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THE FAIREST COUNTY OF ENGLAND.

HISTORY tells us over and over again how closely the character of a district has been impressed upon the race which inhabits it; and it is not surprising that the love of one's native land should be deepened and intensified in proportion to the boldness and beauty of its natural features; for a dull, flat, and unbroken country—treeless, desolate, and waste—cannot engender the same feelings as a land of mountain and valley, of glen and gorge, of rock, stream, and forest. It is not unnatural, therefore, that the sons of Devon should entertain feelings of enthusiastic love and pride for their native county—feelings born of the sympathy created by nature herself. Yet the love of Devon—"the fairest county of England," by the judgment of the author of "Lorna Doone," one of the most charming creations among modern works of fiction—is not confined to Devonians. Well does the present writer remember the cordial ring of sympathy which reached him from one of his Scottish reviewers anent some loving descriptions of Devonshire scenery. "The women of the extreme west of England," said this reviewer, "are, perhaps, the most beautiful of any; the men are taller and less awkward than in the midland and eastern counties; the wild flowers are more abundant; the climate milder on the coast and more bracing on the moors. We have spent weeks in Devon in a general state of enchantment with the scenery, the foliage, the sparkling Scottish-like burns, and the unrivaled tors, besides being filled with enthusiasm for the abundant remains of British camps and circles and dolmens, to say nothing of that weird Wistman's wood of which the gnarled and dwarfish oaks are said to be coëval with the Druids." This enthusiastic tribute of praise from an inhabitant of North

Britain is no more than fairly representative of the feelings of all who from outside have crossed the border-land of Devon.

It has interest for the historian, for the archæologist, for the geologist, and for the naturalist, as well as for the simple lover of nature, be he neither of these. In the matter of size it stands second upon the list of English counties, including an area of 2,654 square miles. Its greatest length from north to south is some seventy miles, and its greatest breadth from east to west is about the same. Yet within the small included area—for, though large as compared with most of the English counties, it is in reality but a narrow extent of country—is to be found the most marvelous diversity of surface. On two sides it is washed by the sea—northward by the Bristol, southward by the English Channel. Cornwall forms its westward boundary, and Somerset and Dorset lie on its eastward borders. About two-thirds of its surface is under cultivation, and its farming and dairy produce are perhaps the finest in all England. Far-famed breeds of cattle and sheep are grazed on its pastures. Its moorlands furnish a race of ponies known the wide world over; while the luscious cider and the unrivaled "cream" of Devonshire are luxuries which have been tried and appreciated by many a visitor from distant climes. The waters on its coast teem with the finny life which supplies an important article of food to many a densely populated English city; while its sparkling inland streams furnish to the sportsman, more abundantly than any other English county, that beautiful inhabitant of fresh water, the red-spotted trout. The "lordly salmon," too, throng in thousands into its tidal rivers. In mineral wealth Devon cannot vie with its neighbor Cornwall, though

it has heretofore produced gold and silver, and a copper mine within its borders has proved to be among the finest in the whole world.

For the historian, Devonshire has furnished materials which make a long page in the annals of England. Its castle of Rougemont — now only a picturesque ruin — was the scene of the stoutest resistance offered to the invasion of the Norman conqueror. One of the many sieges for which Exeter (one of the two chief towns of Devon) has been famous was on the occasion of the Norman investment of the city. It is believed that Romans and Saxons had both in their turn built fortresses upon the site of Rougemont Castle; and after William the Conqueror had succeeded in overcoming the desperate resistance of the Exonians he rebuilt the castle by the aid, it is said, of the materials gathered from the ruins of the houses shattered during

the siege of the city. The red earth upon which the fortress was built gave occasion, it seems, for the name of Rougemont. The most beautiful and most imposing, however, of the buildings of Exeter is its cathedral, one of the most magnificent of the architectural monuments of England. It was Edward the Confessor who, in the year 1050, first made Exeter the seat of a diocese. But the erection of the existing cathedral building was not commenced until the year 1112. Bishop William Warelwast was its originator, and it received successive additions by subsequent bishops of Exeter during no less than seven reigns, being completed by Bishop Bothe, in the year 1478 and in the reign of Edward the Fourth. Its total length exceeds 400 feet; and its western front, in the richness and beauty of its architectural features, has few parallels in the whole world. Another building, which stands



A DEVONSHIRE VILLAGE, NEAR EXETER.



VIEW NEAR FARMINGTON.

next to the beautiful cathedral in importance, is the Guildhall, a building the projecting front of which—supported on semicircular arches surmounting moor-stone columns, and dating from the year 1593—forms a curious and striking feature in “High street.”

Around Plymouth, the larger of the two chief towns, many fond memories cling; and none, perhaps, is dearer in memory to New Englanders than this, the chief sea-port of the south-western shores of Britain: for Plymouth, the great sea-gate of sunny Devon, gave the last sight of Old England to the gallant band of “Pilgrim Fathers.”

To modern naval history Plymouth contributes much of stirring interest. Among the great names with which this town is associated in this connection are those of Hawkins and Drake, of Cook and Frobisher. In its harbor, too, Robert Blake died as, toward the close of an August day in 1657, he was returning to shore from one of his most memorable victories. Many pages would be needed to give even a brief summary of all that is interesting in connection with its dockyards, its arsenal, its fortifications, its shipping, its light-house, and its breakwater. The last-named of these objects of interest illustrates strikingly what can be accomplished by indomitable enterprise and perseverance.

