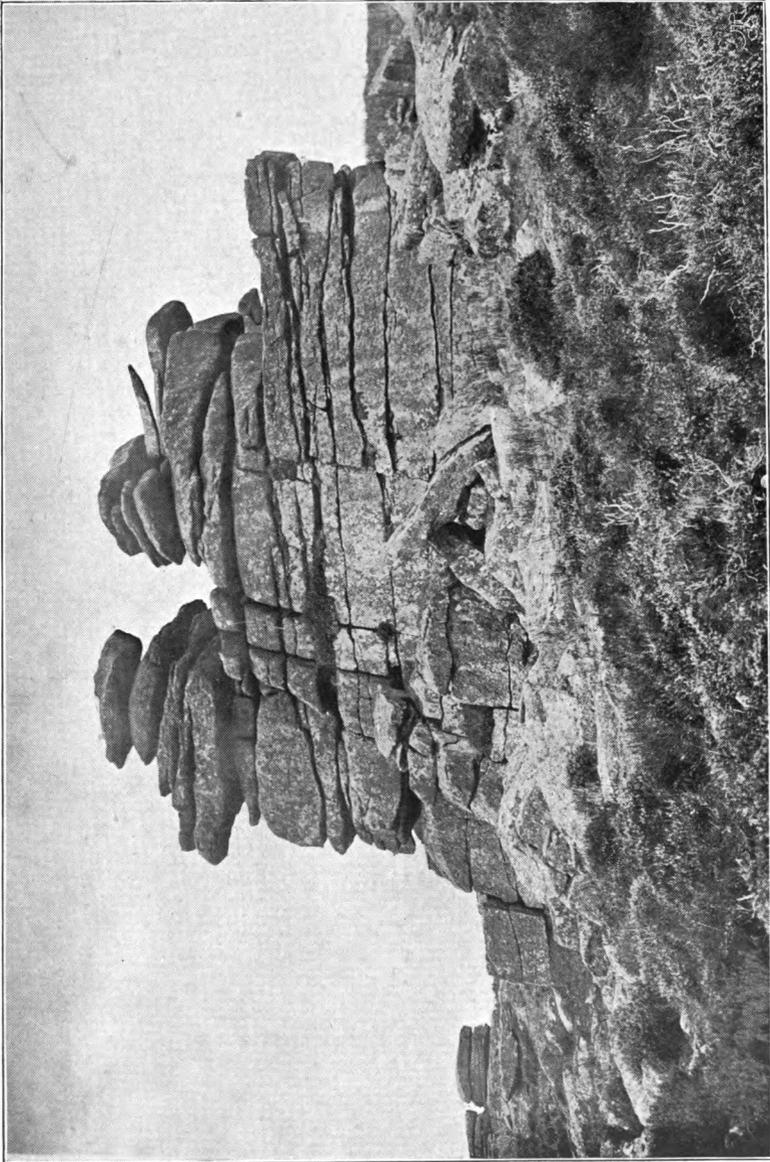


Black Tor Circle.

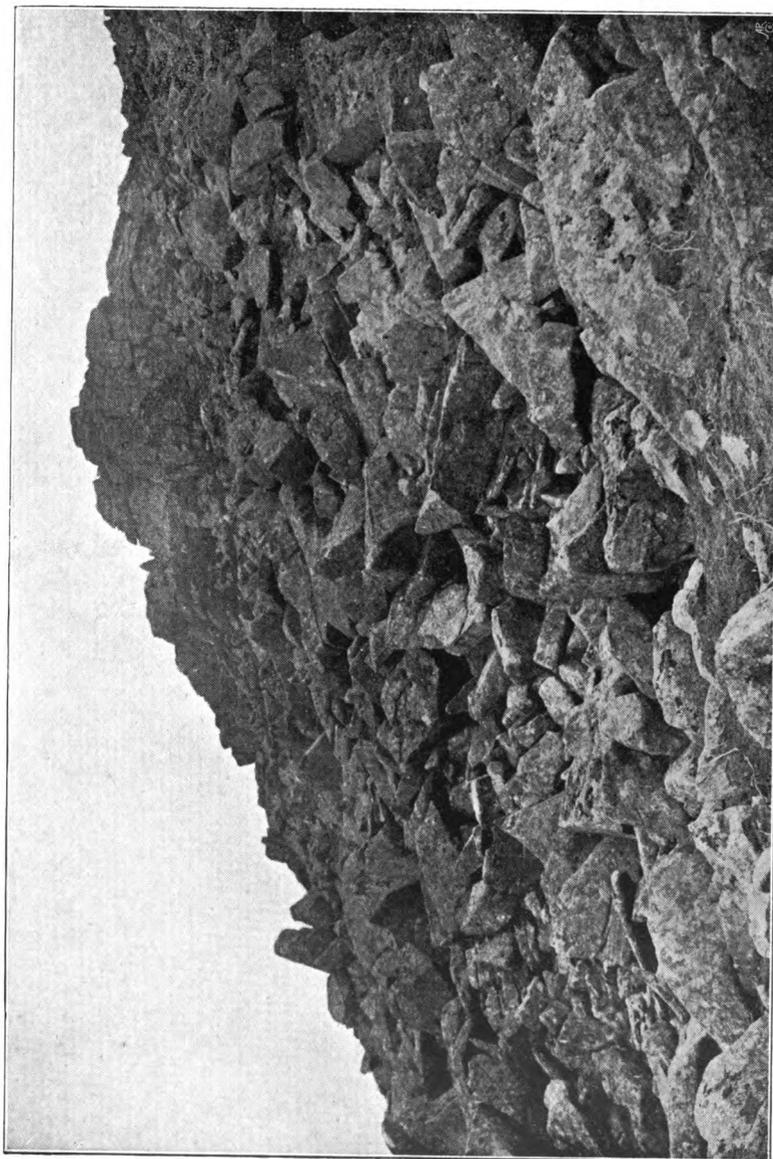




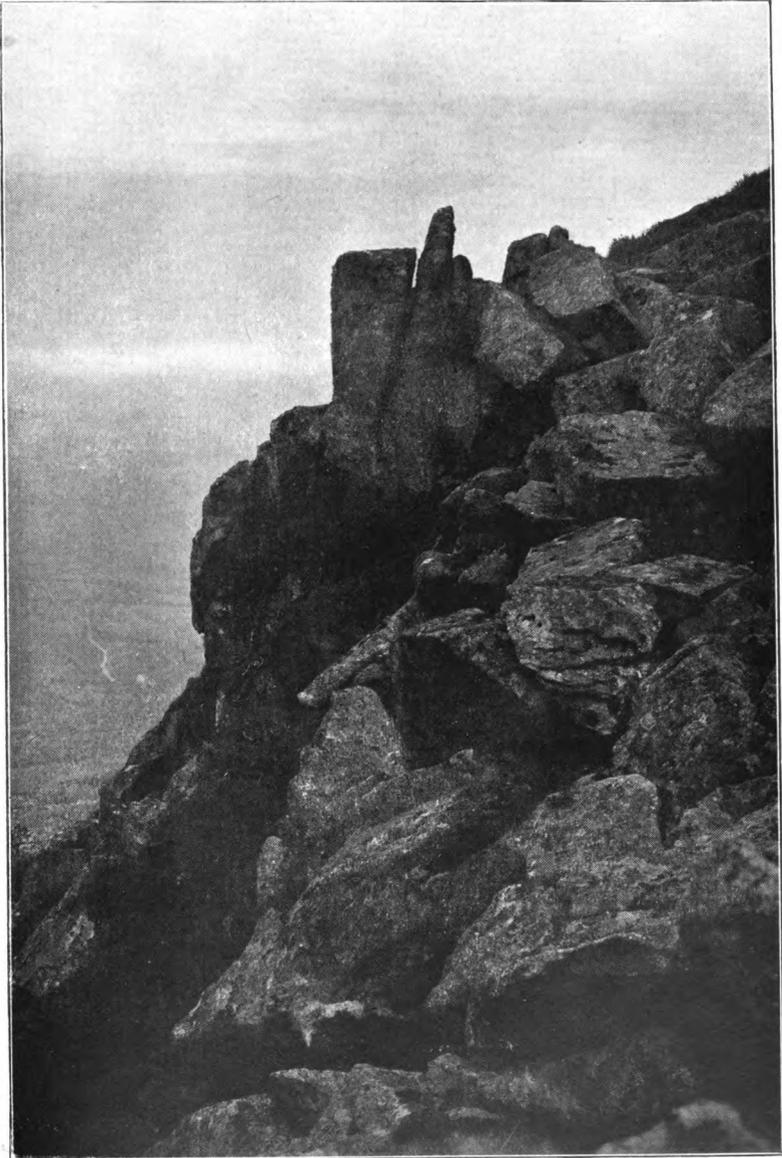
On Black Tor.



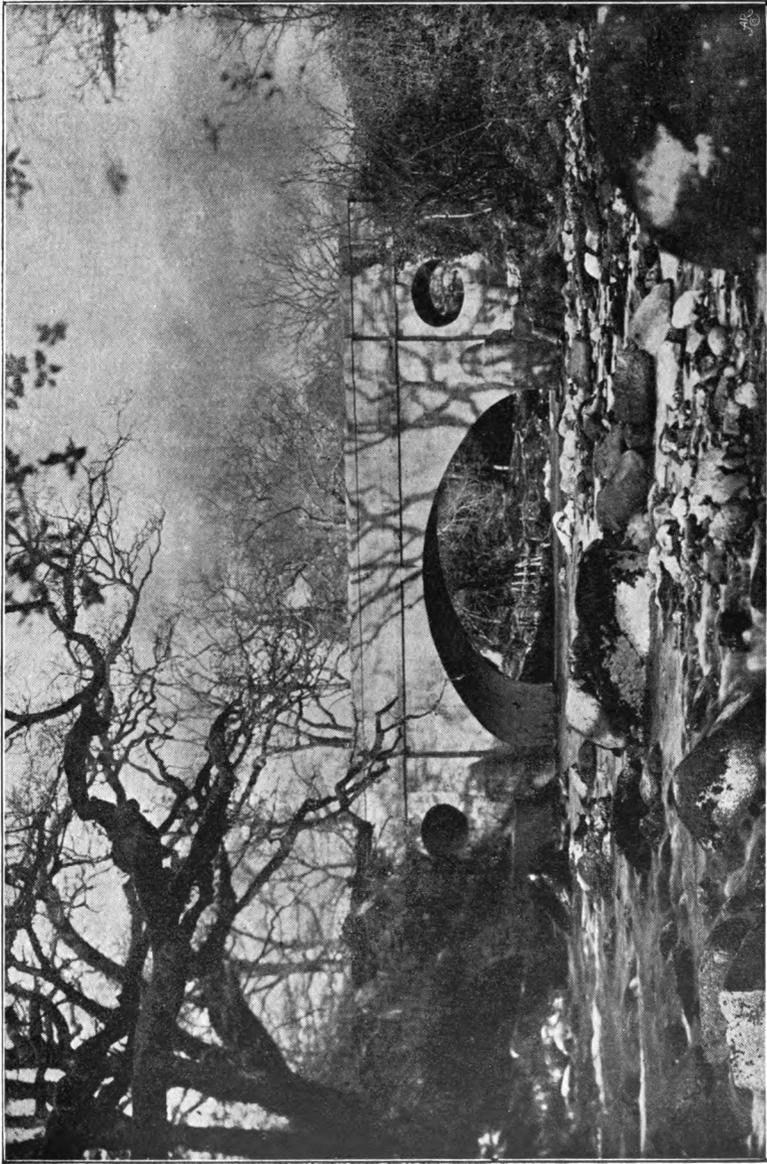
Leeden Tor.