Prior to 1812, Plymouth Sound was open

to the full force of the Atlantic waves, which, under the influence of strong

south-westerly gales, rolled into it with amazing violence. If by any contrivance of human ingenuity, a barrier could be erected across the sound, thought the projectors of the breakwater, one of the finest harbors in the world might be created. How could the task be begun? In the month of April, 1812, a huge block of stone was cast into the sea, about the center of Plymouth Sound, where the water was fifty feet deep. Other blocks followed, day after day, and week after week; and, though two hundred men were employed upon the work, a year passed without any visible result. Sixteen thousand tons of stone had been swallowed up, and still the waters closed over and hid from view the enormous masses of granite. Persistently, however, the work was carried on, and after a while its fruit began to be manifest, for, here and there in places, points of stone began to peep up among the waves. For thirty-four years the work proceeded, during which time no less than four millions of tons of granite had been cast into the sound.

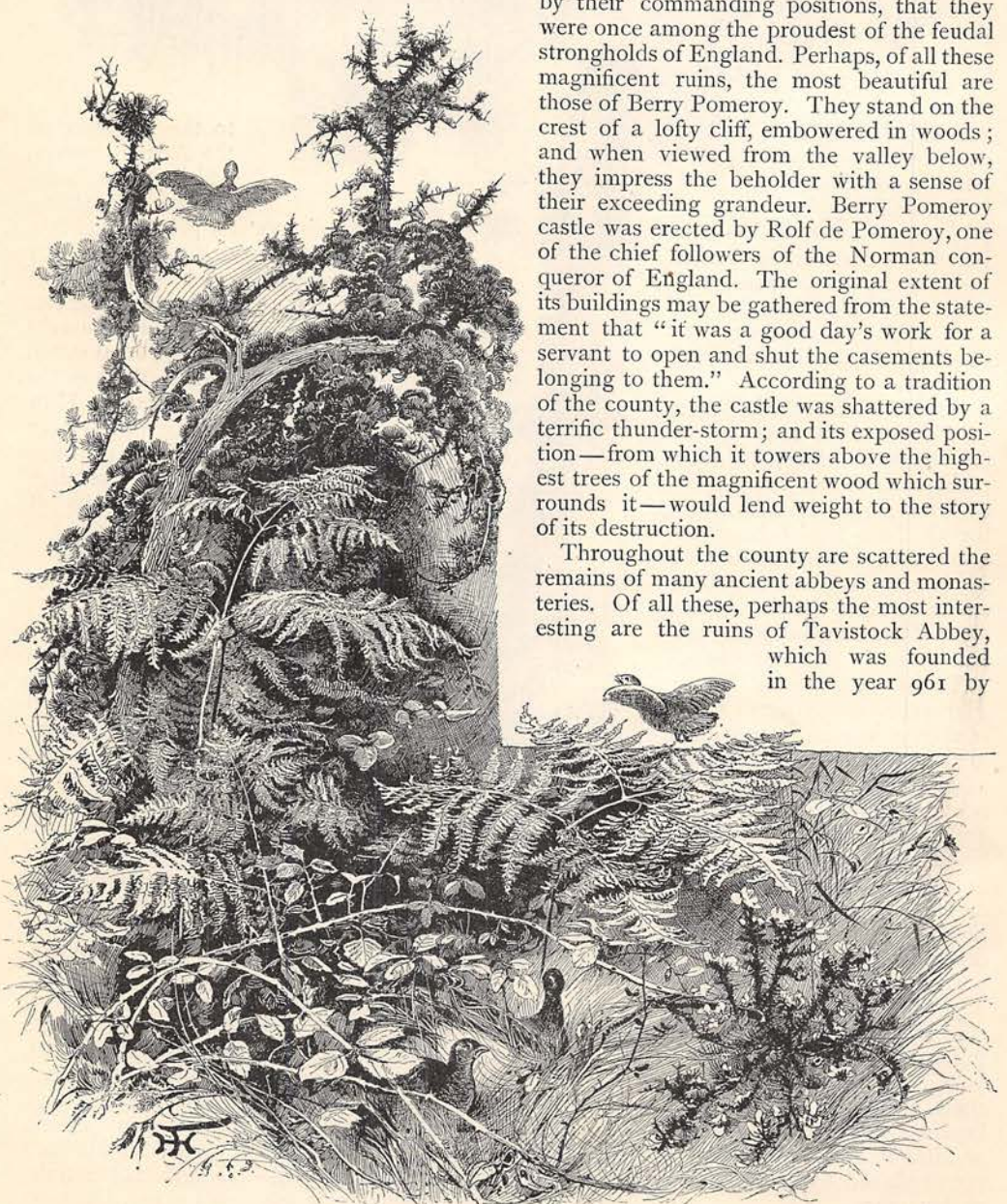
Then upon this vast substructure, varying in depth from forty to eighty feet, according to the variations in the sea-bottom, and in width, at its base, from three hundred to four hundred feet,—in length about a mile,—a stone terrace was constructed, the most elevated platform of stone being but two feet