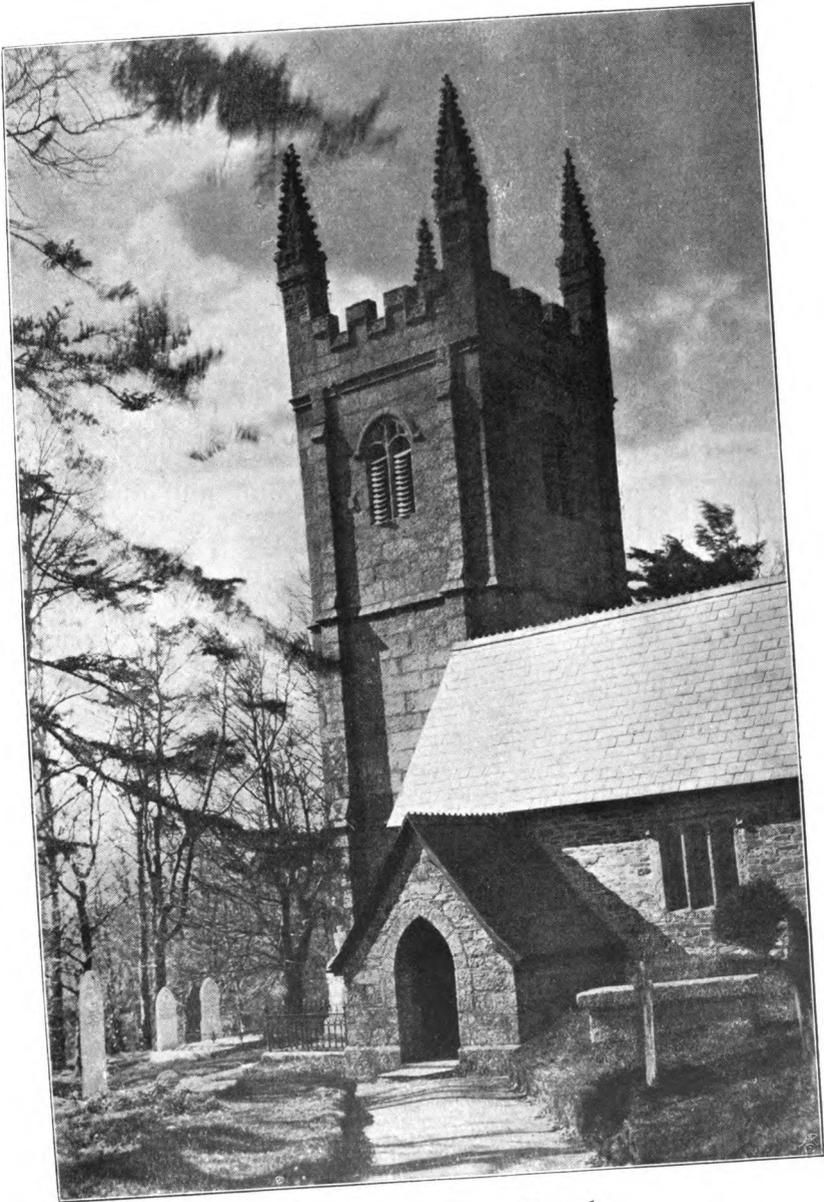
Leather Tor.



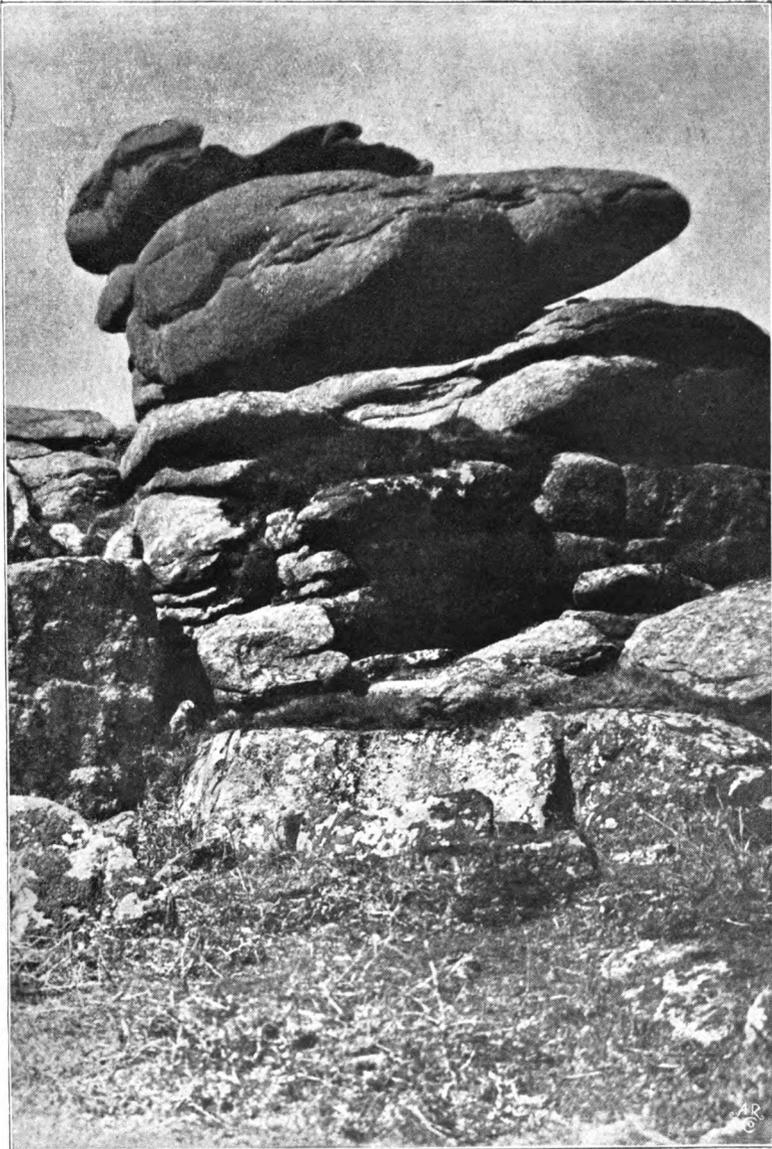
View on Leather Tor.



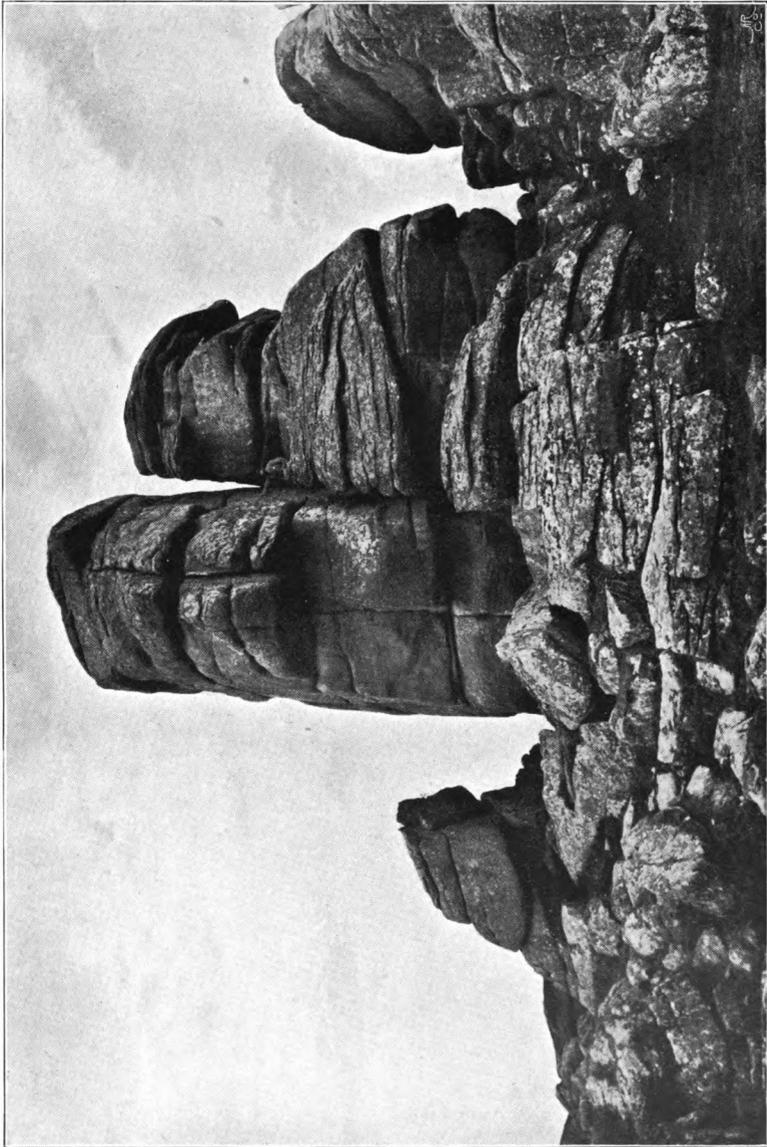
Eggesford New Bridge.



Sampford Spiney Church.



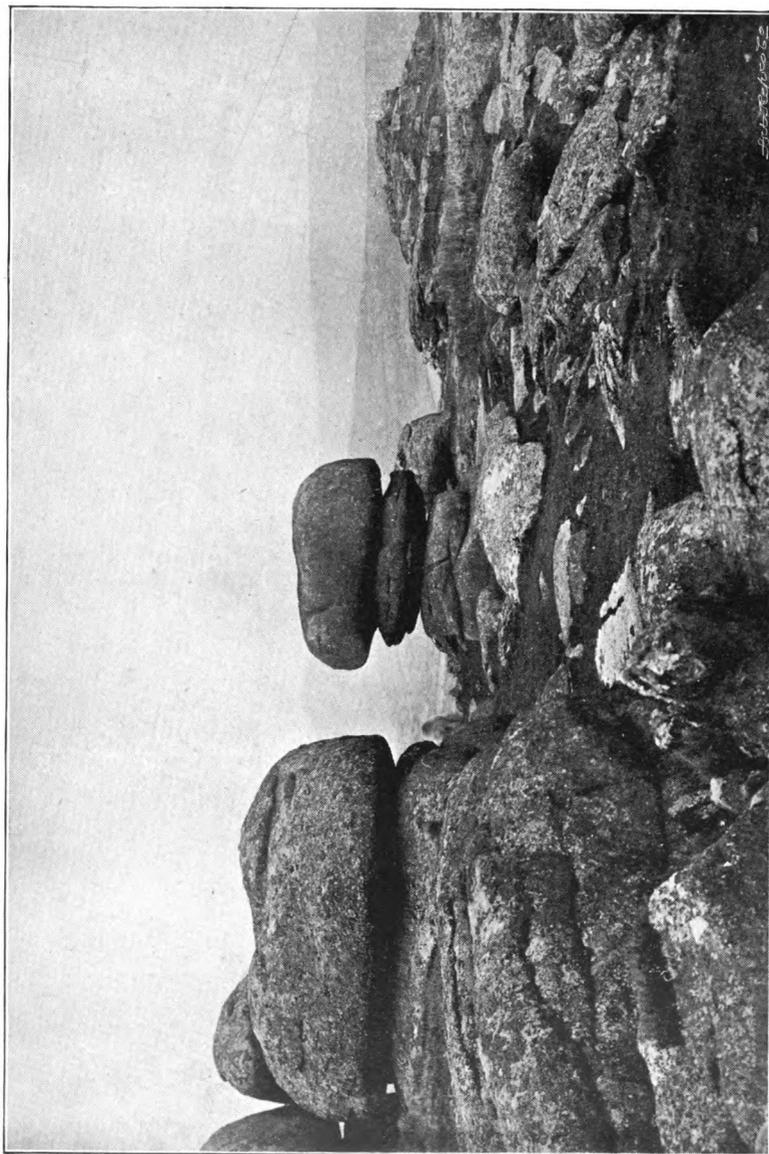
On Pew Tor.