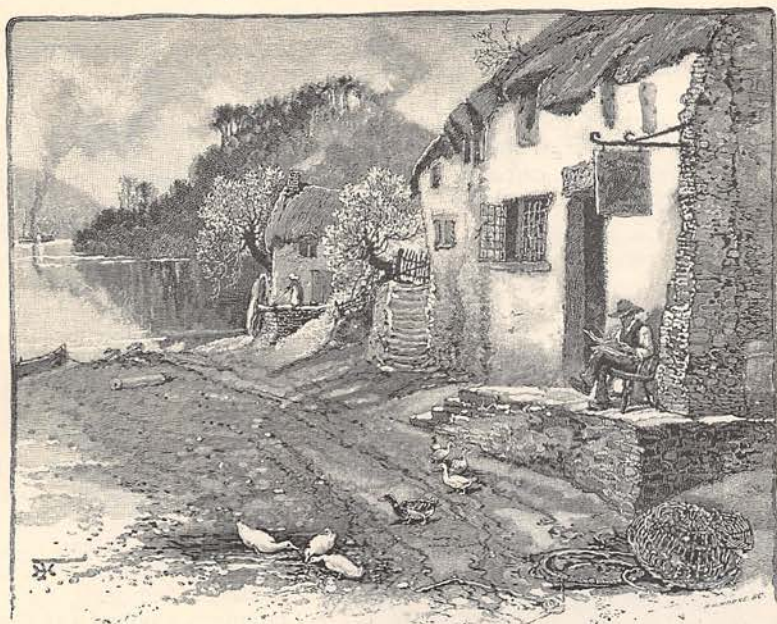
above the level of the highest spring tides. It forms a magnificent promenade in fine weather, and in rough weather withstands the utmost fury of the Atlantic billows, forming on its landward side a calm lake of water within which the British navy might ride in perfect safety.

Many and curious, in Devonshire, are the remains which link the past in picturesque association with the present, and possess for the antiquarian an interest which few other

counties can rival. The ruins of its ancient castles at Okehampton, at Plympton, at Tiverton, at Totnes, and at Berry Pomeroy, are among the most striking and most beautiful of the relics of feudal times. Though now mouldering in decay, and yielding to the gentle conquests of the ivy trailers which cling round and cover with a thin, dense, and picturesque mass of evergreen the crumbling stones of keep and embattlement, they attest, no less by the thickness of their walls than by their commanding positions, that they were once among the proudest of the feudal strongholds of England. Perhaps, of all these magnificent ruins, the most beautiful are those of Berry Pomeroy. They stand on the crest of a lofty cliff, embowered in woods; and when viewed from the valley below, they impress the beholder with a sense of their exceeding grandeur. Berry Pomeroy castle was erected by Rolf de Pomeroy, one of the chief followers of the Norman conqueror of England. The original extent of its buildings may be gathered from the statement that "it was a good day's work for a servant to open and shut the casements belonging to them." According to a tradition of the county, the castle was shattered by a terrific thunder-storm; and its exposed position—from which it towers above the highest trees of the magnificent wood which surrounds it—would lend weight to the story of its destruction.

Throughout the county are scattered the remains of many ancient abbeys and monasteries. Of all these, perhaps the most interesting are the ruins of Tavistock Abbey, which was founded in the year 961 by





ON THE DART AT DITTISHAM.

Ordgar, Earl of Devon, in obedience, it is said, to an admonitory vision. It was completed twenty years afterward—namely, in 981—by Ordulph, his son, a man of such gigantic stature that he could, according to William of Malmesbury, the historian, stride across streams ten feet wide. This huge son of Devon must have been of somewhat similar stature to the famous John Ridd, the hero of Mr. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone." Ordgar's daughter and the sister of Ordulph was the beautiful Elfleda, whose romantic history has been given by William of Malmesbury. Tavistock Abbey was plundered and burnt by the Danes in the year 997, but it was subsequently rebuilt,—after which it acquired considerable endowments, Henry the First in particular having bestowed upon its abbots the whole hundred of Tavistock, as well as the right to hold a weekly market and a three days' annual fair. The prosperity of the abbey continuing, it secured for its thirty-fifth abbot the privilege of sitting among the peers in the legislative assembly. But the next abbot in succession, the thirty-sixth,—John Peryn,—was compelled to surrender the whole monastery, with all its possessions, to Henry the Eighth, who granted them in the following year to John, Earl of Russell. In his descendant, the Duke of Bedford, the whole is now vested. The importance of the building may be gathered from the circumstance that it was said at one time that it "eclipsed every religious house in Devonshire in the extent, convenience,

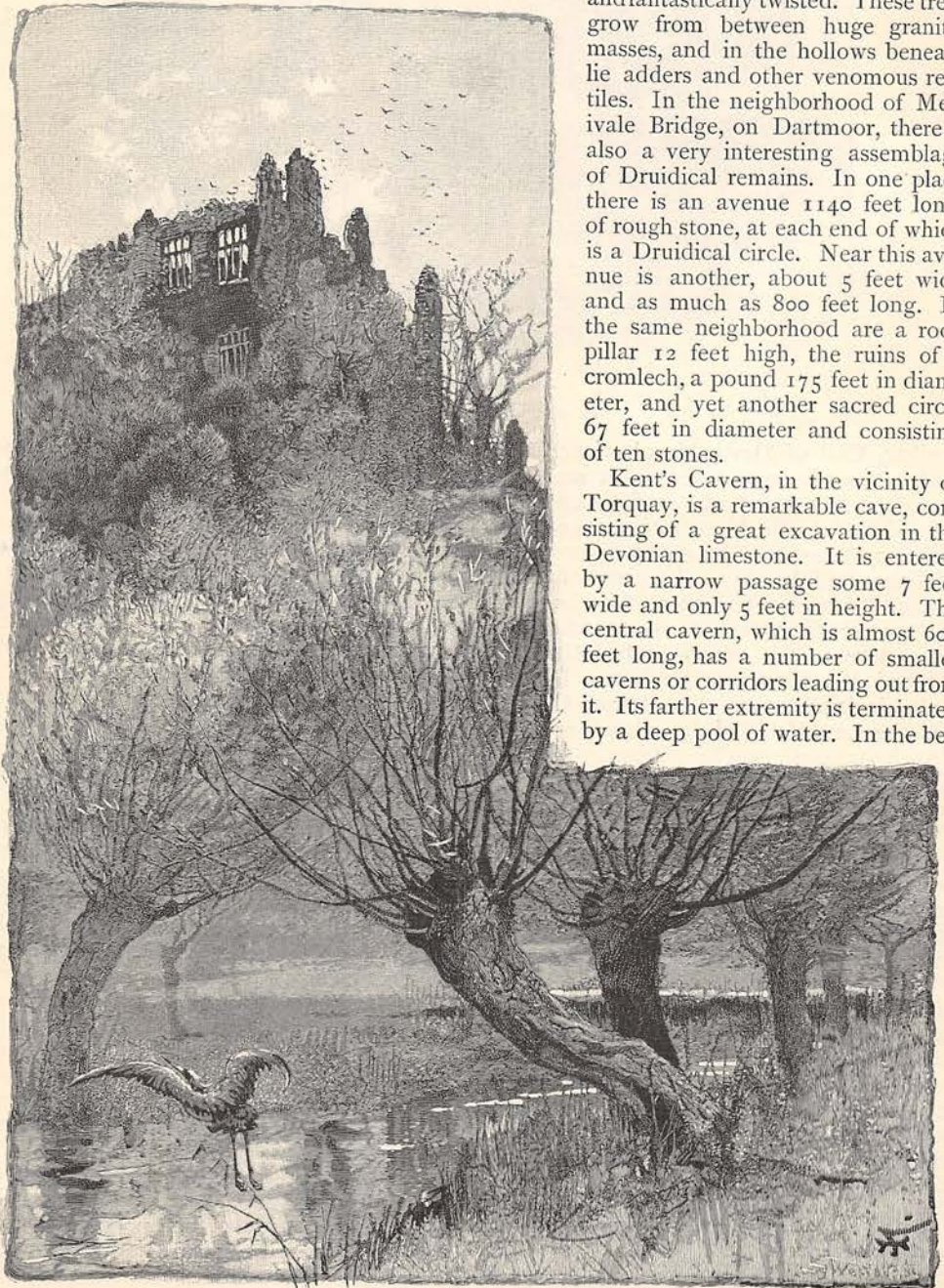
and magnificence of its buildings." Some of the abbots of Tavistock were reputed eminent scholars, and they established and maintained a school for teaching the Saxon language and literature; and very soon after the introduction of printing into England, a printing-press was established in this abbey, and from it was issued the earliest printed copy of the Stannary laws. Even the ruins, which are of considerable extent, attest the importance and magnificence of this great monument of monasticism.

Other and deep interest is afforded for the antiquarian in various parts of Devonshire by the numerous Druidical and other remains. The wild expanse of Dartmoor alone furnishes in great abundance some of the most remarkable of these remains. The designation of "Forest," which still attaches to Dartmoor, though now in a general way inapplicable to this remarkable table-land on account of the entire absence of trees from many parts of it, was, no doubt, peculiarly appropriate in ancient times, when a vast extent of this moorland must have been covered by a dense forest growth. In the gloomy depths of this primeval forest the Druids found ample opportunity for the exercise of their solemn, mysterious, and fearful rites; and hence the reason for the existence of so large a number of cromlechs, circles, and altars. The oak, too, in whose groves the most cruel and dreadful of the Druidical rites were performed, no doubt flourished luxuriantly on Dartmoor during the Druidical period. In-

deed, in many of the marshy parts of this moor immense oak trunks have been found. The weird "Wistman's Wood," a name which is believed to be a corruption of the "wise men's" (or Druids') wood, still exists to attest — by such evidence as the lingering remains of the present age can afford — what has been alleged of the dark doings of

the priests of the "sacred groves" of ancient Britain. "Wistman's Wood" is distant about a mile from Two Bridges on Dartmoor. It lies on the acclivity of a steep hill, and the road to it is incumbered with huge blocks of granite scattered all along the route. The oaks which form the wood are gnarled and stunted, their moss-covered upper branches being strangely and fantastically twisted. These trees grow from between huge granitic masses, and in the hollows beneath lie adders and other venomous reptiles. In the neighborhood of Merivale Bridge, on Dartmoor, there is also a very interesting assemblage of Druidical remains. In one place there is an avenue 1140 feet long, of rough stone, at each end of which is a Druidical circle. Near this avenue is another, about 5 feet wide and as much as 800 feet long. In the same neighborhood are a rock pillar 12 feet high, the ruins of a cromlech, a pound 175 feet in diameter, and yet another sacred circle 67 feet in diameter and consisting of ten stones.