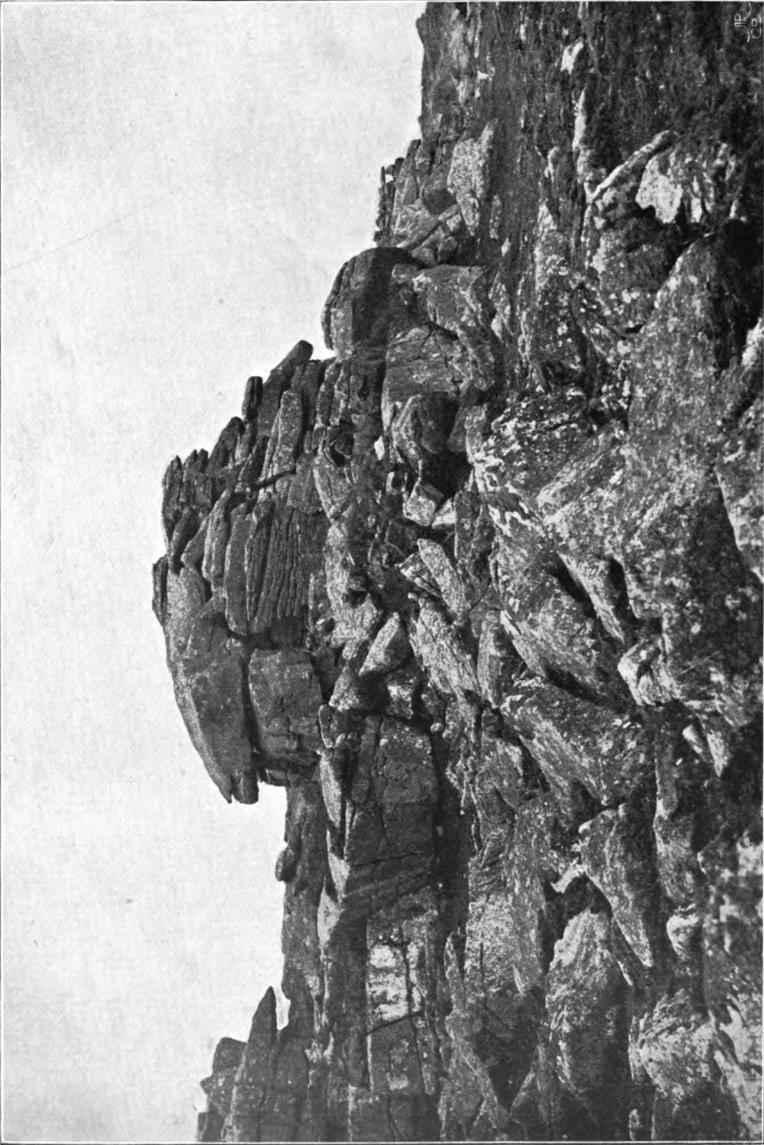
Vixen Tor.



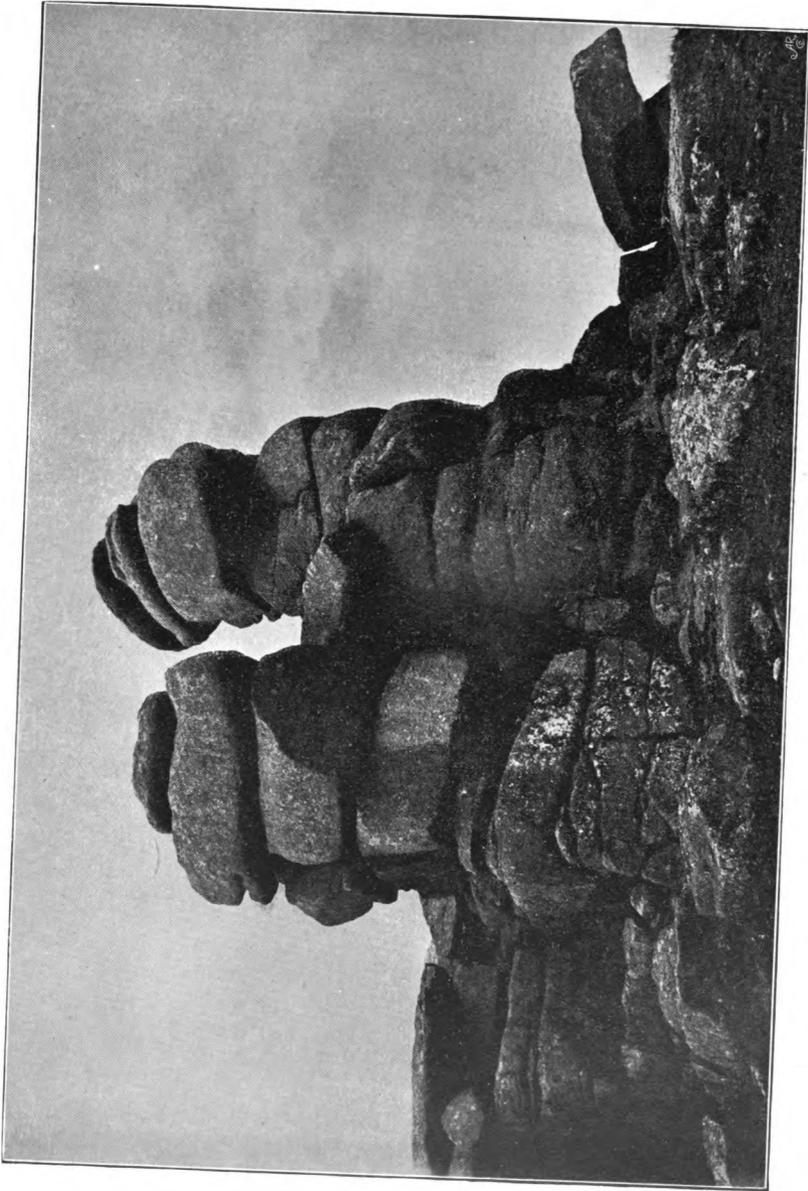
The Windy Post.



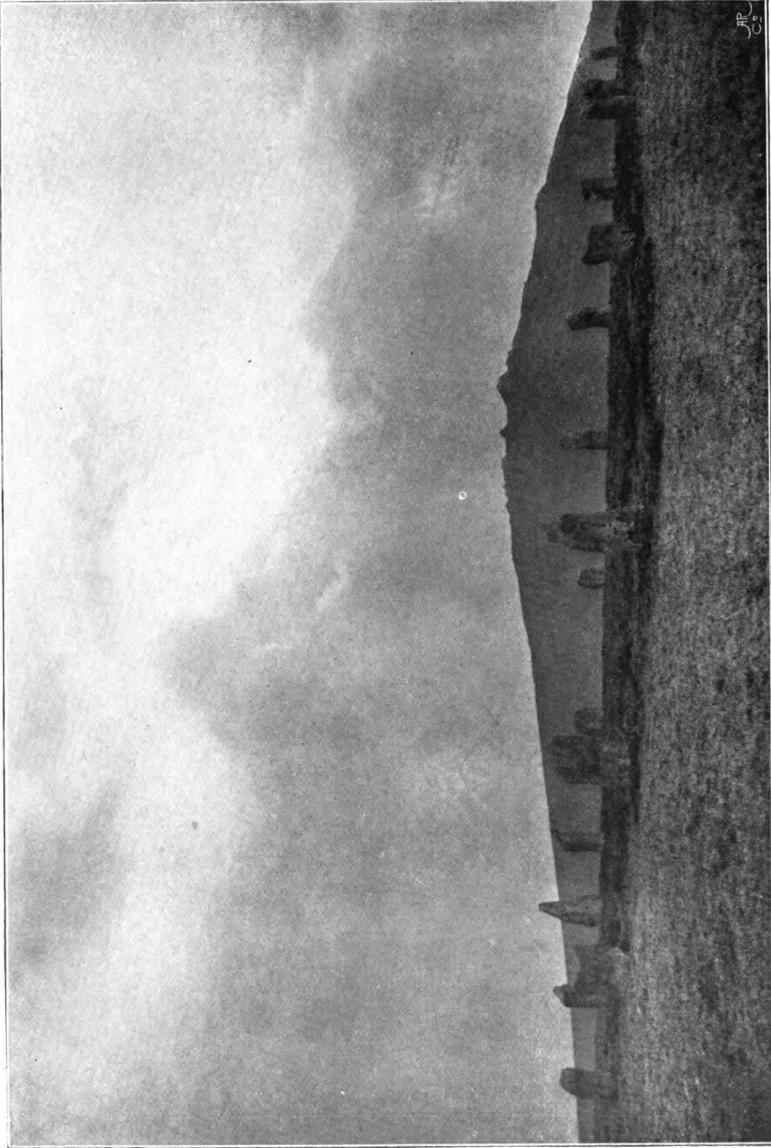
Great Staple Tor.



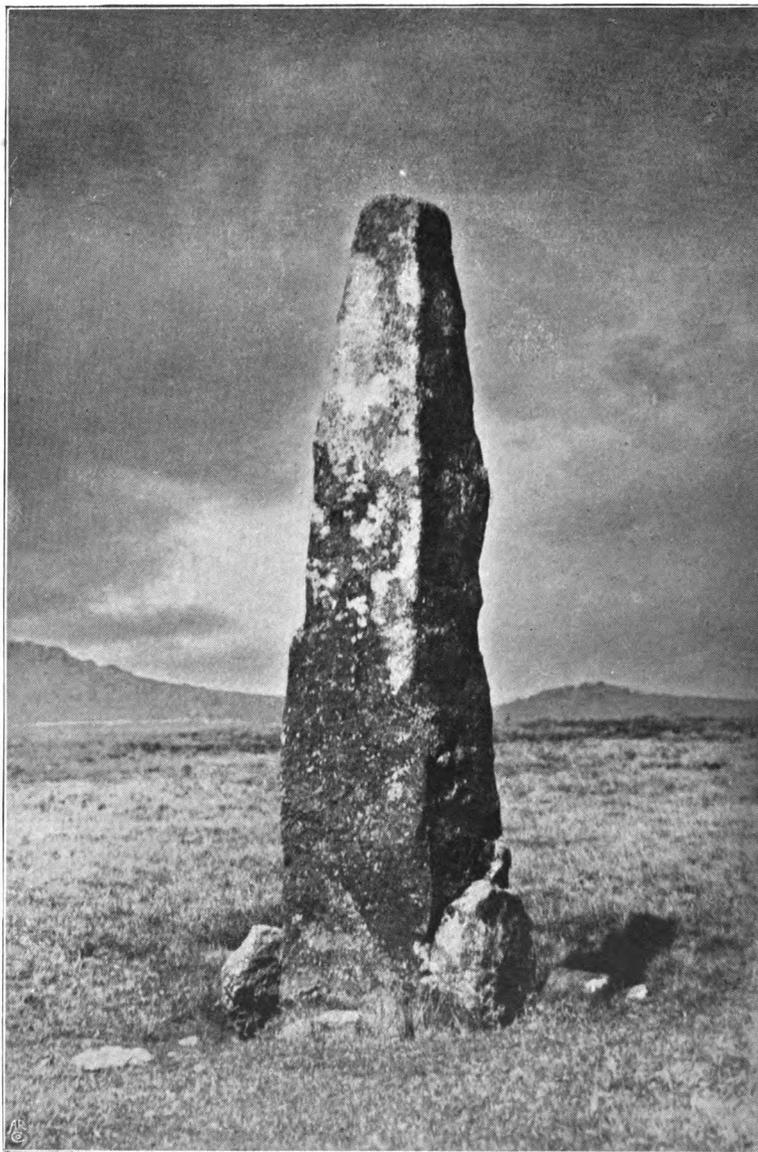
Little Staple Tor.