Kent's Cavern, in the vicinity of Torquay, is a remarkable cave, consisting of a great excavation in the Devonian limestone. It is entered by a narrow passage some 7 feet wide and only 5 feet in height. The central cavern, which is almost 600 feet long, has a number of smaller caverns or corridors leading out from it. Its farther extremity is terminated by a deep pool of water. In the bed



BERRY POMEROY.

of this cavern modern research has been rewarded by some deeply interesting discoveries. Over the original earth-bottom of the cave is a bed or layer of considerable thickness, in which are contained strange mixtures of human bones with the bones of the elephant and the rhinoceros, the hyena, the bear, and the wolf, intermingled with stone and flint tools, arrow and spear heads, and fragments of coarse pottery. The animal remains testify

For the geologist and the naturalist Devonshire possesses an interest which a library of volumes could scarcely exhaust. The variety of formations within the limited area of Devonshire is indeed remarkable; and it is, undoubtedly, chiefly to this fact that the county owes its greatest attraction—its lovely scenery. All those visitors to Devon who for the first time have traversed its main line of railway, entering it either at Plymouth or from



A BIT ON DARTMOOR.

to the presence in the ancient forests of Britain of beasts of prey which long since have become extinct. Speculation may be exhausted in the endeavor to account for the curious intermingling in this cavern of the remains of human beings and of wild animals. The place may have been used for shelter successively by man and by the lords of the forest; or, as the presence of the rude weapons of man might seem to indicate, the beasts of the field may have been brought into this natural recess as trophies of the chase, and their flesh and skins used for purposes of food and clothing. Nothing less than the most persevering and enthusiastic search could have discovered the interesting remains which, for a vast period of time, had been buried in this retreat; for the fossils were covered by a thick floor of stalagmite which had been formed, there can be no doubt, by great blocks of limestone which had fallen from time to time, extending over a very lengthened period, from the roof of the cavern, and had become cemented into one mass by the perpetual percolations of lime-water from above.

its Somersetshire side just beyond the little town of Wellington, have been struck by the singular beauty of the coast, where the line by Dawlish and Teignmouth runs along the sea. Soon after leaving Exeter, the glorious green of the spreading vegetation, which on both sides of the way has been gently mantling the rolling uplands, is suddenly contrasted with the deep-blue sea and bright-red cliffs. These beautiful cliffs proclaim to the visitor that he is entering the region of the red sandstone, which gives a distinct geological character to this part of Devon. When, after exploring this coast and seeing all that is immediately adjacent to the South Devon Railway, he turns inland to explore the great moor-land of the county,—an extended tract untraversed by the iron lines,—his attention is called to another of the great geological features of Devon, the granite formation as exhibited most prominently in the famous tors of Dartmoor. It is in this particular part of geological Devonshire that, as already intimated, the most interesting of the Druidical and other antiquarian remains of the county



MOUTH OF THE DART.

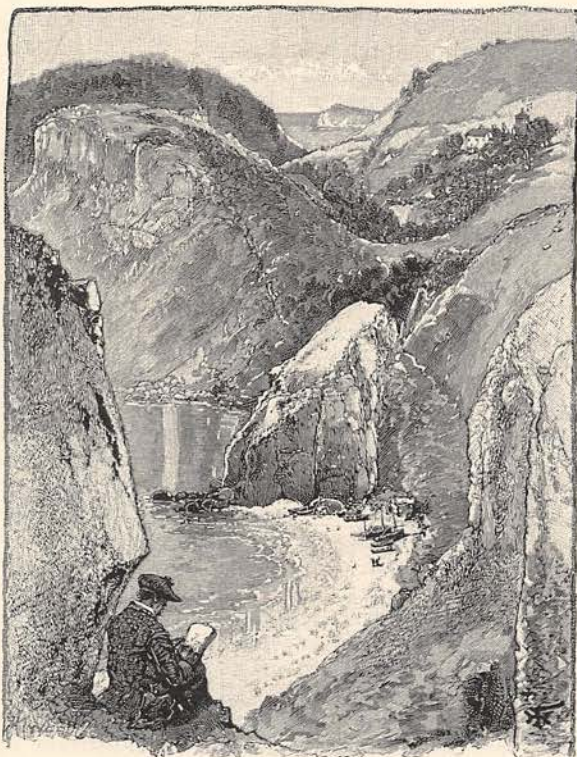
have been discovered. The carboniferous series of rocks are noticeable in mid Devon and in the northern, north-western, and central parts of the county. Where, in the north-western district of this formation, it is shown upon the coast, the cliffs exhibit some remarkable traces of plants whose forms are nature-printed upon the cliff side. Passing over with brief mention the metamorphic rocks, the lias, the oolite, and tertiary formations, the traces of submarine forests and of raised beaches along the coast of Devon, the valley deposits in which have been found the fossil bones of the mammoth and the rhinoceros, the brown-coal beds

in which are inclosed the fossils of such exotic plants as the cinnamon and palm, tree ferns, and pines in size like the gigantic *Wellingtonia* of California, we come to a formation—the Devonian—which has given a special geological character to the county. In the strata included in this formation fossils representing no fewer than three hundred and eighty-three species of plants and animals have been found. If we turn from these records of the rocks to the existing fauna and flora of this beautiful county, we shall find life in marvelous variety.

The desire simply to enjoy the unrivaled scenery of Devon has brought hundreds of thousands of visitors to this lovely county; and it is to its wonderful diversity that the great charm of this scenery is undoubtedly due. Everywhere throughout its length and breadth there is abundant change; for continual contrasts are offered by the boldness of its hills, the ruggedness of its tors, the sparkling velocity of its streams, the softness and grace of its valleys, and the pervading charm of its glorious vegetation. Its northern coast-line—extending from Glenthorne, which on the east divides the county from Somersetshire, to Marsland mouth, which is its extreme north-western boundary—includes a bolder sea-front than the southern sea-line of the county, though

from Boggy Point to Hartland Point there are many gentle sweeps of golden sand fronting the fore-shore of Barnstaple Bay, into which the Taw and Torridge roll their joined waters. The coast from Glenthorne to Ilfracombe, and from Hartland Point to the borders of Cornwall at Marsland mouth, is characterized by a romantic boldness which offers a singular contrast to the exceeding softness

beats furiously, while, above, great cliffs of marble cleft into jagged peaks present a stern front to the waves. But a short distance from this rugged cove, and within the compass of a short walk from it, is the beautiful bay of Babbicombe, where the steep cliffs above the pebbly strand are charmingly wooded, enshrouding high over the sea that "village of villas" Mary Church. In the neighborhood



ANSTEY'S COVE, SOUTH DEVONSHIRE.

and grace of the combes and valleys running down between the beetling cliffs to the sea.

In the southern lines of coast extending from the Devonshire border to Plymouth, the contrasts, though lovely in the extreme, are on the whole less bold. There is greater variety, owing to the larger number of indentations in the sea-front, and to the more rapid alternation from peaceful, sandy bay to jagged shingly inlet in the cliff. Into the waters of the English Channel, from this southern sea-border, flow the Axe, the Otter, and the Sid, the Exe and Teign, the Dart, Plym, and Tamar, by the charming watering-places of Seaton and Sidmouth, of Exmouth, Dawlish, and Teignmouth, and of Dartmouth and Plymouth. In the wild and romantic inlet of the sea called Anstey's Cove, strewn rocks lie on the rugged beach, upon which the sea

of Mary Church are to be found quarries of the richest and most charmingly colored of the Devonian marbles.

With the exception of the great waste of Dartmoor, and the extreme northern part of the county which includes a portion of Exmoor, the land of Devonshire is remarkable for its fertility. The country around Bideford and Barnstaple includes a large amount of productive land, as also does the extensive tract known as the Vale of Exeter, a tract comprising some two hundred square miles. Dartmoor itself occupies an extensive area. It is some twenty-two miles long by about nineteen in breadth, and is chiefly barren and uncultivated. It is in fact an elevated tableland, with eminences rising to heights from fifteen hundred to, in some cases, nearly eighteen hundred feet above the sea level.

Its lofty hills, jagged tors, and narrow valleys, strewn in many cases with great masses of granite,—which appear to have been flung from the tors during some terrible convulsion of nature,—its morasses, and its roaring torrents help to give a strangely wild aspect to its scenery. Yet in parts of this moor-land the most beautiful contrasts to the general aspect of wildness and barrenness are afforded by the presence of hill-sides densely clothed with trees, and by foaming streams winding their way with singular impetuosity through narrow glens abounding with the richest vegetation. South of Dartmoor the country assumes such fertility and possesses such a wealth of natural beauty that it has been called “the garden of Devonshire.” This very beautiful tract of country is bounded northward by Dartmoor and the heights around Chudleigh, on the south by the English Channel, on the west by the Tamar dividing Cornwall from Devon, and on the east by Torbay. It comprises, within an area of some two hundred and fifty square miles, some of the boldest and most beautiful contrasts in hill and valley, some of the finest and most productive land in all Devon. Certainly there are few parts even of Devonshire which can equal the fascinating ten miles of moor winding from the little town of Totnes to Dartmoor.

The peculiar and individual beauty of Devonshire scenery is especially seen along the banks of its rivers, in its green lanes, over its moor-lands, and along its coasts. But throughout the county, in green lane, by river-border, on moor, or by sea-coast, this especial beauty owes its peculiar character to one circumstance. In “The Fern Paradise,” and subsequently in “The Fern World,” I have suggested that it is the great profusion and beauty of its ferns which lend to Devonshire scenery its peculiar character of softness and grace. “They clothe the hill-sides and the hill-tops; they grow in the moist depths of the valleys; they fringe the banks of the streams; they are to be found in the recesses of the woods; they hang from rocks and walls and trees, and crowd into the towns and villages, fastening themselves with sweet familiarity even to the houses.”* In most districts, the presence of ferns in great abundance will generally be found to indicate the character of the scenery.