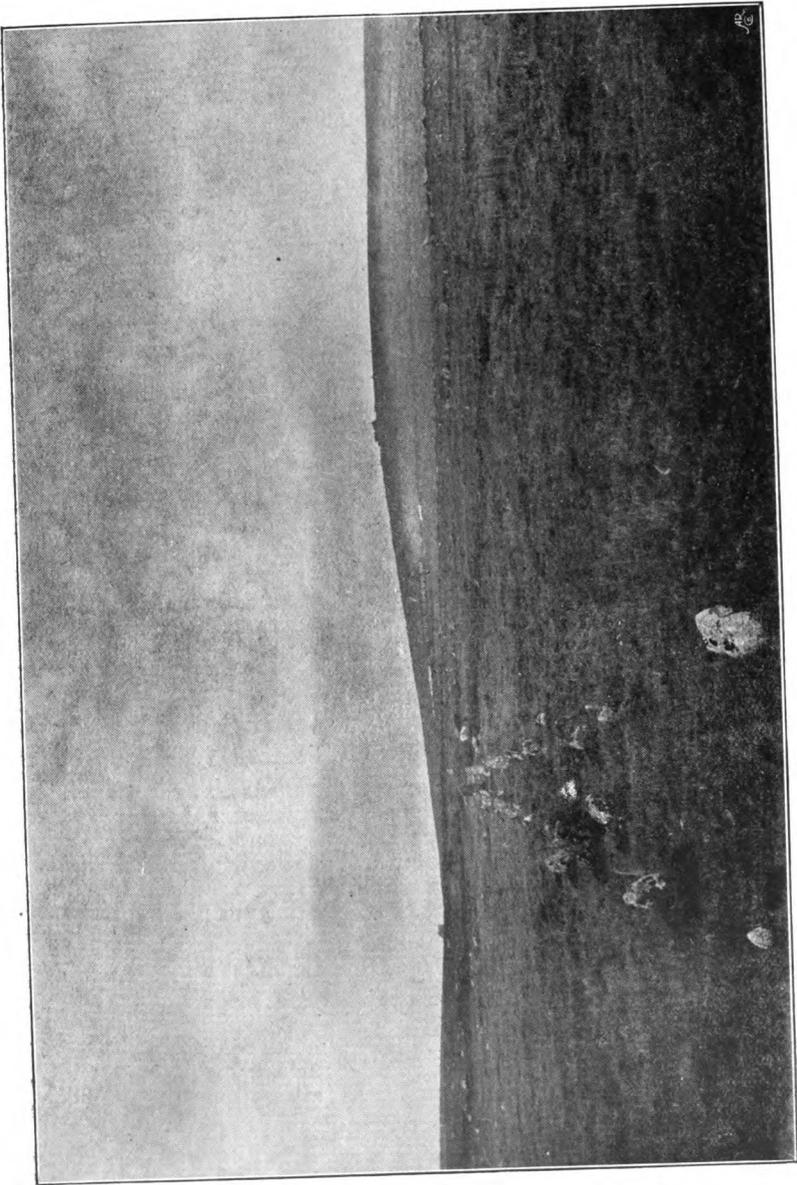
Middle Staple Tor.



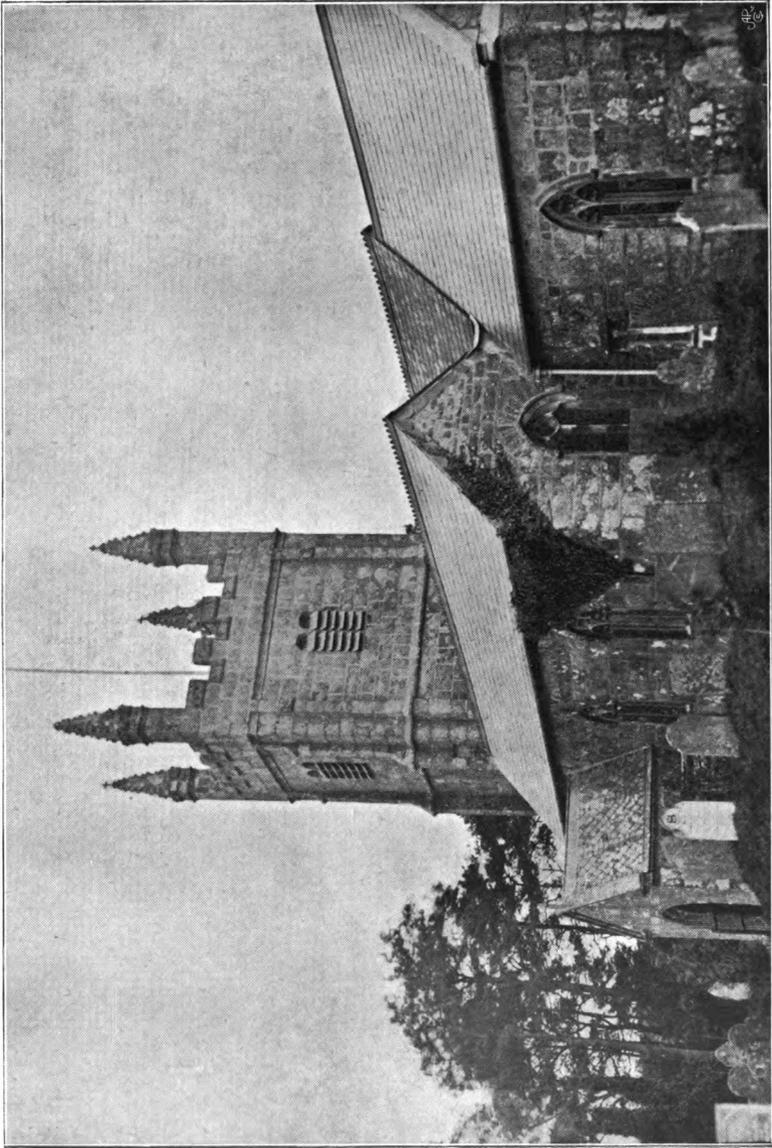
Langstone Circle and Mis Tor.



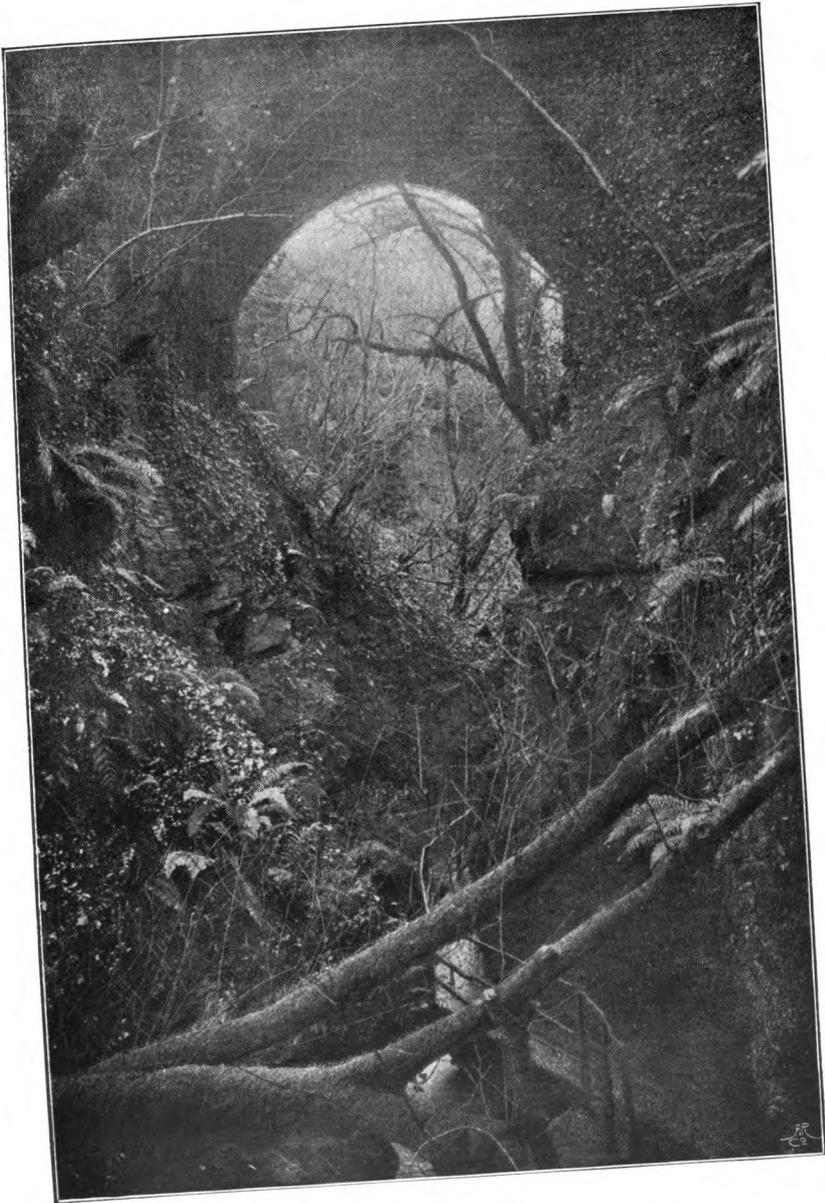
Longstone, Merivale.



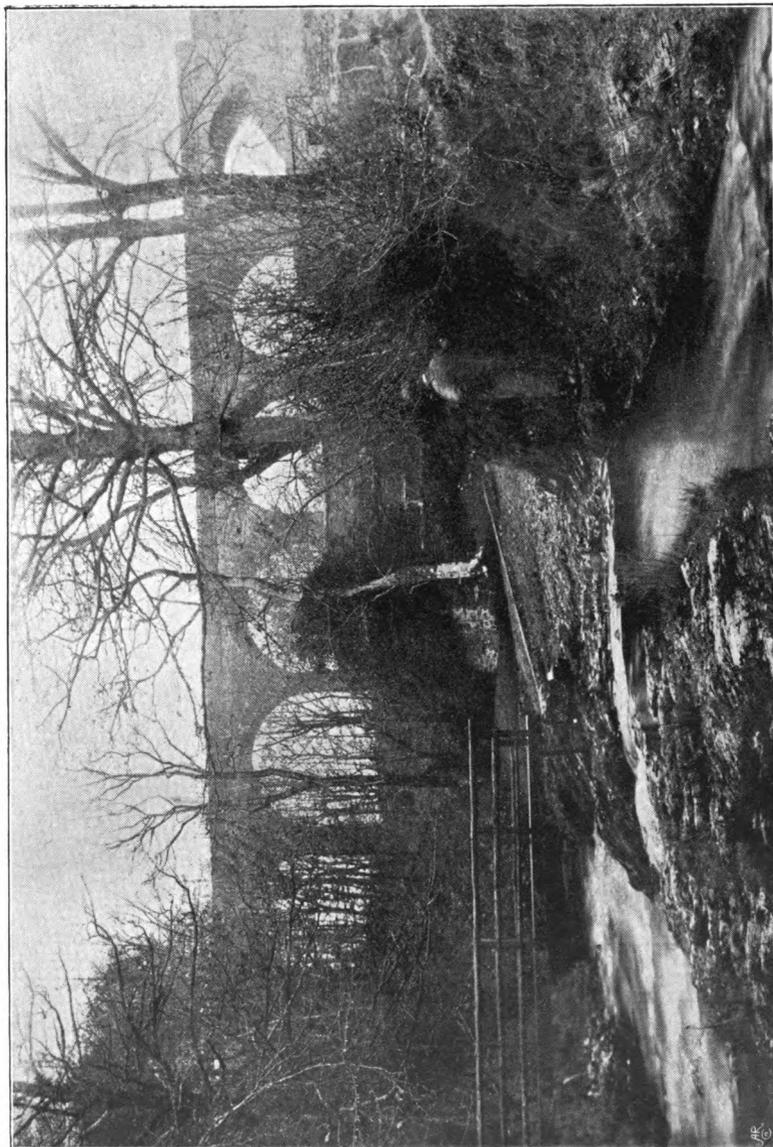
Stone Avenue, Merivale.



Lydford Church.



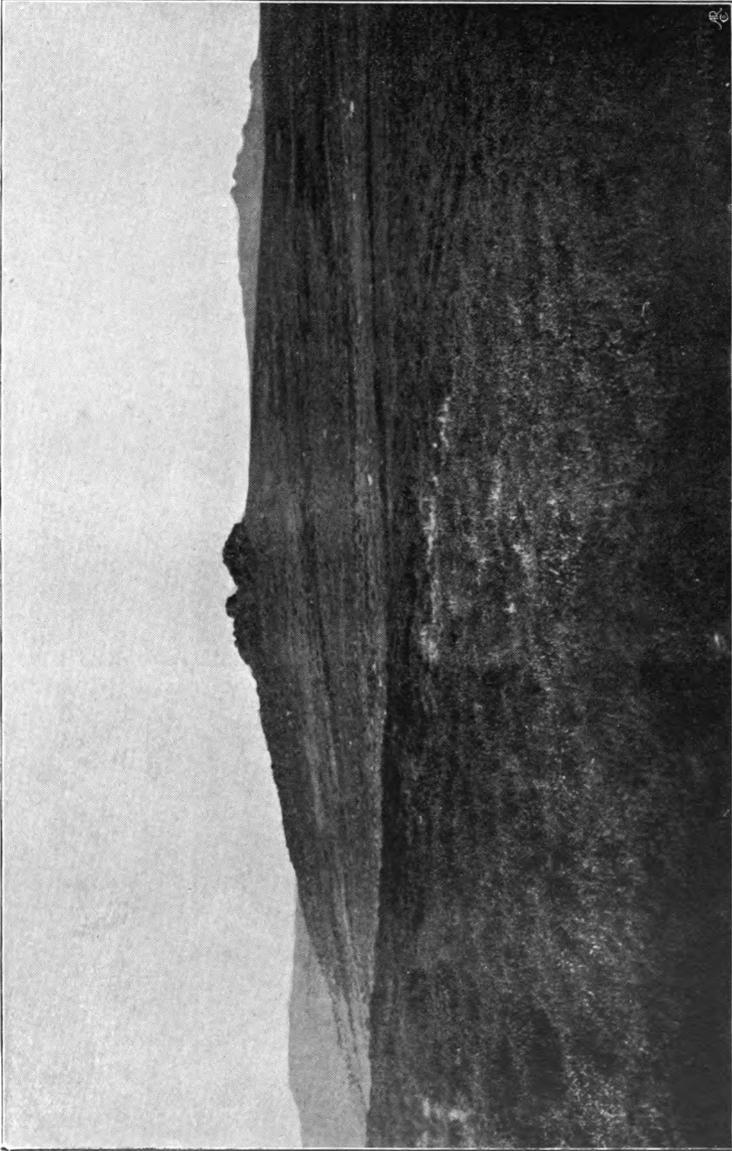
Lydford Bridge.



Lydford Viaduct.



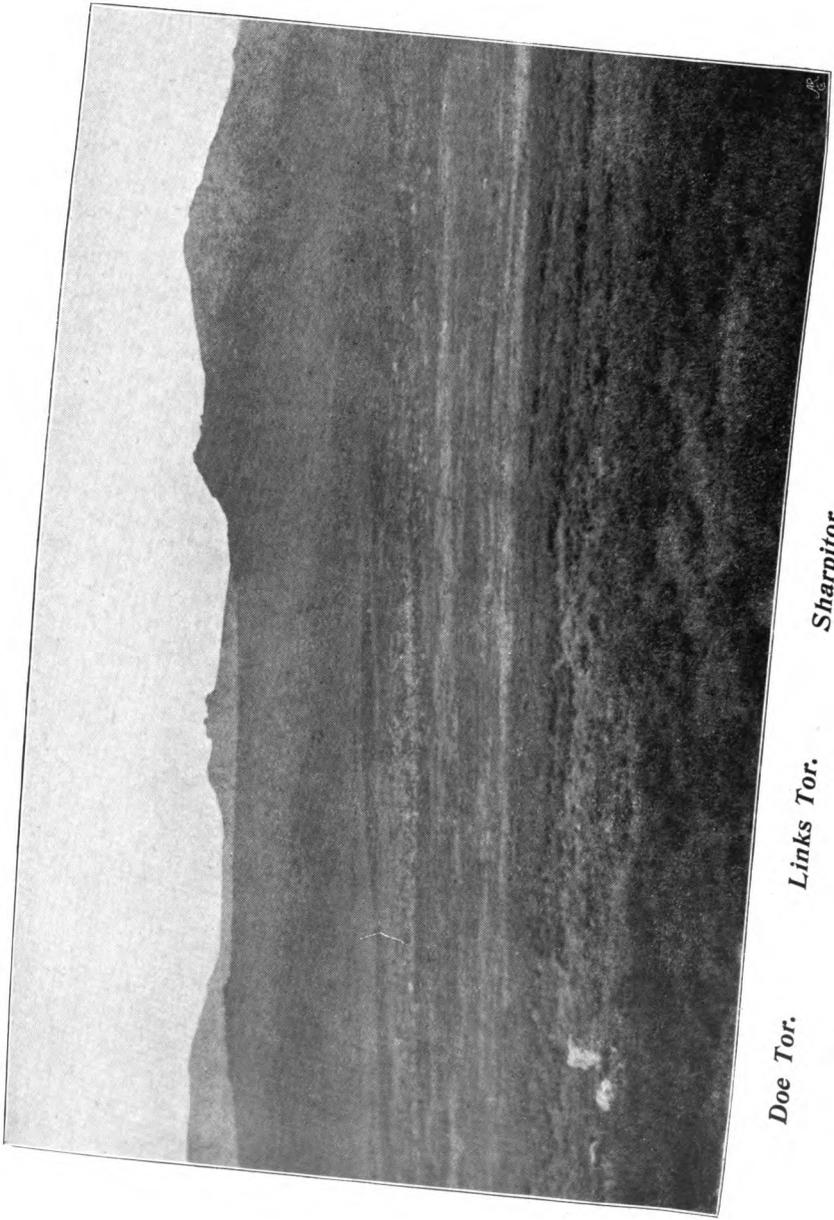
Kit's Steps.



Broad Tor.

Sharpitor.

Links Tor.

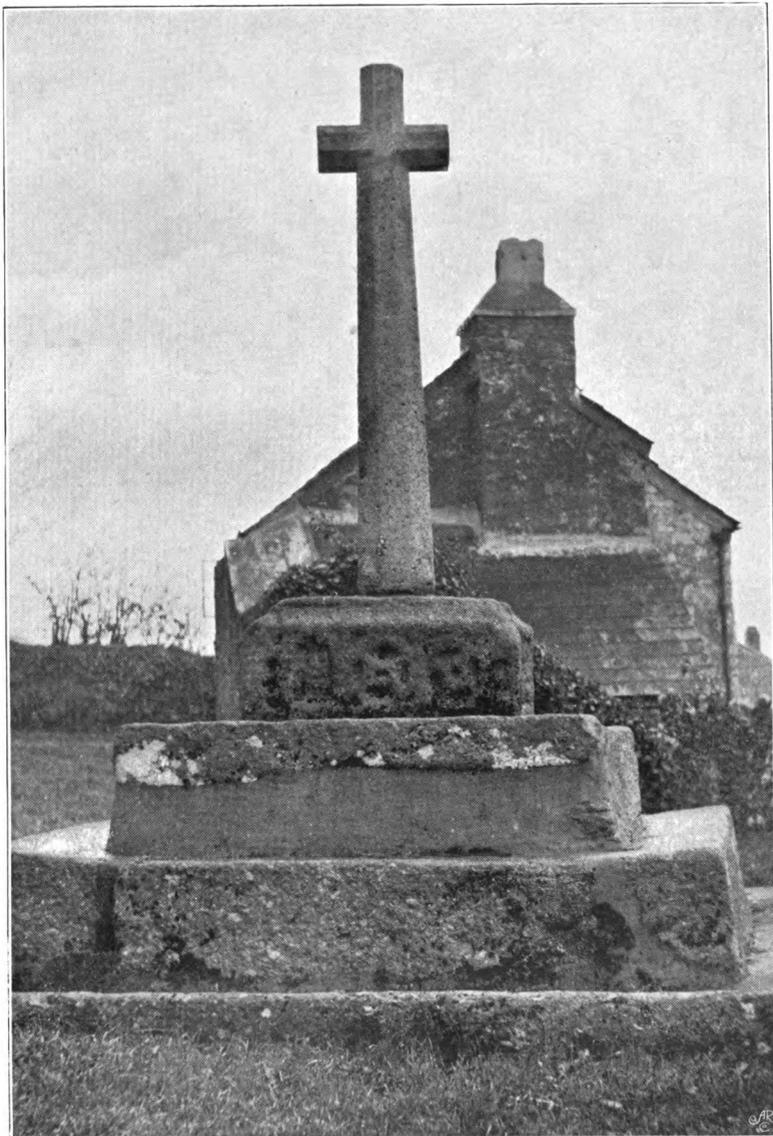


Doe Tor.