Two beautiful scenes, typical of the moor and moor-land scenery of Devon, are vividly present to the mind’s eye of the writer. The first is a scene on the river Plym, at Shaugh Bridge, in the lovely vale of Berkleigh, a few miles only from Plymouth, and easily reached by rail from the last-named place. Two little

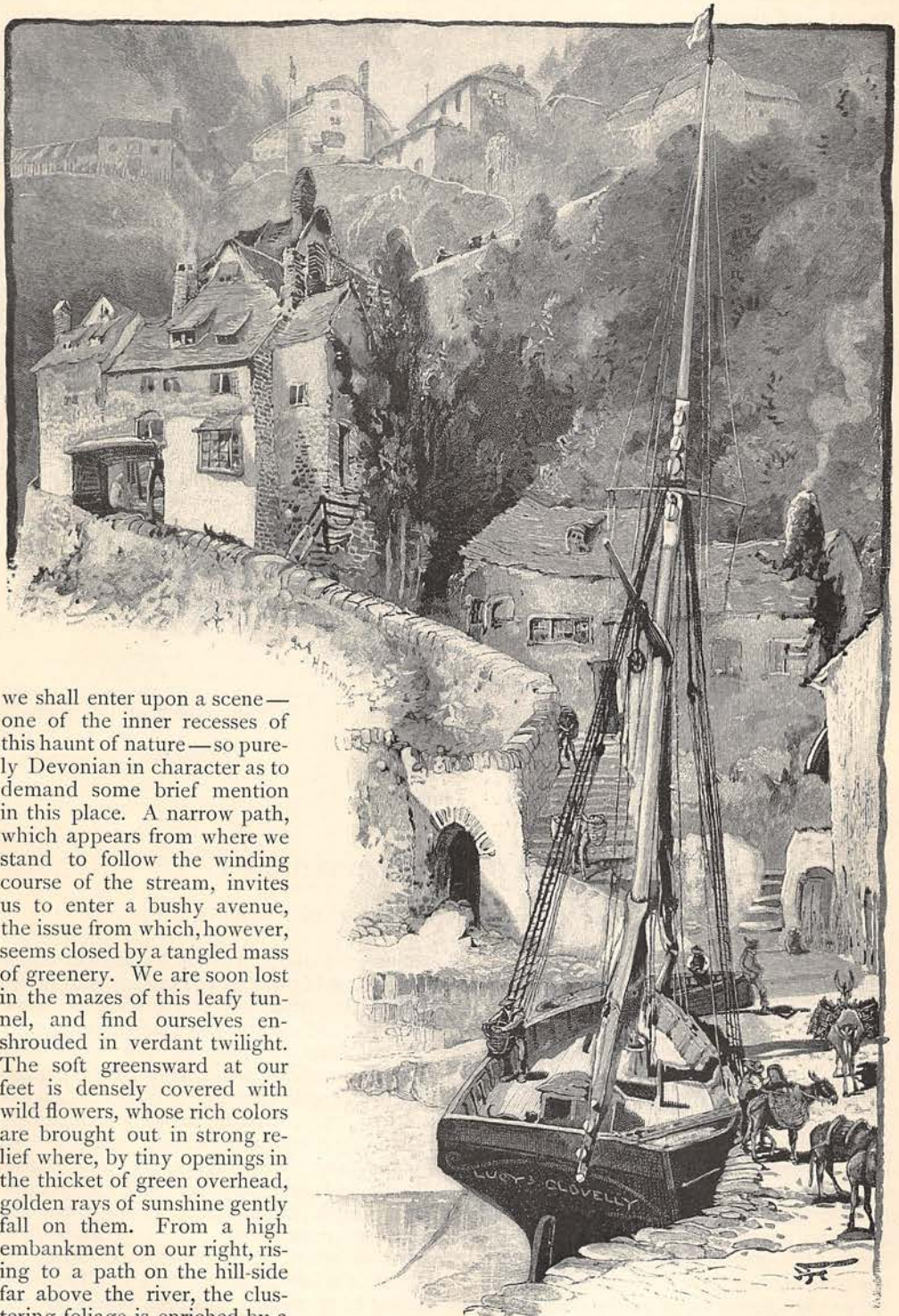
streams, the Mew and the Cad, rising in Dartmoor, flow together near the little village of Shaugh, in Berkleigh vale, and their united waters form the Plym. Just below the point of junction a bridge crosses the stream, whose current rolls musically over big boulders. Above this bridge the scenery is singularly beautiful.

The second scene is a changing one, representing a transformation from the surroundings of a quaint old Devonshire town, by degrees, in which nature gradually asserts her own—town and railway giving way to steep hill and moorland glen. The route is from Totnes, a little town so mingled with the country that it is difficult to say where the one ends and the other begins. We pass along the main line of the South Devon Railway to Newton Abbot, and the engine pants as it runs up and down inclines which represent a compromise between a level iron road and impossible rocks. Engineering skill won here a great victory, and the tourist may pass through the very heart of glen and mountain with no more effort than that involved in the good use of his eyes. From Newton a branch line extends to Moreton Hampstead, and, arrived there, the moor, which erewhile has been struggling for her own,—her hills resisting with more and more of success the attempt to cultivate them,—at length triumphs in the undisputed possession of hill, valley, stream, and rock. Leaving Moreton Hampstead, we plunge into Dartmoor, making for one of its most beautiful fastnesses, the vale of Tingle Bridge.