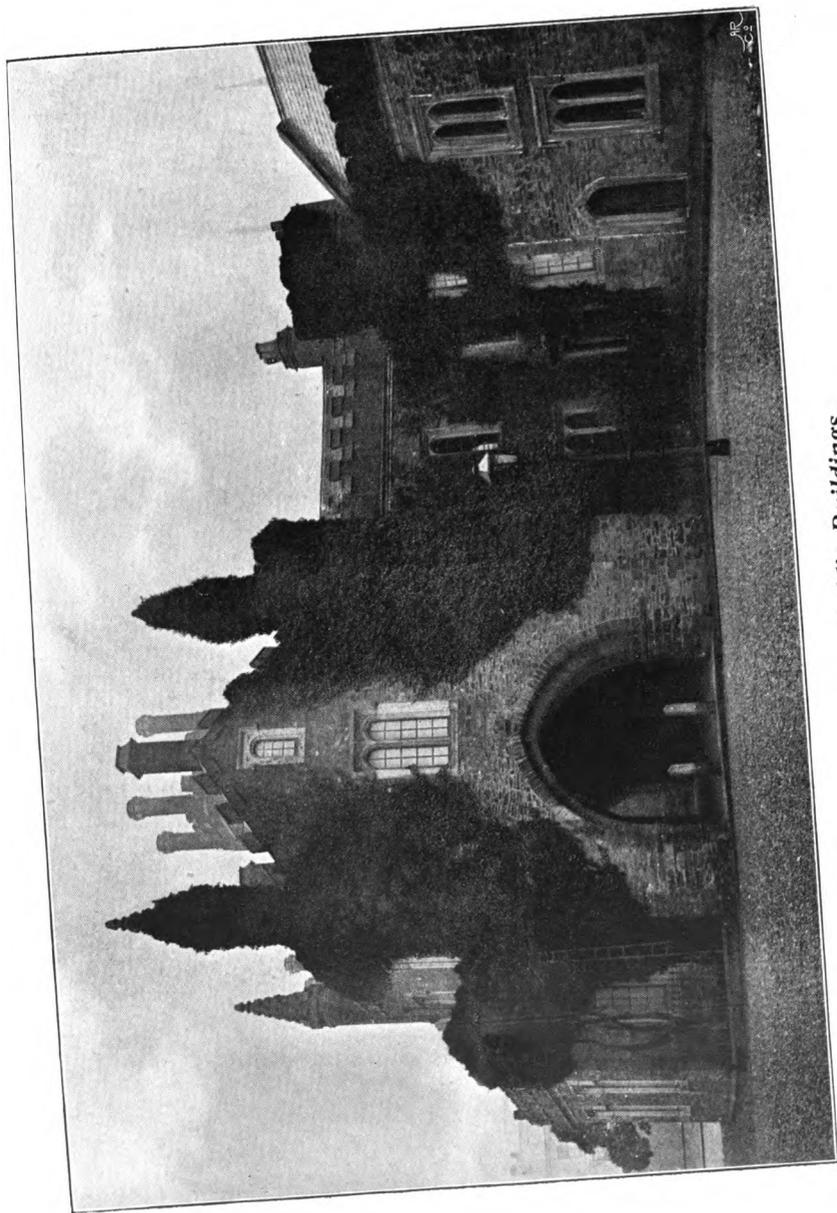
Links Tor.

Sharpitor.

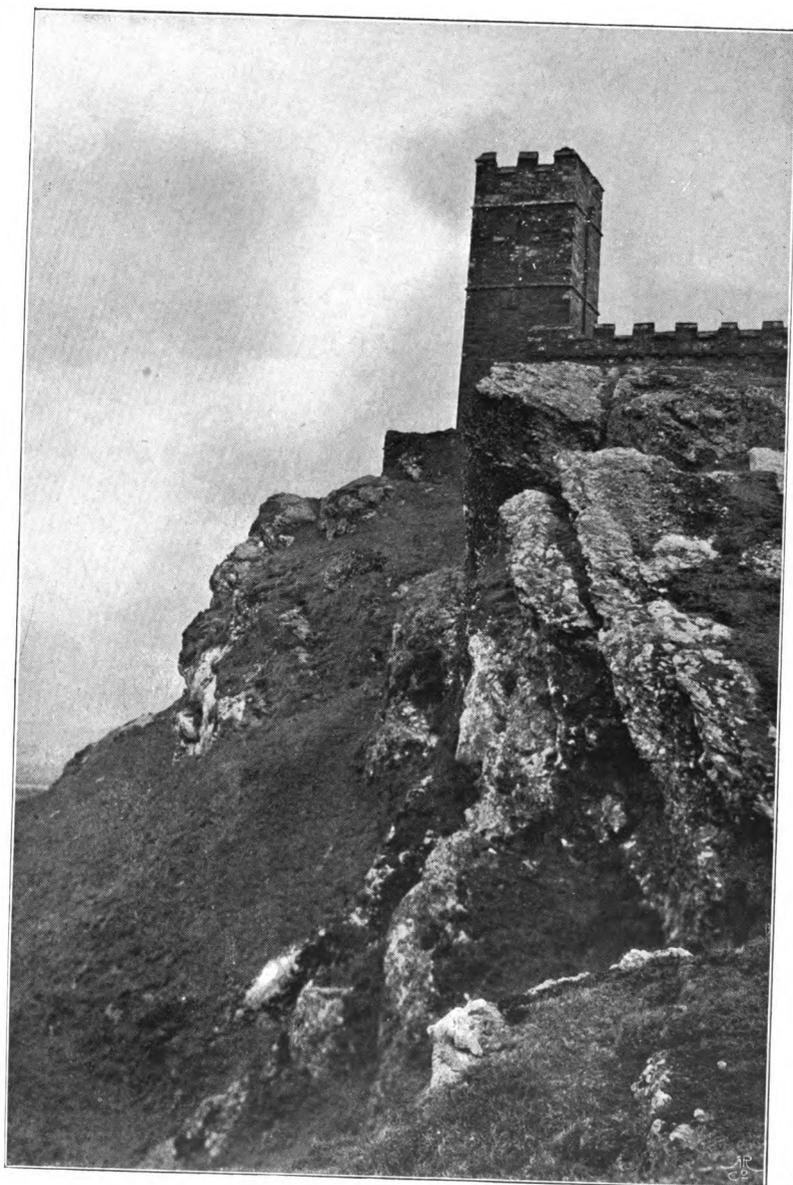
Hare Tor.



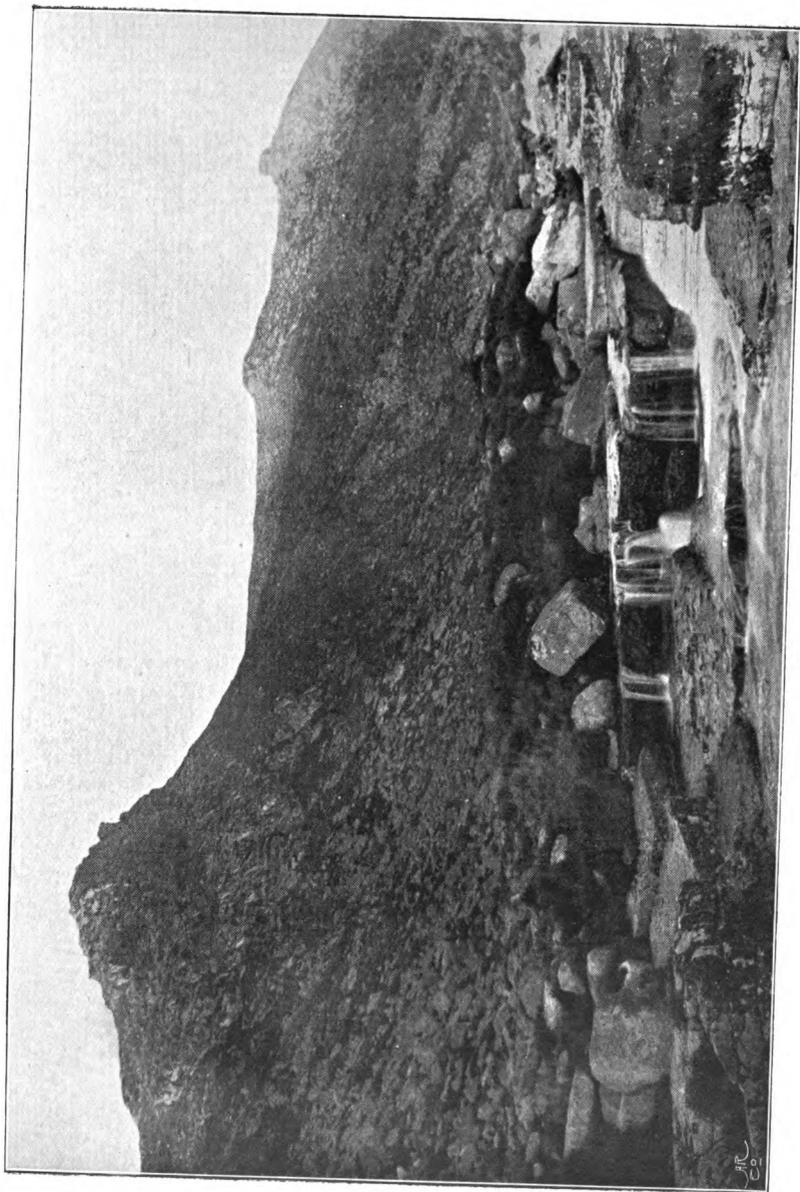
Mary Tavy.



Tavistock Public Buildings.



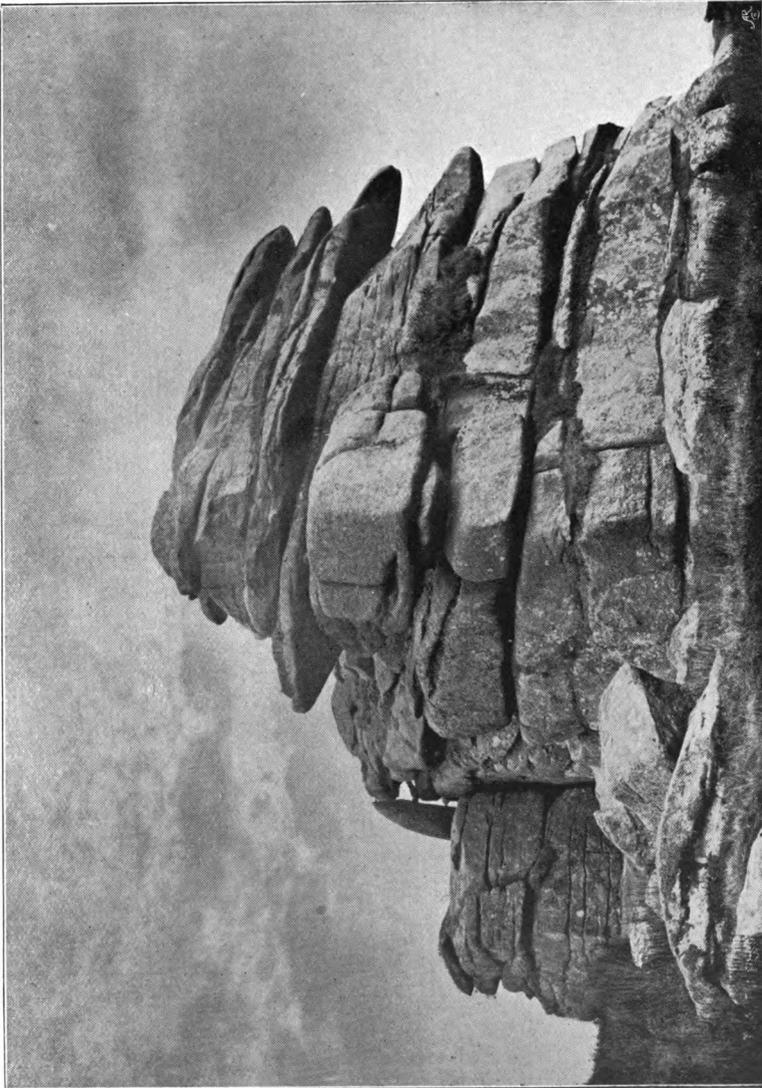
Brent Tor Church.



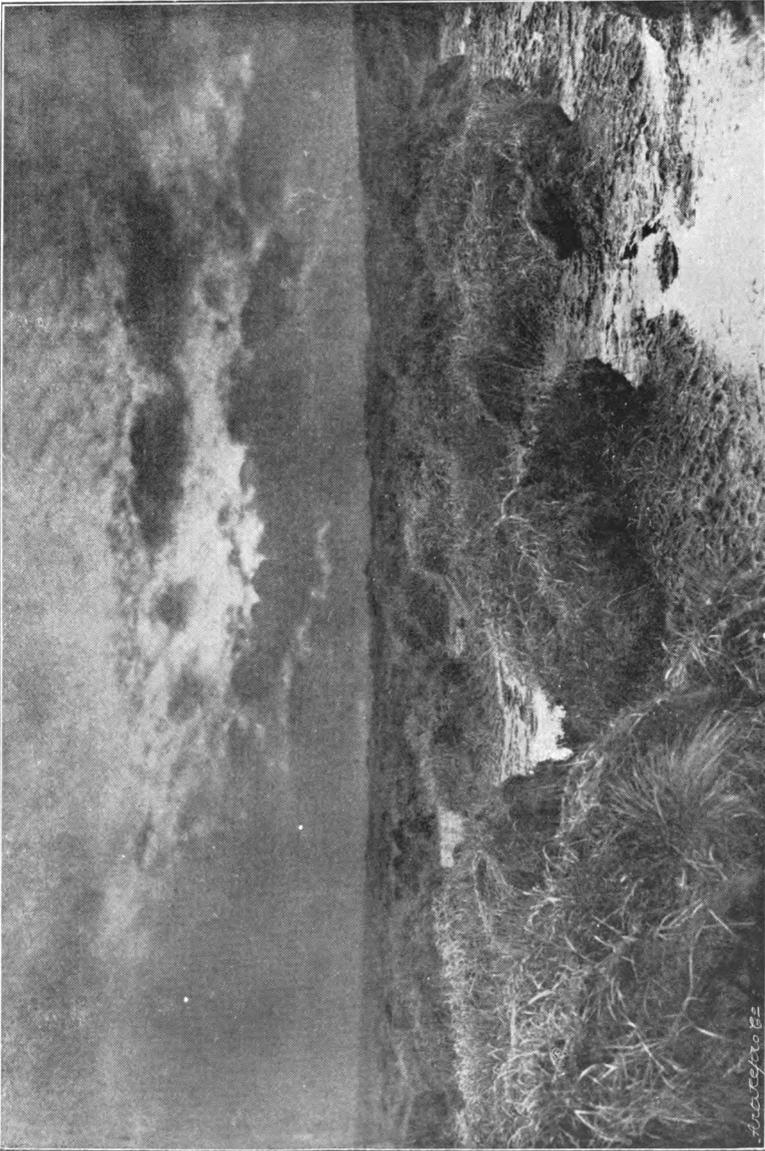
Tavy Cleave.



Ger Tor.

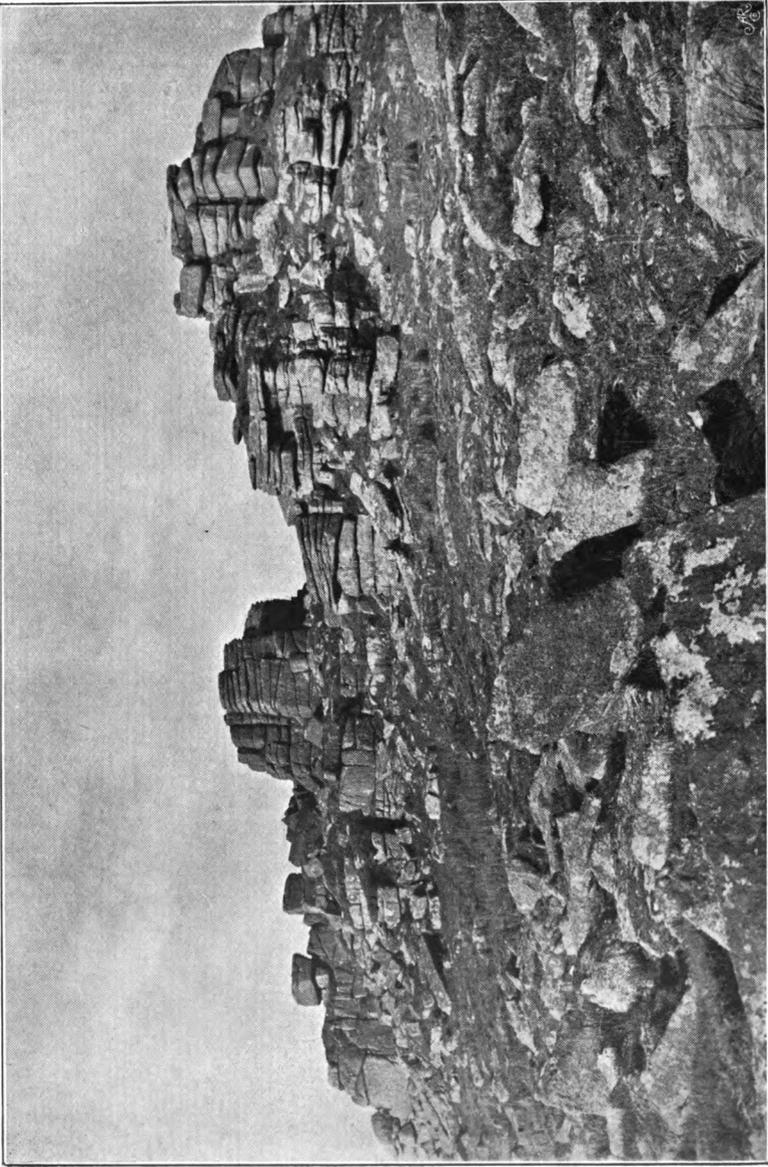


Fur Tor.

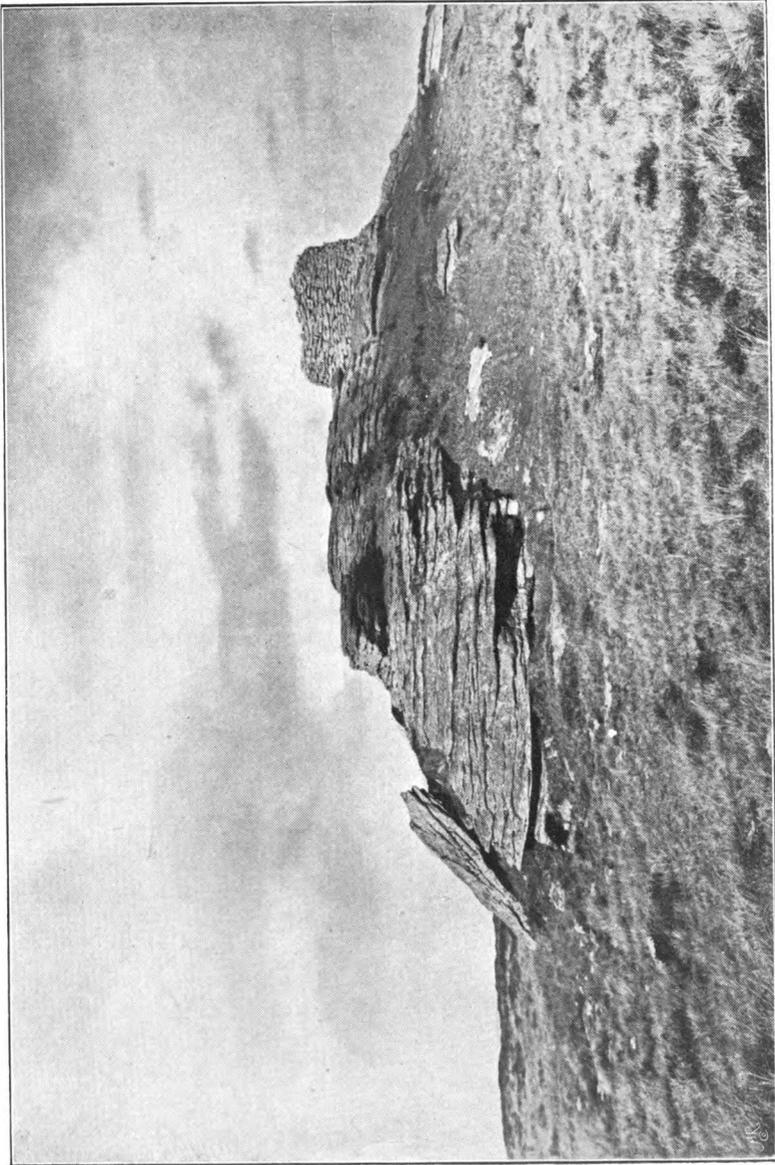


Arceuthobium

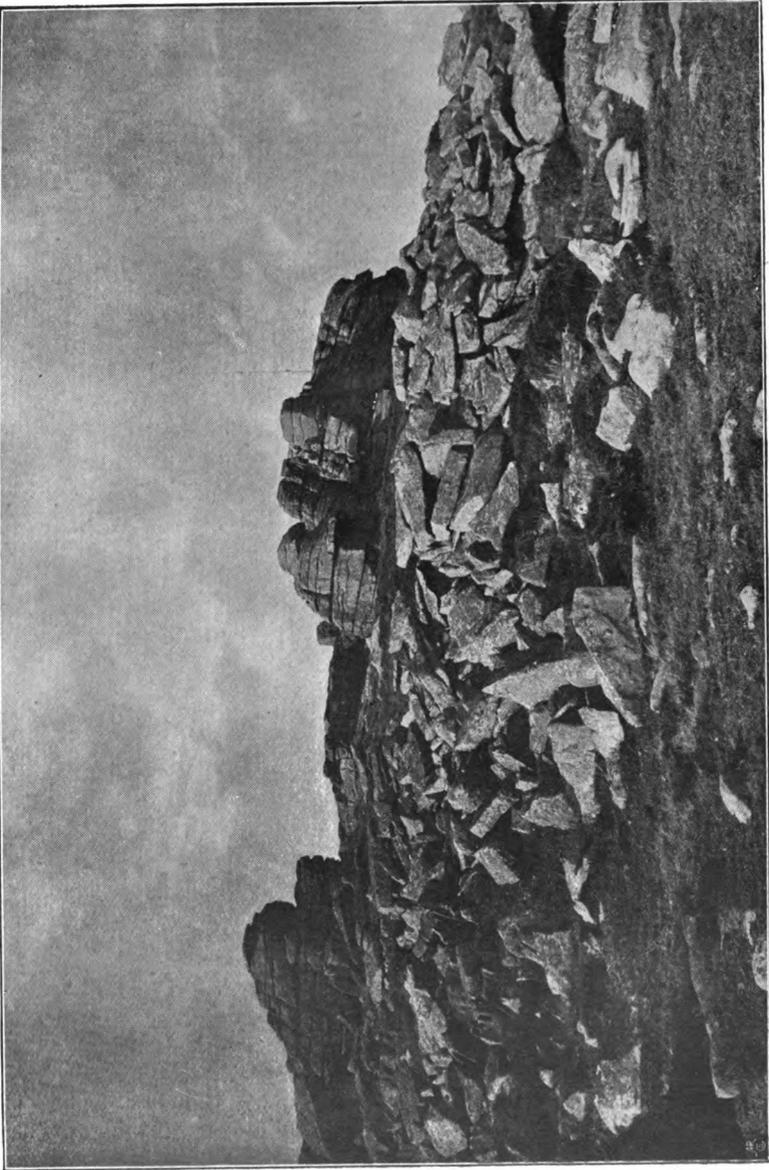
Cranmere.