After having reached the bridge, and descending to the river level, we may find our way into mid-stream by boulder stepping-stones; and, by resting for a moment on a great fragment of rock, we take in with a single sweeping glance one of the most enchanting pieces of river-side landscape. We are now in the bed of a vast amphitheater; great hills sublimely clothed with spreading trees rise around us on all sides, and shut us in, and a delightful sense of being alone with nature in one of her grandest aspects steals over us with a refreshing calm. The only sounds are those of birds singing sweetly in the shrubbery which infolds the river banks on our right, and of the river itself as it musically rolls on by the rock on which we are seated, now falling with a soft roar between islets of contorted rock piled up on each side of a depression in its bed, now gurgling over pebbly shallows, now gently splashing over the tops of mossy boulders.

If, returning from the brawling river-bed, we turn into a path skirting it on the side from which we approached our boulder islet,

* “The Fern Paradise.”



CLOVELLY, FROM THE PIER.

we shall enter upon a scene — one of the inner recesses of this haunt of nature — so purely Devonian in character as to demand some brief mention in this place. A narrow path, which appears from where we stand to follow the winding course of the stream, invites us to enter a bushy avenue, the issue from which, however, seems closed by a tangled mass of greenery. We are soon lost in the mazes of this leafy tunnel, and find ourselves enshrouded in verdant twilight. The soft greensward at our feet is densely covered with wild flowers, whose rich colors are brought out in strong relief where, by tiny openings in the thicket of green overhead, golden rays of sunshine gently fall on them. From a high embankment on our right, rising to a path on the hill-side far above the river, the clustering foliage is enriched by a wealth of fern-fronds drooping gracefully downward. By gently pressing aside the shrubs which from time to time fling their twigs across our way, we may follow this charming river-side path for a long dis-

tance, treading on its rich carpeting of wild flowers, and listening to the sweet sounds of bird and insect life.

It is the sparkle of running water which adds so much of life and beauty to Devonshire scenery. There is nowhere stillness and stagnancy, and it is to the abundance of rippling streams in its woods and lanes that the marvelous freshness and richness of their vegetation are mainly due. One may sometimes wander for miles through a network of green lanes bordered by high hedge-bank, whose topmost branches, meeting across the narrow way, form natural avenues of green. Sometimes these lanes are formed by steep cuttings in the hill-side, and in such cases there is sure to trickle, from the higher ground beyond the hedge-top, some pure stream of water. Or it may be that the water gently percolates through the thickness of the hedge-bank, or flows in a tiny rill along the course of the lane. The arching branches, spreading to meet each other from each hedge-top, shut in the moist emanations from the running water, and vegetation revels in the friendly shelter thus extemporized.

Sweet Clovelly, on the northern sea-border of Devon, is hung against the side of wooded sea-cliffs, and is approached by a road, the "Hobby Drive," which presents along its entire distance changing scenes that have probably few equals in the whole world. You enter, from the high road from Bideford to

Clovelly, a carriage-drive which, if you follow it for a few yards, will lead you away into the cool shadow of overarching trees. From this point you pass through a succession of the most enchanting combes, now lost in a world of leafiness as clustering trees close in upon you on all sides, now momentarily bathed in gleams of sunlight which fall on to you from interstices in the leafy canopy above. Down and down your path winds, now crossing the brawling bed of a stream whose banks are densely covered by graceful forms of fern, now coming, on the verge of an opening in the trees, upon a spot whence a charming view can be had, away at the combe mouth, over a great expanse of waving trees, of the blue sea lying calmly beyond. Presently you approach the brow of a richly wooded bluff, to which your path leads from the depth of a bosky recess; and from this charming standpoint you look out from under the sheltering trees upon an enchanting prospect of sea and cliff. The very cliff-top is covered by graceful ferny forms; trees and shrubs rich in leafy beauty surround you. Across the sky white clouds are gently sailing, chased by the soft sea-breeze. And sunshine in a golden flood bursts in upon your path.

"The birds chant melody in every bush;
The smoke lies roll'd in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checkered shadow on the ground."

Francis George Heath.

THE FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.

A DISCOVERY IN CONNECTION WITH THE ATHENE.

IN an able article on "The Phidian Age of Sculpture," which appeared in a former number of this magazine (February, 1882, page 554), Mrs. Mitchell referred to some discoveries concerning the Parthenon which the present writer had the good fortune to make. It is one of these discoveries, the terra-cotta sketch of the upper part of the Athene from the Parthenon frieze, which it is proposed here to notice. It is, no doubt, a great gain to be able to restore to a state of comparatively original perfection a work of Pheidias, disfigured by the ravages of time and vandal hands; but, after all, to the archæologist the chief satisfaction lies in the conditions which led to the discovery. For the discovery was not a matter of accident, neither did it depend upon peculiarly personal qualification or aptitude, but was the result of the simple appli-

cation of a method of archæological observation now becoming systematized and developed—the result of sober, scientific work. This method of archæological investigation, the comparative study of style, consists in carefully studying and noting all the characteristics of well-identified remains of ancient art with regard to the subjects represented, the conception of these subjects, the style and manipulation of the rendering, both higher artistic and materially technical, and in comparing with the standard thus gained the numerous extant works, the date, school, and artist of which are not known. Thus, by means of scientific observation in all respects similar to that which has been practiced with so much success in the natural sciences, the step from the known to the unknown is bridged over, the circle of firmly constituted