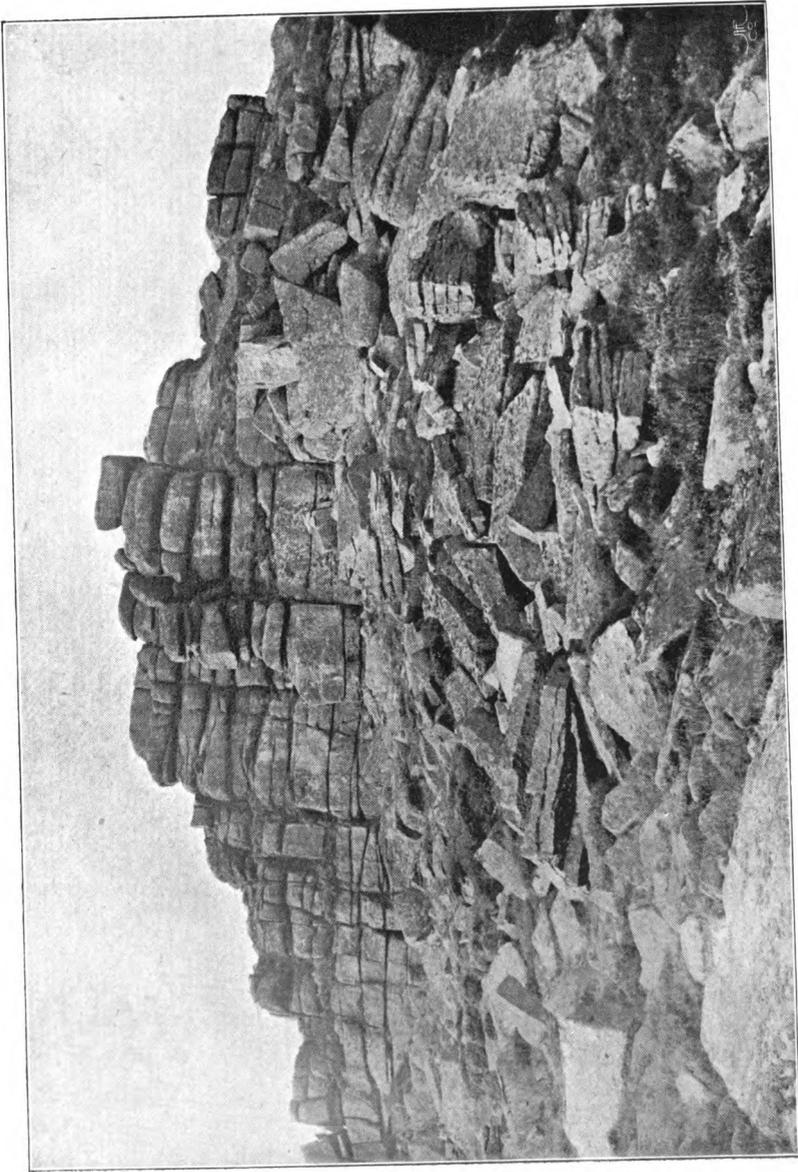
Sharpitor, Lydford.



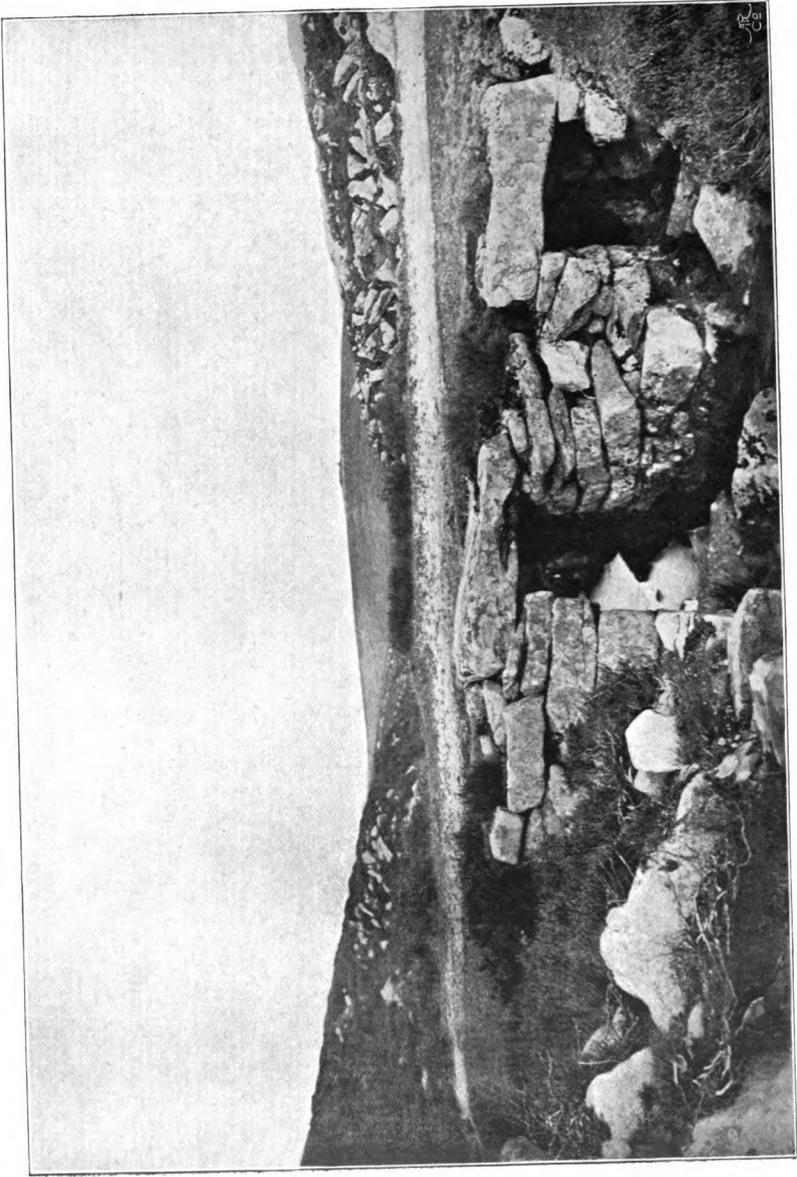
High Willhayes.



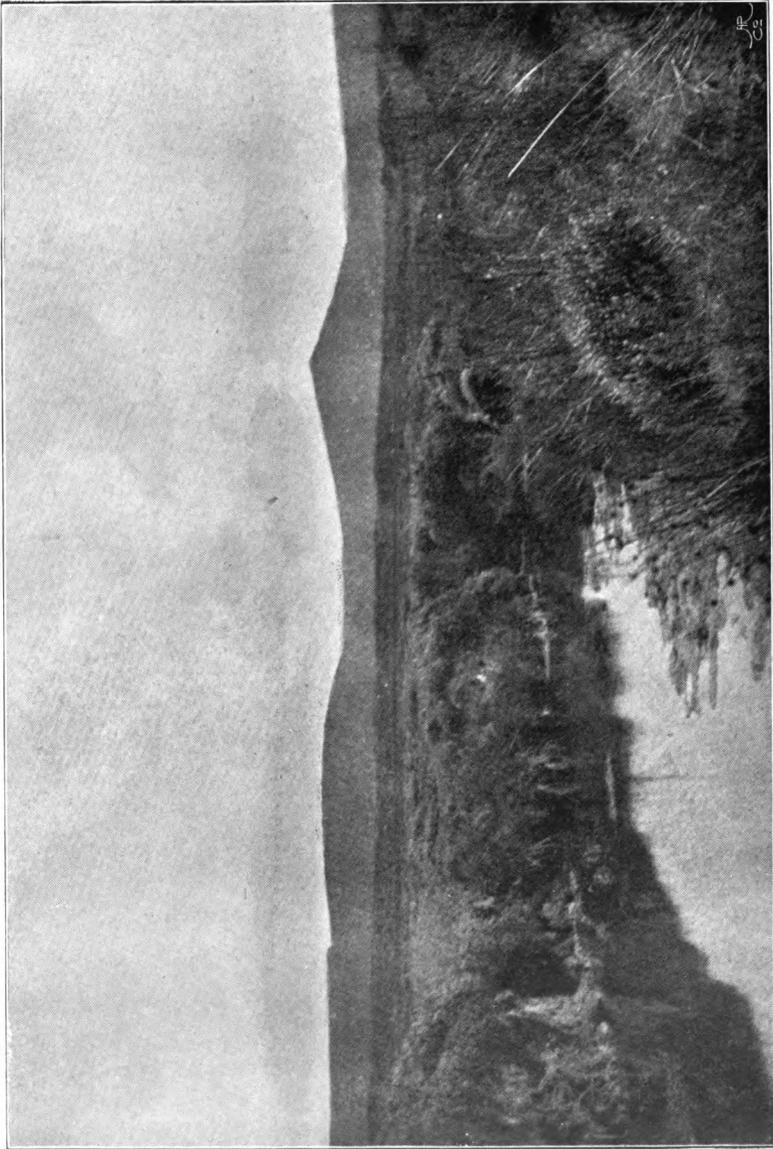
Yestor.



Rough Tor, Okehampton.



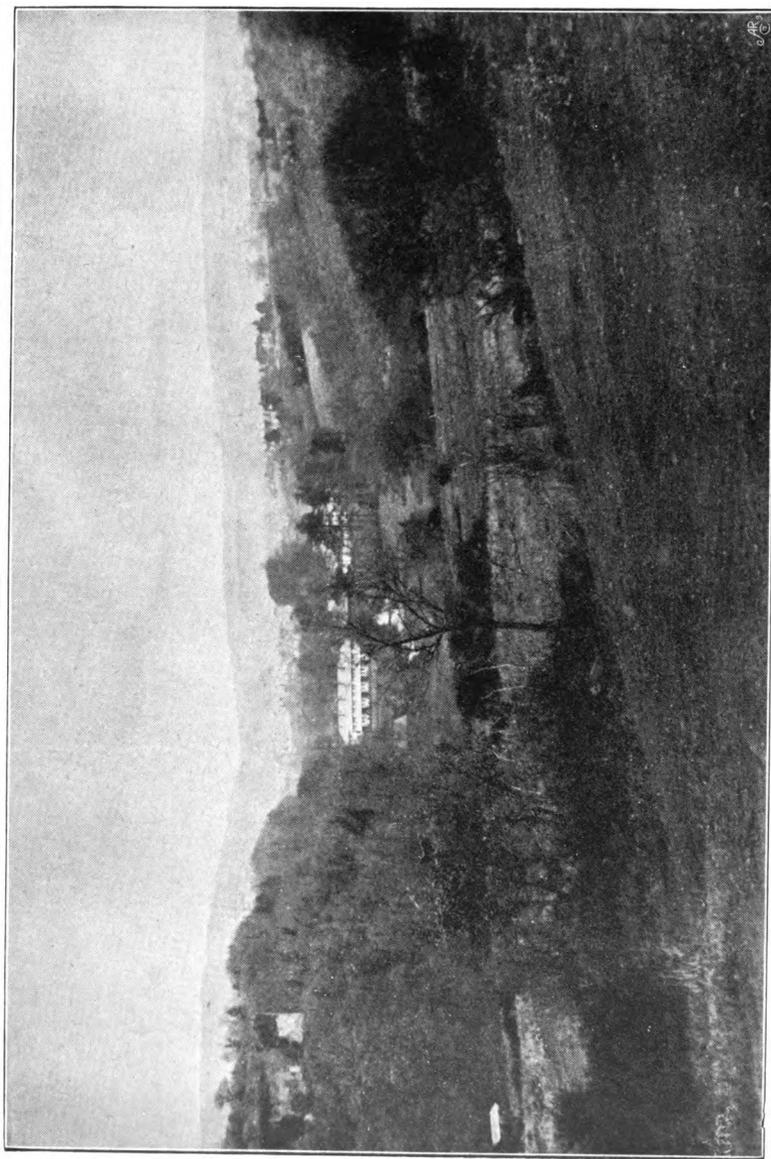
Blackaven Bridge.



Taw Marsh and Steeperton.



View on the East Okement.



Okehampton Park and Castle.



Okehampton Castle : Window.



Okehampton Castle: Gateway of Keep.

MAY 31 1910

DUE SEP 30 1920

DUE MAR 15 1922

FEB

71 H

3246573

Br 5173.102.9

Dartmoor Illustrated;

Widener Library

005400134



3 2044 081 216 426